

**ROCK HARD**

**A TRANSGENDER EROTIC ROMANCE STORY**

**BY**

**NIKKI CRESCENT**

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**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

## **DEDICATION**

To all of my readers  
You have made everything possible  
*Thank you.*

## ROCK HARD

It's a beautiful day and it seems like nothing can go wrong—until a U-Haul pulls up outside of the house across the street and Michael steps out: the 6'6" hulk of a man who used to bully Vinnie and his roommates relentlessly back in high school.

But he's changed now. He's seemingly calm and collected and he's a successful businessman with a sharp wit and a suave personality. But Vinnie's roommates aren't falling for it. One night they convince Vinnie to join them on a little mission to see what Michael is really up to. But Vinnie sees too much when he looks through a window to see Michael enjoying lewd videos of well-hung transgender women. But Vinnie doesn't know he's been caught on camera, and Michael isn't about to let him off so easily.

## CHAPTER I

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw Michael Bafaro step out from that U-Haul. My heart plunged into my gut and all of those horrible high school memories came flooding back to me.

Michael was my tormentor: the biggest bully in the school—literally and figuratively. In the tenth grade, he was 6'6" and he wasn't finished growing. He was on the basketball team until he became too thick and bulky—then they put him on the football team. He was clumsy—a lousy athlete, but no one ever told him. Even the teachers were afraid of him. He was a powerful man, always breaking everything he touched. No pencil survived a day with Michael Bafaro—usually not even a full period. In the eleventh grade, he sent six different kids to the hospital during football games. They had to tell him to skip practises because they didn't want him hurting his teammates.

Michael would always steal my lunch money. It sounds cliché, but it was true. My mom would give me five dollars every morning so that I could buy myself a sandwich and a small carton of milk. And every day I starved through lunch because Michael would always find me during the first period break and demand I pay him. He told me that if I told on him, he would find my little sister and snap her in half—and I believed him because he'd been suspended so many times for snapping the bones of so many different kids.

He was immune from being expelled. Luckily for him, he wasn't very smart. He was so dull that they couldn't decide if he had a learning disability or if he was just thick. To be safe, they went with the former, and he had to take special classes with the kids who rode the short bus. No one dared to mock him for this—because to do so meant to risk your life. But kids in the learning disabled class could do no wrong—a suspension at worst, never expelled.

I tried to complain to the teachers anonymously after months of having my money stolen (I estimated he'd already stolen close to four hundred bucks). They scorned me for being insensitive. "He has a disability," my teacher told me with narrowed, angry eyes, as if it was somehow my duty to pay him five dollars each day.

Michael found out that I went to the teachers and he beat me up that afternoon. I went home with a black eye. I had to tell my mom that I ran into a post because Michael told me if I told anyone, it would become a daily ritual. And I knew if I told my mom, she would tell the teachers and the teachers would tell Michael's parents. My mom didn't believe the post story, but at least she didn't have Michael's name.

I'll never forget graduation day: standing up on the stage and looking down at Michael, who had been held back for grade thirteen. He would never torment me again. I was finally free.

And then he reappeared five years later, emerging from that U-Haul across the street from the house that I'd just signed a new lease on. I had to look twice, to make sure it was really him—but how could I be mistaken? He was nearly seven feet tall with arms as thick as trees. He had short



hair and the same stubble beard he had in the tenth grade, which was still more than I was able to grow.

He looked over at me and my body froze. Suddenly, I could vividly remember the feeling of his fist connecting with my face. I remembered the blood running down from my nose. I remembered him lifting me up as if I was no heavier than a barn cat, and throwing me nearly ten feet. I remembered him threatening my life.

I looked away but it was too late. Surely he recognized me, and surely he was going to come over and beat my skull in. I looked over again and he was walking towards me. I panicked and ran into the house. I called out for my roommates—a couple of guys I went to high school with. Tony came running, thinking there was an emergency—and as far as I was concerned, there was. “What is it?” he asked with wide eyes.

“Lock the windows and the doors,” I said. “He’s back.”

“Who’s back? Listen to yourself—you sound insane!” he said.

“Michael Bafaro,” I said. “He’s outside.”

And Tony perked up. He ran to the window and looked out. “Oh my God,” he said. “How did he find us?” He started running through the house ensuring the windows and doors were locked. But it probably didn’t matter. Michael couldn’t have smashed the windows and punched down the doors without much efforts. And given his luck, the police would have told us that we were to blame because Michael might have had a learning disability.

I flicked off the light and closed my eyes, hoping it was all a nightmare. How would I ever sleep comfortably again knowing that Mean Michael was right across the street? My bedroom was on the main floor! My window was single paned glass. How long before Michael wanted to snap me into two pieces?

There was a knock at the door. Morgan came down the stairs and looked around. “What’s going on?” he asked, pushing his glasses up.

Tony looked at him slowly. “Shh!” he said. “Michael Bafaro is here. He’s at our door right now.”

I watched as Morgan’s face turned white. There was another knock at the door. “What do we do?” I asked.

“I don’t know. Answer it and tell him that we’re going to call the cops. Tell him we have a guard dog.”

“But we don’t,” I said.

“Tell him we’ll get one. I’ll go right now and get one—I’d do it,” Morgan said.

I looked back at the door as Michael knocked a third time. I took a deep breath and reached for the handle.



## CHAPTER II

I forced a smile as I opened the door. “Can I help you?” I asked, pretending like I didn’t recognize the hulk of a man. He stared down at me with that grin that I knew all too well. He was happy he found me—happy he had someone to pound on near his new home.

I looked past him and across the street. His hulk buddies were unloading the truck. Maybe he wasn’t moving in—maybe he was just helping someone else move in. Hell, maybe he worked as a mover—that would be a good fit for him: a job that requires no thinking, just big muscles. “Hey Vinnie,” he said. “Long time no see.”

I was ready to leap back and slam the door in his face. I wondered if I could do it fast enough—or if he would be able to slam his foot down and stop the closing the door. I took a deep breath and carefully kept an eye on his fist. I knew he liked to throw right hooks first—I’d been smoked by many of his right hooks. “Do I know you?” I asked, hoping he was dumb enough to think that I was just a guy who looked a lot like the Vinnie he went to high school with.

“Oh, c’mon. It’s me Michael. Remember? I used to beat you up,” he said, still with that big grin.

I felt the colour beginning to drain from my face. I slowly nodded my head. “Okay. Is there anything else?” I asked. And I was still ready to slam that door at a moment’s notice.

He stared into my eyes with furious intensity. “I just wanted to swing by and say sorry for being an asshole in school. I was going through a bad time and I took it out on you and your friends. I hope we can be friends from now on—especially seeing as it looks like we’ll be neighbours.” He smiled big and motioned towards the house across the street. I couldn’t tell if he was being genuine or if he was setting me up for an unguarded punch to the face. He extended his hand towards me, hoping I would shake it. I was scared of taking that hand—worried he would pull me out of my house and stomp my face on my own front lawn. But I was also worried he would become angry if I didn’t take his hand. So what could I do?

I shook his hand. He had a strong grip, but he didn’t try to break my arm, which I appreciated. “Maybe I can buy you a beer sometime,” he said. “As an apology for all those years.” But it was going to take a lot more than a beer. He’d stolen over five hundred dollars from me throughout high school. He cost my family hundreds of dollars in hospital bills: X-rays, stitches, and so on.

I slowly nodded my head and forced a smile. “Nice to see you, Michael,” I said, and then he waved and walked over to his house. I closed the door and turned around to see Tony and Morgan hiding in the hallway like a couple of terrified church mice.

“Do we need to move?” Morgan asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. “I don’t know. I don’t know what just happened,” I said.

“He’s going to come and kill us, isn’t he? Is he crazy? Did he seem crazy to you?”

I shook my head. “No. He seemed... normal.”

And this evoked more shock from the guys than any other response I could have made. They stared at me in silence for a moment before Morgan said, “He’s tricking us. He must be tricking us. I don’t want to get beat up again. I’ve gone five years without being beaten up. I can’t go through it again. I won’t go through it again.”

“Calm down. I don’t think he’s going to beat us up. I really think he just wanted to apologize,” I said.

“Not buying it,” Morgan said, shaking his head.

We all found ourselves at the living room window, peeking our cautiously with the blinds down around our heads. We watched as Michael and his friends unloaded the big U-Haul truck. He looked just as terrifying as ever, but I had to admit that he did look strangely calm. He didn’t have that permanent scowl on his face that he used to have. He seemed relaxed and happy. Maybe something really had changed.

It was later that night when there was another knock on the door. Morgan and Tony fled the room, scurrying like a couple of cockroaches. It could have been the mailman for all they knew. I went to the door but hesitated before opening it. I took a deep breath. What if Morgan and Tony were right? What if Michael was setting us up? What if he just wanted someone to invite him inside so that he could beat us up in the comfort of our own home?

I opened the door slowly and looked up. It was him. He was wearing a polo shirt and khakis and a big smile. He held up a case of beer. “Here’s that beer I promised.” He handed me the case of beer with one hand. He made it look so light, but once it was in my hands, I nearly toppled over. It was a 36-pack—and it wasn’t cheap beer.

“Um, thanks,” I said.

He stared at me with that smile and I realized he wanted me to invite him inside. I knew Morgan and Tony would kill me if I did, but what other choice did I have? I knew how angry Michael could get and I didn’t want to see that anger now. I never wanted to see that anger again. “Want to come in and have one?” I asked. I tried lifting the case of beer up but I wasn’t strong enough.

