

ASHLEY'S ENSLAVEMENT



MAX SWYFT

Ashley's Enslavement

By

Max Swyft

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“It is said that our imagination is ninety percent of our sexuality. This dark tale comes from the largest organ of the human body: the mind.”

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AUTHORS NOTE

This is the first in a series of one-book novels about the Cytherea Coterie. Each novel can be read separately as a “Stand Alone” novel. Under the best of circumstances this series might be best understood if it was read in chronological order.

Cyrenaica (pronounced Sir E nak cee Ah), the city on these pages is fictitious. It is situated just west of the Barrows River. However, from the cathedrals of brick and glass in the business district known as *The Canyons* can be seen from its sister city, New York.

Cyrenaica is a thriving metropolis of teeming masses much like the real cities of New York or Chicago or Los Angeles. Indeed, there are a few references to the Big Apple contained in this book. In the vast business district of The Canyons is the Cypris Club. It has a nondescript, almost anonymous entrance.

The Cypris Club is home to the Cytherea Coterie, a private and radical feminist organization that believes the world would be much better served if it was ruled by women.

That such organizations exist is a fact. That most of the nineties has brought about the feminization of the male is also a fact. As feminists gain prominence and emerge as leaders of our society men will become subservient to them. It is part of the feminist creed and indisputable. There are countless web sites and scholars that express this *real* male feminization.

It is not the intention of this book to argue the morals of this phenomena in our society, but merely to tell a tale about one such organization and the lives it effects.

This book contains vivid scenes of a sexual nature. If you are offended by fetishistic adult material pass this one up and go to the library. You'll not find this title there...at least not yet.

CHAPTER ONE

"Hello."

"Arthur, how are you this afternoon?"

"Fine. I'm glad you called. I wanted to ask you to dinner tonight, Yanamari."

"Oh, Arthur. I'd love to but I have a dinner date with an out of town buyer. I've told you about him, I think," said the teasing, husky voice.

"No, I don't want to know," Arthur said into the phone too quickly. He thought about Yana sitting at her desk in her high rise office of The Canyons. On a clear day from her window could be seen the skyscrapers of Manhattan.

"Hmm... I called to thank you for cleaning my apartment this morning. You did clean it, didn't you?"

"Yes, of course. It really wasn't that messy, Yana."

"Well, I won't have time to go home first. Tom's stopping by the offices and we're going straight to that quaint restaurant in the Barrows that's all the rage these days."

"I don't want to know."

"Really, Arthur, you sound annoyed. Don't act so childish, my dear."

"Yanamari, you know how I feel about you..."

"Yes, I know, but I don't see how we can have *that* kind of relationship. Did you change the sheets, pick up my underwear?" "Yes. The place is clean. I ran the sweeper and did some laundry too."

"You're so sweet. You didn't play with my soiled underwear did you?"

"Yanamari!, how could you say such a thing?"

"My sweet little man. Remember, I know practically everything about you. Are you still taking your vitamins?"

"I'm changing. I really am. Yes, I'm still taking the pills, but I don't see where they're helping all that much.

"You are what you are, dear. I love the way you are. Really, I do," said Yanamari. "You look so gaunt. I think the pills will help. Do you know what Saturday is?"

"Yes. How could I forget? It's been one year. Somehow it seems longer."

“Yes. I know you miss her. You know, in a way, it was your Mother’s tragic death that brought us together.”

“Yes. I knew about you. I mean she’d talked about you, about your friendship. I didn’t *know* she’d told you all that other stuff.”

“Women talk, especially about their loved ones. It’s funny that we’d never met until just before her death. Like I said, it was your Mother’s death that brought us together. Something was born of that adversity, I mean.”

“Yes,” said Arthur. “Will you visit her grave site Saturday?”

“Of course, dear. I’ll meet you there and we’ll do lunch afterward. How’s that?”

“Yes, I’d like that. About ten?”

“Yes, dear, ten will be fine. And thanks again for doing my apartment.”

Yanamari rung off and Arthur sat in the kitchen looking at the phone. He sighed and hung up—silently cursed her. She didn’t have to tell him about her date. She knew how he felt about her, that he was in love with her. How many times had he told her it didn’t matter about their age discrepancy? So she was thirty-nine years old. Big deal! She didn’t look it. And he couldn’t help it that he had a baby-face, looked younger than his twenty-seven years.

Arthur got up from the table, took his coffee cup to the sink, and rinsed it out. He shouldn’t have made a pot this late in the day. Now he’d be up all hours of the night. Caffeine affected him that way, as did nearly all other stimulants. He had such a low tolerance for alcohol and other drugs.

Absently he reached in the cabinet, took out the various bottles of vitamins, and washed them down with orange juice.

He went through the large silent house—found himself in his Mother’s bedroom. Everything was just as it was before she so suddenly died. He’d left it that way. No, it wasn’t a shrine but he couldn’t bear to clear it out, throw’ anything away.

He went to the closet and slid back the doors, glanced at his image in the full length mirror mounted on the back of the walk-in closet. He turned on the overhead fluorescent light. It flickered in the shadowy chamber and came on, brightly lighting the closet.

He flipped his natural long blond hair. It was nearly shoulder length. He decided again to cut it. Yanamari would be disappointed but that was too bad. She needed to see him in a different light, anyway. He could—he would become more masculine. Then maybe she would take him more seriously.

Yes, that’s just the ticket, Arthur decided. He’d go to the hairdresser’s tomorrow, get it cut real short.

He peered at his face and frowned. His blue eyes were too large and his nose too thin, his lips too full. He was cursed with his Mother’s good

looks. He decided to let his eyebrows grow back in. No more plucking them. And grow a mustache!

It'd take him forever to grow a mustache. He didn't have to shave for days on end. He just wasn't hirsute.

He looked at his legs sticking out from the tight shorts that Yanamari had bought him. Downy blond leg hair, almost transparent. He turned and looked at his butt. Too round. It filled out the tight satin shorts, a boyish ass, not flat like some of the runway models,

Yanamari had told him he had a good ass, nice and tight, teasing him about it. She'd presented him with the shorts and he had bashfully modeled them for her. There was no zipper, the waist being elasticized. He said they were women's shorts but she shook her head, told him to look and sure enough, they bore a "Daring Man" label. They were from a California clothier. She had guessed at his size, told him that's why they were so tight.

The outline of his underwear was clearly evident through the slick material of the shorts and she told him to get some bikini underwear. He laughed, said women wear bikini underwear but knew that she was right. He had several pairs of bikini underwear.

Sometimes he wore them when he felt sexy....

Again he frowned at his face. Old habits die hard. His Mother used to hold his head in her lap and pluck his eyebrows and after she'd died he continued to do it. But no more! He was going to change his image, become more masculine.

Maybe then Yanamari would take him more seriously.

He frowned at his body. Too frail looking, his skin too pale, and except for his butt his body too slender. No, he didn't like the word, "slender." That was the way Mother referred to him. Her slender little man.

He shook his head to chase away the rest of it.

As if shaking his head would make it *all* go away.

Too skinny. There was nothing he could do about his body, or was there...?

Of course he couldn't grow taller. Five-seven was the best he could do. But he could start pumping iron and taking other vitamins that would beef him up.

Then Yanamari would have to stop thinking of him as a child, see him as a man. A man who was deeply in love with her. She knew how he felt about her.

His blue eyes drifted to the black leather, open-toe slides under the shoe rack. He knew these shoes. Involuntarily his small foot slid along the plush carpet, toes brushing the tapered spike. A flush came to his face when he thought about Mother, what she made him do...

Did she have to tell Yanamari all that stuff?

Deliberately Arthur strode from the walk-in. He felt the color rise in his cheeks, felt the familiar stirring in the tight shorts. He told himself that it was thinking about Yanamari, her beauty. He'd once accidentally caught her in just bra and panties.

He'd stood in the doorway, his heart in his throat. His beautiful Yanamari sat on the bench at her ornate vanity pointing a pearl-tipped toe into a pair of dusky pantyhose. Her legs were slightly spread and he clearly saw the indentation of her sex molded in the wispy plum-colored bikini panties. Her nipples were imprinted on the thin satiny cups of the matching bra. She glanced up, saw him hovering in the doorway, patted [MH1] [MH2] [MH3] [MH4] the bed beside her.

With hands in front of him he sat on the corner of the bed.

“Finished with the dishes?” she said in that lazy sexy voice.

Arthur nodded, watched her point her leg at him and pull the pantyhose upward, wriggle her toes sexily. The hose were like a second skin and complimented her long model's legs. Finally she stood, pulling them all the way up around flared hips.

“Am I getting too fat, Arthur,” she said absently, looking over her shoulder in the vanity mirror.

“No, of course not. Yo'—you're beautiful.”

Yanamari patted him on the head. “You are such a doll-baby.”

His hungry eyes watched her go to the closet, feet rummaging inside for a pair of shoes. She came over to him, feet shod in a pair of strappy high heeled sandals, put one foot on the bed between his legs.

“Be a dear and buckle the ankle strap for me.” Her husky voice drifted to him as if from a dream. “Your hands are trembling. Are you nervous...?”

Arthur swallowed the walnut in his throat, shook his head and looked away from her gossamer covered womanhood.

The other foot was between his legs and he buckled the ankle strap, fingers lingering on the curve of her ankle.

“You're so good to me, Arthur,” said Yanamari.

“You know how I feel about you—”

A pearl, lacquer-tipped finger was pressed gently over his lips. She turned, went back to the closet, pulled out a nylon, button-front mauve blouse.

The spell was broken and he suddenly wanted to be out of the tall woman's bedchambers. But he stayed on the bed, his blue eyes soaking up her long legs in the shimmering dusky pantyhose. From the closet she stepped into a gray, above-the-knee skirt, tucked in the blouse and glanced at

her face in the long mirror inside the closet.

She fluffed long black hair with her hands, said, "How do I look?"

"Great. Really great."

A gray peplum jacket completed the outfit.

Yanamari sat at the vanity, put on pearl-drop earrings and a matching necklace, sprayed perfume at her neck and behind her ears. She put on a watch, looked at it. "I must be going or I'll be late for work."

"Yes. Can we do lunch today?"

"Afraid not, hon. I've got buyers in for lunch." She turned, crossed her legs, saw his furtive look and smiled. "Will you be a doll and do my underwear? You know the delicate cycle, like you did before."

"Yes."

Yanamari got up, kissed his cheek. "It's okay if you play with it first. I know how boys are, some of the things they do when alone in a woman's room with her intimates."

"Yanamari! How can you say such a thing?"

"Come now, Arthur. You have few secrets from me. Especially boys like you—"

"I'm not a boy! And what do you mean boys like me?" "Don't act so innocent. Your Mother told me *everything*." Arthur looked away from her frank hazel eyes. "I'm not...I'm not like that anymore," he said.

"I like you the way you are, dear. You can't help it." Yanamari strode from the bedroom and Arthur followed. She picked up her purse off the dining room table. "My brother used to play with my panties. A lot of men do things with women's scanties. It's kind of flattering, really."

"Flattering?"

"Yes. While I'm at work, knowing you'll be here all alone, sorting through my dirty underwear, making yourself excited." "Yanamari, stop talking like that."

"I'll call you tonight and you can tell me all about it. How's that?"

Arthur watched her leave. As she went out the door her gentle laugh made him blush.

CHAPTER TWO

Perry Kerman sat in the boss's office, shifted uncomfortably in the leather wing-backed chair facing the desk. At Elena's tutoring, his legs were primly crossed at the knees, hands folded in his lap. He hadn't done anything wrong, in fact was very efficient at his job. Nonetheless, apprehension slowly crept into his bones like a cold chill from an October fog.

Ashley's Enslavement by Max Swyft

Perry *knew* this was coming, had argued with Elena about it for weeks. His wife was steadfast and Perry was no match to her uncompromising spirit and determination. It had always been that way with Elena. It had been established before their marriage. At the time Perry didn't care, or told himself he didn't care. To be in the company of such a stunning woman was enough.

He could deal with herself confident authority later.

As an only child and pretty to the extreme, Elena had been spoiled by her doting father and Mother. Perry could bring that out of her, too. That's what he told himself, but he didn't go too deeply here, didn't want to really see the truth of it.

It wasn't to be. Elena *saw* traits in Perry. That's why she chose him. Made him *understand* that's why she chose him. He didn't fully understand what she was telling him, didn't realize the full import. So dazzled and enraptured was he by her athletic splendor. Captivated by that illusive grandeur which he sensed but couldn't see.

He struggled with it at first, tried to have his way. But in the end Elena prevailed. *Just as he knew she would.* One would think that all that petite beauty would contrast with her arrogance but it somehow made Elena more desirable.

Marie Standridge disturbed Perry's reverie as she came around from behind her desk. The buxom older woman went behind his chair and he felt sure hands on his shoulders. "Perry, relax. You seem a little tense."

Her hands had a comforting effect on him and he felt some of the tension drain from his skinny frame. "It's not every day one is summoned to the boss' office." He tried to make it sound lighthearted but it didn't come out that way.

"Perry I'm very pleased with your work." Her hands left his shoulders and her voice grew fainter. He turned in the wingback chair as she went to the tufted rose sofa, sat in the plump cushions, and crossed her legs.

Yes!, at the knees. He knew about that, and even he had to admit it came to him naturally.

Marie patted the sofa beside her. "Come, sit with me. Would you like some coffee, perhaps a soft drink or bottled water?" Yes, that would be nice. His throat was a little dry. He went to the sofa.

Marie ordered from the corn-line on the gold-trimmed, ornate square table. She started her foot swinging and he recognized the black ankle-high oxford boots. Elena had a similar pair, only they were a rich dark brown. His wife wore the spiked boots seldom, usually with the daring brown leather outfit.

The thought conjured a vision and he blinked his eyes, forced it from his mind, tried to still his quickening heartbeat.

The male secretary brought a tray with ice bucket, glasses and bottled water.

"I really like your work ethic, Perry," Marie said, large brown eyes staring into his.

He blushed, glanced down, his eyes involuntarily drawn to Marie Standridge's swinging foot in the oxford boot.

"Thank you," he said in a quiet voice.

"Let me get to the point, Perry. Actually two points, one of which I need to ask you about in confidentiality."

His back tensed and he sat a little straighter, thought about kicking his foot—more of Elena's fancies—then thought better of it, remembering his shoes. Silently he cursed Elena, decided to assert himself that very evening.

"I hope I haven't done anything wrong," he said pensively. Marie patted his knee. "On the contrary. Your work has improved. It's kind of coincided with your other changes..."

There it was! He knew it, had told Elena, pleaded with her.

"I'm losing Theresa to a larger firm."

"Oh, my! I didn't know. She'll be hard to replace."

"Yes, no one else knows. I don't blame her for leaving. I can't quite top the salary offer she's received. We're a small consulting firm and I have to watch our overhead. That's why I wanted to see you this afternoon, Perry. I've thought of little else all day."

"How can I be of help?" He relaxed a little, sank into the luxurious cushions of the tufted rose sofa.

"Someone has to take her place." Marie nodded her head at the other door in the opposite wall. "I'll miss her. We've worked together for many years. I hired her fresh out of business college, trained her. We've become good friends over the years."

"Would you like me to do some initial interviews, screen applicants?" Trying to be helpful.

Marie shook her head and smiled at him. "No, I was thinking of putting you in her office, succeed Theresa as my personal assistant." Again she tilted her head toward the adjoining office.

Perry's heart leapt in his throat. He certainly hadn't expected *this*. "I...are you serious?"

Marie patted his knee. "Yes, I've been watching you. We're a close-knit group, almost like family. Of course you'd get a raise, modest at first but..."

"I — I don't know what to say," said Perry, sipping water nervously.

"I don't want an answer now. Take a few days to think about it."

"Ms. Standridge, I'm overwhelmed."

Her forefinger over his lips shushed him. "Talk it over with your wife. We can make a decision by week's end. And call me Marie."

It didn't sound right to Perry, calling his boss Marie. "You said there were two things you wanted to talk to me about...?"

"Yes. How's Elena? I haven't seen her since the Christmas party."

"Fine," he said quickly. He looked away from her deep brown eyes, recrossed his legs at the knees.

"I've noticed some *changes*, Perry," Marie said hesitantly. "I hope you understand me wanting to talk about this." Her hand went to his knee, stayed there.

No, I don't want to go here. I told Elena she was taking this too far.

"Changes...?" Perry said, his voice going up an octave.

"This is difficult for me, too." Marie sat forward and sipped from her glass on the low square table in front of the plump sofa. "You've lost weight. Is your health all right?"

He nodded, said, "Elena's idea. Thought I was too lethargic." Perry couldn't help but notice how her skirt had slid upward on her slightly parted, stout legs. Full but attractive legs, complimented by the spiked oxford shoes.

"Elena's a very determined woman. I like that in a woman."

The way she said it he knew she didn't expect an answer so he remained silent.

"Men's fashions have come a long way," Marie said.

He was thankful she was sipping water, not looking at him. He could think of nothing to say.

"I think it's liberating, don't you...?" Marie still didn't look at him, with her crimson fingertip she traced the moisture ring on the tray made by her iced glass.

"Yes, I suppose." Perry cursed the quake in his voice.

"Your shoes," Marie said, giving her gangly employee a glance, "I like them. Where'd you buy them?"

Both of them looked at his shoes. Perry thought of Elena, nervous butterflies circling in his stomach. The tousled, rather pointed-toe shoes with the flat heels had a low vamp and revealed thin pink socks below large-cuffed pants.

"Elena bought them for me."

"Women do much better picking out clothes. Don't you think?"

"I, well, I...guess so."

"Your hair, too. I like the way its styled."

"I need a cut. It's too long." Perry nervously flipped his hair with the back of his hand. *Another of Elena's affectations.*

"Oh, no. I really like it. Several of the girls in the office complimented you about it."

He looked in her eyes, searching for reproach but her eyes were as sincere as her voice.

Even though apprehensive, he felt flattered.

"Perry, may I speak frankly?"

He swallowed, looked away.

"I like the new you. You've taken on a sort of inner radiance."

Perry blushed felt sweat trickle from his clean shaven armpits. "This wasn't my idea." Said in a quiet voice.

"I will not stand for any harassment from the employees!" His eyes went wide from the forcefulness of her words. "I have gotten a couple of looks."

"From the men no doubt," accused Marie Standridge.

"A couple of women, too," he confessed.

"I'll talk to them and we'll straighten everybody—"

"No, don't!, that'll only make it worse." He didn't mean to whine. "I told Elena she was taking this too far. I'll go back to my old self. Have a heart to heart with her tonight."

Marie smiled at him, patted his knee. "No need for that, Perry. This is my company and I run the show and I already told you I like the changes." She gripped his knee until his darting brown eyes settled on hers. "*I approve.*"

There it was, he thought. Elena *knew* it'd be all right with his employer. Women know these things she'd explained. Besides, this was the millennium. There was such a thing as sexual harassment in the workplace.

"She's so strong willed," he said quietly.

"Bringing you along gradually isn't she? Be bold, hon. A lot of men are in touch with their inner self these days. It's quite common, really." For a few moments silence soaked them in the quiet office. "It's admirable," Marie added in a soft voice.

Women, they know *everything*. It was just like before their marriage, Elena had told him. Not all of it of course. That would've made him run like a scared rabbit!

"I don't mean to pry, Perry. Honest I don't. You can tell me *anything*. Anything at all."

He wanted to cry, bury his face in her shoulder and cry like a girl. The thought turned his face crimson. He saw sympathy in her bright brown eyes.

And Marie Standridge did take Perry in her arms and hug him to her ample bosom.

Arthur was in that vague dreamlike state between consciousness and sleep. Long blond hair spilled on the satin pillow as he wriggled inside satin sheets. He wanted to be good, wanted Mother's approval, *needed it*.

She understood these things, made him look her in the eye as she explained it. His cheeks creased and his lips trembled and he fought back tears. He was too old for a spanking, didn't she *know* that? She tsked, tsked him. The world would be a better place if *all* men took their spankings.

Yes, she understood, knew all about boys—

But he wasn't a boy! Not anymore.

She pulled him closer between her spread legs causing her full skirt to ride higher on her legs.

This would hurt her she told him as she raised his night shirt and tugged his cute shorts down his legs. She didn't want to do this but he must take his punishment.

