



Reluctant Press presents:

Angelica, Pretty Sex Slave

Blind Ruth



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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ANGELICA, PRETTY SEX SLAVE

BY BLIND RUTH

WARNING

Do not read this account of my life if you are easily shocked. I warn you now, my life is sometimes sad, sometimes humorous, and full of explicit sex for which I make no apologies. That is the way I live my life. This is your last warning: put this book down now if you are a prude.

MY WICKED, WICKED LIFE/MY NAUGHTY AUNTS

I started life with the name Timothy Ville.

Things started when I was a boy somewhere between five and eight. I can't rightly remember. What I do remember is what I called my naughty aunts. Naughty they may have been but I love them dearly, even now. They were my mother's identical twin sisters, June and Judy. They were ten years younger than my mother, Janice. In my early years they were going to college to be nurses.

After their studies, they worked as nurses in the local Royal Infirmary and had more time to visit mother and father; they were always welcome in our house. They were fun and could always make me laugh. I liked both of them.

One Sunday afternoon when my aunts had come for tea, my mother said that she and my father were going out later that week to a play. She mentioned how hard it was to find someone to look after me.

Aunt June looked at Aunt Judy and a mischievous smile past between them.

"Janice, I think we can solve your problem, can't we, Judy? We are both off on Thursday and could look after little Timmy here."

"I would be so grateful to both of you. At least no harm would come to him since it would be family looking after him. Are you sure it will be no bother to you?"

"No bother at all, Janice," replied my Aunt June.

"I can't thank you girls enough," said Mother.

On that Thursday, my aunts arrived for tea before my parents left to go to the theatre. Polite talk passed between my aunts and my parents. Then my parents left for the theatre. I was sitting between my aunts when Aunt June said, "Go and get that holdall out of the car trunk, Judy."

Aunt Judy came back with the holdall. I was still seated between my aunts when Aunt June said, "Do you like playing games, Timmy?"

"Oh yes, Aunt June."

"Good, Timmy. Do you like playing secret little games that you must not tell your mother about? Secret games that only you, Aunt Judy and I will know about. Exciting games."

"Oh yes, aunt," I answered. I was most curious to know what this secret games was.

Opening the holdall, Aunt Judy said, "In this game, you become someone you have never been before." Aunt Judy was now holding up a dress before me.

"It's a dress, Aunt Judy." I laughed.

"Yes, that's right, but you're not a girl. This is where you become something you are not. If you put this dress on, you can become a girl and that is not something every boy can say! You can be privileged to be a girl for a short while. Isn't that nice, Timmy?"

The way my aunt was saying it, it sounded exciting. It made me feel like I wanted to try this dress on. I think by the look in my eyes, my aunts knew they had convinced me.

"Good Timmy, lets go to your room and try it on," said Aunt June, taking me by the hand with Aunt Judy following with the holdall.

Once in my room, my aunts helped me divest my boys clothes, then slipped the dress over my head and straightened it down my body. "Did you bring the knickers, Judy?" asked Aunt June.

"Of course I did, June. Here they are."

Aunt Judy had now rummaged through the holdall and was holding up a pair of red cotton knickers. "Put your feet into this leg, Timmy."

Aunt Judy was holding a leg open for me to put my right leg in, followed by the other foot. Aunt June was helping Aunt Judy pull the knickers up my legs 'til they reached my waist. The elastic of the knickers gripped just below the knee and around my waist. It was very comfortable.

"She is nice, isn't she, Judy?"

"Yes, June. I found the clothes in a charity shop. Maybe I'll find a petticoat next time, June."

"Please do, she would look nice in a petticoat as well."

"Timmy, don't you think it's nice wearing girls clothes? You're now into a secret world all your own. Only Aunt Judy, you and I know this little secret. Your mother doesn't have to know."

"Yes, aunts," I said

"And we can play this little game every time we look after you. Isn't it fun, Timmy?" I was bewildered by it all.

Then Aunt June produced a big white ribbon out of the holdall. "Come here, sweetheart, and sit between us."

I did and Aunt June produced a large tortoise shell comb and brush set, then proceeded to brush my soft brown hair. When she was satisfied, she took the white ribbon and tied it into my hair into a big bow.

"Oh, isn't she pretty, June?" said Aunt Judy. "She deserves a little kiss," which she promptly gave me on the cheek followed by Aunt June.

"Let's make some coffee, June." That was just what Aunt June did as we all left my room to go to the kitchen and sit at the large table there.

"Isn't this nice, Timmy?" said Aunt Judy as she opened a box containing doughnuts and cookies.

"Yes, Aunt," I replied.

"Our little secret girl is having tea and cakes with her aunts," said Aunt June. "Now you mustn't say a word to your mummy. She wouldn't understand these secret games, would she, Judy?"

"Oh no. You do like being a girl, don't you, Timmy?"

I said nothing. I was still bewildered by it all and the attention my aunts were giving me. My aunts chatted away to each other in a conversation I did not understand about men, every so often giving me a cookie, then carrying on their conversation.

Then Aunt Judy looked at her watch. "I think it is time you went to bed, Timmy. Your mother and father will soon be home."

Both aunts, taking me by the hand, led me back to my bedroom. Aunt June withdrew my pajamas from the bedside drawer as Aunt Judy helped slip off the dress. Aunt June helped me put my pajama jacket on and was easing the girl's knickers off my legs to proceed with putting on the pajama bottoms.

The white ribbon was still in my hair and Aunt Judy was in the process of untying it. I must have looked a little glum as she did this.

"Oh, the little darling wants to keep the ribbon in her hair, Aunt June."

"Does she really? Well, maybe at some future date you can, sweetheart but not tonight, darling."

Once my aunts tucked me in bed, they switched the light off and shut my bedroom door, saying, "Sweet dreams, darling."

I didn't fall asleep right away; everything had been so exciting to a little boy like me. I seemed to remember everything that happened that night. I was awake in that darkened room when I heard my parents arrive back.

I heard snatches of conversation like "How was he, girls?"

"He was as good as gold, Janice and Tom."

My parents and aunts seemed to talk for a long time, although it was difficult to make out conversation. Eventually I fall asleep.

Now I looked forward to my aunts visiting our home. Then came the time I shall never forget which probably set me off on my present lifestyle.

One night, my aunts were visiting once more. My mother said she and my father were hoping to plan something big for their 10th wedding anniversary.

"Like what, Janice?" queried Aunt June.

"Oh, I don't know, maybe a slapped-together meal with you, mother, father and family."

"I see," said Aunt Judy. "Why don't you do something like having a second honeymoon?"

"I don't know, Judy. Who is going to look after Timmy?" I think mother was tempted but was worried about me.

"If you are really worried, Janice, June and myself will look after Timmy."

"You girls have looked after him for a night but two whole days? It's too much."

"We can get time off. The hospital owes us leave."

Father came in at that point. "I think it's a good idea, Janice. Time alone together is something we have not had since we married."

My mother looked at me. "And what about you, Timmy?"

"Yes, mother, I like my aunts."

"Good, then it's settled," said Aunt June.

Aunt June was looking at me. "How would you like a little brother?"

"Or a little sister," said Aunt Judy.

Mother went all red in the face. "Girls, please." Mother blushed

I, of course, did not understand what they were talking about.

I'm sure I caught a glance between my aunts. I just knew something special was being hatched between them. It made my heart pound with excitement. I could not wait 'til that weekend.

My aunts came early that Friday in the beat-up second-hand car they shared to give my mother and father an early start to their weekend. Mother had a little present for each of my aunts for being so kind as to look after me. It was a silver necklace with their names hanging from the necklace.

"You and Tom run along. Have a good time and phone us every night to see how Timmy is. By the way, tomorrow the hospital is having its annual Children's summer party for sick children. I asked if we could take Timmy to it. Is that okay, Janice?" Aunt June was talking.

"Yes sure. You'll like that, won't you, Timmy?"

"Oh yes, Mother." I was thinking about ice cream and jelly and toys and party games.

"Weather forecast says it's going to be hot this weekend. I expect you and Tom will not see much of it," said Aunt Judy.

My father laughed. "You girls are something else. I pity the man that marries you."

"Did you hear that, June? One man between the two of us. That will be interesting."

"Stop it, girls, you'll have me in stitches," Father said, laughing again.

Mother was embarrassed. Me, being innocent and naïve, did not know what my aunts and father were talking about.

Mother told my aunts to help themselves to anything they wanted. Soon my mother and father departed to kisses all around. I was left with my aunts.

"Now that mummy and daddy have left, since it's so nice a day, we will have a picnic in the back garden."

"That's a good idea, Judy. What about carrots, tomato, lettuce, and cold ham? There's a tin in the fridge along with some ice cream in a fruit salad for Timmy here."

Aunt Judy produced a sun hat and put it on me. It looked like a girl's hat.

We spent a pleasant hour or two in the back garden, then Aunt June looked at her watch. "It's time for your afternoon nap, Timmy."

"Do I have to go to bed in the middle of the afternoon?"

"Of course you do, Timmy. You're a growing boy and need your rest. Now don't argue with your aunts. We are nurses and know what is best for you. Let's hear no more about it." My Aunt Judy was addressing me.

"I suppose so," I grumpily answered.

In my room, my aunts put me in my pajamas, drew the curtains and left me to sweet dreams. I woke some three hours later, much refreshed from the sleep. Aunt June was standing at my bedside.

"Ah, the sleepy head awakes. We have your tea all ready. Put your clothes on and come to the kitchen."

This I did. It entered my mind that I had played the secret game we always played together when my aunts and I were alone. I was so looking forward to that game.

Tea passed with conversation between my aunts and me.

“Let us go to the living room, Timmy. Aunt Judy was looking at me.

“This is it,” I thought, “we are going to play our secret game.”

In the living room, Aunt June and Aunt Judy carried on, talking about boyfriends, it seemed. Now that I am older, the significance of that conversation is clear to me. It went something like this:

“June, what did you think of Andy?”

“Oh, he was a good kisser and we petted heavily. What about you, Judy?”

“I played the prude for a bit of devilment. Every time he put a hand on me, I slapped his face.”

“Poor man. He musn’t have known if he was coming or going. I liked that game. Let’s play it again on our next boyfriend!” Both of my aunts went hysterical with laughter. It was only when I became older that I realized the poor man was dating two different women, my naughty aunts being identical twins.

I was more interested in playing our secret game; it had been a long time since we played and I was most anxious we should play it tonight.

I sat between my aunts. Aunt Judy said, “You looked rather worried, Timmy. Is there something the matter with you?”

I was embarrassed and sort of whispered, “Are we going to play our secret game, Aunt Judy?”

Aunt Judy gave me a funny look. “You’ll have to speak up, Timmy.”

I repeated my question. “What secret game is that, Timmy?” inquired my Aunt June.

“You know, Aunt. Putting a girl’s skirt on me.”

Loudly, Aunt June addressed Aunt Judy. “Did you hear that, Aunt Judy? He wants to put a girl’s dress on.”

“What kind of little boys put frocks on, Aunt June?”

“Boys putting frocks on are naughty, Aunt Judy.”

“And what happens to naughty little boys who put on girl’s skirts, Aunt June?”

“They get spanked on their nickered bottom, Aunt Judy.”

“Slapped on their nickered bottom, Aunt June.”

“Come here, Timmy,” said Aunt June.

I was frightened. This was indeed unusual behaviour from my aunts. I almost cried but tried to keep a calm face.

I stood trembling before Aunt June who beckoned me to stand closer. Putting a hand round me, she undid my braces and pulled my boys trousers down. I stood before her in just my short underpants.

“Now bend over my knee.” This I did with tears running down my cheek. Aunt June had pulled her skirt to above her knees as I lay across them. I felt a pulling down of my short pants, then another hand pulled something up my legs. A hand lightly touched my now covered bottom, then a completely different hand gently followed it.

I heard peals of laughter from my aunts. “Did you see her face? I do believe she thought we were actually going to spank her.” Which of my aunts was speaking, I do not know. Next thing I knew, Aunt Judy had lifted me on to the settee and I was once again sitting between my aunts.

“Oh, you poor dear. Did your aunties gave you a fright? We are both sorry.” Aunt June gave me a kiss on the cheek, followed by Aunt Judy. It was then I noticed I was wearing a pair of white cotton girl’s knickers. These had been put on me by Aunt Judy when I was over Aunt June’s knees.

“We will be playing our secret game again but not tonight, darling.” Aunt Judy was speaking. My face fell in disappointment and both aunts noticed.

“Darling, cheer up. Tonight, you are going to be prepared to be a girl for the next two whole days. You’ll look like a girl as you have never been before.”

“Prepared, Aunt? Whatever can you mean?”

“You’ll see, Timmy. There is a lot of work to be put in tonight.”

“Do you love wearing, girl clothes, Timmy?”

“Oh yes, Aunts, I do.”

A knowing smile passed between my aunts. “She is going to be a beautiful girl in the future, Aunt Judy.”

“Yes she is, Aunt June and we will help her on the way.”

“Now, Darling, we start the preparations. June, go and run the bath and I will bring Timmy to you when you are ready”

Aunt June departed. Aunt Judy took me to my bedroom and divested me of my T-shirt, vest and ankle socks, then put a pair of slippers on my feet. A shout from Aunt June declared the bath was all ready for me.

Aunt Judy led me by the hand to the bathroom, where a hot steaming bath was ready for me to get into.

“Did you put the bath salts in, June?”

“Can’t you smell the lavender aroma rising from the water, Judy?”

I stepped into the bath to be soaped all over by my aunts.

“Judy, you shampoo her hair and I’ll get all the rest of the stuff out the car trunk.”

“You do that, June. We will meet you in the living room in a while to set it all up.”

Aunt June exited the bathroom, and Aunt Judy looked at me. “Come here, Timmy. We will need to shampoo your hair—and what beautiful hair it is. I see that you have kept it long as we told you to.”

"Yes, Aunt Judy. I tried to distract mommy every time she wanted it cut. I did as you said, Aunt Judy."

"Good girl." Aunt Judy filled the wash basin with lukewarm water.

"Come over here, darling and we will start on that soft brown hair."

Aunt Judy now had my head in the water soaking, then she produced a bottle of sweet-smelling shampoo, poured some over my head and rubbed it in. Her gentle hands eased the shampoo into my hairs. It felt so nice and relaxing.

"There we are, Darling. Let's dry it." Aunt Judy took hold of the large fluffy white towel and gingerly dried my hair. Wrapping the towel round my head, she said, "Let's go and see what surprises Aunt June has in store for us, Timmy." I put on the pair of white knickers on and we made for the living room.

In the living room, there was Aunt June. "It is all set up, Judy; rollers, tissue paper, everything."

"Timmy, you're going to be a pretty girl. Unfortunately, we girls must sometime suffer for our beauty. Darling, we are going to put your hair in rollers for tonight. To do that, we have to pull your hair tight and wipe it with a lotion that may sting. You will be a brave little girl, won't you, Timmy?"

"Yes, Aunt Judy."

"Good girl. You know, Judy, we will have to stop calling her Timmy. She needs a girl's name for that party."

"You're right, June. I'm sure we will come up with something."

My aunts started to attend to my hair. One pulled a section of my hair very tight, then the other was wiping that section with tissue paper soaked in a solution of stinging liquid. Then a roller was inserted and tightly rolled up and a bobby pin was put in to hold it there. This process was repeated all over my hair 'til twenty or thirty rollers were in my hair. It certainly stung but my aunts assured me that would diminish.

A setting lotion was sprayed over my hair. "There we are, Darling. Now for the finishing touch, a hair net," said Aunt June. It was stretched over my head and fitted nicely.

"A cup of coffee would be nice Aunt Judy for us all along with some cookies."

In a short while, I was sitting between my aunts in my knickers, my hair in curlers, sipping coffee and munching cookies.

"You'll have to go to bed after you finish your cookies."

"But aunts, it's early. I always stay up later than this."

"I know, Darling but you will have an early morning. There is much to do; tomorrow is going to be a long and exciting day for us all. Isn't it, Aunt Judy?"

"Yes, Aunt June. Timmy, we have one more surprise for you before you go to bed. Get it, Aunt June."

Aunt June walked over to a large case I had not noticed before. She withdrew something, hiding it from me.

