

10 under 10:

First Installment of **10 Stories under 10 Pages** (6,000 words or less)

by Izhane Twilight

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This story was inspired in part by the works of FA's Danaume.

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CONTENTS WARNING

M/m; TG; CD; NC/Reluctant Sissification/Feminization; Mind-altering agents; Seduction; Bribery; Blackmail.

A Dress for the Job you Don't Want.

J.P. sighed as he started down at the bed. It had been four years, and he had finally put it behind him, or rather he'd hoped. Growing up on the streets had been bad enough, but now the barely 20 year old buck had found himself trapped in the life of a thief and informant. Downtown was just big and just poor enough for the "junior varsity" of dealers and suppliers. Black market intoxicants, aphrodisiacs, and party drugs dominated the black, or maybe dark red, market in this town. J.P.'s talents had landed him in the job of free-lance snitch, spy, and pilferer. The local bosses (more like supervisors) had limited funds, and J.P.'s prices were reasonable for what he could do. The only snag in freelance work, though, one never knows who one might help... or hurt.

Lina was a precious and insidious little filly, who as arm candy for K. Big, helped the stallion weasel his clumsy way into the graces of his suppliers. KBig was a fairly lithe if powerful stallion; cute, friendly smile, great mind for numbers, and terrible people skills. Lina having been chased into hiding by J.P.'s meddling, left the middleman without his most important resource for distracting police, reducing bribes, and getting into the suppliers' "classy" establishments.

And so, there he was, staring at the slinky, strapless, cerise, satin dress, along with a make-up kit, purse, and deep red velvet heels. It was a sleek and sexy, but not at all sleazy number, about four years out of fashion, but current trends... current anything... was the last thing on J.P.'s mind.

The last time, he'd had to resort to such a disguise, there was an unfortunate need at once to attain a fair bit of information while staying incognito. J.P. thought he was masculine enough to still pull it off, but look uninteresting enough to avoid attention. He hadn't been, and a rather randy older raccoon had managed to corner him, complimenting his gentle grace, and "hard-to get" aura. J.P. was barely able to squirm out of the situation, but only thanks to his quick wit, and some strategic flirting.

Afterward, he found himself rather dismayed at the ease of his escape, and while at least his "persona" easily vanished, J.P. was never been quite as proud of his cervine grace, and passive disposition.

J.P. had planned to sell the dress, when it wasn't so passe, and maybe get a return on his investment, but his fears were now once again being realized. KBig was not happy with his new disadvantage, and still had a few influential friends. Lina's share was 25%, and usually the haul was decent... far better than freelance snooping, for sure, and it was J.P.'s if he'd take her place. As K's arm candy, ... J.P. sighed... As K's arm candy, he wouldn't get messed with, but without him or Lina, K's associates would start sniffing, and J.P. would find harder challenges than cross-dressing.

It was just a job, though. He needed to get this over with, and knew that K already knew what was really under the dress. J.P. breathed in deep to gather himself, picked up the dress, and held it before himself in front of a mirror. The cosmetic alterations to increase the spread of his honey fur against the white, only brought out how slender and petite the young buck was. Along with green contacts, mane died to match his honey fur, and make-up, he looked nothing like himself, but the dress and outfit were what was going to make him look truly feminine. The worst part though, was having to shave down his antlers. Only these last couple of years had they come to full blossom, and getting rid of them seemed more emasculating. But this time was the last time, and then the dress was definitely gone.

J.P.'s androgynous curves fell as nicely into the dress, as his chest muscles filled the dress just enough for the appearance of small breasts matching his petite body. The gown itself was form fitting down to about mid thigh, where it flared out to just under the knees, forcing him into a feminine sway to keep balance. This of course only re-enforced his disguise, giving him very little relief, as he tied his hair into a pony tail, only to more fully display his softly tapered muzzle.

