

A feminization Romance



# Snow Bunny

Sally Laces

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A woman with long brown hair, wearing a white bikini and white snow boots, stands in a snowy mountain landscape. She is holding a white snowboard with colorful graphics. The background shows snow-covered mountains under a clear blue sky.

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## Contents

[First Page Header](#)

[Story](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Author's Note](#)

[House Swap](#)

[Bully to Babe](#)

[Strip Sissy](#)

[Sissy Starlet](#)

[Girls Night](#)

[Jock to Cheerleader!](#)

[Other Stories](#)

[OceanofPDF.com](#)

# **Snow Bunny**

by Sally laces

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# Story

When shy and reserved Erik gets invited to spend a week at his roommate's mountain chalet, he find himself snowed-in at the cabin alone with a muscled hunk and a closet full of women's clothing.

Now, braving a snow storm and a power outage, the burly mountain man and the shivering college Freshman have to use all their wits to survive - and maybe find out a bit more about themselves in the process. Once Erik discovers women's clothes are *much* warmer than men's, he'll find himself trying out things he *never* considered before - and going even further with the man who could open him up to all kinds of new ideas.

It's a cozy winter feminization story from Sally Laces!

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# Chapter 1

The road they'd come up had been coated in a thick blanket of white. Looking over the balcony as the frosty air stung his button nose and the glare of the sun ached his cerulean blue eyes, Erik searched for any sign of the paved single-lane highway he'd driven up just the day prior. He came up short; no signs of civilization presented themselves as far as he could see, a good two or three miles at his best estimate down a white expanse surrounded on either side by snow-painted pine trees.

The private road hadn't seemed that long when he drove up it the day prior. Perhaps his mind had been elsewhere. Nerves and anxiety often rankled the college freshman, who'd somehow been roomed with one of the more affable men at school. While Dan, his roommate, wasn't part of the University football team, his notable success in high school and his love of intramurals made him a popular figure on campus and in the dorms, a secondhand notoriety Erik hadn't quite managed to parlay into getting laid yet. In exchange for letting Erik accompany him to parties, the shy freshman lad never complained to Dan about being sexiled from their shared dorm room, an event that happened at least twice a week.

Maybe that's why Dan invited me here, Erik thought to himself, placing his hands on the wooden balcony, staring blankly across the white expanse. They'd had the normal roommate issues. Dan would often groan loudly when Erik stayed up for all-night coding binges while Erik would stew in silence when Dan would return drunk to their room on a weeknight. Neither of these issues stopped them from being polite with each other, and a shared affection for Super Destruction Siblings kept them from being at each other's throats. When you can bash your roommate's electronic avatar into oblivion your anger tends to dissipate pretty quickly.

Before Christmas break, Dan had casually inquired what Erik's plans were with his family. The athlete, tossing boxers and t-shirts into his carry-on, didn't notice that Erik was deep in concentration in his textbooks, a focus that was broken immediately by the question.

*I don't have any plans* , Erik had said. *My family and I don't really get along.*

He'd answered casually, plainly, and without much emotion. Dan, however, stopped packing and stared at his roommate with an emotion he rarely felt:

Empathy.

*I guess I'll just stay here* , Erik had shrugged, not really having put much thought into winter break plans. For him it was just another week in a four-year long enrollment. He'd pre-selected his second semester classes, all courses normally reserved for Juniors and Seniors. To keep up with the advanced coursework he'd have to do some pre-studying. Apart from that, the silence of the empty dorm hall would make a perfect venue for coding projects, loud video gaming, and masturbating in his room at his leisure, knowing his roommate was miles away.

This idea of such solitude horrified Dan, who couldn't go more than 4 hours (long, snoring sleep excluded) without talking to or fucking someone new.

He'd offered. Then he'd asked. Then he'd insisted. Erik had to join Dan and his high school buddy up at Dan's aunt's boyfriend's cabin. There was room enough for all five of them: Dan, his aunt Ellen, Ellen's boyfriend "Uncle" Rob, Dan's friend Josh, and Erik, who had his concerns.

Erik first attempted to stave off the kind offer by questioning whether this Rob guy would want some stranger at his cabin. The next day, Dan put the bashful Erik on speakerphone with Aunt Ellen and Uncle Rob, who both gleefully insisted 'the more the merrier!' After that Erik had to scrounge for weaker excuses that the insistent Dan batted aside like weak layups. Homework? That could wait til next year! No winter clothes? Rob had tons of extras!

Eventually Erik tried his lame standby complaint: No internet. After a quick text to Rob, Dan asked Erik if 30 mbps (Dan pronounced it “mebpiiss”) would be enough. Erik’s jaw nearly hit the floor; that was substantially better than he got in his dorm.

Eventually, he caved. Erik agreed to accompany Dan, his friend, his aunt and her boyfriend on a 7-day trip to the mountain chalet. The fact that Dan would be arriving the day after the end of classes hardly phased Erik. He didn’t mind waiting in the dorm for a night. Dan suggested Erik go up a day early and meet Josh, Dan’s friend from high school, who’d be arriving a day earlier than the Dan and his relatives. Erik smiled and waved the offer off - he’d be fine alone.

Or so he thought. The very minute the last finals were handed in, everyone returned to their dorms to clear out. Bags were hastily packed, goodbyes were quickly said, and empty vodka bottles were none-too-discreetly tossed into the campus recycling dumpster. Dan left to meet his Aunt Ellen and Uncle Rob out in the city for a family meal. Erik sat alone in a dorm room, empty but for a bunk bed and two small desks, the only furniture provided by the school, in a ghostly dorm room on an empty 50 acre campus.

He texted Dan to see if it was okay to go up that night instead, like Dan had previously suggested. After a quick ‘K’ text from his roommate, Erik ran out to his car with a small bag of clothing - he didn’t need much for a week - and began an hour drive out of town that led to 2 hours on the highway before 45 minutes in a small mountain town and another 20 minutes down a private road. The gate was open though there was no sign of Dan’s friend Josh. Erik decided to leave the introductions for another day. Running on nothing but Red Bull and nerves, Erik let the empty spare bedroom and its thick flannel sheets wrap him up in sleep. He didn’t hear a sound other than the ruffling of his clothes as they hit the floor followed by his slim white body slipping into the cozy bedsheets.

That night, it began to snow.

## Chapter 2

Erik looked out across the expanse once more, the scent of pine needles filling his nostrils, a lone cawing hawk flying in the hazy distance where the highway may have been. How could this have happened overnight? He'd woken late, the windows outside his bedroom iced over, leaving his room in ominous shadows. When he stepped out of his room after donning a pair of jeans, a long-sleeve t-shirt, and his only jacket with his standard tennis shoes, he immediately went for the balcony. And now, here he was, looking at more snow than he'd ever seen from a third-story balcony on a mountain home built in a clearing of an immense forest.

Unbelievable. He pulled out his phone. No wifi, though he barely had 3G. He checked his weather app and read a short article about the unprecedented snowfall in the area, with the heaviest precipitation localized around New Bluff, the small town closest to Rob's cabin. He began to scan over the second half of the article when the door behind him slid open.

"Hey bro! You the roommate?"

Erik turned around rapidly, his feet sliding on the light sheen of ice. He flailed backward and gripped the balcony railing, his red-tipped fingers wiping powdery snow into the breeze.

"Um, yeah, hi," he said, still trying to find his footing on shaky legs.

Josh strode forward, each solid footfall vibrating the floorboards below him. He took Erik by the arm and helped him to stand.

"There! You're all set now."

Erik looked up at his unexpected housemate. The first thing he noticed was how much taller Josh was than Dan, who was already taller than the petite Erik. At least 6'2, Josh had the sort of blonde-haired blue-eyed Nordic features that probably made environments like this second nature to him. Erik assumed Josh, like Dan, had that Romeo quality about him that made girls swoon. His easy smile and lantern jaw were marred only slightly by a small white scar that told a story and enhanced his muscled physique. He wore a henley underneath a ski jacket, his thick legs in nothing but long johns.

“Aren't you cold?” Erik marveled, staring at two muscled calves and sculpted thighs closely covered by white fabric running tight along a notable crotch.

“It's not so bad today,” Mused Josh, looking over Erik's shoulder, staring up at the near-cloudless sky and the hazy yellow sun. “Cold last night though! What about you? Anything on under there?”

“What?!” Josh would have recoiled at the strange question if he had any space to move. As it was he remained trapped between Josh's broad chest and airy smile and the wood balcony behind him. “W-what do you mean?”

“Any long johns or leggings?” Josh asked, tilting his head slightly, his friendly gaze settling on Erik's pale face. “Jeans aren't really great for trapping heat. I've got a pair with me but when I wear 'em out I gotta have something underneath.”

“Oh.” Erik had no idea. He'd grown up in the plains, not the mountains. If it got cold where he lived his solution was to stay indoors with the heater on and his PC running. The tricks to bundling up in layers were foreign to the guy whose wardrobe consisted of relaxed jeans and simple t-shirts. “I'm not wearing anything else. Just my underwear.”

He blushed slightly at the mention of what he chose to wear underneath his clothes, unseen by anyone else.

“Well, we’ll both freeze our balls off if we stay out here much longer,” Josh noted, nodding his head toward the glass doors. “C’mon, let’s get something to eat.”

Josh had the firm walk of someone who knew where he was going - in life, and in the immediate future. Erik couldn’t help but respond to that kind of leadership, even if his worn-out shoes slipped and slid over the icy ground all the way back.

He had the tiniest inkling to ask Josh to help him back into the house, using that same tight grip as before. Instead he wobbled and flailed his way back inside, stumbling over the interior mat and toward the granite kitchen island.

“Did you want to go out?” Erik asked.

“Roads are totally iced over. Don’t think either of our beaters can make it down that driveway until the snow melts.”

“We’re not gonna get plowed?”

Erik coughed. *Phrasing, dumbass.*

Josh shrugged off his rayon ski jacket and pulled open both doors of the stainless steel refrigerator. “Private driveway. Talked to Dan and his uncle this morning. Apparently we’re stuck.” He let out a low, manly groan befitting the tense muscles on his back. “And there’s no food.”

“No food?” Erik hurried over to Josh’s side, gazing into the refrigerator.

No food? What was he talking about? The egg tray was full, there were carrots and other root vegetables sitting on shelves, and the cartons of milk and cream were brand new. Josh hesitantly reached for a half-open carton of Chinese food, opened the slits, and looked down unsure at the rice and meat inside. He gave a desultory poke at the contents with an unbroken pair of wooden chopsticks.

“I can cook something,” Erik offered.

“You know how to cook?” Josh eagerly tossed the leftovers back into the refrigerator. “Like, food?”

Erik let out a little laugh. He covered his mouth; in a place like this, with vaulted ceilings and a spacious living room, his voice tended to sound higher and lighter than it really was. “Um, yeah. Just something simple, I mean. Maybe... omelets?” They certainly had enough eggs.

“Omelets? Seriously?” Josh’s baritone carried throughout the room, spreading out over the white leather couches and kitchen appliances all the way down either hallway to the bedrooms. “Dude, that’d be awesome!”

“Okay!” It’d been a long, *long* time since someone had been this eager to have Erik around. He reached into the fridge and pulled out two eggs, looked up Josh’s broad frame, and added two more. Erik himself hardly ate much, but he wasn’t the muscled wall Josh had pumped iron to become.

He began preparing the ingredients on the counter while Josh strode back to the sliding door. “I should go dig my car out,” he mused, rubbing his stubble and looking down at the white blob that used to be his Jeep. “You want me to do you?”

Erik had been carefully pouring the milk into a saucepan. Had been, at least. As soon as he heard Josh speak a puddle of white foamy liquid formed on the countertop. “W-what?” Erik asked, placing the carton down and searching for a rag.

“I can get the snow off of your car,” said Josh, returning to his coat, oblivious to Erik’s accidental spill. “Might keep the battery from dying.”

“Oh, right,” Erik sighed. “That’d be lovely. Thanks, Josh.”

Josh flashed a smile.

“No problem. If we’re gonna be roommates might as well make the best out of it, right?”

“Mhm.”

Erik kept his head down, whisking the eggs and milk together. He glanced up briefly at Josh’s tight, firm ass, headed for his bedroom.

He quickly returned to his work, eager to keep his hands moving and his mind distracted.

It was going to be a long couple of days.

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# Chapter 3

Cherry tomatoes and portobello mushrooms mixed quite easily with the shredded cheddar cheese inside the folded over, extra-sized omelets. Josh hadn't returned by the time Erik had finished the quick meal. The chef decided to brew up coffee, poured water into two ornate glasses, and rooted around for some other items he could use. He placed a bit of ham on Josh's plates and added a small dish of carrot cake oatmeal to his meal, using the instant oats and shredding the carrots he found in the fridge.

By the time all of that was done the eggs were threatening to turn cold. Erik went to the balcony and watched for a moment. Josh was down there standing by his red Jeep, every inch of the vehicle but the wheels wiped clean of snow. Erik's own car remained a work-in-progress. Josh had a large black snow-shovel in his two gloved hands, a scarf wrapped around his face, his wispy breath forming at the edge of the cloth every time he scooped out another wealth of powder and tossed it over his shoulder. A scraper-brush multitool sat on the hood of Erik's sedan.

For a moment, Erik was struck by an emotion he couldn't quite place. It was a bit like the nostalgia he felt when he played retro video games on his gaming PC, only deeper, and in the reverse. Was there such a thing as nostalgia for a moment or place you'd never been to? The amenities around him were much richer than he'd ever seen, much less stayed in. He'd never been this high up in the mountains; all the foliage was new to him. Aside from the clothes he wore, which had felt dumpy ever since he'd woken up, the entire image surrounding him was entirely new.

And yet, he felt like he'd been here before. The mountain home, the fresh clean air, and Josh, working his butt off down there, bundled up against the cold, hidden underneath layers yet still so *manly*, working his muscles, planting his feet, humming a bit as he worked in concentration.

Why did Erik feel like he'd finally arrived?

“Breakfast is ready!” He shouted, both to Josh and to the nature around him. He wanted to announce his presence, to tell the world that he, Erik, had come home, and he'd brought omelets.

Josh finished one final scoop and then tossed the shovel to the side. He stared down the driveway, his head turning left and right.

“Josh?” Erik called.

The bigger man immediately turned around and stared up at the balcony. He tugged the scarf off his face, his straight nose a bit red, his lips pale, his eyes a bit watery.

“Phew! Didn't recognize your voice at first!” Josh unzipped his coat and wafted air into his stomach, jerking his undershirt forward and back, the sweat on his abs visible even from Erik's height. “What'd you say?”

“Breakfast, um, is ready.” Erik squinted out against the sun. “More like brunch now, I guess.” It seemed like just minutes ago Erik was out on the balcony looking at a happy sun set into a cloudless sky. Now the sun was larger, a cooler orange obelisk hanging down lower near the treelike. When had it gotten so dark?

Josh zipped open his coat, a sound that got Erik's attention. For a moment he thought the bigger man was about to pee.

“Head in then?” He asked with that same gregarious smile, tromping over snow on his way back inside, Erik trailing dutifully along behind his new roommate.

# Chapter 4

He hadn't realized just how cold he was until he got back inside. Rob's cabin was far from rustic. The outside heater switched on automatically, and the floors were heated as well, the tingling sensation restoring feeling to Erik's feet via his white athletic socks. A digital thermostat listed the room temperature at a balmy 22 degrees.

