

First Night at the Brilliant Basilisk

By Paul Calhoun

Henry sat down across from Ansen. His stooped posture, sagging eyes and listless expression told Ansen everything he needed to know. Henry was bored. Before Ansen could say anything, Henry cut him off. "I know. I shouldn't go to Roy's tonight. It's a tired little bar with no action and closes before midnight."

"Just say the word and you can come with me to the Brilliant Basilisk." Ansen said. "If you tell me in advance I can make sure you have a great night."

"I'll let you know later." Henry yawned.

Ansen shook his head. "Henry! I've told you; you have to tell me early or else I can't arrange it for you."

"I don't know why you're so protective. It's a nice club and I know you're a regular but you can't have *that* much influence."

"You bet I can!" Ansen grinned. "I'm protective for a good reason. So are you coming?"

Henry sighed and closed his hazel eyes and his shaggy sandy hair brushed the table as he rested his forehead. "Maybe next weekend. Right now I just want to relax."

"That's what you think. What you really need is action." When Henry didn't stir, Ansen shrugged. "Okay, next weekend maybe. You're leaving at seven?"

"Yeah. One of these days I'll leave after you do so I can lock up. I feel bad that you have to leave after me every night. Especially since you're so quiet and considerate getting in. It's like you never bring anyone home."

"It's fine." Ansen smiled, dodging the implicit question. "I don't mind at all."

"You know, it's funny." Henry persisted. "You often come back the day after so I know you're getting some action there. How come you never bring your girls to our place?"

"You said it yourself," Ansen laughed. "I'm considerate."

"But what about them? They always have to have you over and you never return the favor."

Ansen smirked. "Would you believe they're just that happy to have me?"

Henry opened his mouth and then closed it, looking hard at his small, fine featured

roommate. "I was going to laugh at you, but you know what? These days pretty boys seem to be the big thing, and I bet they like being able to kiss you without standing on their toes like they have to with me."

"Yeah, yeah, big boy." Ansen jibed. "I'm the one getting it every time I go out."

"Exactly. So let me have this." Henry said. "I'm plenty good looking. I just -"

"You don't meet very many women at that run down old place. I know."

"You've made your point!" Henry said. "You win; I'll go with you to the Basilisk next weekend."

"Good. I'll hold you to that. Meanwhile I get one more visit without you distracting the girls with that lumberjack appeal of yours. Seriously, if you're going to be seen with me you have to drop the plaid. It's fine at Roy's where it's too dark to see, but -" Ansen's smug appraisal of Henry's wardrobe ended with Henry taking out the ingredients for dinner. "Oh, no! I'm cooking!" He chose to ignore Henry's smirk at having stopped Ansen from continuing in his critique of Henry's style. Whatever happened, Ansen never let Henry do the cooking. Not after the 'quail stuffed with alphabet soup' fiasco.

Ansen heard the front door close and knew Henry was plodding off to his usual night of nursing a drink and attempting to get off with the one or two girls who occasionally mistook Roy's for a real club and got stuck there while they got through their two drink minimum - usually bought by Henry. Ansen meanwhile was on his way to a much more exciting experience and not just because the Basilisk was the number one place for people with unusual lifestyles. It was *Ansen's* interesting preferences and accoutrements that made his nights there particularly fun. He opened a box and bent to slip on a wig with silver hair, razored fringes, and bangs. He would have to take it off and put it back on later, but he enjoyed the feel of the face framing longer front that brushed his bare collarbone, as well as the tickling of the feathery razored locks in back. The bangs sometimes brushed past his eyes, making him feel mysterious and feminine, helping to get him into the mood.

Everything he needed was laid out in order and he had long practice with all of it. A set of squishy flesh toned pads attached to each other with a narrow, clear ribbon were pressed to his body, the reusable adhesive only strong enough to keep them in place long enough for the hip pads to be squeezed and stuck to him by the elastic waistband of the skimpy thong gaff. The tight underwear went between the butt pads and when he reached down to sweep his penis back and push his balls in, a quick tug made sure it kept them there, leaving him with the beginnings of a smooth profile. A pair of actual satin panties cradled the rear pads and hid the thong underneath. Ansen could feel that everything was staying in place and took out a breast plate - a full wrap around female chest. He put his arms into the straps and hooked it in the back like a bra. At first the nipples had been more for his own pleasure and confidence, but as that confidence grew he'd found his way into outfits that benefitted from the realism of the prosthesis. Not all of his tops worked with a bra these days.

He knew it was easier to put on clothes first, but he'd grown fond of doing all of his makeup and feminizing before picking out his outfit. Ansen felt that it helped him pick the right thing for his girl side to be totally present when he opened the wardrobe and looked. He sat at his vanity, producing a squishy oval that was more hole than material. A full head mask would have been easier, but Ansen liked to have air over as much of his skin as he could. It was much more comfortable, if more time consuming this way. The top was where the largest expanse of material was – the forehead of his new face. He dropped the wig on a stand and his hair was swiftly and easily gathered under a tight bald cap which he glued down and blended to his skin. Then came the mask, which covered his forehead and most of his cheeks and chin with edges that ended below the jawline and around his eyes, nose, and lips. He had a cute button nose already, and the rest was easy to fix with makeup. The mask was lightly brushed all over with a sweat inhibiting glue and then held with a stronger mix of adhesive and skin matching latex around the holes and edges. The same strong skin matcher was used to keep the wig on – he'd learned from experience that you never knew a hair puller until one had a handful of you. A quick layer of evening makeup over the whole thing and out of the vanity mirror looked a pretty, pixieish girl who – after sticking her caps in – had a brilliant, sassy smile that matched her dark purple lipstick, thick mascara, and eyeshadow, all framed by a shoulder length head of razored silver hair. Feeling like it was that kind of night, the girl accentuated her fey appearance with a pair of pointed ear tips that matched her skin tone. The effect was a little spoiled by the line that ran beneath her collarbone and over her shoulders where the breast plate hadn't been blended yet. Ansen would decide if he needed to do that when Wynn decided what she wanted to wear that night.

He passed her trifold mirror on his way to the closet and stopped to check out his handiwork. Wynn put her hands on her obviously padded hips and twisted to admire her behind – also obviously fake given its color and the line between real flesh and false. “Sexy as usual.” He said, pouting and jumping up to watch the silicone breasts jiggle. On opening the closet, he discarded most of the choices immediately as not feeling right that day. When he'd rearranged things and pushed the rejects out of the way, he was left with four choices.