He continued to ignore his reflection long enough to slip his slender feet into the heels. As the toe of the shoe nicely cradled his small cloven hooves, it was uncomfortably comfortable, but worth it, as it only shifted his leg and butt muscles into very lovely curves. As the front desk called in his "guest," picking up the small matching purse was but a drop in the bucket to this... unpleasant business. J.P. forced himself to take one last look in the mirror. He was quite exquisite, and he liked it a little too much. Still, his aptitude was easily attributed to having to think on his feet and get out of a sticky situation the last time, as he had done many times in his career. He swiftly reassured himself, it was just an effective disguise, and made his way downstairs, drawing one or two uncomfortable looks at his legs and behind. Just two nights, and he could move on from this low point.

As he entered the lobby, several men in the elevator waited politely for him to exit first. Ever the professional, he smiled demurely and made his way off the lift. It was not hard to spot his ...partner, as the rust colored Clydesdale in his light brown slacks and pale gold polo shirt, sat quite well at ease in the waiting area, reading a magazine. The contrast of colors between the horse himself, and the clothes, only further pronounced the delicate silver streaks in his mane and relaxed fetlocks. J.P. approached quietly save for the tapping of his heels, and waited for all of the blink of an eye, for the striking brown of K's irises to take a look at his "date." He seemed quite impressed. J.P. wanted to blush... in anger... but he had a job to do, and an impression to make now that he was in public. His pride as a thief and con-man depended on it, not to mention his identity.

Telling himself these things, he was able to maintain composure, as the sinuous steed rose onto his lightly calloused hooves, and took the buck's hand into his own bulky hoofed mit, stroked it with the hard tipped thumb, and rose it to his lips to gently rest them against it. J.P. answered the urge to smile. It was good to know his wits had not dulled for this role in 4 years.

"I seem to be taken with your exquisiteness, my dear, even though I expected no less." He offered his elbow.

J.P. knew that he must have rehearsed this much... he was hardly suave. Still, it seemed inappropriate to stay silent, and he needed to grab his girl voice quickly, and in a comfortable atmosphere, before the tension set in at the first meeting. It was no less than perfect.

"Enchanting as ever, I see, Kline, and you lack such refinement as ever behind a closed door, I suppose I'll have to find you a new date when we arrive." He smiled coyly, took his arm, and was guided out. He felt himself falling into the role, but was quite comfortable knowing that his escort was as much in on it, and that his wits were keen as ever.

As they entered a cab, it seemed only right to J.P. ... in order to maintain the disguise... to carry on his conversations in his feminine voice.

"So where are we going, what's the job?"

"I have a line on a potent black market aphrodisiac. It is fairly disorienting, and can be toxic if mixed wrong. I can make it, but all my supplies come through Jasen, a local small time pimp and dealer, who balances one market with the other. He has a lot of enemies, though, so we have to arrange a meeting beforehand. Screening and all that."

"I see. And me?"

K took his hand again, and stroked. "You, my lovely, are my backstage pass. Jasen is a bit sleazy, but he wears it with class, and doesn't trust a man without "bitches" on his arms."

J.P.'s Adam's apple showed for a brief moment. K was slightly too happy to reassure him.

"Don't worry, dear, You'll be perfectly safe with me. Hell, you'll be the reason we'll be safe." He kissed J.P.'s cheek. J.P. hesitated for a moment.

"You do know I'm not..." A sharp look from the horse reminded J.P. of the situation and the cabby. "This is just a job, K."

He released his hand, and smirked softly as they pulled up outside the bar. "I'll need to slip into the back, but they know me, and know I am no VIP. You'll need to distract the barkeep and patrons long enough for me to get back there, then you just charm your own way back there a minute or so after."

As K got out of the cab, and went to open J.P.'s door, the buck breathed deeply and gathered himself. As K opened his door and offered his hand, J.P. poised with a subtle smile, took the hoof-hand, as he gracefully got out of the car, and immediately drew several stares.

J.P. had to remind himself that this was the desired result, as with a hand on the buck's back, the Clydesdale somewhat nervously and brutishly guided him into the bar. It was starting to draw some looks, as his nerves began to show, until J.P. added a bit of swing to his backside, and again took the focus off most anything else. Even the ladies were a little jealous as they admired the sultry gown.

