

## Second Puberty pt 2

Dee sat quietly in the passenger seat of Macy's rusty old Buick. Macy liked to drive when they went anywhere, but she mostly did it due to Dee still not having a car or a license. She glanced over to Macy, still feeling the choker firmly round her neck. Macy smiled, enjoying the way Dee had become so submissive around her.

"Well, I don't know what all has changed, yet, but I do like this new attitude of yours. I think once we find out what your style is as a woman, you'll be a lot more comfortable like this."

Dee's cheeks burned pink as she stared down at her exposed knees. Macy's loose navy dress she let her borrow made her feel so exposed and she tugged the hem further down her leg as a reflex.

"Thanks Macy. I just don't want to look like some 5 year old who raided her mom's closet for the first time. I... I need your help with this."

Macy placed her hand warmly on Dee's shoulder and the new woman blushed, remembering the intensity of what they did back in the bedroom. It was amazing and hot, but the collar... that was a surprise. Dee had no idea she would love wearing it so much and how badly she wanted to know what Macy meant... what it meant to "belong" to her.

They pulled into the parking lot for the Bay City Mall and found a good spot in the shade to park. Dee tugged on the door and found it to still be locked. She turned to Macy and the woman was already upon her, crawling over the small arm-rest and pressing Dee into the car door with her body. Dee blushed and stammered as Macy fondled her breasts and met her lips, kissing her deeply and leading her with a confident smirk. Dee allowed it all, feeling the thrill building in her chest, and hugged Macy closer.

Closing her eyes, she fell into Macy's spell, kissing and moaning softly while her body was touched and kissed. She moved to do more and felt a gentle smack on her hand as she moved to grab Macy's ass. Looking up with confusion, Macy wrapped her fingernails round the new woman's neck and gently applied pressure.

"You can touch me when I give permission, Dee." She smirked and booped Dee's nose, which seemed to snap her out of her stupor. She was confused but suddenly extremely turned on after being given a command like that and nodded without thinking.

Satisfied, Macy turned back with a smile and got out of the car, leaving Dee a moment alone to sigh deeply and squirmed, feeling that new nagging heat between her thighs. Joining Macy shortly after getting herself under control, Dee felt herself walking very close to her towards the main doors.

"What do you think we should check out first, underwear, outerwear, or the boutique?" Macy asked, leading the pair with her confident stride.

Dee was overwhelmed but underwear seemed a good idea, just grab a bag of some boxer-briefs and she'd be good to go... *no need to get crazy...* she shrugged. "Whatever you wanna do." *That... isn't exactly what she meant to say, but it felt...nice? Macy certainly knew better and why not just let the master run things?*

They entered the mall through the glass-walled food court and Dee smelled all the amazing greasy food she loved as a guy but the smells seemed to have more variety that she could discern, rather than everything kind of blending together. The colors of all the signs, the clothes people wore, even the potted plants and palm trees, all appeared more distinct and varied from each other.

"Whoa, it's like... sensory overload."

"Hm?" Macy turned.

"Oh, I guess I just realized why you guys get upset when dudes call something just 'blue'," Dee chuckled.

"I thought boys were just lazy and the color thing was a way for them to seem more manly." She deepened her voice mockingly, "I'm a real man, I only need to know five colors. Blue, red, black, white, and gun-metal." A little snort erupted from Dee that turned into a stifled giggle. She blushed and Macy grinned, loving how years of layers of the stifling, choking pressures of masculinity had made her old friend emotionally distant and depressed. Dee was finally becoming the person she always could have been.

Macy took Dee by the hand and led her through the crowded hallway into a little boutique for women's underwear. Taking the initiative, Dee resolved to find something she thought might look good on her, even if she had no idea what her sizes were while Macy went to find an attendant to measure her.

Dee had been in this store multiple times with her mother before when she was a young boy. It always felt weird, like he was invading this space, like stumbling into an incorrect bathroom. She remembered a faint sliver of a memory as a child, trying on her mom's dress and getting tangled up while putting the bra on the outside of the outfit because she had forgotten to put it on first.

Dee smiled as she browsed, finally coming upon a dark purple silky push-up with black lace trim. At first, Dee hesitated in grabbing it, feeling that sense of alien-ness to the action. She took a deep breath. "I'm a woman. Wearing a bra and bra shopping is normal. Nothing about this is wrong."