"Is it really that cold in here?" Asked Josh in confusion.

"It's Celsius," said Erik, watching the bear tap the LED display. "In Fahrenheit that's like, 75 degrees."

Ballpark. Erik tried the formula in his head, a leftover from his AP Chemistry classes in high school. Multiply by 1.8, plus 32...

"Do you mind if I make it a bit higher?" Asked Josh. His gloved finger hovered over the button.

"I don't mind you turning the heat up."

He gave it a single press, just enough to make them both sweat a little bit, insulating them from the growing cold outside. Josh moved to the kitchen. His eyes widened at the smorgasbord before him.

"You cooked *all this*?" The hungry working man eagerly scoped all of the food made for him onto a plate. Erik already had his smaller meal arranged in front of him at the glass kitchen table, idly pretending to pick at the oatmeal and eggs, not wanting to start until Josh sat down.

With an aching sigh Josh flopped back into his seat and began to wolf the food into his mouth. Erik watched with a silent smile, amused by just how

famished his roommate was. Well, he had worked hard for nearly two hours out there, muscles straining, breath heavy, hands clenched around that thick black handle...

Josh said something, knocking Erik out of his quiet reverie. "Sorry?"

The snow shoveler swallowed a mouthful of egg and ham. "Do you have a kitchen in your dorm room or something? This is *really* good!"

Erik tilted his head down toward his food, hoping Josh wouldn't notice his blush. "There's a communal kitchen but I don't go there much." He had once, only to find it full of women. They were polite to him however he felt too embarrassed to be seen taking on such a girly hobby, especially when he'd arrived with flour and eggs and sugar and all the other ingredients to cook brownies. He put the memory aside, not wanting to think or talk of it more. Yet Josh's dark blue eyes remained, watching Erik in his discomfort, mistaking it for hunger or at most a brief mental pause.

"I used to cook a lot at home," said Erik, treading into a topic he'd never spoken of with his Roommate Dan. "You follow the cookbooks and, I dunno, eventually you get really good."

"Well this is *way* better than anything I've had in a long time."

"You're really sweet." Erik pulled his coffee cup to his lips, trying to focus on taking slow, careful sips of the lukewarm brew. Did he *really* just call Josh 'sweet?' He wanted to slink down under the table and hide from those eyes.

Josh didn't say anything about the awkward word. He didn't laugh, or mock, or get angry like Erik had assumed a guy like him might. He just picked up a forkful of the mushrooms and chewed happily.

"For real though," he continued, "For me it's all protein shakes and BCAA powder trying to keep fit for work."

*That* got Erik's attention. He left his silly fear of rejection behind and leaned in. "Where... Where do you work?"

"A personal training gym out in the city." Josh shrugged. "Pay's good. Got my certification after high school."

"Do you like it?"

"Oh yeah," said Josh loudly, "Definitely, great people, manager's tight, the clients are mostly pretty cool. A lot of older people in their 30s and 40s, lot of trophy wives trying to keep their figures. They really like me."

*I bet they do*, Erik thought to himself, chewing ruminatively on the last of his oatmeal. He could easily imagine Josh in a rayon shirt and gym shorts coaching some bleached-blonde housewife through a set of squats, her teasing him in the mirror and aching and straining against her yoga pants hoping their handsome trainer would notice. Erik could just imagine girls pinching his biceps or marveling at his six-pack while Josh chuckled and made polite jokes about his figure in front of the women who clearly wanted more than just fitness advice.

He felt sad, for some reason.

"I should get back in the gym," Erik said.

"Yeah? What kind of goals are you working toward?"

Erik choked slightly on his coffee, coughing and tapping his pale chest with his fist. "Oh, uh..." The comment had been nothing but conversational filler, something to put in the void created by Erik's thoughts. He'd never so much as stepped foot in a gym, though he'd often considered doing so, knowing dumbbells and barbells were the only way to build something out of his lithe, thin frame.

"Maybe squats?"

"Squats?"

“I heard a heavy squat routine is the best way to increase testosterone,” Erik added quickly. He may have had no experience with a barbell, but his intensive internet research gave him more knowledge than most gym bros.

Josh paused for a moment, thinking that over. “Y’know, that’s probably true. Activates a whole hell of a lot of muscles. Deadlifts too.” He took his scraped-empty plate and brought it over to the sink. “Usually it’s the girls who want to squat heavy. Get that Instagram booty.”

Erik forced himself to laugh loudly enough for Josh to hear him over the distance. He certainly didn’t want *that*. No no, he just wanted more testosterone, like any guy his age.

Besides.

He’d always had a particularly thick ass, much to his disdain.

He flexed his cheeks instinctively and stood, shuffling his plate to the sink, tilting his hips forward, hoping Josh wouldn’t notice the roundness of his rear. Or that he would, perhaps. Josh’s eyes were firmly on the window above the sink.

“Still another hour or two of sunlight out,” he mused. He finished washing off the plate and stuck it in the drying rack, taking Erik’s without a word.

“Oh, thanks!”

“Hey, you cooked, least I could do is clean. Listen, I saw a cabin out there, bout 100 feet from the driveway. Looks pretty big, got a chimney and everything. Wanna go check out what’s inside?”

“Are we allowed?”

Josh turned his head, smirking at Erik. He didn’t have to say anything; just that cocky smile was enough to get anyone, male or female, to go along with whatever scheme the fitness trainer concocted.

“Rob said to make ourselves at home, right? C’mon. Grab your jacket, you can help me out.”

“Sure!” Josh spun on his socks and made his way to his room, almost giddy. He stopped in the awning to assess his emotions. Why was he so happy? He hadn’t felt this way before.

“What did you need my help with?”

Josh shook off his wet hands. “Shoveling the snow. Think there’s a path there. Hey, you said you wanted a workout, right?”

Erik tried flexing his muscles. He didn’t think Josh noticed.

“Make sure you grab a thick jacket,” Josh said, returning to his own slung over the chair. “Snow boots too, its a lot thicker out there than it looks.”

Ski jackets and snow boots weren’t part of Erik’s wardrobe, let alone the few items he packed for the trip. He’d imagined this vacation to be mostly staying indoors or brief forays outside with a light pullover. While the blizzard had arrived unexpectedly, Erik’s typical solution to such a problem would be to hide away near the fireplace, not step out and attack the snow.

“I don’t have that stuff,” he admitted, with a heavy dose of sadness. He hated disappointing people. The best part about his gaming hobbies and computer science major were the solitude, the ability to work in peace. His successes were his own, as were his failures. On team efforts he could disappoint people, and that always hurt more than failing on his own.

“No problem,” Josh said amicably. “I didn’t bring this thing up.” He lifted the heavy yellow jacket, showing off its reflective interior and the faux-fur trim around the hood. Looked expensive. “Rob lent it to me. He’s got tons of winter clothes in the closet down the hall. Check it out, I’m sure you’ll find something.”

The jacket had to be at least an XL, a good fit for someone of Josh's height - or Rob's, apparently - and comically oversized for the shorter Erik. He didn't lose hope. If Rob could afford all this opulence then surely he could afford a variety of clothing as well, right?

It turned out Erik had been correct.

He just didn't expect women's clothing.

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# Chapter 5

As Josh sat on a wicker chair on the covered porch pulling on his boots, Erik stared into the closet with a palpitating heart. The distinction between what belonged to Uncle Rob and what Aunt Ellen wore was immediate and obvious. His half of the closet filled the left side, dark colored clothing and camouflage on heavy wooden hangers. On the right hung Aunt Ellen's clothing. Tight yoga pants. Ugg boots. Pink jackets with huge furry hoods next to scarves with ornate patterns.

“Almost ready?” Josh asked in a voice that carried.

“Almost!” Erik squeaked back.

He grabbed for the items with quivering fingers. The thick pink coat had an undershirt hidden within, a grey and white knit fleece that on its own may have looked androgynous were it not for the big gold buttons and the overall softness of the cotton fabric. The black leggings were no issue; he could wear those under his jeans like Josh had suggested earlier.

He did his best to accessorize. Unfortunately, Aunt Ellen seemed to prefer a certain style. A leopard-print beanie with a big fuzzy poofball on top and a matching scarf whose designer label revealed its exorbitant cost (not that Erik noticed) were the only two of their kind. Erik collected the items and clutched them against his chest, hurrying over to his room. “I’ll be out in one minute!”

“Alright,” Josh called back. “I’m gonna go ahead and get started.”

Erik pulled off his clothing, glad to be freed from the over-washed t-shirt, the loose jeans that collected no warmth, and the white athletic socks he’d owned since high school. He paid little if any attention to his fashion

choices thus far in his life. Looking down at what he'd discarded, collected over the last two years from second-hand stores and donation bins, he saw nothing that affected him the way Ellen's clothing had just moments prior. That frisson of excitement, not from borrowing the clothes but from the idea of wearing them, still tickled his gut and teased at his mind. There had only been one time in his life where clothes had been something to allure him rather than embarrass or annoy him.

That was when he began wearing women's panties.

He couldn't quite recall when it'd started. There'd been a few token forays here and there, and prior to that he remembered searching clothing shops online and just staring at the underwear, sometimes worn by models, sometimes lying flat on a white background, like modern art. The summer before college he'd picked up a web design project for a local coffeeshop and used the money to do some back-to-school shopping. When it came to men's clothes he only knew what he'd learned from his mother and step-father: hand-me-downs from other families, whatever was donated, whatever worked. T-shirts and jeans, mostly, and socks in big value packs. He couldn't do the same for his underwear.

Knowing no one else would see, he started buying women's panties online, shipped in discreet boxes and always worn in complete privacy.

They fit so well. Tight around his small crotch and thick hips, hugging him down there and giving comfort through rigorous exams, long walks across campus, and fitful sleeps in the often-loud dorm room. When Dan was around he would keep a pair of basketball shorts on over them and slip them off when he was in bed; either Dan never noticed this habit or never cared. Dan himself had no qualms about walking around the room in nothing but his boxer briefs; Erik repaid Dan's quiet courtesy by doing his best to look away when his roommate chose to walk around in a state of near-undress.

As for himself, the panties he wore were a private rebellion against something. He didn't quite know what. Maybe his parents, the way they sneered at his choice of attending college and leaving their podunk small

town. Maybe society and the way it insisted the frilled lacy hip-hugging panties were for women and women alone. Maybe himself, even. He didn't think about it much. There were always problem sets in his Java class that needed doing, volunteer hours in the student IT department, internships to apply to, online freelance projects to pay for his food and spending cash... and more panties.

Now, on his first full vacation, with nothing to do but help his affable housemate shovel the walkway, he had a little bit of time to think.

“At least they match the leggings,” he said softly to himself, sitting down on the edge of the bed. He'd seen leggings before at the same department stores where he bought the panties, though he could *barely* resolve himself to buy the underwear, let alone any other women's clothes (more than once the virgin had told a store clerk they were 'for his girlfriend,' even though the checkout girls only ever asked for his reward's card.)

Ellen's leggings were brand new. They still had the tag, which Erik tucked into the waistband, pointedly ignoring the price. He stretched the elastic band and let it snap back before falling onto his bare lap.

Erik lifted the item and stuck his lithe legs out, pulling up the tight garment with a single thrust, shut eyes, a nervy smile across his fey face. His hairless goose-pimpled legs immediately relaxed in the new warmth, coaxed into a calm in the heated room, tenderly surrounded by the tight fabric. He set his feet on the floor and looked down at his knees.

They fit.

Perfectly.

HE stood up and took a few steps around the room, testing the feel, the tightness, the elasticity. He'd never understood until now how women could go out in all kinds of cold - the dead of night, the windiest days, the first snowfalls - in nothing but these and a pair of boots and a jacket and not feel close to hypothermia. Now he felt silly for ever wondering. The leggings

trapped every mote of heat inside, much better than any billowy jeans or sweatpants he ever owned.

Except for his feet. The leggings ended at Erik's ankle in a white snowflake design. He couldn't wear the same tube socks again. They'd clash with his new fashion, and beside, who puts socks back on after taking them off?

After a quick trip back to the closet and a hasty 'almost ready!' in a high-pitched voice, Erik returned to his room with a pair of red-and-white knit socks that reminded him of Christmas. Not those dull gift-less holiday affairs he sat through back home, but the Christmas he espied on TV, the one that regular people got. He put the memories out of his mind and tugged on the socks, wiggling his toes within the rich knit fabric, absorbing the warmth like a reptile on a favored rock.

Erik stood up and smoothed his hands down his waist. Squats or no squats, his ass looked amazing in the leggings. Any embarrassment or shame he used to feel about his butt had faded away now that his clothing insisted on showing it off. Moreover, his slim waist and curvy hips hardly seemed like the sort of thing to hide under baggy, cheap clothing. The contrast between his pale skin and the black leggings felt straight out the catalogue. From the navel down, he could be a model for these clothes.

He couldn't rightly go out in the cold with no top, and Josh was still waiting for him. He pulled down the sweater, the wool tingling against his chest and nipples, and then tossed the jacket on over, the bright pink lighting up the room like the star on a Christmas tree. A pair of matching pink-and-white mittens in the front pocket made sure his slender fingers would be free from frostbite, and the leopard-print beanie atop his head covered his curly brown hair quite nicely.

Warm, winter-ready, and just north of feminine, Erik lifted two of the slats on the venetian blinds and peeked out at the front drive, looking for Josh.

There he was, coat done up, hands clenched around the shaft of the shovel, working tirelessly though at a slower pace than earlier. The sun glimmered off the slow-melting snow surrounding him, his breath fogging in front of

his mouth. Sweat beaded on his forehead, his whole body a machine made to work.

And plow.

Suddenly Josh stopped working. He held the shovel in his hands but stood up straight and looked around. Erik leaned back from the window, ready to jump away if those cool blue eyes turned his way. He didn't want to be caught peeping - not that he was really being much of a voyeur, of course.

Josh lifted his chin and looked toward the front door. Erik watched with a slow-forming smile against his plump red lips.

He was waiting for Erik.

He missed him.

That gave Erik all the impetus he needed to rush out of the room and make his way out to the porch, ready to start a new day.

And a new life.

# Chapter 6

He had to go with what fit him when it came to boots. Purple with white soles and a merino interior, they insulated his feet against the cold as Erik tromped down the wooden steps. Only when he came within spitting distance of Josh did he consider exactly *what* he was doing and wearing.

The working man turned toward him, shovel in hand, and paused, staring down at the boy in a knit sweater with a pink jacket, charcoal leggings, fluffy purple ankle boots, and a leopard-print beanie.

The snow might have only melted an inch. All of Josh's five feet and four inches felt like they were about to turn to a puddle.

Josh just firmly nodded. "Grab a shovel?"

Erik blinked at him for a few seconds, then pulled a nearby shovel from where it leaned on a tree. Josh had made good time for his effort, digging out at least half the path toward the mystery cabin.

"Oh, it's so cute," said Erik, unabashed at using the word. The cabin *was* cute, all brick with a matching chimney, a wooden door and a window with a snowflake decal on the interior. Surrounded by trees and snow, it looked straight from a kitschy Christmas calendar.

"Well, we're almost there. We'll work twice as fast with you here to help!"