“Sure. That sounds great, man. Show me around your place.” I huffed the beer to the kitchen counter and then I started the tour. I watched him closely and wondered if he was casing the joint—creating a mental map of our house so he could come back in the night and find our bedrooms without any effort. Morgan’s door was closed and locked. Tony’s was open but he wasn’t inside, and I assumed he was in Morgan’s room with Morgan—probably waiting by the door with baseball bats, ready to fight Michael once he smashed the door down like the troll creature in *The Lord of the Rings*.

“And this is, uh, my room,” I said reluctantly. He peeked into my room and laughed.

“It’s just what I would have imagined,” he said. We started back towards the living room. The beer in his hand looked tiny, like he was drinking a shot of beer. But I had an identical beer in my hand, which I couldn’t even reach my fingers around. We sat down on the couch and he let out a long sigh of relief. “Moving is the worst, isn’t it?” he said.

I forced a smile and nodded my head. I hated how normal he was acting. At least when he was an angry spaz, he was more or less predictable. I knew when he wanted to smash my face into a wall. Now, I had no idea what to think.

He took a long sip from his drink. “What are the chances?” he asked. “That we would end up on the same block. Are you seeing anyone?”

I shook my head. “Are you?” I asked.

“Nope,” he said. “I was seeing someone, but... it didn’t work out.” He took another sip from his drink, and I couldn’t help but wonder if he was telling me that he’d killed his last girlfriend. I bit my tongue in an attempt to hide my quelling fear. “Want to hear something you’ll never believe?” he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. “Sure,” I said.

“I got my bachelor of science degree from Berkeley. I graduated with honours, and then I mastered in environmental studies.” He had a big smile on his face. And he was right—I didn’t believe him. It was impossible. I had a hard time believing he’d graduated high school, never mind college—never mind Berkeley. But I forced a smile nonetheless. “I really managed to turn things around,” he continued. “I bet that sounds pretty farfetched, huh?” He laughed.

I laughed, too. “Yeah,” I said. And then I immediately regretted saying it. “I mean—I don’t know. I didn’t really know you very well. I, uh, never saw your grades or anything.”

He laughed. “They weren’t good—not until I had to retake the twelfth grade, anyway.” He finished his beer. “Anyway, it’s late. You probably have to work in the morning, so I won’t keep you up any longer. Thanks for showing me around your house. Maybe you can come by my house sometime and I’ll show you around.” He stood up and started towards the door. “Oh, and I almost forgot. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a wad of money. “This is for all the lunch money. I’ve felt guilty about it for years. Luckily fate brought us back together.” He put the money down on the side table and then left. I waited until he was far away from the house before I jumped up and locked the door instinctively. Then I checked that wad of money.

\$650—which was probably about the amount he owed me. But I couldn’t believe he’d just given it to me. A part of me wondered if it was a setup—stolen, marked bills that would get me arrested if I tried to deposit them into my bank account. But they seemed normal. And Michael seemed normal. Hell, he wasn’t just normal, he was charming and nice and personable. What was happening?

## CHAPTER III

I was asleep until I heard my bedroom door open. My room was dark and it was the middle of the night. I heard a pair of footsteps approaching my bedside. Was it Michael? Was he coming to give me the ultimate beating? I jumped out of bed and I screamed so that Tony and Morgan would wake up—so someone could come to my aid, or at least come and see that Michael was in my room so that they could testify against Michael in court during his murder trial.

But it wasn't Michael—it was Tony. He was staring at me with wide eyes. "What's wrong with you?" he asked.

"I thought you were Michael," I said.

"Well I'm not. But we're going over to Michael's now," he said. I looked at the clock. It was 2:00 AM.

"Why?" I asked.

"His lights are on," Tony said. I noticed then that he was dressed in a black shirt, black pants, and he was wearing a black toque like some comic book cat burglar.

"So what?"

"He's up to something. And we're going to see what," he said.

"You guys have lost your minds," I said. My heart was still pounding from my rude awakening. "I'm going back to sleep."

"Morgan saw him with a gun," Tony said. And my heart skipped a beat.

"A gun?"

"Morgan was watching them while they were unloading the U-Haul. He said that Michael took a rifle out from the truck and brought it into the house. What if he's crazy? What if he comes over here to kill us?"

It sounded absurd, but I couldn't help but feel a bit afraid. I knew how easily Michael could snap. What if he woke up on the wrong side of the bed one day? What if he had a bad day and decided to go on some shooting rampage? Sure, he was nice now, but maybe he was just taking medication. And what would happen if he missed a dose of his medication?

And who on earth let him buy a gun?

So I got dressed in my blackest clothes and I decided to join Morgan and Tony on their little reconnaissance mission. We crept across our front lawn and then we ran across the street. There were a few lights on in his little house. We sidled up the wall of his house. Morgan went around clockwise while Tony came with me counter-clockwise. Tony asked me to help him up, so he

could peek through one of the darkened windows. I wasn't sure what he was hoping to find—I wasn't sure what any of us were hoping to find.

Even if we found some incriminating evidence, what could we do? It's not like we could call the cops without angering Michael...

"What do you see?" I whispered.

"Boxes. Lots of them." He sounded surprised, as if a room full of boxes meant something. So I lowered him back down and we continued creeping around the house. As I tried to remember why we were trespassing on Michael's property, I felt suddenly stupid. I couldn't help but feel like Tony and Morgan were simply looking for some form of revenge—some decade-old fantasy. Right now, we were giving Michael a reason to want to hate and hurt us. Since showing up in our neighbourhood, he'd been nothing but nice.

"I think I'm going to head back home," I said.

Tony stared at me strangely. "But why?" he said.

"This is crazy," I said. "The guy isn't up to anything. He's not the same guy that he was in high school. Neither are you and neither am I. So if you want to carry on with this nonsense, go ahead. But I'm not doing it."

Tony shook his head. "Fine. Go."

So I went. I started creeping back around the house. I moved slowly so that I wouldn't make even the slightest noise. I stopped briefly after stepping on a twig. I looked back. Morgan and Tony were out of sight now, probably trying to climb the wall in the backyard. I started back towards our own house. And then the window next to me lit up.

I fell to the ground hard and froze. I could hear his heavy footsteps inside of the house—the floorboards bending under his impressive weight. I bit my tongue so that I wouldn't scream. The light remained on. I slowly rose up to my feet, keeping my head low and out of sight. I started creeping towards our house. I wanted to make a mad dash, but I didn't want to alert Michael.

But I also wanted to see what he was doing awake at 2:30 AM. So I turned and carefully looked into the window. He was standing up, naked, with his back to me. His body was like a Greek statue, bulging with muscles. He had his hand down between his legs and he was stroking himself. He was masturbating.

He had his laptop computer propped up on a stack of boxes. And on his screen was pornography—but not just any pornography. He was watching shemale porn: a chick with a big erection riding another chick with a big erection. The girls' fake tits bounced awkwardly as they cried out with fake moans.

Michael was into shemale porn.

My lips parted. I had to snap a picture for Tony and Morgan to see. This was what we came for—a small piece of justice for all of those miserable years. Michael could never threaten us

again without facing complete humiliation. It was perfect. So I snapped a photo with my camera. And I'd made a huge mistake.

I didn't turn off the flash, so my camera's flash lit up his bedroom. It also reflected off of the glass, ruining the photo and setting off Michael's motion light, which was pointed right at me. Michael turned around and looked at me with wide eyes.

My heart fluttered down into my stomach and I wanted to die. Hell, I was probably about to get what I wanted. I stood motionless for a moment before the instinct to run kicked in—and then I ran as quickly as I could back to my house. I locked the door and then I went into my bedroom and I locked that door too. I closed and locked the window and I shut the blinds and then I stood in the middle of the room with a pounding heart. I was short of breath.

“Fuck,” I said to myself. I was in some serious shit now.



## CHAPTER IV

The next day was silent. I didn't have work. My plan was to do some work in the yard, but I was too afraid to leave the house. I was still waiting to see what Michael had in store for me, after seeing me in his window, trying to take a photo of him jerking off to shemale porn.

Had we been in high school, I would already be dead—no question in my mind. Michael would have found a bat or even just a large piece of wood, and he would have beaten me to death before I had a chance to tell anyone. But now, there was only silence.

I peeked out the window occasionally. Michael's truck was gone, and I remembered that he had work today, but I was still too afraid to go out, in case he was hiding around a corner.

Morgan finally woke up around noon. He came down the stairs rubbing sleep out of his eyes. He looked at me and yawned before saying good morning. I hadn't told him about what I'd seen or about what had happened. I was even too afraid to tell Morgan, worried that he would tell someone else who might tell someone else, and so on. If Michael found out that I'd gone around telling people about what I saw, I would surely be dead.

"Are you okay? You look sick or something," Morgan said, looking at me with a head tilt.

I forced a smile. "Nope. I'm fine. Just... didn't get a ton of sleep last night."

Morgan nodded his head. "We couldn't find anything last night. We might go back over once he's unpacked everything. Though we did find a window with a broken lock. Maybe we can sneak into his house while he's at work one day."

"I don't think that's a good idea," I said.

"Why not?"

"Is that a serious question?" I asked. "You're both acting like crazy people."

Morgan shook his head. "Famous last words," he said. "Famous last words..." He walked to the kitchen to make himself breakfast.

And I found myself pacing around in my bedroom, wondering if the night before was just a nightmare, or if it had really happened. Did Michael actually see me? Could he recognize me? Or did I just look like a figure in the window? The light was shining right on me, but the light was on in his room—maybe I was just a backlit silhouette. Or maybe I was just being hopelessly optimistic.

It was 4:00 PM when I heard tires crunching on loose gravel. I peeked out the window and saw Michael stepping out of his pickup truck. It was a massive truck that looked small next to him. His hands were dirty from work and so was his face. I looked over at our house and I dropped to the ground faster than a sac of lead.