She took the display model and held it. It took some internal battle, but she eventually admitted to herself that she really loved it, the color, the smooth silky cups; she imagined herself wearing it under some sexy cocktail dress for Macy- she needed a cocktail dress too. She turned to find Macy approaching with the attendant.

"Find something? Oooh I /ove that purple, Dee!" Macy took the bra and held it up to Dee, squinting with her tongue out to exaggerate herself imagining Dee wearing it.

"Definitely something you should wear when we hit the town, girl. Let's find out your size and we can get some nude and black ones so you have something to wear around the house and to work."

"S-sure, right, I uh, grew pretty big over the winter, heh-heh..." Dee tried her best to lie in front of the attendant, sure that if she said something like, "I don't have any because I was a man this morning", it could make things weird. Second Puberty was largely thought of as a super-rare condition or a conspiracy, and in their small-town, nobody had probably ever seen someone like her outside of tv.

Macy played along and helped Dee into a privacy booth. The attendant measured her so quickly, Dee could barely follow what was being checked.

"Yep, your friend guessed right, you're a 34DD, now." The woman said, putting her measuring tape over her shoulders.

"Wow. double D?" Dee had heard that size in stories and just didn't realize just how big she had gotten.

"What... were you before?" The attendant furrowed her brow in slight confusion.

"UH.. smaller, like a... B?"

"O...k. well if there's anything else you need...", the attendant had more questions, but decided it wasn't her business and left the booth, with Macy taking her place.

"I'm a wizard. Knew these melons were bigger than mine." Macy groped her from behind and Dee had to bite her lip to stifle a moan. Macy's fingers massaged and tugged her plump nipples and the new woman had no idea they'd be this sensitive.

"I'll stop teasing for now. You look like you wanna fight... or fuck, I'm not sure." Macy handed the purple bra in the proper size to Dee and turned to leave eyes lingering with Dee's with a mischievous grin. Dee felt the flutter in her chest again and looked down at her new garment. All the straps and clips and cups and... she had no idea how to put this thing on herself.

By the time Dee was dressed, still tugging at her shoulder and adjusting the cups all the way to the register, Macy was almost done getting her checked out. A week's worth of casual bras came out to about a hundred bucks with a coupon, and it made the new girl's head spin. "This was just *part* of her underwear", she thought. Once paid, Macy led her towards the next store.

"So, I went ahead and grabbed some no-show panties for you, those actually *were* on sale. Some black, some nude, and one with little stripes..." Macy laughed.

"You are really enjoying this", Dee said, re-adjusting her bra-strap again.

"I am. Also, you're gonna need those no-shows for our next stop. Every girl needs at least one great pair of jeans. You can get away with wearing your old band tees and flannel shirts for now, but there's no way I'm letting you walk around in your ugly brown cargo shorts in public."

"It's just a pair of jeans, Macy. Plus, I don't have much spending money left..." Dee grumbled.

"I promise not to break the bank, Dee. But you'll thank me once I get you into a pair of these." Macy stopped at the window in front of a trendy women's clothing store. A mannequin wore a pair of stressed, high-waisted skinny jeans. They looked like they had been painted on. Dee was blushing beet red as she saw how little the jeans left to the imagination- and turned to walk away.

"Hey hey hey, where are you going? You are gonna love them, what's the matter?" Macy ran round the anxious new girl and cut her off from hiding in the nearby restroom, gently taking her hand.

Dee meekly glanced around at the other mall-goer's. "I don't know if I'm ready for this..."

Macy put her hand on Dee's shoulder and her fingers softly slid over to her neck and touched the collar. "You shouldn't worry about what anybody else thinks. You're my girl and I would never make you look bad or embarrass you. Do you trust me?"

Dee swallowed and sighed, feeling some of her worries fade, before turning back to the store. Macy took her straight to the changing rooms, grabbing a few different sizes of jeans to have Dee try on. With fuller hips and thighs, but being a tad shorter than Macy, she didn't quite know what would look best. Luckily, there didn't seem to be anyone attending the changing rooms in the store at the moment and the pair slipped into a single room. Macy handed her some panties to replace her old boxer briefs she had been wearing and Dee hesitantly slid them up her long, smooth legs.