“Am I in the mood, really?” He asked himself, pressing his partly masked face into the soft feathery fringe that circled the darts of the bodice and then wrapped around the waist of the full skirted purple and black dress. Slipping into it was easy and he had a thing for watching girls putting on clothes, so he went back to his trifold to try it on and see how it felt. It was nice that it left his shoulders and arms bare, and it slid up his legs and over his padded hips with a whisper and a bulge that had his gaff bulging as well. He pressed his knees together and moved them back and forth as he wiggled his hips to get the feathery fringe around his waist. Two of the mirrors showed a pretty young lady with uneven silver hair twisting to reach the zipper on the back of her dress, and when he got the zipper up, there was no sign from any angle that Ansen wasn't Wynn except for a thin line around her shoulders. She trailed her hands down the feathery fringe and spun back and forth, biting her lip as she thought. It was a lovely dress, but he wasn't up for keeping track of the boa that went with it, nor making sure he didn't trip over the skirt while dancing. Ansen really did like the ankle boots that went with it, and filed it away for possibly next week if he didn't have to babysit Henry. It was a good one for the weeks when he was in the mood to play it slow and sensual or classic coquette. As the dress fell to the floor, Wynn was revealed again as the heavily padded Ansen, who hung up the

dress and moved on.

“Same sort of problem.” He commented on the second, having to wade through a sea of skirt that encircled his feminine legs and waist before he could even touch the poofy sleeves or lace trimmed top. Another black and purple affair, this time in a Lolita style with matching striped stockings, knee high boots, and fingerless gloves with a lace fringed wrist. “I’m also not up for redoing my makeup.” His purple lipstick and pale complexion might be enough for some, but when he dressed Wynn like this, she went all the way for pallor and dramatically dark rimmed eyes. The fluffy cute-y goth outfit was a good one if he knew someone would be there who appreciated it, but even at the Basilisk he wasn’t guaranteed that, and it was so awkward to wait for men at the bar when his skirt took up three seats. The soft mass of skirt might feel good now as Ansen was pressed into them, but once he was in the middle of them, the sensual cloud that hugged and caressed him now would soon become more of a chore than a turn-on. “Closer to Halloween or if that luscious fellow who looks like John Astin is there and says he’ll be there next week.” He said to himself. “Though *he* might prefer the tight floor length skirt even if I can’t dance in it.”

The Lolita dress’s neighbor looked even skimpier in comparison to the bulky gown. “It’ll take me too long to try this on too.” Ansen said, looking disappointed. He imagined Wynn in it and salivated, bound member throbbing with desire to roll the flower patterned stockings up his smooth leg, clip them to garters with the rose embroidery scratching the palm of his hand. The tightness of the knee high boots and the satin gusseted black lace corset, which would give Wynn the best, most dramatically squished together cleavage of anything in her closet. There would be no trouble about having her arms free in something that barely cleared her nipples and when she had the shoulder length gloves which were mates to the stockings, she’d make a lovely whispering sound all over when she walked. Her arms rubbing against the lacy, rose embroidered corset would feel just as good as her legs brushing each other with every step. Ansen opened his eyes to find that he was rubbing the whole mass against his uncovered skin and he struggled to control his breath and keep from jacking off before he was even dressed. He put the hanger back up. “I want to make it to the second drink before I end up going home with someone.” He laughed to himself. “I’m feeling the itch badly, but not that badly. Besides, the other girls hate it when I put on that fuck-me outfit and pick up the best sugar daddy right off the bat.” He playfully put his hands under his hair brushed out the soft white stream. “It’s so hard being such a sexy girl.”

Ansen took down the last outfit and immediately started putting it on. He knew this was going to be it, really, but wanted Wynn to have a choice in case she really felt strongly about being a vamp, girl goth, or barely dressed seductress. What Ansen was really up for that night was a vanilla club night as a standard club girl. Loose black miniskirt – she knew she ought to find a different color, but it went *so well* with her silver hair – knee high boots with big shiny buckles, midriff baring halter top, and fingerless gloves. It was a classic, and it worked, Wynn thought, turning in front of the trifold, lifting a foot in a ‘kiss me’ pose, and carefully applying concealing latex makeup where seams showed. The skirt had a waist just high enough to hide her hip pads, and with a pair of tight spandex shorts underneath she knew she could do anything she wanted while showing only that she was shapely. She had to blend her chest in the low cut halter, but was used to that. With a frown of thought, she surveyed her jewelry collection and pulled out a silver spangle for each arm. Dressed to flaunt but not appeal

to any specific taste, she clicked down the front path and called a car service to pick her up a couple blocks away. She always left from a nearby shopping center so that the driver knew where to go and there was no record of where she lived. Her purse was filled with a few feminine essentials – makeup, wallet, condoms (it amazed her how many men forgot), brushes and so on – as well as a few extras tucked and folded away in locked pockets that she kept in case she needed to quickly repair a tear in the latex or augment herself if she found someone to go home with. Naturally she never invited her men back to her place.

Her first few visits to the Brilliant Basilisk had come with a nervous sexual compulsion that had her relieving herself by gently and – she thought – unobtrusively squeezing herself between her legs where her male organ was tightly hidden away. She was embarrassed now to think that her early trips had probably cost so little because she'd fingered herself in a way that didn't look obvious to her, but had shown up quite clearly in a rear view mirror along with her lip biting, rubbing her smooth and sometimes stockinged legs together, and expression of frustration followed by a flush of release. She'd also been very nervous and had barely spoken to anyone. Now she rode quietly in the back, admiring the calm, beautiful face when she caught sight of herself in the rear mirror. She swung her legs with practiced ease out of the car, and paid the driver with a quick bend down that augmented her modest tip, as well as a wiggle of her hips that got her past the bouncer – not that he needed to even look twice at the familiar silver haired fox – and into the throbbing club. She confidently went to the bar, waving at the ladies who had gathered there already. "Hey girls!"

"Hey yourself." Trisha said and everyone groaned. It was such an overused line but she refused to reply to 'hey' with anything else. "Not feeling adventurous tonight?" Trisha herself was a fan of the exotic costumes Wynn usually saved for special occasions or special men, and the dark Latina's green leaf patterned dress and palm frond hat with gold fruit charms was a testament to how much of a risk she was willing to take to try a new look. The effect wasn't unattractive – for guys who liked their women to remind them of a banana tree.

"Trish, if an Ent comes in he's all yours." Wynn replied, laughing with the group as the girls made room for her to sit with them.

"Don't be so hasty." Iana shot back as Wynn smiled at the bartender, earning an eye roll from a couple of them. "I'm in the mood for twelve feet of wood." The tall blonde was wearing a clingy red dress, though Wynn was positive that her lingerie would be very similar to the borderline bedroom corset set that Wynn had decided not to wear that night.

"It's too bad I didn't come in as myself." Wynn said to Iana.