Inside, K started to clam down, but was still a bit jumpy. J.P. had to get him in the back before they got made, so as their drinks were delivered, J.P. immediately started flirting with the barkeep. As it was he had his hands full with customers, allowing the pretty young thing to catch him off guard.

As J.P. batted his subtly, highlighted lashes, and playfully insinuated how much the man looked like he needed to relax, he leaned against the bar just enough to let his behind pull the attention of the rest of the bar. While J.P.'s insecurity began to mount at how well he was performing, just as he had four years ago to his dismay, Kline vanished into a nook in the back, unnoticed.

J.P. finished his drink, and tipped the bartender nicely with a 5 and a wink.

"Don't think about it too hard, sweetie, You can just catch up with me the next time around."

As he closed at the bar, he noticed a young hamster fellow, dressed rather nicely, if street savvily, small talking his way to the back. J.P. was not known around here, but at the moment, it didn't matter. It was getting harder to ignore his success tonight, as he put it aside and inserted himself in the hamster's space.

"Excuse me, mister, but I seem to have misplaced my date. He said he had a meeting, but vanished before I could pay for my drink. You look like a fellow who may know where to find him."

As his fingers danced down the man's arms, and he pouted purposefully, they both knew that they both knew what she was talking about. Still, enchanted by the flirty doe, the man took him hand and led him into the back.

As the stepped into the smoke-filled back room, J.P. took K's hand, his other still in the hamster's, as he took the eyes of the two scruffy rats, and portly hyrax in the room. KBig placed a hand on J.P.'s waist, and pulled him close, as the men seemed to relax sat down. "I told you I wouldn't come without an... appropriate escort" He took J.P.'s far hand, and spun him around suddenly, showing him off, then wrapped a hand again around his waist, pulled him close, and again kissed his cheek. The men were impressed enough, but it seemed K was just rubbing it in. J.P. was becoming slightly uncomfortable, as this was getting just a bit too real.

"Boys, may I introduce my old friend P.J., she is very much the charmer, when she so chooses, and quite exquisite if I may say?" He was clearly coaching J.P.

"You certainly may, but don't let me distract you as well. I am here to assure these gentlemen

that you are not just another thug. You wouldn't want to make me look bad..." He ran a finger down K's chest. "...would you?"

K pulled out a chair, and guided J.P. by the hand to sit. His hand-holding was becoming a fair bit intimate, which seemed rather unnecessary, but his flattery was what was making J.P. more notably uncomfortable. "And so graceful, and charming to boot." As he sat down, he continued to hold J.P.'s hand rather assertively. "I would hardly have any less than the most demurely erotic, powerfully graceful young lady on my arm, to charm myself into Jasen's favor."

The other men were becoming a bit put off by K's characteristic lack of charm, but it was hardly offensive. J.P. however, was beginning to blush, and became very nervous very fast, despite maintaining his poise, which only made it worse. The fact that he was blushing was not only threatening his professionalism, but also could imply he was flattered on some level, and not from pride. Maybe he was humiliated, but he didn't feel embarrassed. He allowed himself to become distracted by his reaction, in order to stop blushing.

K noticed his momentary lapse, and once more prodded him with more flattery, which the deer tried to dismiss as relief that he was at almost no risk of getting caught. "Now, my dear, there is no need to be embarrassed. You're a beautiful girl, and by no means mere arm candy. We just need the important people to think you are."

One of the rats was becoming impatient. "If you're finished hitting on your girlfriend... we do have things to discuss!"

J.P. saw a chance to both maintain his disguise, and give himself some space from K's nonsense. "By all means, boys, don't let me distract you from your work."

As the men discussed business, J.P. forced himself to attribute his blushing to being caught off guard, made nervous at the disguise, then relieved it was working, which made sense in concert with everything that had been said. And in any case, this part of the gig was over. He was one step closer to never having to worry about this again.