"Right!"

Wrong.

Erik managed three lifts before he felt his arms begin to ache. His body wasn't used to physical labor - hell, compared to the statuesque Josh, he was hardly built to lift anything heavier than a laptop. He did his best anyway, working alongside Josh to scoop snow out of the way of the path, allowing the bigger man to move forward more quickly while Erik did his best with what remained left behind. Only minutes after they started Erik planted his front foot on a clear patch on the stone floor, leaned forward to lift with his back rather than his legs, and took up a lot more snow than his little red shovel could handle.

When he lifted he felt a twang in his lower back followed by a wobbling in his legs before the sting of a fall ran up his sissy butt.

“Owww,” he moaned, brushing snow off the bottom of the coat that covered his rear (and his crotch). His leggings were beginning to become wet and his sweater had ridden up to expose his midriff, all of which he felt isolated in the cold air.

“Here,” said Josh, offering his hand. Erik noticed he'd removed his glove. He did so as well, not wanting to get any of the water on his mittens on Josh's hand.

They locked palms and in an instant Erik was back on his feet, pulleyed by the strength of Josh's arm. He pulled down his sweater and wiped snow off his leggings, then searched for the shovel, which he'd tossed dramatically behind him.

“Tougher than it looks huh?” Said Josh amiably, patting Erik on the shoulder.

“I guess I'm not much help...”

“No way, this is much easier with you.” A lie, and Erik knew it. He prepared himself to feel bad for being a drain on Josh's effort, yet to his surprise, the warmth in his chest didn't abate. He remained as happy as before, festooned in women's clothes, the leggings keeping their warmth and repelling the flecks of ice, his feet nice and toasty in the knit socks and

wool-lined boots. Josh's words were simply untrue - he had been shoveling faster before Erik tried to help - but his tone was honest.

Erik looked up at Josh, smiling down at him, the hand on his shoulder, the smile across his face, his blue eyes sparkling with small tears brought by the chilly wind.

What if he wasn't lying?

Sure, Erik hadn't made things quicker or simpler, but 'easier' could mean a lot of things. Working out here alone in the cold was a workout and nothing more. Working with someone else nearby made it a winter activity. They shared the same air, the same space, and the same goal - making their way to the cabin, which was just feet away now.

"Hey, I know," offered Josh. "What if you sweep the path after I shovel it? That way there won't be any snow on the ground tonight to freeze over."

"Oh. Okay!"

Erik hurried back to the porch and returned with a large straw broom, dutifully sweeping his way toward Josh, who worked at a steady speed with the shovel's handle. Erik's work didn't require as much strength, although he quickly noted how much better suited he was to the task. For one thing, his clothing had less bulk, allowing him a greater range of horizontal motion than Josh's forward shoveling. Since he was shorter Erik figured being lower to the ground allowed him quicker sweeping arcs, brushing the snow off the path to join the large natural piles beside the stone path at a rapid pace. The light coat of powder that would have turned into ice overnight faded away with every motion Erik made.

It wasn't busy work, he decided, working up a sweat in his effort. He could tell Josh wouldn't leave a job half-finished just by watching the way he put all his effort into every scoop, one hand tight on the shovel's handle, the other firm on the shaft, bending at the knees and tossing 15 or 20 pounds of snow away at a time. The path he carved out spread perfectly over the stones leading to the cabin without moving too far over the underbrush of

the forest. A good sweeping actualized what was man-made and apart from the natural beauty surrounding them.

It was a team effort, and Erik was happy to be a part of the job.

“Alright,” said Josh, patting his gloved hands against each other before unzipping his coat. “Good work!” He held up one large mitt for a high five. For the first time in his life Erik connected his slap perfectly, Erik’s soft mittens connecting against Josh’s nylon shell for a booming slap.

Then Erik leaned forward and wrapped his arms around Josh’s waist.

It wasn’t a bro hug. Not one of those half-hearted taps on the back that Erik and his roommate Dan gave each other on their first awkward meeting. Erik couldn’t remember the last person he’d actually hugged like this, but he knew he’d made the right choice, his lithe arms wrapping firmly around Josh’s broad back, his body pressed up against his, feeling each other’s warmth.

Then he felt something stir in his leggings and pulled back, his hands shooting up to his mouth.

“Sorry, got excited,” Erik squeaked.

Josh spread his arms out, and for a moment Erik thought he was going to hug him back. That would be something to feel - those massive arms wrapped around his tiny physique, pulling him toward Josh’s sweat-slicked chest, maybe even putting his hand on the back of Erik’s head for a quick pat that he felt he so deserved.

It wasn’t to be. Josh was merely stretching a back sore from a day of shoveling.

“Yeah,” Josh replied with something like a shrug, his voice more amused than upset. “Can’t wait to see what’s inside, huh?”

“Y-yeah,” Erik said, brushing a stray lock of his brown hair out of his forehead. It must’ve come loose when he was sweeping, he figured. Haircuts were an unnecessary expense for the college Freshman, and his curly locks had grown into something approaching a mop.

Or, when loose like that, maybe more of a pixie style.

Josh turned his back fully toward Erik, who followed him toward the cabin’s door. A combination lock sat on a chain around the two handles of both wooden doors. Josh tugged on them a few times, testing the chain’s strength. Erik silently wondered whether Josh could pull the chains loose like some barbarian hero. Impossible, he figured.

Maybe.

Anything was possible.

“I bet it’s... 6-9-6-9.”

Sure enough, the lock snapped open. Erik huffed out a laugh. “Seriously?”

“Dan takes care of the place when Rob’s away,” Josh chuckled. “Figures that he’d set the codes.”

“That is so like him,” Erik said, folding his arms.

Josh placed the lock and chain in one of the bigger pockets on his coat. He took hold of the wooden door handles, then paused. “What do you think is inside?”

“I really have no idea.”

“C’mon, guess. We’ll make a game out of it.”

“Alright. I guess... It’s a storage shed.”

Josh turned to Erik laconically. “I hope it’s something a little more interesting than that.”

With a bemused scoff, Erik rolled his eyes and raised his fingers toward the heavens. “Okay, fine. I bet it’s a... I dunno... A secret sex dungeon. Or something.”

No sooner had he said the words than he began to regret them - but only mildly - when he saw the flush across Josh’s cheeks.

“Uh... Wow. Maybe I spoke too soon.” He looked at the doors with a new wariness, jiggling the handles. “You really think it might be?”

“Maybe,” Erik said defensively. “You never know!” He didn’t think he’d win this game. It was worth losing just to see the unflappable Josh lightly embarrassed. “What do you think it is?”

Josh tilted his head back, looking up at the clouds. They were the night shift arriving to relieve the sun from its daytime duties. “I bet it’s a sauna.”

“A what?”

“You’ve never heard of a sauna before?”

Erik shook his head, that irksome lock of hair flipping down outside of his beanie. He lifted the edge to tuck the tress back inside. “What’s that?”

“It’s like a steam room. All wood, and there’s a stove with a bunch of rocks inside that heat up. Once the place gets nice and hot you feel totally warmed up. Really relaxing, especially after being in the snow all day.”

Erik had spent most of the day indoors. The mere hour he’d had in the cold made the thought of this sauna sound appealing. Being alone with Josh in some place like that would be much more preferable to a storage shed or sex dungeon.

*Well, maybe.*

“I’ve never been to one of those before,” said Erik, as Josh knocked snow out of the doors’ path.

“There’s one at our gym. Great for after a workout, if you don’t mind being around all those naked guys.”

Naked?

Josh gave one burly pull to both doors, sending them flying open. Erik didn’t feel any heat come flying out of the opening, nor did he hear the crackle of burning rocks. Kicking off the snow from his boots, Josh took a step inside. The creak of wood preceded the rich scent of cedar when Erik followed him inside.

“Oh, hell yeah! This one’s way nicer than the one at our gym!”

Josh’s excitement spread quickly. Erik felt the same wave of enthusiasm that the other man felt. He flipped on the light switch. The left half of the cabin was walled in glass, a bench set into the far wall while a quaint looking stove sat on the other side of the glass partition. The rest of the room hosted an in-ground hot-tub with a moon roof view in the ceiling above.

Slipping out of his boots, the knit socks padding his feet against the cedar wood floor, Erik padded over to the thermostat. Separate knobs and switches controlled everything from the temperature to the lights. He flipped one switch and the lights in the glass-partitioned sauna went on, a cool yellow haze not unlike the sun. The other switch turned on a different kind of light in the tub, one that danced through a rainbow of colors at a slow speed, rotating through ROYGBIV every few minutes. The rest of the panel was all digital, Erik’s specialty. It took a little finagling however within seconds Erik had gotten ahold of how to turn on the heat in both sauna and tub as well as adjust the brightness and speed of the lights and even turn on the bubbles.

“Okay! The heats on. I think it’ll take a few minutes to warm up.”

He turned around. “Did you want to get in the...”

His words broke off at the sight of Josh’s sculpted rear end in a pair of black boxer briefs. The demigod was turned around, bending over to remove his pants. He stood naked but for the briefs that went to his upper thigh, the waistband embossed with the words Calvin Klein.

“Tub?” He asked, casually peeking over Erik’s shoulder. “Looks like it’s warming up.” Sure enough, the first beads of steam were beginning to form on the surface of the water - just like the sweat on Erik’s forehead.

“Um... Sure.”

“Didn’t bring a bathing suit so I’m just gonna hop in in my underwear.” Josh took a few of his large strides over to the edge of the tub and bent down. His body in motion was straight out of an instructional film. With muscles that visible Erik could easily label each one with a marker, from his bulbed biceps to his carved calves along with all six of his jeweled abs.

Josh sat down and put his legs in the tub, leaning back to stretch his back. He glanced up at Erik and for the first time Erik couldn’t read the expression.

He was waiting for Erik to join him.

In *those* underwear.

“I’m just gonna grab a bathing suit,” Erik declared, rushing toward the door so quickly he almost forgot his boots. He scooped them up and stepped out of the door, aware that Josh had said something along the lines of “okay” or perhaps just a grunt of pleasure as he dipped his full body into the bath. He slipped into the boots and tromped on leaden feet back to the house.

The closet had plenty of clothing in all kinds and styles, yet mostly the garments were winter fashions. There were a few short-sleeve blouses meant to be worn under sweaters and jackets, a handful of tank-tops that

were perhaps meant as sleepwear with pajamas. Surely if Uncle Rob had paid tens of thousands of dollars for an indoor sauna and hot tub he and his partner would have stocked up on bathing suits. Unless they just went naked. It was his private property, after all.

That wasn't an option for Erik. He'd already announced his intention to put on a swimsuit, and eventually, as he rifled through drawers, he found two tropical-looking bathing suits meant for a man of Josh or Rob's size. L and XL, at least two or three sizes up from what Erik would normally wear - except in women's sizes, where he was a medium.

With a sigh, Erik sank down to his haunches, shutting the drawer softly. No bathing suit, then. Maybe it was for the best. He'd gotten away with wearing Ellen's clothes around Josh, and nothing had gone wrong. He'd experienced the thrill of being outdoors and in sight of a man while wearing girl clothing from his feet to his neck and underneath. He'd apologize for leaving Josh alone, bring up the swimsuit problem, and offer to make dinner. Easiest way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

*Not that I'm going for his heart,* Erik reminded himself.

He re-opened the bottom drawer - the storage drawer, most likely, for items that didn't fit the season - to put Rob's swimsuit back with the tank tops and t-shirts that made up his small summer cache. When he did, he noticed something bundled in the corner. Tossed into the drawer casually though still festooned with its tags, a simple black matching bikini set lay in wait of the Summer season.

Or hot tub season.

Erik didn't waste time. He made every excuse to himself on his way into the bathroom to change. The bikini bottoms looked just like a set of speedos, and yes, they were his size. He may not have worked as hard as Josh but his muscles were still sore, and he earned every right to a nice sauna and steam as the other. Plus Josh wanted company in the tub, even if Erik did wear a rather tight-fitting pair of bikini bottoms. The fact that the strap was held up with gold rings on either side of his hips didn't phase him.

Josh hadn't cared about the feminine style of his snow clothes. A bikini bottom would be no different.

He grabbed a bath towel to wrap around his waist and slung his jacket over his nearly-naked frame, hurrying out in hastily put-on boots on a stumbling though fast walk back to the sauna cabin. Once inside he slipped off the coat, heart racing, and pulled off his boots. Finally, the towel.

He made sure to get in the water before Josh could notice his bulge.

The displacement of the water, though minimal, alerted Josh to Erik's presence. He sat up straight in the tub, slowly, and blinked open his eyes.

"Uh..."

Erik sank down into the water. There was nowhere to hide. While the bubbles were on, only a light mist of foam had formed at the top of the water. Other than that they could see all the way down to the plastic bottom of the tub.

"That's a... nice swimsuit..."

Erik blew bubbles in the water, trying to think. He sat up straighter and inhaled deeply, his flat stomach tense with doubt.

"They're -"

He'd prepared a small lie about how they were a European cut, surely meant for men, all the fashion in Milan and Paris. Looking at Josh, he didn't feel like lying anymore. His honest eyes and mild confusion were something to meet with truth, not deception.

"I think they're bikini bottoms," he said in his tiniest voice. "They're the only thing that fit me."

Josh nodded slowly. "I get that," he said. "But uh... Why'd you put the top on too?"

“Huh?”

Erik stared down at his tits. No, not his tits. He didn't *have* tits.

He did, however, have a bikini top on.

In his haste to come back out, he hadn't been thinking. The top and bottom were a set. Acting on some unacknowledged impulse, Erik had put on both parts of the ensemble - and then forgotten he'd done so.

And now here he was, sitting in a hot tub with a guy twice his weight in nothing but his boxer shorts, wearing an outfit that only a true blue girl would ever think to wear.

He was absolutely mortified. He wanted to cry. His lower lip began to quiver. There was nothing he could do or say to explain this.

For Josh, Erik's soundless confusion was nothing to worry about.

He just chuckled and tapped Erik on the shoulder. That got the femboy's attention quite quickly. He put his hand on Erik's shoulder and gave him a little shake.

“You alright?”

Erik blinked at Josh, trying to will himself to say anything.

“Tub's not warmed up all the way yet but we can get in the sauna if you want.”

And just like that, the bikinied boy was free from his self-imposed humiliation.

*He doesn't care what I wear*, Erik thought to himself. The relief was as warm and encompassing as the water that ran up to his shoulders. “Let's stay in here a little more.”

Josh leaned back, spreading his long arms out behind him. “For sure. Loving this heat.”

“Me too.”

And with that, they sat across from each other, legs spread out in the spacious tub, totally at ease, safe from the cold world outside the small cabin, warm water and skimpy clothing their only neighbors.

Aside from each other.

Josh leaned his head up briefly, looked out the window, then down at Erik.

And winked.

Then he was back to leaning back in ease, like nothing had happened.

Erik, however, couldn't forget that smoldering look.

*He doesn't care what I wear*, he reminded himself, idly fondling the knot on his back that kept the bikini top around his flat chest. He could take it off now - but what was the point.

*He doesn't care what I wear.*

The words, repeated one more time in Erik's head, put down any thought of taking the top off. He kind of liked it there, actually. It felt... cozy.

*He doesn't care what I wear*, he thought one more time before closing his eyes with a serene smile, focusing on the water and the unassuming sound of the bubbles that beat against his back.