Morgan came into the room and saw me on the ground. “Oh God, is he coming again?” Morgan asked.

I slowly stood up. “No, but he’s home,” I said.

“So you are afraid of him—why can’t you just admit it?” Morgan said.

I still didn’t want to tell him about what I saw. Even if I did have the courage to tell Morgan, I didn’t have the evidence. The photo on my phone was just a bright blur with a hint of skin—and not to mention, the story was just unbelievable. How could a hulk of a man like Michael be into shemale porn?

Morgan and Tony went out for drinks later that night, and to watch a playoff hockey game at the bar, seeing as our television was acting up like it did from time to time. I would have gone with them had the nausea gone away. But I was worried that a single drink would be enough to make me throw up. I was running off next to no sleep, still waiting for the front door to be kicked in. I couldn’t figure out how I was still alive—why Michael wasn’t coming over with that gun he apparently owned...

I paced nervously until it was late, and then I started to feel a strange hopefulness: maybe he didn’t see me. Maybe the light blinded him from his motion light outside. Maybe I hadn’t stood in front of his window for as long as I remembered—maybe it just seemed like a long time in the heat of the moment. I finally let myself breathe—and then there was a knock at the door.

My heart skipped a beat before it started ruthlessly pounding into my ribcage. “Shit,” I muttered. Was this it? Was this the end for me? I was afraid to answer the door but I was more afraid to ignore it. I approached the door slowly and turned the handle. It was Michael, standing on my doorstep with a big smile. “Hey neighbour,” he said with a little wave. “Am I interrupting anything?”

He seemed completely calm and rational, as if the previous night hadn’t happened. I tried to reply but I couldn’t muster up any words. So I just shook my head slowly.

“You like hockey?” he asked.

And I nodded my head slowly. I hid my trembling hands behind my back.

“I’ve got the Golden Knights game on now, if you want to come watch. Bring over a couple of those beers—or did you drink them all last night?” He laughed. “C’mon. It’ll be fun,” he said.

He turned around and started towards his house. He wasn’t even waiting for my answer—and I wasn’t sure he was asking. My heart flopped around in my gut. I stuffed a few cans of beer into a grocery bag and then I slowly started towards Michael’s house. “What are you doing, you moron? Don’t go to his house,” I said to myself. But I couldn’t talk myself out of it. I wanted to act normal, as if nothing happened the night before—holding onto the hope that he didn’t recognize me when his motion light went off. But I knew that was wishful thinking...

## CHAPTER V

Michael had a lot of his boxes already unpacked, which was impressive seeing as he'd spent most of the day at work. I knew he was up late the night before, but I also knew that he wasn't just unpacking...

He had a large leather couch and a massive television. On the walls he had framed hockey jerseys, signed by all of his favourite players. His lamps looked expensive and so did the art that hung in near the front door, which was signed and looked original. "Wow," I said.

"Like it?" he asked. "It's not much, but it's home."

"Is all of this yours or is some of it your roommates'?" I asked.

He laughed and shook his head. "Roommates," he said. "I haven't had a roommate in years." The art there was a bit of an investment. It's an original Hans Lieberman. Most of the hockey jerseys are bonuses from work."

"Bonuses?" I asked. His house was so impressive that I'd almost forgotten that there was a good chance he was bringing me to his house to kill me.

"Yeah, sometimes they give me more money, and sometimes they give me gifts so that they can stay within the budget. Last year they reached their budget limit before Christmas, so for my Christmas bonus I got seasons tickets to the Knights. We should go sometime." I looked around his house again, this time noticing the impressive grand piano in the corner of the room.

"Do you play?" I asked.

He laughed. "I've been learning. I'm only a level five. But maybe in a few years I'll be good enough to play you something."

I wasn't sure this was the Michael that I knew in high school. The Michael I knew in high school didn't play piano—he played violent video games. The Michael I knew was unemployable—and now he had some epic job where he got amazing bonuses and apparently a mighty paycheque. The Michael I knew would have killed me by now. "Have a seat. The second period's about to start. The Knights are on fire tonight, but Jones is hot, too. It's going to be close." I took a seat but Michael didn't take a seat next to me. Instead, he disappeared, off towards his kitchen. But he was gone for a while—longer than it took to grab a beer.

I became overly conscious of my pounding heart. I tried to take a deep breath to calm myself down. He didn't seem like a murderer and he didn't seem like he knew I was the Peeping Tom from the night before.

Suddenly he tapped me on the shoulder, making me jump. "You okay?" he said, handing me one of the beers I brought over.

“Huh? Yeah. I’m fine.” I forced a smile. I was starting to brainstorm ways to escape his house.

He took a seat next to me, just as the game started back up. He casually started talking hockey. He pointed out different players. “I met him. Great guy. Really funny,” he would say. I was impressed with his life. Just six years ago, he was on track to be some thug in some violent criminal organization. Or just an inmate in a prison.

A commercial break came on and he turned down the volume of the television. Now, he was staring at me. There was an awkward silence in the room. I looked around nervously. “What’s up?” I asked.

“I think it’s time we address the elephant in the room,” he said.

That nausea came back with a fierce vengeance. “What’s that?” I asked.

He continued to stare at me with that blank intensity. “Last night, you saw something that you weren’t supposed to see.”

My legs began to tremble. My body felt cold. I wanted to spring to my feet and run back to my house, but my joints were locked. “Huh?” I said, trying to act dumb, but I knew it was pointless.

“It’s okay. I’m not going to hurt you. That part of my life is over,” he said. “But we need to talk about this. I want to know why you were looking in my window.” He continued to stare at me—right into my eyes. He didn’t seem embarrassed at all about what I’d seen. Instead, he was just angry about my peeping.

“I—I don’t know,” I said. I wanted to tell him that Morgan and Tony roped me into it, but I didn’t want them being thrown onto the chopping block with me.

“It’s okay. I think I get it. You’re still feeling bitter about our high school years—and I don’t blame you. I was a real asshole. I was going through a lot at home and I didn’t have the guidance I needed. Maybe you thought I was up to something, maybe you thought you could get a bit of revenge—and hell, maybe I deserve it.” He laughed. “But you invaded my privacy, and that’s not cool. I feel like I’m owed an apology.” He was staring at me again with those dark, expecting eyes.

“I’m sorry,” I said with a weak voice. I still wanted to throw the blame on someone else, but I knew it wouldn’t get me anywhere.

“And the other guys—It’s Morgan and Tony, right?—Do you think they’re sorry as well?”

So he already knew they were there, too. Did he catch them? Or did he know the whole time. No—of course he didn’t know the whole time. He wouldn’t have gotten naked and jerked off to shemale porn if he knew the whole time. So I shrugged my shoulders. “I don’t know,” I said.

“It would really be a shame to pick things up the way they left off all those years ago,” he said. And he was staring at me as if it was a threat. But it was also true: I didn’t want things

being picked up where they left off. I liked the new Michael. He was nice and generous and interesting. And best of all, he didn't beat me up and steal my lunch money every day.

"I agree," I said softly. He stood up and I remembered how big he was. Sitting, my face was hardly up to his thighs. He looked down at me.

"Come with me to my room," he said. "I came up with a way you can repay me."

He walked down towards his room. It was my chance to make my escape—but I knew it was pointless. Running would just make the situation worse—that much was obvious. So I had to follow him.

His room wasn't quite set up. He had his bed and a lamp and nothing else. The room was full of boxes. He went to one of those boxes and opened it up. Then he pulled out a wig, a dress, a pair of panties, and a bag of what I assumed was makeup. "What size are your feet?" he asked.

The lump in my throat made it difficult to say, "A size seven." He dug through his box and amazingly pulled out a pair of lacy black heels that were actually in my size.

"Okay, so get dressed up for me, and we'll call it even. How's that? Don't worry, no one will find out about this, but I might take a few pictures for myself. You understand, right?"

I wanted to throw up. I wanted to say 'No way in hell' but I was terrified of Michael. I knew what he was capable of—at least I knew the least of what he was capable of. His wrath probably knew no limits. I tried bartering, but he'd already made his decision—he knew what he wanted. So after a few cold, hesitant minutes, I found myself in his bathroom, getting dressed up like a girl. And I realized as I was trying to draw eyeliner around my eyes that this was so much worse than being beaten up.

## CHAPTER VI

Michael turned his attention to his cellphone. I thought about running while his gaze was pointed down at his screen, but I knew running was hopeless. And then he turned his phone to me, showing me the security footage of me and Morgan and Tony sneaking around his house. He stopped the video on a shot where my face was perfectly in focus. “You wouldn’t want the cops seeing this, would you?” he asked.

My heart trembled. “We were just kidding around,” I said, my voice breaking.

“How so?” he asked calmly. He was so calm about the whole thing, like it was just a big joke. He probably didn’t feel threatened. How could he feel threatened? He had a whole security system installed, and there was next to nothing Morgan, Tony, and I could do to him—he was strong enough to snap us all in half.

“I’m sorry,” I said. “It was a stupid mistake. It won’t happen again.”

“It won’t happen again—you’re right. Now get dressed for me.” He motioned towards the outfit he had prepared for me, with the stiletto heels that were in my size.

I looked around, my legs feeling weak. I had to do it—what other choice did I have? I wasn’t sure what I was more afraid of: Michael’s terrifying size and strength, or a permanent criminal record that would surely be the end of my professional career. I cautiously took a step towards that outfit. My heart stuttered and I half-hoped that I would collapse so I could get away in an ambulance. Though I’m not sure Michael would call an ambulance for me. I didn’t want to know what Michael might do with my unconscious body, seeing as he wanted me to get dolled up now.

I picked up the dress. It was a baby blue colour with thin straps. It didn’t look very big. “Get undressed,” Michael said. He took a seat on his bed and started to thumb around on his phone.