She pulled him over her legs and he squirmed in the warmth of her nylons. It was okay if he cried. Grown men cried when they took their spankings. And the better for it they felt after it was all over. So would her beloved Arthur.

No, not this time. He wasn't going to cry.

But in the end he did. Her hand was unmerciful, only lessening after tears wetted his cherubic cheeks.

"You're not really my aunt."

The woman grinned at him and he looked away, embarrassed to be standing totally revealed in front of her. She looked at *it* and he willed it to go soft but it wouldn't. He saw the mirth in her eyes at his discomfort.

"No, I'm not really your aunt."

"Then I shan't call you Aunt Martha again."

She jerked him forward by his hand, ran her other hand over his nakedness. "Yes, you will, Arthur my boy. Your Mother will not tolerate disrespect."

"I'm not a boy."

"You act like one, though, rummaging through our soiled undies, playing with yourself."

"I...didn't. I..."

"Don't lie. Women know about such things. You stained our silkies." Her hands softly caressed the backs of his legs and he smelled her stale smoker's breath. "Your Mother feels guilty about your spanking. If only you had cried sooner it wouldn't have been so severe."

Arthur turned his head, felt her hands slide around his boyish hips and feather *it*.

"I don't want another spanking."

"This one will be fun, you'll see. I have a reward for you. Born of your Mother's guilt. Now come over my knee like a good boy and take your punishment."

His hazel eyes saw the darker welts at the top of her stockings, the garter snaps. He wanted to hurt her, say her legs were too fat. Yet he was fascinated by the image, spread legs revealed under bunched skirt, plump feet tucked into gleaming patent leather pumps.

Aunt Martha's spanking was almost playful. His thingy chaffed on her stockings as she squeezed her legs on it. She didn't expect him to cry and the spanking didn't last very long. She pushed him from her lap, stood. For a long moment she gazed down on him, held her skirt high so he could see the pink panties, the garters depending from the elastic leg holes and the welts of her nylons.

"You mentioned a reward?"

"You are a bold one, Arthur. I'll beat that out of you in time. But you're right. I did promise a reward." She turned around, hiked her skirt about her chubby hips. "Take off my panties and be mindful of not running my stockings."

Trembling fingers tugged at the large pink panties, curious that they were *outside* her garters, gazing with doleful eyes at her fish-belly-white buttocks. He noticed the cellulite but was entranced by the erotic sight. That and his own brittle excitement. He knew about such things as panties and garter belts and how women wore them.

Sometimes inside the garters, sometimes out. He tried to remember when he helped Mother dress. A woman's option, is that what she'd said?

Arthur held the panties open and Aunt Martha—she wasn't really his aunt, had admitted as much—stepped out of them, snagged a tapered spike in the leg band. This close to the floor he smelled the musty aroma of her shoes and feet. He knew about this, too, and at those intimate times when attending their shoes, wondered of his secret excitement.

She sat back down and pulled the naked Arthur to her sagging but large bosom. She unbuttoned her blouse and deftly exposed one breast, rubbed the nipple between her thumb and forefinger, explained to him in a soft voice that he couldn't have all the fun.

"Suck, baby. Suck Aunt Martha's titty real hard."

Eagerly he fastened his lips around the turgid nipple, felt her engulf

his brittleness in the slick pink panties. He chased the confusion from his addled mind. This is why he was punished, wasn't it, for playing with their soiled underwear?

At first she did him slowly, held the back of his head. He was mindful of the stale cigarette breath but didn't care. Not now, not while she was *doing* him.

It felt s-o-o good for someone else to be doing it. The slick nylon soon warmed on his hard, hard flesh and he sucked harder on the thick nipple.

Arthur wanted the electric sensation to go on *forever*. Her hand quickened and she pushed her breast at his sucking mouth, whispered for him to suck harder, he wouldn't hurt her. He renewed the nursing effort and more of her sagging breast went into his greedy little mouth.

She cooed to him and the rustle of her pink panties on his excitement sent him over the edge. The disappointment soon replaced the exquisite pleasure of her stroking hand and the heavenly panties.

It felt oh so good. He couldn't stop the fountain or his bucking hips, and was vaguely mindful of her whispered cants.

The saliva coated breast plopped from his mouth with a loud sucking sound and glancing down, saw both hands gather his iniquitous seed in the slick folds of her pink panties. He flinched at the wicked gleam in her eyes.

"I'll save these for latex*. I know you'll have to be punished again, dear."

For his punishment Arthur faced the wall. His Mother had threatened inviting some of her lady friends over for tea. Aunt Martha thought it a splendid idea. Her obscene laugh was loud, like the neighing of a horse.

Facing the wall wasn't so bad. It was what he wore that was so mortifying: A short pleated, red velvet dress with frilly petticoats underneath, his bare legs exposed, feet in frilly red ankle socks and Mary Jane shoes on his feet. Under the bib-like dress he wore a long-sleeve, ruffled blouse and Martha had insisted on a training bra.

Arthur had cried and pleaded to no avail. If he didn't dry it up and face the wall, *and face it now*, his Mother would put a full complement of makeup on him. As it was he wore a blond wig with pink ribbons and ponytails.

Mother caught him peeking. He couldn't help it. For *that* discretion Aunt Martha bent him over, raised his skirt and petticoats and Mother took a pearl-handled hairbrush to his ruffled pink panties. But it was more a humiliation than a real spanking.

It seemed like he faced the wall forever. It had been so quiet in the parlor Arthur thought he was alone and ventured a bold look around. The two of them sat in armchairs, caught his eyes.

An argument of sorts between his Mother and Aunt Martha ensued and Arthur couldn't discern their raised voices coming from the kitchen. He barely heard the hum of the microwave. After a while the voices hushed and he heard the click of heels in the parlor. By their sound, he knew these heels belonged to Aunt Martha.

"You may look at me, you little brat."

He did, saw his Mother standing back, near the kitchen, couldn't recognize the look in her eyes, guessed some form of sympathy. Aunt Martha held one hand behind her back and her eyes blazed with menace.

"Face the wall and close your eyes."

Her tone brooked no resistance. He felt something wet go over his head, something slick caress his cherubic cheeks. Fat fingers poked at his mouth and then he *knew*.

"Fresh from the microwave my little panty freak," hissed Aunt Martha. "I told you I'd save them. I kept them in the freezer."

He tasted his warmed discharge, for once thankful that panties masked his face.

"Do a good job and suck them clean and we'll send you to your room. You'd like that wouldn't you my little panty pervert?"

CHAPTER THREE

Rain pelted them and a definite chill was in the air. The seasons would change soon. They stood beside the grave site— both brought bouquets of plastic flowers to go on the stone. It was so much unlike the burial, this day, windswept and rainy.

When they put Arthur's Mother to rest the day was sunny and bright. He remembered now. He thought it so cruel to be such a fine day to put one so loved in their final resting place. It had been warmer then, too.

Much unlike this chilly rainy day.

Arthur had noticed Yanamari's disapproving eyes when she looked at his freshly cut, shorter hair but she said nothing. As they walked from the lane through gravestones her pumps sank into the soggy ground. She took them off and walked through the wet grass in stocking feet. Arthur took her spray of plastic flowers as she took off the closed-toe pumps.

In the distance through the misty rain was the vague shape of the canyons of the downtown business district. All those tall buildings of concrete, glass and steel, so much like its sister city, New York.

Yanamari Cristobal wore a tan trench coat, the collar up around her neck. As they came to the grave he saw how her toes, shaded in reinforced hose, sank into the grass. It made him blush a little, remembering how he painted her toes, her long legs stretching sexily from satin boxer shorts.

His shorter blond hair was mussed by the wind and he wished he'd worn a jacket instead of the bulky' tan sweater. Mother had given him the sweater and it was one of his favorites.

The two of them stood in silence over his Mother's grave and Yanamari's hand found his.

"You should have worn a coat, dear," she said. "It's going to be an early fall."

"I'm okay."

"Why did you cut your hair?"

Arthur shrugged, couldn't say he wanted to look more masculine for her.

"I don't know. Don't you like it?"

"No, it doesn't suit you. I want you to let it grow back out. To your shoulders."

"Yana, it's my hair and I'll wear it the way I like."

"Yes, of course." Her hazel eyes studied him with a sidelong glance. "It's lonely living there now...all by yourself." It was a statement.

"A little," he admitted, stealing a look at her face, that smooth olive complexion. Such an exotic woman, he thought.

"You should sell it, hon. the house is too big for you."

"Yes, I thought about it. But where would I go?"

"Oh, you'll find a place. Perhaps a quaint little apartment in the Barrows. With the proceeds from the sale of the house you could live almost anywhere. Your Mother planned well for you. She made wise investments over the years. The estate, you'll be settling it soon?"

"Yes," he said. "I don't like to think about the money. That's why I haven't been pestering the lawyers. The money, it makes me feel guilty." His hand was warm in hers and he felt her reassuring squeeze.

"Why does it make you feel guilty, dear?"

"I don't know. It just does."

"You shouldn't feel guilty, Arthur. Your Mother was taken suddenly, I know. But the aneurysm took her quickly, painlessly."

He looked at her feet in the wet grass. She must be cold, he thought. Looking at her feet made him think of other things and he felt ashamed about such thoughts here. "Small comfort."

"Yes, the two of you were so close, like an only son can be to a single parent."

She looked at him and couldn't help but brush her fingers through

his shorter windswept hair. It was matting in the rain.

“You’ll catch your death dressed like that. Let’s put the flowers on the marker and go to my car. You didn’t have to catch a cab, you know. I would’ve picked you up.”

In the front seat of Yanamari’s silver Lincoln Town Car the heater was on full blast and she sat sideways, her feet over his knees. The heated air felt good on her wet feet and she was pleased with the way his eyes darted furtively to her legs, partially exposed by the parted trench coat and split-front leather skirt.

“You’ve ruined your stockings,” Arthur said.

“They’ll wash.” She wriggled her toes. “How do you know I’m wearing stockings? Have you been peeking?”

Arthur blushed. “No, I just thought...” He shrugged.

“Pantyhose, nude to the waist. I think you have some like these.”

He looked out at the drab day. Raindrops meandered down the side window and he tried to swallow the lump in his throat. He felt her brush the inside of his leg with the sole of her foot. Color was in his cheeks and he felt so helpless, so vulnerable in this woman’s presence.

Yet so alive.

“Yanamari, I...don’t wear...” But he couldn’t finish, didn’t know how to say it, didn’t want to voice the words out loud.

“It’s okay, really it is,” she said in a soft voice. “I mean that’s how I see you, darling.”

“No!” He jumped at his own forcefulness.

“I know, Arthur. Look at me.”

He turned his head, unmindful that his hands had found her cold feet, were massaging them. Her oval eyes bore into his blue ones and he wanted to get lost in that almond-shaped gaze. Those exotic, almost oriental eyes. Why did he find this so difficult, he asked himself? *She knew about him, about his life.*

Finally he looked away, heard her say, “That feels good. You’re so sweet.”

He blinked, looked at her feet, her toes in the reinforced toe of her nylons, the way his hands softly kneaded them.

“Yanamari,” he said in a hushed quiet voice. “I love you. I want to—I want to be with you.”

“Yes, honey, I know. And I love you, too, in my own way. It’s a special kind of love. You’re so young, so vulnerable. I’m afraid of hurting you.”

"I'm twenty-seven. I'm a grown up now. *I'm a man.*"

Her captivating hazel eyes swam with sympathy and he couldn't hold them.

Yanamari followed him into his Mother's quiet house.

The rainy morning had turned to a puffy clouded but sunny afternoon—taken some of the chill out of the air.

The drapes were drawn in the parlor and the light subdued. He took her coat, put it on the coat tree in the foyer, poured them a snifter of red wine. Something unusual for him, but he hoped it would take some of the tenseness away.

When Yanamari put her hand on his shoulder, urged him closer, he smelled her perfume. She kissed him fully and he tasted wine, kissed back. At once he became hard. She broke the kiss and smiled into his cloudy blue eyes.

"You kiss so softly. I like the way you kiss." She shook long lustrous black hair from her face.

He felt her heavenly breath on his cheeks and tried to kiss her but she turned away.

The distinct ticking of a grandfather clock could be heard in the quiet dusky room.

"You didn't call," he said.

She turned, sat on an antique love seat, titled her head in question.

"When I did your apartment earlier this week. You said you'd call."

"Oh, dear, I'm sorry. I forgot. I've really been busy." She patted the love seat. "Come sit."

"You do such good work. Your Mother trained you well." Yanamari smiled at his blush, put her hand on his knee. "Tell me about it," she said softly.

"About what?" He sipped wine anxiously.

"You know..."

"No, I don't." Sounding adamant.

"I don't like that tone, Arthur."

"I'm sorry."

"Now tell me. I get all wet when I think about you playing with my silkies."

He moaned but was enthralled with her presence, those hypnotic oval eyes, her womanliness. "I did your undergarments on gently cycle with the special soap, dried them on gentle and put them away." He wouldn't look

at her.

“But not before...” she coaxed.

He squirmed beside her on the love seat. “You want to hear about it, *really?*”

“Oh yes, dear.”

“I don't know where to begin.”

Yanamari's hand was warm on his thigh, so close. And then her fingertips grazed his tumescence. She had never touched him this way before. “You were alone in my bedroom, gathering my soiled panties and hose, my bras. It's only natural that you brought some of my undies to your face, inhaled my scent. That's kind of the way it happened, isn't it?”

Arthur shivered, felt her fingertips caress his crown, felt himself leaking. It seemed so natural, the way she said it,

“Yes, something like that.” He sighed. “One pair, the black silky ones, not full cut but not bikini's either.”

“Yes, I know the pair, Vanity Fair. One of my favorites. Did you do it in them.

“Ah..., no. I put them over my face, took another pair...” He choked and her hand squeezed his readiness.

“Go on. I know it's difficult but I want to hear it. Really I do.”

“A pair of pink ones, really slick. I did it in them.” “Masturbated while sniffing the black Vanity Fair panties, is that what you did?”

His lips trembled and he felt so confused, yet so *alive*. Her hand was like magic, squeezing, kneading, outlining the head with her fingertips. “Yes.”

“What? I didn't hear you.”

“Yes,” he said in a less timid voice.

“Came in my panties while sniffing the others?”

He nodded and her full lips busied his cheek.

“You're going to do it when I leave.” It was a statement.

Goose bumps blossomed on his forearms. They had never been this intimate. She'd never touched him this way. “Yes.” “What was that?”

“Yes,” Arthur said.

“I want to watch.”

Now it was his turn to utter what.

He looked into dreamy hazel eyes, saw passion. A small audible

swoon escaped his lips.

Yanamari leaned over and kissed him, squeezed his erection through his trousers.

"I have to use the bathroom. When I come back I want you naked. Naked for me. Do you understand?"

"Come here, kneel at my feet."

Arthur knelt while she sat on the love seat in the quiet parlor. In her hand was a slick ball of black. With her free hand she slowly glided her hand along his stiffness. The crown brushed her nylons and an involuntary shiver wracked his naked body.

"Oh, my, you're leaking, my tender one."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to."

"That's okay. Look how it smears my hose. Does my hand feel good?" she teased.

"Oh, yes. Yanamari I want to make love to you."

For an answer she bent and kissed him, stroked him faster in her warm hand. "We shouldn't be doing this. I want to watch you do it. It makes me hot. Do you understand?"

He nodded and the slick black ball unfurled in her fist. She put the panties over his face, rubbed them all over. He gasped and she put the white panel under his nose, instructed him to inhale her scent.

Her hand left his stiffness and she took his hand, put it there. "Do it for me, baby," she whispered at his ear. "Smell my dirty panties and masturbate."

Awkwardly at first, then with more confidence he masturbated at Yanamari's feet while she held her panties over his face like a kerchief.

"Hmm, yes. Do it faster, darling. It's okay if you rub the tip on my legs. Go ahead, soak my nylons. Yes, that's it. Do my dirty panties smell good? Yes, I know you like it, like to do these sinful things with women's soiled underwear. Especially mine..."

Her lips tickled his ear and he shivered when she licked him there. One hand on the love seat for support, his other hand pistoned on his rampant maleness, the blunt crown occasionally rubbing against the mesh of her dark nylons. Her panties were over his face like a decadent satin caul and her stale muskiness spurred him to climax.

"Owe, yes, baby. That's it. Cum for me. It makes me so hot to watch you."

Arthur moaned and climaxed. Thick ropes of opaque semen belched from his smooth glans anointing Yanamari's shins and ankles. His hips bucked and he expended himself on his dark goddess.

She took the panties from his face, and fascinated, he watched her wipe up the blotches of his excitement. There seemed so much of it. She smiled into his misty blue eyes, lightly kissed him. A lot of his essence smeared her nylons. She didn't seem to mind.

“Put on my shoes, dear. I must be going. Do you feel better now?”

She stood and looked at the kneeling young man. “Are your nipples sensitive?” She smiled at his nod, rolled one between her thumb and forefinger. “They are bigger now. You should play with them more. It'll bring you more pleasure.”

He nodded afraid to speak, watched her fold the soiled panties, put them in her purse and take out a plastic bottle. She gave the bottle to him. Supplements. He should take them with his vitamins every morning, and the evening too.

Arthur still knelt naked near the love seat as Yanamari Cristobal let herself out.

His repeated calls went unanswered and he wondered if she was getting her messages. Several days passed and he received a slim package in the mail. He knew that swirling penmanship and tore open the package in the foyer.

Inside was a pair of black panties sealed in a zipped plastic bag. He gazed at it for a moment, took them out. A note fluttered to the floor.

The note read:

My Darling sensitive boy. I felt bad about what we'd done but finally came to the realization that your course in life was set long ago, years before I knew you. I know you are struggling, but some things are meant to be.

I think I can help you be comfortable with yourself. You are too frail to face this yourself, the real you. I will devise a plan and contact you soon. Everything will turn out fine, you'll see. However you mustn't fight these urges. They are part of you and I will help you flower.

To that end I've sent you this gift which I've worn almost constantly for three days. Do not soil them with your seed. They are a reminder of me. Use your own lingerie to masturbate. Save it. I will want to see your tribute. But treasure this wispy garment. Try not to overdo it darling. I know your urges are strong, but I will be there for you... soon.

All my love,

Yanamari

With trembling fingers Arthur opened the plastic bag and held the slick garment to his face. He swooned and pictured himself kneeling at her feet. He couldn't help it, he *must* play with himself tonight.

CHAPTER FOUR

Elena Kerman was confident among men and women. It was only natural that she followed in her father's footsteps. She was a prominent broker, a woman *mostly* among men. That she didn't marry out of high school or college pleased her parents who were now retired and living handsomely in Florida.

However, after passing the thirty mark her parents began to worry. Her biological clock was ticking and she should soon start a family, her mother advised. Nonsense, her career was more important to her now. There was time enough left for family later.

Though short, somewhat petite, Elena was strong, muscular in a Denise Austin sort of way. She had excelled in sports in high school and college, still worked out in a spa—kept in shape. She didn't discover her bent sexual proclivities until nearly graduating from New York City College. She had opted to go away to school, escape her doting parents and the large metropolis where they lived.

She had long ago lost her virginity in high school to a football jock she thought she was crazy about. The experience was less than she expected, left her wanting, and wondering. She knew it always wasn't good, a girl's first time, but she sensed her empty feelings ran deeper. Try as she might she couldn't solve the dilemma of her brief and unfilled sex life. She paid particular attention to the discussions of other girls about their conquests and sexual interludes. She just didn't feel the same way they did.

Silvia Thorn was a graduate student when Elena met her. Where Elena was short and compact, Silvia was tall and lanky, both of them very athletic. Accidentally sharing a bench in Central Park, they discovered one another while doing their morning runs. Silvia was plain, wore her mousy brown hair in a short ragged cut. She commented on Elena's rich coppery hair, envied her compact and short shapely body. Silvia's comments, coming from a stranger like that, made Elena blush. They discovered they both went to the city college and in no time became fast friends.

Silvia was married and it was some weeks before Elena met her husband, a muscular hairy man who worked in construction. Elena thought it an odd match, but what was odder still, was the intimate relationship of their marriage.

It was in Silvia's modest digs off Times Square that Elena learned more about herself—who and what she was. She had sensed an inner kinship to the lanky and plain graduate student but didn't quite understand it until that late morning, after they'd done a couple of extra miles in the park.

