

First Time For Everything, Part 3

Steve rushed up to his room three stairs at a time only to find it empty. The note he left on the floor was replaced with a new one that told him to check his email.

Steve,

Vengeance is yours if you search for it on your computer. I had my mother pick me up. Stop by this afternoon if you can.

Love,

Polly

He was going to jump from his chair but curiosity got the better of him. He performed a search for Vengeance and a folder of pictures came up. He only had to look at a few of them before he was smiling ear-to-ear.

Vengeance can wait, he thought as he left the house.

Polly's mother answered the door. "Come in, Steve. Have a seat over by the television."

He did so and she sat down across from him. She picked up the remote and pressed some buttons. The television came on and a tape played. "Kiss her goodbye later and get downstairs," came his sister's voice from the tape. The recording contained a little of Steve chasing after Sarah. The tape jumped and Sarah crossed in front of it, picked up Polly's body and left the room. Polly's mother paused the video.

"I want you to tell me the missing parts of the story. Why did it take so long for you to get back to your room? I want to know why her ordeal, even if she calls it an adventure I call it an ordeal, lasted all weekend."

Steve told her about his sister's prank and how he had forgotten they would be out all day Sunday. He tried not to make too many excuses and added he was not sure how Sarah would be disciplined.

"Okay," she replied. "That makes me feel better. I'm going out for a few hours. Polly is expecting you upstairs, second door on the left. Don't ruin her adventure." She rose to leave.

"I most certainly won't. One thing?"

"Yes?"

"Are you also a mer?"

She nodded as she opened the door. "Yep. Second generation. That means, unlike Polly, a third generation mer, it takes chemical intervention for me to change whereas Polly can just will the change to occur." She started to close the door then leaned back in to add, "I don't pose in public any more. But if asked nicely by someone my daughter loves...." She grinned mischievously and pulled the door closed behind her.

After a moment he realized he was keeping Polly waiting. He bounded up the stairs and looked into the first room on the left, her bedroom. It was certainly neater than his room. He then

realized her mother had said the second door. That door was always closed in his experience and it was closed now.

He knocked once on the door and waited a few seconds before turning the knob. The first thing he saw was a sewing table, a dressmaker's dummy, and drawings on the walls of designer-style dresses. As he opened the door wider he saw a raised platform with a black backdrop. On the platform was his mannequin dressed in its sundress. An empty chair sat beside it. In front of the platform was a camera on a tripod. Lighting umbrellas flanked the platform. Stepping in he saw the last corner of the room. A sundress, stockings, a bra and matching panties hung from a clothing rack. A pair of shoes was on a shelf above the rack. On a chair next to the rack sat Polly. She was posed leaning forward on the chair one leg forward, one leg pulled back under the chair. Her arms were crossed loosely in front of her. She was looking slightly upward, directly at him.

"Continue her adventure, she told me," he said aloud. "Before I start, though..." He leaned over and gently kissed her frozen lips. "I have to apologize for how Sarah treated you. I'll presume you accept so we can get started."

"Let's start with the underwear," he narrated for her benefit. He took the panties off the hanger and slid it onto her back leg followed by her front leg. When it no longer needed to stretch between her legs he slowed down sliding it slowly up both legs, gently lifting her off the seat between small movements upward. He fussed with getting it just so and then turned his attention to the bra. He had to maneuver the straps between her crossed arms in order to pull it up to her chest. Again he fussed with the bra, adjusting the straps, pulling the cups into place, etc. for her amusement.

"Hmm, stockings." He mused. Removing them from the rack, he lifted her front leg and grabbed her rear leg. He started the stockings up the rear leg. At the knee he switched to the front leg. When the stockings were around equal height, he lowered her back onto the chair and raised the stockings up her legs the same way he did the panties. Afterward he meticulously straightened the seam along the back of her leg, ensuring it was completely straight.

"This isn't the dress we bought but it will look nice next to the other dress." He leaned her forward and pulled the dress over her head. He snaked the short sleeves through her arms and left the dress bunched up around her waist. Then he leaned her backward until her butt was off the seat and slid the dress down to her knees.

"I'll straighten the dress on the platform since I still have to move you. May as well do that now." He carried her across the room sort of over his shoulder and placed her in the chair on the platform. After twisting her in a few directions he found a spot where she just seemed to fit perfectly. That made him smile, "You froze here and were moved to the other chair, weren't you? Glad to see someone's mother is supportive of her child's pastimes."

He straightened the dress, aligning the seams and giving the fabric a more natural lay. Then he fetched her shoes and slid them on. He then checked the lay of the sundress on his mannequin. Satisfied he stepped off the platform to the camera.

"I don't know a lot about photography so I hope you or your mother setup those lighting umbrellas correctly." Looking through the camera he saw that the two figures were centered perfectly. "I guess I shouldn't have worried. Smile," he added coyly as he snapped the shutter.

Looking up he saw color returning to her face, her plastic sheen faded and she turned her head to look full on at him, "Smile?" And she laughed.

"So you finally had your first time being dressed by someone else. How was it?"

"Excellent. But it seemed to take forever. Now how about a first kiss without freezing during it."