"Timmy, what do you think of this?" Aunt June was holding up a white nightie.

"Now come here, Precious and I'll slip this on you. You have never worn a girl's nightie before, have you?"

"No, aunt."

"It is a nice nylon one. Feel it, Timmy. We thought if you're going to be dressed as a girl for the weekend, you may as well go to bed dressed in a nightie, didn't we, Judy?"

"Yes we did. You can wear the white knickers tonight as well. We have much better ones for that party tomorrow."

I felt the nylon nightie, then Aunt June slipped it over my head and the beautiful nightie slithered down my body, causing me to shiver. My aunts looked at each other with happy smiles on their faces.

Taking me by the hand, they led me to my bedroom; I was once again tucked in by my aunts. Then my aunts kissed me with "Good night and pleasant dreams" and put the light out.

My dreams were certainly pleasant. I was so excited for the part tomorrow I just knew something special had been planned by my aunts.

"It's time to get up, Timmy," Aunt June said as she shook my shoulder.

"What time is it, Aunt June?"

"About six-thirty. There is a lot to do on this bright and sunny day, Sweetheart." Aunt June was holding out a pink pair of mules for me to put on, which I did.

"How's our little girl this morning, Aunt June?"

"Sleepy, Aunt Judy."

"Is she really? Well, a good breakfast will soon sort that out. Then it is down to making you pretty for that party."

Breakfast finished, I was taken to Mother's room and seated before her dressing table. My aunts set to work on me. I had my face cleaned with lotions and smoothed over. Some makeup was applied by Aunt Judy; just enough to highlight my good points, she said.

Aunt Judy then lightly powdered my face, rouged my cheeks and told me to pucker my lips. This I did Aunt Judy took a lipstick out her purse and applied it.

"Now press your lips together, Timmy. That's it." Taking a tissue from her purse, she said, "Gently press this between your lips and any excess lipstick will be removed. Now on to the next stage. I'll get the case out from the under the bed."

The large case I had seen last night was pulled out and opened; in it there was a multitude of girls' clothes that Aunt June laid out on my parents bed.

"I think this pale blue petticoat will go nicely with the dress she is about to wear, Aunt Judy."

"Yes I think so, too. Put it on her."

Aunt June was now easing off my white nightie and putting this blue satin petticoat over my head. She let it fall down my body as I stood up to receive it. The petticoat was springy as it flared out at my waist.

"That is really nice, June. Where did you get it?"

"On the internet some time ago. I had it just waiting for a moment like this. It hardly cost anything. Now, Darling, let's slip your knickers off. We have something a lot better here."

Aunt June was holding a matching blue pair of knickers before me. These knickers were much different from any my aunts had put me in before.

"Can I feel them, Aunt June?" I dared to say.

"But of course, Darling." Once again, knowing smiles passed between my aunts.

These knickers were soft and silky, like nothing I had ever felt before. My aunts had said I was privileged to be wearing girl's clothes; now believed them. How I wished I could wear girl's clothes forever!

"Had enough, Sweetheart? Then let us put them on you."

Aunt June was now pulling the soft blue satin knickers up my legs. She was right; they did feel much better on me! It all felt so relaxing that I never wanted to take them off, which I would surely do after to-day.

My mules were taken off by Aunt Judy and white socks were put on my feet.

"Rise up so we can put your beautiful dress on you."

Aunt Judy was holding up a blue party dress, matching my petticoat and knickers. I stood still to let my aunts put this marvellous dress on me. This gossamer dress felt like a second skin, so thin was it.

"A perfect fit, Aunt Judy. I just knew this was the dress for her when I got it from the charity shop."

"You're right again, Aunt June, but let's press on. Her hair is still to be styled."

I was once again seated on my mother's chair; Aunt Judy was easing the hairnet off my head. Both aunts took the bobby pins out and eased the rollers out my hair. When it was all over, I was asked to look in the dressing table mirror. I could not believe it, a completely different person was staring back at me. An aunt would take a curl, roll it out with her fingers, let it go and the hair would spring back into a neat curl once more.

"I'm a girl, Aunts. I'm a girl!" I excitedly exclaimed

"Oh course you are, Timmy and we love you," both aunts said in unison.

"Now just sit there 'till I ease these Mary Jane shoes on your feet."

Aunt Judy was now kneeling at my feet. When she finished, I was told to stand up. Aunt Judy then produced from out of her purse a set of multi-coloured beads, clipped them around my neck. Then a gold bangle was slipped on my right wrist.

"That's better. She looks more girlie now."

"Isn't she a little angel, Aunt Judy?"

"Of course she is, Aunt June. That's it, Aunt June."

"That's what, Aunt Judy?"

"Her name. I shall call her Angelica from now on. Our little angel."

And so my name Angelica came into being.

"Look at the time, Judy. We have to get a move on. The party starts in an hour's time."

"Get her coat and I'll fix the white rose in her hair."

An initiation white rose was fixed into my hair Then Aunt June held open a powder blue girl's coat for me to put on.

There I stood to sighs of delight from both of my aunts.

"We have time for a photo."

"Stand upright for your photo, Angelica" A click, then a whirr and the photo came out the front of the camera. I saw myself in my coat with the peeking out below.

"Set the Polaroid on timer, June then come into the shot." Aunt June placed the Polaroid on a table, pressed the button and stood beside me. Aunt Judy was on the other side. Both aunts had their arms round my shoulder. 'Click' the camera went. I could not believe the girl in the photos was me.

"Take the Polaroid with us. We may get some good pictures today. Angelica, you can keep this photo of yourself. Aunt Judy and I will keep the other."

My aunts took me by the hand and led me out the house to their car. "You drive, Judy. Angelica and I will go in the back."

At the hospital, I was led to the children's ward where many boys and girls were mingling together. A woman in a blue nurse's uniform and a white peak hat stood in the middle of them. My aunts went over to her.

"Matron, this is the niece we mentioned we would bring today."

"I remember, Judy and June—or is it the other way around?" she laughed. Kneeling down to me, she asked, "What is your name, little girl?"

"Angelica," I replied.

"That's a nice name for a pretty little girl." Clapping her hands, she said, "Everyone, this is Angelica Make her welcome."

"It's such a nice day, I'm moving the party to the gardens at the back. Come on, everyone."

Tables were set out in the back garden. As this was being done, Matron organized party games. I was involved in them all. Then I sat down to ice cream and jelly as did the others.

I was happy talking to the little girls either side of me; I was accepted as a girl by all present. A roar of thunder was heard in the distance.

Matron said, "I think it would be better if we went inside. Come along, children. Follow me."

Back in the ward, Matron asked, "What game do you want to play, children?" Someone said Blind Man's Bluff. Another said Postman's Knock. Matron turned to my aunts. "That's a bit risky. What do you think, girls?"

"Oh, they're only children," said one of my aunts.

"Okay, we will play it after Blind Man's Bluff."

At the end of the game, my aunts went round, giving bits of paper with numbers on then to all the boys and girls.

"You pick the boys' numbers, Matron and you pick the girls', Mr. Blair." Aunt Judy said. Mr. Blair was a surgeon.

"Here goes," said the matron. Putting a hand in a hat, Matron held up a paper with a number on it. "Number four. Who is number four?"

"I am, Matron," said Johnny Higgins, holding his hand up. Then Mr. Blair put his hand in another hat and pulled out number twenty.

"Who is number twenty?"

"I am," said a little girl.

"And what is your name, Dear?"

"Violet Elizabeth Bolt."

"Now what happens?" whispered another little girl.

An older girl said, "They kiss, silly."

The two did to giggles from the girls and calls from the boys of "Johnny Higgins kissed Elizabeth Violet Bolt." Johnny and Violet were red-faced.

And so it continued to giggles from the girls.

"Number nine," said Matron.

"It's me, Harry Townsend," said a boy, holding up a hand.

"Number twelve," Mr. Blair called.

"It's me, aunts. What should I do?" I said.

"Same as all the others," said Aunt June, pushing me towards Harry Townsend.

"Oh God," I said to myself, "I've to kiss this boy and I'm a boy myself."

I shut my eyes and felt a wet kiss on my cheek. Opening my eyes, I stepped back to my aunts.

"There, that wasn't so bad, was it, Angelica?" said one of my aunts. Which one, I can't remember.

Then there came cries of "Harry kissed Angelica" from all the children.

"Oh, children can be so cruel. Never mind, Angelica, your aunts love you." Aunt June was cuddling me to her side.

The party was nearing its end. As we departed, Matron was giving presents to all the girls there as Mr. Blair was doing for the boys.

"There we are, Angelica, isn't it nice?" I was being handed a small plastic doll in a box. "Oh, she will just love that, Matron," Aunt June said.

I was soon in the back seat of the car with Aunt Judy while Aunt June drove.

"Did you like the party, Angelica?"

"Yes, Aunt, it was nice."

"And did you like being dressed as a girl? No one knew you weren't a girl, you know."

"I don't know. I guess I liked it."

"Good, Angelica And did you like kissing the boys?"

"Oh, Aunt Judy, please don't ask me that," I shyly said to Aunt Judy.

Aunt Judy cuddled me close to her bosom and whispered softly in my ear. "Angelica, when you grow up into the beautiful woman you surely will become, many men will want to kiss you." Aunt Judy gently placed a lipstick kiss on my forehead, leaving me to ponder just what she had said.

The following day, my aunts took me to a seaside fun fare. I still dressed as Angelica

Sunday night was to end it all. The pretty clothing was packed away except for the nightie I wore that night. Monday morning saw me back in my trousers and shirt once more with my aunts waiting for the return of my parents.

Aunt June was fiddling about with a comb on my hair. "I can't get her hair straightened, Judy. It keeps springing back to a curl. What should I do?"

"Let's just tell Janice and Tom we were trying out a new hair style on Timmy for the party and it's gone a little wrong. I think they might just swallow that."

My parents arrived home with boxes of candy for me and my aunts.

The occasions when my aunts and I played our secret game were few and far between; I still had the Polaroid photo to remind me of the girl I now wanted to be. Angelica Then it happened. I suppose it was inevitable. Father was away on a business trip for the week. Mother was looking for a part-time day job to supplement our income.

She had already asked my aunts if they could look after me as she would be going for an interview. No problem, said my aunts as they were on leave anyway.

So there I was home from school; a frock was held before me as soon as I entered the door. Everything was going nicely in the living room to laughter and giggles. The frock was rather nice, pink with a pink sash tied round my waist and a big bow tied at the back.

Someone failed to turn up so mother had her interview earlier than she had expected. Coming into the house, she heard laughs coming from the living room. She saw my aunts, then looking at me, she joined in the laughter.

“And who is this pretty little girl?” There was no answer from me or my aunts which made my mother all the more curious. Looking closer, her face turned purple with rage. “It’s you! Timmy, go to your bedroom at once. I’ll deal with you later.”

I left as mother turned to my aunts. In my bedroom, all I could hear were snatches of conversation. “How long has this been going on?” “What have you done to my son?” “Perverts, both of you.” “Get out of this house. I don’t want to see you ever again.” heard a slamming door as my aunts left.

All was silence for a while. I feared my mother coming to my room given the temper she was now in. Then the door opened. There Mother stood.

“Get that dress off now.” I didn’t need to bother as Mother was ripping it off my body and shouting at the same time. “YOU WERE LOVING IT ALL THE TIME, WEREN’T YOU?”

I could not reply as mother was hitting me all over my face. The dress, petticoat and knickers all now lay at my feet.

“This is what we do to all these clothes.” Mother picked up my dress and proceeds to rip it into shreds along with the rest of the clothes.

“Now get to bed and stay there ‘till I tell you differently.”

Not long after that incident my mother was pregnant. I’ve always had the impression she had gotten pregnant out of spite to show me she could care for others more than me.

My new brother Tommy received more attention than me. It was Tommy this, Tommy that, and I was ignored altogether. I once asked my mother about my aunts. She replied, “You can forget about them. You’ll never see them again.”

LEAVING HOME

My life was miserable without my aunts and I left home after my studies in accountancy and found a job. I found a little apartment and was happy there, I had my freedom, and my longing to wear women’s clothes had free rein. At that time, I had nothing in the way of female clothes. The only vestige of my former life was that photo my aunts took of Angelica

I soon learned, however, that there were organisations that would help you with your desires. I found one such group; I would go to their meetings every Friday night dressed in my women’s clothes. Then I reached the stage where I would go out in public dressed as Angelica, which I found relaxing.

During that period, I had some girlfriends, girls who would be happy to marry, settle down and having a family. But I was looking for something else; the more I saw of men dressed in women’s clothes, the more I wanted a relationship with a man. I was also coming to the conclusion that I wanted to dress full-time as a woman. That was going to be difficult, especially at work.

If I wanted to dressed full-time as a woman, I would have to tell someone with authority in the company. I chose our branch manager, Mrs. Holder, a widow, fifty years old.

I was not sure how my request would be received by her. I could possibly lose my job and that would be difficult as the money was good. I weighed the pros and cons up and decided to take the chance. So one Monday morning, I knocked at her office door. "Come in," said Claire Holder. "Yes Timmy, what can I do for you?"

"Well, Mrs. Holder, I have a problem. It's rather embarrassing."

"You know we like to share our problems here, Timmy."

I felt a bit more relaxed with the reply from Claire Holder. "Well, I don't know how to put this, Mrs. Holder and I hope this will not be a problem to you. I wear women's clothes."

Claire Holder raised her eyebrows. "Timmy, what you do in your own time is none of my business."

"Mrs. Holder, I want to come here to the office dressed in women's clothes."

"Oh do you? Well, that would be a first in the company to my knowledge. I don't know, Timmy."

My face fell. Mrs. Holder was going to put her foot down.

"Tell you what, Timmy. Could you come to my flat, say tomorrow night, dressed in your women's clothes? I will think about it."

Well, at least she hasn't said no, all that day. I gave thought to what I should wear to her place. It should be something I would wear to the office, if Mrs. Holder approved of my plan. That night I must have tried all my outfits, looking in my



vanity to see what I thought the best.

Next day, at the end of work, Claire Holder dropped into my department and said, "Don't forget our little meeting tonight, Timmy."

A look of surprise went round the department. I heard one of the girls whisper, "He is getting desperate if he's dating old Claire."

Another said, "Maybe he's looking for a promotion."

I never said a word and let them all guess why I was meeting Claire Holder.

The outfit I picked consisted of a collar-less patterned silk crepe dress with short puff sleeves and ruche bodice above an open midriff, matching ruche detail on the front hipline of a mid-calf-length skirt under a narrow belt and clasp. I put on a necklace collar made of plastic and shoes with wide cross straps and blunt toes. I was also wearing clear hold-up stockings and carrying a ridged plastic bag with integral handle.

I drove to Claire Holder's multi-story flat. I took the lift to the 30th floor, then knocked on the door which was opened by Mrs. Holder. "Yes Miss, what can I do for you?" I don't think she recognized me.

"It's me, Timmy, Mrs. Holder."

She stepped back in surprise. "I suppose you better come in, Miss, er, Timmy."

She told me to sit down on the soft upholstered settee. Claire Holder was surveying me carefully.

"Would you like a cup of tea while we talk?"

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Holder, but when I am dressed like this, I would prefer to be called Angelica, if you don't mind."

"Of course, dear. My, don't you look the part! You're so small and slim, Angelica" With those words, off she went to the kitchen. Shortly, she came back with a pot of tea, cups and some biscuits.

"How long have you been wearing women's clothes, Angelica?"

I didn't want to go into the whole story so I gave a brief outline.

"I see," answered Claire Holder.

"Do you tell me I'm fired or do you have to go to a higher authority, Mrs. Holder?" I dared to say.

"Angelica, I have the full backing of the top management to make my own decisions at this branch. I would not have taken the job otherwise."

So it was all down to Claire Holder as to whether I stayed or went.

"Angelica, your work has always been first class and I think society is becoming more enlightened to your way of life. So as of Monday, you can come dressed as Angelica However there are one or two conditions. If you come as Angelica, then as Angelica you must stay, otherwise I will terminate your contract. And while the outfit you have on tonight is fine, I don't think we could allow a bare midriff at work. Do you accept these conditions, Angelica?"