Silvia invited her to shower there, tossed her a pair of clean sweats. When Elena stepped from the shower in the steamy bathroom Silvia was naked, ready for her turn. The older girl had bony hips, knobby knees and rather flat breasts with huge, silver - dollar aureoles that sprouted long and thick nipples. Nipples now erect that befitted the unmasked desire in Silvia's

eyes.

Elena had seen this look before from a few other girls but had never acted on it. Silvia told her in a shaky voice what a nice body she had. She wished her breasts were firm and apple-sized like Elena's. The young woman blushed but felt something stir inside her.

Knew before this day was over, that the two of them would share the same bed.

Silvia made love to her in that tiny apartment to the muted cacophony of New York's street traffic, Elena didn't return the affection, not at first. She was confused and disheartened by her feelings, the way she tingled, the way she orgasmed from Silvia's enthusiastic cunnilingus.

For several days afterward Elena avoided Silvia. She was confused about her desire for this lanky unattractive older girl, afraid of what she might be, what she might become.

Silvia finally cornered Elena. Tearful and apologetic, Silvia said she was sorry about what she'd done. She didn't mean to ruin their relationship and asked Elena's forgiveness.

They made love again that night.

But what of her marriage, Elena wanted to know.

With impish eyes Silvia invited Elena to see for herself. What Elena saw opened a new awareness, a new vista of sexuality to her, made her *more* complete as a person, the woman she wanted to be, perhaps was destined to become.

As big and muscular as was Silvia's husband, he was in fact subservient to her, catered to her every whim and desire, no matter how outlandish. Elena witnessed this abject display of submission in embarrassed silence.

At first...

However, there was no denying the wetness in her panties, the cognizance of her hard, hard nipples, and the burning desire which flourished between her legs. Silvia's husband was a puppy, eager to please them both.

For months, while Silvia acquired her graduate degree, the two women enjoyed a jaded relationship. Silvia's husband was in attendance during much of this time. Elena learned about dildos, handcuffs, butt plugs and an assortment of toys that titillated her bent libido.

It was an awakening, a vital threshold passed through wickedly, by the now, not-so-innocent Elena.

Less than a year later she met Perry, quickly recognized his fawn-like traits and gentle nature, that odd androgynous presence that he seemed completely unaware of.

"How did you know about Marie Standridge?"

"Know what about Marie Standridge?" asked Elena, punching up closing market quotes on the computer. Standing behind her, Perry's reflection was ghost-like on the monitor. She didn't bother to turn and look at him.

"That she'd accept what you've done to me? That she'd *like* it." He was incredulous.

"How many times Perry do I have to tell you about your voice? It ruins the image. You know that."

"Answer me!"

"Oh, my, we are upset, aren't we?" mocked Elena.

"I've been getting looks at work. *I told you, damnit!*"

"Don't use that tone of voice with me, dear." She thought of what she was going to do to him later, smiled at his vague reflection in the monitor, punched up a new stock and the closing numbers.

"Will you please answer me? How did you know about Marie Standridge?"

"That's better. I like it when you plead."

She turned, looked at him. "It was the Christmas party— before that, really. The way she looked at me, *how* she looked at me. She was a little tipsy at the holiday and it loosened her tongue. That and women's intuition."

Perry sat on the day bed, crossed his legs and tugged his skirt about his knees. "She offered me a promotion today."

Elena turned in her chair, looked at her feminized husband, his required dress code after getting home. "That's great, dear. I bet some of the *Changes* had something to do with it."

"Yes, I'll ask her tomorrow if my coming to work enfemme did it for her," he said sarcastically.

"Don't be down on yourself. It's not that bad."

"Yes it is, Elena. You don't have to put up with some of the looks I get now."

"They'll get used to it." She smiled at him. "Besides, you said she approved, and she *is* the boss."

"That's not the point. Look at these shoes you made me wear, the pink lace ankle socks. They go with this skirt and—"

"Your legs look nice, even without nylons." Elena turned back to the computer screen and tapped out more stock quotes.

"Will you forget that computer *...please?*"

"I'm sorry," said Elena sincerely. "I'll quit. Is dinner ready?" Perry nodded and she kissed him, swatted his butt playfully as they went to the kitchen.

He lay naked on his back, his hairless buttocks supported by a fluffy pillow. Elena knelt between his spread legs, greasing the realistic phallus protruding from just below her hips. It was battery operated and extended about four inches into her vulva, where near the top a soft pliable "saddle" hummed on her clitoris. The batteries also warmed the expensive state-of-art silicone toy, made it more flexible.

She was pleased with Perry's progress. His soft white skin was hairless, save for fine peach fuzz on his arms. Over the months his nipples had grown to nearly her size, maybe even a little thicker but not quite as long. The aureoles were a darker brown now and bumpy like a woman's. His cup size was lagging a bit, not quite the full roundness she expected. But in time her Perry would have slim attractive breasts.

She was just a little impatient, that's all.

Earlier Elena gave him an enema in the bathroom, made him hold it in as long as possible. The humiliation of this scene always exhilarated her, set her juices to flowing.

She remained in the bathroom while watching him clean himself, then handed him a tube of special love lotion, made him bend over the tub with his cute ass fully exposed. Perry always blushed when he used his fingers on his rosebud, pushing the forefinger in and out.

She made him do it that way. She watched and smiled and told him how good he was doing, how pleased she was with him. At times she groped his appendage. It heightened his anxiousness and never failed to fuel her wicked ardor. It aroused Perry too when she played with him like that, made him more predisposed, more accepting of his role in their insalubrious marriage.

Her knees brushed the pillow which raised his buttocks and she teased his sensitive underside with the blunt ivory-colored tip of her cock.

"I know you want this, baby," she cooed to him.

He turned his face on the pillow, wouldn't look at her. Strands of dark brown hair covered one cheek. Elena thought his new hair color a definite improvement over his natural washed out, mousy brown. Now chin-length, she wanted it longer.

"Play with your breasts, hon." Elena pressed her advantage at his sphincter.

He was very limp, and although not small, she delighted in ridiculing its size. When she purchased her silicone, state-of-art phallus she intentionally got one larger than his. To his mortification, she often compared the difference in size. The night she brought it home she made him kneel to it, leave lipstick kisses along the shaft and rubbery balls.

She squirted the white jelly-like substance from the tube beside

them, smeared it on his hairless sac and pressed her hips against his succulent ass, popping her cock just inside his elastic rosebud. Perry moaned and touched his modest breasts.

“You like your breasts, huh?”

He swallowed, felt her push slowly into him, said nothing.

“The training bra fits better now,” she said gently. “I think you should start wearing it all the time.” Elena suppressed a smile at his bug-eyed reaction. “They’ll get bigger and then you’ll really have something to be proud of.”

The anguish on his face made her pussy drip. Whether from her cock in his tight pussy-ass or what she said about his breasts, she didn’t know.

“You want this don’t you?” she hissed.

“No, no, you’ve made me this way,” Perry said, eyes tightly clenched.

“Oh, but baby we’ve come so far.” Elena pushed further into him, relished the look on his face. She started playing with his cock, getting it all gooey from the special lotion. She wanted him hard while she fucked him. She wanted him to associate pleasure with this adulterated act. It was something Silvia had taught her, how to train her man.

“Can you feel the warmth in your pussy, Perry?”

He nodded and bit his lip as she, not so gently, pushed into him.

Perry’s penis hardened as she masturbated him. In to the hilt now, the marvelously pliant balls of her penis resting against his nether cheeks. As Elena jacked his cock she began to move back and forth, establishing a fucking rhythm in her femme husband’s ass.

“Cup your breasts, dear, tweak those large nipples, give into the pleasure of your very own breasts, the thrill of me fucking you. The saddle is buzzing on my clit and I’ll cum soon. I want you to cum with me.

“Yes, I sense your nearness. I know you like it, too. As much as I do. You’re dribbling over my fingers. Here, have a taste. Hmm, yes, lick my fingers. That’s a good little slut”

Elena stopped masturbating him, slid her arms under his legs, pushed them back. This effectively “folded” Perry over, squashed him underneath her. She pressed the advantage, fully inside him. Her hands found his hard cock and she feathered it as she sawed in and out of him.

“I’m so close, baby,” she cooed. “Do you want to cum with me? Yes, I know you do. You look so vulnerable like this. It’s so close to your pretty face. Pull on those delightful nipples, dear. Yes, that’s it. Your young breasts look so good.

“Tomorrow I’ll select a more fitting outfit for you.” Elena smiled at the alarm in his fawn-like brown eyes. The defenselessness of his

submission spurred her wicked libido and her hands increased their impious ministrations.

“It’s so close to your lips, dear. I want you to open your mouth when you cum. No, Perry, don’t shake your head. You’ve done this before. I want this for you. Secretly you want it too.

“Cum for me, sweetie. I’m cumming. I want you to cum with me.”

Elena slammed her cock into her husband’s tender backside and masturbated him faster. She felt the underside vein pulse with its glutinous bounty. Ropes of seminal fluid erupted from Perry’s pink glans. The first volley shot across his face, left a thick string on his painted lips.

Elena redirected his plentiful discharge and his pulsing cock shot directly into his gasping mouth. It made her soar on her own orgasm as he caught his own discharge in his open mouth. She continued to milk him as the opaque strings diminished, fell on his chin and atop his chest and modest breasts.

She released the hold she had on his legs and collapsed on top of him. She licked a trail of cum and fed him her tongue, felt her vagina contract in strong spasms around the phallus lodged inside her.

The smell of his climax was strong and she held him, rubbed his slimy wetness on herself. Slowly she pulled out of him, pulled him to her bosom and fed him a turgid nipple. She combed her fingers through his hair while he nursed.

In this embrace they fell asleep in each other’s arms.

“You can’t be serious about these shoes, Elena.”

She applied makeup in the mirror over the sink in the adjoining bathroom, glanced at him standing in the doorway, pink toenails winking dully through the mesh of nude pantyhose. The French cut bikini panties he wore were specially selected by her that morning. The seams of the panties would definitely show through the tight black trousers he’d wear that day.

“Yes, I’m serious.”

“Elena, this is too much. I told you I’m already getting looks at the office. There is no question about these shoes, the chunky elevated heel.”

“Put on the shirt first, then the slacks.”

“You’re sure this camisole won’t show?”

“Maybe a little but you’ll be wearing a blazer. Now hurry Perry or you’ll be late.”

She came from the bathroom, folded her arms under her breasts, watched him don the white cotton shirt. It had French cuffs and a ribbed front with large collar. The shirt was designed to be worn open but she knew Perry would button it close to the collar lest it show the white satin camisole underneath.

With some satisfaction she watched him step into the black slacks with the wide cuffs. The slacks were made of spandex and cotton, would be very tight on his slender frame and accent his firm round buttocks. Though the slacks had a zipper front, pockets front and back, they would fit him so tight he wouldn't dare put anything in the pockets.

"These pants are way too tight," he protested.

"Oh, pooh. They look nice on you."

"Look how they hug my thighs." Perry stepped in front of the full length mirror on the back of the bedroom door. "No, I'm taking these off. They're too much, Elena," he pleaded. "You can see my panty-line."

"Sexy." She handed him a patent leather belt with a large silvery buckle. "Put this on."

Perry made a face at the belt but did as she instructed. His wife handed him the charcoal-colored blazer with wide lapels. It was a woman's dress blazer and Elena had removed the shoulder pads. It fit him well.

"Now the shoes," she said, glancing quickly at her watch. He stepped into the black leather shoes. "They're too tight.

I can't wear these. The chunky heel leaves no doubt."

"Dear, you know how different brands fluctuate in size.

They're a size ten. New. You'll get used to them. The wide cuffs of your pants will help hide the heel, dear. The higher heel will help you walk."

The low-cut sides revealed nude pantyhose and the round toe was topped by cute little tassels. These shoes were definitely women's.

Perry's imploring look pleased Elena. This was his most feminine outfit so far.

"Let me look at your nails." She held out her hand, held his fingers in her palm. His nails were not too long and gleamed with a transparent lacquer. "You need to let them grow out a little more, sweetie."

Perry checked his face in the mirror, nervously raked his chin length hair. It was too feminine, parted in the middle, caressing either lightly dusted cheek. His eyebrows were arched but not conspicuously so.

"I may stop by for lunch if I have time." She smiled at her beleaguered husband. "My treat. And remember to put one foot in front of the other when you walk, dear."

That morning when he arrived at work, Marie Standridge complimented him on his "outfit." Perry pretended not to notice the derisive looks he got from some of the other office staff, both men and women.

As the morning progressed his discomfort melted but he kept to his desk mostly, feet primly tucked into the privacy of his desk well.

CHAPTER FIVE

Yanamari Cristobal drank coffee from the pump thermos on the low oval-shaped brass table which fronted the gray sectional sofa that dominated one corner of her large office. Scattered on the table were fabric samples from a Georgia textile mill. Cristobal Enterprises was getting the first look see.

The rep from StyleMart Mills was new, young and pretty, dressed smartly in a tweed suit that advantageously displayed comely legs. StyleMart was a newcomer, a supplier to clothing manufacturers. Consequently their prices were very competitive. Two of Yanamari's office staff were also present, all of them going over the possible colors and fabrics for the future fashion industry.

Cassie pushed a lemon-gold piece in front of Yanamari. "We think this color and the combination stretch spandex-cotton material will be very popular for Spring. The runway models will like it since the material will cling but not too tightly to their svelte frames. It's already being used by some designers in Europe." Cassie gave the older olive-skinned woman a warm smile.

"Projecting this fabric into next spring won't allow us enough time," said Yana. She looked at her two assistants who nodded.

"Not necessarily," said Cassie. "We're ready to ship within forty-eight hours. All we need is the garment factory address. We can supply this material in mass quantities, send it to Sears or Penney's if necessary. I know the big houses do not have this material yet. And since you supply a lot of their competition, your firm would get a jump on the big clothiers."

"Hmm, that sounds good, Cassie. What do you two think?" Yanamari looked at her two trusted execs.

They thought it might be possible, rushing it a bit but it might work. Could Cassie get StyleMart to advance enough working samples for prototypes, something to sew into possible workable patterns? She could and would. With that settled, Yanamari excused her two assistants, which gave Cassie the opportunity to invite her client to dinner.

An invitation Yanamari readily accepted.

Elena breezed into Perry's office about one, wondered if she wasn't too late for lunch. He had stayed at his desk all morning, only twice venturing out and exposing the girlish, Cuban-heel shoes. Marie Standridge came into Perry's office, saw Elena. The two women hugged, and to Perry's dismay Elena invited his boss to lunch, too. Marie happily accepted and the two women escorted Perry from the building, putting his hands *inside* their arms.

Marie suggested a quaint little restaurant about a block from the office. She opted for a house salad with vinaigrette dressing, explaining to Elena her new diet program, then glancing at Perry with envy, complimenting him on his slender frame. It made him blush. Elena took

some of the credit. The two of them ordered lean roast beef on rye.

"I suppose Perry told you about my offer of a promotion," said Marie.

Elena smiled. "Yes, I'm so proud of him. He's come so far."

The table went silent and Perry looked up from his plate, sandwich hovering near his face. Both of them were looking at him. He averted his eyes.

"I've dubbed them his *Changes*" said Elena, smiling at her husband's boss.

"Yes, I like Perry's new look." Marie patted his knee under the table. "No need to blush, Perry. Elena's doing a great job with your... *Changes*."

He didn't know what to say, prayed the color would drain from his face.

"So you approve then?" Asked Elena, pleased with Perry's obvious discomfort.

"Yes, of course. We're entering a new millennium. Men are finally being liberated from old and tired stereotypes. More wives should wield their influence over their mates. The world would be such a better place if all of us discarded these boring male myths. We're not living in the sixteenth century for heaven's sake."

"You don't think his new image is too disruptive then?" Asked Elena, then added, "I mean at your firm...the other employees?"

"Absolutely not. I will not tolerate any employee discrimination, *for whatever reason*. We're a small business consulting firm and I've expressed my views to all of them. I think they understand. On another note, have the two of you discussed my offer?"

"Yes, we have," said Elena. "The decision is Perry's but I'm behind him one-hundred percent. I'm so proud of my little man."

"Well, Perry," asked Marie Standridge, "have you thought it over?"

"I, well..."

"Come, come, young man. I want you on my inner team, be my right hand *man*. What do you say?"

"I'm flattered," he said hesitantly. "I'd be honored to be on your management team."

"Then it's done," said Marie. "I've landed a new account just this week, too. A textile buyer who has a firm downtown in the Canyons. A small outfit but expanding, competing with the big guns of the clothing industry in New York. Tomorrow I want you to move into Theresa's office. She cleaning it out this afternoon. I've given her the rest of the week off so she can get a good start on her new job. For sure I'll miss her. She's been

with me since the start but I think you'll more than compensate for her loss, Perry." Marie patted his hand.

"Can you linger, dear?" asked Marie to Elena. "I think this calls for a little celebration, a nice bottle of wine perhaps,"

"Yes, I'd be glad to join the two of you," answered Elena. Marie grabbed her purse. "I know just the place, a cozy little lounge near a new lingerie store I've been dying to browse." "That's great. If we have time we'll check it out."

Elena looked at Perry. "What do you say, dear?"

Perry shrugged, said, "I really should be getting back," "Nonsense," said Marie. "I'm the boss. The three of us will celebrate your promotion this afternoon."

"Perry loves to browse ladies lingerie," said Elena coyly. "I'm not surprised. Now tell me, dear," Marie said looking at Perry, "where did you get those lovely shoes?"

Yana sat alone in her office, fingers steepled under her chin. The ceiling to floor curtains were drawn and she gazed unseeing through the wall-window at the skyscraper skyline. She pictured the buxom Marie Standridge in her mind, their last meeting when she'd inked a contract with the business consultant.

For the life of her she couldn't fathom where all the money went. She considered herself to be frugal but a few sessions with

Marie had changed her mind. Everyone was downsizing, taking the lead from the conglomerates, making their companies lean and mean.

She sighed and fingered the corn-line.

"Yes, Ms. Cristobal?" said her secretary.

"Would you see if Ann Liber is free? I'd like to see her for a moment if she's not too busy."

"Yes, Ms. Cristobal, I'll send her right in."

Yana smiled at the formality of her young secretary, and not for the first time thought about seducing the impressionable cherub. That could be dangerous ground. She thought about the lesbian attorney some years ago who tried to seduce one of her employees. The girl sued. It was in all the papers. It nearly destroyed the attorney.

A knock came at her door and she called Liber in. Ann had been with Yana almost from the beginning. The two of them had once been lovers. Ann had been around, knew the clothing business, had worked for Penney's catalog department years ago. She'd had an affair with one of her bosses. That's all it was, an affair. When Ann wanted to break it off the older woman felt scorned and managed to get Liber fired.

Ann could've sued but she wasn't that type. Because of her family,

Ann's bisexuality was still in the closet. She came from the religious background of old-fashioned Midwestern values. If her parents found out their daughter was a crotch cannibal they would probably disown her. It was one of the reasons Ann migrated to the east, to get out from under.

Yana came from around her desk, pecked Ann's cheek. "Let's sit over here." She indicated the sectional which dominated some of the walls and one corner of her office.

"You look good, Yana," said Ann, titling her head. "Have you done something with your hair?"

"Colored some of the gray."

"Oh, pooh, you're too young to have any gray."

"I wish. Do you think the StyleMart material is a wise choice?"

"Yes, a definite *yes*. That little chippy rep is a looker." "Down girl, you're drooling."

They both laughed.

"What do you think of Marie Standridge?"

"The business consultant?"

"Yeah, her."

"She's got a good head on her shoulders," said Ann. "And I might add an eye for you."

"Ann!, you see lezzies everywhere," Yana said, teasing. "Hey, what can I say. I saw *that* look in her eyes. Don't tell me you didn't notice."

Yana smiled and nodded. "I think she'll be good for the company, put us back on sound financial ground."

"Are we having a problem there?" Ann asked.

"Well, not exactly but it wouldn't hurt for us to have some sound financial direction from the outside. Someone who might see things we might overlook."

"And she's a kindred spirit."

"We don't know that," Yana said depreciatingly.