So I slowly got undressed. I was going to keep my boxers on, and then he said, “Boxers too.” So I stripped down nude, with my back to him. I felt like an idiot slipping the panties up my legs. They were tight and lacy but once they were on they were surprisingly comfortable, holding everything in place nicely. I felt even stupider stepping into the dress. I tried pulling it up, but I couldn’t get it past my wide hips. Michael laughed at me after a minute of watching me trying to squirm my body into a dress. “It goes on the other way—over your head.”

So I slipped the dress on over my head. It was a tight fit, but it fit. I kept pulling down on the skirt of the dress, feeling the cool room air tickling my exposed bum, but the dress wasn’t designed to cover my whole ass.

The dress had pads sewn into the cups, as if it was made for a woman with no breasts—or for a man who was being blackmailed into wearing it. I got the wig on snugly. It was a strawberry blonde colour and it was surprisingly high quality. I wondered why he owned it—it surely

wouldn't fit his big head. And the dress surely wouldn't fit his thick body. So why did he own any of it?

I wobbled in the shoes once they were on my feet. "Do a spin for me," Michael said. Now he wasn't looking at his phone. I did a spin, nearly falling. The heels were tall and awkward. They were far from comfortable.

Michael scratched his chin. "You can go into the bathroom to get your makeup done. But first, maybe just shave your legs. Your leg hair is putting me off. There's a new razor in the bathtub. And maybe shave your arms too, while you're at it."

"I can't shave my arms or my legs," I said.

"Why not?"

A cool breeze tickled the back of my spine. The hairs on my arms stood up—maybe for the last time. "I have to go to work."

"They don't let you work with shaved arms or legs?" he said casually, with a big grin.

"They'll wonder why I shaved," I said.

"Then come up with a good excuse. Or tell them that you got dolled up for your neighbour. I don't care what you tell them. But if you don't want me to take this tape to the police, then you will do it." Now he was looking at me with dark, serious eyes. That smirk was gone. He really meant it. He really wanted me to shave away my body hair.

So I found myself in the bathroom with a razor in my hand. I took a deep breath before making the first swipe. I closed my eyes while I ran the razor along my skin. And then I opened them and felt sick. There in front of me was a perfectly smooth strip of hairless skin. It looked unnatural, but I had no choice. I had to finish both legs and both arms.

And when I was finished, I looked ridiculous. My legs were shining and smooth. They looked strangely thin and defined. When I looked in the mirror and covered out my face, I really looked like a chick. My stomach turned.

I walked up to the mirror, my feet starting to hurt in the heels. I looked closely at my face. Even my face looked a bit feminine, and I didn't even have makeup on yet. The wig made a big difference, with the way it framed my face. And the dress made a difference too, the way the straps sat on my shoulders and kept part of my chest exposed. I dug through Michael's little makeup bag and I decided to start with the eyeliner. I remembered seeing my mom doing her makeup before work every morning, so I had a vague idea of what everything was. Though I had no idea how hard it would be.

It took a few attempts to get the eyeliner to look right. I didn't want to step out from that bathroom with a bad makeup job—I didn't need to give Michael any reason to leak that tape and ruin my life.

I powdered on a bit of blush and then I rubbed a bit of shadow onto my eyelids. For my lips, I decided to go with a lip-gloss instead of a lipstick. As a finishing touch, I rolled some mascara onto my eyelashes. And then I took a step back and looked at the finished product.

And I looked surprisingly feminine.

“Almost done in there?” Michael called out from his bedroom.

And I’d almost forgotten that there was a man in the other room waiting for me. My legs started to tremble again as I took a deep breath in. “Here goes nothing,” I muttered to myself. I still didn’t even know what Michael wanted from me.



## CHAPTER VII

Michael clapped slowly when I walked into the room. “Now that’s what I’m talking about,” he said with a big smile. He was watching me closely. I was waiting for him to pick up his phone to take a photo. Surely that’s what he wanted, right? Surely he just wanted to get an embarrassing photo of me to send to my old high school class: the ultimate humiliation.

But he never picked up that phone that was now sitting on the edge of his bed. So what did he want?

“Do a spin for me,” he said. So I did a spin for him. His grin grew bigger. “You’ve got a nice butt. Spank it for me.” So I spanked my butt. “Spank it harder.” I spanked it harder. He laughed and shook his head. “You really don’t want that tape getting out, huh?” he said.

I shrugged my shoulders. “I prefer you deleted it,” I said.

He raised his finger into the air. “What was that voice? That wasn’t a girl voice. From now on, I only want to hear you speak in a girl voice. Understand?”

I found myself looking at the window: the same window I was caught looking in through. I wondered if Morgan and Tony would be back, looking through that window. What would they think if they saw me now? Would they even recognize me? Would they make fun of me or would they understand that I was trying to save their asses as well as my own?

Michael picked up his phone. My heart stuttered. I closed my eyes and waited for the dreaded moment that he would snap that photo. But he didn’t snap any photos. Instead, he turned on some music, which played through a nearby Bluetooth speaker. “Now dance for me,” he said.

I hesitated, but I did as he said. I started dancing, swaying from side to side, and twisting as much as I could in the heels. He watched me with a big grin. I didn’t want to disappoint him. So I raised my hands over my head and I closed my eyes. I started dancing like I really meant it—like I really didn’t want him to release that tape of me breaking the law.

When I opened my eyes, he was standing up, still with that big grin on his face. He took a few steps towards me and I stopped dancing. “What is it?” I asked, forcing my best female voice. I had no idea if the voice was even any good or not.

He said nothing. He reached out and put his hands on my arms. His big hands made my arms look like spaghetti noodles. I looked up into his eyes. Those hands hadn’t touched me in years. The last time those hands touched me, I went home with a black eye and many bruises. “You’re a pretty girl,” he said.

“Thanks,” I said, forcing a smile.

He turned me around without much effort. I nearly fell over but he grabbed my hips before I could fall. I could feel his gaze drifting down to my ass. “You look good,” he said.

“Thanks,” I said. And then those hands slid down from my hips to my ass. I perked up, tense. He laughed.

“Don’t be so afraid,” he said. He squeezed my ass firmly. “Look at yourself.” He turned me to face the full-length mirror that hung on the back of his door. And he was right: I really didn’t look half-bad. I looked like a chick. I really looked like a girl—especially with him standing next to me, towering over me, making me look so small and fragile.

I watched as my cheeks turned red. I looked away from the mirror quickly. “Can you, uh, delete that video now? Please,” I said.

He smiled. “I’m not finished just yet,” he said. He stepped up behind me again, this time pulling my bum into his crotch. I could feel the bulge of what I was pretty sure was his erection. He carefully grinded himself against me. And then I remembered that he was looking at shemale porn on his computer. Was he using me to fulfil some sexual fantasy? And what option did I have? If he wanted to fuck me, would I have the option? Would he release that tape if I said no?

Suddenly, he handed me his phone. “What do you want me to do with this?” I asked.

“Delete the video,” he said.

For the first time that night, I didn’t hesitate. I quickly navigated towards his videos and I deleted the security footage. I had no idea if it was the only copy he had, though.

“Good,” he said. “Do you feel better now?”

Even though I had no idea if that was the only copy, I did feel better. I felt strangely relieved, even though I was still standing in his bedroom, in a wig and a dress and panties and makeup—and he was still standing with his bulging erection pressed against my little tush. “Yeah,” I said.

He slid his hands up to my chest and he squeezed those built-in pads. “I’m rock hard,” he said into my ear. My stomach turned.

I didn’t respond. I didn’t know what to say.

“Look in the mirror,” he said.

I looked into the mirror, but the sight was the same: me all dolled up with him behind me. But there was something special that he saw—he wanted me to see it, but I just couldn’t see anything. “What?” I asked.

“Look at how sexy you are,” he said.

And that’s when I felt something warm and fleshy slip up against my bare bum, under the short skirt of my dress. I became stiff and I knew exactly what it was: his cock. He’d quietly unzipped his pants and carefully pulled out his member. And it was enormous—thick and pulsing against my bare skin. I leapt forward, my heart beating intensely. “I should go,” I said.

By the time I looked back, he had his cock back in his pants. He zipped up. “You sure?” he asked.

“Yeah,” I said. I took off the wig and I quickly squirmed out from the dress. I nearly ripped the soft fabric pulling it over my head. I didn’t even bother washing the makeup off. I just put on my pants and ran back to my house with my shirt in my hand and eyeliner around my eyes. The guys still weren’t home from the bar, thankfully. Once I was all cleaned up, I looked out the window towards Michael’s house. His windows were still glowing.

I went around the house and made sure the doors and windows were locked.

## CHAPTER VIII

I didn't get a lot of sleep that night—and I didn't get a lot done at work the next day. It was hard to pull my mind away from that strange evening in Michael's bedroom, getting dolled up and dancing for him. And no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't stop thinking about that warm cock that slid up against my tush. I could practically still feel it, even after two showers.

Michael wanted to sleep with me. He wanted me to get dressed up like a girl so he could fuck me like one of the girly-boys in his porn videos. And how could I know that he wasn't going to try to blackmail me into actually doing it? Would I have bent over and spread my butt cheeks for him had he threatened to release that video to the police? I liked to think that I would have taken the criminal record instead, but then again, I did get dressed up and shaved up for him...

It was near the end of the workday when one of my co-workers asked why my arms were shaved. I lied and said that the doctors wanted to check out a discolouration on my arm. "He shaved a strip and it looked funny, so I just shaved the rest when I got home, so it would be even." He seemed to buy into the lie—and who wouldn't? Who would suspect that their co-worker was actually blackmailed by their hulk of a neighbour into shaving so he would look more feminine?