“Yes, of course, Mrs. Holder. I can get myself a business suit, white blouse, black skirt, black jacket, dark stockings, black shoes with low heels.”

“Good, good. In that case, on Friday, I shall tell everybody that as of next Monday, you will be known as Angelica and will come dressed as such and that I want no crude remarks from anyone. Now that business is over, tell me some more about Angelica I’m interested.”

I told her a few things about going out dressed in public and so on. I left on the best of terms with Claire Holder and received a kiss on the cheek from her as I left.

As promised, all was explained to the staff. That Monday, I arrived dressed as Angelica I work in that company for the next two years with no bother from anyone. Then one day, Claire Holder called me into her office.

“Angelica, take a seat. As you know, I’m scheduled to retire at the end of this year and I’ve been thinking about your department. Bill Rutherford has been running your department excellently. I think he deserves promotion and have told the head office so. I have told Bill that his promotion is more or less rubber stamped. Bill will have to leave this branch.”

“I see, Mrs. Holder, but where is this all leading?”

“With Bill Rutherford gone, there is a vacancy as line manager and I am recommending you. But with me retiring at the end of the year, the head office will send my replacement. The final decision about your promotion will be in his hands.”

I was overjoyed at this news but I said nothing to anyone as Claire Holder had requested of me.

The end of the year came and a farewell party was held for Claire Holder. Andrew Tully, our new manager, was introduced to all.

The New Year didn’t start at all well; we were into the recession and companies were closing down and people being paid off. Andrew Tully never mentioned anything about promotion to me. I discovered that he promoted someone from the branch he had come from to be my new line manager. I was called into his office one day. “Yes, Mr Tully?” I said.

“Angelica,” he started. I knew from the tone of his voice and his body language there was going to be trouble.

“I don’t have to tell you these are hard times and things are not going to well for the company. I’m afraid we have to reduce staff. I’m sorry to say we will have to pay you off. You will, however, receive a severance payment. I’m sorry. That is all.”

I knew this was only an excuse; the company policy had always been last in/first out and I certainly wasn’t last in. I had the feeling ever since he came in that he had taken an instant dislike to me. Here was an excuse to rid himself of me.

The man was homophobic, transphobic and every other flavor of phobic you’d care to name. I was now in the position of having to find another job. True to myself, I went to interviews as Angelica I couldn’t find a job. I looked on the internet. Nothing. Thousands of

other people were in the same boat. My severance money was running low. What was I to do?

MY LUCKY BREAK!

Some months previously, I had purchased a ticket for what was called a GRAND TRANSGENDER BALL to be held in a very fashionable five star hotel. I had never been to such an event before; from the accounts of some of my transgender girlfriends, there would be hundreds of transgender people there: transvestites, crossdressers, transsexuals, shemales, drag queens and kings. The tickets were very expensive; even so, the event sold out months in advance.

I forgot my troubles as I dressed for the transgender ball. One reason for going to the ball was that I was looking for a Male Lesbian partner. The Ball seemed like a reasonable place to find such a person,

I had my hair specially done for the occasion; it was shoulder-length with bangs and a rose was put on it. The outfit I had on that night was a chiffon dress with boned bodice open to my waist in the center front. It had asymmetric drapery over one shoulder, and matching layered multi-coloured skirts with uneven hemlines. On my feet were gold kid shoes with cross straps, open toes and high platform soles.

My ears had been pierced some time ago; I was therefore wearing gold and jet drop earrings and a matching necklace. I put a gold bangle on my right wrist and a woman's watch on my left. Then followed a squirt of Chanel perfume between my fake breasts.

I looked in the vanity mirror. "Very nice," I said to myself. For one night, I could forget my troubles and have fun. I put a fake fur white jacket on and phoned for a cab.

The multi-story five star hotel was soon reached. I asked where the transgender ball was being held was politely answered by the woman behind the desk, "On the twelfth floor, Madam. The elevator is over there." She was pointing at a bank of six elevators. I walked over to and pressed the up button. One of them opened its door and I entered.

I was about to press Twelve when suddenly the doors closed and the elevator ascended to where I didn't know. The elevator whizzed past Floor Twelve, finally coming to a stop at the 43rd floor which was a penthouse suite. The elevator doors opened. There before me stood two beautiful ladies, who seemed to be in their mid-thirties.

"I'm sorry. I wanted to go to the Transgender Ball."

"Did you hear that, Aileen?" said one of them.

"Sure did, Elsa. She's a pretty one. What's your name, Sweetie?"

"Angelica," I answered.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking, Elsa?"

"Yes I am. We needn't need bother going to the Transgender Ball. Our answer is here right in front of us."

I hadn't a clue as to what both these women were talking about. Each of the women put an arm around my shoulders and lead me towards their penthouse flat. Before I knew it, I was seated between them on a large chaise lounge.

"Want a drink, Darling?" asked one."

"Anything you want, just ask," said the other.

I was baffled by the questions these ladies were asking me. Beautiful they were and their evening wear was expensive and sensational. One had on an ankle-length silk crepe dress with silk sequin embroidery, low-draped from narrow shoulder straps, a flared skirt split from hem to mid-thigh. On her feet were knee-length satin boots with pointed toes, and high spike heels.

The other wore an ankle-length bias cut satin dress with short cut train, a low-cut back neckline with draped cowl over one shoulder, forming an open sleeve effect, narrow rouleau straps on the opposite side, with side button fastening to hip level. She had on satin shoes with ankle straps, pointed toes and high spike heels.

The former woman was a little plump and big breasted but beautiful; the latter was long, slim and and small breasted. Both women were absolutely dripping with jewels, gold and silver rings and earrings. It was obvious that neither was short of money.

"You were going to that trans ball? So were we. Were you looking for someone in particular, Angelica?"

"No, not really."

"Tell us all about yourself, Angelica We just love to hear the life story's of transgender people, don't we, Elsa?"

"Of course we do, Aileen. Tell us, Darling." This was the plump woman speaking. My hand was being filled with glasses of drink as I spoke. I was becoming well-oiled; my whole life story came out up to the present day. I told them that at present I was unemployed. I never noticed the smile pass between Elsa and Aileen as I said that.

When I finished, Aileen remarked to Elsa, "I can see she got your juices going, Elsa. Can't resist a man in a frock, can you?"

"You should talk! What about when you tried to get that husband of yours into your knickers and ended up divorced?"

"I could always get Fred into my knickers. The problem was getting him to admit he enjoyed it. He said I must be queer or something and so it ended up in the courts. I'm glad about that since I am now free to chase men in skirts."

Elsa burst into fits of the giggles. "Let's call a truce. There is important work to be done this night. How would you like to earn some money, Angelica, enough money that you would not have to bother about looking for work again? You may have found a job for life."

"What kind of work would that be, ladies? I'm an accountant. Is it something in that line?"

"It's a very relaxing job. You'll be on your back all day," said Elsa.

"Stop it, Elsa. You are just teasing poor Angelica Darling, all will be revealed in time."

By now both ladies were getting amorous with me and I wasn't stopping them. I put it down to the drink they were plying me with. Then Elsa came straight to the point.

“Let us not mess about. Let’s go to bed, get our knickers off and have some sex.”

Crude her approach may have been but I was all for it. I have to state at this point that I was a virgin. While I had had one or two girlfriends, the furthest I went with them was a hand up their knickers.

It was one mad night of sex, sex and more sex; I could not keep my hands and lips off Elsa’s big breasts. The morning saw the three of us in bed. The maid came in with the breakfast tray and placed it over us all in bed.

My head was still thumping as I ate breakfast. Elsa and Aileen tucked in to their breakfast. They had had a good time with me and I think the orgy was all part of their plan. There was a motive behind the sex of the previous evening. It was to soften me up for what was to follow.

Aileen looked at Elsa. “Let’s get down to business now. We did say all would be revealed this morning, didn’t us, Elsa?”

“Yes, we did. It’s like this, Angelica How would you like to sell your sexual favors for money? There is no other word for it; you would become a prostitute but in luxurious and clean surroundings. At present jobs are not easy to get. What would you say to work where you will not get laid off, steady work? Think about it, Angelica”

My head was quickly clearing up. Elsa was right, I was finding it hard to get a job, especially when I turned up at an interview dressed as Angelica

Would I be doing the right thing, though? Morally there were a lot worse things, certainly. I was not going to hurt anyone. Then I wondered why Elsa and Aileen were so interested in my well-being. There must be something deeper going on here.

“Just exactly would I have to do and why are you so interested in me? What’s in it for you?”

“Let’s put our cards on the table. If you sign a contract with us, we will see that you get a certain percentage of any money we obtain selling your services.” Elsa was speaking.

“I see. What would I have to do in this house? Something like last night?”

“Not exactly. More men than women go there but some women do. Stella will tell you more about that than we can,” replied Aileen.

“Then what was your real purpose in coming here last night?”

“To see if we could find some transgender person to sell to Madam Stella. We have done that in the past and we’ll do it again in the future. We are trying to be perfectly honest with you, Angelica”

“What about all that sex last night then?” I dared to ask.

“We must admit it was a come-on to soften you up to sign the contract. But at the same time, Elsa and I do genuinely love men in skirts and what they have under their knickers. We loved every minute of our lovemaking and that’s no lie.”

“If I signed this contract, I would become your property to do with as you liked. To sell me to this Madam Stella, for example.”

"That's right, Angelica but no one is forcing you. You are entirely free to make that decision if you wish. I must warn you, however, once we sell you to Madam Stella, you will be her slave to do as she wishes. The decision is entirely yours," Elsa warned me.

The decision was very hard. I knew I would be selling myself as a sex slave to do the bidding of this Madam Stella, or anybody else for that matter.

"Okay, where do I sign, girls?"

"You won't regret it, Angelica I know from past experience that a lot of the girls have enjoyed their work as I am sure you will." Then I received a kiss on the cheek from both of them.

After I put pen to paper, Elsa reached over to her handbag, took a cell phone out and pressed a couple of numbers. "Hello Stella, Elsa here. I think we have a beauty here for your house. What's that? Her name is Angelica Aileen and I will bring her over this afternoon. Bye."

"That's it, Angelica You will have to have a medical before the deal is complete. Madam Stella insists all her girls have no sexually transmitted disease. All her girls get a check-up every two weeks. A customer having anything transmitted to them it is bad for business."

"I don't think I have any STD. I should get a clean bill of health."

No more was said on that subject. Elsa was all for having more sex with me before I left both amorous ladies.

MADAM STELLA'S HOUSE

Elsa and Aileen drove me to Madam Stella's mansion on her country estate. The large doors were opened to us by what I can only describe as a French Maid, a girl in the typical outfit: little white peak cap, short black dress high above the knees, white apron, black fishnet stockings and shiny black 6-inch stiletto heels.

"Elsa and Aileen to see Madam Stella," Elsa indicated.

"Madam is expecting you. Follow me."

The French Maid wiggled her bottom seductively as she walked ahead of us. The first impression I had of the mansion was of luxury and elegance; it was a typical Eighteenth Century aristocrat's home. We passed a magnificent marble winding staircase and came to a large mahogany door. The French Maid knocked and was answered by a woman's voice. "Come in."

As we entered the drawing room, before us, on a divan, lay a most stunning woman, beautifully made-up. She wore a low-cut dress which allowed one to see her heaving breasts. Her hair was all fluffed up. The French Maid did a curtsy to Madam. "Nice to see you, Elsa and Aileen," said Madam Stella.

"Please be seated beside me on the divan." Turning to the French Maid, she said, "You can go, Avril. Your three o'clock appointment is due."

"Oh madam, it is not Avril. Today, I am Suzanne, zee naughty French Maid for the naughty Monsieur Le Blanc. I don't have to tell you the scenario, Madam it's the same ev-

ery week. I use the feather duster around the room." Suzanne was holding up a multi-colored feather duster. "Then I bend down like this seductively" Suzanne bent down and showed off her pretty pink knickers. "I do this a few times, then one time as I bend down, I will feel a hand on my knickers pulling them down. Then I will feel Monsieur's penis enter my bottom hole. He has a big one and I rather enjoy that. I look forward to that once a week with zee naughty Monsieur."

Madam Stella laughed. "You do like your work, Avril, or whatever you are calling yourself today. Yes, young Jay Clark likes playing that game and he pays well for it."

"And he always put a big bill in my knickers when he leaves."

Suzanne left with a little wiggle to us all. Madam Stella now turned to Elsa and Aileen.

"Now to business. I have already had a look at Angelica and she has it all going for her. Angelica dear, slip off your clothes and let us see what you have."

I was a bit hesitant. Madam glanced at me. "No need for false modesty here, Dearie. Taking off your clothes is second nature here. You will get used to it."

There I stood before her without a stitch of clothes on. Madam came over and surveyed me. "Not bad, not bad at all. I see you have no hair on your body."

"I get it waxed about once a month."

"Good. We will have you waxed every week, your hair will be styled whenever we need it to be and the beautician will see to you every day. There may be some body changes that will be arranged. Tomorrow, you will get a medical exam. All being well, your contract will be signed by me, Elsa, Aileen and yourself."

"I want you to understand that once you have put pen to paper, you become my property for me to do with as I wish. You have all night to think it over; no one is forcing you to do anything. This is a happy house and I am sure you will enjoy yourself here, Angelica"

"Miranda will see you to your room. Help yourself to any clothes you wish. Miranda will explain everything. You can come down for dinner, then I will introduce you to the girls. Monday is usually a quite night so you will get to know everyone."

Madam Stella then lifted a large hand bell and shook it to a large clanging noise. There was a knock at the door and a small pretty girl with shoulder-length auburn hair entered. "Yes madam, you called?"

"Miranda, take Angelica upstairs to her room; the one you cleaned out this morning."

"Yes, Madam." Miranda gave a curtsy and gently took my hand as we left Madam's office.

Miranda was a friendly girl. As we climbed the stairs, she said, "You'll like it here, Angelica All the girls are friendly and helpful and Madam is good to us all. Here we are, Angelica This is a nice boudoir. I stayed in it until Madam took me to her bed which I share with her every night now."

The boudoir was the last word in luxury. It had fitted carpets, a dressing table and large mirror. The room had a number of mirrored tiles, including on the ceiling. Miranda was now showing me various wardrobes and the dressing table.

"There are beautiful clothes, Angelica I think they will fit you as you are small like myself. They were originally meant for me. Madam will purchase anything you wish, no expense spared. You will also be taught fashion sense, but from what I can see, you have plenty already. You seem like a bright girl and I'm sure you will catch on fast. I'll leave you to freshen up. Before dinner, I will come back and assist you to dress for it." So saying, Miranda gave me a sweet little kiss on the cheek and exited.

I was most impressed with Miranda. If all the girls were like her, I was going to be happy here. Miranda had helped me decide that I would be signing that contract tomorrow. I would become a sex slave.

Miranda came to my boudoir and assisted me to get dressed for dinner. My outfit was nothing fancy, just a mini-length crocheted black cotton dress with low neckline, double shoulder straps and fringed hemline; black leather sandals with ankle straps and open toes.

Miranda had painstakingly painted my toes a vivid red which could be seen under the honey-colored hold-up stockings. Miranda led me down the winding staircase to the dining room. As I entered, Madam Stella was waiting. Taking my hand, she led me to the top of the table where she seated me on a chair beside her. The table itself was long and narrow with a pure white tablecloth. Four girls sat on either side of the table and at the far end, Miranda sat opposite me and Madam.

Madam Stella rose and put a finger to her lips for silence. "I am happy to introduce a new girl to our happy band. I know you will make her welcome. Please introduce yourselves to her."

A polite round of applause was given by all the girls, then dinner was served.

After the excellent meal, we all retired to the drawing room where a small cocktail bar was set up in the corner. I had time to look at my companions who were all beautifully decked out in the latest fashions.

Miranda came over to me. "What's your poison, Angelica?"

"Bacardi and Coke, please." Miranda came over from the bar with my drink and sat beside me. Soon some others did as well. We all got on well, chatting about our lives and how we started wearing woman's clothes.

I found the girls charming even though I could not remember all their names at first. One girl had to leave us as Madam had gotten a late phone call. Roberta had to go to entertain her customer in her boudoir.