"That's up to you," he said as he provided his side of the kiss. It lasted a moment or two, full of passion and desire. "Now that you're all dressed up, what do you want to do?"

"How about a real first date?"

"What? Like dinner and a movie?"

"Yeah."

"But we've done that hundreds of times together."

"But they were never dates."

"I suppose not," he pondered. "Well, where do you want to go? And be gentle since I suppose I'm buying."

"Oh, c'mon, we'll decide in the car. I haven't eaten much in two days."

* * *

After dinner, they went to the local movie theater. Steve bought their tickets and led her into the back row of the theater. The movie they were seeing had been out for a week so the theater was not crowded.

As they sat down, Polly asked, "Why back here?"

"Because," he whispered, "I didn't think you would be willing to freeze where people might see you. But no one will see us back here, yet you'll still be frozen in public."

"I don't know. I don't do this in public."

"Wait until the lights go down. You'll see it's so dark back here no one will notice."

"You just don't want to have to share your popcorn."

"That is but an added bonus."

The lights went down and she leaned against him. She was glad when he didn't press her to transform. So glad that she decided to combine two first times.

Steve put his arm around Polly as the film started. She leaned against him with her hand on his thigh. He tried not to think about it but that became impossible when he felt her hand slide down his pants. He looked down at her but she did not meet his gaze. Her hand came to rest at his cock. She massaged it for a moment and then firmly wrapped her hand around his shaft.

Steve nearly groaned with pleasure as her hand froze around his cock. She was still staring at the movie screen. He leaned close to her ear and whispered, "I see we're both going to enjoy some first times today."

Sarah smiled inwardly. She could feel his cock straining against its confinement. Each time blood pulsed through it made her hand feel warm and tingly. He shifted position several times throughout the film but each time her unmoving hand remained firmly around his cock. As the movie ended, she unfroze and his cock engorged with the release of pressure. She unexpectedly gasped. She looked up at him as he tossed his head back trying to suppress a groan. One more involuntary thrust and she felt him cum. The ejaculate covered his underwear and got on her hand. She pulled it free of his pants.

As the lights came up, he looked down to see her removing her finger from her mouth. "That was an unexpected first time for me. I'll have to try that again." She added licking another finger.

She was about to stand when he pulled her back down, "It's gonna be a moment before I can stand up without hurting myself."

"Did you enjoy the film?" She asked, sitting down beside him.

"I was a little distracted as it ended but it was certainly pleasurable being here," he joked.

Shortly, the theater emptied and the custodial staff was cleaning the room.

"I guess we should go," he said. "I need to find the bathroom anyway."

Eventually they got back to his car where she asked, "I'm guessing a mannequin handjob is something you've often thought about."

"Actually, not really. I was always more turned on by having my cock inside a mannequin."

"I wouldn't mind another taste," Polly said. "I never thought I'd say that. But I can just imagine unzipping you right now and taking it into my mouth as deep as I can and freezing around you. You would..."

"Why are we talking instead of doing?" He interrupted. He put the car in park, pushed his seat back and reached for his zipper. "Are you up for it?"

She looked around. They were parked in the driveway of her house. "We could go inside."

"No, your mother's already home. Let's do it here."

She looked down at his erect cock sticking out of his pants and nodded as she lowered herself to it. She took it into her mouth. Some ejaculate from before was still on it and she gave him a quick suck. He moaned slightly and placed his hand on the back of her head. It was all the encouragement she needed to open wider and pull as much of his cock into her mouth as she could. As it pressed into the back of her throat she felt her gag reflex threatening to kick in. She held it at bay for a second and began her transformation.

He felt like his dick was encased in plastic. He grabbed her solid head and lifted it slightly upward and then pushed it back downward. The feeling was unworldly. Soon he found himself pistoning her head up and down on his cock as fast as he could.

Polly was glad she had closed her eyes when he entered her throat because the vigor with which he was using her was unexpected. Soon she felt his hot cum filling her mouth. She felt him slump back in the seat, his hands still entangled in her hair. She decided to wait until he picked her up off his cock.

He was feeling pretty spent after his two orgasms. Polly had not unfrozen and he was enjoying the feel of her in his lap. When he became flaccid, he said, "I can't really pick you up the way you are kneeling."

She unfroze and sat up. Dried cum lined her mouth and hung from her lips. She wiped her lips and said, "I really need to drink something. Are you coming inside?"

"No, I came outside already."

She playfully punched him. "You know what I mean."

"Yeah, I'm spent and I do believe there is school tomorrow. There will time to experiment tomorrow afternoon."

She got out of the car and he walked her to the front door. He leaned forward to kiss her. She put her arms around his neck and midkiss froze for a moment then unfroze.

"Are you getting better at that?"

"Perhaps. Practice makes perfect."

"Good night, Polly."

"Good night."

He stepped off the porch and looked back. She opened the screen door and looked back at him. He smiled and turned to get in the car. Looking back she remained at the screen door exactly as he had seen her a moment ago. He smiled again as he started the car. He backed out of the driveway. Looking again, Polly still had not moved. He laughed as he put the car in drive and drove off, wondering how long she stood there before going inside.