That night, as the dress hung near the bed in his hotel room, J.P. struggled to sleep knowing how well he'd done, and how much better he'd need to be tomorrow. He knew after tomorrow, he'd be done. But if he continued to play it up and maintain that grace which all too easily confused even him, and had to flirt with while evading various men, he'd only encourage them until he may have to loose himself in that same un-masculine passivity and sensuality just to weasel out again. The next day, J.P. did all he could to ignore his plans until they came, spending most of his time at the office of public records, doing research for much less stressful jobs to come. But eventually 6:00 came around, and he had to go ...get ready.

It was about 7:20, when K and J.P. arrived at the club. J.P. was distracted. But this time, even though the more reserved clientele gave him less looks, the ones he did get were longer, if more respectful. This did not help... to know he made such a pretty AND classy young lady. This was a job, but it was no longer just a job. He was becoming so convincing, it was getting harder to convince himself this wasn't coming natural.

J.P.'s satiny gown caught the streetlights just so, to pull the eye to the lovely buck, and a silvery bracelet, ruby-colored earrings with the slightest hint of a silver mount, and a subtle matching necklace all glistened just enough to bring out his natural glimmer. His relaxed hair delicately rounded his ears and fell in soft but bouncy waves, save for the tight up-do between his ears decorated with pins to match his dress, and the one softly spiraled wisp falling across his forehead, just under his right antler, and draped sparsely over his eye. J.P. knew he couldn't ignore his natural grace anymore, if he wanted to get through this, but K seemed just a bit into the charade, as he placed a hand just above J.P.'s tail, and escorted him to the door.

Though K, with his less than legal business opportunity, was not on the list, with J.P. on his arm, the bouncer was no challenge to flirt past. His hand in K's, she was escorted into the room, winking her way past the bouncer. As they crossed the softly lit foyer with its playful but unobtrusive music and atmosphere, K's hand found its way just under J.P.'s tail, and he was flattered at the implication, but also becoming increasingly nervous around K. But his focus and anxiety were centered not on the stallion, but the ease at which he adapted to this role. He was good actor, but this was different, and K's own commitment to the ruse was only re-enforcing that reality. He was all too comfortable with this, a fact he barely evaded the last time, but this time could not. He did not want this to be comfortable or easy, but still had work to finish. Still, he could no longer handle this confusion, so set his mind to focus only on the job, ignore it, and get this over with as fast as possible.

As he continued to draw looks, both respectful and lewd, on their approach to a small upstairs section in the corner, J.P. felt the pressure mounting. Maybe it was because he needed something to pay attention to. Maybe it was because the more real he knew this was, the more likely he may get caught. Whatever the reason, it only drove him to perform still better as they reached the bodyguard blocking the stairs. He didn't say anything when K mentioned the meeting, until he removed a \$50 bill from his wallet, and offered to grease the man's palm. The very sleek, but intimidating weasel looked at the bill, and was clearly unimpressed. It was obvious he expected more. It seemed Jasen let his goons make a living off ..."tips."

As he realized this gentleman would be far more challenging than his last mark, the male doe stealthily gathered himself, and again approached his obstacle.

"I do hope there has not been a ...miscommunication?" He again offered his hand, but the man ignored him this time. His soft eyes, and sweet but sensual words were not working. He found himself getting quite nervous, but before he could determine whether it was from failure or rejection, he had to stop himself from swallowing lest he show his hand. He had to embrace the femininity which was flowing from him naturally. At this point he convinced himself it was a matter of having to perform under pressure, and with barely a pause continued.

He stroked the man's arm, and looked down his form, wearing a bit of lust in his eyes. "You do take your work seriously, mister, I can certainly admire such professionalism. But such a virile man as yourself must recognize a real lady when you see one. Is that not what your employer wants?" He placed a hand suggestively on the weasel's chest as he let his knee move forward to display his curves, fighting with his all to focus on the job. "Fifty may not be enough for my friend here to see the big man... but surely it's enough for harmless little me?" He grinned mischievously as his voice became

sassy, and made direct eye contact with a couple strategic blinks.