The following morning saw us all at breakfast. Madam indicated to me come with her to her office. As we exited the breakfast room, madam stopped to speak to two girls. "Avril and Fay, come and see me after I have had a talk with Angelica. There are some new clients coming in the next few days. I want to discuss them with you."

"Yes, Madam," both replied.

"Have you come to a decision about your future here, Angelica?"

"Yes, Madam. I have decided to remain here."

“Good girl, Angelica You won’t regret it. Sit down. I’ll phone Elsa and Aileen so we can sign that contract now.”

Within the hour, I had signed my life away to Madam Stella. Elsa and Aileen left with a kiss on the cheek from both to me. Still in the drawing room, Madam now turned to me. “Angelica, I did mention that there might be some changes to your body. We are now going to the Wellbeing Clinic. You are going to get real tits. Do you understand?”

I was in Madam Stella’s car before what Madam Stella had said hit me. TITS! I was getting TITS! In the clinic, Madam introduced me to Dr. James Armstrong. “Dr. Armstrong, this is my newest working girl. Please give her the complete check-up. Then we will discuss her breast implants.”

Madam left me with the doctor who proceeded to give me a full medical. Then he told me to dress. He would go talk to Madam in his consulting room.

Madam came back in a few minutes. “That’s it, Angelica You have a clean bill of health. You will be staying here until after your operation which will take place tomorrow afternoon. I’ll have Miranda come here to see you tonight. Any of the girls who are free will visit you after the op. I will stop by during any free time I have.”

With that, Madam gave me a kiss and left. A nurse came in and escorted me to the woman’s ward. Behind a screen, I divested myself of my dress and put on the regular hospital gown.

Miranda visited me that night and we talked. “Miranda, what is it like having woman’s breasts?”

She was silent for a moment, then went to the curtain at my bed and pulled it around so that no one in the ward could see. Then she unbuttoned her white blouse and undid her white brassiere, allowing me to see two ample breasts.

“Once I was like you with no boobs but I’m glad that Madam made me get these implants. Feel them.”

I put my hands on them. Nice and soft they were with ridged nipples that seemed to harden to my touch.

“They’re lovely, Miranda. I hope mine are as beautiful. I want them to be.”

“They will be, Angelica Dr. Armstrong is one of the best in the business. When this is all over, I want you to show them to me. Here, I brought this nightie for you. It’s better than what you are wearing.” She held up a pink nylon short nightie. “Put it on, Angelica”

I slipped the hospital nightgown off and put the pink nightie on. As I did, I pointed to my penis. “They won’t remove that, will they, Miranda?”

“Of course not. It’s too precious to Madam. She will explain that to you,” Miranda said with a giggle. “I’ve still got mine and it’s in full working order.” Before Miranda left, we kissed and hugged each other.

It was 4:30 PM the following day. I was slowly coming round from my operation, then I was taken on the trolley to the ward and put in bed. I was still groggy from the op and fell asleep. I wakened about an hour and a half later as tea was being served. After that, a couple of the girls came in. These were ones I hardly knew but they were welcome nevertheless.

"Where is Miranda?" I asked.

"I'm afraid she is working tonight and tomorrow night as well. In fact, many of us will be at that party. Someone with lots of money has hired us all out for the night for a wild orgy in a remote country Villa. We've been there before; it's a lot of fun. When you're well, I'm sure you may get to go to one, too. You'll like it. There are good tips to be picked up. Madam comes as well. I think she has a boyfriend there," said one of the girls.

It sounded fun to me. It was hard to believe you were paid for it. The girls left early as things became busy at the house after midnight. I was still in pain in my chest area as I looked at the bandages there.

In the morning, Dr. Armstrong came and had a look at me. "Everything is going according to plan, Angelica I think tomorrow we will remove the bandages." No one came to see me that night as I expected.

The next morning, Dr. Armstrong came with the ward nurse who drew the curtains around the bed. Then she started to unroll the bandages off my breasts. "Doctor, I think we can congratulate ourselves on a job well done."

"Yes, it has been a success if I do say so myself. What do you think, Angelica?"

Taking a hand mirror, I held it out in front of me to look at my new breasts. They were big, very big. I was proud of my tits. I just couldn't wait to feel them! Then the thought came, where was I going to get a bra to fit these monster boobs?

That afternoon, Madam came to visit me with a present. "Dr. Armstrong says you will be out in a few days. You can recover at the house. We will all take good care of you, Angelica Now could you let me see your tits?"

I eased the nightie off my shoulders to show my breasts. They were heavy and ponderous but firm. "I haven't a bra to fit them, Madam."

"Don't worry about that. Here, open this present from me and all the girls."

I was being handed something wrapped in fancy paper. Tearing the paper off, there was a big bra. The label said 44 Double F. "God, that is big, Madam. Will it fit on me?"

"Let's put it on now."

This we did. "There we are. It fits perfectly. You fill it well. I know many of our clientele will be dying to hold them. I have stocked your boudoir with many of them in all sorts of fancy colors."

"Madam, you have been so kind to me. These boobs are what I always wanted. I must get to work to repay you."

"All in good time, my pet. For the present, just get well. You're going to enjoy this job, I know it."

I START MY CAREER IN MADAM STELLA'S HOUSE

I had now returned to the house where I was to start my new job. I now felt well enough to start my work.

Madam came to my room and sat on the Queen Anne chair beside my bed one morning. "There are one or two matters to discuss Angelica As you will have noticed, there are a number of girls here. Three are transsexuals.

"We serve all types; men who want sex with another man but say they are not homosexual because it is with a woman like you. Then there are men who will come here dressed in women's clothes to have sex with you. It is their way of having lesbian sex with a difference. These I call Male Lesbians.

"Some men just come for something different but I would not call them homosexual. They want a special woman with that something different under her knickers. You have to keep your mind open about all these matters.

"I have already planned your first liaison for tomorrow. Don't be afraid, it will all become second nature to you. If you have any questions, my door is always open to any of my girls." After that, Madam relaxed in the chair.

"Angelica, walk across the floor. That's it, now stop and stand sideways to me." This I did and Madam split her sides with laughter. "Please forgive me, Angelica, I'm so rude. Some of the girls said you were like Dolly Parton but I didn't believe them. Yes you are top heavy with a small body. I'm thinking if we put buttock implants in, you would have big tits and a big bum. God, how some men would die for that. But that's in the future. Let's get you to work first and worry about that later. Come here, Darling. I'm sorry if I made fun of you. Give me a hug. I love all my girls. They're all precious to me, I love you all."

I hugged Madam and gave her a kiss.

The following day, my appointment with the client had been arranged for 4 PM. I was nervous even though Madam had tried to prepare me for this moment. The knock on my boudoir door made me jump. "Come in," I said.

A young man of about the same age as me came through the door. I went into my act. "Sir, what are your wishes? I am at your command. I will do as you say, whatever you want." All I got from him was a grunt. Then he took his coat and jacket off and placed them neatly over the Queen Anne chair.

"Take your knickers off, sit on the edge of the bed and open your legs. Do you understand, girl?"

I promptly obeyed his command and slowly and seductively pulled my silky satin knickers down, wiggling my ass.

"Hurry up, woman. I haven't got all day."

He was paying for the next two hours so I took the knickers off, threw them on the floor and sat on the edge of the bed to wait for whatever he wanted. I found out quickly, for there he was, kneeling at my feet having taken a lipstick off my vanity and applied it to

his lips. He was now easing my prick into his mouth. If I hadn't been erect before, I certainly was now. I was being sucked off.

"Oh God, I'm coming. I'm com... Oh!" My juice thundered down his throat to not a sound from him.

When he finished, I said, "I'll get a tissue sir and clean you up." All he did was rise, put his jacket and coat on and leave the boudoir.

"Sir, you still have two hours to do as you wish with me." Too late, the door shut and he was gone. "I've failed at my first attempt," I thought.

"Shower after every customer," Madam had told me. As I showered, I noticed my penis was covered in lipstick from whoever he was. I didn't even know his name. It was a disaster. After the shower, I put my clothes. There was nothing to do but see Madam and feel her wrath.

Leaving my boudoir, I made for Madam's office. I entered. She was not there, but one of the girls, Fay, was. "Have you seen Madam, Fay?"

"I think she has been in the control room since lunch. So you want to see her, Angelica?"

Yes, I said.

"Then follow me."

Fay led me to a door underneath the winding staircase. Stairs led to the basement. Fay led me along a passage until we came to a large door. A sign on it said "Control Room." Fay knocked and Madam's voice answered "Come in."

Entering this large room, I saw monitor screens and Madam seated on a swivel chair watching one of them.

"Angelica to see you, Madam," said Fay and promptly left.

Madam Stella pointed to another swivel chair, saying, "Take a seat, Angelica What's on your mind?"

"I think I have failed you, Madam."

"You are saying that why?"

"I don't think I pleased my first client. I did all sort of things wrong. Maybe you don't want me here."

"I don't think you did anything wrong at all. I watched it all from here and have it on tape. You see, all the rooms have concealed cameras in them. Your unknown gentleman has asked me to tell you that he wants you to accompany him to the opera Saturday night, a meal at a top restaurant first, so whatever you did was right."

"He said that, Madam?"

"He did. I am always present as our customers leave to see if they have any complaints. He requested you to accompany him on Saturday, so regardless what you think, you have been a success. No other girl in the house has been asked out by him before."

"He never even asked my name, all he did was suck me off. I even offered to give him a tissue but he was gone."

"Who he is, no one knows. By the way, he requested that you wear no knickers. The opera you will see is Mozart's *Così fan tutti*. How much do you know about opera, Angelica?"

"Not a lot. Madam, do you think he will suck me off at the opera again?"

"Who know? s All I know he pays well and has given us no trouble. What do you think about all this, Angelica?"

I was so involved with my own situation that I had paid no attention to what was on the screens surrounding Madam. Most screens blank at present but two were filled with images from two different rooms in the house.

One had Mary completely naked on her bed on all fours; some man was steaming into her backside. One could see her penis hanging between her legs as the man took her doggie style. Her implanted breasts swung with the motion of being pumped.

"Yes, yes, I want it. Give it to me, lover."

The man's naked body pressed tight against her naked back. "I am going to come in you, my darling Mary. I love you."

The man then collapsed against Mary's backside and slowly eased his limp, dripping penis out of the aperture in Mary's buttocks. Both participants lay on top of Mary's King size bed. Gentle kissing between both lovers took place.

"You are so nice to me, Joe. Let's shower and we can do it again."

The cameras followed the happy pair into the bathroom and watched them shower together with much laughter from Mary as she played with the man's penis in the shower. When they finished, Mary towelled the man down. As the amorous couple left the bathroom, Mary blew an air kiss to the camera. She knew the camera had all this on tape; the man didn't.

Back on the bed, Mary proceeded to give the man a blow job.

"Come on, honey, you can do it again, I'm sure. I want you again. It's such a big prick you have. I can't wait to have it in me once more. Come on, you can do it."

With the coaxing from Mary, the man did eventually get hard again. As Mary lay on her back, the penis entered her bottom cheeks accompanied by heavy breathing from both of them. Mary put her legs over the man's shoulders. Soon, the man was fast asleep. Mary clothed herself and looked at her wrist watch.

Madam Stella turned to me and said, "Mary will stay as long as the man remains in her room and will perform anything he wants."

"What an exhibition that was, Madam."

"We keep everything on tape, Angelica Some clients come to see the video tapes for a price. We show them to the clients so they can pick a partner for the night. We also keep on our computer a file on each girl. Look."

Madam typed on the computer's keyboard and the following came up.

: First client, 24th day March 2004. Time: 4 PM. Name of client unknown. He performed fellatio on her, nothing else. Duration of stay: 16 minutes. COMMENT: Client happy. Good job done by Angelica Unknown client has booked Angelica to escort him to opera Saturday, paid in advance.

I was absolutely amazed at the detail of the information on file. Some girls' files went on for page after page. The information was open to all the girls, so I could read all their sexual histories. This house was an open book. The files even itemized what clothes each girl had and what sex aids they possessed.

"We are a very efficient organization, Angelica We deposit a percentage of each fee we receive for your favors into a bank account in your name. Any tips you may receive, you keep."

Having been an accountant in a 'past life,' these details interested me.

Madam Stella informed me that at the party which would be held on Saturday night, my partner would be a Peter Illingworth; whatever was said between us, I must not repeat outside the house. Of course I knew it would all be on videotape.

Madam also intimated to me that I would surely lose my virginity this time.

"But Madam, I have already lost it with Elsa and Aileen."

"That was your male virginity. What I am talking about is your anus. It has never been invaded by a male member before, has it, Angelica?"

"No, Madam, that is correct."

"I will see that Miranda comes to prepare you before the proceedings of the night."

I LOSE THE VIRGINITY OF MY ANUS

Miranda knocked at the door. I opened it to see her dressed in a wonderful ball gown of aquamarine which made swishing noises as she walked "How beautiful you look, Darling. So enchanting," I gushed to her.

"Thank you. I must say that you look equally charming and will certainly tickle Peter Illingworth's fancy. Your dress sense is excellent."

I was wearing a strapless hip-length boned Basque with multi-colored embroidery and beaded decoration, worn a black velvet spotted cotton voile dress with high round neck, long tight sleeves and a mid-calf-length gathered skirt. I also had on black tights, black suede shoes with wide ankle straps and pointed toes.

"Madam said I would prepare you for tonight, did she not?" I nodded my head. "Do you know what that means?"

"No, Miranda."

"Just this. Pull your knickers down. That's right. Please bend down. That's it. Now I will ease some of this anal lube into your love hole. It's a little cold to begin with but the heat of your body will soon warm it up."

Miranda had produced a tube of anal cream and was now massaging it into my anus. How nice her fingers felt inside me. It was, I don't know....sexy!

"There we are, Angelica You can now pull these lovely knickers up again. You are all prepared for tonight's festivities. Which by the way will be starting shortly. Take my arm and we two delightful ladies will make our entrance."

Already many people were mingling with each other and going into the large drawing room that Madam used as her office. Mary, whom I had seen on the monitor the other day, was busy behind the cocktail bar serving drinks. Madam came over to me, took me by the hand and led me over to a man sitting on a large divan.

"This is Angelica, Peter. You two make yourselves comfortable." With that, Madam left us to speak to someone else.

"What do you drink, Angelica?"

"An orange juice, please, Peter." Madam had said we could drink what we liked, but it may be to our advantage to drink non-alcoholic beverages. A clear head could be to our advantage later in the night.

Peter snapped his fingers and one of the girls dressed as a Bunny Girl, tail and all, came over to us.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Orange juice for Angelica, scotch on the rocks for me."

"Yes, sir," said Wilma, for it was indeed she. When Wilma arrived with the drinks, she bent down to place them on the low table before us. Peter placed a hand between her legs. "Oh sir, you are a naughty one," Wilma giggled. At the same time, Peter placed a bill between her hanging boobs.

Turning to me, he said, "Angelica, tell me all about how you came to work in this cat house."



On observing this Peter Illingworth, I saw he was not young. He must have been in his sixties and was fit. I was told later he did workouts every morning and he certainly looked like it. I was also to learn that he was not a regular client. It had been up to the highest bidder to take my anal virginity. Madam had phoned a few of her best customers, informing them that I was an anal virgin. Peter Illingworth won me. I found out subsequently that I was not the only one in the house that had been deflowered in the anus by him.

Miranda gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Long time since we saw you here, Peter. You've come to deflower Angelica, haven't you? Have fun you two," Miranda said in a light-hearted way, then left to go and talk with another man.

I felt a hand on my knee. I did not remove it but let Peter carry on to his heart's delight. "Peter," I whispered in his ear "would you like to go somewhere private? We could get more personal with each other in my boudoir."

I was returning his compliment by putting my hand on his crotch. It was clearly getting Peter excited so it did not surprise me when he suggested we go to my room.

Peter told me to take my dress off but leave my lingerie on which I did. "Come here, you beautiful little shemale," he said which I did, ignoring the term he had just used.

I sat on his knee, feeling his erect penis between my knickers. His hands were now undoing my bra, easing it off my body. Throwing the bra down, he held both of my tits in his hand.