I was only home for fifteen minutes that evening before I heard the crunching of gravel: Michael's truck pulling into his driveway. I cautiously watched from the slit between the curtains as he hopped down from his truck and went into his house. I looked at the house for a minute, trying to spot Michael's cameras. I couldn't see them, but there was a lantern hanging off the corner of his house that could have been a hidden camera.

Morgan startled me when he said, "What are you looking at?"

I spun around, my heart pounding. I'd been on edge since that motion light gave me away. "Just looking," I said. "Nothing in particular." I forced a smile.

"We're going back tonight. Are you in? Tony is out picking up some pig's blood. We're going to leave it in his kitchen as a warning not to mess with us. You know—like they do in the movies. He needs to know that he can't get away with the shit he used to get away with—not anymore."

"Don't do that," I said. "Are you nuts? Do you really think that will do anything? Has he done anything to you since he moved in next door?"

"No, and we aren't going to give him the chance to do anything. Hell, maybe we'll even freak him out enough that he'll move out."

I shook my head. I wanted to tell Morgan about the hidden cameras Michael had around his house, but I didn't know how to tell him without telling him that I'd already been caught. "Please don't do this," I said.

He stared at me. “I’ll think about it,” he said.

I fell asleep early that night, exhausted from a long day working off of little sleep. And I slept through the night, until my alarm for work went off at 7:00 AM. I felt like I hadn’t slept for more than an hour. It was going to take a few days before my body was back in its usual schedule.

I pulled myself out of bed and got ready for work. And while I was walking out towards my car, I noticed a small red spot on the road—and then I noticed a second one closer to Michael’s house. And I knew what I was looking at: spill from a bucket of pig’s blood. Morgan and Tony went through with their stupid plan, and now there were going to be consequences.

Once again, I got very little done at work. I couldn’t stop thinking about what was going to happen. Would Michael think that I had something to do with the prank? Would he decide to take that original tape of me sneaking around his house to the police? I could imagine Michael walking into that kitchen and seeing all of that pig’s blood. I could imagine him rolling his fingers into a fist. I could still remember how much rage he was able to muster back in high school—and high school wasn’t even a whole decade ago...

I sent Morgan a text message. “Please tell me you didn’t go through with your plan last night,” I wrote.

“We did what we had to do,” he wrote back.

“Do you have any idea what you’ve done?” I asked. I wanted to throw my phone against the wall. They really did it: they really broke into Michael’s house and vandalized the place with pig’s blood. How many charges would that be? Was that enough to get them prison time? Breaking and entering and destruction of private property.

When I got home from work, Michael’s truck was already in the driveway. There was another truck there with a company logo on the side of it: ‘Jim’s Industrial Cleaners.’ I watched from the slit between the curtains as a crew of guys emerged with mops and buckets. I knew they were cleaning up pig’s blood.

I paced around the house trying to think of some solution. I knew Michael was going to be mad. I knew he was going to want revenge. Maybe Tony and Morgan deserved it, but did they not also deserve their own revenge from years of being beaten up? Did they not deserve some revenge for having to spend three years sore necks from constantly looking over their shoulders?

Maybe they did deserve revenge morally—but the cops wouldn’t be interested in who deserved revenge; they would only care about who broke into the house and broke the law. Michael hadn’t broken any laws—not since high school, and he already paid the price as far as society was concerned. Now Morgan and Tony were going to pay the price—and possibly me too.

## CHAPTER IX

It took a good hour to build up the confidence to walk across the street. I didn't have a plan and I couldn't think clearly enough to come up with one. I just knew that I didn't want to go down with Tony and Morgan, and I knew that would involve begging Michael for my life. So I found myself at his door with my thumb hovering over the doorbell.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. I tried to convince myself that it was all just a nightmare—that I would wake up and look outside and see some nice young family moving in across the street—and not Michael at all. Of all the houses in the city, why was that the house he had to move into?

I pressed the doorbell but heard no sound—either because his house was very well soundproofed or because the doorbell was broken. I hoped for the latter. I rang the bell a second time and then took the extended silence as my opportunity to leave and reconsider my non-existent plan. Then the door opened and there stood Michael, still just as tall as ever—taller than the doorframe. He stared at me for a moment with a grin on his face. “Can I help you?” he asked.

“I, uh, just wanted to swing by and, uh, see how everything was going. How's unpacking?” I forced a smile.

And he stared at me in silence for another moment. “Unpacking is coming along. I found a box that I was looking for yesterday—I'm glad I found it.”

I smiled and nodded. But I knew I had to get down to business. “My roommates—they mean well. They really do. They just have some bad memories from, you know, high school.” I looked into his eyes and I thought for a moment that I was looking into the eyes of a wolf that was about to pounce on its prey.

“They mean well, do they?” he said. “That's not the impression I've been getting, if I'm going to be honest.”

I could see his kitchen from my spot on the doorstep, and I could see a red tinge on his white tiles—a stain that the cleaners couldn't get out. Those tiles would have to be replaced, which wasn't going to be cheap. “I just wanted to say, I had nothing to do with what those guys did. I don't even really know what they did, and I don't think I want to know. But I want to make it better. So why don't you let me pay for the damages. Here...” I pulled the wad of cash he gave to me out from my pocket. “Just let me know how much more it costs to fix whatever they ruined and I'll get you the money. Deal?” I reached my hand out and noticed it was shaking. He looked at it and shook his head.

“I can't take your money, Vinnie—especially if you say you had nothing to do with it. But thanks for letting me know who ruined my kitchen. The security footage is no good. The motion light didn't go off and the guys in the footage are wearing masks over their faces.” My heart plunged into my gut as I realized I'd just ratted out my friends.

“They really mean well,” I said again, but even I didn’t believe it. They didn’t mean well. They wanted revenge and nothing more. No one who wants revenge ever means well...

Michael just stared at me. “So you’re saying I shouldn’t report them to the police?”

“I would appreciate it. I can talk to them and try to talk some sense into them. They’re just mad from... you know—high school. They didn’t have the best time with all of the... you know.” I was afraid to say the word. Luckily, he said it for me.

“The bullying?” he said.

I shrugged my shoulders. “I’ll talk to them.”

“Don’t bother,” he said. “I think they’ve got it out of their system. Instead, why don’t you come inside and we can mess around a little bit?” He said it with that same cold intensity in his eyes. And I realized he wasn’t asking—he was giving me two options: have me dress up for him again or he would report my friends to the police. I didn’t want either of the options, but I especially didn’t want my friends to end up in jail because I wouldn’t put on a dress.

So I went inside. There were fewer boxes stacked in the rooms. He led me to his bedroom. His bed was covered in clothes—all female clothes. The floor was covered in shoes and there were three different wigs on his desk. “I think I want to see you as a platinum blonde today. I’ll pick you out an outfit while you do your makeup.” He spoke so casually, as if he was my boss running me through the day’s tasks. I stood quietly in the middle of his bedroom for a moment before picking up that little makeup kit and walking to the bathroom. I closed the door and I stared at myself in the mirror. My face was white and my eyes were wide.

Here I was again, in Michael Bafaro’s bathroom, putting on makeup. And for what end? What did he ultimately want? Did he want to see me dance again for a couple of minutes, or did he want to pick up where he left off? What was the cost to keep my friends out of jail?

I started again with the eyeliner, and then the blush, and then the eye shadow, and then the lip-gloss. I was a bit quicker this time, now with a bit of experience under my belt. At work earlier that day, a flower delivery girl came through the office to drop flowers off for one of my co-workers (it was her birthday). I noticed and admired the flower girl’s eye makeup. So I tried to imitate it now. She went thick with the eyeliner and she used a greenish colour for her eye shadow. I thought the same look looked pretty good on me.

I ruffled up my hair and stared at myself again. I still couldn’t believe how feminine I could look with a wig and a bit of makeup. It was scary to think that I could have grown my hair out and pulled the same look off without the wig. And what did that say about my face? Did that mean that I looked just as girly as actual women? If every girl stopped wearing makeup one day, would anyone be able to tell me apart from them?

I looked closely, admiring my eyes. I never really realized how big and stunning my eyes were—though I wished my nose was a bit smaller.

“Ready yet?” Michael called out. I took a deep breath and smiled. I was ready and strangely excited to see what outfit he had picked out for me. I was curious to see how I would look all dolled up once again, but I was terrified to find out why Michael wanted me to be all dolled up.



## CHAPTER X

The outfit for the night was a black skirt with a white sleeveless blouse. The outfit was complete with a pair of sheer black stockings with little bowties that rested on the fronts of my thighs. Michael loved the outfit. His eyes grew wide and his face lit up.

“You like it?” I asked in my girly voice. I had to make him happy. I had to make him enjoy the experience so he would drop everything with Tony and Morgan. And then I just had to hope that Tony and Morgan got their revenge out of their systems.

He nodded his head. “I love it,” he said.

“Want me to dance for you?” I asked. He picked up his phone and picked out a song. I started dancing. I kept a smile on my face the whole time.

My strategy wasn’t much different than the strategy I used to get out of being bullied in high school: pretend as if I wasn’t bothered, hoping that it would make Michael bored. Back in high school, people called me names until I started to embrace the names. A substitute teacher asked me what my name was one morning and I said, “Shrimp Boy.” Everyone laughed because it was the cruel name they’d assigned for me. But the laughter was short-lived when they realized it was no longer funny to call me Shrimp Boy.

Michael told me to walk over to him. Then he told me to turn and face the mirror, so I did. As I was looking at myself in the mirror, he slapped me hard on the tush. I jumped. “You’ve got a great ass,” he said.