As the weasel smirked and let them pass, K rested his hand on J.P.'s ass this time. It was an ...interesting sensation, if wholly unwelcome, especially of the cuff of him having to convince that man he was a woman, while reminding himself he was not. Still, he had to maintain his poise.

"Is that really necessary?" he asked from behind his teeth.

K answered quickly and inconspicuously. "Jasen is very set in his view of women. You're arm candy, and I expect you to be convincing."

J.P. was reaching his limit, but as they reached the top of the stairwell, all other distractions suddenly seemed quite minor, as the hamster and hyrax, a small geeky gecko, and two very lovely ladies, a squirrel and a skunk, all accompanied the very important looking, and very familiar raccoon. J.P. all but shut down as Jasen stood up to exchange pleasantries. The raccoon in his button down shirt, bow tie, and pocketed leather vest, looked strangely suave, maybe it was the sultry skunk in his lap, but as for J.P. who quickly drew his gaze, the buck only saw the same man from 4 years ago. J.P. was frozen in his feminine poise, as K's hand pulled him closer by the behind with a firm grope, and introduced him again as P.J. The mortified deer extended his hand and smiled, as Jasen shook it gently, and looked him down.

"It it me, mademoiselle, or I do I know you?"

K pinched his backside to snap him out of it, and J.P. answered. "I... no, Sir, I do not we have met."

"Oh but I am sure... yes. I remember you now. Still playing hard to get are we?"

The stallion pulled him down onto his lap, wrapped a hand around his waist, and rested another on his knee. "She is with me, Jasen. You may expect your associates to have exquisite tastes, but I don't think drinking their kool-aid is the best way to do business."

"Kool-aid? Just as much a smooth talker as ever, ey K? Very well then, lets order some drinks, and discuss business."

J.P. was horrified, but not at Jasen, or even Kline, whose hand was casually strolling up his leg. Rather, he was horrified at himself. Within a matter of moments, he had been molested, flattered, frightened by the prospect of his natural grace brought about by the situation, and now the raccoon, and protected and reassured by his 'date,' again being overly affectionate, and while he felt no arousal per se... he could not ignore that he was comfortable in K's protection, or that he was starting to like this... or maybe he'd liked it all along. Was that what had frightened him so badly all those years ago? Or was he just afraid of getting caught if Jasen became uncivil? Is that why K made him feel safe, now? Or was it the prospect of being fought over, and idea which merely justified how truly feminine he was?

Part of him knew he wouldn't be having these doubts, if there was nothing to doubt, but he

wasn't ready to face that yet. So as the men discussed business, and he robotically responded as proper arm candy, his thoughts were pure chaos, grounded only by K's invasive hands, and behavior mirroring, if not surpassing, the other 'decorations' at the table. He was jarred as K groped his thigh through the gown, and Jasen rose to shake his hand, as K and J.P. stood up, the self-doubting buck's hands wrapped graciously, but nervously around K's arm, as the men shook hands.

"You can't talk for shit, K, but you can drive a hard bargain. I always enjoy a challenge, though, it shows me you're a good man to do business with."

"Always good to help out a young entrepreneur."

Jasen raised a brow then smiled over to J.P. as he approached to kiss the deer's hand, Kline's arm still wrapped around his waist. "And an absolute delight to see you again, my dear. I have not seen such a lovely creature in 4 years, and she has only grown lovelier. You are a lucky fellow, K, but know, one wrong move with this one, and I'll swoop in and take her from you before you can blink."

"Let's let her make that decision, my friend," Kline retorted as he stroked J.P.'s cheek. "Anyway, her allure is hardly lost on me."

"I am sure. Then I would surmise you'd be more than pleased to both join me at a small gathering after closing. I like to know my associates can enjoy themselves, as much as their work." He looked at J.P. "And I would be most delighted to enjoy your company again, sweetheart. Dress casual, but classy. I'll see you at 2."