"Magnificent, my dear, bloody magnificent. I just want to put my head in there and kiss them," which he did.

I have to say I also received an sexual thrill as Peter kissed and licked my boobs; they were so sensitive to touch. I moaned, "God, that's wonderful, Peter. Please don't stop."

I now had only my knickers on. Peter, having had his fill of my tits, was now divesting himself of his clothes. "I'll take your knickers off, Angelica I'm going to fuck you for the first time in your life between your bums cheeks. Prepare yourself."

"Here it comes," I thought, "this is it." Peter had now pushed my head on to the pillow. My ass was in mid-air. I felt his lips kissing my bottom cheeks, working me up for the big moment. My anus had anyway been made ready for his member.

Soon I felt his penis in the slippery path ready to receive it. It slid easily between my bottom cheeks and I felt no pain at all. Once inside me, Peter quickened his pace. In and out he went to sighs from me. "Keep going," I said to myself, "never stop. I just want to be fucked and fucked.

Stop it eventually did as spurt after spurt emitted from Peter's cock inside me.

I wanted more. Like the whore I was, I could excite him again, I hoped. Soon my hands were around his penis, rubbing it. Slowly it began to rise again. I tickled his testicles to cries of, "I'm going to cum, Angelica" I didn't want him to climax again just yet, so I stopped.

"Slip it in again, Peter," I begged him. No need to ask a second time. Once more, he was inside me. I was in pure erotic ecstasy. Much to my delight, I was being fucked silly and loving every minute of it. I was going to love every minute in this house. This was the

life for me. Peter had his fill of me and we rested in bed 'til he recuperated. When he did, he put his clothes, handed me a gracious tip, kissed me and left.

Many weeks had passed since Peter first fucked me. Nearly every day now, I was being fucked in the ass. I found from Miranda it paid to keep oneself fit all the time because of the vigorous lifestyle of our work. Miranda ran twelve miles every morning before breakfast, rising at six in the morning. She also did workouts in a local gym when time allowed between appointments.

I asked her if I could also join her on the morning run. "No problem, Angelica"

The next morning, I followed Miranda out into the fresh morning air. Miranda went at a slower pace to let me keep up with her. We finished and showered in my boudoir. I felt aches all over my body and told Miranda so. "You'll get used to it in time, Angelica then you'll be so fit that you will want to be fucked every moment and never stop."

"I feel like that now, Miranda!"

Our morning exercise continued and I must say I did begin to feel fitter than I had ever been as a man. I loved our morning showers together and admired Miranda's body. Although we were both small, our bodies were different, especially our tits. Hers were adequate. Mine were enormous. Much to my surprise, it wasn't me that made the first advance, it was Miranda.

In the shower one morning, Miranda was quite open about it. "Angelica, I want to feel your breasts. I've wanted that ever since I've seen how you fill out your dresses with them. You're so top heavy! It's marvellous. Mine are so small compared to you."

"Let's not beat about the bush. Let's dry ourselves and get between the sheets."

Hand in hand, we left the bathroom. Between the white satin sheets of my bed, Miranda wasted no time in putting a hand on my dick which was already stiff. Miranda was now jerking me off; I had my hand on her breasts and was licking them.

Miranda left my stiff erection to play with my boobies with their hard nipples. "They're so big and beautiful, a real handful. You must be so proud of them." Miranda was kissing them. Her penis, which I had in my hand, was growing larger and larger and thicker. I wanted Miranda to fuck me. I wanted her bad.

"Take me, Miranda. I want you inside me. I love you, Miranda. Oh please, please."

Miranda didn't wait long. She pushed me on to my side and fingered my love hole. Her skilful fingers heightened my desire for her penis. Then she was in me. In and out she went like a steam hammer driving a pile into the ground. Bang, bang, bang. It was so wonderful! "Let it never stop" was my thought.

Two tired Male Lesbians rested on my bed. Perhaps I had found my partner for life but in our present circumstances, it was almost impossible to be alone. We would have to take our pleasures whenever we could in the future.

"Oh," I said, just realizing the situation. "Won't Madam see all that has taken place here, Miranda?"

"I very much doubt it, Angelica At this time in the morning, I would expect all the cameras to be switched off. Anyway who cares? We have nothing to hide, have we?"

I was to learn Miranda and I were not the only girls who had relations with each other in this house. I was beginning to enjoy this way of life; apart from the pleasure it gave me I had never earned so much money in my life. The house, of course, received the biggest percentage but with what Madam put aside for us girls in our bank account plus tips, I was better off than I had ever been as an accountant.

Andrew Tully had actually done me a favor by firing me although at the time I didn't think so. I now had enough money to buy a brand new car, as had many of the girls. I may be owned by Madam Stella but I was not tied to a post to be whipped into submission which I know is what many people would think.

I showered after every appointment and had a fortnightly check up on my health. I indulged my customers to their every whim. Of course they paid well for such treatment. It was my job to see they were content.

I was established here now and loved Madam was so kind to all us girls. I heard other madams were not so. I guess I was just lucky to have become her sex slave. I met all types of people, like the woman who came once. She didn't even look like a woman, wearing men's clothes. She came into my boudoir carrying a briefcase which she put on the chair beside the bed.

"I am Charles and you are my sweetheart. You must obey my commands. Get down on your knees and kiss your master's boots," said she.

This presented no problem to me and I obeyed that order. So there I was on my knees, kissing her shiny black boots. "Enough. Get on the bed, pull your knickers down and await your master for the fucking I'm going to give you, whore."

Her breasts had been tightly bound but on closer inspection of her small body, one could see this was a woman. She took her trousers down, followed by her men's under-pants. Then I saw she was a woman where it mattered. Her shirt was kept on and she walked over to the briefcase, opened it and took out a strap-on dildo. This she stepped into and took it up her body till it reached her waist. Then she tightly adjusted the straps and there in front of her was a big purple-headed penis. Climbing onto the bed and positioning herself behind me, she exclaimed, "You're going to get it, bitch and you're going to get it good."

She had to know I was male as my member was now erect. Almost instantly, though, she was in my anus, pumping me with vigor. From my position on my knees, I felt her slapping against my body. Soon I came with a gush of hot steamy love juice. "Give me more, please," I said hoarsely.

"Oh, you want more, you hot little tramp? Can't get enough? Charles here is going to blow your brains out you harlot. Take that. And that."

This Charles or whatever she called herself was pumping me rotten with her dildo! As I say, whatever turns you on. Who am I to judge the clients, no pun intended. When she

finished with me, she dressed in her male clothes again. She said, "I suppose you want to be paid for it, bitch. How much do you want?"

My mouth fell open. Madam always dealt with all the monetary side of the business. I was silent.

"A twenty, that's all your worth, you whore." So saying, she threw a twenty bill on the bed and promptly left.

What a strange woman. She must have been in her thirties with very short hair.

As soon as she left my boudoir, I quickly put my dress on and went to the control room where I knew Madam would be. On sitting beside Madam, I exclaimed, "Who the hell was that, Madam?"

Madam laughed. "It's more than my life is worth to reveal her name. All I can say is that she is a princess of a European family. We call her the Princess. Although I saw all that you were up to on the monitor, there was no recording of your pleasure, Angelica"

"I see, Madam. Is she of the British Royal family?"

"That I cannot divulge but if it's any consolation, every girl in the house has had experience of her."

"Including yourself, Madam?" I dared to ask.

No answer from Madam. I left it at that.

Over time, a number of women came to my bed. I think it gave them a thrill to find a prick under my knickers, a man with something different. And it seemed my breasts caught their imagination.

"They're big, Dear," some old lady told me. "I expect it affects your breathing. Here, have a cough drop."

I nearly burst out in giggles but she was a nice old lady.

From time to time, I'd get men who wanted to be dressed in women's clothes then have sex with me, saying it was the lesbian trying to get free.

I was now holding hands all the time with Miranda. I noticed some of the other girls did likewise with each other which I had never seen before. Madam Stella had always known about it; she approved of it. No animosity between the girls meant a happy house.

I was now part of the happy band of girls that Madam took with her to wild parties and orgies which one of the girls had mentioned to me when I was in the hospital. It was at one of these parties that I had my first experience with what I called sex in my breasts.

It was in a large country villa out in the sticks somewhere. All I remember is that Madam and us girls were flown by private jet to a nearby airport then taken to the villa by car where a millionaire was hosting a luxurious weekend for his friends. A lewd and bawdy time lay before us. There was a sumptuous meal to start things off with plenty of wine. Soon we all were lubricated and hands were wandering all over bodies. Then one young man spotted my tits, drew his breath in and introduced himself to me.

"I'm Douglas but call me Dougie."

"Well, Dougie, what can I do for you?" as if I didn't know.

"Maybe we could go out in the cool fresh night air and look at the stars. What was your name again?"

"Angelica, Dougie. I think the stars would look much better from my bedroom. Don't you think so, Dougie?" I sweetly said. I had by now placed a hand on his crotch and gently massaged his testicles through his trousers.

"Oh...yes, yes. Angelica, lets go quick. Nooow."

I knew what he wanted and he knew what I was. What did catch me out was as I lay on the bed, instead of entering my backside, he held me down flat on the bed and proceeded to put his penis between my massive tits. This I had never experienced before. Holding his prick between them, I pressed my breasts together over his cock. When he came, his love juice sprayed all over my face.

"God, I love you, Angelica and your boobs."

I paid no attention to his love cries. I had heard it all before; some men are like that after they cum. Then after a short rest, I was on my stomach and being fucked in my derriere. His name was Dougie. It should have been Doggie because he liked taking me doggie-style.

Word soon got around. Many men filled my "dance card" that weekend but for some reason, most of them wanted to put their members between my boobies. As long as it pleased them, I was happy. I was getting paid for my time. What complaint did I have?

The morning after our Wild Weekend saw the girls wander down for breakfast in a dis-habille state. It was nearing 1 PM; usually it was 10 or 11 AM when we came for breakfast.

Madam clapped her hands for attention. "Girls, you were all wonderful over the weekend. I think I shall plan a few more extravaganzas in future. I have a few ideas. Angelica, after breakfast come and see me in my office, please."

I wondered why Madam wanted to see me. I had done no wrong. Going into the drawing room, there was Madam lying on the chaise lounge as usual.

"Ah, Angelica, take a seat. There is something I want to discuss with you." I did as she bid, wondering what this was all about.

"I'll come straight to the point. You once were an accountant, were you not?"

"Yes, Madam. In a former life, I trained and worked as one. Why do you ask?"

"It is just this, Angelica I am not the best bookkeeper or accountant. This business calls for a lot of accounting work which I do not have the skills for. How you would like to be the house accountant? Just look at the books about once a week and make sure everything is going well. I would not want you to do this for free. I will see you are well paid for your services. What do you say, Angelica?"

I thought for a few seconds. What did I have to lose? It seemed like an interesting opportunity. "Yes, Madam, I would be delighted to do that for you."

"Good, Angelica, you're a sweet girl." Madam rose from the chaise lounge and kissed me on the cheek.

"Oh, by the way, next week two rather eccentric men are coming to the house. The Henderson brothers and I am sending you to them. They're not dangerous but they do have some funny ways, as some of the girls have reported to me. Benny and Bert are their names and have a liking for shemales."

Since she said they weren't dangerous, I didn't have any particular concerns about these Henderson men. It wasn't like customers with "funny ways" were unusual. I indicated to Madam Stella that there was no time like the present to have a look at the house's books.

"They're down in the control room. I'm going there myself so follow me down."

In the control room, Madam opened a safe and took a number of hardbound books out. "There we are, Angelica"

I quickly looked through one. I could see that really studying them would take a long time. "Madam, if you don't mind, I'd like to take some of these books to my boudoir for closer study."

"Of course. In fact, I will tell you the safe's combination. You can come here any time to peruse the books and accounts."

Back in my boudoir, one of the first items I noticed was the cost of my buttocks implants. They had been inserted a few months earlier. They were not much short of a thousand but had earned enough money for the house to pay for them?

Having read through the books and accounts, I came to the conclusion that this house had found its niche. There were no others like it around. After a few days, I reported to madam that the books were well in order and that we were profitable.

"Good! I think I will close the house for a night and take the girls for a blow-out at a five-star restaurant."

A FRIGHTING INCIDENT

As Madam finished that sentence, we heard a piercing scream coming from a room upstairs. Quickly, Madam and I made for the winding staircase as others ran out their boudoir in various states of undress.

The screams were coming from a room on the second floor. The room was Bella's. On opening the door, she lay naked on the bed with an equally naked man above her. He had a dagger in his hand and was plunging it into Bella's breasts and torso. The man was loudly shouting, "You hussy, you're one of the devil's scarlet women. Prepare yourself to die and be saved by god. Take that." He savagely plunged the dagger into Bella over and over.

Madam and the girls swiftly pulled the crazed man off, but not before his dagger had slashed one or two of us, me included. It took six of us to hold him down. Madam called the cops.

In five minutes, they arrived, then cuffed him and led him away. An ambulance also arrived; Bella and Madam and a few of us taken away by it. My dress was saturated in blood as were my some of my companion's outfits. Bella was rushed to the operating room. I and the others were examined. Luckily, we sustained just a few cuts and scratches.

After attending to them, the nurses said we were free to go. However, like Madam, we stayed to await information about Bella's condition.

After several hours, a surgeon came to talk to Madam in private. Madam came out of his office with a worried expression on her face. "Girls, there is not a lot we can do here tonight. Bella has been heavily sedated and the surgeon will say nothing until he checks on her in the morning."

We all left together. There was much discussion between us all at the house. Operations were suspended for the next few days.

At breakfast the following morning, Madam addressed us all. "I must take full blame for what happened yesterday. I'm afraid my vetting of our clients has let me down. In the future, I must be more thorough. It's a weak excuse but that client was recommended by a trusted person. I am so terribly sorry about this because I love you all." As Madam Stella said these last few words, she broke down in tears.

Miranda comforted her. "You didn't know, Stella. You have been nothing but been kind to us all. There, there, no tears, Stella. We'll all go to see Bella."

Miranda was holding Madam and patting her on the back. It was the first time I had heard any of us refer to Madam as 'Stella.' I was now sure Miranda had a special relationship with Madam.

Madam phoned the hospital to see if it was alright to visit Bella. All being well, soon we were in Bella's private room. Madam had insisted she be put in one.

All of us were in our best frocks, loaded with bunch of flowers and boxes of candy. Madam went in alone with the surgeon for a long time. After a while, she opened the door to admit us all.

"Girls, Bella will be in the hospital for a while. She needs plastic surgery on her breasts and body. The house will pay for the best surgeon to do that work. Dr Armstrong is the best in the land, I'm told. I promise you when he is finished, you won't be able to see his work. Bella will soon be back working on her feet, working for us," finished Madam.

One of the girls said, "You mean on her back, Madam," to giggles from all.

Over the next few weeks, all of us girls paid visits to Bella.

The incident gave me cause to reflect what a dangerous life this could be; after all, some religious nut could try to take my life. And all I wanted to do was give lonely people some enjoyment and happiness. If I gave into to fears like that, though, there would be no use working here. In time, Bella recovered and looked better than ever. Much to my amazement, she never expressed any fear of her clients.

Because of the happening, we did make the headlines of the more scandalous newspapers as the trial came nearer with banner headlines like, "Male cat house whore attacked by religious maniac." At the trial, photos of us all going and coming at the court ran underneath headlines like, "These women have something different under their knickers." and "Is it a man or a woman? You'll never know unless you take one to bed."

At the trial, being one of the star witnesses I was asked by the defendant's lawyer, "What do you do for a living, Miss Ville?"

"I am an accountant, sir." This was true since at present I did look after the house books.

The lawyer gave a smile to me. "Were you not at one time called Timothy or Timmy when you worked for a well-known company as an accountants? Is it not true that then you were a man who dressed in women's clothes?" Looking me up and down, he continued, "I must say you look like a beautiful woman, although down below you have all the male equipment...not that I have ever seen it, of course." This caused much hilarity around the courtroom.

Our lawyer sprang to his feet. "That is not relevant, your Honor."

The judge looked at me with a smile. "Objection sustained."

The defending was trying to let the jury know what kind of establishment Madam Stella ran. It was a point he harped on to demonstrate some kind of justification for the attack.