“You like it?” I asked, bending over slightly and shaking my bum. I watched his face in the mirror as his cheeks turned red. Then he put both of his hands on my ass and squeezed. He gently spread my butt cheeks. Thankfully there was a thin strip of panties covering my buttocks. My heart skipped a beat but I did my best to stay in character.

“I like it a lot,” he said.

I stepped forward, away from his grabbing hands. I straightened my skirt and then I continued my little dance. I noticed the tower in his pants: his erection that desperately wanted out from his jeans. “I see you really like it,” I said. There was a lump forming in my throat. How much more did he want? Was I leading him on too much?

“You’re cute,” he said. “Too cute. Keep dancing.”

I closed my eyes and let the music take over for a minute. I tried to clear my head and calm my heart. Then I heard a slight moan coming from Michael’s lips. I opened my eyes and saw it: his big, throbbing cock in his big clenched fist. I stalled for a moment with wide, terrified eyes. Then I looked away quickly as if I never noticed. I kept dancing.

“Don’t stop,” he said. I looked over quickly again—just quickly enough to see that he was stroking himself. I was his porn for the night. And he seemed to have no qualms with masturbating right in front of me. He gently bit the corner of his bottom lip. I couldn’t believe how big his cock was.

A new song came on, but I just kept dancing—even through the silence between the songs. But it wasn’t silence. I could hear the sound of his fist sliding along his cock.

“Come here,” he said. So I came closer. I kept my eyes up at his face, but I could still see that monster cock in my peripheral vision. “Do you like what you see?” he asked.

I looked down and forced a smile. “It looks dry,” I said. And then I leaned over it and spat onto the tip of his bloated cock. He spread my spit up and down the length of his cock, and then I took a few steps back, away from the intimidating beast. I continued my dance.

His breathing was becoming louder. I turned my back to him, so he could enjoy my ass for a while and so I could pretend like I was alone. I positioned myself so I couldn’t see him in the mirror either, but I could still see myself: all dolled up and dancing elegantly, swaying my hips to the music. I still couldn’t believe how cute I looked. I watched as I ran my hands up my thighs, pulling my skirt up and teasing Michael just a little bit by showing him my bum. I ran my fingers between my legs and then I cupped my chest. “Fuck,” I heard him moan.

I sunk down to my knees and I bent over, showing him my bum again. He seemed to like my bum more than anything. I reached back and pulled aside the thin strip of fabric hiding my butt hole. I showed him my tight hole for a couple of seconds and then I rose back up to my feet. I turned around to face him again, giggling. And then I saw that his face was dark red and his eyes were glossed over. “You okay?” I asked. And before he could answer, he came.

His cock blasted streams of cum into the air. I jumped back, even though I wasn’t within range. He groaned and unloaded his seemingly endless load onto his bedroom floor. Warm, white jizz rolled over his fingers.

“So that was okay then?” I asked, my face turning red.

He nodded. “That was great. Uh, thanks. You can, uh, go home now.” He stood up and scurried off to the bathroom. It was kind of funny to see him all flustered—and to know that I was the one that made him all flustered. I used his main floor powder room to get myself cleaned up before heading back over to my house. I still had no idea what Michael planned on doing with the police—if anything. I had no idea if Tony and Morgan were safe, but I had a pretty good feeling that I was safe. Surely he wouldn’t tell on me, right? Surely he wanted his own secret to remain safe: his overwhelming love for young men in women’s clothing.

I was a bit worried about how ecstatic I was feeling as I laid down in bed that night. I’d just gotten a man off by dressing like a girl and dancing around in his bedroom. That wasn’t exactly something to be proud of. No man should be happy that he can look like a lady and make a man come in just a couple of minutes. But at the same time, it was strangely nice to know that I

looked good in those skirts and dresses. I wasn't just dancing around looking like some low-rate drag queen with stubble and a hairy chest.

I found myself at the living room window, looking out at Michael's house. His lights were still on. I wondered what he was up to.

"What are looking at?" Morgan asked.

I looked back at him. "I just thought I heard something.

Morgan laughed. "Probably the sound of Michael punching a hole in the wall. We got him good last night. It's too bad you didn't come along with us."

"You guys should go over and apologize," I said.

"No way," he said. "And we aren't going to stop until he apologizes to us." He crossed his arms with a big grin on his face. He was proud of his act of defiance. He had no idea that it was costing me more than it was costing Michael—and he had no idea that if I stopped my efforts, he would end up in jail.

"I hope you aren't serious," I said. And he just grinned, as if he already had the next big prank planned out in his head.

"If you don't want in, that's up to you. But this weekend is going to be epic. If I were you, I wouldn't want to miss out. We're going to finally get back at him for all of those years."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

That grin grew two sizes. "We found where he charges his phone at night. It won't be easy, but we're going to get it. Tony is working out a way to get him to take a sleeping pill without knowing it. Once we have his phone, we're going to send messages to everyone he knows. It's going to be epic, Vinnie. It won't be easy—but with your help it will be easier. What do you say?"

I shook my head. "No way. I'm out. And if you're smart, you'll reconsider."

But I could tell by that grin that there was no plan to reconsider.

## CHAPTER XI

I knew that I had to warn Michael because I knew that I had no hope in stopping Tony and Morgan—they weren't going to be satisfied until they dragged Michael through as much torment as they were dragged through back in high school, which was a lot. But they still didn't realize that Michael had my testimony and some camera footage to go along with it.

I was afraid to go over to Michael's house. I knew that he was going to want something in return for the safety of Tony and Morgan—and I knew exactly what that something would be. But I didn't want to go back to him. I didn't want to find myself back in his bathroom, in front of his mirror, powdering on makeup so that he could get himself off. I didn't want to put on another dress or another skirt or any lingerie or whatever he had in store for me. I saw that large pile of clothes on his bed—it was all for me.

Who else was it for? Did he have other neighbours that he blackmailed on a regular basis? I was constantly looking out at his house, and I never saw anyone coming or going. And he certainly couldn't fit into any of those little outfits.

I could hear Tony and Morgan talking upstairs: plotting their attack. I had no idea when they planned on making their move, so I didn't have much time to waste. I needed to tell Michael as soon as possible. He was home now: his car was parking in his driveway and his windows were lit up, though I couldn't see him from our living room window.

I snuck out the back door and went around the block: down our alley, across the street, and then down Michael's alley. I didn't want Morgan and Tony spotting me—I didn't want them to know that I was conspiring against them, even though I was actually trying to save them. I had to hop over Michael's back fence so I could knock on his back door. He was slow to answer—he was always slow to answer. But he always answered. And a smile crossed his face as soon as he looked down at me. "Vinnie," he said. "To what do I owe this pleasure?" he asked.

"Can I come inside? I need to tell you something," I said.

He was still for a moment, and then he moved aside, motioning for me to enter his house. Now, there were no boxes to be seen. He had the whole place set up, and it looked good. I could smell fresh paint but I couldn't decide which walls had been newly painted—I couldn't remember what the colours were before. There was art on every wall and it all looked expensive. He even had a flat screen television wall-mounted in his kitchen. Now, that television was playing a hockey game. There was a cutting board out, covered in fresh vegetables. "Sorry to interrupt, but I have to tell you something," I said.

He stared at me with a dark, expectant look. He said nothing. And suddenly, I became nervous. I felt that same fear that I felt so many years ago when I stood face-to-face with Michael Bafaro—the bully of my childhood. And I still wasn't convinced that he was a changed person. Sure, he was successful and he seemed put together, but then what happened to his anger

issues? Anger issues don't just disappear over night. "Well?" he said, finally breaking the long silence.

I bit my tongue and I said it. "Morgan and Tony are planning on coming back. I don't know when, but they said they aren't going to stop until you apologize for what you did in high school."

I watched as the slight smirk on his face vanished. And then I noticed his hand at his side: curling into a fist. He was trying to hold back his rage but at the end of the day he was a wild animal—and wild animals can't truly be domesticated. "They want me to apologize?" he said.

"That's what they said," I said softly. I didn't want to make him any angrier. He only needed a small nudge before he was over the edge—and he was a lot bigger now than he was in high school. He'd easily packed on an additional forty pounds of muscle, and his skin appeared to be tougher, like a natural carapace.

"I'm going to kill them," he said through clenched teeth. Then I watched as he shut his eyes and took a deep breath, as if he was trying to calm himself down; it wasn't working. His face turned a shade of red and his fist clenched tighter. I realized it was probably a mistake going to warn Michael. I should have put my efforts into trying to stop Tony and Morgan—even though they wouldn't listen. Hell, I should have just told them that Michael already knew they were behind the pig's blood incident.

"Please don't kill them," I said. "They mean well." I regretted saying it as soon as I said it—because I knew it wasn't true. "I mean—you were really mean to them back in high school. They're not over it."

He looked at me with those brooding eyes and I realized I used the wrong words. My gut turned with regret. "What did you say?" he said.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know. I should be going. I—I didn't mean to ruin your night." I turned towards his back door and then I heard the loud slam and shrill crash: he threw a heavy pot across the room, which connected with an arrangement of glass cups. I didn't stick around to try and calm him down.

Michael was still the same person. Maybe he was trying to be a better person, maybe he was getting therapy, and maybe he was taking pills—but he was still Michael.

## CHAPTER XII

I managed to sneak back into our house without alerting Tony and Morgan. They were in the kitchen, still going over their plot. I decided to try one last time to stop them. “Please just let it go,” I said. I didn’t have any chips left to bargain with—all I could do was plead. But they both just looked at me as if I was a traitor—as if I didn’t remember how difficult Michael made high school. I remembered—maybe I remembered better than they did, because I didn’t want that same viciousness unleashed on me now as an adult.

“Why don’t you want to see him taken down?” Tony asked me, his eyes narrow and full of suspicion.