"You do that less often than you wear something interesting." Trisha replied. "We understand. If someone like – well like him –" she pointed at a big, handsome man entering, "was competing with someone like me, I'd pick him nine times out of ten as long as he was nice. If I'm lucky, he's the patient sort who'll wait for a girl to slip into her penetratable so he can have a wild night to pay him back. Too bad most boys seem to prefer silver foxes to birds of paradise."

That's how most of them had started. Wynn still remembered having such a great idea –

men bought ladies drinks and he wanted to save money so it would be a good investment to dress up as a pretty girl and flirt with men to get them to buy him drinks. Ansen had worked out the numbers and decided that it would be worth it to get a gaff, some pads, and a clingy spandex outfit that covered everything from an inch above the elbow to mid-thigh, with a frilly skirt and some costume jewelry. He'd added makeup and a wig after seeing the result and was overjoyed when the bartender gave him his first freebie from a middle aged man whose squint suggested that he needed glasses.

Ansen wasn't sure why a knot of much more attractive women were giggling every time they looked at him, and feared the worst. One had caught up to him as he checked himself in the ladies' room for the fifth time after catching their attention. "It's not exactly what you think, hon," Trisha had said, her feathery pink bands moving around her body in a way that suggested that the very next move she made would reveal something but never did. "It's just that if you're going to start crossdressing for drinks and fun, you're better off taking it all the way." Trisha had winked at that and with a twitch of elastic she showed him a flash of something Ansen hadn't expected to see. "We hang together when we're not hung," she'd explained, "so why don't you sit with us and we'll help you get attention from more than nearsighted cradle robbers. Trust me; what you do to get the drink is a lot more fun than the drink itself. Besides, we don't want the boys getting suspicious of all the eye candy and wondering which one is which." Ansen realized that the giggles hadn't really been mocking so much as excited to see another one like them. The others had been as warm and eager as Trisha had promised, and when Iana had joined up – her first appearance being in an extremely overdone makeup job and performance that was a cross between Jessica Rabbit and Blanche Devereaux – Wynn had been the one to make first contact and help her tone it down a little. It had helped that it was one of the few nights Wynn had gone all out on the sex appeal, and Iana seemed impressed at how naturally she acted in little more than intimate apparel. It was strange but the more of them there were, the more attention each one seemed to get. They didn't so much as compete as complement each other so that attention was drawn to the entire group at first and then later on to a specific sister.

"Yeah, he's hot." Mils said, craning her neck at the man Trisha had spotted. She brushed a fleck of glitter off of her knee length cream skirt and checked to see her green blouse was tucked in. "A little nervous, though."

"Yeah, like he's never – dibs!" Wynn said quickly. "Trust me, dibs."

"Aww, come on!" Trisha whined.

"Yeah, why do you get first shot at the new guy?" Iana complained. "Not that it matters. Look."

The handsome man – whose clothes were a little formal for the Basilisk though he wore them well – was talking to the bartender, who handed Wynn her usual. "From the gentleman at the end." He said, winking at them. He knew they'd been watching to see which one of them he made a move on first. He hadn't struck any of the girls as the type to go after the men and they – or at least Wynn – hadn't been disappointed. Wynn was glad that both she and the man buying her a drink had arrived early. She'd have been worried for him if he'd come later

and possibly tried to pick up one of Wynn's other friends – someone who might satisfy the conventional preferences she knew he had.

“Sorry girls, I’ll totally explain later. Believe me, it’ll be worth it when I have the whole story.” She blew her friends a kiss and turned her attention towards Henry with a jaunty wave and a flutter of her eyelashes, inwardly glad that he’d zeroed in on her so quickly and proud that he’d worn something decent for the first not.

Wynn thought that from Henry’s perspective this must be a great thing. Finally getting up the nerve to go to the Basilisk – without telling his roommate – and on failing to find Ansen, he instead sees a knot of varied but sexy women all sitting together, and several looking at him with interest. The artificial fog pools around their feet and their faces are illuminated by flashes of color, their conversation totally inaudible over the thumping bass that shook the entire building. Calling out his order to the bartender and yet finding that the experienced man seemed to be able to make himself heard without shouting. One woman in particular – an exotic, elvish looking silver haired young lady – smiling invitingly and then beaming as he buys her whatever she’s thirsty for. She approaches, her low cut halter top, bare midriff, and spandex shorts under the miniskirt giving him a chance to appreciate her curves in motion. The knee length boots making those curves move even more attractively, and the shine from the buckles mirroring those from her wrists. She’s sitting next to him now. She sees how he’s not used to the loud and vibrant Basilisk, so she slides even closer so that he doesn’t have to shout himself hoarse before he figures out how to speak between the beats. To his titillation and disappointment her skirt doesn’t ride up as she skillfully maneuvers right up to him. Her lips tickle his ear and he knows that if he moves he’ll give away just how much she’s affecting him. “Thanks.” Her breath robs him of his own, and he feels like he’s going to get lost in her almond shaped eyes before she blinks long lashes and he finds his voice. One gloved palm is already resting on the back of his hands, the slender bare fingers curling around to brush long nails over *his* palm.

“You’re welcome.” Henry said, and Wynn knows that the amused smile will easily be taken as further interest. Ansen knew Henry could do better conversationally, but Wynn was making sure he was hooked. Since he was going to show up without telling Ansen first, then he was going to have Wynn the whole time and for as long as he could take her – she hoped the whole night. Henry seemed to rally and said something about being new there. Wynn let her tinkling laugh at how she was being compensated for the surprise by her roommate buying the whole night’s drinks turn into an appreciation for his remark. Really, this was better than Henry deserved for coming in without telling Ansen first. Ansen could have made sure he had a good time, maybe gotten lucky with a girl – one who he knew would work out well, booze trap or otherwise. He could have been given a good time that would make sure he came back and wouldn’t need supervision the next time. Now Wynn would have to take care of him personally and Ansen decided this might be better anyway. Wynn could make *doubly* sure that Henry didn’t get into any trouble, and after years of living with Henry, Wynn knew she’d be perfectly compatible if a little expensive and high maintenance just to get even with him. In fact, as his lips touched her ear and his scent filled her nostrils, she might even be nice. Ansen wasn’t really interested, but *Wynn* was feeling very comfortable with Henry sitting so close.

"I guessed." She said, still talking into his ear, her motion letting her full dark lips touch his lobe and then letting the side of one breast brush his arm as he leaned into speak to her the same way.