The trial took over a week. We girls arrived in different pretty summer dresses every day. I remarked to Madam that this trial would be bad for business.

"Not at all, Angelica To the contrary, it's good for business. The phone has been red hot all through the trial. A lot of people never knew there was a place that could cater to their needs. As the saying goes, it doesn't matter what they say, as long as they spell the name right. The next time you see the books, you'll realize that our work schedule is busier than ever. We will be going into overtime," Madam said with a smile on her face.

The trial finally wrapped up and the judge said, "Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, it is up to you to come to a decision. What you must not do is to take into consideration the type work that Miss Bella was involved in. As a citizen, she has the same right as anyone else to the protection of the law. Justice must be done. I leave you to your decision. You may now retire from the court to consider your verdict."

The jury was out for three hours. Madam and the girls were biting our nails, waiting for them to return. Then the call came that the jury was returning. We went to our places surrounding Bella and madam.

A court attendant stood and said, "All rise for Judge Norman." The judge came; everyone stood, then sat.

The judge looked at the jury. "Have you elected a foreman?"

A man stood up. "Yes sir, I am the foreman."

"And have you come to a decision?"

"Yes, we have."

"And what is that decision?"

"We, the jury, find the accused guilty by unanimous verdict."

"Very well. The jury is dismissed with thanks from the court."

The judge turned to the assailant. "The accused will rise. You have been found guilty of a most heinous crime. While you have every right to express your opinions, you have no right under the law to threaten the lives of others. I take a serious view of such behavior

and no matter what lifestyle Bella may lead, her life must be protected. I therefore have no hesitation in sentencing you to fifteen years in prison."

Bella burst into tears as did some of the other girls. Madam cuddled Bella close to her bosom. On leaving court, our party was surrounded by television cameras and newspaper reporters out for a story.

One said, "Madam Stella, would you consider selling your life story to our paper?" Another chimed in that he could offer a better price and so it went on. A TV company said they would like to film in the house. Nothing obscene or erotic, just interviews with some of us girls in our boudoirs in pretty dresses. All very tasteful, of course.

Madam said she would have to think about of this. Some right wing religious fanatics were protesting across from the courthouse with placards saying things like, "The harlots from hell burn their house down" and "Shame on Madam Stella and her male prostitutes" and "Clean the land of these whores and make it a holy place to live in."

Madam decided to reveal all to a Sunday paper, the money she was paid going to the house general fund. It was a three-part story with plenty of photos of Madam, the inside the house and our luxurious boudoirs. Stella told the story how she came to be a madam of unusual harlots and how her whores all had been men at one time!

TV cameras came and conducted interviews with Madam and some of us girls as well. Madam had said that we need not be interviewed or photographed if we did not wish to. We were all featured in a programme called "It Happens Tonight...And Every Night". I had fun talking to James Whittaker, the host of the show. I cheekily asked him after filming stopped, "Care to come to bed with me for free, James?"

A red-faced James said, "No thanks, Angelica I think I'm done here for now." I gave him a kiss on the cheek which I think rather embarrassed him. It was fun being a celebrity for a while.

Life returned to normal. Madam approached me one day. "Angelica, remember a while back when I mentioned the Henderson brothers? They will be visiting the house tomorrow so be ready after breakfast. I personally will help you pick your knickers."

"I think I can do that myself, Madam, thank you very much."

"There is a reason for my offer, Angelica, as I will explain to you before they arrive."

THE HENDERSON BROTHERS

The following morning after breakfast, Madam accompanied me to my boudoir. I had laid a number of knickers out on the bed for her inspection. She left and came back shortly, holding something behind her.

"What do you think of these, Angelica?" Madam was holding a pair of knickers. On closer inspection, they were unusual to say the least. Beautiful they were, made of the finest silk, white in color, with Brussels lace trim around the legs. In front, a slit had been cut

and decorated with the same Brussels lace. This would align with my penis. Looking at the rear, I saw that another slit had been cut; it too was surrounded by the finest Brussels lace. This one aligned with my bottom hole.

"That's a very interesting pair of knickers, Madam, the likes of which I have never seen before."

"Indeed, Angelica You may keep them from now on. The Henderson boys like their dates to wear that kind of knickers. I always keep a pair handy when they're around. Now put them on."

I slipped my present pair off and pulled this new pair on. Madam helped me put my penis through the front section, then patted me on my rear as I adjusted my skirts.

"Yes, yes you look just right for the Henderson boys. They will be here shortly. Just wait here and I will give you a buzz on the intercom when they arrive." Madam now left the boudoir while I sat on my bed waiting for that call.

I kept going to the mirror, lifting my skirt and checking myself from all angles. I looked at my front where at the present a limp prick hung; then checking my rear end with the opening surrounded by lace. I felt an thrill wondering just what these Henderson boys going to do to me. My thoughts were interrupted by a buzz on the intercom. It was Madam who told me to descend the winding stairs to meet my dates. She said I should descend slowly as the boys would be watching my every move.

I did as she asked and saw Madam in the hallway with two enormous men. They were giants towering above Madam, watching every move I made as I came down the staircase. Madam came over to me, took me by the hand and brought me over to these giant men.

"Boys, this is Angelica, your companion for the day."

"She is a real beauty," said one.

The other looked me up and down. "Well Stella, I think you have picked a pretty one. I've never seen her before."

"It's been some time since you boys were here. Angelica, shake hands with the boys."

Their hands were massive like spades and completely covered mine. Their height made me look like a dwarf. Soon their hands were around my waist as we went out the front door to their stretch limo. As we exited the house, Madam said, "Have a good time, boys. As if you wouldn't." Madam laughed at her own joke.

In the limo, the Henderson boys did not take long to get into action; I was seated between them. One had already divested me of my top while the other had a hand up my skirt, fondling my tool which was definitely erect.

"Do you want me to take my knickers off?" I asked."

"No darling, we prefer you to keep them on." This was Benny Henderson speaking.

I have to say that I was a little afraid of these men, because of their height, I think. If there was a problem with them, unlike the recent happening in the house, there would be no one to help me. But I needn't have worried. They were gentle giants.

"I'm going to cum!" I shouted. Benny carried on.

"I think you better ease off Benny and let us prepare ourselves," said Bert .

Both boys had now taken their trousers off. Bert sat on the long plush seat and Benny lifted me and placed me on top of his brother so that his penis entered my well-positioned asshole. I felt it enter all the way up as his two massive hands held me tight to him. Benny now placed himself above me with his bottom poised above my erect member, then plunged down on it. There I was jammed between the two Henderson brothers, Bert tightly against my bottom hole and Benny's hole pressing on my penis. My boobs were being squashed against Benny's back.

I loved every moment of it like the harlot I was; I think my favors were equally being



enjoyed by the Henderson boys. When I got into the limo, I hadn't a clue as to where we were going.

With all the activity going on between us, it was no surprise that our endeavours were quickly coming to a climax. I felt Bert gush his love juice into my anus and I did the same with his brother. An exhausted trio collapsed on the long plush seat breathing heavily. "Here we are," said Benny.

We stepped out of the limo into a village I had never seen before. A small quaint shop lay before us. Taking me by the hand, both boys led me inside where an elderly woman looked up from whatever she was doing.

"Benny and Bert here again! How nice to see you boys. Can I be of help to you today?"

The shop was full of lingerie, gossamer thin and see-through.

The first word from Benny's mouth: "Knickers."

"I might have known it, Benny. Yes, knickers. I have plenty of them. Where do you want to start, the French knickers, cami knickers, bloomers, panties, even see-through crotchless. Take your pick."

"They're not for me, they're for Angelica here."

"Dear, come with me into the stockroom. You will be up to your ears in knickers," the lady laughed.

I followed the woman with the Henderson boys in tow. Soon I was giving a fashion show to the Hendersons who felt me up as I tried each pair on. The woman watched, not saying a word as she handed each pair to me.

When I finished my modelling, the Hendersons bought the lot for me. We then left the shop which I didn't even know the name of.

I must say the Henderson brothers had me in a high state of sexual excitement, which would reach its zenith later that day. When we once again entered the limo, my knickers were immediately pulled down. Benny then produced what was known as a String of Pearls. This consisted of a string that has small pearls attached at half-inch intervals. Benny inserted this device into my anus. A few hung out my ass and Benny pulled my knickers tightly up.

"That will do for now, Angelica You'll feel the benefit later this afternoon."

I was never touched by them for at least an hour. Then the limo stopped at a village pub out in the countryside. I was treated by the boys to lunch in a back room. But even in that back room, their hands were all over me: in my knickers, feeling my tits. I still had that String of Pearls up my ass.

As I said before, I don't usually drink while "on the clock" but Bert coaxed me to take a glass or two of champagne. I was beginning to feel as high as a kite. Soon we left the pub. Once more, we were in their limo with their hands all over my backside and giggles. "Naughty boys!" I said.

In the mood I was in, they could touch all they wanted; I was well sozzled. I unzipped both their flies and had their members in my hand, playing with them. My top was off once again. Each of the boys had a tit in their hand. The boys had again taken their trousers off. This time Bert was lying face down on the seat. Benny was directing my hard penis to Bert's hole and I entered.

I had expected Benny to enter my golden hole, forgetting about the String of Pearls, the end of which was hanging out my anus. I carried on with my amorous devotions to Bert's backside, much to his pleasure and mine. Then a wonderful explosion occurred. Benny had pulled the String of Pearls out my backside and I flooded Bert's backside with love juice.

"Oh, OH!" I said. "I love both of you wonderful men. Give me more and more."

The limo came to a halt in a shaded wood. We all got out and the boys pulled me into the woods. I was in a state of undress and so were the Henderson brothers. I was led over to a large tree and Benny pushed me against it with my face towards it. Next he was driv-

ing his penis within my anus. He pump pump pumped into me, my legs wide apart to receive his wonderful penis. While this was going on, Bert was lying on the ground underneath me taking my penis into his, and sucking me off.

It was one wild orgy. Three exhausted people emerged from the woods back to the stretch limo. It was late when we arrived back at Madam Stella's house. On leaving, the Henderson brothers gave a very large tip. It was four or five thousand dollars; never before had I been tipped so heavily. I told Madam that I was definitely available the next time the Henderson boys came here. Madam laughed and said, "I bet you will be," knowing from experience what good tippers the boys were.

NIGHT CLUBBING

Things were now back in full swing after our frightening incident with Bella. One morning as I was giving Madam a full account of the money situation, I remarked to her, "You know, Madam, we are weathering this economy better than I would have imagined even with the bad publicity I thought would come from the trial."

"No, that did us good, I can see. Do you remember me saying before that attack on Bella we should shut shop for a night and have a good blow out? Well that's just what I am going to do. It's going to be a nightclub meal and a dance. I'm thinking about two weeks from Monday. I'll make sure there is no booking at the house that day."

"That's terrific, Madam. I'm sure the girls are going to love letting their hair down and having a good time."

"I'll inform everyone at dinner tonight." Madam did just that.

That Monday night, we all dressed to the nines for our meal at the club. I had decided on a hip-length green and blue silk panne velvet top with a broad panel of lace over the bust, matching hemline, rouleau shoulder straps and a bow tie on one side of my hip. I paired it with ankle-length skin-tight green stretch fabric trousers, black silk strap sandals with high straight heels, ankle straps and open toes. I had done a tuck with my member so that no male parts were seen with the skin-tight trousers. I noticed some of the other girls had done the same.

All the girls had equally stunning outfits, some with bare midriffs, but when I saw Madam, her outfit was something else. It must have cost her plenty. It was a Dolce & Gabbana outfit consisting of what I can only describe as a skin-tight mini-length lace dress with a python skin front strap and button fastening, matching buckled belt, buttoned sleeve straps and buttoned flap and patch pockets. She also had on long leather gloves, python skin shoes with ankle straps, high spike heels and open toes.

When she walked, it was clear she had no knickers on, the dress was so tight; the outline of her pussy could clearly be seen. The ridges of her breasts and organ stop nipples were there for all to see. The dress was so taut that the ridge between her buttock cheeks was also outlined. The whole outfit fit Madam like a glove. Madam took small mincing steps, there being no other way she could walk. I think she was rather enjoying herself.

In front of the house sat two white stretch limos. their doors being held open by the chauffeurs in black uniforms and peak black caps.

As I entered the limo, the chauffeur said, "There is a drink cabinet. Help yourself to anything you want. I hope you have a most enjoyable night." The chauffeur said to Madam, "Do you need a hand getting in the car?" seeing the very small steps she was taking.

Madam quickly replied, "That all depends where you put your hand" to giggles from the girls.

We all piled in to the limos and in no time the drinks cabinet was opened. I think it is safe to say many of us were sloshed before we reached the nightclub. As the night wore on, jokes were made at my expense with some girls pointing to my breasts. I took this in fun as I joked with my fellow workers.

We entered the restaurant to be met by the manager. "Oh Madam Stella, your tables are over here. Follow me."

We were shown to two tables near the small dance floor. The manager handed menus to us all, saying, "I'll send the wine waiter over so you can order drinks."

When he came over, Madam said, "I want your best champagne and whatever you recommend in wine for the meal. Oh, girls give the waiter here your drink orders while we wait for our meal." Madam slipped him a twenty.

Before the meal arrived, the waiter brought the champagne and poured glasses for all. Madam rose. "Here is a toast to the best bunch of girls I have ever had the pleasure to work with." There was a clinking of glasses all around, then the meal was served: prawn cocktail followed by Chicken Maryland with roast potatoes, peas, and carrots. For dessert we had fruit cocktail and a cup of coffee with an after-dinner mint.

If we thought we were going to relax, we were mistaken. The girls went on the small disco floor, either by themselves or in couples.

Miranda had taken Madam onto the floor and pulled her tightly to her. Madam giggled as she pushed her frame into Miranda body. Miranda and Madam were soon kissing each other. One would almost have thought they were having sex on that dance floor, so close were they. With a giggle and a wave of her hand, Madam beckoned me to join them and we formed a trio, dancing in a ring. "You're my two best girls," Madam said in a slurred voice.

"Well, thank you, Madam," I said in an equally slurred voice.

"You can call me Stella, Angelica" Madam was now French kissing me which I returned as Miranda kissed her neck. Stella whispered in my ear, "You can share my bed with Miranda tonight."

I felt rather pleased with myself. I had desired madam from afar but thought she was out of reach for the likes of me. "Stella, you will fulfil a fantasy of mine. I desire that body of yours especially with the way you fill that dress tonight."

"Sweetie, you will have my body tonight and more. Let us all see your magnificent breasts once more, Darling."

No sooner said than done. I whipped off my top and the bra underneath and waved the bra round my head to much cheering from a party of lads out on a stag night. "Come

over here, little darling," said one of them. In no time I had left the dance floor and was standing before him as he sat in his chair. Putting a hand behind his neck, I pulled him between my boobs and let him have his fill to cheers from his mates.

One girl, a transsexual, had jumped on a table and taken her knickers off. Now on her knees, she pulled some man between her opened thighs and said "Help yourself."

The man needed no second invitation. "Letting our hair down" had turned into drunken debauchery.

Some of the girls had found male companions (which wasn't hard) and disappeared to the basement. These girls would come back on their own much later next day. Around 2 in the morning, Miranda said we should go back to the house. Miranda had taken charge as Madam seemed incapable in her present state.

We were a noisy, drunken lot being herded into the stretch limos by Miranda. In the back seat, Madam was falling over and trying to grope me which I did not mind as I was doing the same to her. Arriving at the house, the girls went in all directions, some in pairs, to disappear for the rest of the night.

Miranda beckoned me to her. "Take one of Stella's arms. I'll take the other and we'll head to her boudoir."

At the room, Miranda said, "Help me take Stella's clothes off." Miranda was unbuttoning and peeling the tight-fitting dress off Stella. I helped her till madam stood naked before us.

"You're going to get fucked, fucked by Miranda, Stella. She has a big one."

"I do," she laughed. "I've never gotten any complaints from the customers, have I? Now get in that bed and open your legs," which she did. "On your side. That's it, my darling. Angelica, get behind her."

I positioned myself and entered Stella's bottom hole, as Miranda entered Stella pussy. Stella kept moaning, "My two best girls and I'm getting fucked by them."