"I feel like I'm not wearing anything."

"That's the idea. You don't want panty-lines showing on the outside of your clothes."

Dee nodded and began working through the small pile of jeans Macy had chosen.

*"Alright, let's figure out your size..."*

*Nope, too tight...*

*Too long... Okay... hold on... "*

Macy made Dee spin back and forth like four times before she was satisfied. "These are perfect. Check you out!"

Dee quietly took in all the mirror was showing. Her long red hair framing her unmistakably cute, feminine face. The black Cranberries t-shirt she borrowed from Macy was slightly stretched over her new push-up covered breasts. The little bit of tummy that had been peeking out below her shirt was now covered by her high-waisted jeans. A row of buttons led down to her plush thighs and wide hips. She still could barely believe this insanely feminine, curvy form was her own. Dee turned and gasped as she saw the curve of her big bubble-butt encased in the jeans... Her ass looked amazing. She bounced lightly on her heels and watched it wobble slightly and felt her face flush again as Macy's hands roughly groped her booty cheeks pushing her against the mirror.

Dee bit her lip with a quiet moan and shallow breaths as Macy fondled her ass and nibbled Dee's ear, whispering, "You're so fucking *hot*. How am I supposed to keep my hands off you when you look like this?"

Dee could barely stifle a yelp as Macy suddenly smacked her hard across her right ass cheek. She turned back with a pout, rubbing the stinging flesh, but something was being driven crazy deep down in Dee's belly. She was flushed and the warm, wet throbbing between her legs was building into something maddening. Macy gave her a knowing, confident smirk and kissed her deeply, pressing her chest into Dee and grabbing her pussy hard with her fingers. She wanted more, frustrated with sexual tension, she pushed back, forgetting herself before Macy quickly pulled away, booping Dee in the nose slightly harder this time.

"When I give permission, Dee. Remember." Macy looked like she was playing some kind of game with her, smiling mischievously and leaning forward just enough to show off her cleavage. She must've known how Dee felt, how hard it was to focus with her body practically *humming* with need...

Dee nodded and unbuttoned the jeans before beginning the arduous task of peeling them off her body. Now back in her borrowed outfit, which felt more ill-fitting after wearing the perfect pair of jeans, and paid.

"I can't believe a pair of jeans cost \$85." Dee groaned.

"I thought they were on sale, the displays were very misleading. How about I apologize with some food?" Dee checked her phone. It was nearly 1pm and she just realized how usually *not* hungry she was. "You go ahead, I'll just get a drink or something."

"No way! You've been through so much today, I know just what you need."

She followed Macy back into the food court until they reached the ice cream shop. Macy stepped up and ordered a pair of the girliest desserts Dee had ever seen. Pink strawberry ice cream with sprinkles, a big dollop of whipped cream, a plump strawberry on top with a chocolate drizzle in old-fashioned tall glasses. As Derek, she would *never* have ordered something like this, let alone eat it in front of people. She stared at the overindulgence, hesitating.

"Dee. You're a woman. Nobody thinks it's weird when we buy ridiculous desserts or wear frilly dresses or publicly squeal when we see a cute puppy. You don't have to pretend to hate stuff because it's cute."

Dee glanced around before picking up her spoon. She plucked the chocolate covered strawberry off the top along with some of the whipped cream and put it in her mouth. She smiled and Macy giggled. "Not bad, right? And you didn't burst into flames. I think you're ready for some makeup, get some shoes, manicure... but I guess those can wait until you have some more money. In the meantime, since you are trying new things, I thought I'd get you one more, when you were ready."

Macy retrieved a thin, wrapped box from her purse and handed it to Dee. Lifting the lid, her eyes went wide as she gasped and closed the lid. "You- you want me to-"

"Yep, for the rest of the day." Macy winked mischievously.

Dee lifted the tiny, silky black present and her face was flushed imagining how she'd look in it.

"I-I have no idea what I'm doing, but... yes I... I will. Thank you."

"Good girl."

Dee felt her neck tingle as a warm cloud filled her mind. A wave of euphoria washed over her and the girl slowly blinked her glassy gaze, reality itself seemingly more bright and colorful. The collar she wore gently tightened, sending a dull pulse of warmth through her.

She *was* a good girl...

The *best*...

Master was going to be **so** proud of her...