"Me thinks different," Ann said with a mischievous smile. "Hmm," said Yana, patting Ann's stocking knee. "Why don't you schedule a working lunch with her then, put that kinky radar of yours to work."

Ann raised her eyebrows. "Wear something sexy, huh?" Yana just smiled.

"You want me to seduce her?"

"Ann, you're terrible," said Yana, waving a dismissive hand at her.

Ann leaned toward her friend and old lover, lowered her voice. "What do you think of that new young secretary of yours?" "She's competent but a babe in the woods."

"Her body is just divine."

The two women looked at each other with slight, knowing smiles.

Perry was uncomfortable but was helpless to stop this sensual torture. He could see it in their eyes. Both women were delighted with his apparent uneasiness. It was like the two of them were conspiring against him, bringing him to this intimate boutique. He was the only male in the place and he'd already noticed the glances from a couple of the young clerks.

"Do you like this, Perry?" said Marie, holding up a black, zipper-front combination bra and corset. She turned it around, showed him the bi-directional lace-up back. The cups of the corset were underwired with removable pads, had detachable straps and garters.

Elena moved to Perry's side, put her arm around his waist. "That's heavenly. You could cut two or three inches off your waist size." Talking like the sexy garment was for him.

Perry imagined Elena lacing him up in the shiny corset and he throbbed in his panties, looked at the plush carpet.

A young cleric, ready to assist them, hovered in the next isle at a rack of panties on hangers in multitudinous colors and styles.

"A pair of black, back seam stockings would really set that corset off," Elena said, smiling at her vexed hubby.

"Definitely black, patent leather pumps," said Marie. "The men would be crazy with lust."

The clerk nervously rifled the panty display. Something going on here, she thought.

"Perry, hon, don't you like it?" teased his wife.

Perry blushed, pushed his feet around in the plush carpet. He glanced uneasily at the clerk. She was peering at his feet, looking at the chunky heels, the feminine shoes he was now trying to hide in the plush carpet. Her eyebrow raised and she looked directly at him.

"Well, say something, dear," prompted Marie.

"Ah, yeah, well..."

"He likes it," Elena said with conviction. She took the black shimmering garment from Marie, and before Perry could react, she held it against his chest. "The bra is even padded."

Perry backed away from Elena, bumped into a display table of

clearance lingerie. He nearly lost his balance.

“Steady, dear,” said Marie.

“Look at the tag, Elena. It’s only sixty dollars.”

“It’s a steal.” Elena grinned at the buxom Marie. Her panties were moist and she was heady with the power that she was obviously demonstrating over her embarrassed husband.

“May I help you ladies?” the clerk asked, stepping forward. “Yes,” said Elena. “I want this sexy corset.” Once again she held it up to Perry who shrank away like the garment was impregnated with the bubonic plague. “Don’t you think it’s him?” The clerk looked at the three of them. She nodded, looked curiously at Perry. *Another one of them*, she thought. “Yes, that’s a good price, too.”

“We’ll take it.”

“Will this be all?”

“Oh no,” said Elena. “This is a delightful shop. We’re going to browse.”

“Then I’ll take it up to the counter for you,” said the clerk. “No. Perry take this, hold it for us while we rummage through all this charming lingerie.”

Perry blushed but took the black corset from his wife.

To his dismay the clerk followed discreetly behind as they wandered into another isle.

“I love this stretch chemise,” said Elena, picking up the black garment. The see-through mesh was decorated with roses, had underwired cups and demi pads. She handed it to Perry. “And just your size, dear.”

He was glad the clerk was behind them.

Marie went down another isle, poked through a table display of brassieres. “My, what are these? I’ve never seen anything quite like them.”

The clerk went over to her. “Those are our new lace water bras.”

That caught Elena’s attention and she tugged a reluctant Perry in her wake.

“A what?” asked Elena, her eyebrow arched.

The clerk held up one of them. “What you do is add water to the innovative inner pockets. The water filled pockets add naturally to your bust line and enhance your figure. In just a few moments the water warms to your body temperature.

“Perry, we *just* have to have some of those,” said Elena. Perry toed the carpet, wouldn’t look at the three of them. Despite the anxiety of the moment he was becoming aroused, his member throbbing in his panties.

Finally he found his voice. "We have to be getting back," he said in a strained voice.

"Nonsense, dear," said Marie. "I'm the boss. We'll go back when I say."

"They're a little expensive," said Elena, "but I can't wait to see them on—"

'Elena, please!' said Perry.

"Oh, don't be such a prude, dear. I'm sure this clerk's seen plenty of women in here shopping for their husbands. By the way," she said, looking at the clerk. "I don't suppose we could use a changing room where my deary might try on some of this gorgeous stuff?"

The young clerk was clearly ill at ease. "Yes, we have a few customers who fit their husbands for lingerie. The boutique is rather new and I'm sure we'll be getting more..., ah men who shop for intimates here."

"It would be too much if you have a changing room for selected males, heh?" asked a skeptical Marie.

The clerk shook her head, looked at Perry. "Not at the moment I'm afraid. But it's something I'll definitely suggest to the owner. "I'm sure he'd look ravishing," she said with a mocking lilt. And so it went.

CHAPTER SIX

The bedroom was dimly lit by a night stand lamp and jasmine scented flickering candles. Perry stood in the bedroom, his excitement denting the black wispy panties he wore. He gazed at his image in the full length bedroom mirror. It was an image to behold. Slowly he turned as Elena instructed him.

He glanced at her sitting on the vanity stool. She wore a gold X-backed charmeuse and matching open-toe slides. Her legs were bare, as was the rest of her under the charmeuse. "Stunning, dear," she said. "Don't you agree?"

There was no question. Shyly he nodded and looked at his reflected image. His dark brown dyed hair was styled femininely with a flip curl at the ends. He wore a full complement of makeup. Nothing garish but enough to hide what little masculine facial traits he possessed.

The black corset was cinched tight, narrowed his waist seductively and gave him a hippy appearance. The illusion of breasts were augmented by the pads in the underwired cups. So tight was the boned corset that Perry could hardly breathe. The garters held up a pair of gossamer black, back seam stockings and his feet were tucked into black patent leather pumps with a five inch heel. Elena had made him practice enough that he was almost comfortable walking in the heels.

The only thing that belied Perry's true gender was the distinct lump

in his panties that peeked from the bottom of the shimmering nylon and polyester corset.

"You really have adapted well, hon," said Elena. "I think you're ready to go out in public." She smiled at the naked fear in his brown eyes.

Perry shook his head. Long hair tickled his neck and chin.

"Come here, baby," said Elena seductively.

Obediently Perry went to his wife, careful to put one foot in front of the other and take small mincing steps. He stood before her.

Elena smiled and touched him through the panties. "You're leaking. We'll have to do something about that."

"You don't really mean for me to go out in public?"

Elena squeezed his readiness. "Hmm, I think so. You'd turn a lot of heads, dear."

"No, I can't do that," he said.

"Hell Perry, you go to work practically dressed as it is."

He gave his wife a petulant look. Her hand was doing magic down there through the silkiness of his panties. At this moment he felt very feminine, realized his wife had ingratiated him into this soft silky world of submission. An ever widening wet spot blossomed on the front of his panties as she squeezed and stroked him.

"There are clubs that cater to our kind of lifestyle you know," she said softly, watching his soft browns glaze over as she petted him.

"No, I won't do it."

"Some are in the Barrows. Or we could go to New York. It's not far. There's the Hell Fire club, open certain nights. A place like that might show you that it's not so uncommon. A new club opened in Staten Island. We may go there."

"Elena, you've done too much to me already. I'm not crossing the state line to see other freaks."

She worked the lump in his panties with both hands now. "I think you should have bigger breasts."

"I don't," he said quickly, stilling his hammering heart. "Well, darie, it's what I want that counts. You're too hard on yourself. They are plenty of men who are comfortable with a feminine image."

Elena cupped his balls, pulled gently at first, then harder. "On your knees, baby. I've a present for you."

Perry went to his knees in front of his seated wife. "I'm all slick down here." She pressed the flat of her hand between her legs, her sex hidden by the slick gold charmeuse. "Why don't you be a good little girl and

lick me.”

Her other hand held his balls through his panties. She squeezed until she saw *that* look in his eyes, eyes accented with mascara. It made her nipples hard to see the helpless distress in her femme hubby's eyes. He was so vulnerable. His weakness made her giddy with power and spiked her sexual euphoria.

“Do you want to lick me, hmm?”

Perry nodded and her hand slackened on his smooth sac. She leaned into him, kissed his painted lips, sent her tongue into his open, quivering mouth. She tugged his long hair and spread her legs, pushed his face in her wet pink pussy.

“Yes, you little slut, lick me real good. Do a good job or I may have to spank you.”

Perry's arms went around his wife's buttocks as he licked her moistness. Her taste and scent was intoxicating. The tip of his tongue played lightly over her outer labia. She was very wet. He knew this wetness was a result of seeing him dressed in the sexy new lingerie, looking like the little plaything she was training him to be.

His tongue laved the entrance, the tip slipping inside her moist vulva, tasting the thick syrup of her readiness. He squeezed his knees together, trapping his throbbing excitement there, felt himself leaking into the cotton panel of the pretty panties.

Elena pulled his hair, signaling him to send his tongue deeper in her wet pink tunnel. She leaned back against the vanity and arched her back, pushed her hips at the girlish face between her legs. She felt his tongue spear forward, licking.

“That look in your boss's face this afternoon when we were shopping lingerie was stimulating. She could barely conceal those lustful glances as the two of us pictured you in sexy underwear. I bet she'd like to have you between her legs, licking her.

“You make a good lesbian, sweetie. I think we can dress you even more provocatively for work. Marie approves and she'll run any interference you might get from her other employees—did I tell you to stop sucking my pussy, bitch?”

She didn't expect an answer but jerked him hard by his face, hunched his face and squeezed her thighs on his pretty little head. “Lick me! I know you want to please me. *Now do it!*”

Perry renewed his effort, laved her clitoris, took it between his lips and sucked. Her lusty words both alarmed and excited him and he was soon lost in a fantasy where he was serving the buxom Marie Standridge, serving her as a woman, completely dressed...her sexy secretary.

Perry knelt and worshipped his wife's dripping pussy until he felt her sex hum with the tiny tremors of orgasm. He sucked anew on her hard clit, nursed it like a baby at its mother's nipple, nursed it like she'd taught

him.

If anything, Perry was an accomplished cuntsucker.

Her soft moan and quivering thighs were his reward. He sucked and sucked her, then dipped his tongue back inside her sweaty vagina. Hands were securely entwined in his long feminine hair, holding his face fast to her pussy, coming on his tongue and face.

Afterward they lay in bed, Perry on his back. Elena caressed him with the panties he wore, teasing his hardness with slow lazy strokes. He dripped profusely in the panties and she periodically rubbed the wetness across his freshly painted lips.

Elena had unhooked his special bra and told him to cup his breasts, tweak the nipples and think sexy feminine thoughts. Maybe how it'd be dancing in a man's arms, feeling his thing press hotly against her. Her words, like a decadent elixir, heightened the moment. The soft rustle of the slick panties on his hard cock whispered accompaniment to the tortured images Elena painted for him.

The unnatural intimacy of the moment brought him close to the edge.

"You'll be dressed to the nines, dear. Very convincing, especially with the proper breast augmentation. The lust in some broad-shouldered hunk's eyes will make you giddy. Helpless with desire. When you dance his mouth will be at the hollow of your neck, licking, then kissing your ear, his tongue flicking inside. You want to feel his lips on your nipples. You want to feel his tongue probing your mouth. It makes you wet in your panties as you feel him throb to life as the two of you dance closely.

"The lights will be dim, the music soft and sexy and I'll be watching from our table. My panties will be drenched watching you dance with your handsome man. Marie will be with us this night, will have helped me get you ready for the evening.

"When you come back to the table he'll sit close beside you, his strong arm around your bare shoulders. You catch him stealing glimpses down the front of your tight dress, and without consciously thinking about it, you find your hand on his thigh. He kisses your neck and you look at Marie and me. We sit smiling, nodding our heads. Our approval makes you blush and to help things out I put your hand all the way between his legs."

Elena changed gears in her whispered narrative. "Are you near, sweetie? Do you want to cum in these silky black panties? Can you see him in your mind? Big and strong, his cock throbbing in your hand as you play with him under the table?"

"No, Elena," he moaned and shook his head, long hair spilling across the pillow.

"Yes, Perry. Oh yes. It's making me hot watching you play with his big hard cock. I know it makes you feel all femme inside."

"It's just a fantasy," he said, his breath catching as her hand brought

him to the precipice.

“For now.”

“I’m going to cum,” he hissed between clenched lips.

Her hands were doing wonderful things to him. He felt so feminine, actually pictured himself at this moment as a submissive slut ready to do Elena’s bidding, ready for whatever her bent mind desired.

“Think of him, sweetie,” Elena whispered seductively. “Think of how wet I am watching you play with his cock. Marie approves, wants you to experience dark fulfillment.”

Elena’s soft voice and rustle of panties on Perry’s brittle excitement accompanied his labored breathing.

Perry saw what his wife’s words painted. The nightclub was dark and the man had his arm around him—he a lovely vision of femininity—his hand hidden beneath the table, playing with the man’s cock, wanting it loose, in the open. Wanting to feel the hot flesh, the smooth crown leaking with desire for him.

“We could take him out in the parking lot. The two of you could cuddle in back of the van while Marie and I watched,” said Elena. “It’d be so natural for you to slip to your knees between his spread legs. I’d help pull down his pants and expose all his glorious manhood.

Perry saw it, saw the hard cock in his face.

“Marie and I would watch as you licked his cock like an ice cream cone, slurping leaking seminal fluid. *It makes me hot, Perry, watching you suck the man’s cock.* I know you want to please me. You wouldn’t have let me take you this far if you didn’t want it too.”

Perry groaned, felt his hard penis shiver in anticipation. Elena jacked him harder in the panties, bent and sent her tongue inside his mouth.

“Think of sucking his cock, sweetie. You’ll make us so proud, sucking cock like the cocksucker you are, the cocksucker I want you to be.”

It was too much. Perry erupted in the slick panties, spewed his thick seed, bucked his hips, thought of what his wife described. Yes, the man’s cock was in his mouth shooting hot sperm. Perry saw himself on his knees between his date’s legs, sucking his fine cock, swallowing the heavy load, jacking the shooting cock...cumming in his panties as the man filled his mouth with cum like molten lava from an erupting volcano.

Like he was cumming now, hips bucking off the mattress, filling the warm panties with slick spunk, feeling Elena’s hands encourage his load of depravity.

Arthur was all alone and lonely. Perhaps that’s why he was dressed. He sat at the vanity in his mother’s bedroom and looked in the mirror at the pretty girl who looked back at him. He twisted a tube of lipstick, coated his lips bright red.

Like a whore.

He wanted to dip his hand inside the tight spandex panties and fondle his reality but knew if he did he wouldn't be able to stop.

Arthur wondered if Yanamari would approve of him now. He thought so but wasn't sure. Yanamari and his mother had shared *his* secrets. Yanamari had told him as much. This is not how he wanted to be, that's what he told himself.

Yanamari wanted him this way.

He had been this way for his Mother.

It wasn't his fault.

But it felt so good to be this other person. It calmed him, and if he didn't think about the dirty things he was all right with it. His Mother had showed him the way. Now that she was gone he didn't have anyone to dress for. His heart ached for his Mother, the intimate moments they shared when he was dressed and her little girl.

As Arthur looked at the pretty girl in the mirror he realized he could never be the man he wanted to be for Yana. She had told him as much, hinted of another life for the two of them. Not what he'd pictured. Maybe something better...

The thought made him blush.

He touched his chest, looked at the low cut bodice, noticed more than a hint of cleavage and thick distended nipples.

CHAPTER SEVEN

He'd come to her lavish apartment early, caught a cab and took the elevator up to the fourth floor, let himself in with his key, found her in the bathroom touching up her makeup and hair. His heart melted and he felt that familiar twitch between his legs.

Yanamari was dressed splendidly in an above the knee, pinstriped navy skirt, her feet tucked into matching patent leather pumps. She saw his reflection in the mirror, smiled and applied a coat of navy lipstick that complimented the suit.

"I'm glad you came early, dear."

Arthur stood uncertainly just outside the door. "You didn't return my calls," he said reproachfully.

"I've been terribly busy, hon," she said checking her face in the mirror, brushing past him down the hall into her bedroom where she slipped on the jacket to the suit.

Arthur stood in the doorway, watched her select a navy trench coat from inside the walk-in closet. She smiled at him and her hazel eyes slid to

the bed. "I'm running late. I wanted to supervise you this first time...but you know how."

Arthur looked at what was on the bed. His eyes went wide and he slowly shook his head, looked at the woman of his dreams. She came up to him and kissed his cheek.

"You can use my vanity," she said softly, running a hand through his blond hair. "I don't know what you'll do with that hair since you've had it cut but you'll think of something."

"You don't mean for me to..." he said looking again at the clothes on the bed.

"Yes," said Yana. "The place is a frightful mess. I'll call around lunch."

He sniffed her perfume, wouldn't look in her eyes.

"Don't disappoint me, dear," she said, grabbing her purse, going toward the front of her spacious condo. "Why not have a nice hot bath first, hmm?"

Arthur didn't follow her but listened for the click of the front door as it closed.

The bathroom was foggy with vapor as Arthur relaxed in a scented bubble bath. He drifted off to sleep once, came awake with a start and added hot water to the lukewarm mixture in which he soaked. In no hurry, he lingered, indulged himself in the quiet apartment of the woman he loved.

Ann had managed easily to let Marie Standridge seduce her after their power lunch. She and Marie went to a downtown hotel not far from the office. They were gone two hours and when they returned Ann gave Yanamari the heads up. Marie *was* a kindred spirit just like Ann had suspected.

Several days later the three of them met. Marie outlined her plan to help the corporation's cash flow. Yana cursed herself for not thinking of it sooner. It was right there all the time. She just didn't see it.

After lunch the three of them were in Yana's office sitting around her sofa going over accounts receivable. Collections were lagging behind. Insisting invoices be paid promptly, boosted Cristobal Enterprises coffers by thousands of dollars.

After business discussions they drank tea and Ann unobtrusively stirred the conversation around to men. The millennium showed evidence of the feminization of men. It was part of the liberal culture and recognized by both ends of the political spectrum. In Marie's opinion this trend would continue and the world would be better for it. Yana and Ann agreed.

For some men panties were appropriate, Marie thought. Yana and Ann wholeheartedly agreed. Marie told them about Perry, how Elena was bringing him along. She was delighted with Elena's feminization of Perry and had plans to reveal his transformation to the employees of her small

consulting firm. She would tolerate no harassment.

It was an enlightening conversation to say the least.

Arthur put on the lacy black garter belt first, fastened it and turned the snaps to the back. The metal clasps were cold on his smooth bare legs. He took his time sliding the sheer black stockings up his legs, remembering how he'd been instructed to do it in the past, both by Aunt Martha and his Mother.

The bra was different than anything he'd seen or tried on before. The cups were complimented by sewn in liquid inserts and squeezed his pectoral muscles together, complimenting his small but convincing cleavage.

Arthur wanted to look in the full length mirror but knew he wasn't ready...yet.

The full-cut black panties were trimmed in lace, of thicker material than regular panties. He looked at the label: Vanity Fair, reinforced panties made of Lycra and nylon. He stepped into them, relishing the slippery feeling as he pulled them up his stocking legs over the garter belt.

The black full spandex corset was a problem. Finally Arthur shimmed into it, drawing his breath as he pulled it around his waist. At first it was uncomfortably tight but as he sat at the vanity and applied makeup it became more bearable.

A lace-topped camisole came next, fell deliciously in place with a silken rustle. The half-slip came midway on his thighs and he discovered the panties held his turgid member comfortably in place with just the slightest bulge.

Arthur sighed. He didn't want the temptation of tucking himself now. It might lead to other things, and he was alone in his beloved's apartment.

Yanamari was right. His blond hair was too short and finally he succeeded in coiffing it into a pixie of sorts.

A long sleeve white, button-front blouse with lacy French cuffs came next. The black, A-line skirt was above the knee and displayed his slim legs to feminine advantage.