She went through another Rum and Coke as they talked, not really saying anything as Wynn reeled Henry in, touching his arm or smiling at something he said, almond eyes dancing with a smoldering desire that more than a few times flicked down. Her nose touched his when they both tried to move to speak into the other's ear and they sat completely still like that, eyes locked, for a few seconds, eyes meeting for a long, deep gaze. Her eyes were pools of blue and she could feel him struggling to escape and with the urge to kiss her. Feeling like she was about to drown in his hazel regard, she broke in by touching his arm, looking away now that she knew she could trust him to follow her anywhere. "I love this song!" Wynn didn't even know what was playing but it was excuse enough for them to get up, him a little awkwardly and her with a fluid glide that gave him a quick view of cleavage and a flick of her skirt that showed off the imprint of her ass in tight shorts, lifted and augmented by the smooth line of her long legs in the black high heeled boots. Wynn loved that she could move with such a flowing natural grace, unencumbered by the fear of a hard dick showing and causing a partner to pull back. In the low, flashing light she was a study in contrast, dark clothing and makeup on white hair and pale skin. She pretended not to see the tent in his pants, though she had to acknowledge feeling it when they got out and she was pressed against him. Ansen knew Henry was a good dancer and with his arm around Wynn he relaxed into the rhythm.

Wynn was dressed for it, and Henry swung her around expertly, hands moving over her body to hold her right where she needed – and wanted – to be touched. She threw herself into it as well, often ending up with one leg up with her knee past his waist in a what started with a quick dry hump that grew longer as the night continued. It was perfectly natural when one move drew them together and their lips met, Wynn's tongue entering Henry's mouth to let him know that she was ready to leave whenever he was. With her boots on, she didn't have to stand on tiptoe to do it, either.

"This is so fast!" Henry gasped, cuddling Wynn close during a lull between sets.

"I know I want it. Don't you?" Wynn's eyes sparkled; they both knew the answer. Henry's hands traveled down and Wynn's did the same. They kissed again and Wynn felt so light that she only noticed Henry had picked her up when she opened her eyes. She giggled and cooed, her arms around his neck as she hung off of him. She caught sight of Iana and waved, winking at her sister alcohol vamp on her way out, head thrown back for a second to watch the club recede before she curled up and squirmed to be able to meet Henry's lips as he bent to nuzzle her. His arms were so strong, so sure. She could fall asleep in arms like his.

The cool air outside ruffled her silver razored hair and she cuddled deeper into Henry's embrace, feeling him squeeze her through the padding on her rear. She shifted and moved to wrap her legs around his hips and he shifted his grip to cradle her by her padded butt. Her hold on his shoulders made it easy to continue their kiss from inside, and she laughed even

louder as he juggled her and tried to hail a taxi, straining as she sat in the crook of one arm while he waved the other. "I won't run away if you put me down." She rubbed his nose with hers and descended to the pavement with a light click of her heels. To reinforce her promise, she stood behind him with her arms around his waist and her face buried in his shoulder, mostly protected from the light wind that ruffled her feathery hair. When no one was around, she let her fingers wander down to tweak the hard-on he'd been nursing since they met. "Soon..." She sighed, squeezing. He rubbed up against her silently, still looking for a cab.

"This is so weird." Henry said as Wynn slid into the seat next to him.

"What is, sweetie?" She asked, draping herself over him with her hands on his chest and his around her shoulder.

"I don't usually take girls home, especially ones I don't even know that well."

"I don't usually *go* home with guys so quickly." Wynn told him. "I feel like I can trust you."

Henry smiled and traced her jawline. "Can I trust you?" He asked teasingly.

"That depends on what you want." Wynn replied just as playfully. "Girls may be wilder at the Basilisk than at Roy's, but you don't have anything to fear from me." She reached under his shirt and dug her nails into his belly. "Physically. I might blow your mind while I'm blowing other things."

"How did you know I hang out at Roy's?" Henry asked, massaging Wynn's side.

"All too easy." Wynn purred. "It's written all over you."

"What else is written on me?" Henry smiled.

"That you have a roommate named Ansen who is very disappointed you didn't tell him you were going to the Basilisk tonight, you're thirty-one years old, very self-conscious about it, you had a dog named Yoda when you were in grade school and your inside leg measurement is..."

Henry was almost too distracted by the quick motion of her fingers up his thigh to tickle his crotch to reply. "Has Ansen been talking about me?"

"He's told some of the girls about you - in conversation. I could tell you were looking around for him when you came in. I guess I must have made you forget. Though a lot of that was easy enough to guess." Their flanks were touching as they sat next to each other and Wynn worked a long nailed finger under the quivering young man's waistband. "Your name and address are embroidered on an iron on patch on your underwear - so careful! You were obviously new to the Basilisk but not to town, and Roy's is the only other place to pick up girls - something you were plainly interested in." She paused as the slow rubbing of her leg against his prompted a reaction. "The dog part was a bit tricky, but you still keep a picture of him in

your wallet next to your driver's license."

"You couldn't have been anywhere near me when I got carded!" Henry protested, laughing and then laughing harder as Wynn moved her nail along his hip.

"You had to take out the wallet to pay." She reminded him. "And thank you very much for that."

"I think I'm getting much more than I paid for – not that I think of this that way!" He amended quickly.

"Oh, trust me, I understand." Wynn's smile was broad and knowing. "I've pulled in a few beefcakes that way. I'm not going out of gratitude; I'm with you because I like you."

"And because Ansen told you to keep an eye on me?"

Wynn pressed her lips to his. "Ansen didn't have to tell me anything."

"I'll find him later and thank him." Henry pulled Wynn onto his lap and hugged her. "I hang out with Ansen all the time; I've only just met you, so I'm sure he'll understand."

Wynn wiggled around, distantly worried about the fact that she wasn't in a safe position in the car. "Those are interesting priorities." She slid up and down over the bulge in his pants. "Bros first. Right bro?"

"You can't be the second thing, so you must be the first." He agreed, squeezing her bottom.

The rest of the ride was wordless but not soundless as Wynn melted into Henry's embrace, her tight shorts under the miniskirt and clingy halter top keeping him from groping her where he might feel a seam. His clothes didn't restrict her wandering fingers as much, and his shirt was open to the belly by the time he opened the door for her and her heels clicked up the front walk as he paid the driver. Wynn almost reached into her purse for the key, and stopped with her hand at her side. She turned at the waist, lips parted and every curve visible at once. She shifted her bag with a heave of bosom and let her free hand rest invitingly with her index finger resting in the indentation her butt crack made in her skirt as she pressed it against her rear. "Coming, handsome?" She cooed, giggling at how stale the line was as Henry put himself back together.

"Keep it up and I will and spoil the fun for you." Henry replied.

"Oh, I'd never want to do that!" She said, pressing a nail to her lower lip. "Though it would be fun enough to feel that nice belly of yours until you're ready again, I'd rather be able to have your pants off before the first round is over."