So the night went till eventually we all fell in a drunken stupor.

God knows when we woke up; there wasn't much activity in the house that day. I awakened to find Stella lying between Miranda and me. Then Miranda said "Watch this." Knelling between Stella open thighs, she started to lick her.

Madam, wakening, said, "Oh you dirty little whore!"

Miranda answered, "Well, that is what you pay me for, Stella." We had another round of sexual encounters to the delight of all.

Matters went back to normal on the Wednesday. Well, as normal as it ever gets in a whorehouse. I want to say here and now that I do not regret what I am and have done. Some would say that I am a sinner, a slut. Maybe they are right; I won't argue with them. But compared to the life I had had at home, this was a vast improvement. Did I ever think of my past life? Yes, at times. I only wish things could have gone better with my mother.

As far as my father was concerned, I am sure my mother never said a word to him about finding me dressed in girls clothes all those years ago. My brother Tommy and I never really bonded and I blame my mother for much of that. My love is endless for my

aunts June and Judy. I shall always remember my Aunt Judy whispering softly in my ear, "When you grow up into the pretty woman that you surely will be, many men will want to kiss you."

No prediction was ever more true. I have been kissed by many men and I've loved each minute of it. But there is more to my story.

DANCES I WAS NEVER TAUGHT

One day as I was giving Stella (as I now called her since our drunken orgy) a rundown about the house finances, she said to me, "How much do you know about the Bible, Angelica?" What a strange question.

"Not a lot, Stella. When I was little, Mother took me to Bible school. She and Father went to church on Sunday and that's about it. Why?"

"I see. Well, maybe now is the time to catch up on your reading, I would advise you to read Mark chapter 6, verses 17 to 28."

"If you say so. You've haven't turned into a born again Christian, have you? You're not going to convert the whole house, are you?"

Laughing, she said, "No, Angelica Just do as I ask."

"Okay, Stella, if you say so. Is that all?"

"For now. Who knows, I may ask you to read the whole book."

That night, I opened my bedside table drawer and took the Gideon Bible out. All the girls had one in their boudoir, just like a hotel. I opened it to the indicated passage and read.

The following morning at breakfast, Madam said to me, "Did you read your Bible last night, Angelica?"

"Yes, Madam."

"And say your prayers?" Stella added to see the reaction from the girls.

"But of course, Madam, down on my knees."

"Very good, Angelica See me after breakfast and we will do Bible study together."

"Yes, Madam."

There were whispers around the room like, "Is Angelica going to a nunnery or something? Is Madam becoming a Mother Superior?"

Stella was having a great joke on everything except me. Having read the Bible, I had some idea what this was all about.

As we made our way to her office, passing Miranda, Madam said, "Make sure I am not disturbed, Miranda."

"I will, Stella."

Lying as usual with her head propped up on a cushion, Stella asked, "Well, what you make of that book of the Bible, Angelica?"

"It was very interesting, Madam. Something tells me that Salome and her dance for Herod and her asking for the head of John the Baptist figure into this. Am I right, Stella?"

"Bulls-eye, but we are not so interested in Herod and John the Baptist as we are with Salome and her dance. Can you visualise how erotic that dance was? Do you think you could work up something along those lines, Angelica?"

"Huh? Now just wait a minute. I'm no dancer."

"But of course you are! Remember that night club? I was half pissed and even so I could see you certainly had that bunch of lads going."

I took Stella's word for it. I could barely remember much of that night. "So what do you want me to do, Stella?"

"I've been thinking about that. We get you fitted out with harem pants for a start. Then seven veils of varies colours, all see-through of course, as will be the harem pants. The music we will have to sort out. I'm thinking something Arabian sounding. We will have to rehearsal till that night."

"Won't people see through my pants that I have male equipment down below?"

"Possibly. You could do a tuck but it might be an added thrill for people to see that you are male. With your massive tits, you will be in great demand after your dance."

"What about the other girls that night, Stella?"

"They will all be dressed in harem pants as well. We will have to start rehearsals on this dance soon then."

Madam researched belly dancing and the music to go with it. I watched a biblical film featuring Salome and her Dance of the Seven Veils.

Every morning at breakfast, Stella and I would have our private joke on the girls with conversation like, "Did you say your prayers again last night, Angelica?"

"Oh yes, Madam. I am a changed woman now."

"Indeed. You are becoming a pure, devout and pious woman."

It was noticed by some of the girls that I was taking no clients. Rumors spread that I was becoming a nun; Madam was going to sell the house and enter a nunnery. Stella and I laughed at such silly ideas. Miranda tried to pump the truth out of her, then one day she asked me outright, "What the hell is going on with you and Stella?"

I replied, "I'm afraid I am not at liberty to say. Do you read the Bible, Miranda?"

"What does that mean, Angelica?"

"Well do you or don't you, Miranda?"

"I give up, you're impossible!" Miranda walked away as I fought to stop myself from having a fit of the giggles.

Stella and I worked out the routine we would use for the dance. So that no one would know, we did our rehearsals at a local dancing school. Finally, the time to tell the girls came.

Madam Stella explained that I was to become the main player in the story of Salome. The rest of the girls would be dressed in similar outfits. Stella then outlined how she wanted the drawing room set up; a clear space would have to be created where I could perform my dance.

While I would be doing the dance, Madam Stella would act as narrator to tell the story of how Salome came about the dance. She would be dressed in an outfit similar to the rest of the girls. Madam sent invites to her best clients and was expecting a record night in terms of profits.

The big night came and many limos parked in front of the house. Some of them carried well-known members of the public one would never guess would frequent such a place as our house.

Bottles of Champagne were opened and wine flowed freely. When all were jolly and mingling happily, Madam clapped her hands.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, please be seated. The members of our harem will serve your every need. You need just ask." Stella pointed to the girls all dressed in Harem pants and see-through veils, serving drinks.

Stella continued. "If you are all seated comfortable, I shall begin. We all know the Bible intimately, do we not?" There were many blank faces in front of her.

"Moving on. The story of Salome is well-detailed in the Bible in the book of Mark, Chapter 6, Verses 17 to 28. Well, we do not keep to the letter of the text but employ some poetic licence. And now, let the dance. Salome, I turn the floor over to you."

Before the dance, Stella had helped me prepare. I had done a tuck and pushed my penis into my body, then pulled a tight pair of knickers up to hold it there. Over them, I had on white see-through harem pants elasticized at my ankles and at the waist. I was bare-foot with some large golden rings on my big toe of each foot. Seven veils were clipped around my neck; they were easy to undo and came to my bare midriff.

At my naval, Stella had inserted a large pearl. I wore a yashmak which was another veil, covering the face from below the eyes. My face had been perfectly made up with rouge; my eyes were lined with kohl which would not be seen 'til the removal of my yashmak. My long flowing soft brown hair was streaming with ribbons of many colours. Stella had strapped a contraption with three rows of small bells round each ankle jingled to my movements. On each hand, I wore cymbals which I could bring together for a ringing sound. My fingernails were painted bright red as were my toes in my open sandals.

We had prepared a few pieces of music. We chose Rimsky Korsakov's Scheherazade and some Grieg for Anita's dance. Stella had choreographed and I had rehearsed and rehearsed the movements until they were perfect.

Miranda switched off the lights. I came into the room and placed myself in the middle. A spotlight was switched on which shown down on me from above. A gasp went out from all present at the sight of my body. I raised my hands straight up and moved my head from side to side between my hands. A clashing of my finger symbols three times was the signal for Stella to start the music.

I slowly lifted one of my dainty feet in front of me. I wiggled my big toe for all to see the glittering golden ring on it. Then I turned the toe this way and that, then did the same with the other foot. I tip-toed to the edge of the stage area, slowly running around it three times to let the audience see me up close as we had rehearsed. I stopped occasionally and raised my toe to different men to let them kiss the golden ring.

Now I went back to the center, swaying from side to side tantalizingly. My hand went to undo the first veil and fluttered it round my body. Once again, I ran to the edge of the multi-colored carpet and daintily ran around it with the black veil fluttering like a banner. I stopped in front of a man and wrapped the veil round his face. Then, once more, I came to the center of the room. Miranda had upped the lighting to a soft glow. The audience was getting into the act, I could see.

Blue was the next veil. I softly asked who wanted this veil. I was overwhelmed by requests. I knew I had the audience where I wanted it.

"Madam Stella, please assist me with this veil." She stood behind me, undoing the button behind my neck. Then I removed the blue veil and fluttered it over me, up and down my body behind me. Stella kissed the back of my neck.

Then she danced around the carpet with the blue veil, wrapped it around a man, then sat down.

The pink veil was next. I spotted a lady in the crowd. Walking over to her, I asked, "Would madam wish to free me of my pink veil?"

"Of course, Sweethearts. Come here and I will relieve you of that burden."

She held me tightly against her body and unfastened the button. She tried to relieve me of my yashmak at the same time, being a little tipsy. I restrained her. "Thank you, madam, you may keep the veil."

Going to the middle of the floor, I did some bump and grinding movements; the tempo of the music had now quickened. Swaying nearer to my audience, several hands tried to grab me but my movements glided me away from them.

At the centre again, I kneeled and extended my hands full-length out from my side. My finger symbols tingled together for effect. Everyone in the room was watching me intently. I lifted my red veil and said, "Shall I remove this?"

There were shouts of YES from all corners of the room. I quickly divested myself of it and threw it into the crowd.

The green and purple veils were still to come off before the last one the white. I spotted two gentlemen with bulges in their trousers. I made over to one and sat on his knee with my back to him. He made no objections. "Sir, please removes my green veil, if you please."

As I sat on his knee, I could feel his erection between my bottom cheeks. It seemed to increase in size, much to his pleasure...and mine. "You've got a big one there, Sir."

"Not as big as its going to be if you stay on my knee."

"I've no time for that, Sir. I must get on with my dance."

Moving on to the other man, I sat and moved up and down on his knee. I could feel his penis between my buttocks. He had removed my sixth veil, the purple one. As he did so, I could feel wetness down below. He had cum.

"Give me that." Grabbing the purple veil, I wiped my wet bottom through my harem pants.

That left the last veil, the white one. My large breasts could now clearly be seen through the fine gauze-like material. I spotted one of my regular clients, Bruce. I seductively moved closer to him. "Bruce, you can have the pleasure of removing my last veil. Do you think you can manage that, Sweetie?"

"I don't think that will be too difficult. Come here, Salomé." His hands quickly unbuttoned my veil and I now stood before him with my uncovered breasts. I pushed my magnificent mammaries to his face. Not a shy person, Bruce buried his face between the twins and was licking them. His hands were around my rear end, pulling me tightly to him.

"Have you had your fill, Bruce?"

"Not by a long shot, Salome. I'm going to have those harem pants off you." His fingers on either side of the elastic waist band slowly proceeded to pull the crystalline material down my legs 'til the pants lay in a crumpled heap at my feet, then I swiftly removed them.

What the assembled crowd could now see was a naked woman with two exceptions. My face below my eyes was still covered by the yashmak and my center was still encased in the tight black see-through knickers. Anyone new to the house would have thought I was female down below. Bruce knew better of course and now his hand was inside the knickers feeling and exciting me. It did not take long to have my knickers off. As I stood before Bruce, I let my erect penis drop from its hidey hole to some gasps from those who had thought I was fully female.

Bruce quickly turned me around so that my backside was facing his now rampant penis, having divested himself of his trousers.

I felt his hard erection enter my golden hole and I shivered to the thought of my coming gratification. My anus was well lubricated. As I lay on Bruce's hard erection, another man was sucking me off with my member in his mouth.

Stella stepped up to me. "Come along, gentlemen. Now is your chance to share the delights of Salome and her dance." So saying, Stella took two men and placed them at my feet. They lifted my feet and were sucking my big toes. Others were paying homage to my tits; one of them was a woman, I was told later.

Picture this if you will. I was still on Bruce's knee with his member in my back hole while another man was devouring my dick; two other men were sucking my big toes each of which wore a large golden ring. My boobs were being sucked, one by a man, the other by a woman.

Stella proceeded to remove the yashmak and her red ruby lips descended on mine. A long, lingering kiss followed. I was in a delirious state with all that was happening to my body. I was told by others later that I passed out. The alcohol-fuelled throng lifted me on



their shoulders, carried me up the winding staircase and into my boudoir where I spent the night being bedded by all.

God knows when I awakened but it was dark. Miranda and Stella came into view as I opened my eyes and focused. "We have brought you something to eat, Angelica You need to get your strength up."

Miranda placing a tray on the bed. It contained a bowl of broth and a plate with steak and French fries.

"Another successful night, Angelica and all thanks to you, Salome. What shall we plan next, I wonder?" Madam said.

THE TAKEOVER

I spent a further two years with Stella, Miranda and the girls; they were happy days. Then one morning Madam Stella asked me to see her after breakfast in the usual place.

When settled before her, she asked me, "Angelica, how are our funds? Healthy I hope." This was not the usual day that I gave her a rundown of the state of affairs of the house.

"They certainly were last week and no disaster has occurred since then to make them otherwise. Why do you ask?"

"Good. Could you take a look at the books and report to me this afternoon?"

"Sure, Stella, no problem." We left the conversation at that. I was most curious as to why Stella wanted an update of the house finances which I would give her in a few days anyway. I went down to the safe where the books were kept and went over them with a fine tooth comb. They were in perfect condition. The house was very healthy, money-wise.

Having told Stella that everything was in good order, she asked me if she could keep the books for a day or two. I gave them to her. There was no need for her to have asked me as she had access to the safe at any time.

The following day, two men came asking for Madam Stella. They were smartly dressed in white suits with Elvis-like sideburns.

Madam gave strict orders not to be disturbed. I heard her turn the key to lock them within her office.

They were in there for what seemed like hours. Madam phoned the kitchen to bring a meal to her room after an hour or so. It must have been about two o'clock when all three emerged. Madam showed the two men around the house. It was apparent that these men were not clients but what they were, I could only guess.

For a day or two, nothing out of the ordinary happened then Stella asked me to come to her, in the boudoir she shared with Miranda.

Stella told me to take a seat. "Angelica, you are the first of the girls to know except for Miranda. I'll not beat about the bush. I'm selling out, lock, stock and barrel. I have been thinking about this for some time. I'm getting too old to be a madam of a cat house. I've always thought about retiring and having a life of luxury on the money I've made. Recently, I got a call from the mob to see them. They were interested in the house.

"To make the story short, they made me an offer I simply could not refuse. What this means to you and the rest of the girls is that everything I own is going to be sold to the mob including you and the girls as I hold all your contracts. All except Miranda, she is coming with me. That contract, I intend to keep."

I started to cry. "Oh Stella, I love you and Miranda and the girls. It won't be the same without you. What will become of us all?"

"I won't be leaving right away as I will have to show the new madam the books, our list of clients and introduce her to them."

"But you are going to go eventually. What will the new madam be like, Stella?"

"It's hard to say. I do know the mob will certainly put their own madam in charge. I would expect them to bring their own girls in with her."

"That means some of us will be fired, Madam. Then what will happen?"

"I honestly do not know, but I you could always buy your contract. That would mean negotiations with the mob."

I knew the money that I had earned in this house. A quick calculation said that it certainly was not enough to buy my contract out. Anyone replacing Madam would be a hard act to follow.

When Madam Stella told the girls what was happening, many tears flowed. The girls wondered what would become of them. Madam assured all that she would try to get the best deal that she could for all.

The new Madam came. Her name was Greta. I never really felt close to her as I had with Stella. One of the first things she did was relieve me of being the house accountant.

Then new girls started to come in to the house, girls born female, which made me think the house was going a different direction from the one Madam Stella had set it on.

Then one morning Greta assembled us all in her office. "Girls," she said, "I have come to a decision. I'm afraid there are too many of you here for my purposes and I will have to offload some of you. I have not decided who will be leaving yet. Whoever it is will be informed in the next day or two."

Her announcement left many of us wondering what was going to be our fate and just how Madam Greta planned to dispose of us.

I hadn't long to wait for the answer. I received a call to her office. Sitting before her, she looked at me, then quietly said, "You have been here a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes, Madam," I replied.