“Right now he’s not angry. I don’t want to make him angry,” I said. “Why is that so hard to understand?”

“It’s irrelevant. It’s a matter of principal. Do you think he should get away with what he did in high school, just because he’s putting on a smiling face now?”

“I think you should be careful that you don’t end up in jail,” I said.

He shook his head. “Just try not to worry about it, okay? Let us do our thing and let us worry about the consequences. Now go up to your room.” He waved me away as if I was some hungry stray dog. So I went up to my room and I tried to take his advice: I tried to forget about the conflict between my roommates and Michael Bafaro. Maybe they would end up in jail or maybe they would end up broken and bruised—it wasn’t my problem. I did what I could. I cleared my own name and it wasn’t my responsibility to clear their names as well. So I closed my eyes and I did my best to fall asleep.

I didn’t think Tony and Morgan would act that night—but I was wrong.

When I woke up, I knew something was wrong. I don’t know how I knew. The morning was quiet and the neighbourhood was still asleep, but I could feel a cold tension in the air. I looked out the window towards Michael’s house. Nothing looked out of the ordinary but I knew something bad had happened while I was asleep.

Quietly, I peeked into Morgan’s bedroom. He was asleep with his arm hanging off of his bed. Tony was also asleep, snoring loudly. But their muddy shoes were left next to the door, and their black hoodies were left on their bedroom floors.

I went to work with dread swirling in my gut. I finished what I needed to get done and then I went home, and that tension was still lingering in the still air. Michael was still home. His blinds were closed but I could see that his lights were on. Tony and Morgan were up and about now, with smiles on their faces. They were hopping with energy. I even caught them high-fiving at one point. “What’s up?” I asked, and they looked at each other with big grins. They didn’t plan on telling me what was up.

So I found myself looking back across the street, still with that dread in my gut.

And after an hour I just couldn't take it any more. I put on my shoes and I slipped into the alleyway. I went around the block and across the street and I found myself at Michael's back door. I took a deep breath before knocking. As usual, he was slow to answer. But there was no grin on his face: just an exhausted look and reddened skin. "What do you want?" he asked.

"What happened?" I asked. I always felt small around Michael—smaller than I expected. Even when I knew a giant man was about to answer the door, his size always took me by surprise.

"Take a look for yourself," he said, and then he moved aside. And that's when I saw the vandalism. Tony and Morgan didn't just steal Michael's phone—they also spray painted his kitchen cupboards and his walls. The contents of his cupboards were on the floor along with the contents of his fridge. The whole place smelled of spoiled milk. He had his windows open in an attempt to clear the air.

"I swear I didn't have anything to do with this," I said.

"But your roommates did," he said. "And now I'm wondering what's stopping me from going over there and flattening those brats."

I noticed more red spray paint in the living room. They wrote: 'Move away or else,' on the walls. The spray paint didn't miss the big screen television. "Do you have insurance?" I asked, and he looked at me as if it was the wrong question to ask. And once again I found myself regretting having come over. Maybe I was better off not knowing what the guys had done. Maybe I was better off not knowing how angry Michael was. Why could I just not stay out of it?

"Please don't hurt them," I said. "Just go over and apologize for what you did in high school."

"Why should I?" he said.

"So this will all stop," I said. It seemed like an obvious answer—and it was an obvious answer for me. But for him, there was a more obvious answer.

"If I call the cops, it will all stop and I'll get some revenge on top of it. That's the only reason I haven't gone over there to beat the hell out of those two—so I won't complicate things with the police report. By the way, can I borrow your phone?"

Thankfully I left my phone back in my bedroom. "I don't have it on me," I said.

"You know they sent messages to all of my contacts. They told my parents that I hated them. They told my boss that he's an asshole. They told my sister that she's a whore. I've spent the day doing damage control. Any idea what that's like?"

I shook my head slowly.

“Of course not. Anyway, go run on home. I’m going to ask the neighbours if there’s a phone I can borrow.” He started towards the front door.

“Wait,” I said. My heart was pounding. “Maybe there’s something I can do to change your mind. Maybe there’s something I could do to convince you to apologize to the guys instead of calling the cops.”

He was staring at me with dark, narrowed eyes. “Like what?” he asked.

I tried to swallow the thick lump that was forming in my throat. “Maybe I can be yours for the night. You can do whatever you want with me—as long as you don’t call the cops. And in the morning, you can go over and tell them that you’re sorry for bullying them in high school.”

He stared at me in complete silence for a minute. He was actually considering the offer. He looked down at my body and for the first time that day, he cracked a grin.



## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Michael left me standing in his messy kitchen as he went to the bedroom to set things up. I paced around, trying to clear my head, trying to figure out why I was once again whoring myself out for the wellbeing of someone else. I picked up a cloth and tried scrubbing away some of the spray-paint, but it wouldn't come off. The cupboards were going to need to be sanded down and re-stained.

Michael called to me from the bedroom. He had the perfect outfit waiting for me: a black, lacy bodysuit, black stockings, black satin gloves, and a lacy black choker. He also picked out a black wig and a black pair of heels. I guess he was in a black kind of mood, but I didn't mind. The outfit looked sexy and I was excited to come up with a makeup style to match—something grungy and mysterious. I took the whole ensemble to the bathroom without saying a word. There was nothing left to be said: he was agreeing to my deal. Once again, I was bailing Morgan and Tony out—and if Michael really was going to go next door to apologize, then I may have been whoring myself out for a good cause: ending a decade old conflict between two disgruntled parties. It was like the reuniting of North and South Korea... So who was Kim Jong-un?

The lingerie fit perfectly, and I couldn't help but wonder if he'd gone out and bought it just for me. I loved the way the stockings felt, hugging my legs, and the satin gloves were fun, too. The choker was a bit tight, but it hid the subtle lump of my Adam's apple, which made me look more feminine than ever. I decided to spend a bit of extra time getting my makeup just right.

I went thick with the eyeliner—thicker than I had before. And I went dark with the eye shadow, giving myself a sort of smoky-eye look. I used a bit of highlight to bring attention to my eyes, and I decided to go with lipstick instead of lip-gloss—something darker to go with my dark outfit. I looked good. I couldn't stop smiling as I stared at myself in the mirror.

And then I watched as that smile disappeared as I realized why I was getting dolled up: I was about to have sex with a man. Michael was in the bedroom getting himself ready to fuck. And why was I doing it? To save my roommates from the consequences of their own actions?

Or was I doing it because I was secretly curious? I caught myself smiling again. I'd never been fucked in the ass, and the thought terrified me—especially with Michael's enormous cock. But what if it felt good? I knew that I looked good. I knew that I would look sexy being bent over and stuffed from behind. I wanted to have a view of the mirror when he penetrated me: so I could see my face as my asshole stretched wide—

I shook my head. Was I delirious? Was I succumbing to insanity? I tried to remember the last time I got a full night's sleep. Why was I smiling? Why was I excited? Why did I like the feeling of that tight lingerie hugging my skin? It wasn't natural. That lingerie was made for women... Though if it was made for women, why did it fit me so perfectly? And why did it look so good on me? I shook my head again and tried to remind myself that I was doing this for my friends, not for myself. Though it was hard to believe.

I adjusted my cock, making sure it was tucked back with my balls—out of sight. I wanted this night to be perfect for Michael. I didn't want to give him any reason to pick up the phone and call the police.

I took a deep breath and then I blew a kiss at myself in the mirror. I caught myself smiling again and realized it was time to put all of this nonsense behind me. I emerged from the bathroom.

He'd been hard at work since I slipped into the bathroom. New sheets had been put on the bed and candles had been lit around the room. He had the lights off—all except for one dimly lit lamp, which casted a soft orange glow that was both romantic and flattering. There was gentle music playing, but the room was desolate. Michael was nowhere to be seen. I walked over to the bed and felt the sheets. They were satin—and they were likely reserved for moments just like this. "Check under the bed," Michael said, startling me.

He was standing in the doorway now, topless. His bug muscles were bulging and possibly oiled up—or he was just sweaty from a long day of cleaning.

Under the bed was a red box. "Open it," he said. Inside the box was a large dildo. Michael was smirking as I held it up. It was an intimidating thing—though not nearly as intimidating as his monster cock. There was also a small bottle of lubricant in the box. "You'll need to stretch yourself out before I can get in," he said. "I hope you don't mind if I watch."

My heart was trembling and stuttering. A nausea crept into my gut and I forced a smile. "I don't mind," I said with my girly voice, which was getting better and better. I looked at the dildo again. It was long and straight and smooth. I had to take a seat on the edge of the bed so I wouldn't topple over. My legs felt weak. My head was spinning. I forced a smile at Michael before picking up the bottle of lube.

"Don't be shy," he said. "Use the whole bottle if you want to."

I squirted a healthy amount of lube onto the sex toy. I knew the lube would help, but I knew it wasn't going to stop the pain. I looked over at Michael again. I could see the bulge of his cock pressing against his jeans. Just the sight of me holding a dildo was exciting him—and maybe the dildo had nothing to do with it; maybe it was just the sight of me—maybe that was enough to arouse him. I cracked a little smile. The vindication was nice.

I stood up on all fours on his bed, with my butt facing him. I reached back with the dildo and pressed it under the thin strip of lingerie covering my tight hole. I ran it up and down, lubricating the surrounding area. My head was still spinning—faster than ever now. I tried to bite my tongue in an attempt to calm myself down, but it was a failed attempt.

"Fuck, you're so hot," he groaned from across the room.