"Am I really handsome?" Henry asked as he opened the door for her.

“Do you need me to tell you?” She teased. Standing on tiptoe with her arms around him for balance, she buried her hands in his shaggy black hair, moving down to untuck his shirt again to move her hands over his belly to rub his chest. “You’re beautiful.” She murmured.

“Beautiful?” He asked, bemused.

“Yes. I mean, I could say you’re big, toned, have good eyes and a great body, but beautiful sums it up for me. I’ve called you handsome, too so take it or leave it.” She stepped back. “I don’t think you’ll leave.”

“It’s my house!”

“Then let’s go in.”

Henry picked her up again and sat down with her on his lap. “I’ll be right back.” Wynn said, giving him an apologetic kiss as she got up. “Then we can pick up exactly where we left off.”

“Don’t start without me!” He called at her retreating back, and she was sure he watched her all the way to the shared bathroom. She didn’t stop, exiting through the locked door into Ansen’s room. She really did need the bathroom for more than one reason, but she also didn’t feel like spoiling her feminine glow by removing the gaff and just using Ansen’s straining, semi-stiff member.

Everything Ansen needed to spend the night as Wynn was in her purse, but his traveling transformation kit wasn’t as good as what was in his feminizing drawer, so he emptied his purse of what looked mostly like spare underwear and innocuous makeup, lightening the load so he could put in things that might help that night – like a condom, keys that weren’t obviously to the house he was in, and a couple toys he knew Henry would appreciate. Then off came the boots, skirt, shorts, underwear, and top so he could see what he needed to do. The breast plate needed blending around the top of his belly and under his arms, and everything below the waist had to be worked on. An applicator with a roller at the end and a long articulated arm made it simple to go once over the seam around his middle, a spring near the head keeping it pressed to the edge between skin and latex. While that set, he spread the concealer around his underarm. Some twists and jumps showed a continuous, smooth back and a lot of good bounce to the fake boob. Then it was time to take off the gaff and pads to be replaced by a single pair of realistically detailed padded shorts that included a penetratable cavity and a tube with a wider sleeve at the end that he slid his penis into and which pulled it back when he tugged the shorts into place with a bounce that set his breast plate jiggling again.

The shorts ended just below the belly button and a short way down his thigh, uncomfortable to dance in but perfect for when Wynn was done with the club but not done being out. The long handled applicator was brought out again to blend the waist and leg seams, and when Wynn checked herself out again, there was nothing in her reflection but a pixieish girl wearing nothing but a pair of elf ears. She repaired her makeup and padded into the bathroom to relieve herself of the result of a generous amount of drinks she hadn’t had to pay for. She attached a short stiff tube to a bottle of synthetic vaginal fluid and gave herself

enough of a squirt deep inside that she'd stain her panties and probably her shorts after a few minutes. Just enough time to make it seem like she was getting really turned on by making out with Henry.

Knowing Henry was probably starting to wonder what had happened, she hurried through getting dressed – though not enough to leave herself looking anything but well put together. She knew one of Henry's favorite foreplays was to undress a girl with his own hands and he complained often of disappointment when a lady thought she was being sexy by going to the bathroom and returning naked. One thing she left off were her boots, thinking that he'd like it if she got a little comfortable and knowing he'd think she was cute in her purple and black striped socks. She smiled at his visible relief when she settled back in his lap with nothing else removed except the no longer needed gaff – and it wasn't like he knew about that anyway.

"Worried?" She asked, rubbing noses with him. "Mmm, thanks." She added, seeing that he'd brought out a pair of mugs while she was getting ready. Coffee was about the only thing Ansen trusted Henry to make.

"Maybe a little." He admitted.

"So, I answered your question, now it's time for you to be honest." Wynn kissed her way up Henry's shoulder as he held her and nuzzled her throat. "Am I beautiful?"

"You're cute." Henry said. When Wynn pouted, he said. "Adorable. Like a faerie panda. All black and white and huggable."

"Panda?" Wynn pretended to check her compact mirror. "Have I got that much eye makeup on?"

"If you did, you'd wear it well."

"I can live with that." She kissed him and he massaged her scalp through her hair.

"Is it weird I hadn't noticed the ears before?" He asked, brushing her hair back to get a better look.

"I should style my hair to make it so they stick out." Wynn said. "And you're welcome for me not taking that as a sign that you were staring at my body and not my face."

"Thank you." Henry said dutifully, kissing her deeply as he fondled her elf points.

"They're not real, you know. I can't feel that." Wynn pouted.

"You didn't seem to mind." Henry laughed, bouncing her a little. Wynn realized her wetness must have soaked through. It was the least she could do, really. Ansen knew how annoying it was for men to know that women could see their arousal so easily, but be in the dark about physical signs from a partner they didn't know well.

Wynn placed his hands on her breasts. "These will do much better." She said, and even though she couldn't feel them either she knew they would. Even seeing her boobs being touched made her grow stiff and not just in her hidden male anatomy. She arched her back as he squeezed, and then dove in for another kiss.

"I'm glad we're getting to know each other first." Wynn said. Something else she knew about Henry; he liked to take it slow and make a connection even with one night stands.

"Is that what we're doing?" Henry asked, giving her another squeeze.

"Yah-huh." Wynn moaned. "We're both fully clothed, and we're still having a conversation. It's just a fun conversation." She hopped off his lap and cuddled up to his side with her head on his shoulder and her arms around him. "Go on, ask me something?"

"Is this real?" He said, fingering her hair as he pressed his face to her cheek.

"So personal so fast!" She laughed. "No, not even dyed. I'd take it off to show you, but I keep it pretty well stuck on for dancing and I'd rather not have to go through all that before we go to bed. Maybe in the morning if I'm still here. Do you want me to stay afterwards? I know some boys don't like it." She looked up at him with wide, liquid eyes, knowing the answer and wanting Henry to invite her.

"Of course. You'll be even cuter all curled up in bed and a little ruffled from a night with me. I love seeing girls first thing in the morning."

"There goes my excuse to always seem perfect and put together around you." Wynn said. "Is that Deimos Edge?" She asked, pointing at their shared game cabinet.

"What kind of question is that?"

"An honest one. You can always know a man by how he plays against his date."

"Is that a challenge?" Henry said, shifting over a little to turn to look at her.

Wynn looked at him with fire in her eyes. "You bet! Winner gets to be on top! For the first one." Wynn allowed. "I wouldn't want to have to do the work the whole night."

"All right, let's go!" Henry laughed, grabbing a controller and tickling Wynn's side as the game loaded.

"No fair!" She giggled, squirming. She wrinkled her nose at him and reached for the strap of her halter top. Giving it a little play, she bounced and her boobs followed a split second later. "There, now I'm cheating too."