*I wish he cared a little though*, Erik found himself thinking, apropos of nothing. *I wish I knew what he thought.*

He crossed his legs under the water, trying to stymie a feeling in his new panties.

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# Chapter 7

“How long do you usually stay in here?” Erik asked. He looked at his arms. In the sauna’s dry heated air he’d gathered a fine sheen of sweat and a healthy pink glow. His smooth legs looked a bit fitter now that he’d pared down some of his water weight. The bikini top absorbed the sweat that ran down his hairless chest.

“20 minutes or so. How long’s it been?”

Erik waggled his head back and forth, his wet auburn hair flipping from side to side. “Maybe 15.”

“Ah, good enough. Can I show you something?”

“Sure!”

The duo stepped out of the glass partition. Immediately the room temperature air, heated by the hot tub and mostly insulated by the cedar walls, reduced Erik’s body temperature by a degree or too. He enjoyed the sensation. Josh did too, judging by the way he puffed out his chest and took in a deep swallow of air. He stretched out his arms wide and flexed his pecs a few times, one after the other.

*Was that what he wanted to show me?*

“Okay,” said Josh, with a curious grin Erik couldn’t quite place. “C’mon.”

One word - well, two, technically - was all Josh needed to get Erik to step out onto the small porch with him in nothing but a bikini. Erik immediately crossed his arms over his chest, rubbing them for warmth. He had no real fat nor muscle around his chest, nothing to keep him warm despite the chill

in the air. Even the sun had departed by now, leaving in its wake a panoply of bright stars. The only illumination came from the cabin behind him and the chalet further up the path.

Josh shivered slightly too. That didn't stop him from stepping barefoot onto the snow next to the path they'd carved. He set his feet and tensed his calves, then turned to face Erik. "C'mon!"

This time, Erik found it a bit harder to follow. "Are you serious?!"

"Yeah, try it!"

Erik looked down at his feet and willed himself to move. The frosty feeling of discomfort only lasted through the first two steps. In short order he ended up next to Josh. "Okay..." he said, very aware the only heat came from his friend's radiant body.

"Alright, on three, okay?"

"On three what?"

"You flop back onto the snow like it's the biggest bed in the world."

"What?!"

"On three, ready?"

"W-wh-oh..."

There was no way, he thought, that Josh was being serious. Even when he began counting down, swinging his arms like he was about to make a huge leap, Erik stood tensely, feeling every inch of the cold on his nearly-naked body.

"Two, three!"

Josh began to fall backward; Erik remained still. Not one to go it alone, Josh reached out and snatched Erik by the hand, bringing them both down onto their backs in the powdery cold.

“Haha!” Josh’s booming laugh sounded from the 8-inch bunker of white next to Erik’s face. He felt like he’d been tossed into a grave. One moment he was standing straight up, and the next he had been jerked back into the snow, the dark night sky flying in front of his face.

“IT’S FREEZING!” He screeched. His right hand scrambled around on the ground seeking purchase, trying to find a way to stand. After two endless seconds of shivering Erik realized he couldn’t get up. Not when his other hand was neatly entwined with Josh’s fingers.

“Roll around! It’s only cold at first!”

The ludicrous proposition - rolling around in the snow with hardly any clothes on - could’ve led Erik to outright refuse. Yet here he was, beyond any place he’d ever expected. Outside, at night. Hand-in-hand with a rugged, handsome man.

And wearing a bikini through it all.

Maybe it was the temperature around his rosy cheeks, bare legs, and pantied cock. Perhaps the cold had frozen away something inside of him, some part of his mind that refused to try things that were new, novel, and enticing.

Josh prompted Erik to move with a firm squeeze of his hand. In response, Erik rolled over immediately - right onto Josh.

He radiated warmth. The heat of his broad chest and washboard abs eased away the nerves from Erik’s own fluttering stomach. His cheek and face nestled perfectly against Josh’s nape while the burly snowman looked down at the boy in the bikini with curiosity.

“Yeah, like that!” He said, breath hot on Erik’s neck. “Now roll!”

Erik yelped in surprise and then began to laugh. Rolling to the left, caught up in Josh's arms, flung around like a protected rag doll, he could only marvel at all the feelings inside of him. Warm against Josh' chest, skin-to-skin with a real man for the first time, yet utterly *freezing* every time his back hit the endless white ground. Every chill preceded a swell of air up the back of his neck and a flush of warmth back down. This was the fun of playing in the snow after a sauna - his body just didn't know what to think.

Neither did his mind.

When Josh finally came to a stop, a good few yards from where they'd begun, he laid splayed like a starfish, light sweat on his forehead despite the cold.

"Phew! Feels great huh?"

They still laid hand in hand.

"Yeah," Erik said, curling up in the snow, smiling across at his new friend. "I feel *really* great."

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# Chapter 8

Another sauna to warm up, then a slow-moving redressing before heading back into the cabin to shower properly. Erik didn't put a single thought to leaving his room again afterward. He enjoyed the time he spent with Josh. He enjoyed the causal conversations, the easy feeling he had being around the man, and the way that Josh never teased or mocked or even so much as questioned what Erik wore. The bikini, both top and bottom, were slung on the shower head, left to dry after Erik had washed them off with peppermint body wash. He ran his hands down his own slender, naked body, removing a day's sweat from his pale skin.

All the while, he thought of Josh. The former footballer had been just as tired as Erik by the time they finally made it back to the chalet. They'd made vague plans for tomorrow, neither of them really interested in doing anything but heading to bed. A full day of work, sweat, and play had left both of them rather spent.

Erik didn't mind at all that Josh wanted an early rest rather than a long night staying up. There probably wasn't much to do around the chalet anyway.

Well, except that.

He wanted to sleep. Last night's rest had been the best he'd had in years. Maybe ever - the memory foam surface was new to Erik, as was the sheer size of the mattress. Unlike his dorm room he had more than one lumpy pillow and could roll over without fearing a long hard trip down from his vaulted mattress. Last night everything had been wonderful.

Now it just felt a bit lonely.

He let the water rush over his face, the steady beating of droplets on his scalp drumming his mind into working order. With what little energy he had left after his hot-cold experience and rolling around with Josh, Erik found his brain capable of turning to the one thing it wanted most:

Josh.

He'd seen him naked. Well, almost. He always had those boxer shorts on. Erik, with his high-IQ and 99th percentile SAT scores, put his brain power to good use. He focused all of his neurons on imagining the size and shape of Josh's cock.

He had evidence. When they'd been pressed together out in the snow his own legs and sometimes his crotch grazed Josh's own. There was a mass and girth down there to far out rival Erik's own small though half-erect mast. He slid his sudsy right hand down to his cock and fondled his balls, the image of Josh's own heavy sack fruitful in his mind.

*How many girls have tasted that cock , Erik wondered to himself. And what do I have to do to -*

Erik gasped aloud as the orgasm began to build inside of him. His hands had their own intentions when his mind drifted like this. He'd been rubbing his palm over his tip, coaxing out a hard, fast orgasm that wouldn't stunt his desires long enough to get him to bed. He wanted a slower experience, here among the turquoise tiles and the rich scent of peppermint in the air.

He ran his hand down back to his balls, stroking slightly, feeling them, groaning himself into a comfort, and shutting his eyes. There was Josh again. Totally naked, fully erect, and unabashedly proud of his manhood.

Erik pushed himself up against the wall. The cool tiles felt incredible against his sensitive nipples while the shower head massaged its back with the high-volume spray. He parted his cheeks with his other hand, jerking himself with his right. The shower's spray hit directly on his cherry, a sensation he wasn't entirely unaccustomed to but had never felt so fully -

the showers at his college were all low-flow. Despite the elevation and the price, Dan's uncle had ensured only the best for his guests.

It would be impolite not to use what Uncle Rob had so kindly given them.

The pounding sensation against his backside forced Erik's cock to a new hardness, every vein popped, his prostate aching for release. There was no way to stop himself from slipping his middle digit into his boi-hole and massaging himself, coaxing an orgasm that had been building ever since he first stepped into the shower and imagined Josh there with him. Now he wanted to be close to him, to be wrapped in his arms, to feel his body, to have his manhood slipping deep into his -

"Ah!" Erik covered his mouth, letting go of his cock as the orgasm spilled over. His eyes widened in shock; he was coming, but hands-free. Had he just ruined his own orgasm? No - all it took was one finger, rubbing and massaging him internal, to keep all the sticky white come flowing out of him without abandon.

The feeling wasn't so dissimilar from falling into the snow in his bikini. Again he'd been hit with that notion that he'd crossed some new barrier from which he could never go back. Jerking off had always been a subtle hobby of his. Now he'd cracked the code.

Anal play beat all.

He slipped his finger out, one final bead of jizz slipping from his slit, washed his hands underneath the shower and then slipped out of the partition. He dried himself on a nearby plush towel in seconds before slipping into an oversized pink puffy robe.

The item carried him to bed like a cloud, onward to dreams unlike any he'd had before.

# Chapter 9

If not for the voices outside his door, Erik would have stayed in bed to handle his morning wood.

Instead, he felt prompted to go into the kitchen and see what was going on.

He wasn't sure what to note first - Josh, standing naked but for a pair of athletic leggings, or the kitchen window over his shoulder. In his bleary, dehydrated state Erik could only see white. He rubbed his eyes and shuffled into the kitchen, naked underneath his pink robe. Up close he could see that the window wasn't covered in white. The snow was just falling in sheets so thick that anything else - trees, sky, or sun - was impossible to see.

“Well make sure you stay warm and... you got enough food and everything?” The voice that came out of the phone's speaker was Rob's.

“Yeah, I think so,” said Josh. “We'll be fine.”

Erik moved to stand next to Josh, looking up into his eyes. He had his palms on the granite counter top, pressing down so hard his knuckles had turned white. A tight frown sat screwed up on his face, and he stared down at the phone call screen - they'd been on the line for 8 minutes, Erik noted - without moving a muscle.

Josh laid his hand on Erik's back. He didn't react, even when Josh began to rub lightly. The man's worry was obvious.

Erik reached down the counter to flip on the lights. Nothing happened.

So that was why Josh looked so concerned.

“The power should be back on in a bit,” Said Rob. “Just hang on and we’ll be up as soon as we can.”

“There’s no backup generator or anything?” Asked Josh.

Rob chuckled lightly and Erik saw Josh’s eyes darken. Apparently Rob didn’t have the same fears Josh harbored. Erik could see both perspectives. On the one hand, the electricity would be missed, but the gas still worked. Their situation had become rustic, not dire. Still, Rob was probably somewhere near the University, where the town’s power grid could handle the lighter snowfall down there.

“It’s a chalet Josh, not a bunker,” said Rob. “You just stay warm. Feel free to borrow anything in the closet you need. Should be enough food up there even if you end up eatin’ ramen for a day or two. We’ll start heading up there soon as Dan gets his lazy butt outta bed. Dunno how the roads are gonna be, there might be some closures, but we’ll get up there soon as we can, okay?”

“Alright. Thanks, Rob.” The words sounded hollow. Josh shut off the phone and silently rubbed his jaw while Erik stood in quiet relief that Rob had specifically said closet raids were OK.

Soon Josh began moving, opening closet doors and rifling through cabinets in the living room and foyer. As far as Erik could tell, watching from the kitchen, all Josh could find were fishing poles and snow shoes and other amenities for mountain recreation, along with some back-up jackets and snow pants (nothing Erik wanted to wear). Somehow both bored and concerned by Josh’s rapid moving through the house, Erik idly poked through the refrigerator, checking their stores.

“I can cook breakfast,” he offered.

“Huh?” Josh peeked up his spot crouched by the TV cabinet. “What?”

“Breakfast?” Erik said again, waving a carton of milk over the counter. They’d nearly run out of eggs however Erik had a few ideas of how to whip

something up that Josh would like.

“Sure. Yeah, fine.” Josh returned to the cabinet, pulling out cables and manuals for the electronic equipment. All useless, he set them out on the floor and began to pace around again. Meanwhile, Erik had decided to focus on the one thing he could control: food.

*Thought* he could control, at least. The electricity had apparently gone out during the night, leaving some of their fresher food to spoil. The few frozen goods were still okay, leaving Erik with a pack of frozen bacon and no microwave. He worried that the slightly-off taste of frozen bacon cooked directly in the pan would disappoint Josh after yesterday’s feast. Erik began to search for something besides bread and baked beans to pair with the dish.

“I guess it’s an English breakfast today,” Erik joked, setting the plate in front of Josh. He’d finally come to rest in his seat, setting a toolbox out on the kitchen table, sifting through the various screw heads and fuses inside. Erik sat down next to him with his own smaller plate of food. Despite the growing concern he couldn’t stave off his hunger and took a bite of his buttered toast, washing it down with water. Josh finally noticed his own meal and the milk set out before him. He hesitantly set the toolbox aside, letting it fall to the floor with a hollow metal sound, and took a sip of his milk before picking at his food.

“Not hungry?”

Josh shook his head. “It looks great, honestly. Just...” He set down his fork and looked around the room. As the snow fell in sheets only a obscure white light filtered into the room. “We need more firewood.”

He stood, leaving his food mostly untouched, and tromped over to the front door. Erik watched him sling on a jacket, snow pants, and snow shoes, all from Rob’s supply. “It’s around back, Rob said he bought a few tree’s worth last spring. Should still be dry... Shit, I hope it’s dry. Otherwise we’re going to freeze.”

“Josh,” Erik said softly, “I don’t think things will get that bad.”

“Yeah well, better safe than sorry.” He zipped up the coat and pulled the hood up, zipping to his face. All Erik could see was his nose. He waved once and headed out to round the house to the back, where the firewood sat stacked.

There was something both calming and unsettling about the dark quiet of the chalet. The tranquility was a bit overwhelming, especially without Josh’s boisterous laughter or heavy footsteps of manly presence about the house. Erik did what he knew one should when the power went out. He ran all the taps at a trickle to keep the pipe’s from freezing and made sure all the windows were shut, packing towels below any window or doorway that could let in a breeze.

He also changed clothes. Once again Ellen’s closet worked best for the kind of garments he needed to beat the cold - and maintain his sanity. For some reason, dressing in women’s clothes - whether the bikini from yesterday or the full winter outfit from even earlier, or the panties he’d started wearing months ago - filled him with a relaxation and calm he couldn’t get anywhere else. Rob *had* said they could wear whatever they needed, and now it was a matter of life and death. The few men’s clothes he brought were no protection against the elements, let alone a house without power.

He opted for another pair of hip-hugging leggings matched with black knit socks and black lace panties that were his most expensive clothing item and therefore his most comforting. For his top he slung off the robe and tried on a long-sleeve black and white striped top with a knit grey cardigan and added a cute pink frilled scarf to ensure his body heat remained trapped. If the temperature dropped he could toss on a jacket as well, although he didn’t anticipate needing to do that. Josh had seemed adamant about gathering wood. The fireplace could heat the entire house, or at least the living room where they’d wait out the storm.

Erik went into the bathroom, turning on the taps and idly looking through the drawers. It was there he stumbled upon something not quite as useful as a high-powered flashlight or candle, but an oddity he didn’t expect.

A makeup kit.