At the foot of the bed Arthur found a pair of three-inch, pointed-toe black patent leather pumps. He wasn't surprised that they fit, albeit scrunching his toes a bit. As he walked around the apartment doing his domestic chores he soon became used to the somewhat confining shoes.

The outfit was appropriate but not overly maid-like.

As he went about his chores, running the sweeper, picking up, and dusting, he couldn't help but look at his image in the various mirrors about the apartment. Even with the shorter hair he still passed...and convincingly so.

In the kitchen he found the note and the vitamins. Deep down he

knew they weren't really vitamins but he took them anyway. The various bottles had been stripped of their labels and when he went home he was to take the pills with him and follow the note's instructions.

The morning passed quickly. On several occasions Arthur had to remind himself to take smaller steps, put one foot directly in front of the other. It was something Mother and Aunt Martha had taught him on those occasions when he was fully enfemme.

He saved the best to last.

In the alcove off the kitchen he put the washer on gentle cycle, brought each worn undergarment to his face and inhaled Yanamari's scent. The treasure-trove of her delicate undies always excited him, made him brittle in his panties. He couldn't help it. It had been that way when he was younger and he had learned to care for a woman's unmentionables.

The nylon material was cool to his fingers as he dipped into the basket. It took a lot of will power to not take a few of her more soiled garments and lay on the bed with them, tease himself to a forbidden climax, play with her panties and slips and stockings, erupt into a soiled panel...

The phone jarred him from his reverie.

"The Cristobal residence."

"Arthur is that you...?"

"Yes," he said in a more reasonable voice.

"Oh, I think I like the other voice better," Yanamari teased.

He was aware of the hardness in his black panties, that from the sound of her voice she was on a speaker phone.

"Did you put on the things I laid out for you, dear-?"

"Yes," he said in a quaking voice.

"What are you doing?"

"Your laundry." He heard voices in the background.

"Did you do something with your hair?"

"Yes."

"I should spank you for cutting it."

"Yanamari, please."

"Did you find the pills, sweetie?"

"Uh-huh. I took them as your note said."

"Good. Some of them you take several times a day. Please don't be forgetful."

"Where are you?"

"In the office. A working lunch."

"I hear voices in the background. You haven't told them how I'm..."
He couldn't finish.

"Of course, dear."

Apprehension gripped his heart in a tight vice. "Please..." "Don't be foolish. This is how you should be, Arthur." "No, I want to be a... man for you."

"That's silly. You'll be much more complete this way. The way you're meant to be."

"But Yanamari I love you."

"And I you, sweetie. Now, I haven't much time. After you finish my delicates you'll find a surprise in the back of my closet inside one of my knee-high boots. The black ones, not the white ones. I'll call you back in about an hour. Will that give you enough time to finish my lingerie?"

Arthur heard tittering in the background, imagined other women there with her, laughing at the conversation. It was so humiliating...yet stimulating too.

"Yes," he choked.

"I'll call you then. I want you on my bed in just your undies, dear. Understand?"

He did.

In the back of the closet inside the boot was a sealed plastic mailing envelop. He took it back to the bed with him, stripped to his stockings, garter belt, camisole and panties, and lay back on Yanamari's bed, waiting for her call.

He waited forever. Several times he looked at the sealed package, tempted to open it but her note on the package forbid it.

Finally about two o'clock the phone rang.

"I'm sorry, Arthur. I'm a little late. You haven't done anything have you?"

"What?" he asked.

"You know, dear. Played with yourself."

"No. Please, I wish you wouldn't talk like that."

"Well, you do play with yourself don't you?" Her voice sounded so reasonable.

"I...must we talk about *that*. What's in the package?"

"Are you hard, sweetie?"

"Yes," he croaked.

"Wearing lingerie?"

"Yes."

"Good. Open the envelope."

He did. Inside was a dark zip lock plastic bag. "I have it." "Open it."

With trembling fingers Arthur opened the bag. A ball of black nylon fell on his chest. At once he smelled the strong odor. "Panties," he said in a shaky voice.

"Yes. Put them to your face, smell them."

"Where are you? Are you alone?"

"In my office. Ann and another lady are here with me...listening to every word. Are you smelling them?"

"Yes. They're different. Your intimate smell but something else, heavier..."

"Yes. My pilot was in town for several days. He's on the transatlantic now. I was wearing those panties when he—"

"No! Don't! I don't want to know," he cried.

"Yes you do, sweetie. Now listen to me!" Her voice became harsh. "Put the crotch over your nose and lips, free that little thingy of yours and touch yourself. *Are you listening?*"

"Yes." Arthur's voice was a twist of anguish and passion. "When you're finished cleaning I want you to go home but you *must* wear the outfit I selected for you. Leave your other clothes in my bedroom. I will dispose of them."

"No, I can't," he pleaded. "I'll be found out."

"Nonsense. If anything betrays you it'll be your short hair. If you want you can wear one of my wigs, if that'll make you feel better?"

"Don't make me do this."

"Shut up you little sissy! Put the phone at your shoulder so your hands will be free. Put those dirty panties over your face and play with that little cockette of yours." He heard a small chuckle, knew it was Yana's assistant, Ann.

"Sweetie, I want you to listen to me and play with yourself. It pleases me to know you're dressed in sexy underwear, laying on my bed, thinking about me and that virile pilot. He's young, muscular, with a nice thick cock. Not a puny thing like what you've got between your legs."

Arthur inhaled the strong odor of Yana's panties and slowly stroked

his cockette.

“We had three glorious days together,” Yana continued. “It had been a while since he’d had any relief and he took me in the foyer. Couldn’t wait. I wrapped my legs around him and he slid his hard cock inside the leg band of the panties you’re sniffing now. Fucked me right there, slamming me against the wall, driving that big hard cock of his into my moist pussy.

“It didn’t take long for either of us to get off. He snagged my stockings, put unsightly runners in them. I saved them to bind you with later. We drank a bottle of champagne, me in those shredded stockings, cum-laced panties and pumps. I sat on his lap and poured bubbly over my breasts. He licked it off and soon his cock was hard again and inside my panties. Damn, he’s a prodigious cumer, filled my pussy again with his thick manly semen. The same panties you’re smelling right now, sweetie. Heavy with our fuck, the smell of it.

“Later, the second day, I took those same panties, stuffed them between my legs after he’d cum inside me the third time. That’s when I thought about you. Those miserable little messages you left on my machine. I told my pilot about you and he laughed. It was a like a little game with us, saving those dirty panties so you could enjoy them...

“You are enjoying them, aren’t you, sweetie?”

Arthur moaned, dangerously close to a climax.

“I wish I was there,” came another voice, “watching him play with himself while he’s sniffing your panties.” others knew about him, what Yana wanted him to be, what she said was natural for him.

“Poke the dirty panel of my panties into your mouth and suck on them, think of my man’s large cock exploding into my pussy, the dregs of his cum leaking into the panties you’re sucking on now. If you’re a good little bitch I might let you see his cock, maybe even play with it...”

Arthur came. He groaned in release. Great spurts of opaque semen blasted from his tortured penis into the air to land on his belly.

“Don’t cum yet you little slut!”

“I’m sorry,” he said between gasps.

“Did you cum? Did you?!”

“Yes,” he whispered, stroking himself as he expelled more cum from his cock.

“You’ll pay for that!” Her voice was steely. “You don’t have a climax unless I say so. Remember that my little freak.”

The line went dead.

Yanamari sipped tea, looked at the two women who sat in her office. Marie Standridge’s cheeks were flushed. It was plain that the conversation she and Ann heard on the speaker phone had excited her. Yana

told Ann what she wanted her to do with Arthur. Marie was intrigued by Yana's plans. It gave her plans of her own for Elena's Perry.

Ann winked at Yana, patted Marie's knee and asked what her plans were for the evening. The two of them could do a cozy dinner at Ann's, relax and see where the evening took them. They looked at Yana, wondered if she'd like to come along, just the three of them at Ann's apartment.

Yana thought it was a wonderful idea.

CHAPTER EIGHT

After returning home Arthur left on the outfit Yanamari had laid out for him at her condo. He had called a cab, was mortified that he'd be discovered but was flattered by the roving eye of the cabdriver who brought him home.

Yanamari called that night, told him to remain *enfemme* at least until morning. She was sending over a couple of people the next day, one of them a real estate agent, the other a friend of his to help him. Help him what, he wanted to know, but Yana wouldn't say. However, she was sure he'd be pleased.

Before hanging up she told him not to touch himself intimately. From now on he was only to pleasure himself at her whim or in her presence, or only with her permission. Did this mean they were going to be together, he asked. She confirmed his hope and dream.

Yanamari would take charge of his life from this point onward.

It made Arthur very happy, despite his apprehension about the radical changes that were in store for him.

"I'm announcing this morning Perry Kerman's promotion as my personal assistant. Since joining our firm his work has improved. Indeed, I am very pleased with Perry," said Marie to the gathered employees.

Perry sat silently, trying to suppress a blush. He was uncomfortable with his stout boss' praise and quite apprehensive. It wasn't all she was going to tell them. Marie had discussed it with him and Elena via a phone conference hook-up earlier that morning. Perry had tried to protest the announcement but Marie and Elena assured him it would be better if the others understood his *changes*.

Marie stood beside his chair, put her hand on his shoulder. "Now I'm sure some of you have noticed certain *changes*. Perry, with his wife's guidance *and* my approval, is exploring his inner self. I think he is very brave to do this. In fact, society would be much better off if more men explored their softer side. As you may well know, all fetuses start out as female. That's why you guys have nipples."

She paused and looked at the several men, one of them smirking. She made a note of this, filed it away for later consideration, thinking there might be other possibilities to explore with this macho type.

"It is not my intention to make a political statement here. It *is* my intention to make sure all of you understand Perry's situation, and, that he receives no harassment for what he is doing...becoming. I hope this is understood. Are there any questions?"

The room was silent.

They were in Marie's office having coffee.

"I know you feel uncomfortable about some of this, Perry. But I want the rest of them to understand you have my approval. If any of them give you a hard time come to me and I'll nip it in the bud. Understand?"

Perry nodded, crossed his legs.

Marie looked at his shoes. Definitely woman's with a low vamp and two inch heels, a purple patent leather color which matched his silk blouse. And it was a blouse. His slacks were tight and disclosed a hint of a panty line. With his legs crossed, one foot now gently swinging, his pantyhose were plainly visible below the cuff of the rather feminine slacks.

"Personally," she said, smiling, "I think skirts may be in order for you."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Perry said, blushing.

"Well, dear, Elena did mention it to me, I think she was asking for my approval. I wholeheartedly agree. You've nice legs and the proper shoes accent them. Your makeup is tasteful but you'd look much better if you used more. Perhaps a little lipstick, too."

Perry seemed helpless to stop his *changes*, and despite his flush wasn't sure he really wanted to stop them. He recrossed his legs, tried to unobtrusively make the growing excitement in his panties a little more comfortable.

The real estate agent was an older woman who seemed to look down her nose at Arthur. She asked several questions about the house as he gave her the tour. She didn't think she'd have any trouble "unloading" it. In less than an hour she was gone.

Ann Liber breezed in about one that afternoon with a fat woman in tow. Both of them carried packages, some of them he noticed were from Bloomingdale's. Arthur was taken by her beauty. She reminded him a little of the movie star Leslie Ann Warren, a much younger version of course. Her coal black hair was worn in a Cher style and she was smartly dressed in a conservative business suit.

Ann wanted to know if he was taking his vitamins as Yana had instructed. Not for the first time Arthur wondered about the pills, asked her about them. She brushed all his questions about the pills aside. To his horror, Arthur learned that the fat woman was a cosmetologist. She was there to make Arthur more presentable.

Arthur balked but Ann came up to him, her impressive breasts brushing his chest, told him all of this was Yanamari Cristobal's orders. If

he had any questions he was to call her. She told him all this point blank with arched eyebrow.

It was a challenge and he acquiesced.

The fat cosmetologist found a suitable chair, opened her case and started working on him immediately. Ann busied herself in the house selecting his wardrobe. All of this was happening so quickly it stunned Arthur.

The fat woman's countenance brooked no objections and Arthur sat passively as she started to work on him. His face came first and he cringed as she plucked his eyebrows. Next she fussed with his hair, trimming a little here and there.

He was quite embarrassed when she led him to the bathroom and drew his bath, adding a concoction of different potions from several bottles from her case. She stood there impatiently as he stripped, then holding one hand, helped him into the bubbly and fragrant water.

The water was hot and she pressed on his shoulders to keep him seated. Rolling up her sleeves she proceeded to bathe him. As if I was a baby, Arthur thought. All of it happening so fast it made his head swim.

During his attended bath Ann came into the bathroom. Unceremoniously she raised her skirt, slid panties down her shapely legs and peed. When Arthur gawked she smiled at him, seemingly unmindful of his hungry blue eyes.

The two women took up the rest of his afternoon. By four the fat woman was finished with him, sat in the parlor smoking, ready to go, her work complete for the time being. That's what she told him, that and his next appointment would be at her salon. She smiled as he squirmed under her stern gaze.

He found himself wrapped in a fluffy towel in his mother's bedroom, Ann at his side. She insisted that he wrap the towel under his arms. It barely concealed his privates and when he glanced in the full length mirror a hint of his round boyish lower buttocks were revealed.

An array of clothes were spread out on the bed. Ann stood, one finger posed along her cheek, looking at the clothes. "I think this is everything, dear."

"I don't understand this business," said an adamant Arthur. Ann looked at him quizzically. "Oh, sweetie, I think you do. I know your dear Mother dressed you. I know about your aunt, too, the things she did to you."

"She wasn't my aunt."

"You look cute when you pout, sweetie."

"Yana had no right telling you about my personal life," he said, looking away from her frank gaze, that slight sardonic smile.

"Now, I think everything here is ready for the *new* you. I can stay

and help you dress if you'd like, hmm?"

"That's not necessary." He looked at the pretty clothes on the bed and pointed, cursed the blood rushing between his legs. "I'm not going to wear any of that."

"Hmm, Yana will be disappointed. She wants you *dressed* by the time she arrives this evening." Ann Liber shrugged as her lush lips broadened in a big smile at the surprise on his face. "But it's up to you, honey. I was in the office listening on the speaker phone yesterday when Yana called you at her apartment. There's not much I don't know."

"Now, if you wish, I'll help you get dressed, fasten your bra, stuff like that."

"That's not necessary."

"I didn't think so. I've been told you know all about how to dress and act like a little sissy."

Arthur wanted to run away and hide from this lovely woman. Things weren't turning out as he planned. This was not the future he had envisioned for him and Yanamari Cristobal, his beloved.

Yana was going to come for him around eight that evening. He was to be ready to go and not keep her waiting. Waiting for what, he wanted to know. Ah, that was a surprise. He was mortified by the implication that he would be going out with Yana enfemme.

Ann came up to him, slipped her arms around his toweled waist. Her lips found his and she sent her tongue inside his mouth. Her hands dropped below the towel and she cupped his round ass cheeks, broke the kiss and said, "You've a nice round ass, dearie. I'm going to love fucking you."

The evening came and went, Arthur trance-like throughout. Yanamari stood beside him in the empty loft apartment. The skyline window would afford much daylight. Bare hardwood floors gleamed with new wax, and he listened as Yana told him how she'd help him decorate.

His new home in the Barrows.

Yanamari assured him he'd love it. The two of them would be together here, their cozy little nest. The apartment was large enough that they could entertain. In no time he'd be settled in. She'd take care of all the details.

Finally Arthur looked at her with his large blues, hands extended outward, palms up. "Like this?"

"Of course, dear," she said blithely. "What's the matter?" "The way I'm dressed," he said, his voice full of apprehension and frustration.

"You look lovely, sweetie. I wish there was a full length mirror. It would reassure you."

"I saw at home in Mother's bedroom mirror."

"Well?"

"I'm not a woman." Arthur looked into her almond shaped eyes.

"Who would know?" she challenged.

"Yanamari," he said hesitantly, "I don't understand." His eyes were downcast, looking past the modest hem of a gray A-line skirt at his feet shod in gray suede two-inch pumps.

"You *do* understand, dear. Don't be coy with me. You must've known this was coming. I've hinted all around it, told you this is how I see you.

Arthur looked up, blue eyes imploring. "But it was a *game*. *Make Believe*."

"No, even as a child it was much more than a game." Yana took his hand, led him over to the large French window. Together they leaned on the sill. "How many men do you know that clean a woman's apartment, hand wash her lingerie, do all those intimate little things?" she said softly.

He didn't speak, let his hand warm in hers.

"It's the way you are, darling. I love you for it. You said you wanted to be with me."

"But not...not like—"

"Hush," Yana whispered." She turned, took his face in her hands. "You've been in some sort of denial my sweet one. Didn't you notice when you dressed how you're beginning to fill out the little bra I picked out for you?"

He avoided her captivating hazel eyes. Her hands felt good on his cheeks. Slowly he nodded.

"And your nipples," she said quietly while holding his face. "They're bigger, thicker, longer. You must've noticed."

"Yes," Arthur croaked.

"Haven't you played with them, dear?"

Arthur nodded as a single tear slid down his pretty face.

"Aren't they much more sensitive?"

"Yes."

"You'll find much pleasure in your young breasts as they get bigger."

He looked into Yana's eyes. "Bigger?"

"Of course, darling."

His chin trembled. Another tear slid down his other rouged cheek.

Yana kissed the tear, found his mouth with hers. It was very sensuous the way their painted lips slid against each other. He felt her arms go around his waist, draw him to her as her tongue invaded his mouth. Reflexively he put his arms around her neck, pressed against her, felt the flat of her stomach just above juncture of his legs, glad that the lump there wasn't pressing into her.

Finally the older woman with the smooth olive complexion broke the kiss, stood away from the feminized man. "You look so pretty. I know you were nervous coming over here. That will pass, baby. The two men we passed in the lobby, did you see then- hungry eyes follow us? Couldn't you *feel* their eyes on our backs?" "I was too nervous," he mumbled, then sniffled.

Later after Yanamari took Arthur home they were in the bedroom. She sat on the vanity stool wearing only garter belt, stockings and pumps. Arthur was cuddled between her protective legs with his back to her, both of them facing the mirror.

What he saw in the mirror were two women in sexy lingerie. The one sitting on the vanity slid her hands under the other's arms, cupped the kneeling girl's breasts through her bra, tugged gently on the nipples, lips at the younger one's ear.

"Each day, morning and night I want you to massage your breasts. Not for stimulation so much but to exercise them. Try pulling the fatty tissue to the front. It will help increase mass. Then extend your arms in front of you at breast level, hands pressed together. Press your palms and release. Do this 50 to 100 times each morning. This will develop the breasts outer muscle and give you that circular shape."

Yana felt him shiver in her caress. "Are you excited?" she asked quietly.

Arthur nodded, flexed his legs on the brittleness hidden in his panties and trapped at the top of his smooth hairless thighs. He looked in the mirror and blinked but the image didn't go away. It wasn't a dream. It was a girl looking back at him, legs folded under her rump, clad in bra, panties and thigh-high stockings, the woman behind her playing with her small breasts, tweaking the nipples, gently tugging on soft flesh...making her leak into her pretty panties.

He felt the heat of Yana's sex against his back, turned his head up to hers. Their lips softly touched and he waited as she fed him her tongue. He licked and gently sucked on her pink taper as his body trembled from goose bumps.

"I want to kiss you there," he whispered, pressing back between her legs.

"Yes, I need it. Do it through my panties, dear. Blow on them, get them wet, let your mouth linger over the panel of my panties. Know that day old taste. Crave it..."

He turned in the quiet bedroom, kissed her warm thighs, left a trail of kisses, marked by red lipstick to the softness of her inner thighs. Her womanly odor was strong, almost pervasive.

Yana held the back of his head, his face fast between her legs. She scooted to the edge of the vanity stool and squeezed her legs on his face.

Arthur blew hot breath on the panel of her panties as she held him fast. His lips kissed her cherished place and he felt *her* lips. His tongue laved the nylon panel and he heard her tell him to suck, suck hard on her panties, make them wet, make her cum.

He nursed on her panty covered sex for a long time while she hummed and crooned to him, told him what a good girl he was and how happy he'd be as her lesbian lover, as her sex slave.