"Hey, I can't tickle you while we play. Your chest's going to distract me the whole game."

“Too bad.” Wynn told him in a mock stern voice. “Unzip your pants if you think it’ll help.” She crossed her legs and then immediately uncrossed them as the first round started. She couldn’t help but sneak a glance at Henry partway through to see if he was watching her jiggling boobs, intense face, and slightly parted legs. He was, but still won.

“Hmmp.” Wynn said, crossing her arms under her chest to push it up further. “Beginner’s luck.” She was even more intent on the second round and was bent over her controller within a few seconds, drawing Henry’s eye into the deep cleavage on display now she’d loosened her top. He was red by the time she won, giggling and kissing him on the cheek.

“You’re such an ostentatious winner.” He grouched.

“You know you love it.” Wynn teased. “I’ll even give you something special if I win the third. But don’t throw the game just to see what it is!” She admonished, wiggling her finger in front of his nose and withdrawing with an indignant squeak when he tried to bite it.

The next game was intense, with both of them down to nearly no health before Henry gave in to distraction to look away at Wynn jumping and shifting back and forth in her seat. Her expression of lip-biting concentration was as painfully sweet as her smug triumph was infuriating. Wynn’s uneven silver hair floated around her as she spun and gyrated in a victory dance, blocking Henry’s view of the television. “So...” She teased, wrist bangles resting on her hips and slightly bent over to be nose to nose with him. “I’m on top when we finally decide we’ve gotten to know each other well enough. First, though...” She turned and wiggled her butt in Henry’s face as she hooked her thumbs into the waist of her skirt and pulled it down, letting out a happy hum when he squeezed her ripe behind. Her stretchy spandex shorts easily accommodated the controller she’d clutched so urgently before, a curve of the rumble pack settling over her sex as if made for it. “The consolation prize.”

Ansen knew that this was one of Henry’s fantasies, and Wynn couldn’t help but giggle at how shocked Henry looked as she sat on his lap and ground against him to press her game pad filled pants against his. She massaged his shoulders, her lips darting in for a quick kiss. “I think you should be able to beat me now.” She arched her back and purred. “I hope you know your character’s finisher.” She shifted to get more comfortable while he put his arms around her waist and rested them on her now bare hips to be able to keep playing the video game. His first attack was a light kick that sent a jolt through both of them, and elicited a tandem gasp. “Starting carefully? Come on, I know you can do it harder than that.” Wynn said.

Henry swallowed hard, but wouldn’t let Wynn have the satisfaction of rushing him. He gradually depleted her first health bar with light attacks and short combos. Her hard, plastic filled pants painfully pleased them both. “Harder! Harder!” She moaned, massaging his chest, her eyes slit and dark lips parted. Henry couldn’t resist seeing her completely lose it. “Use your super aaaaaah....” She gripped him hard and then pressed her torso against him, biting down on his shoulder as he suddenly went from small damage to a long combo ending in an ultimate. “Oh yeah!” She cried, their hips moving together to push the vibrating controller deeper into her and harder over him. “Finish me! Finish me!” She demanded, her nails digging into his chest. Their orgasm was surprisingly quiet after her goading, though it helped that he pushed her away and then pulled her back in for a kiss as he did it. He’d never really

thought about how long a damage shake could go for until he found himself with a lap full of excited, stimulated gamer girl pushing him into the cushions.

"I hope I didn't break it." Wynn said, gingerly pulling the soaked controller from her similarly wet shorts. She put one of the curved parts in her mouth and started sucking it clean. "This probably isn't helping." She admitted around the sex covered plastic. She kept at it though; Ansen didn't want Henry noticing his cum on the controller, which couldn't be excused as anything else since Henry had been wearing his pants when they came together.

"No, but it's getting me back in the mood really fast." Henry said, breathing heavily. He rubbed his tender shoulder. "That's going to leave a heck of a mark."

"Wear a tank top tomorrow." Wynn laughed. "And you're welcome for the reaction it'll get at work." She undid the few remaining closed buttons on his shirt and he pulled her top off. "I love your skin." She murmured, rubbing her cheek against his smooth belly. Ansen had heard Henry talk about how some ladies liked that he shaved and others didn't. Wynn was going to be in the first group for sure. She adored how her own smoothness felt - especially when she wore tights or stockings - and made sure to let her delight be known when she found a man who was as soft and slick as she was. "Oil him up and bring him to my quarters!" She instructed an invisible servant.

"Speaking of which, maybe we should move this to a bed." Henry told her, tickling her belly button and then moving up to trace the line just under her ribs. "Ansen is always so considerate of me since he usually gets home after I do, and I don't want to make him feel put out when he comes home."

"That's so thoughtful!" Wynn said, not even pretending to think it was just to make things hurry along. Ansen knew Henry better than that, and was also touched by his concern. She put down the damp controller and bounced ahead of Henry. "Back in a minute!" She winked as she ran into the bathroom. "You ought to get cleaned up too. We may as well start fresh on your bed."

Wynn only needed a quick rinse and a squirt with her juice bottle to be ready to go again, but since she was a girl that night she took her time in checking for seams on her mask and prosthetics. Finding none, she deposited her bangles with a flick of her wrist, took off her gloves, and rather than engage in any further foreplay like posing with her back to the doorframe or a slow approach, she ran full speed and dove onto the mostly naked Henry as he lay on the bed. "I won! I pick first position." She reminded him unnecessarily. She let him undress her, letting him feel her tight spandex shorts over the round butt and soft loin, then find her thong underwear that had been just a shade wider than the gaff that had previously kept the panties looking smooth. One of the lovely things about fake breasts was that they were perky enough to only need a bra when she felt like taking a load off or an outfit needed it, and it hadn't been a night when she'd felt the need for support, so with the twist of her ankle that sent the thong hanging from her toe flying, she was totally nude and by that point so was Henry.

Henry had told Ansen so many fantasies that Wynn wanted to explore, but it had already been a crowded night and she could feel that what Henry needed most was a focused,

energetic, and thorough fuck. Wynn felt very much the same; all the play and seduction had made the man inside desperate for something straightforward and simple. Wynn still started with a long, tongue-down-throat kiss, but within a minute their hips were moving in unison and Wynn was showing off both the perfect motion of fake curves and the great benefit he'd found to being all man underneath: that he and Henry could reliably expect to come at about the same time. Not that Ansen had ever really had that problem often, but it was a load off his mind – and out his cock at this point – that he didn't have to worry about getting him and his partner synced up. His thoughts were interrupted by Henry flipping them over in a tangle of limbs and her squeal of pleasure at how fast he'd recovered, with his confident grunt making Wynn feel strangely feminine as Henry took over and gently but firmly moved them into a sixty-nine that gave Wynn the closest view yet of what had turned out to be a much better than average penis. She eagerly took it in her mouth, and felt Henry's short hair tickle her thighs as his tongue entered her deeply and moved against the thin wall of material that kept Ansen's own safe from discovery. When Henry turned himself around and their kiss mingled the love juices they'd recently swallowed, Wynn basked in the glow and the realization that things had gone much better than if Henry had told Ansen he was going to the Basilisk that night. She drifted off in his arms, stifling giggles at the look he'd get when all the pieces finally dropped into place and then feeling safe and happy in his embrace.