He had some experience with makeup from high school, when he had small roles in a few plays. The foundation and stage makeup he wore then were designed for the audience to see his face in the bright lights of the stage. In any case, he still learned how to use setting powder, how to apply eyeliner, and, more discreetly, how to put on lip gloss. He'd learned the last one from watching the actresses, somehow both transfixed by their beauty and envious of their ability to go from cute but plain to gorgeous over a matter of minutes.

He had no intention of using all the items in the kit. With nothing else to do but wait in powerless silence for Josh to return, Erik sat down on the makeup stool and faced the mirror. He opened the kit and looked down at the pens, eyelash curler, brushes, q-tips, and array of colors on the palette in front of him.

He decided to go with something subtle - something Josh wouldn't notice immediately but might feel comforted by when he looked at Erik. After all, who doesn't appreciate a bit of beauty in their life? If they couldn't have actual lighting in the house then Erik would at least glow for his unexpected roommate. He started with the cool moisturizing primer and moved onto foundation, brushing it onto his cheeks and face in a circular motion learned from his role as Aggie in his high school's production of *Oklahoma*. The amount of bronzer he used was a tad higher than what his Theater teacher would have allowed, although with the low-lighting in the chalet he thought it necessary. By the time he'd finished his cheekbones were sharp, his face had added a shade of brightness, and his eyes sparkled all the brighter in the pride he felt at being newly pretty in girl's clothes.

The kit only contained one shade of lip gloss, a peachy pink that looked far too girly in the bottle yet, somehow, matched well with Erik's lips when he began to apply the gel. He brushed it in and popped his lips a few times to spread the color evenly, then leaned back on his stool to take in the full image.

Brushing a lock of hair out of his face, he just sat and marveled.

Then a thud sounded from the living room and the new femboy rose to his socked feet, dashed out of the room as quickly as his leggings would allow, and tugged at his tight shirt when he saw the man by the door.

Coated in all those layers with his zipper still done up to his face, Josh looked less like the man he was than a yeti of some sort, his body coated in a fresh fall of snow and sap from the logs. He'd dumped them by the door, an enormous pile which Erik could hardly fathom. How had he gotten all of those heavy logs into his arms and carried them back here? At least it was done now. Josh pulled down the zipper on his jacket, heaving breath, his face nearly completely red. He looked at Erik with tired, bloodshot eyes, a stunning contrast between the petite, dolled-up femboy in front of him.

“I gotta... go get more...”

“More?”

Josh turned toward the door and reached for the knob. His gloved hand missed the mark and as he fumbled for the door Erik stepped forward to close it gently.

“Josh,” he said softly, standing in front of the door. “Everything’s going to be okay.”

Josh leaned on the cabinet behind him, still heaving for breath. “It’s still snowing,” he rasped.

“That’s okay. We’re in here. We’re safe.”

Josh took the hem of his shirt and began to billow it out back and forth, freeing the current of air to diminish his heavy sweat. “We’re gonna freeze...”

“We’re not. I promise.”

Erik held out his hand. Josh looked down at the slender palm, the lithe fingers, the soft skin.

“Please, Josh. I need you to trust me. Hold my hand.”

Josh blinked at the femboy but he didn’t look away. Eventually, slowly, he pulled off one glove, and placed his hand Erik’s.

His breath began to return to a normal pace.

“Come here.”

Erik led him over to the recliner, moving with neither deliberate slowness or unnecessary speed. “Sit.”

Josh looked down at the comfortable leather chair longingly. “Alright,” he relented, shrugging off his jacket. “I could use a break.”

“Definitely.”

“I’m going out again in a few minutes. We need - “

“That’s fine,” Erik interrupted. “Just sit down for a little while, okay honey?”

Josh nodded. “Yeah. Okay.”

He flopped back into the chair, groaning as he stretched his legs. He unbuckled the belt of his snow pants and lifted his hips. “Fucking...” He kicked off his boots, sending them flying with snow and dirt, then struggled further to get out of the tight soaked pants.

“Here. Let me.” Erik quickly dashed around to the front of the chair and knelt down. He pulled on the pants at Josh’s thighs, getting them down lower until his long johns were revealed. Josh sat limply in the chair, his head tilted back, looking around the darkening room.

“I found a few candles. I’ll go ahead and light them so it doesn’t get too dark. Okay honey?” Josh hadn’t objected the first time Erik said it. In fact, the sweet word seemed to relax him even further. Josh lifted his head up, looked at Erik for a moment, then nodded without a word.

True to his word Erik lit the candles, letting the light from their flames and the scent of lavender into the air. He filled a glass of water from the tap then went to the closet, pulling out a thick blanket he’d seen earlier. He handed both to Josh, who accepted the water with a thirsty gulp and let Erik slip the blanket over his lap. Josh pulled it up to his hips and rubbed his cold hands together.

Erik tried not to stare. He cleaned up the plates from breakfast and turned on the battery-operated radio, letting the atmospheric winter music into their home. With enough light and sound in the house it almost felt like they’d left the lights off on purpose. He returned to the living room and felt Josh’s eyes on him while he took the man’s size 12 boots and laid them by the door.

“I’m sorry,” he said.

Erik stood up and smiled, shaking his head. “There’s nothing to apologize for. Thank you for getting the firewood.”

Josh blushed slightly, sitting up straighter in his chair. “I think I might’ve gotten a bit too much... Just didn’t want us to run out y’know?”

“I do,” Erik said firmly. “I understand.”

He did, although not completely. It’d become clear to him that Josh was having a panic attack and had to do whatever he could to feel in control of the situation. In the worst case scenario that could have led to him hurting himself by exerting too much effort outdoors. Erik only had to show Josh how to stay calm during the situation by giving him everything he needed to settle his heart rate. A nice chair. Cool water. A thick blanket. With his jacket, snow pants, and shoes off, Josh would stay indoors with Erik.

Where they both belonged.

Sweeping his hair out of his eyes, Erik padded over to the armrest of Josh's seat. He took the empty glass and placed it on the coffee table, then sat down on the armrest.

"Is it sore?" Erik asked, touching Josh on the shoulder where he'd begun massaging himself.

"I think I pinched it. Should've known better than to pick up all that wood."

Erik put his slender fingers on the junction of Erik's trapezius and his neck. "There?"

Josh purred in response, causing Erik to giggle.

"Okay then," he whispered.

Soon Josh's eyes shut, his body relaxed, and his head tilted to one side, allowing Erik to knead his sore muscles more fully. When Josh's breathing turned quiet Erik assumed his burly woodsman had fallen asleep and tentatively took his hands off his body.

"Are you leaving?" Josh asked, the moment Erik took his hands away.

Erik shook his head, his body turned toward Josh, sitting on the armrest precariously. "I'm right here."

They stared into each other's eyes for a long moment.

From beneath the blanket Josh's hand emerged to settle on top of Erik's wrist. The femboy didn't move away. Whatever Josh needed, he was ready to give to him.

No matter what.

Josh didn't pull hard on Erik's wrist. Just enough of a tug to topple him from the narrow armrest and into his broad, waiting lap. Erik fell without resistance, his long lithe legs horizontal across Josh's lap, his feet propped up on the opposite armrest. He nestled his rear end into Josh's lap and looked up at the man with hungry eyes.

Josh wrapped Erik up in an embrace, pulling him closer to his body. Needful and wanting, Josh nuzzled his face against the alluring scent of Erik's neck and shampooed hair. The sensation of having another man this close to his sensitive skin made Erik blush, then groan, then quiver.

He tilted his head back and opened his eyes, twisting his body around to lie flat against Josh's. The man's hair gripped Erik's lengthy silk locks tightly and pulled him in for a hungry kiss.

Josh could taste the strawberry flavor on Erik's mouth and wanted more. Erik, for his part, hesitated just a fraction of a millisecond on the thought that his first real kiss was with a guy. He shut his eyes. If kissing a man meant having another's lips pressed fully to yours, his tongue flat against your own, his arms and hands keeping you tight and safe against his muscular frame, then he had nothing to regret. His cock had already swollen to full mast underneath his panties and leggings. Every time his body moved up or down he felt the fabric of his shirt tease his nipples and send shivers of electricity down to his toasty toes.

Best of all, the real Josh had returned. He playfully slapped Erik on the ass, causing the femboy to yelp and Josh to let out a cocky little laugh that made Erik blush. Whatever tension or unsureness he felt evaporated when Josh put those broad hands on his curvy hips and pulled Erik toward him with lustful desire clear on his face.

They kissed. It was different this time - more carnal, more needful. They'd grown accustomed to each other's styles, Erik reserved, Josh forward, keeping a tight grip on Erik's bountiful hair, tugging his locks and eventually moving down to kiss his beautiful neck in a way that made Erik melt with desire.

He sat firmly in Josh's lap. That's when he felt it.

That wonderful, hard cock.

He pulled away slightly from Josh's grip. Curious, Josh unlaced his finger's from Erik's hair and watched as the femboy jerked the lever of the recliner, bringing the footrest up and kneeling on it. He tested the strength of the gears and managed to put his full weight kneeling on the footrest.

He leaned forward, putting one hand on Erik's shaft and the other on his balls above his long johns. Moaning, Josh pushed his hips forward, letting Erik rub his lips against the fabric and the heat underneath. The waistband came down easily. Josh's cock flopped out and Erik tried to figure out how close his estimates were last night in the shower.

He was off by an inch or two - A nice bonus.

Erik lifted Josh's shaft and licked from the base to the tip, his pointed feminine tongue coating Josh's cock in a thick trail of saliva. He jerked him slowly, sucking on his tight balls, his lips forming a tight seal while his tongue traced the wrinkled lines of his sack. When Josh's fingers spidered through Erik's hair the femboy cooed in delight, knowing Josh felt as happy having his cock serviced as Erik felt doing what he'd long fantasized.

He leaned up, looking down the firm torso and thick neck of his new lover. Erik held Josh's cock firmly until the man lifted his head to watch as the femboy swallowed his cock to the root.

Then immediately gagged, sputtering up saliva and coughing girlishly.

Josh laughed, patting Erik on the head. The femboy looked up with inadvertent tears in his eyes.

"I'm new at this," he murmured.

"Keep going," said Josh, lifting his toy's chin. "That feels amazing."

Erik immediately slipped his lips around Josh's cock-tip, swirling his tongue around the meaty lollipop. Holding the shaft in his hands he could actually feel every twitch and vibration along Josh's dick, the movements of desire that prompted Erik to move down the shaft, more slowly, taking his time. He felt the tip of Josh's cock hit the back of his throat and moved through the tightness with a heavy breath, deep-throating him more expertly, just like a good girl.

The femboy bobbed his head up and down as far as he could go, holding Josh's cock at the base, jerking him intermittently, letting his saliva ruin his lip gloss. He could always put on more; the bottle had enough for a while. No matter how long they had to last up here, as long as Erik could satisfy Josh like he wanted, he'd...

“Mph!”

There was no warning when Josh came. The salty-sweet taste of cum hit the roof of Erik's mouth and coated his tongue, filling his buds with the new addicting taste. He kept his mouth in a tight seal, swallowing it all up while Josh's body fully relaxed in the semi-reclined seat, his hands gripping the arm rests, his hips thrust upwards to give Erik every bit of jizz he desired.

When he finally finished coming Josh flopped back down in the seat. Erik curled up in the man's lap, his body fully against his, cock still flopped out. He pulled the blanket up and covered them both and fell into a restive slumber against his man's chest.

Just as he was drifting off, Josh leaned down to kiss Erik on the forehead, leaving a warmth that lingered through his nap.

# Chapter 10

They slept only briefly, both of them knowing they weren't quite safe. The candles were lit, for one thing, and the heat could go out at any minute. Erik awoke to see Josh was already up, although he hadn't moved, keeping Erik right where he wanted to be.

They laid underneath the blanket for a while, watching the candle flames dance on the far wall, the jingling sound of ambient music coming through the radio. The cold grew slowly in the room, touching their faces and nowhere else.

“When I was a kid,” Josh said suddenly, “Dan and I went out to explore the woods outside my house.”

Erik tilted his head, looking up at Josh as he spoke.

“We thought we were invincible. Running around, throwing sticks at each other, climbing the trees. Think we were chasing a squirrel or something when it happened. The ground leveled off; we thought there was more ground beneath us. Dan went tumbling down first; I thought he was just playing around and went right after him. We both ended up this hole twice as tall as either of us.

“Dan broke his leg. He laid there groaning and crying thinking he was about to die. I'd jumped in on my own so I landed okay, even though I was a bit scuffed up. I saw some roots and rocks on the side of one wall, a bit lower than the other sides. Knew I could climb up, but...”

“You didn't want to leave your friend behind.”

“Yeah. I barely knew where we were or how long we’d been out wandering around. If I couldn’t get Dan out with me then he’d die. Or at least that’s what I thought. So I grabbed him by the arm and tried to lift him up with me, but I couldn’t - I mean -“

Erik put his hands on Josh’s cheeks and kissed him once on the lips. The spell was broken. “You were just a kid, babe.”

“That’s the thing,” said Josh with a grimace. “I *know* I was just a kid. I know everything turned out okay. Dan’s mom and dad came looking for us. His dad got us out and took us both to the hospital. Everyone was so relieved we were okay that neither of us even got grounded. Still... When I woke up today trapped in a house with no lights, I just remembered back to that moment where I was totally helpless, and I thought...”

“You thought you were in danger,” said Erik solemnly.

“I thought *we* were in danger,” corrected Josh. “I thought I couldn’t take care of you.”

Erik’s heart stung for the man who’d secretly harbored this affection for him. At once, he felt guilty for putting Josh in that state, yet also vainly joyous that someone cared about him so much.

“I started working out pretty heavily after that. Dan joined me once he got out of the hospital. We were on the same football team from middle school onward, always trying to outdo each other. I think we both knew we wanted to be physically strong to make sure we never felt helpless again, even though we never talked about that day ever again.” He paused, looking up at the vaulted ceiling. “You can’t always lift your way out of everything though, huh?”

Erik shook his head. “I guess not.” Josh ran his hand idly up and down Josh’s naked chest. “All we can do is move past our fears and try to do better.”

“Easier said than done.”

“Definitely. But it’s a lot easier when you have someone to help you.”

Josh rubbed Erik’s head lovingly for a moment, then leaned down to kiss him again. “Agreed.”

They laid together until the last of the sun’s few rays settled beneath the horizon. The candles had burnt down low and the heat had dissipated in the colder air. Without a word, each one stood up to do their work. Josh pulled the logs into the fireplace and arranged them perfectly, opening the flue for the smoke to rise, checking the battery-operated smoke detector and carbon monoxide alarms. As Erik pulled out various ingredients from the refrigerator and pantry, Josh started the fire and watched the logs begin to burn, filling the chalet with a welcome light and heat.

Erik didn’t need much time to cook up a hearty dinner. He boiled the rice and put defrosted chicken breasts onto the grill, cooking them in a method he’d learned a while ago to seal in the juices. A bit of sriracha and soy sauce along with some frozen broccoli made a meal that would help Josh’s muscles recover.

“You’re not hungry?” Josh asked, scooping the food into his mouth. Erik picked at a small bowl he’d made for himself.

“I don’t eat a whole lot.”

“The chicken’s fantastic.”

“Thank you! I’m actually a vegetarian.”

Josh chewed slowly, mulling that over. “For real?”