He spoke with purpose, implying in his tone, that the deal was not completed, unless his hospitality was respected. J.P. would have to continue to perform, even as his sense of self, and security, were slipping all too quickly away. Anyone else may have smelled something fishy, but he was far too lost in his own confusion. On the way back to the hotel, he barely registered K's offer of a new dress, as the Stallion was all too... affectionate, giving J.P. enough to try to rationalize.

J.P. could not sleep, knowing he'd have to be getting dolled up in a few hours to ...well he wasn't sure anymore. It was a job, yes, and one he was good at, but it all just came so easily, and seeing Jasen, all those old fears were made real again. He did not feel like he felt like a woman, but then why was it so easy? Why did it frighten him so much? He had little time to think about it as he was called to the lobby for a delivery. He tried to pretend he didn't know what to expect, until he got back to his room, and revealed the little red dress.

The garment was a fair bit smaller, with a layered bottom that dropped barely to the knee on the right side, and just above mid thigh on the left. The neckline covered the whole of the chest, and was mostly straight across, save for one strap on the left shoulder, and the top was lined with a satin ruffle. It matched his jewelry perfectly, and even blended with his coloration. But if this all was not enough, the package also included a pair of black thigh high stockings, red satin gloves, and to ensure a convincing appearance with the snug dress, high cut on one side... black lace panties.

At this point, it all came back to the job. His life could be ruined if he didn't finish playing the part, so he just bit his lip and got dressed. He knew this was going to be easier than he'd like, but he

had no options.

The Dress was a simple enough matter. Although it felt nice and fit perfectly, he was used to this by now. He wasn't prepared for the next part though. He figured the gloves wouldn't be a big deal, and had to build up to the stockings, so he put on the gloves first. He was quickly alarmed by the very nice sensations, as the satin wrapped snugly around his very tactile hands and fingers, drawing out a sigh. At this point, he just admitted to himself he liked it, but knew he could ignore it, which was promising as he looked at the silken stockings, breathed in deeply, sat down, and unrolled them. Very slowly, he pulled the first up his foot, and as the fabric cradled the underside of his little hooves, and wrapped around the sensitive extremity, he again had to breath deeply to continue. As he slowly pulled it up his leg is almost teased as it wrapped his fur and flesh, until the thigh band rested just barely in view under the high cut side of the dress. He figured best go more swiftly, with the second, but it didn't make it any better. This was a very unwelcome delight, but he could still manage, as he stepped into his heels and the shoes only exacerbated the softness of the hosiery. As he was buzzed down he put the panties in his purse, composed himself, and met K waiting for him at the cab.

J.P.'s shyness overtook him on the cab ride, as save for a few cliched compliments on his beauty, K was teasingly doting with this eyes and hands, until reached to grab his ass once more, and noticed something missing.

"You're not wearing the panties. I did see to it to get you a very nice pair."

"Why are you so insistent I wear nice panties... and must you take this so seriously before we even arrive?"

"We agreed you'd have to be convincing ... P.J."

"I don't know Kline, this... might be going too far. I can get through the night, but..."

K grabbed his hand tightly, taking a more aggressive tone. "Enough... we had a deal, and you owe me! I will not let you going commando even chance in the least ruining this. You're in too deep, P.J., and we both know you are enjoying this... so you may as well go the whole nine yards."

He loosened his grip, and offered a flask. "Here, have a swig, relax, and we we get to the club, I expect you will go freshen up, and return... fully dressed."

J.P. gladly partook of the whiskey, as he once again had to admit, that this was just feeling more normal every minute.

As they made their entrance, J.P. could only focus on ignoring these feelings, but as K's hand cradled his rear, and nearly every man they spoke to kissed his hand and complimented his beauty, it was getting harder to ignore everything... the pleasant touches, the flattery, even the soft fabric wrapping around his body, as he walked in the thin stockings, and as his gloved hand being gently stroked and kissed. He didn't know why it was all so suddenly distracting. Maybe it was all coming together too well. Either way, as K hinted to him to make his way to the washroom, he hoped the panties might just be enough to distract him from everything else. But his luck as about to run out.