The words flowed over him like slick forbidden elixir. He caressed her slick legs in clinging stockings, wanted to please this older woman, wanted to be *everything* she wanted him to be. He was aware of his hard, elongated nipples in his little bra. Already his breasts were soft, swollen like a young girl with new hormones surging through her system.

He sucked her through her musky panties and felt the wetness in his own. He squeezed his legs on his thingy, wanted to touch it, wanted to fill the slick panties in release.

"Oh, my, sweetie," Yanamari whimpered, "I'm going to cum. Can you feel me hum against your adoring mouth, can you feel it...?"

Arthur tried to nod but she held him so fast against her vibrating nether lips. His face was on fire there at the apex of her womanhood. She shuddered against his mouth and he renewed his effort, licked and sucked, felt her squeeze his pretty head in the vice of her long stocking legs.

Yanamari petted his head, finally sighed and pulled him to his knees, kissed his mouth while her hands found the hardness, the leaking moistness in his panties. She whispered for him to cup his breasts through his bra, tweak the nipples.

Her hands caressed him in a most intimate way and too soon he climaxed in his panties, shooting forth great geysers of opaque semen. She massaged his thingy through the now wet panties until he moaned in surrender and collapsed at her feet.

CHAPTER NINE

Perry had little choice in the manner of his dress, or in the direction his life was taking. Each day Elena selected his clothes, and with each passing day the garments became more feminine. He was taking herbal medication to enhance his development.

They had a terrible row about the pills but Elena was adamant. It could be worse, she might have insisted a daily regimen of female hormones, complete with shots and regular visits to a gynecologist or other doctors who

specialized in transgender patients.

He had been on the pills now for about three months and the results were striking. He took Evanesce and Feminol three and two times a day. It seemed Elena was always introducing new “vitamins” for him to take. She supplemented his daily diet with Black Cohosh and Saw Palmetto, the latter to help suppress testosterone levels.

When he objected Elena threatened him with chemical hormones, radical measures with doctored supervision, the results of which would emasculate him and depreciate his sexual drive. As it was now, his sexuality was still intact.

What was so striking was the sensitivity of his new breasts and nipples. It was bad enough that he was wearing a bra almost constantly, filling it nicely to a B cup. His nipples tingled and were engorged at odd times. They were thicker, longer, the aureole wider and bumpy, the color a darker brown. When wearing slick lingerie the sensation was thrilling, having his hard womanly nipples caress the slinky fabric.

It was everything Perry could do to not touch them. But sometimes he just *had* to touch them. It felt s-o-o good. At odd times when he was alone he found himself absently caressing his breasts and nipples.

At home Elena never missed the opportunity to cup his young breasts, tweak the nipples and check the hardness in his panties. He was leaking there, too, sporadic emissions, a slipperiness that warmed his thighs, made him glow.

Today was a milestone of sorts, his first day at work in a skirt. A conservative knee-length navy skirt with side zipper. Not overly tight but it did emphasize his plump buttocks. Hazy blue pantyhose and sensible low-heeled shoes, his hair parted in the middle and a single large curl about his shoulders.

Elena made him wear some makeup. Pale lipstick barely discernible and cheeks lightly rouged. His eyebrows were arched and she conceded the absence of mascara and eyeshadow, but he knew it would be just a matter of time. His nails were longer and shone with a clear lacquer.

There was no doubt Perry was out of the closet, reluctantly for sure, but seemingly helpless to reverse his feminine transition.

He knew his coworkers were talking behind his back, some of them making fun, but what was he to do? Marie announced to her staff that she'd brook no harassment. Nonetheless it didn't stop the smirks, the smug looks from *real* women.

Too, there were a few who seemed sensitive to his transition. A couple of women invited him to lunch, encouraged him to display his new image publicly. Perry thought he was too public already. He was tempted to go with them, knew it'd be just a matter of time before he was considered one of the girls. One of the male staff in particular, Henry in accounting, seemed to find more reasons to go to Perry about different clients. Yesterday he complimented Perry on his hair. Today it had been his skirt; it really

looked good on him.

The man was flirting with him!

Though ill at ease, Perry liked the attention, wondered about Henry, pictured the two of them...

No! he wouldn't go there!

At home Elena made him perform cunnilingus for extended periods. He couldn't remember the last time he had actually penetrated her. When he brought it up she'd look at him oddly, then smile and say, "No sweetie. Those days are over for you. It just doesn't fit the new you."

When he needed release she made him beg her for it. Often this resulted in her masturbating him in her soiled panties while he knelt between her legs. Elena insisted he fondle his breasts and she'd whisper sexual scenarios to him while slowly jacking his cock. Sometimes her fantasies involved two women with Perry in attendance, but on other occasions when she was full of wickedness she'd tell him about making him perform with her male lover while she watched.

Despite her impious narrative Perry would soon be lost in these fantasies. All too often he would ejaculate quickly, filling her slick panties with semen. Depending on his wife's mood, she would either push the panties into his mouth, make him suck them clean while she stood and berated him. Or, she would carefully fold the panties, seal them in a plastic bag and pop them in the freezer, then at bedtime nuke them in the microwave and gag him with them.

Increasingly Elena used her strap-on dildo on her feminized hubby. She loved to have him on his back with his legs over her shoulders while she fucked him with it. The base of the battery- pack dildo vibrated against her clitoris, felt warm and hard in his anus. She almost always climaxed and would bring him off with her hands while he fondled his growing breasts.

That afternoon Perry was not so shocked to be treated like a woman by a new salesman. Marie introduced Lyle and Perry blushed under the slender man's roving eyes and attention. Marie was pleased, later told Perry that Lyle was interested, suggested that the three of them do a late lunch. Perry wanted no part of it but his boss insisted.

The three of them sat in a cozy booth sharing a carafe of wine with salmon sandwiches and a scrumptious crab salad. Perry felt trapped sitting between the two of them, tried to modulate his voice in a feminine manner, thought it convincing enough. The salesman made no mention of his voice and after the second glass of wine Perry relaxed a little.

They discussed business, Perry trying in vain to follow the conversation, only too aware of the guy's eyes on her bosom, the brief glimpse of modest cleavage revealed down the front of her button-front blouse. It was strange, he actually felt flattered.

He found himself posturing, leaning toward him so he might see a little more of her young breasts in the pushup bra.

It struck Perry suddenly that he was flirting with the guy. The realization made him blush.

He was very much aware of his skirt cutting across his thighs, the sensuousness of the pantyhose caressing his smooth slender legs. And inside his bra his nipples had come alive, were tingling, causing his tucked "clitty" to come awake and fill the panel of his reinforced panty girdle.

Marie had introduced Perry as Petra, her newly appointed assistant.

"Petra" visibly jumped when Marie put her hand on her knee under the table. The salesman gave her a quizzical look and Petra explained it as a sudden chill. Marie didn't remove her hand but continued to slowly rub Petra's stocking knee.

She's doing this to help me relax, thought Perry, only to discover Marie's roaming hand under her skirt on her thigh, her palm warm. Petra squirmed but let Marie's hand freely roam along her legs, creeping ever upward where her clitty was now throbbing uncomfortably in the tight spandex panty girdle.

Over her glass of wine Marie looked directly into Petra's pretty browns as her fingers probed between Petra's tightly crossed legs. She's coming on to me, thought Perry. Right here in this booth, me trapped between her and the tall handsome salesman.

And then Marie's hand was gone, leaving Petra's skirt askew high on her thighs.

She jumped *again* when the salesman gave her a smile and patted her knee under the table.

She wanted to bolt from the booth and run for dear life...but it did feel kind of good, almost naughty. That's how she thought of it; naughty.

Petra drank more wine, aware that her underarms were leaking like drippy faucets.

Finally the late lunch ended. Petra breathed a sigh of relief but part of her had wanted to linger in the booth between the two of them. Their hands felt good on her smooth slinky legs, had made her nips come alive inside her bra.

She would play with them tonight in the shower and think about Marie's warm and moist palm and his...

Elena Kerman became aware of the Cytherea Coterie by happenstance. A new client, Chloe Sternman, came into her office one breezy spring day. She had been recommended by one of Elena's client's, a rich dowager who had made a killing on Microsoft at Elena's strong suggestions, something to round out the old bat's portfolio, this when Microsoft was a fledgling outfit.

Chloe Sternman had the tall lanky body of a model, was beginning to acquire the age lines of one who had spent too much time in sunny climes. Indeed, she had just returned from a six month stint at her winter digs in

Barbados.

Chloe was one of those beautiful women born to wealth. Besides being recommended, the reason she came to Elena's brokerage were the too many foolish mistakes made by her previous broker. The guy had lost a fortune on risky ventures in infant tech companies, most of which faded fast or were put out of business by older established technology companies.

At once Elena felt a kinship with the tall tanned woman. It was through Chloe that Elena learned about the coterie, from what the organization had evolved, what it represented today.

After several visits Chloe made a pass at the younger athletically built broker. Elena was only too happy to have Chloe go down on her. For several weeks they enjoyed a wicked tryst. At Chloe's estate she met her mate, a completely feminized male who satisfied Chloe's every kinky whim.

The Cytherea Coterie traced its roots back to the turn of the century and women's suffrage. That from the beginning, its ranks contained a significant number of lesbians was no accident. Back then women needed men, these same men who largely dominated society and established its dictates.

It was a loose coalition of like-minded women at first. By today's standards these early feminists would hardly raise an eyebrow. However, that quickly changed over the years. It was taught by a select few of the coterie's hierarchy that men were vastly inferior to women, that for centuries the dictates of a male dominated society were at cross purposes to a real, more orderly society; a society run by and for the benefit of women.

Over the years the Cytherea Coterie honed its beliefs and practices. It didn't take its present name until the late eighties. The biggest changes in male training were established in the early fifties, a time when discipline was still in vogue.

These early pioneers recognized the subtle influence that women have exerted over men for centuries. It was their wish to bring this influence to fruition, put it on the front burner and make men recognize their inherent subservient role to women.

In the eighties Female Supremacy became a byword in the quickly changing society. But all of this started much earlier. In the coterie's case a plan was established whereby inferior males were molded into the image and mind-set of the women whom they served.

Early on these pioneering women recognized man's different physical and psychological traits, separated their men into two basic groups: The first group, those men who might be cast in a pleasing effeminate image were made slave to femininity, and the second group; those males who because of their overtly masculine physical traits, would be trained as vassals to serve at their mistresses whims.

Consequently, in the early fifties, women who were *in the know* reared their male children to respect and serve women. Many male children with the correct physical attributes were petticoated at an early age, taught

refinement and feminine deportment. This was not an easy task since truancy laws were largely enforced in the disciplined fifties.

Some of the members opted for select private schools where teachers were sensitive to parent wishes and directives. Many of these households were absent of a strong male father figure. Those fathers who weren't, soon learned the ways of the coterie, found comfort and satisfaction attending their feminist mates.

These assertive women kept track of their combined progress, held meetings and discussed these pampered and panty-clad males. Communal spankings became commonplace, and at every opportunity the sexual psyche of their young charges were reinforced with feminine values and the superiority of all women.



Male children who didn't pass easily into attractive femininity were trained and disciplined at their mother's knee. While they couldn't realistically emulate women they were instilled with an overriding sense to serve women in all aspects of the coterie's society.

Unbeknownst to Perry, his training was planned and formulated, set into irreversible motion, about the time that his athletically built wife with the Denise Austin body, met Chloe Sternman and learned about the Cytherea Coterie.

So it was no surprise to anyone, after Ann Liber and Marie Standridge shared several intimate moments, and Ann learned of Elena and her sweet Perry, that the three of them met socially with Yanamari Cristobal, head of Cristobal Enterprises.

It was for their own common good and the good of their male underlings.

And thus....Arthur became Ashley.

CHAPTER TEN

"You can imagine my surprise when Chloe Sternman brought me here for lunch and told me all about the Cytherea Coterie," said Elena, glancing at the svelte Yanamari. "Isn't this smoking room neat?"

Marie Standridge had to agree, although she wasn't as crazy about smoking cigars as the other three. "Won't find Rush Limbaugh here, heh?"

"And this," said Yana, waving a hand at the room, "is the coterie's private club?"

Elena nodded. "Yes, the Cypris Club was founded in the early eighties, and of course is a woman only membership. Men are here infrequently as guests. Have you noticed that the staff is all male?"

"I've seen a few women waitresses," said Ann Liber, appraising Elena's well defined body fetchingly revealed in a purple spandex jumpsuit.

Elena chuckled, expertly blew smoke rings and stabbed them with a *Viajante* Giant, a Joya De Nicaragua cigar, as they floated in the smoky air. "I thought the same thing when I first came here. Ann, you should check under their petticoats and inside their frilly maid's panties. I don't think you'll be all that surprised."

Marie glanced at one of the waitresses serving tea to a table of four women on the other side of the room. Under her satin skirt she wore a crinoline slip, back seam stockings complimenting shapely legs, feet shod in five inch pumps. Skeptically she wondered, wanted to check under "her" skirt, see for herself.

Thinking about it got her juices flowing. And not for the first time, she thought of Perry, her feminized assistant, wondered what Elena would

think if she knew about the designs she had on Elena's fern hubby.

Yanamari sipped sherry, said, "And your husband, he hasn't minded being feminized?"

"I hardly think of her as my husband anymore," said Elena with a bright smile. "Of course she was very reluctant at first. Chloe's wise advice came to my rescue. Mind you, Perry/Petra had

a submissive streak in him from the beginning. That's why I chose to marry him. The poor dear didn't have a clue. His underlying devotion needed cultivation and I nurtured him, actually seduced him with my femininity, kind of made him a subservient mirrored image."

"I was so pleased to discover Elena was feminizing him," said Marie, putting her cigar in the ashtray. "I really encouraged it, warned my staff they must accept Perry's *changes*. It worked beautifully. He was so embarrassed that first day he showed up for work in a skirt. Now he's just *one of the girls*

"And your Arthur, how is it coming with him?" Elena asked Yanamari.

"Good. He was born to it. It strikes me that his mother raised him in the art of feminine deportment, encouraged his softer side, and all the while the Cytherea Coterie was right here under our noses and we didn't have a clue. Isn't that ironic?"

"Tell me more about this covenant," said Marie, leaning back in an armchair, trying to avoid a blue cloud of cigar smoke.

"Single mothers began to raise what they considered their passable sons into femininity. Many of these matriarchs kept in touch, and when their sons reached early maturity they were often matched with girls who were raised in similar households. These superior girls were taught the benefits of female assertiveness and how to cultivate the submissive male's drive to serve in a feminist environment. The joys and advantages of administering to petticoated and punished young men were immeasurable.

"Over time it was considered ideal to make passable boys into their superior's image. That old saw: "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" holds true. Now there were setbacks, especially when such a lovely androgynous boy developed too many manly traits. Sometimes these strapping specimens fell into despondency when they outgrew their feminine characteristics. Some of these young men never recovered.

"Another aspect of male feminization, according to Chloe Sternman, is the transgender male who wants a sex change, to be made completely into a female, which includes a vagina and obliterates all vestiges of his former male self.

"More and more sex conversions are performed today largely because of society's push to feminize men. That male feminization came to prominence in the nineties is a given, often lamented by cultural Neanderthals who wish to go back to the old ways.

“Organizations like the Cytherea Coterie have quietly worked in the background for years to further woman’s suffrage, put *her* where she belongs and *him* at her feet, where he ultimately belongs, where he will enjoy a more fulfilling life serving the superior sex.”

“Sounds like you got it chapter and verse from this Chloe Sternman,” said Ann, drawing on a seven inch Churchill, an illegal Cuban cigar made by Hoyo De Monterrey.

“Where is this Chloe Sternman?” said Yanamari, fixing Elena with her striking hazel eyes.

“Oh, she’s still around. Since winter’s on the way she probably is off to her winter home in Barbados. The girl was born licking the proverbial golden spoon.”

“Did she ever marry?”

“Uh-huh. Her husband was brought up in a strong feminine environment, his mother part of the coterie. At the appropriate time he was introduced to Chloe, came to serve her. She wasted no time in feminizing him further.”

“Are they still married?” Marie asked.

“No, her hubby was one of those that wanted to go all the way with the sex change thing. It seems at one time Chloe was a professional dominatrix. She didn’t need the money and did it for the fun of it. This, I think, to see if the precepts of the Cytherea Coterie really worked. Her husband served as her personal she- male slave and often would perform with men in Chloe’s presence. She insisted upon it.

“It grows on them. That’s what Chloe told me. After some years she took her she-male husband to Vegas put him in *La Cage*. He came to her one day, told her he wanted the sex change and she arranged it. Today he is a woman, lives in LA with a guy. I understand they’ll marry soon.”

Elena looked at the three women who sat at the low round table with her. She laughed and sucked on her *Viajante* Giant. “A fairy tale come true.”

Ann leaned into the table, lowered her voice. “You chicks are sick, feminizing your men.” She looked at her lap with arched eyebrow, raised her skirt higher on her sleek legs. “I got the real thing right here. You’re all crotch cannibals.”

Elena looked at Ann, knew Yanamari’s buyer had been appraising her. Maybe she’d invite Ann home with her. The two of them could play with Petra.

“Not all of them, Ann. Some of these trained boys don’t convert easily to femininity. If there’s one thing the coterie can’t stand, it’s an unconvincing drag queen. Male slaves were made to serve in different ways, do the harder work. Often they are rewarded at a coterie gathering. The women will watch and berate the femmes, have them service male slaves. It’s their reward for subservience. And let’s face it, girls, sometimes you just have to have a hard pulsing cock filling your pussy.”

A waitress came up, emptied the ashtrays, inquired after their comfort. Marie caught her eye, glanced at her substantial cleavage as the petite young thing bent low over the table. The girl blushed in Marie's frank appraisal. Later that evening Marie would corner the waitress in the ladies and discover for herself the little clitty safely tucked up her satin panties.

Elena petted the girl's flank. "Dear, bring us three membership applications. I think these women are ready to join our exclusive club."

Perry/Petra knew this night was coming. Elena had hinted of it for weeks, teased and tormented "her" about it. Over the past several weeks Perry had disappeared, vanished like an ethereal being. Few of "his" clothes remained in the bedroom.

Petra's breasts had blossomed to attractive feminine proportions. Her hips and buttocks were filling out, too. Her dismay at her transition was contrived. Secretly she was thrilled with her larger nipples and full breasts, now almost filling a C cup. She thought Elena saw through her contrivance but wasn't sure.

Petra's voice and mannerisms were no longer contrived. Elena had borrowed from the coterie a training manual. It was used to teach neophyte models the tricks of the trade. Her deportment came second nature to her, all of this at the hands of Elena and "her" understanding boss, Marie Standridge.

The humiliation and subjugation she received from Elena was something she was getting used to. Unbeknownst to the pretty tranny, Elena's domination was planned and calculated, that thanks to her intimate friendship with Chloe Sternman and the Cytherea Coterie.

Humiliation, subjugation, and feminization were tools used to control and administer to lowly males, part of the coterie's established creed for men.

As had her breasts, Petra's wardrobe grew immensely. Shopping trips with Elena, and more often than not, Marie, were almost routine. Few of the clerks who waited upon them clocked "her" anymore. Only when Elena or Marie let it slip was his true gender revealed.

The reactions from the various clerks went from surprise and reproach, to acceptance and debasement. In either case Petra was ill at ease, but when a clerk or clerks went along with his wife and employer, joined in, teased and degraded him, he became secretly aroused.

It was no surprise to Petra when Elena hinted of a possible liaison with one of her clients. Since Petra could no longer sexually satisfy her as a man she felt the need to cultivate a male lover, someone who could satisfy her thirst for conventional sex.

Petra tried but Elena would have none of it. She would stand next to him and hold his "little clitty," tell him *that* was useless to her now. No, what Elena needed was a *real* man. To that end she started a flirtation with one of her new male clients. Not just any male client but a young beefy professional wrestler who showcased his barbarous talents on cable

television.

He came to Elena wanting to invest some of his earnings.

Elena delighted in making Petra watch the matches with her. Usually the two of them would cuddle on the couch in sexy lingerie, Elena petting, stroking Petra, whispering about Rod, what he was going to do to her.

Petra's objections to her wife's proposed trysts with Rod were met with a stern and defiant stare.