“Yeah. I’m not a weight-lifter like you, Josh. I don’t need quite as much protein.”

“Not from meat, at least.”

“Was that a sex joke?”

“If you wanted it to be.”

Erik fluttered his eyelashes dramatically. “Har-har.”

“So what are you eating, then?”

Erik tilted his bowl. “Vegetables, rice, and tofu for the *real* protein I need.”

“A lot of estrogen in soy.”

“I hope so,” he said. “You seem to love grabbing my hips.”

Josh choked slightly on his food, pounding his chest. “You uh, have a really nice ass.”

Erik smirked, picking up a floret of broccoli. “See? *That’s* how you make a sex joke.”

They finished up their meals and washed them jointly in the sink, leaving the bowls and plates out to dry. Though the fireplace kept the living room lit the kitchen itself remained a bit dark. Their rooms were encased in blackness.

“We shouldn’t leave the fire on when we go to bed,” Josh said.

“Are you sleepy?”

He shrugged. “Once the sun’s gone down I don’t know what else to do.”

“We could play cards. Maybe they have board games?”

“Sounds fun. I might fall asleep though.”

“I guess you have been working pretty hard.”

Josh stretched out his arms, rolling his shoulders. “Feels like I have been. What about you?”

Erik stared up at the 6’2 beefcake in the long sleeve shirt and pants.

“I think I’d like to go to bed too.”

“Mhm.”

They looked into each other’s eyes for a moment.

*Don’t make me beg*, Erik thought to himself, biting his lower lip.

“You know, if we slept in the same bed we wouldn’t have to worry so much about warmth,” Josh mused.

“Oh, yeah, totally!” Erik snapped his fingers like he’d just come up with this idea. “And I can bring my blankets to your bed. You know, extra insulation!”

“Yup, exactly!”

In an instant they both dashed to their respective rooms. Erik changed into the silk pajama pants and low-cut tank top he’d found the night before, feet bare, ass looking nice and firm underneath the fabric. Josh hastily tossed his clothes and luggage into the closet, instinctively cleaning up just like every time he had a girl over. When Erik stepped into the room, his bedsheets gathered in his straining arms, Josh hurried over to help him place the comforter on top of his own.

“Double the warmth,” Josh said with a firm nod.

“Yup.” They exchanged a brief kiss then crawled into bed, each of them lying back on a pillow.

“I’ll get the lights?” Josh offered.

Eric nodded. “Okay,” he said softly, pulling his legs up to his chest. He rolled onto his side and watched Josh, shirtless, roll over and blow out the only candle in the room.

“Well... Goodnight.”

“Should we cuddle? I mean, um, *huddle* together? For warmth?”

“Yeah,” Josh said. “Let’s.”

Erik turned his petite ass toward Josh, letting him find his place around Erik’s waist and back. He slid one arm underneath the femboy’s neck, the other slung over his hips. He pulled Erik in casually, letting his ass rest against his crotch.

“Like that?” Josh asked.

Erik wriggled his hips happily. “I’m definitely warm.”

It took less than a minute for Erik to coax an erection from Josh. That plush femboy booty in the smooth silk pajamas pants was virtually made to make men hard. Josh had gone his entire adult life assuming a nice blowjob before bed could keep him flaccid long enough to fall asleep.

He’d thought wrong. Everything about Erik, from the way he smelled like peppermint to the feel of that booty to his cute little whimpers and soft shallow breathing, came together to turn Josh on like he never had in his life.

And yet: was the femboy teasing him, or was he ready to put it on the line for his bedmate?

Josh wanted to find out.

He *had* to know.

His calloused hand slipped underneath Erik's waistband, drawing the pajama pants slowly down, revealing Erik's flawless skin. For a moment Josh simply reveled in the feeling of having another person so close to him, one who gave themselves over with trepidation rather with abandon and pure lust. He used his firm hands and careful touch to position Erik against his crotch, his tented cock nestled perfectly between both cheeks. The moment his cock broached the heat of the femboy's ass, Erik let out a single, soft, sexy groan.

"Josh," he whispered, clenching his toes and gripping the pillow.

The man leaned down to kiss the supple nape of his bedmate, his own rumbling growls sending shivers of electricity down Erik's skin.

"Fuck me," he whimpered, face burning red, ass drawn back to let Josh's cock nestle between his cheeks. Despite the full girth of Josh's dick lying in wait, the man still remained still, and reserved.

"You're ready?" He asked softly.

Josh nodded his head. "I want to feel it... I want to feel you inside me."

Josh leaned up, looking down at his feminized bed partner. The blowjob he'd gotten just hours earlier had been the best of his entire life - in fact, it'd literally saved him. He'd had a few experiences with anal, and while Josh was a confirmed top, none of his previous experiences had been like this.

The newness became an immediate allure.

"Have you...?" He asked Erik tentatively. The femboy shook his head rapidly, nestling his cheek against the pillow, eyes shut tight.

Josh's cock flexed involuntarily.

He was in bed with an eager, willing *virgin*.

A thick taut arm stretched out over the bed, parallel to the ornate carved headboard, fumbling in a nearby drawer for a bottle of lube that'd been lightly used the night before. He'd need more than the small amount he'd spilt onto his cock the night prior this time around. Promising himself he'd take care of the sheets later, Josh drizzled his cock with the slick lube, letting it fall where it may. The largest droplets coalesced on Josh's broad cockhead. He clenched his fist around the tip of his cock and pulled downward in long, tight strokes, giving himself only the good few pumps needed to ensure the lube was spread. Jerking himself, he knew, was a minor stimulation compared to what he had lying in front of him in a woman's shirt.

"Sit up," he prompted, giving Erik a quick wet slap on the side of his ass. Erik obediently scrambled up onto all fours and looked over his shoulder, curious what this sexually-experienced man had in mind for his eager neophyte. Josh knelt on his thick thighs and bent his broad frame toward Erik. Tight abs and taut pecs filled Erik's vision, blocking out whatever was going on with Josh's hands.

Rather than see, Erik felt.

And when he did:

"Oh, FUCK!" The high-pitched squeal drowned out against the pillow. Erik thrust his face into the goose down and let out an undulation unlike anything that'd ever come from deep inside him. At the same time, Josh's expert, calloused finger stretched Erik's virgin cherry with careful though unrelenting strokes. He knew the girth of his own cock quite well, and knew further that if Erik wasn't properly prepared, he just wasn't going to fit.

He had no intention of letting that happen. What he fucked, he fucked right.

Soon a second digit joined the forefinger just as Erik had gotten a hold on Josh's pace. Wanting nothing more than to please his lover, Erik thrust his hips back with every stroke, doing his best to ride the waves of pleasure and domination Josh had so kindly let loose within his ass. The dark room

around him seemed lit by a ghostly aura, and despite the quiet he thought he could hear someone or something singing. His dazed mind was frequently brought back to reality, either by a hearty spank from Josh's free hand, or a murmured word that made Erik moan all the louder, or a kiss to the cheek or the nape of the neck from Josh's surprisingly soft, wet lips.

Erik knew he should like the latter most, yet it was the spanking that made him relax his cherry to take in more and more of Josh's fingers. By the time he'd ridden out what he could only describe as a dry orgasm, the little femboy had forgotten about the main course Josh had been nursing.

Then, he felt it. Josh's cock-tip pressed against his wet, loosened hole.

In an instant, Erik was back in fuck-me position. Arms and legs spread wide, ass tilted in the air, flat tanktop-covered chest pressed toward the floor. He realized that his silky pajama pants were still around his ankles, as were the panties that had been caught up in the outer fabric.

He was being fucked. Just like a girl.

And when he moaned, he sounded like one too.

Josh's length pressed further and further into Erik's boipussy. Ever the good girl, Erik reached behind himself to pull his cheeks apart, making sure Josh could fit as much as he wanted. The tip, halfway, the entire fucking thing - whatever Josh wanted, Erik wanted to do. He'd never known pleasure or satisfaction quite like being the femboy Josh had nurtured and teased and now won over. Nothing would be the same for Erik going forward.

He was pretty fucking okay with that, if it meant feeling this damn good.

The girth of Josh's cock was slightly bigger than his two fingers pressed together, yet the sensation was somewhat considerably different. The spongy feel of his firm muscle conformed with Josh's ass, as if it were made to fill that tight hole. The underside pressed against Erik's prostate, making his own smaller dangling cock twitch and leak precum every time Josh rubbed against it. His motions grew more and more frequent and Erik

realized, with some delight, that he could actually *feel* Josh twitching inside of him, from the spongy tip of his cock to the muscular length down inside of him.

Then he felt more: Josh's hand on the underside of Erik's boy-clit, jerking him in time with Josh's own thrusts.

"Holy fuck... Josh..." His voice had become little more than a choked, feminine whisper.

"Don't come yet," Josh grunted out, sweat dripping onto the femboy's lower back. "Come with me."

It took every ounce of self-control for Erik to avoid blowing his load into his panties right then and there. This was the biggest ask yet Josh had made of him - and, quite literally, the hardest. Clenching his eyes shut, focusing on his breathing and the wet sound of Josh's balls slamming against his own tight sack, Erik managed to center himself long enough for Josh's moans to grow deeper alongside his jackhammer thrusts. The femboy clung to the bedsheets for dear life as Josh's cock began to twitch violently inside him.

"Can I -" Erik whimpered, spluttering the words between being fucked and jerked at the same time.

"Come for me," Josh ground out, unrelenting in the give-and-take of his overwhelming pleasure.

Erik's legs gave out when he began to cum. Josh's hips went down with him, fucking the femboy in a prone position, letting him cum into both the panties and the silk pajama bottoms he'd brought to bed with him. While he laid against the mattress Erik wriggled his hips back and forth eking out every bit of sensation he could for his cock while Josh made the final few massive thrusts necessary to spill his own seed inside of Erik.

The warm, sticky feeling inside of him shot Erik's eyes wide. He hadn't felt anything even close to this before. Eager for every last drop, his arms

sprung up from the bed and reached behind him, gripping Josh's muscled asscheeks to hold him in place, ensuring nothing spilled out.

Then, Erik shut his eyes.

He'd never known tranquility like having a man come inside him.

He wasn't sure he could imagine anything better, unless...

"Fucking amazing," Josh said, dipping his head low to plant a gentle kiss on the femboy's forehead.

Yes, Erik decided.

That made it perfect.

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# Chapter 11

They quickly found their morning routine.

First, Josh and Erik brushed their teeth at the side-by-side sinks, smirking abashedly at each other whenever they caught each other glancing in the mirror. From there they discarded their night clothing - or what was left of it - and slipped into the shower, turning the tap on high and basking in the warmth that bounced off the surrounding tiles. Erik stood underneath the downpour, pulling his fingers through his hair and stretching his skinny body up toward the fall while Josh stood behind him. There were only seconds between the turn of the tap and the moment Josh couldn't resist soaping his hands to let them glide over Erik's body, exploring every inch, every crevice, and every appendage on his lover. When his hand slipped down to Erik's crotch the femboy moaned and tilted his hips back, wriggling his ass against Josh's crotch until he too grew hard and found his cock nestled perfectly between those firm cheeks.

They took a second shower and left only when their skin began to prune.

Afterward, Erik slipped into a pair of pink pajama pants with a tight white tank top and padded into the kitchen while Josh geared up in winter clothing. The snowfall had abated at some point in the night and the sun's full light shone down in a cloudless sky. Rather than waiting for the snow to melt on its own, creating slush and ice, Josh geared up to scrape the white piles off the porch steps and their cars' hoods while Erik cooked up whatever he could find in the pantry and fridge. A medley of fruit sat beside a plate of toast with melted cheese atop next to more baked beans and a glass of warm milk by the time Josh arrived back indoors, cold and hungry from the morning's chores. Erik had a bowlful of oatmeal in soy milk for his meal, and the two ate with one hand on their utensils, the other in each other's palms.

They washed the dishes together, standing side by side, looking out across the expanse of trees and snow through the window above the sink. They said nothing. There were no words, only smiles and the occasional soft laughter. Both of them knew what sat between them wasn't awkwardness or regret or any sort of shame, but the desire to have each other fully - yet stopping short of speaking, knowing...

"Look."

Erik noticed the truck coming up the drive before Josh did. A snow plow sat firmly on the grill, pushing away the powder as it moved at a slow yet dominating speed.

"I guess I should get changed," Erik said, trying to hide the sadness in his voice with his breath. He turned to go, but stopped when he felt Josh's arm flex against his hip.

"Changed into what?" Josh asked. He'd stripped out of his coat to stand in a pair of long johns and an undershirt.

Erik let out a small laugh, one that hid a deeper reservation. "Something normal. What, you mean say hi to my roommate and his Uncle while wearing his Aunt's clothes? 'Oh, hey Dan, yeah we survived, hope you don't mind me embarrassing you.'" Erik laughed again, this time more forcefully. Josh didn't see what was so funny.

"Erik," he said, pulling the femboy toward him, staring down at his unsure face until he earned a look back.

Erik stared up into his new lover's eyes until the pain inside him became too great. "I don't want to embarrass you," he whispered, tilting his forehead against Josh's chest. Feeling his man's hand between his lithe shoulder blades kept Erik from letting the tears spill over.

"I will *never* be embarrassed of you, Erik. If you want to keep seeing me after you go back to college, we'll make it work. I can come up to see you,

or if you want to come down, stay with me...”

Erik looked up at Josh and saw something new on his face: shyness. They’d never once talked about the future. Erik hadn’t even thought about it. Perhaps he’d assumed this was only going to be a weekend romp, something to file in the ‘college days’ folder of his memory, left behind as soon as he left the chalet and never spoken of again. After he graduated the memory would be his only memento, taken out and re-imagined in private moments until eventually he settled into the boring average life a bachelor’s degree would earn him.

Josh had just upended that assumption, and Erik’s heart did somersaults on itself.

“You’re serious?” Erik asked in wonder.

“Fuckin’ A I’m serious! Erik, if you want to keep things between us, then I understand. Do it for yourself, not for me. Just don’t ever think you’ll embarrass me - you *never* will.” His hands wrapped tighter around Erik’s back, their bodies so close together that they felt like one.

Erik shut his eyes softly and listened to Josh’s heartbeat. After a few moments the sound of the oncoming truck overwhelmed the steady thump of Josh’s warm heart.

“I want Dan to know who I really am,” Erik said with a slight nod. “He’s my roommate. I don’t want to spend the next 14 weeks hiding everything from him.” He let a small smile spread across his face. “Because I’m going to be making a *lot* of changes to my wardrobe.”

Josh bit his lower lip. “I can’t wait for that. For now, though...” He glanced past Erik. “We’ve got company.”

Sure enough, the truck had come to a stop, parked between Erik’s car and Josh’s. Rob and Ellen stepped out of their front seats. Ellen turned back to shift her seat up, allowing Dan to exit next while Rob went to the truck bed. From Erik’s vantage point on the balcony both Rob and Ellen looked more

or less as he expected. Rob wore a cap and sunglasses over a bald head, obviously a gym rat himself though with a considerable paunch that most 40-somethings chalked up to metabolism and knew really came from beer. Aunt Ellen wore clothing similar to what she'd left at the chalet for Erik to find - a pink jacket with a white-trim hood and charcoal leggings in Ugg boots. She wrapped her arms around herself and rubbed warmth into her chilly shoulders. Dan bear-hugged her from behind, causing her to yelp in surprise. Dan stumbled off laughing while Ellen chided him from her spot in the snow, trying not to smile.