As he slipped into the ladies' room stall to pull the panties up his legs and around his ... there was no distraction, and no more ignoring it. Everything fell just into place, as he pulled the satin up his legs, over the stockings, and cradled himself in its softness. He was not at all sexually excited, but it still felt wonderful against his most delicate flesh, and as he stepped back into the heels, to press the silk against his feet as the shoes cradled them perfectly, he was immediately aware of the entire ensemble... at once, delighted and ashamed. He felt his delicate posture, and genteel motion, and felt truly feminine and deeply defeated. He didn't know why his skin was so sensitive, but it was, and it felt amazing, and while he still did not become aroused in the matter he was accustomed to, he embraced the warm feelings he had, if just to finally get this over with before anyone else could justify what he could no longer deny.

It was an entirely different feeling as he stepped back into the main room. He knew he was a man, but felt like everyone looking at him, was looking at a woman. He knew this was a job, but felt as if he were just at a party. A couple of people were dancing casually, to soft, but upbeat Jazz music, as the suddenly very shy male doe noticed his host admiring him. Maybe he thought that 'P.J.' was not so hard to get after all. His escort was quick to swoop to his aide, though, as he took 'P.J.'s' hand, and led him onto the floor.

"Looks like you're doing a bit too good? Where's that self-sufficient streak gone, anyhow? In any case, he wants you, so we'll just have to convince him we are indeed more than friends."

J.P. said little as he gracefully accompanied his date to the floor. As the sleek, but powerful stallion placed a hand just over his tail, and gently took J.P.'s satin wrapped hand into his own, J.P. could not ignore the closeness and heat of his body. He didn't know if it turned him on, but it seemed logical as he danced in the well fit shoes and soft stockings. He could feel it all... the softness of his clothing, the nearness of the Clydesdale's body, the delicacy of his movements, and he didn't know why, but it was more that comfortable, it was exhilarating. The horse seemed quite into it himself, as J.P. thought some of K's supplies might have made it into the whiskey. Either way, though not at all aroused, J.P. was definitely quite excited... until Jasen's voice pierced his daze as he asked to cut in.

J.P. immediately closed in on himself. Though he was embracing his fears, if only to cope, this still could prove as dangerous as it would have four years ago.

"She isn't used to these sorts of things," K suggested. "Perhaps next time..."

"I would not so easily dismiss me, workhorse. Do not forget who's hospitality you are enjoying."

J.P. pulled in closer to Kline, who gently wrapped a hand around his ass for Jasen to see. "She does not want to dance with you, friend. I may not be tactful, but I know when the line is being crossed."

"Friend," asserted the raccoon. "I expect a level of class, at my gatherings, and until it is demonstrated that she is decisively attached, it would be very poor manners for her to refuse."

The handsome equine looked at his date with a soft wink, and stroked his cheek, as with little other warning, his muzzle fell against the deer's and he began to passionately, yet gently, kiss the alarmed and disoriented doe. J.P. ... under the influence of a mild, but thorough aphrodisiac, could not ignore the pleasurable softness against his lips. As the strong man, to whom he had no connection deeply kissed his soft muzzle, as he protected him from the libidinous raccoon, J.P. could not make sense of his feelings anymore, but it seemed only right as draped his arms over K's shoulders, and felt his effeminate form move against the clothing and into the kiss.

J.P... J. He liked it. He couldn't afford to care anymore. This was safe, but, it was more than that, and while ... while P.J. did not understand what was going on his... her head... she lifted a foot behind her, embraced the sinuous stallion, and let her eyes fall shut as she was swept into the moment.

Etiquette or no, Jasen was suddenly feeling very awkward. He grunted softly and moved off. Kline had expertly kept her safe, just as he was expected to, even though it all seemed just a little too convenient. As for P.J. , her head was so clouded, and her body so quietly thrilled, she was too lost in the kiss, in herself, to conceive what she had surrendered herself to.

The End