Henry hadn't been overstating his desire for Wynn to stay the night; he really did like the way women looked the morning after. He always tried to wake up first so he could see them curled up, seeming so vulnerable and without any of the wild, naughty, or sophisticated veneer that came with dating, partying, and lovemaking. Wynn did not disappoint in the least. She'd rolled away from him during the night and curled up on her side, a delicate silicone ear tip peeking out from her uneven silver hair. They were affectations, but they seemed to natural and real on her. She squirmed and kicked at invisible sheets she'd long since removed in moments of active dreaming. Her hair and pale skin contrasted with Henry's dark sheets, and he couldn't help but glance down when she kicked again and spread her legs in the motion. She rolled over on her other side, giving him the opportunity for a long appreciation of how her thighs seemed to run up to her firm rear without any appearance of a place he could definitely say it happened. Her lips parted and she mewed and grunted as he put his arms around her and pulled himself up to cup her body. She must have been very deeply asleep, he thought as she barely reacted to him taking her breasts – seemingly perfectly sized for his hands – and let his hands grow deeply familiar with the shape and feel of her.

Wynn woke when Henry's hands wandered elsewhere and her own moved down to find the hard member between her legs. "Mmmm," she sighed. "I hate to say it, but maybe we'd better have something to eat first. I'm really hungry and we – uh – never made it to dinner last night."

"Yeah, you're right." Henry didn't mind terribly. If she was staying for breakfast, it meant they might have the whole Saturday to alternately get to know each other personally and bodily. "Don't you want to take your makeup off, though?" He asked, sounding concerned. "I know it can hurt your skin if you just leave it on like that."

"Oh!" Wynn put her hand to her dark lips, and then looked down at the pillow. "Sorry. And thanks! You're so right." She smiled crookedly. "I came home with the right guy. Not

many would think of that.”

“I do my best to please.” He called at her retreating back. The water ran while he got dressed, and he was moderately surprised when she emerged in boy shorts and a long T-shirt. He was too focused on the fact that he also needed the bathroom to ask where she’d gotten them, and the smell of cooking distracted him further when he got out. “Hey, I’m the host!” He laughed, seeing Wynn moving something around in a pan and taking out a bowl and ingredients from the fridge. He put his arms around her loosely so he wouldn’t be in the way. He kissed her neck. “I ought to be the one cooking for you.” She’d been hot and playful the night before, adorably vulnerable in bed, and now was so prettily businesslike and yet still sexy as ever with the T-shirt occasionally riding up to give him a view of the black underwear covering her rear, and the shirt itself doing little to hide her curves and instead showing different ones with every move she made.

“I’d let you if you knew how.” She said, turning to give him a quick peck and then back to the breakfast she was making. Having him so close was cumbersome, but she felt so warm with his strong arms around her and his broader shoulders covering hers. She reached back and decided that he also had a nice butt and pretty legs – though she’d have said ‘toned’ to him if he’d asked. “But I know that my sexy tiger is very clumsy with his paws when it comes to making food.” She took the pan off the stove and took a moment to indulge in a proper kiss. She pushed him away then and made him sit at the kitchen table while she worked, keeping him quiet by turning the reaching and stirring into a dance.

“I’ve been thinking.” Henry said after an extended silence of watching the graceful Wynn spin and bounce around the kitchen getting everything ready.

“Mmmhmmmm?” Wynn prompted, looking sidelong at him with a sly smile.

“I was totally going to ask if you and Ansen had slept together, but then that couldn’t work, could it? Because he never takes anyone home – that I know of – and you know where everything is. Even some pajamas that fit you. Soooo...” He shook his head. “Ansen?”

“Yeah, dude?” Wynn asked, staying in her voice.

“Seriously, man!” Henry was turning red, but was sputtering with the effort of being both angry and laughing hard at the same time. “I tell you *everything*. That’s how you knew about the video game, and the ...” He flushed darker. “All that.”

“What? You can talk about it but you don’t want to do it?” Wynn teased. “Fair’s fair, I told you about all the stuff I’d like to do with girls as a dude.” She put the plates in the middle of the table and bent with her hands on the edge next to Henry’s, her back arched down so she was at eye level with him and her butt was sticking up in the air. “And I told you not to go to the Basilisk without telling me.”

“If that was my punishment...” Henry trailed off.

“Oh, just say it. If that’s what I did to you for not telling me, you’re glad you didn’t. So

am I!" Wynn plopped down across from him and crossed her arms, tossing her head defiantly. "Tell me I'm wrong."

"I went to bed with you man! How?"

Wynn smiled broadly. "Are you asking me to show you?"

Henry stared at her for so long that she worried he'd lost the ability to speak. "Dude, let me tell you something." He said darkly and a chill of fear went down Ansen's spine. He thought Henry would take it all right and it had been fun so far, but Henry *was* a little on the stodgy side. "If what you're telling me is that I need to be a girl to talk about what you like to do with guys, then the first thing we're doing after we eat is have you show me how you do it." The chill became one of ecstatic anticipation and Ansen was trying hard not to rub Wynn's thighs together to stimulate the hard-on he had at Henry's pronouncement. "It must be pretty expensive." Henry continued.

"It paid for itself a long time ago." Wynn admitted.

"That's right! Drinks at the Basilisk are *expensive*. Oh, and I bet you get gifts and dinners and that! You ..."

"Oh, go on and say the 's' word." Wynn laughed. "Though I prefer to think of it as being an impromptu dance partner for hire. I don't *usually* go home with my benefactors at all, and I only did you on the first night because I didn't want any of my friends getting you first."

"So were all those girls you were sitting with...?"

"Yeah, but before you think that the Basilisk is all queer people, it's not. There's us - some guys figure it out and some don't - and probably some girls going the other way. The Basilisk is a very diverse group of people, and most of them are who they appear to be. We all got together to look out for each other, and you're right," she smiled, "the Basilisk is a pretty pricey place. I don't go out at Wynn every time, and there aren't as many gifts or dinners as you might think, but I certainly do well off of being bought a round as a prelude to dancing and flirting. Some of the girls don't go further. I do because as far as I'm concerned I'm all woman. Wynn's straight and ready for some fun with the right man." She leaned forward and put her hand on Henry's. "I know this might make things weird between us, but you're totally my type. Not when I'm Ansen, but totally when I'm Wynn." She sat back. "Up for it, then?"

