

Make Him Wear It

The Passion of Senator Jackson

Part 9



YOU
MAKE IT LOOK
EFFORTLESS, MR.
JACKSON.

CLICK

CLICK

CLICK

FOR WEEKS, LADY NEMESIS PUT
ME THROUGH MY PACES, TESTING
MY ABILITY TO WALK AND MOVE
LIKE A WOMAN.



LOVE
THAT STRUT,
BABE.

THANK
YOU,
MISTRESS.

WHEN I WASN'T TRAINING, I
LIVED AS A KYLEE FULLTIME,
WORKING AS A CAM GIRL, EXOTIC
DANCER.

MY WHOLE LIFE HAD CHANGED SINCE I'D BECOME NOT JUST BEAUTIFUL AND FEMALE, BUT FAMOUS. I COULDN'T EVEN STOP FOR COFFEE WITHOUT GETTING ASKED FOR SELFIES, HIT ON BY GUYS AND GIRLS.

A LITTLE MORE WIGGLE IN THE WALK.



IT WAS MORE THAN JUST HEELS. I SPENT HOURS PERFECTING DIFFERENT SMILES FOR DIFFERENT SITUATIONS. I'M NOT JOKING. HOURS. I HAD TO RELEARN MY POSTURE, DEAL WITH THESE MELONS. I HAD TO LEARN HOW TO HOLD MY ARMS, MOVE MY HANDS. I HAD TO UNLEARN EVERYTHING I'D KNOWN AS A MAN.

HI.

YOU SEE A HANDSOME MAN. LET HIM KNOW YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED, BUT HE BETTER IMPRESS YOU.


AM I WEIRDLY PROUD OF HOW WELL I'VE MASTERED THE FEMININE? I AM. I DOUBT MANY MEN WOULD HAVE THE WILLPOWER TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT I'VE DONE.

GIGGLE

YOU SEE A GUY AND WANT HIM TO KNOW YOU'RE DTF. SHOW HIM WITHOUT WORDS. THEN, SIT ON THAT CHAIR, AND DO IT LIKE A LADY.


SHE'S EXPECTING A FAIL WHEN I SIT. FOR THE LONGEST TIME I STRUGGLED TO SIT WITH ANY SENSE OF GRACE, ESPECIALLY IN STILETTOS, BUT I AM A WINNER. I KEEP WORKING UNTIL I SUCCEED. I GLIDE TO THE CHAIR AND FLOAT DOWN LIKE A CLOUD, KEEPING MY BACK STRAIGHT, MY CHIN UP. LADY NEMESIS IS IMPRESSED.





CONGRATULATIONS.
YOU HAVE BECOME
ONE GRACEFUL BITCH,
SENATOR.

OH, YOU
DO KNOW HOW
TO FLATTER A
GIRL.



CONGRATULATIONS.
YOU'RE A FANTASY GIRL. THE
WAY YOU MOVE AND TALK IS
FEMININE, FLIRTY, EROTIC, EVEN.
I'VE EMASCULATED YOU, BODY
AND MIND. DO YOU FEEL
ASHAMED?

NO. I'M DOING THIS
FOR MY SON, MY
GRANDKIDS. WHAT COULD BE
MORE MASCULINE THAN
SACRIFICING MYSELF FOR THE
GOOD OF MY OFFSPRING? SO,
SURE, I'LL MINCE AROUND IN
HEELS AND SHAKE MY ASS, BUT I
WON'T FEEL ASHAMED. I'M
ABLE TO PRETEND TO BE A
WOMAN BECAUSE I'M A
REAL MAN.




WHATEVER YOU
HAVE TO TELL
YOURSELF.

I'M TAKING THIS
TO THE NEXT LEVEL.
I'M GOING TO PUT
YOUR SO-CALLED
MANHOOD TO THE
ULTIMATE TEST,
KYLEE.



BRING IT ON.
THERE'S NOTHING
YOU CAN THROW AT
ME THAT I CAN'T
HANDLE.



I LOVE YOUR
SPUNKY, CAN-DO
ATTITUDE, MISSY. HERE'S
WHAT GOING DOWN:
YOU'RE NOW A CALL
GIRL.

SENATOR WILLY
BANNON SIGNED
ON AS YOUR FIRST
CLIENT. OH! GOOD
NEWS. HE OPTED FOR
THE GIRLFRIEND
EXPERIENCE, SO
YOU'LL EVEN GET A
FREE MEAL OUT OF
IT. FUN, RIGHT?

WILLY BANNON? WE
HATE EACH OTHER,
WENT TOE TO TOE IN
THE SENATE MANY
TIMES. NOW, HE WANTS
TO STICK HIS DICK IN
ME. WHAT AN ASSHOLE.

OH, SHIT.



DUTY, GENERAL GEORGE PATTON ONCE SAID, IS THE ESSENCE OF MANHOOD. WHAT GREATER DUTY DOES ANY MAN HAVE THAN TO HIS FAMILY? HAD I JUMPED IN FRONT OF A BULLET FOR MY SON, PEOPLE WOULD SAY I MADE THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE.



I DISAGREE. IT'S A LOT EASIER TO DIE AS A MAN THAN TO LIVE AS A WOMAN.