I lined the tip of the dildo up with my hole. My lingerie slipped aside; I'm surprised it didn't rip, as it was so thin and soft and dainty. I closed my eyes and I started to press the dildo into my bum. It didn't penetrate at first—my body wouldn't allow it. I had to concentrate all of my

willpower into making my rectum relax. Then suddenly, it pushed in. I let out a sharp gasp and I stopped it from sinking any deeper, but it was already three inches deep.

But I was going to have to endure more than three inches if Michael was going to get his enormous cock inside of me. I took a series of deep breaths and I concentrated again before pushing the dildo deeper. I could feel myself stretching out.

I hesitantly looked back to see Michael's reaction. He was standing right behind me now. "May I?" he asked.

So I let go of the dildo and I grabbed the bed sheets with both hands. I took another deep breath. He grabbed the base of the artificial cock and he started to gently pull it out and push it in, penetrating me over and over. His gaze was fixed on my hole, which was being stretched wider and wider by the second. I could hear him breathing heavily.

I looked forward and tried not to look back. I wanted to forget the reality of what was happening: that there was a massive hulk of a man plunging a dildo in and out of my butt while I was dressed up in lingerie on his bed.

## CHAPTER XIV

I bit my tongue hard once the pain stopped. I could feel a strange euphoria setting in, but I didn't want to accept it. I didn't want to accept the pleasure because I was a man and I was straight—I wasn't supposed to enjoy being pegged in the ass, especially by another man.

But it was impossible to deny the physical euphoria that accompanied the constant friction inside of my asshole. He had the dildo aimed directly at a sweet spot—poking me right in a pleasure center I didn't know I had. Luckily my lingerie was tight enough that my cock couldn't get hard—at least not yet.

He pulled the dildo out and then there was a silence as my buttocks puckered. I felt strangely empty. I didn't want to look back because I was afraid of what I would see. And suddenly, I felt something warm and wet. It took me a moment before I realized it was his tongue pushing into my ass, his nose nestling between my butt cheeks. He was eating me out. And it felt strangely nice. I wiggled my bum and pressed it back into his face. He seemed to like it—so I got an idea. “Lay down,” I said. He looked at me for a moment and then he followed my command without saying a word.

I crawled over top of him and then I saw my ass down on his face. And without further direction, he started eating out my asshole as I let my weight rest on his face. I let a little giggle out. It was kind of cute, and it felt amazing. I reached down and slipped my fingers into his hair. “You like the way that tastes?” I asked.

“Mhm,” he said, muffled by my asshole.

I was grinding my ass against his face when my ball sack tumbled loose. It fell right on his nose and I became tense and embarrassed. But instead of being repulsed, he shifted his attention and started sucking my ball sack, which also felt amazing. I didn't stop him. I let him continue. But now my cock was untucked and beginning to harden. And after a minute, I couldn't help myself—I reached down and grabbed my rod and started stroking it. “Yeah baby, stroke your fucking cock,” he said, still muffled by my asshole. He seemed to like my beating my cock over his face, so I kept doing it. He moved his tongue back to my asshole.

My face was warm with embarrassment. I looked over at the windows, which were open—no curtains to hide us from any Peeping Toms. But it was hard to care in that moment—it was hard to care about anything besides getting off.

And I was already on the verge of coming, so I had to stop beating myself off. I had to think about Michael—he was the one that needed to walk away from our romp satisfied. Maybe he did want me to come all over his face, but first he needed to get off.

“I'm ready,” I said reluctantly. I could see the tower in his pants that was his large cock, throbbing and begging to be put into action.

I stood up and I laid myself flat on the bed. “Are you sure?” he asked. He slowly started to pull down his pants. His large cock sprung free. It was even bigger than I remembered. My heart stuttered.

I took a deep breath. “Yeah. Let’s do it,” I said. I bit down on my tongue hard and I looked forward. I knew it was going to hurt but I knew it wasn’t going to kill me. I remembered how quickly he came the other night—so I was hoping this night wouldn’t be much different.

He climbed on top of me and lowered himself down. I felt his warm thick cock resting heavily between my butt cheeks. I thought it was his arm at first, and then he planted both hands down next to me. I took another deep breath. “It’s going to hurt,” he said. “But you’ll like it.”

I nodded my head. A tear rolled out the side of my eye. I told myself: just endure a couple of minutes, and then it will all be over—this whole conflict will be over.

He slid that monster cock downwards, pressing that warm tip up to my tight hole. He rubbed it in circled, getting it lubricated from the residual lube and saliva that was all over my rear end. I could hear him breathing heavily with eager anticipation. Then he started pressing in. My body became tense. I tried to will my rectum to relax, but it wasn’t so easy. He was thick—much thicker than the dildo. I thought my skin was tearing in every direction. “Stop,” I said, and he stopped. I took a deep breath and bit my tongue and then said, “Okay. I’m okay. Keep going.” I couldn’t allow him to be disappointed.

He sunk deeper and deeper. I could feel every throbbing vein in his cock. I could feel the hard ridge of his thick tip. I could feel the blood pumping into his member. He was rock hard—my asshole had to conform to him instead of the other way around. And his length was endless; he just kept sinking deeper and deeper and deeper. I was biting so hard on my tongue; I’m not sure how I didn’t draw blood. Finally, I felt his pelvis press up to my butt. “Oh my God,” he muttered. “You took the whole thing.” There was shock in his voice. I was too shocked to reply. I wasn’t even sure I believed it. When he had the massive thing on my butt, the tip nearly reached my mid-back! And now it was inside of me? How was it even possible?

He drew his cock out a few inches and then pushed in, as if he was testing to see if I would start screaming. He pulled out a bit further the next time, and then even further the next. Soon, he was plunging me with the whole length of his cock—pulling it out to the tip and then plunging it in until his pelvis slapped my ass. Maybe I was getting used to it or maybe I’d just gone numb, but the pain was gone. I was finally starting to relax as blasts of warm euphoria filled my body.

I pressed my bum back with each penetration, getting the most of his cock. At one point I swear I could feel it pressing up towards my throat, but I never stopped. I didn’t want it to end. Each pump felt better than the last. And then there was the mirror—

I couldn’t stop staring at myself in that mirror. I loved the way I looked, my body being rocked by a large, buff man. He held me tightly so I wouldn’t fall limp on his bed. He was nearly finished—I could feel his semen bloating into his cock. I knew it was about to end and I wasn’t sure if I was sad or excited to feel his hot load filling me up.

“Fucking hell,” he groaned, and then he unleashed his sticky white fury inside of my body. I became tense, biting down on my tongue for a moment and then screaming out the next. It felt great—better than great—it felt phenomenal. I groaned and rocked my head from side to side and then he finally released me from his double-handed grasp and I fell to the mattress like a well-used sex doll. He pulled out and I was too stretched out to clench. I could feel his load dribbling out of me.

“Oh my God,” I heard myself mutter. I realized then that the panty part of my lingerie was filled with warm cum, which was now oozing down my inner thighs. He had stimulated my prostate until I came. “That was amazing.”

He gave me a firm slap on the tush. “That was better than amazing,” he said. He started to pull his pants up. His cheeks were still glistening with his own saliva from when I sat on his face. He wiped his face with the sleeve of his shirt. “If you’ll excuse me, I think I have an apology to make.” I watched, still exhausted and out of breath, as Michael walked towards his front door. His hair was messy and his collar was half-popped. He took a deep breath. It wasn’t easy for him to apologize for things he did as a child—especially after the torment Morgan and Tony put him through—but he was a man now and he knew that this was a time to man up. I stayed in my makeup and my cute little outfit as I watched from the living room window. He walked right up to our door, knocked, and waited. I didn’t know what to expect. Hell, I half-expected Tony to open the door with a baseball bat.

It was a minute before the door opened, and Tony and Morgan were standing side-by-side, ready for the attack—ready to push the door closed at a moment’s notice. I couldn’t hear anything from where I was standing, but I could tell that it was tense between the three of them. Then, after a minute, Michael reached out his hand. Morgan hesitantly reached out and grabbed it. Another moment later, Tony did the same. I saw my roommates smiling. I’m not sure exactly what Michael said, but it worked.

And I stood there in shock. I would have never predicted that moment: Michael being the one to take the high road. Sure, he needed a good nudge and a touch of incentive, but he was the one who brought the peace back to the neighbourhood.

For Tony and Morgan, they got more than peace. When I finally returned home, they looked renewed and happy, like a weight had been lifted off of their shoulders for the first time in nearly a decade. I couldn’t help but wonder if they’d been looking over their shoulders since high school. Maybe they had been dreading the day Michael came back into their lives—but not anymore. I found myself shocked again a few days later when there was a knock at the door.

Tony sprung to his feet to answer. He didn’t hesitate when he opened the door. Michael was standing on the other side of the door, holding a case of beer. “Has the game started yet?” he asked.

“It’s just about to,” Tony said. They made a spot for their new friend on the couch. And I realized: people can get over anything—and I found myself wondering: would they get over me if I went across the street and came back wearing a wig and a dress?

“Hey Michael,” I said. “Mind if I run over to your place for a minute?”

He tossed me his keys. The guys didn’t think anything of it. I was looking forward to seeing their reaction. Would they admit that I was babe with long platinum blonde hair and a little bit of eyeliner?

I was biting the corner of my bottom lip as I ran across the road. I couldn’t wait.

**THE END**

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## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

### **NIKKI CRESCENT**

Nikki Crescent is a young writer from the golden prairies of Alberta, Canada. She spent her schooling years lost in her own imagination, writing everything from articles, screenplays, comic books, and short stories. Obsessed with the idea of love, fascinated with sex and captivated with the art of writing, Nikki decided to become a writer of erotic romance.

Nikki Crescent is a top-selling writer of romantic and erotic fiction with over sixty titles across many sub-genres. Her fiction work has found her on Amazon's best-selling charts many times over.