"Oh yeah," Henry replied. "If you can make me pretty, I'd love it."

"I didn't think you'd take to it so quickly." Wynn said.

"I'm not sure about the sex, but the rest sounds like the kind of fun I never got at Roy's. To be honest, I've sort of wondered what it was like for a long time. I might not stick with it long enough to get my money back, but I'll try it once or twice. How could I not with such an obvious expert as a roommate? Seriously, are you trying to be *my* type or is this just a weird coincidence? If this is the kind of fun you have regularly, then I've been missing out! Both on

the Basilisk and being a sexy female.”

“I think it’s more that we get along so well as roommates that it’s easy to be your perfect girl.” Wynn replied. “We like most of the same things, after all, and we’ve been living together for over five years now.” Wynn snorted a laugh. “If I were a real girl, I’d be soooo jealous of our bromance.”

“When I’ve learned can we-“

“It’s not as fun as you might think.” Wynn said sadly. She cupped her breasts and shook her head. “What with most of the fun bits not being real.”

“Oh, that sucks.” Henry said.

“Wait, was that why you were so into it so fast?”

“What? No! Okay, maybe.” Henry admitted. “But it’s also because we’ve always done just about all the same things and if you think it’s fun, I want to try too.”

“All right,” Wynn admonished. “I mean, it’s a pretty big thing to do to get into my pants, especially since you don’t need to.”

“Ansen, just forget it!” Henry blushed.

“I’ll try if you want,” Wynn pushed, not quite able to hide that she was teasing him. “I just don’t know if I’ll be that into it. I don’t even know if I’ll like you as a girl. You might not be my thing, or -“ Wynn was silenced by Henry sticking his tongue in her mouth. “I’m glad you’re still cool with doing that.”

“If you look like a babe and sound like a babe, right?”

Wynn brushed her hair back and Henry’s breath caught at the strangely compelling beauty of her subtly returning to being Wynn rather than Ansen speaking through Wynn. “Now is that any way to speak to a lady? Especially one who’s made you breakfast and indulged your secret fantasies?” She took a large bite of sausage and watched his expression. “I think we’re going to have a lot of fun together.”

“Wynn!” Iana waved from where the girls were sitting. It was unwise of her to be the one to do so, since she was bursting out of an over-tight knee length dress slit to the hip on one side. “We had to move tables.” She explained.

Trisha – resplendent in a rhinestone covered spiral shaped frock – looked Wynn over. “Is your new friend the special occasion?”

Wynn daintily arranged her floor length petticoat supported purple and black lace goth

dress, tugging the strapless top to make sure it stayed in place as she sat. The leather chair was cold against her bare back. "Yah-huh. This is my roommate, Elaine." She squeezed the hand she'd yet to let go of and the broad shouldered young woman sank into the chair wordlessly, her round-cheeked heart-shaped face cast down. She automatically moved her waist length brunette braid out of the way so she could lean back. Proper hair care had been a very important part of Henry's long talks with Ansen.

"Give her a few minutes." Wynn said.

"Don't worry, dear, we're all friends." Trisha said, squeezing Elaine's free hand.

"Don't be patronizing, Trish." Wynn said as Elaine blushed. "I know you mean well, but Elaine was really proud of herself for doing all her own work tonight. Unfortunately she got excited and didn't get herself into the right frame of mind before we left the house. She's still adjusting to the idea that people are looking at her because she's pretty."

"Aww, I know how you feel." Mils said. She smiled. "I like your dress. Everyone else is such a showoff. The powder blue top really works with your complexion, and I love the hair!"

"nks." Elaine murmured.

"Come on." Mils got up and held out her hand. "Seeing two girls dancing always gets the boys drooling, and it'll be nice to spend some time with a girl who appreciates a nice, loose, uncomplicated ankle length skirt." Wynn was ready to step in, but Elaine smiled brightly and let Mils lead her out.

"You spoil her." Trisha said, waving at the man who'd just gotten her a Long Island.

"What? Because I spared her the trauma of going out looking like an overdone queen her first night?" Wynn snorted. "Just because our daddies spanked us doesn't mean it was right."

"I could do with – don't make me change the subject!" Trisha laughed. She waited for Wynn to acknowledge the White Russian she'd just been bought. "She's cute, I'll give you that."

"She's that hunk I called dibs on last month."

Iana made a face. "You tart! Taking a nice bit of beef off the market that way. Shameful. It must have been a lot of work."

"Less than I'd expected." Wynn admitted. "I'll tell you what, I think she'd been doing something like it for a long time. She knew basic makeup, and I *swear* that girl can hook a bra faster than I can. I guess instinct is a pretty good way of sniffing these things out; it's no wonder I've lived with her for half a decade and we got along so well. She was a delicate flower waiting for the right time to blossom as well. She'd never gone out in public before, that

I'm sure of. She could walk in heels a little, but her voice needed a lot of work, and I had to coach her on flirting from the other side for a long time before she got the idea. Now I think about it, though, I think she might have been pretending to be bad in heels so I'd put my hands on her hips and press myself against her to show her how it's done. She looks innocent, but she's totally not." Wynn's lips curved. "Her reward was a little lesbian action. I may be wrong, but I don't think she'll ever really be able to appreciate men the way we do. I tried kissing her when I had my mask off and she didn't seem to be getting into it much."

"That's all right. More for the rest of us." Iana said. "Mils seems to like her."

"They're birds of a feather in taste." Wynn said. "This was a compromise. She actually really likes the flapper look and the Jackie Kennedy style. I told her to save it for Pearl Harbor day."

"Maybe all she needed was a compliment from a man who wasn't showing her the right way to put on a gaff." Trisha nodded towards the dance floor. Elaine was sipping something that looked like a daiquiri and laughing with a young, technical looking man who seemed to favor silver jewelry. She stepped up and kissed him on the cheek.

"So much for no competition." Iana lamented. She finished hers and got up. "Time to earn my keep." She sashayed to the bar where her benefactor was waiting.

"I'd better go make sure she doesn't get into trouble." Wynn stood and went to her own sugar daddy to convince him to go dance near Elaine. Having her roommate at the Basilisk would be a bit of a chore at first, but she was already considering the benefits of being two pretty young ladies who lived together and no longer had to worry about being considerate of each other when taking dates home. There was a pair of rich, handsome twins who dropped in sometimes. They always did things together.