"I'll go tell him, then," said Erik, shaking with trepidation. The tremors stopped when Josh took his femboy's hand in his own.

"I'll go with you."

They made their way to the front door and opened it just as Dan came up the balcony. Removing his sunglasses, Dan's hazel eyes immediately focused on those of his best friend.

"Dude!" He threw his arms in the air to give Josh a hard back-slapping hug. "Sorry we're late, bro!"

"No worries. We survived," Josh said, with a smile and a nod at Erik.

Dan turned his head to look at Erik. The femboy had turned pale. His pajamas kept him warm, yet he shivered despite himself under Dan's piercing gaze.

"Uh, hi," Dan said.

Erik tried to speak and found his throat had gone dry.

"So, um..." Dan looked briefly at Josh, then back at Erik.

"I... don't think we've met!" Dan stuck his hand out firmly with a broad smile. "I'm Daniel. It's nice to meet you, Ms...?"

Erik gawked down at Dan's outstretched hand, his mouth turned into a circle of surprise. He slowly turned his head toward Josh, who blinked once, then burst out laughing.

Erik slapped his hand against his eyes, groaning and shaking his head, face turning completely red.

Dan just looked at his two friends like they were loony.

“What?” He asked, completely confused.

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# Chapter 12

While Josh distracted Rob and Ellen in the kitchen with stories of their survivalist weekend, Erik and Dan spoke in private on the balcony. The cold had seeped in through Erik's thin clothes, yet as soon as he started speaking he had no intention of stopping.

The story didn't have much of a chronology. Erik found himself babbling almost immediately, explaining how he'd come to wear the girl's clothes after finding nothing else to wear before circling back to his inchoate interest in women's fashion, piling on kind praises for Josh and his understanding attitude and helpful actions in a tough situation, then eventually finding his way to a declared intention to keep wearing women's clothes in the future.

Dan listened in silence, his only response an occasional visible breath. Erik ended his story at least twice, breathing heavily and waiting for a response. When it didn't arrive two seconds after he finished he started babbling again, the first time offering promises to be the same roommate as before, to never bother Dan with anything at all and be out of the room whenever he wanted, then going on to a more painful claim: if he couldn't dress like a girl, he didn't want to stay in school. It hurt him to say and he didn't know exactly why the promise had to seem so real, so necessary, and yet it did. If he couldn't meld his old life and his new then he would move onto an entirely new one instead of falling back into a previous unhappy existence.

When Erik finally stopped speaking, forcing himself to stand in the awkward silence, the sound of Rob and Ellen's laughter from inside drifting through the shut door, Dan finally shifted in his coat.

“So... You're trans?”

Somehow, this hadn't been a question Erik was prepared to answer. "Um... Maybe? I mean, I just know that I want to dress like a girl." He shifted his shoulders. "Maybe... femboy, I guess... I don't really like 'trap,' that's a bit offensive... You don't have to call me by a new name or anything, if that's what you mean."

"Oh. Okay."

Erik couldn't sense any tone in Dan's words. He didn't seem off-put or (thankfully) grossed out or even particularly confused. In a way, Erik understood. Dan had come up expecting a chilled-out weekend of mountain fun. Instead he'd been greeted with a stunning revelation from his college dorm-mate.

"You're not mad at me are you?"

Erik reeled back in shock at Dan's question. "Me? Why would I be mad?"

"Well, I asked if you were trans, and you said you weren't. I didn't mean to, uh, misgender you."

"No, you didn't... Honestly I'm surprised you've thought that far ahead. I mean," Erik said with a relieved laugh, "I haven't even thought about it."

"Oh! You're questioning! Sorry, just trying to wrap my head around this."

"Questioning works," said Erik. Anything that would help Dan understand, he figured.

"Okay. So.. Yeah. Do I have to do anything different?"

"Nope. Just keep being the person you are."

"Hey! That's what Ellen said when she started transitioning."

"Well, it's good advice, and - wait. What?"

Dan turned his head to nod at the window. Ellen and Rob leaned on the kitchen counter inside, utterly transfixed by the gesture-filled story Josh was regaling them with.

“Ellen, my aunt. Who, uh, used to be my uncle.”

Erik watched the smiling woman with her fingers interlaced with Rob’s.

“She’s... trans?”

“Yeah. I don’t think she really wants me talking about it with other people  
\_“

“Oh, right.”

“But since you’re kind of, uh, y’know...”

Erik ended Dan’s trepidation with an honest hug. Dan tensed for just a moment, then slowly put his hands on Erik’s back, enjoying the genuine show of affection from a roommate he’d never been close to until now.

“Thank you, Dan. I really appreciate having a roommate like you.”

“I’m not your roommate, Erik.”

Erik cringed and began to pull away until Dan set his hands tighter on the femboy’s back.

“I’m your friend, okay? That’s why I invited you up here. I want us to be friends. Doesn’t matter what you wear or how you live your life. Just hang out with me sometimes, okay?”

Erik blushed and smiled proudly. “I can do that.”

“Great! Let’s get inside. Uncle Rob’s been wanting to meet you, and Aunt Ellen is *definitely* gonna want to talk your ear off. Things go okay up here with Josh, by the way?”

“Uh... yeah, definitely.” While Erik had been forthcoming in his explanation, he’d more or less left out the saucier details of his weekend alone in a mountain cabin with Dan’s hot friend, thinking Dan could fill in the details on his own in his head. Apparently, he hadn’t.

“You two are friends now, then?” Dan put his hand on the sliding door handle.

“Um... We might be... A bit more than friends.”

Dan immediately turned to look at Erik. His head snapped back around to look at Josh. Then he groaned, letting his forehead tap against the door’s glass. Erik broke into a cringing look, unabashed at fucking Dan’s friend, but understanding what Dan was thinking.

“You okay?” He asked.

Dan took in a deep breath, then nodded. “Yeah.” He opened his eyes and looked at Erik with a stoic expression that quickly turned into a warming smile. “Well, at least I get my own room for the week.”

“That’s the spirit!” Erik thumped his roommate on the back. The two stepped back into the kitchen.

“Hey guys,” Dan said loudly. The three people inside - Ellen, Rob, and Josh - looked back at the two roommates who’d just stepped inside.

“I’d like you all to meet my roommate - Erik.”

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# Epilogue

He couldn't believe he'd made it this far.

Leg's spread, hips tilted, eyes shut tight. Beneath his feminine clothing warmth gathered against his smooth, hairless chest. His heart beat fast and hard; the pace only increased when Josh laid his chin on the femboy's shoulder to whisper in his ear.

"I'm right here."

Erik swallowed and nodded. "I'm ready."

Josh shifted behind his lover and gave him a pat on the rear. "Okay...Go!"

And with that, Josh began the slow, steady decline down the ski slope.

"JOSH!" He yelped, arms flailing, skis pointing in opposite directions, more experienced boarders and skiers giving him a wide berth.

"Right behind you!" Two seconds after Josh called out he was right beside Erik rather than behind him, looking every bit a double-black diamond expert in his jacket and snow pants with his brand-new, freshly waxed snowboard. Erik had rental ski blades on his pink boots, his purple jacket half-open, tight white ski pants hiding his wobbling knees.

"Pizza, French fries!" Josh shouted from up the slope.

"What does that even mean!?" Erik screeched while he began to pick up speed.

"Just look forward and do like we practiced! I believe in you babe!"

The words may have sounded hackneyed to anyone else. In Erik's ears they were the perfect encouragement.

"Okay," he whispered, taking in a deep breath, finding his center, and pulling his legs slowly together. He began to bomb down the mountain. Before he could fly out of control Erik pushed his heels in opposite directions, creating a triangle with his blades and slowing his descent. He turned slightly to the right, then to the left, moving down the mountain in gentle S-strokes.

He was skiing on his own for the first time.

"That's it honey! Keep going!" Josh appeared seemingly out of nowhere, having no trouble keeping his speed level, starting and stopping his descent with all the ease of a double-black diamond skier. Erik only had a day's worth of runs down the bunny slope under his belt and the bruises to prove it. A night in the sauna and a post-sex pep talk from his boyfriend had coaxed him back to the slopes for a real ski day, and now, nearing noon, he'd finally worked up the courage and latent skill to do a full run without his boyfriend physically holding onto him.

The bottom of the slope came nearer and nearer. Feeling cocky, Erik began to pick up some speed, setting his ski blades straight and moving faster down the mountain. Josh shouted something that was lost in the rush of wind along Erik's pink earmuffs. The snowboarder picked up speed to hurry down to his boyfriend.

"Look out!"

Mere feet in front of Erik and growing closer by the second was a large beam propping up the ski lift. While covered in padding the enormous metal object still accounted for more than a few injuries each season by dint of being unavoidable to the novice skier.

Erik dropped his poles and threw his hands up in front of his face. At the last moment a newly-formed skier's instinct took over, prompting him to

jerk his heels to the right, taking the blow mostly with his side and hips before falling onto the icy ground.

Josh clicked out of his board and went rushing over to Erik. From their spot in the corner, where they waited patiently, Rob, Dan and Ellen shuffle-skied over to the fallen femboy.

“Erik?” Josh’s plaintive, worried tone cut through the cranking sound of the ski lift above him and the femboy’s mewling below him. “You okay?”

There had been a time in Erik’s life when the mild pain would have been magnified by the humiliation. Lying here on the ground, surrounded by people who he knew cared about him, the object of worry for doing something he should have been able to avoid... his inclination was to run (or ski) back to the hotel without a word and lock himself in his room, away from everyone and everything that could mock him.

That was the old Erik.

The new Erik saw things differently.

He grabbed his boyfriend firmly by the hand and let out an exaggerated sound of effort that had Rob and Dan smirking in proud amusement. Back on his feet, his blades still attached to his boots, Erik huffed out a huge sigh and took the poles his boyfriend offered.

“I think we should...” He said softly, forcing all three individuals in his group to lean in and hear the femboy’s words. He then thrust his ski poles pointing up the mountain, following the path of the ski lift.

“Do another run!”

Rob and Ellen laughed with good-natured middle-aged mirth while Josh smiled and shook his head softly. “Don’t scare me like that baby,” he murmured.

“Awww.” Erik grabbed his boyfriend by the wrist and pulled him toward his lips. Josh had to crouch down quite a bit to be face to face with Erik, but there was no way he’d turn down the opportunity to taste Erik’s chilled cherry lips.

“I’d say we have time for 3, maybe 4 more runs. 3 and a half, let’s say, if anyone can find a shortcut,” offered Uncle Rob, ever the engineer.

“Well let’s just take our time. We shouldn’t be straining ourselves too much.” Ellen’s cautious eyes were mostly on Erik, though she tried to look like she addressed the other three men.

Erik understood the implication. Ever since they’d met, Ellen had been the eager aunt and mentor, dispensing advice on everything from how to wear a scarf to planning for Facial-Feminization Surgery to the best kinds of lube (some advice was more welcome than others). She could be a bit overbearing at times, especially when text message bombs of style advice arrived when Erik was in the middle of taking a midterm, however her care was genuine and her words always honest. Erik appreciated that more than anything else.

“I’m fine, Auntie,” Erik said lightly. “I might’ve bruised my butt, but I can rub lotion on it later.”

“Someone will, at least,” said Josh with a cocky grin.

Dan flipped his visor up to his helmet. “So we can go now, then?”

“Aww, Danny! Let the two lovers flirt! It’s cute!”

“You’re not the one who has to live with ‘em,” Dan said. “My best friends spend more time in my room than I do.”

“That’s exaggerated,” Erik teased back.

“Is it?”

*Maybe not*, he thought to himself. Erik had never really wanted revenge for all the times Dan had sexiled him in first semester. If he had, however, second semester had flipped the script entirely. Josh drove an hour up to the campus most weeks to be with his boyfriend, and it wasn't like they ever forced Dan to leave the room.

He just slipped out on his own whenever the kissing got a bit... heavy.

Not that Dan actually minded their love. He always assured either of them, when asked, that he was happy for both of them, having always felt they both needed a partner. He still felt a bit uncomfortable about having his best friend and his roommate - the two people he was closest to - be each other's lovers. As for gender, he couldn't have cared at all.

"Let's not waste time arguing, fellas," Rob said. "We need to get on that ski lift."

"Onward and upward!"

The group made their way over to the line, Rob and Ellen up front, Dan in the middle, and Josh and Erik at the back, arm in arm, Erik's head tilted onto Josh's shoulder, at peace with the world of white around them.

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They managed two runs that day before Dan, of all people, had to call it quits. An ill-timed jump of a ski ramp led to a sprained wrist, and rather than skiing without him, the group decided to call it a day. Aunt Ellen went into nurse mode immediately, insisting on a warm compress and elevation and Tylenol for the embarrassed college guy. Rob had already opened his home to his nephew and assured Dan he could stay as long as he liked. Josh promised to bring over some beers later and Erik added that he'd cook up a bowl of his 5-alarm chili with cornbread to help Dan heal. That got the biggest reaction from the dude with the sprained wrist. Above all else, he, like Josh, loved food.

While Dan, Ellen, and Rob drove back to the chalet, Josh and Erik took the free shuttle back to their hotel. They were still welcome to stay at Rob's place, however for this trip they'd decided to pool their hard-earned dollars and book a hotel room. The tacit reason was that they wanted to get in more runs on the slope; as wonderful as Rob's chalet was, its distance to the ski slopes was a drawback. At the hotel, they just had to take a quick free shuttle and then they were on the powder.

That was the admitted reason, at least. In reality Erik just didn't want to let everyone else hear him moaning like a bitch in heat when Josh fucked him before and after every ski day.

They removed their boots outside the door to their room, sitting on a bench beneath the hallway window. Josh got his sneakeresque snowboard shoes off easily, then helped Erik remove the many clips on his clunky ski boots. For his efforts he was rewarded with the sight of Erik's dainty feet in plush ski socks, which the femboy tore off before slapping the key card against the door and dancing into the room on bare feet with red-painted toes.

"Ah, so clean!" The maids had been by while they were on the slopes. The little mess the couple had created the night before - pillows tossed off the couch, a blanket crumpled by the floor, a bottle of lube squeezed dry - had been righted once more. "We'll have to leave a tip."

"I've got more than a tip."

"Oh haha Mister - ah..." Erik didn't love Josh's corny sex puns nearly as much as he adored the feeling of having his earlobe gently nibbled. The feeling of Josh's hot breath around his lobe and down his neck took him away from everything, threatening to melt his mind entirely if it went on too long. With regret, Erik eventually managed to give Josh a shove, maintaining some semblance of reason in his ski-exhausted mind. "Josh, not now!"

"Why not?" Josh asked with a smirk, hands loosely slung around Erik's waist. The femboy bit his lower lip.

“I’m all sweaty,” he admitted.

“So am I,” Josh replied. “See?” He leaned down, dipping his head over Erik’s shoulder. The sweat had dried by now, though Josh still carried his scent. To Erik it was an aphrodisiac, a pure and overwhelming testosterone odor that never failed to send a quiver in his chest and make his knees jelly to a rubber consistency.