One Tuesday while watching wrestling Elena had petted Petra rather vigorously, rubbing her little sissy stick through her silky pink panties. Rod was in the ring, grappling with an opponent when the camera zoomed in, captured his bulging sex outlined in skimpy tight trunks.

"It makes my mouth water," said Elena, slowly stroking Petra. "I wish you could see it, dear. It's not so long but nice and thick with a big red head, the kind of cock that makes a woman moan in ecstasy when deep inside her." She cupped one of Petra's breasts, rolled her turgid nipple between thumb and forefinger. "If only you could hold it, feel its power, then maybe you'd appreciate it."

Petra's pretty brown eyes never left the TV screen as she came in her panties, filled them with jets of thick she-male semen.

"My, my, sweetie," scolded Elena. "You climaxed. Aren't you the little slut?"

So it was no surprise when Elena announced to Petra that this Friday they'd be entertaining a guest. Petra was to be on her best behavior. But when she heard the guest would be none other than Rambling Rod, the wrestler, she balked, told Elena she'd be bringing her beefcake to an empty house.

Petra might not be able to stop her wife's philandering but she wouldn't be a part of it.

Elena laughed. She'd already picked out Petra's outfit. Rod knew about Elena's little bisexual friend, was looking forward to meeting "her."

"You better be convincing, too," added Elena. "What do you think that muscle bound hunk would do to you if he discovered your *real* identity?"

To Petra's utter trepidation Elena had told Marie all about it.

Now here they were, the three of them in the bedroom, Petra acutely nervous at the lustful glances she received from Rambling Rod, the larger than life wrestler. And no wonder he was leering. She was dressed like a slut.

Petra had cried when she saw the outfit Elena had picked out for her. An outfit all in black, complete with a waist cincher with back eye hooks. Elena had helped her into it. She could hardly breath but it did narrow her waist, give her a more alluring hourglass figure. Too, her hips

were fleshier, like her buttocks, more womanly. She needed no padding for the silky pushup bra, and was secretly delighted the way the cups caressed her large womanly nipples.

This night she stepped into a substantial panty girdle specially designed for transgendered males. Her sissy stick was held securely between her legs by three small velcro ties. She was to use the old ruse about being on her period if Rambling Rod got carried away and wanted to fuck her. Elena smiled at Petra's obvious discomfort as she told him.

The black latex skirt was sinfully short and displayed Petra's slender leg to full advantage. On her legs she wore nude-to-the-waist, back seam pantyhose instead of stockings and a garter belt, the pantyhose a concession making it a little more difficult for Petra's true identity to be revealed.

The six inch, open-toe sandals were a bit tricky at first. Elena had made her practice in them all evening, making sure her feminine charge took small steps and put one foot directly in front of the other.

Her makeup was whorish but Elena had insisted. Petra must play the part of his wife's bisexual sex slave.

"I'm just going to watch, right?" said Petra in her convincing female voice.

"We'll see, sweetie. However, if you don't do as I say, I'll expose you for the fraud you are. I don't know how Rod would handle that. It could put us both in jeopardy. I want to tell him the truth about you but first I gotta give him a taste of this," Elena said, rubbing herself between the legs.

Elena was dressed for the kill. She wore stiletto heels and a black nylon and Lycra bodysuit that clung to her like a second skin. She wore no underwear underneath the sexy garment, which had snaps at the crotch for easy access.

Elena sent Petra to answer the door. He was more imposing in person than on television and Rambling Rod mistook the tranny's sharp intake of breath for feminine approval. Petra led him into the living room where Elena sat on the couch.

Immediately Rod took her in his arms, kissed her deeply while Petra stood and watched. She was surprised that no jealousy bubbled to the surface. Instead she felt a glow in her stomach and a certain tingling in her nipples, her sissy stick nudging its velcro imprisonment.

Petra went to the kitchen for champagne. When she returned Elena had her hand in Rod's lap massaging his sausage. Rod kept glancing at Petra, and with some trepidation she wondered if the large muscular wrestler had clocked her.

The evening passed quickly as did a second bottle of bubbly.

Elena led the trio to the bedroom where she reclined on the bed and rubbed her bald pussy through the black mesh bodysuit. With a small sardonic grin she told Petra to undress Rod, this so her little lezzie slave would appreciate their coupling.

Petra hesitated. Rod stood there, looking at her, hands on wide hips.

“You know Rod, Petra has a secret.”

Petra couldn't believe it. She was going to tell, put them in harm's way. There was no way the two of them could handle this manly physical specimen.

“Oh, yeah, what's that?” Rod said with a leer, hungry eyes devouring Petra in her sexy outfit.

Elena didn't answer him right away, looked pointedly at

Petra.

Petra moved forward on stilted legs. “Let me help you with your clothes.”

Rod stood passively while Petra reached up and unbuttoned his shirt.

Suddenly the wrestler wrapped his thick arms around Petra, pulled the shocked tranny against his manly body, kissed her full on the lips. Petra struggled but to no avail. She was helpless in his vice-like grip and meekly accepted his probing tongue in her mouth.

Finally Rod let her up for air. Petra was amazed by his slab pecs, the wide hairy chest. He looked at his tiny nipples, remembered when his were about that small. She felt an overpowering urge to kiss them, suck on them, couldn't explain it and blushed like a bashful virgin.

Petra's hands, set off by long red fingernails which were real, flitted over Rod's chest. She was aware of his cologne, had worn the same brand in another life. She was also aware of his animal scent. It made her nostrils flare and she was thankful for the panty girdle and its built-in restrictions.

Petra's hands unbuckled his belt, unsnapped his pants. She glanced at Elena reclining on the bed, petting her pussy, received a nod and a stern look. She went to her knees in front of the impressive hunk to help him out of his trousers.

“So what's this sweet thing's secret?” Rod wanted to know.

Elena's chuckle sent a shiver down Petra's back. “She prefers pussy but she has a penchant for nice cocks. She likes to suck them.”

Petra's hands froze midway down his zipper. Her fingertips had grazed his tool. She knew he was looking down at her.

“All of his clothes, sweetie,” said Elena derisively. “I want my man naked.”

No, this wasn't happening, Perry thought. His heart rose in his throat and he was aware of its wild beat.

Too soon Rod was naked, standing over her, his half hard penis pointing at her face.

"It's okay, you can play with it, sweetie. I want it real hard," came Elena's mocking voice.

Petra's hand rested lightly on Rod's slab-like thighs, his reality right in her face. The smell was strongly male here and it stirred her, made her nipples hard as bullets in her pushup bra. Slowly her hands cuddled the shaft, fingertips tracing the strong vein. It bobbed and Petra pulled her hands away, thought her heart might burst from the wild beating.

"Did it scare you, baby?" said Rod.

It flexed, the large blunt tip brushed her cheek.

"Play with it, sweetie. You've yet to see it to full dimension."

Petra glanced at Elena, soft brown eyes pleading for mercy.

It was like he imagined an out of body experience might be. His hands went around the thick shaft, slowly pulling on it, marveling at its soft texture, feeling it grow harder. False eyelashes batted as he noted the large balls within the sac that was covered with fine downy hair.

"Kiss it," hissed Elena. She propped herself up on one elbow, looked on intently. "Damn, I'm creaming," she whispered. "This is better than I expected."

It was like he was hovering near the ceiling, watching it all transpire. He tugged on the shaft, saw a tiny pearl of seminal fluid gather at the slit.

Petra kissed the warm helmet, licked the drop with her tongue. She shuddered in debasement but couldn't deny the sexual electricity pulsing in her nipples and panties.

"Take it in your mouth," Elena commanded.

Petra closed her eyes and took the smooth head all the way to the corona into her wet mouth. A violent tremor racked her sensitized body and she squeezed her thighs on the awakening betrayal. Her tongue swirled around the tip of the manmeat and she gave it a few tentative sucks.

"Yes, baby, suck my cock."

Her hands stroked the thick shaft and she took more of him into her mouth. It wasn't that *much* different than sucking on Elena's strap-on, only this *real* cock was more pliable...and pulsed, filling her mouth with its masculine recklessness.

Suddenly Elena was beside her, cupping her breasts, licking her ear, whispering encouragement. "You *really* do like it! You know how, take more of it, sweetie. Show Rod what an accomplished cocksucker you are."

The words were meant to humiliate and Petra knew it. It heightened the wicked pleasure of it. She kept her eyes closed and took more of his hard penis inside her mouth, earnestly sucking on it, her lips stretched around its sizable girth. Seminal fluid leaked in her mouth, sent a pervasive thrill

coursing through her feminized body.

Get it over with. Make him cum and be done with it. His hands moved faster along the hard shaft. He sucked harder, moving his mouth on the manmeat. His stomach roiled but he wanted it...

At the last moment Elena pushed her feminized husband away, sent him sprawling, legs askew, skirt riding up revealing his panties.

“Fuck me, damnit! Fuck me now!”

Elena pulled on Rod's cock, pulled him down on top of her, the two of them on the floor beside a bewildered Petra.

Fascinated, Petra watched Rod rip away Elena's crotch piece, not bothering with the snaps. His cock was soon inside her and Elena beat his chest, commanded him to fuck her, fill her with his seed. She put her legs over his shoulders and tugged on his little pebble nipples.

Petra cupped her breasts and fingered her turgid nipples. She wanted to release her sissy stick and stroke it. She moved closer, the fuck smell stronger now, filling her nostrils with its distinct scent, making her hot.

The taste of his leaking seminal fluid lingered in her mouth and she felt cheated, couldn't explain her tortured desire to have him complete himself while she sucked him.

Spurred by Petra's fellatio it was over too soon for Rod. He bucked into Elena, filling her with his thick cock, pumping semen deep inside her womanly vessel. Elena knew he was coming, beat his chest furiously, screamed at him to wait.

It was no use. His hose was spurting forth its great bounty.

Petra smelled it, gazed with wonder as the huge man withdrew. A milky ring of their combined fluids was around the base of his penis, a penis which quickly wilted, shone with a film of cum and vaginal juices.

Elena looked hard at Petra. “Get over here bitch and lick me, make me cum and clean up his mess while you're at it.”

Rod leaned against the bed, huffing and puffing, his glistening deflated cock resting along one powerful thigh.

Petra eyes were misty as she looked between Elena's spread legs. Milky semen oozed from her pink and slightly parted labia. A thrill sent a shiver along her forearms as she snuggled her head between her wife's legs and licked a smear of man cum from high inside her thigh.

Elena held Petra's head as the helpless tranny licked cum from her vagina.

It was strong and thick and abundant. In her panty girdle her sissy stick was threatening to burst free from the tiny velcro ties which held it tucked securely between her legs. Her tongue darted inside Elena's steamy pussy in search of a decadent cocktail.

Petra licked and sucked all of Rod's manly cum from his wife's pussy before he finally settled his lips and tongue around Elena's clitoris and nursed it to orgasm.

Elena insisted that Petra lick Rod clean, too. She sat back, lit a small cigar and watched as her feminized hubby licked and sucked on Rod's cock. She did such a good job that Rod came back to life, was soon face fucking the hapless transsexual.

Petra was rewarded with a warm spurt of cum. It was smaller by far than what she'd sucked from Elena's pussy, its texture not as thick but it still pleased her.

Petra held the spurting cock, swallowed the runny load of Rod's essence and climaxed in her panties.

The tryst continued into the night. Petra found herself in bed, the strapping Rod between them. Elena was insatiable and poor Rod had to be coaxed to readiness. It was Elena's idea that the two of them lick his phallus to rigidity. Their tongues licked his shaft until it shone with their combined saliva. Elena pushed Petra's face to his downy balls and the excited transsexual licked them, gently sucked each side of his sac into her mouth.

Wife and feminized husband licked and sucked Rod for some time, then Elena hovered over him and swallowed his tool deep inside her pink grotto. She wanted Petra's face close to the action and Petra crawled between his spread legs while Elena rode him. In this position Elena told Petra to lick her juices from his shaft as she slowly rode up and down on him.

It was in this position, when Rod again squirted his virile seed into Elena's clinging pussy, that Petra used her tongue on the underside of his shaft as gooey cum and female secretions leaked down his cock, the tip of it still inside Elena's vagina.

The three of them slept. In the morning Elena was too sore to take anymore of Rod's manhood in her pussy. Instead she directed Petra to her knees while Rod sat naked on the bed. Elena sat passively at her vanity, legs crossed, watching as Petra fellated the impressive wrestler.

Petra learned that morning what it was to deep throat a nice fat cock.

When Rod finally left, Elena had Petra kneel between her legs as she masturbated him, told him that it was just a matter of time before Rod knew the real deal, and didn't her little she-male slut want that big cock in her tight little she-male pussy?

Hmm, didn't she...?

Petra's eyes glazed when she shot into the warm silky panties Elena had worn the night before. As usual Elena stuffed the wet soiled panties in his mouth, then sent him off to fix her breakfast.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Arthur didn't like Ann Liber. It wasn't so much that at this moment he was kneeling behind her, licking her anus. That wasn't it. He felt neglected and was jealous of Ann. The woman saw his beloved every day and since moving into the studio apartment Arthur had seen Yanamari only once, when she brought him here to his new home.

Ann knelt on the bed, her hands pulling her round butt checks apart, needling Arthur to get his face in her crack. She'd been in a confining girdle all day, had shown him the string depending from her bald pussy where a tampon was lodged.

Having her period, she told him. Yet, she needed to get off and Arthur had to do it, bring the bitch to an anal climax.

Her private scent was strong and as he knelt before her his nose wrinkled. For that Ann slapped his face, called him a cocksuckjng slut, told him if he knew what was good for him he better bring her off. She needed it.

Saliva dripped from the corners of his painted lips as his tongue wormed its way into her funky narrow canal. He thought she'd never cum and he tried his best to get her off. If he didn't he'd get a spanking from her. Just like his mother had often spanked him.

Ann figured he liked it.

Arthur kept his cute red lips sealed, cast her a defiant look and received a smirk in return. This woman wasn't anything like Yanamari Cristobal. Arthur didn't know what his mistress saw in such a spoiled brat. He wondered too why Ann was the one in charge of his transition.

Why couldn't Yana do it?

Ann laughed in his face. Yana was too busy going out with real men.

Finally he felt Ann's tiny shivers, her sphincter contract around his tongue. She pushed her buttocks against his face almost toppling him over. He held her thighs to steady himself and keep his face buried in her ass cheeks.

Ann pulled away from the kneeling transvestite and curled up on his bed.

Later he told her he wanted to move. He didn't like living in the Barrows. It was too dangerous, a rough neighborhood. Ann looked at him, said this is where freaks like him belonged. But she did warn him off of going out at night, lest he be taken by some of the rough trade that lived nearby.

When would he see Yanamari?



Ann didn't know or wouldn't tell him.

She wanted to know, living here all alone, if he'd been **playing** with himself. Of course not, he lied. The bitch saw through his lie, said if he was a good girl she'd bring him off. Would he like that? Arthur shyly nodded.

Before she left she had him suckle on her breasts while she stroked him, captured his ejaculate in her hand and smeared it over his face. She wouldn't let him wash the smelly seed from his face, took her time inspecting his naked body, pinched here, probed there.

Yes, he was coming along nicely. His nipples were thicker, longer and the small soft mounds on his chest would soon blossom. His buttocks were fleshier, too. Ann thought he would make a nice little bitch for them.

For who?

She didn't say, checked the fridge for groceries and again warned him about roaming the streets of the Barrows. He had her number. If for some untold reason he needed to go out he should call her.

Why wasn't Yana returning his calls?

She's busy. He should be patient. Yana would see him soon.

With much trepidation Arthur had once ventured from his loft apartment. It was a crisp October day, sunny, and he was surprised that few people paid him any mind. A couple of guys gave him the *look*. Blushing he hurried down the sidewalk and around the corner, now several blocks from his building.

That day he dressed as conservatively as he could. A pair of corduroy slacks and black leather flats with low heels. The slacks hugged his bottom but he wore a heavy corduroy, below the waist blazer and a plain, mock turtleneck blouse.

He wore light makeup and no lipstick, his long hair hanging straight down around the collar of his blazer.

He ventured out without a bra, thinking it wouldn't bring attention to his budding breasts, wore a nylon camisole underneath. However, his soft breasts jiggled, the tender nipples grazed the nylon camisole and sprouted, made him hard in his panties.

There was no doubt, after slyly observing other's reactions to him that they took him for a young woman, and judging by some of the looks he got from men, an attractive woman at that.

Braving it, Arthur wandered into a bakery, drawn by mouth-watering cooking smells. His voice was too high and the young woman glanced at him suspiciously, then shrugged. He inferred from her shrug that she'd seen it all before working in the Barrows.

When he handed her money from his purse his hands were shaking. He took his bagels and donuts and went home.

Arthur decided it wasn't so bad, that he had succeeded in fooling everyone but the attractive girl behind the counter in the bakery. He must practice on his voice, heed the instructions of that terrible woman, Ann Liber, use modulation, reach a higher octave, not a falsetto.

After Ann left that night Arthur stood naked, save for bikini panties in front of a full length mirror. He tucked himself and turned this way and that. The transition was remarkable. True, his breasts were still small but he was surprised by the development and acute sensitivity of the larger, womanly nipples.

Now he could cup his breasts, wondered how much larger they would become. With his longer hair and plucked eyebrows, the proper makeup, his face was convincingly feminine. His baby face was an asset, to say nothing of his rather small nose.

What really set his face off was his mouth and lips He had a large

mouth and the full lips to go with it. A very feminine mouth, indeed.

The “vitamins” were also changing his body in more subtle ways. His skin was softer, had a healthy glow, something he'd never noticed before. And although not hirsute, he was now in the practice of regularly shaving his legs along with the sparse hair on the rest of his soft body.

There was something sensuous about relaxing in a scented bubble bath and slowly drawing the lady razor over his slender gams. Often his little cock would bob up in the water, hard and needing attention.

But Arthur was despondent. All of this was for his beloved and she had neglected him. It was like he didn't even exist. She never acknowledged his messages or returned his calls. He was doing this for her, not because Mother used to dress and pamper him, treat him like a girl.

No, this was for Yana, what she wanted of him, what she called his destiny.

So where was she?

Arthur sat at the vanity combing out long blond hair. He was naked from the waist up, a pair of full-cut nylon and Lycra panties around his middle, his member safely tucked, creasing his ball sac. With his privates in this manner the panel of his panties resembled the puter lips of a woman's labia. It looked so realistic to him that it was scary.

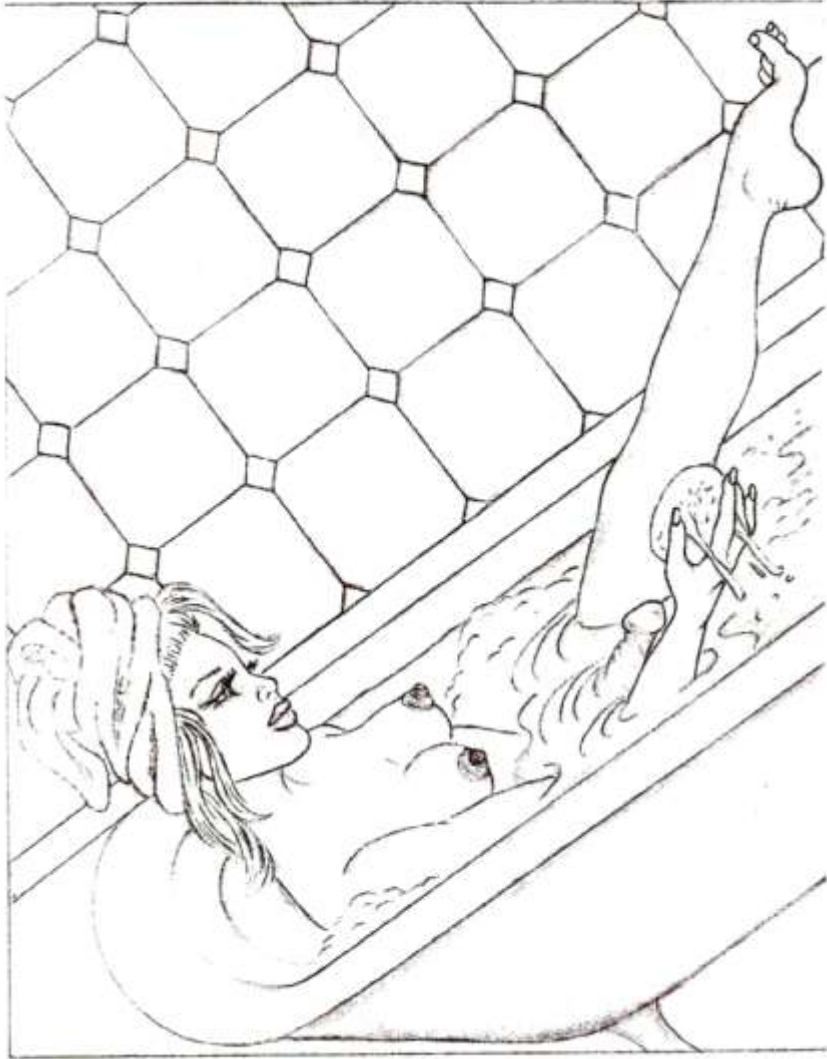
Of course his helmet was sheathed in a wide spandex loop attached to a thin cord that in turn was secured to a modest but tapered butt plug. The apparatus, at first uncomfortable, held everything in place. On one of her untimely visits the bitch, Aim, had put it on him the first time, then made him do it while she watched. Wearing thicker support briefs helped the illusion, too.