"And I can see from the figures in the books that you've been a very good earner for the house. I am sorry to say this house is being converted to more of a conventional establishment, although I am still keeping the services of some transsexuals. I know how much you are worth. What I intend to do is invite our more wealthy customers of an auction where you shall be sold to the highest bidder. That's all, Angelica You are dismissed."

I was being sold like a piece of meat and there was nothing I could do about it. I also learned that other girls were going to be auctioned with me to make way for the girls Madam Greta wanted to bring in.

Madam Greta was going to make this a gala night. Stella's old office was where the auction would take place. It was fitted out with a platform, a table with a mallet and an auctioneer ready to sell our wares. To add to the atmosphere, all those in the auction were put in slave girl outfits, similar to when I danced Salome. My outfit was in pure white with a see-through top exposing my breasts. Greta had even manacled our legs with a short silver chain linking the chained legs, and our hands were cuffed.

We had diamond studded collars round our necks for better effect and a silver chained lead. She brought us in one at a time to be auctioned. From the room containing we girls, I could hear the bidding going on as each girl was led in for her turn to be sold.

Now it was my turn. Madam Greta came for me. Taking my silver chain, she led me out of the room, along the passageway and into the drawing room. She led me three times round the room for all to see.

"Here is the beautiful Angelica You will never see a prettier shemale than Angelica," boomed the auctioneer. "Show her assets to the house, Greta. Yes, that's it," the auctioneer shouted. Without hesitation, Greta pulled my white top off, displaying my boobs for all to see.

A woman rose from the crowd and felt my breasts. "Not bad, not bad at all," she said, then sat down.

Greta had taken me up to the raised platform. I now stood above all the spectators. Greta pulled my harem pants down, then my small, tight knickers, to expose my penis.

“Watch, ladies and gentlemen and see what you are purchasing for your money,” the auctioneer pointed to me. Greta slipped her hand round my semi-erect penis and started to rub me off.

“See how big his dick grows at the least touch? How can you not purchase this shapely enchantress to do the same as Greta is now doing? Greta, dear, I would stop now before you wear the enchantress out. We only sell the best goods in the best condition,” the auctioneer drolly said. The auctioneer banged the gavel down on the table.

“We start the bidding for Angelica at 100,000. 50,000, 50,000 surely. I see a hand up there. 100,000. That’s better and another 100,000.” So it went until I was eventually sold for 500,000 to a Mrs. Magdalena Winters. Then I was lead out to the room to wait with the other girls til all the paper work was completed.

“Angelica,” called Greta as she entered the room. “come and meet Mrs. Winters.” A smallish mature woman stood before me in the hallway. I thought her to be in her mid-forties; a radiant beauty shone from her.

She held a dainty hand out to me. “Pleased to meet you, Angelica I think we shall get on well with each other.”

I returned the handshake. She seemed a pleasant enough woman but I expected my only duties with her would be to fuck her whenever she desired it. Maybe she was a widow.

“I have arranged with Greta that I will come next week to take you to my penthouse in the city. Your belongings will be forwarded. If I were you, I’d pack all the things you want to bring with you.” So saying, she gave me a kiss on the cheek and left with Greta escorting her to the door.

I WAS SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

I had plenty of time to sort myself and my belongings out as there was no work to do ‘til Mrs. Winters came to pick me up. I made my farewells to the girls I had worked with in Madam Stella’s house. Amidst the tears from my friends and myself, I couldn’t help wondering just what was my fate going to be at Mrs. Winters’?

Mrs. Winters came the next Wednesday in her Bentley. We chatted pleasantly as she drove to her penthouse in the city. She parked in the underground parking lot of the building. Then we entered the elevator which stopped at the 41st floor.

Mrs. Winters showed me around the flat which was magnificent. Then showed me my room which surprised me as I was under the impression that I would be sharing her bed most of the time.

I kept calling her Mrs. Winters ‘til she said, “Angelica, you must call me Magdalena as we shall be together for some time.”

She had a pet mini poodle called Fifi; it was one of my jobs to look after it. I was also to act as her maid and cook for her as she said she hadn’t time for all that. In addition, I was to attend to any visitors that she may have. Those were the duties I had, other than attend to her at night in bed.

That first night I was not called for my services, nor the next. In fact, she didn't impose on me the whole first week I was there, which I must say surprised me.

One morning, as she left and kissed me on the cheek, she said, "Prepare yourself to come to my bed after dinner."

"Yes, Magdalena," I answered.

So my sexual services were required tonight. I made chicken served with French fries, peas and carrots, followed by apple pie and custard for dinner. Magdalena had bought a bottle of expensive white wine home with her; I put it in the fridge to chill it. Magdalena opened it and poured two glasses. We clinked then together. "To us and tonight," Magdalena said.

After our meal, Magdalena told me to go to her room and get ready for bed. I took my baby doll nightie from my room, a blue see-through one with matching knickers. I undressed, put the baby doll on, slipped between the white satin sheets and waited for Magdalena. She took some time which allowed me to survey her magnificent boudoir with its fitted carpets and dressing table covered in lotions and potions. A long dressing gown was slung over a chair, waiting for her to put it on.

This home simply oozed money. The door handle turned. Magdalena entered, came over to me, kissed me on my forehead and said, "You are so beautiful. Soon I shall enjoy your beautiful body."

Magdalena, sitting in front of her dressing table's mirror, proceeded to remove her makeup. I saw that even without her makeup, she had beauty. Makeup now removed, she proceeded to take her business suit off. She now stood in her bra, knickers and stockings. Her hold-up stockings were rolled down, then her bra was unclipped to reveal ample breasts.

Turning her back to me, she wriggled her knickers off. She turned to face me and I got a shock. There in front of her was a rampant erection. With the woman's body and female voice, it seemed bizarre and unnatural! I should talk! I was the same. "Magdalena, you're...you're one of them! Uh, I mean us." I said.

"I consider myself a Male Lesbian."

"I think of myself the same way," I answered

"That's excellent. I hoped you would. So let's get down to it. Move over on the bed and we will start."

I soon found Magdalena buried in my ass. We were both deriving much pleasure from her action, I'm happy to say. I learned Magdalena had been looking for a Male Lesbian partner she could love and care for. She had heard of my reputation so when the auction came along, she thought I was a bargain at 500,000 and bought me.

Magdalena, I also learned, had made a fortune on the stock exchange.

Magdalena treated me well, showering me with expensive gifts: diamond bracelets, pearl necklaces, and a golden ring which must have cost her several thousand. She considered it a marriage ring. In short order, I found myself falling in love with her.

Whenever Magdalena bedded me, I gave her as much pleasure as I could. She deserved it for all gifts she was bestowing on me.

One day after I had been with Magdalena for some time, she said, "Saturday, I am having my girlfriend Hedda and her Male Lesbian companion over for the weekend. You will be sleeping with her. Her companion Dominique will sleep with me."

What could I say? Magdalena owned me, therefore I had to do her bidding.

Magdalena told me to get a new hair style and a makeover on Saturday morning and charge it to her account. Before going to the salon that Saturday morning, I took little Fifi for a walk.

I walked with Fifi along our usual route. I passed a building site in my short tartan-colored, tight mini skirt. I knew what was about to happen and I loved every minute of it. As I passed the building site, I gave a few seductive wiggles of my ass. There were wolf whistles and shouts from the workers like, "Come here, Darling. I've got a little present for you." I just loved being desired by men who did not know what I had in my knickers.

I lifted the little white poodle and cuddled her. "Poor Fifi, the bad men think you're in heat."

I was deriving much fun out of all this and the men on the building site had their fill watching me wiggle my vital assets.

I arrived at the pet parlor and left Fifi there as I went for my hairdo and makeup.

"Angelica, is there something special going on at Magdalena's tonight?" asked the stylist.

"Yes, her girlfriend Hedda is coming for the weekend along with her Male Lesbian companion, Dominique."

"Is she? You must watch Hedda. I have heard bad reports about her from her previous male lesbian companions. They have been beaten and abused by her. Watch out, Angelica"

When I was finished, I made for the supermarket to buy food for the weekend, all the while wondering about this Hedda.

That afternoon Hedda and her Male Lesbian partner Dominique arrived. Hedda gripped my hand with a tight squeeze, stared into my eyes and said, "So this is the little harlot you bought from Madam Stella. I shall have much pleasure bedding her tonight. I bet she can teach me a few new lessons but we shall see." I noticed Hedda had fingers like claws, finely sharpened to a point and painted bright red.

"I'm sure she can, Hedda. I've no complaints but I think we should leave our two servants to get on with tonight's meal while we make up for lost time," said Magdalena.

So saying, Magdalena took Hedda's hand and made for her bedroom. It didn't take two guesses what would transpire between these Male Lesbians.

I looked at Dominique and said, "Come on, Sweetie, let's prepare dinner." Soon we were in the kitchen, peeling potatoes and preparing chicken with carrots and peas. I could not help but notice Dominique beautiful knickers as she bent down before our oven to put the chicken in to cook. Naturally, I could not miss an opportunity like that and in no time I had a hand up her knickers.

Dominique was making no move to stop me, and was breathing heavily. I swiftly shut the oven door, set the timer for the chicken and vegetables, took her by the hand and made for my room.

"You're beautiful, Dominique. I'm going to have you so slip your knickers off right away." Dominique was, as I expected, a shemale. I looked at her now-erect penis.

Having stripped, she put her hands around me like a frightened little girl. "Hold me, Angelica I want someone to love. I can't stand this anymore." I looked at her naked body. There were severe bruises on her stomach area.

"You poor dear. Who has done this to you?"

"Hedda. She beats me and kicks me. I hate her. I have to wear this bloody French Maid outfit because she says so." Dominique broke down in tears. I held her sobbing body and consoled her best I could.

"Please hold me and love me, Angelica It's been so long since I was loved for myself. Hedda takes pleasure in seeing me in pain. I hate the bitch."

I held her and lovingly kissed her softly. Dominique all my kisses between sobs and was hungry for more. Dominique was a sweet thing looking for love and she had her fill that afternoon. I think our love session took her mind off her beatings.

"You shall always be my friend, won't you, Angelica?"

"Of course, Dominique, but from what you say about Hedda, it makes rather afraid of her tonight."

"Hedda will not harm you. She dare not since Magdalena is here to protect you. I will have some peace from her in the arms of Magdalena tonight. I look forward to that."

The dinner was excellent; Dominique and I served it up to our mistresses. Afterwards, I poured out glasses of sherry for our mistresses. "Have one for yourselves, Angelica and join us," said Magdalena.

By the look on Hedda's face, I don't think she approved of such friendliness between mistress and servant.

In conversation, I related some of my experiences at Madam Stella's to the amusement of the party. Then the time came that I was dreading.

"Well, girls," said Magdalena, "it's time we hit the hay."

Hedda was looking in my direction. "Yes and it is time I took your pretty little harlot here to bed, isn't it, Sweetheart?"

She took my hand and led it to my room. As we entered, she turned me to face her. With a grip of her hand on my chin so that I could not do anything but look into her cold

eyes, she said, "Tonight, you're mine. You will obey all I ask of you without a whimper. UNDERSTAND?"

I croaked out a yes. Hedda threw me on to my bed, then said, "Take your clothes off NOW." I did with all haste, not wishing to annoy her. Hedda stepped back and admired me. "Yes, yes you are as Magdalena said, very beautiful. I think I have had enough of Dominique. I will dump her soon, then see Magdalena about purchasing you for my amusement. Tonight, my pretty one, may be the first of many times your body will submit to my pleasure."

I realized that I was just a name on a contract to be traded from one owner to another.

"Get down on all fours on that bed as I take my pleasure from you, bitch."

I quickly assumed the position with my rear end high in the air. I had not long to wait as Hedda's fully erect member entered my anus. She was very aggressive and violent as well. I have had many experiences but none as fierce or savage as this. Her claw-like fingers tore into the skin of my back like a bird of prey going for the kill.

"Give it to me, you little whore. How does it feel of have a real prick up you?" She shouted other such obscenities and curses. Then she came and collapsed on top of me. I derived no pleasure from the sex act whatsoever.

Hedda was fast asleep as I made for the bathroom to shower and clean myself up. In the mirror, the first thing I noticed was my back. Hedda's talons had ripped my back; blood was still seeping from the openings. I dabbed them with the towel which helped slightly, then I showered.

I returned to my bed to watch Hedda still asleep and content after her lustful excretion. I hoped Magdalena would not sell me to her.

Before I rose for breakfast, Hedda had one more brutal and violent sex session with me. At breakfast, Hedda came right out with it. Would Magdalena sell me to her? It caught Magdalena out; she said she would need some time to think about it. I was relieved for now, but Dominique knew her days with Hedda were numbered. Whether that pleased Dominique, I was not sure.

A few weeks later, the local papers carried the following headlines in giant type:

MAN DRESSED IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES MUDERED BY ANOTHER MAN DRESSED SIMILARLY

Today the city was rocked by scandal as David Wade who called himself Hedda and dressed in women's clothes was allegedly murdered by his partner Hugh Allison. Allison, 22, who also dresses in woman's clothes, calls himself Dominique. The men lived together and had breast implants. A distraught and tearful "Dominique" was handcuffed and led away by the police from the scene of the crime.

According to police sources, both belonged to what is known as a Male Lesbian sex ring. A source says that "Dominique" "belonged" to "Hedda" and was her sex slave.

Police Commissioner Robert East said his department was giving high priority to this matter. He has ordered the vice squad under Captain Brian Scalene to thoroughly investigate this matter.

Police Captain Scalene said, "This vice must be stamped out. No stone will be left unturned 'til we have the culprits behind bars. Our community will not tolerate this type of activity."

When Magdalena read the morning papers, she was in a panic. I had never seen her so upset.

"Quick, help me pack. We must get out of here as soon as possible."

Stupidly, I asked, "Why?"

"Why, you silly cow? Because it is not going to take the cops long before they discover my connection with Hedda. We will all end up in prison, that's why."

That morning, Magdalena, packed cases, ripped open wardrobes and stuffed clothes into suitcases. Opening her bureau, she started to unload many papers and documents and transfer them into a suitcase "Come on, give me a hand," Magdalena snapped. I put the documents in the case she was holding. I noticed a document that had my name on it. I slipped it in my bra when Magdalena was not looking.

"Angelica, this is a key to a house far from here. It is mine. I want you to stay there 'til all this has died down, then I shall return."

Magdalena gave me directions to the house. I would take my own car to avoid anyone looking for Magdalena's Bentley.

I packed my own things and threw them into my car. As I left, sirens could be heard; I saw three police cars pulling into the parking lot of the building. I wasn't going back to see what all the commotion was about.

The cottage Magdalena had instructed me to go to was going to take at least two days to drive to. I decided I should keep off the highways and take back roads. The first night I pulled in to some hick town and found a bed and breakfast.

It was only when I undressed for bed that I remembered the document I had picked up at Magdalena's. As I took my bra off, it fell on the bed. I surprised to see it was the original contract I had signed when I first entered Madam Stella's house. I realized that while I held this, I was no longer anyone's property. I was free.

I eventually reached Magdalena's cottage where I holed up. I held onto my sex slave contract; I thought it was an insurance policy that I would show to the police if anyone tried to forced be back into my former life.

I followed Dominique's trial closely. She was found guilty of strangling Hedda. Her defense argued that she had been provoked by Hedda. Dominique was given a medical exam which revealed severe bruising caused by Hedda.

The judge gave Dominique a suspended 10-year sentence. taking pity on her because of the brutal attacks on her body by Hedda. During the trail Dominique named names, including Magdalena's and mine. Subpoenas were issued in both our names. Magdalena had flown to some third world county. As for me, I was going to lie low. In time, I moved from Magdalena cottage to a quiet remote village where no one knew me and settled down there.

I heard that the mob, feeling the heat, shut Madam Stella's house down.

Looking back on my life, I can't help but wonder how things would have been different had my aunts not put me in a girl's frock. I don't know what I might have turned out but I still love my aunts despite what they did to me.

As far as I can tell, my life as a shemale prostitute is now behind me. Maybe now I can turn to other matters. After all, I am only 28 years old which I realize is hard to believe given how much has happened in my short life.

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