A MAN HAS TO HAVE A CODE TO LIVE BY. REAL MEN STICK TO THEIR CODE, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT ISN'T EASY. DOES PAINTING MY FACE MAKE ME LESS OF A MAN? I SAY IT PROVES THAT I'M A MAN, A REAL MAN.






STRENGTH. COURAGE.
MASTERY. HONOR. THE
FOUR ATTRIBUTES OF A
MAN. I STILL EMBODY
ALL FOUR. DOES THE FACT
I HAVE A PRETTY FACE
CHANGE-- WOW. THIS
COLOR IS THE BOMB. MY
LIPS ARE SO KISSABLE.

SOMETIMES, I JUST
STARE AT MYSELF.



A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair pulled back, wearing heavy eye makeup and dark lipstick. She is looking upwards and to the right with a surprised expression. She is holding a gold lipstick tube and a small gold box. She is wearing several gold bangles on her left wrist and a gold ring on her left hand. The background is a light-colored wall with a patterned wallpaper and a white chair.

JESUS. I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SO PRETTY. WHEN PEOPLE SEE ME IN REAL LIFE-- MEN, WOMEN-- THEY SOMETIMES JUST STOP AND STARE. IT'S LIKE THEY'RE STUNNED BY MY BEAUTY. I'M STUNNED BY MY BEAUTY. IT TAKES COURAGE TO BE THIS GORGEOUS. COURAGE AND A LOT OF WORK.

PRETTY GIRLS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH SO MUCH BULLSHIT IT ISN'T EVEN FUNNY. MOST MEN COULDN'T HANDLE IT. THEY'D EITHER KILL THEMSELVES OR END UP IN AN ASYLUM. NOT ME. I DON'T BREAK.



WHAT WAS I--? OH.



WHAT I'M SAYING IS-- MY NAILS LOOK SO GOOD-- LADY NEMESIS IS WRONG. SHE DIDN'T EMASCULATE ME IN SPIRIT. I AM STILL JUST AS MUCH OF A MAN AS I WAS, MAYBE EVEN MORE OF MAN. LIVING AS KYLEE IS THE HARDEST THING I'VE EVER DONE.

MAKEUP IS SUCH A POWERFUL WEAPON. WHEN I PUT ON MY FACE, I BECOME A DIFFERENT PERSON-- I DON'T JUST HAVE A WOMAN'S BODY, BUT I AM A WOMAN, A REAL WOMAN. I'M NOT ME. I'M KYLEE. I'M ALWAYS KYLEE WHEN I LEAVE THE HOUSE. I NEVER GO OUT THE DOOR WITHOUT MAKEUP, NEVER GO IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA. I NEVER LEAVE THE HOUSE AS ME. I LEAVE AS HER. SHE'S THE ONE WHO'S SEXY AND FLIRTY. I'M STILL JUST A CROTCHETY OLD MAN.



MY "DATE" SENT ME
FLOWERS.

I NEVER REALLY APPRECIATED
THE SMELL OF ROSES WHEN I
WAS A MAN. I'M SO MUCH MORE
AWARE OF SMELLS NOW, AND I
SEE ALL THESE COLORS I NEVER
KNEW EXISTED. WOMEN
EXPERIENCE THIS WORLD ON
SUCH A DEEPER LEVEL.



HE SENT ME PRESENTS: LINGERIE, A
DRESS. HE PICKED OUT MY OUTFIT FOR
OUR DATE. EVEN SPECIFIED HOW I
SHOULD WEAR MY HAIR. CONTROL
FREAK, MUCH, WILLY?

AS I SQUEEZE MYSELF
INTO THE CORSET IT
HITS ME: THIS IS REAL,
IT'S HAPPENING:
BANNON, THE MAN I
HATE MORE THAN
ANYONE IN THE WORLD,
IS GOING TO FUCK ME.



I'VE GIFT-WRAPPED MYSELF FOR HIM, RIGHT DOWN TO THE BOW ON MY ASS. HE'LL UNWRAP ME TONIGHT, LOOK ME UP AND DOWN LIKE THE PRIZE PIECE OF ASS I AM, AND HE WILL THINK HE HAS WON.



HE HAS, IN A SENSE. MY ONLY PURPOSE WILL BE TO PLEASE HIM. I'LL BECOME ANY KIND OF GIRL HE WANTS, DO ANYTHING HE ASKS ME TO DO.

I HAVE TO SWALLOW MY PRIDE, ACCEPT THAT I AM JUST HIS SEX DOLL.



YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN? WE BOTH HAVE TO PLOW THROUGH SHIT SOMETIMES, BUT A WOMAN'S EXPECTED TO DO IT WITH A SMILE.

I'VE GOT TO BECOME KYLEE NOW. SMILE PRETTY. SHE LOVES PLEASING MEN.



IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING, DO IT RIGHT. MY FATHER IMPRESSED THAT NOTION UPON ME WHEN I WAS A BOY, USUALLY AT THE END OF A WHIPPING.



I'M A CALL GIRL NOW. MY JOB IS TO SHOW MEN A GOOD TIME. HEY, DAD, GUESS WHAT?

I'M GOING TO DO IT RIGHT.
KYLEE IS GOING TO DO IT
RIGHT.



YOU GOT THIS, GIRL.

To Be Continued