Josh kept him standing with his arms around his waist. He knew just how to turn his sexy submissive boyfriend on and loved using every trick to his advantage.

One more never failed. He lifted Erik’s tight-fitting scoop-neck ski shirt, letting his fingernails trace along the femboy’s stomach. When the cool hotel air room slipped underneath his bra cups Erik tilted his head back and pursed his lips automatically, knowing Josh had been as hungry for a hard, wet kiss as he was.

They locked lips and Erik let his boyfriend strip him, first the shirt, then the tight-fitting thermal pants.

“Mmph!” Erik broke away suddenly, wriggling his hips to keep the waistband of his yoga pants from falling any further. “Wait! My panties!”

“What about them?”

“They’re new. I wanted to surprise you!”

Josh gave the waistband a tug, exposing the panties unceremoniously. He let out a little grunt of pleasure at the sight of that firm feminine rear in those hip-hugging panties, the lacy backside all but swallowed up in Erik’s perfect cleft.

“I can act surprised,” He said, dropping down to his knees, his hands on Josh’s squat-perfected cheeks. Erik gasped at the sensation of having his panties removed while Josh’s hands remained fully on his skin. He realized,

once he'd been stripped naked but for his cream-colored bra, that Josh had just taken his panties off with his teeth.

One surprise for another. He decided it was fair.

Erik stepped out of his panties and turned to face his boyfriend, lifting his slender arms to wrap around the back of Josh's neck. In turn, his man lifted Erik up gently by the hips to deposit him on the kitchen counter. Erik's lithe legs spread out slowly and wide in a scissor, then wrapped around Josh's hips. He pushed his body up against Josh's, his fingers spidering out underneath his man's t-shirt, feels this tense muscles, his abs, his nipples, anywhere and everywhere he wanted to roam. They belonged to each other, and neither could have been happier.

Until Erik reached his hand down Josh's drooping pants to grab his erection. At that moment, Josh visibly and physically grew a *bit* happier.

"Fuck," he groaned, as Erik grinned in delight. He knew exactly how to place his palm against Josh's mushroom tip, rubbing in circles to make it grew to full mast. Josh tore down his own pants so viciously that Erik recoiled, gently knocking this head against a cedar kitchen cabinet. He shook of the light pain and returned immediately to his sacred task of getting his man rock hard.

When he peeked down to see all eight perfect inches lined up in vicious desire, he slowly parted his lips and let out a soft moan that signaled everything to Josh.

The man complied.

Erik gripped the curtain bar above him, holding on for balance while Josh gripped the femboy's ankles and lifted his legs up. Tri-weekly yoga had allowed Erik a new flexibility he used almost entirely for sex, much to his boyfriend's eager approval. Josh put Erik's nearly weightless ankles over his shoulders and left them there while he lubed his cock. Erik did the same, having always found the sight of his boyfriend pleasuring himself

incredibly erotic. More than one sleepless night had been solved by a Skype session between the two distance-bound lovers.

None of that tonight. They'd reserved the entire week at this hotel, and had promised each other to fuck on every inch. They'd done the couch, the bed, the shower, and now the kitchen counters. Erik wriggled his hips against the cool surface, enjoying the cool sensation against his cheeks, though still somewhat concerned about the relative lack of space.

That trepidation evaporated the moment Josh thrust his cock into Erik's boipussy.

Manicured fingers wrapped tightly around a brass curtain rod, and pink-painted lips fell open in a moan that left Josh's ear's ringing. He used one hand to guide his cock into his feminized lover, the other to grip Erik's hips tightly for purchase. Once inside, With Erik nearly folded in on himself, Josh put both hands on Erik's hips, the femboy's lip legs bouncing on Josh's shoulders, his pink toes curled, his pale face contorted in absolute pleasure.

"Faster," Erik demanded in a breathy tone, his neglected cock fully engorged against his abdomen. His eyes were shut, revealing the light-purple eyeshadow he'd worn on the slopes. "Just like that."

Josh nodded in understanding. Learning to come hands-free had been Erik's personal goal for the semester, landing somewhere in importance between achieving a 4.0 GPA and fully mastering Javascript closures. Unlike programming it was something he didn't prefer to practice alone; Josh's cock worked his ass better than any dildo ever could.

He kept himself in fuckable position, legs up, arms back and held on for dear life, his eyes shut to focus on the tight pleasure sensation while his button nose inhaled the scent of Josh's musk. The two moved as lovers should, Josh thrusting forward, Erik leaning subtly forward to ensure his boyfriend rutted him to the hilt. When Josh pulled back Erik relaxed his lower muscles so the lube could do its work, elongating the amount of time they had before they needed to pause and add more.

Getting Josh to come was no difficult task. Erik's perfect perky body, pale soft skin, feminine moans, and delectable lips could make Josh spill his seed in two minutes flat. Knowing just how much effort Erik put into everything, from school to fashion to perfecting their sex-play, Josh knew the least he could do was hold back. Never a fan of baseball, Josh tried desperately to pull his mind away from the beautiful image in front of him, buying himself time before his aching, pleasure-stroked cock would shoot. He kept up the steady pace Erik rode with slutty grace, mind flipping through an array of images before settling on one that finally gave him a distraction:

Erik, hitting the metal beam and falling flat on his ass.

Josh tilted his head to the side. A small bruise and formed on Erik's ass, he noticed. What if his femboy boyfriend had hurt himself? Would Josh be able to forgive himself for that? Josh had been the one to suggest a ski trip, and even though Erik had jumped at the new challenge, any injuries were still on Josh, he felt.

Erik's eyelids fluttered open. He'd sensed the changing pace in Josh's thrusts and suspected a shift in his emotions. He caught his boyfriend looking at the bruise and locked eyes with his dominating lover until Josh looked back.

"I love you."

Three words were all it took. Josh leaned down to kiss his cherished lover fully on the lips. Erik risked imbalance by taking his hands off the curtain rod and wrapping them around Josh's back. In this new position Josh's cock only dug even deeper inside Erik, who stifled an unbearably whorish moan, not wanting to ruin the moment. He stroked Josh's hair with trembling fingers and pulled his shoulders back to let Josh's face nestle between Erik's bra-created cleavage.

"I love you. So fucking much, Erik."

“Josh...”

“So... Fucking... Much...”

Each word brought with it a hard, deep thrust that sent the femboy’s eyes wide. He’d never felt this sensation before, and it took a moment to register what was happening.

“Josh!”

“Ngh.”

“Josh I’m...” His legs spasmed. His finger nails dug into Josh’s shoulders, making the man cringe before Erik began slapping Josh on the shoulders. He leaned up from his lover, eyebrows knit in worry, watching as Erik’s eyes began to roll backward. His mouth hung open, a spot of saliva on his lower lip.

“Erik? Baby?” He asked.

“I’m...”

All the while Erik continued to wriggle back and forth, using the counter as a surface to ride Josh’s cock. He bucked his hips in frustration, then found the perfect spot on his prostate to begin shooting his load.

Josh had never seen anything so shocking - or hot. The first rope shot up to Josh’s bra, staining the creamy cups a hot shade of pure white. More and more spilled out of Erik in an eruption while Josh continued to thrust forward in shallow strokes, milking every last drop out, insisting on an orgasm Erik would never forget, assuming his mind hadn’t turned off in ecstasy. By the time the final spurts came out Erik was laying limp on the counter. Josh held his ankles ion two hands to keep him from falling completely off the surface, Erik’s head lolling, his lips moving soundlessly until a soft moan of pleasure followed Josh’s own orgasm.

The man gave himself a moment's respite to come hard before pulling out and wiping his cock on a kitchen towel - one he wouldn't leave for the maid's to clean. He pulled Erik up by his shoulders and wiped a line of saliva off his boyfriend's lower lip, then pulled the femboy into his arms, holding him like a bride.

"Honey?" He asked, shaking his limp, cum-soaked boyfriend in his arms.

Erik's soft smile and shut eyes were the sight of a beauty in repose. Josh's heart seized in fear for a moment. Then Erik opened his eyes.

"Hey," he whispered.

Josh chuckled, the laugh vibrating from his chest to Erik's bra. "Hey."

Erik nestled his cheek against Josh's pecs. "Do..." he took a deep breath. "Do we have time for the sauna later?"

Josh dipped his head to kiss Erik on the forehead. Outside, the snow began to fall in large, heavy flakes, moving slow among the pine trees that rose high into a cloudless dusk sky.

"All the time in the world," He promised. "All the time in the world."

THE END

# Author's Note

Thanks so much for reading. All the reviews and messages I get from my readers mean so much to me as an author of these fun feminization romances. If you have any comments or questions, feel free to email me at [sallylaces@gmail.com](mailto:sallylaces@gmail.com) , or send a message on Goodreads: [www.goodreads.com/sallylaces](http://www.goodreads.com/sallylaces) .

Also, if you sign up for my email list, I'll send you a *free* short story instantly! You'll also get occasional emails regarding new, free, and discounted novels & novellas. Press the link pretty please! <http://eepurl.com/cm5qhb>

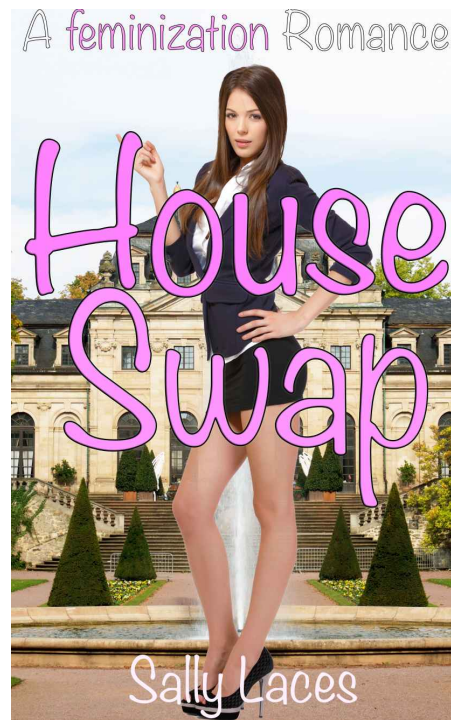
I'll be back with more sissy stories soon! In the meantime, check out some of my previous works on the next few pages. All free in Kindle Unlimited!

Be back soon lovelies!

*Sally*

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# House Swap



[Check it out on Amazon!](#)

**I want to be the best real estate agent in the state, and I'll do anything to make my first sale.**

**Even if it means putting on lip gloss as cherry red as my high heels...**

When Jake realizes he can't make a sale without some serious help, he turns to Jennifer Heartwood, the gorgeous and mysterious Queen of Real Estate. She offers him a chance to become the kind

of salesgirl *salesgirl she* used to be - right down to the hair and makeup.

A trip to the salon and a peek into Jennifer's own walk-in closet transforms this nervous salesboy into a top-rank salesgirl. Now all that's left to do is sell the house - if the cocky lady doesn't fall in love first.

It's another sweet feminization romance from Sally Laces!

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Bully to Babe



[Check it out on Amazon!](#)

**When a small town bully picks on the wrong person, he ends up losing a lot more than a fight. Taken from his small town to a mysterious mansion, this former fighter suddenly finds himself wearing frilly lace skirts and skimpy silk tops with women's underwear underneath.**

**How long will it be before this angry bully learns to become a docile, doting, delectable woman? And can she become a Southern belle in time for the ball?**

**Of course! It's another wild feminization romance story from Sally Laces!**

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Strip Sissy



[Find it on Amazon!](#)

**When we run up an enormous tab at the club, We're given a few terrible options and one interesting choice - work off the debt over the next few nights.**

**This club doesn't need bouncers or DJs or bartenders. At Club Sueño, the only position hiring is stripper.**

**Now I'm wearing a crop top and fishnets and stiletto heels wondering just what the heck I'm supposed to do up on this stage. The flashing lights and big poles are nothing like I've ever seen up close before. The rest of the girls look like they know what they're doing.**

**I don't. But I'm a quick learner.**

**I just wonder if I'm going to learn a little too much at this crazy secret strip club...**

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# Sissy Starlet



[Find it on Amazon!](#)

**I was a leading man in the days of silent cinema. That all changed when those blasted Talkies started taking over theaters. Oh sure, I had the fair skin and the delicate features for black and white film, but I couldn't do a movie with sound.**

**My voice was just too feminine.**

**My producer offered me a choice - walk away from it all, or change my look. Lots of actors were doing it - you know, adapting with the times.**

**I was the only one who had to become an actress.**

**The timing was perfect. Flappers were all the rage back then, with their pixie-bobs, their shapely dresses, and their preference toward a slim, sultry figure. I could be the most stunning gal on the studio lot.**

**I could become the world's greatest starlet of the silver screen.**

**But how long can I keep it up before the tabloids find out my secret?**

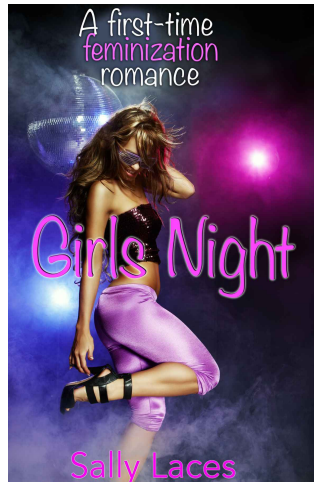
**And who can resist the charms of that A-list leading man they've paired me with for the world's first million-dollar motion picture?**

**Certainly not this starlet.**

**It was all just an act - then it became so wonderfully real...**

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# Girls Night



[Check it out on Amazon !](#)

**Dressing up like a girl was not on my bucket list, but when I found the skirts and blouses in my closet, let's just say I was curious. What would I look like in these soft, silky clothes?**

**Turns out, I looked pretty darn good. Sissifying myself was pretty fun - literally.**

**Until my neighbor saw me dressed up.**

**Now she's asking if my 'roommate' wants to come out on a girl's night. Free drinks, new people, hot clubs - how could I say no?**

**Maybe I'll just put the wig and makeup on one last time. You know, see what happens.**

**But when girls go out for the night, they sometimes come home with guys...**

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# Jock to Cheerleader!



[Check it out on Amazon!](#)

*When I got kicked off the team, I thought my life was over. Not only was I losing my chance at sporting glory, but I'd also be losing my scholarship to Herma University.*

*There was only one way to avoid disaster - a spot on the one team that still had an opening.*

*The **cheerleading** team.*

*If I'm going to be a cheerleader, I'll have to look the part. That means a varsity top, a pleated skirt, and cheer shoes that only come*

*in girl sizes. On a team of girls with long blonde hair and flawless makeup, I cannot stand out. Nobody can know I'm really a boy.*

*But when I start falling for the football team's quarterback, I'll have to ask myself who I am after all -*

*And what kind of girl I really want to be.*

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# Other Stories

## **Bimbofication**

I also write stories about bimbofication - skinny and shy women turning into busty and ditzy bimbos!

My most popular bimbo story is [Bimbo Island!](#) You can get the entire trilogy at a deep discount (free in Kindle Unlimited) with an exclusive epilogue!

And for more bimbo fun, check out these amazing Bimbo Bundles! 5 hot bimbo stories and over 30,000 words of transformation fun per box!

[Bimbo Bundle I!](#)

[Bimbo Bundle II!](#)

[Bimbo Bundle III!](#)

Thanks so much for reading! I'll be back with more steamy stories soon!

*Sally L.*

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