Slowly the old-fashioned wooden handle brush (it belonged to his Mother) combed out his lustrous natural blond hair. He couldn't put his finger on it but there was something soothing about combing out his hair now.

It relaxed him and he noted his arched eyebrows, definitely a woman's contour. It complimented his lashes which were rather long anyway. As he peered at his face in the mirror he didn't want to admit what he saw; a face free of makeup, yet round and feminine with full cheeks.

Arthur noticed, too, that his usually pale skin pallor had a lively hue to it. True, since on the vitamins his skin had become much softer. Perhaps the pills had given him a livelier complexion.

His gaze dropped below the hollows of his shoulder blades to his breasts. The nipples had generated first, then the conical roundness that defined them. Every day he had used the hormone nipple cream. The cream worked in conjunction with the estrogen topical cream, which in turn enhanced his breasts.



And there was no illusion here, those were definitely breasts in the mirror. They were small but blossoming with promise. He took up the bra on the edge of the bed, fastened it in front and turned it around, then slipped his arms through the straps. This bra didn't have much padding and he was surprised that he filled it so nicely.

He closed his eyes and cradled his bosom through the silky bra. His fingers lightly played over the nipples. They were very sensitive now and became instantly erect, poked at the bra cups. Between his legs his clitty responded, ached to escape its tethered imprisonment. He would do it tonight, couldn't help it. Get into something slick and sexy, maybe don garter belt and nylons and a slinky nylon top. Play with himself, tease his

new breasts, prolong it as long as possible before delving between his legs to masturbate.

He pictured it in his mind as if seeing it from the ceiling: The lovely girl in splendid lingerie, long blond hair spilled over the satin pillow. Slowly her crimson-tipped fingers would slide over the shiny teddy and disappear between clenched legs crossed at the ankles. Of course she'd be wearing strappy spiked sandals.

The lovely creature would bring herself to orgasm and then she'd look curiously at her slick, besmirched fingers. Would she put those liquid digits in her mouth and...

The phone rang shrilly and Arthur jumped.

Damn, that freaking phone! What a time to ring. She got few calls. Probably that ball-busting Ann Liber with more iniquitous instructions.

Arthur went to the night stand, picked up the phone.

"Hello."

"Is that you Ashley?"

"No, you must have the wrong number." And as he said it goose bumps ran along his arms.

"I don't think so. You need to practice with that voice, darling."

"Is it you? *Is it really you?*"

"Yes, it is I."

"Why have you waited so long to call me?" Arthur lamented.

"I've been busy, pet. Am I interrupting anything? Do you have guests?"

"No, it's lonely here, Yanamari. I don't like it."

"Be patient, sweetie. We'll be together soon. Have you been a bad girl?"

"Must you torture me so?" he mewled.

"But you are a girl now, aren't you?"

"Ah, well. I don't know. Is that what you want me to be?" "You know it is, dear. It's what your Mother wanted, too." "You know how I feel about you, Yana. Will it unite us?" Arthur asked hopefully.

"Oh yes. I will explain all in a matter of days. Now answer me, have you been a bad girl?"

"No, I—I..., what do you mean?"

"Are you playing with yourself?" she said harshly.

"No," he lied, then quickly followed with, "Maybe once or twice."

"You're lying. I can tell. *I can always tell.* I have to go—" "No! not yet," he begged. "Don't hang up. Please talk to me. I've missed you so."

"Listen, Ashley—"

"Is that who I am now, Ashley?"

"Yes, do you like the name?"

"I'm not sure."

"I am, pet. Don't interrupt me. Stay chaste until you see me with your own pretty blue eyes. I want you ready for me. I miss you, too, baby. Remember, it is my wish that you stay chaste." "Yanamari..."

But she hung up.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The lawyer wasn't buying it, not for a minute. Costume party indeed! He looked hard at Yanamari, was about to say something, then thought better of it. He knew Arthur and his mother when she was alive, had always figured him to be a wimp. However, sitting here in his office, the desk separating them, he couldn't believe his eyes. Arthur looked *all* woman. He was actually stirred by the sight of her, petite with comely legs under a modest flowing skirt, long shoulder-length blond hair, and what appeared to be a small but nice bosom. Why he could even see her nipples imprinted on her diaphanous blouse!

The lawyer gazed curiously at the looker, the older woman with her, er him, or whatever he was. "May I ask why you're here with," he looked quickly at Arthur, "him?"

"You may ask," said Yanamari with just the hint of a smile, and said no more.

"Well?"

Yana leaned over, patted Ashley's hand. "We're to be married soon."

Arthur was astonished. He looked at her with open mouth and before he could say anything she warned him into silence with steely hazel eyes.

"I see," said the attorney, scooting around in his chair behind the desk. "My suggestion to *Arthur* is to put his settlement into a trust so he might draw a monthly stipend from it." He looked at Arthur. "I understand you've sold the house?"

"Yes, the real estate agent called yesterday. We're waiting to finalize. The paperwork and all that."

"Hmm, that money could be put into investments, Arthur," said the

lawyer, rubbing his chin. I know a broker—”

”We’ll use my broker,” said Yanamari, staring at the man behind the desk. “If that’s what Ash - Arthur wants.”

“What do you think?” asked Ashley.

“We have time to think about it, dear.” She looked pointedly at the lawyer. “Don’t you have some papers for him to sign?”

“Aw, yes.” This wasn’t going a bit like he had intended. Arthur was obviously under this woman’s spell. He feared for the young man but what he feared more was losing influence over the estate settlement. He had it all figured out and then the guy shows up in drag with an attractive older woman who obviously has her meat hooks in the poor boy.

Boy...? He shook his head, opened a folder and pushed it across the desk to Arthur, noted the lines for his signature and handed him the pen. He sadly surmised all of this was now beyond his reach. He wanted to slap that smirk off the woman’s face, that’s what he wanted to do.

Or did he want to touch Arthur’s real looking breasts, fondle the ripe nipples, and put his hand on his smooth becoming legs and discover what was in those panties?

Yanamari took him to a quaint little bistro in the Barrows, insisted he sit beside her. She ordered for both of them. A rich red Merlot was served with pasta and Crab Alfredo. Arthur didn’t much care for the wine. It was too dry but he drank it anyway, not wanting to offend his beloved.

“You see, dear, your destiny was decided a long, long time ago. Many boys like you in similar circumstances were brought up by the rules of Cytherea Coterie. Your mother was unaware of such an organization, and I must confess I was too. But now I’m an active member. You’ll love it.

“You were made for this, darling,” Yana said, patting his knee, leaving her hand there.

“It all sounds so confusing. I’m not sure I understand.”

“You will in time, Ashley. And we’ll have plenty of time, believe me.”

“Yana, were you teasing me when you told that dreadful attorney that we will marry?”

“Not in the least, sweetie.”

“You’ve made me the happiest man in the world,” Arthur gushed.

“Uh-huh, woman, sweetie. You’re now more woman than man.”

“This is the way you want me...?”

“Yes. In time it will be the way you want it, too.”

“I don’t want to go any further with this, please.”

Her hand, which was resting on his knee, pressed him between the legs. "You mean you don't want to lose this?"

"Ah, yes," he said blushing.

"I don't want you to lose it either, deary. If I want a woman I know where and who to go to. Don't worry about that, okay?"

"But you like me like this?"

"Yes, oh yes, my sweet. But you're not complete yet. You have a ways to go."

Arthur found out that night in his loft apartment in the Barrows. "A ways to go." He was putty in Yanamari's hands, could deny her nothing. He had just knelt between her legs, put his mouth over the crotch of her black panties and licked and sucked until she was satisfied.

He didn't think she came but wasn't for sure.

For some reason, which she wouldn't explain, Yanamari wouldn't allow his tongue inside the gates of her sex.

Her hands flitting over his sensitized and feminized body was heavenly. Ashley wore garter belt and sheer black stockings. His legs looked so sexy, especially now that he wore the long narrow spiked pumps. The only betrayal to his femininity was his hard clitty and smooth sac which dangled like foreign objects from his otherwise girlish body.

On his chest he wore a demi bra that pushed his modest cleavage to realistic proportions.

Before taking "her" to the bed Yanamari had him sit at the vanity, apply fresh makeup and loud red lipstick that emphasized his full womanly lips. She told him any man would stand in line to kiss his full-bodied lips. Women, too. As he progressed he must learn how to kiss, that is kiss properly, open his mouth and accept the tongue of another, lavish it with attention, his own tongue.

Kissing, Yanamari explained, was a sensuous art in itself.

The nearness of his goddess precluded many doubts and questions.

In bed she held his face to her high firm breasts and he sucked them to her sighs and pleasurable moans. In turn Yana caressed and sucked his breasts, petted him between the legs, where he was yet to remove his panties.

Ashley, overcome with desire for his beloved, almost had an accident in his panties. Yana warned him not to achieve orgasm prematurely, but what she was doing, the way she was caressing his sweet innocent girlish body betrayed her warning.

Like most women Yana knew the signs and stopped petting her girlish mate just in time. Still, his panties were wet in the crotch, her fingertips gleaming with his leakage. She brought her fingers to his mouth, bade him to suck them.

After removing his panties she lay on top of him, rubbed his little clitty between her legs. She cooed to him, made him admit that it felt heavenly to rub his little sissy stick on his mistress's panties, between her legs and along her gossamer stockings.

Ashley was tense with longing and didn't hesitate when his mistress knelt between his spread legs and raised them to rest on her shoulders. She presented her forefinger to his red lips, whispered for him to suck it. Suck it like it was a cock. In fact she wanted him to think of a cock as she pistoned her digit inside his mouth.

Yana's funky whispers drove him wild. Her other hand lightly feathered his thingy as she talked, told him that he would learn to service the men of her choice, other sissies like himself. In the back of his mind he wanted to cry out in objection. But her finger sliding in and out of his adoring mouth, her hand slowly, lightly masturbating him, was too distracting.

Yes, sweet Ashley wanted to serve Yana, make her happy in every way, but *this* he hadn't bargained for, not the visions her lovely low voice conjured there in the semi darkness of his bedchambers. It was so vile and aberrant, the things she wanted him to do.

Ashley's head swished back and forth on the satin pillow. Her long blond hair became a stringy curtain across her face to hide her embarrassment at the thoughts that her demanding goddess painted with her soft and low words.

Yana's finger plopped wetly from Ashley's red mouth and found its way between the tranny's legs, probed *there* at her nether cheeks. Her body pressed against the hapless transvestite's legs, bent him almost double as her finger found its mark and popped his tight little hole.

"Yes, my sweet," encouraged Yana softly, "take my finger in your little hole. I want you to want it, that and all I will guide there. You will love it, dear Ashley." Her finger slid further inside his anal canal. "You'll learn to douche there before entertaining. As your breasts grow so will your buttocks. They'll become fleshy, full and womanly. Play with your young breasts, dear. Tweak your girlish nipples." All the while Yana's other hand softly stroked him. "You will *become*."

Ashley tried to clench his butt on her probing finger, use his hips to show his devotion. It was all so strange and he felt his legs being pressed along his chest squeezing his hands which were cupped over his pliable milky mounds. It was hard to breathe and he wondered if he might not faint from it all.

Ashley wanted to prolong the depraved sensuousness, knew this unholy act for it was. Briefly he thought of his dearly departed Mother, the sweet games they used to play in her boudoir, the way she dressed him, made over him when he was mommy's little girl.

Now he was Yanamari's little plaything, feminized and girlish, his young soft body filled with new forbidden feelings. It was enough to bring him to the edge. His breath came in ragged gasps as he tried to fill his

compressed lungs.

“Look sweetie,” lamented Yana.

Obediently Ashley opened her eyes and they went wide. There before her face was her little clitty, the circumcised head smooth and heart-shaped, red and leaking seminal fluid over Yana's pistoning fingers.

“Feel my finger inside your sissy hole and think of my dildo. Think of a nice fat cock there, too. I want you to please me. In serving me, you will find release and inner pleasure. Bask in your girlish looks and learn to love your new sexy body.

“It is okay if you cum but you must capture your seed in your mouth. Your little clitty is so close you could almost suck it.”

Ashley felt the weight of Yana's body against the back of his slender legs. His sissy clit came closer to his lipsticked, full mouth.

“You want to please me, I know. I'll hold your little cockette as you orgasm. There's a good girl. Open wide and cum!”

Ashley pinched her nipples and went over the edge. As she did so she was aware of the spasms of her rosebud around Yana's probing finger.

The first spurt of cum landed in her mouth, coated her tongue. The taste was strong and familiar. Another volley of sissy cum sprayed between her gasping red lips. She licked the semen as another geyser shot across her cheek and face, into her hair.

“Eat it, dear, try to get it all. It makes me oh so wet,” hissed Yana.

His tall goddess pressed harder on the backs of his stocking legs and for an instant the blunt tip of his slimy cockette brushed his red goey lips. She squeezed his shaft and fisted it as yet another stream of semen erupted in his girlish mouth.

Ashley saw stars, gasped for breath. His wail \was nearly inaudible as the last of his discharge smeared his pretty face.

At once Yana released his legs, was on top of him. Her mouth found his and her tongue delved into his sticky cum-plastered mouth.

The room went dim as Ashley accepted her probing tongue, and then everything faded to black.

During the next week Ashley learned of the Cytherea Coterie, its precepts and teachings. All reminders of his former self were removed. Yanamari visited everyday but denied his lips on her grotto of sex. That would be saved for their marriage bed.

He was so happy. When would be the happy day, he wanted to know. Yana said it would be a surprise. Impatient with his development Yana took him to a doctor who gave him a prescription for stronger but natural hormones. The doctor also gave the boy/girl a booster shot to facilitate his budding breasts.

The only thing Ashley really resented was Ann Liber. Yana warned him he must obey her friend in all things. Ann was looking out for her boss's and *his* best interests. But she was so cruel, he protested. For his obstinance Yana took him across her lap and spanked him.

He was embarrassed at his excited state after the spanking. It was his thingy chaffing against Yana's stocking legs and not the spanking. His mistress shouldn't have lowered his panties. Yana scolded him, took his cockette (as she called it) in her warm hands and stroked him, told him to obey her and all who came in her name.

Did he understand?

The kneeling Ashley nodded, his hands, convincingly feminine with long painted fingernails, all the while caressing Yana's slender legs.

Did *he* want Yana to bring him to completion before she left? He nodded and she told him to cup his young breasts.



Ashley's Enslavement by Max Swyft

Her fist was a blur on his privates, the knuckles painfully slamming against his smooth little sac. Ashley came quickly but Yana stanching his eruption, clamping her hand around the base of his cockette after the initial spurt.

She held the puddle in the palm of her hand, brought it to his mouth, commanded her little girl to lick it all up. Ashley did so but her balls ached, the clamp-like hand of his mistress holding back the flow of his release.

Her fingers slackened and another glob of semen shot into her open hand. This too he was made to suck up. Ashley didn't realize his orgasm could so torturously be prolonged. With each volley of thick semen she stanching the next squirt, made him eat it.

Ashley nearly cried when Yana stood and smeared his face with the residue of his smelly climax. He knelt on the carpet, watched her don her coat, grab her purse and leave him alone in his loft apartment in the Barrows.

When Ann Liber stopped by that night she was tipsy, had a stout older woman in tow. Marie something or other. Ann made Ashley parade before them in revealing lingerie. She also stripped the poor dear of his panties so this other woman could see his brittle excitement bobbing between his slender girlish legs.

Ashley thought they'd never leave.

Ann made him kneel, take off her pumps and lick the older woman's feet, suck her toes.

But the worst was when Ann, tugging him by an earlobe, marched him into the bathroom, left the door open so this other woman could watch. She forced Ashley to her knees in front of the toilet then raised her skirt and lowered her pantyhose and panties, sat down on the stool.

She pulled Ashley's face between her legs. For a moment all was silent, Ashley grateful his face was hidden. He knew what was about to happen, such a private moment, but was helpless to stop it. He trembled in fear and loathing when she started. It seemed to go on a long time, the smell strong and bitter.

Finally it abated and Ashley thought it was over, this new humiliation.

Of course he was wrong.

Ann stood over him, legs spread, her bald pussy wet and dripping from urine. She looked at him contemptuously.

"Lick me clean you little cocksucker!"

Ashley cowered before her on his knees, looked away.

Ann bent, grabbed a handful of his long blond tresses, pulled his face between her legs. "I said lick me you little slut!"

He'd been warned by his beloved.

Ashley had no choice but to obey.

That weekend Ashley met new friends. It was a party of sorts and in an odd sort of way put her at ease about her new self, what she was yet to become.

Elena was quite lovely and Ashley was taken with her well-defined athletic but comely body. Elena wasn't much taller than Ashley. She learned about the stout woman who had recently visited her loft apartment with the terrible sadistic Ann Liber. Marie Standridge had her own business consulting firm, was another member of the jaded coterie, and would help guide his investments along with the shapely broker, Elena.

It seemed Yanamari had thought of everything.

Petra was Elena's lesbian slave. Petra worked for Marie. The mousy little guy named Henry also worked for Marie. Ashley didn't like him much, the way he kept leering at her. She stayed close to Yana and tried to ignore Ann and her sarcastic little remarks about Yana's girly-boy. Yana even chided Ann once about teasing her dear sweetie too much.

They were in Elena's apartment, drank sweet white wine and ate canapes. Ashley and Petra waited on the group. Petra complimented her on her dress and demeanor and Ashley felt a certain affinity to the fetching Petra. As the night progressed and the wine flowed she finally relaxed.

That night Ashley learned more about the Cytherea Coterie, how he naturally fit into its ranks. If only his Mother had known about such an organization his feminine progression might have happened sooner. As it was, Yana would guide him along the way. They would make a splendid couple and their wedding vows would be announced in the *Cytherea Bulletin*. Many of the club's members would be in attendance.

Ashley was pleased, listening to the women talk about his coming marriage to the captivating woman of his dreams. He was somewhat dismayed but not surprised that he would be enfemm when they exchanged their vows.

Why, he'd even be given away by a handsome strapping man, a close friend of Elena's and Petra's.

Ashley wondered about the wimpy Henry, where he figured in all of this. He thought it disgraceful the way he hovered near Petra, Elena's mate. For her part, Elena didn't seem to mind the fawning attention Henry bestowed on her lover.

Later, while soft music played, the lights dim, Petra did a slow sensuous striptease for them. Ashley sat on the couch between Yana and the dreadful Ann Liber. Both of them petted and cuddled him while Petra danced in her pumps and stripped to bewitching black lingerie.

Elena sat on a love seat with the buxom Marie Standridge.

Ashley envied Petra's figure.

It seemed too, that Petra was dancing for Henry who sat by himself in an armchair.

Something was going on here, thought Ashley, who despite her reluctance became hard in her panties.

Petra held her hand out to Henry who stood and accepted Petra's clinging kiss.

Ashley was aware of Ann's fingers playing over her blouse, pushed her hand away only for it to return, rolling her engorged nipple through her thin nylon blouse and even thinner bra. The others didn't pay any attention and Ashley looked to Yana but the older woman just smiled and patted her knee, whispered for her to watch the seduction.

So that was it, Petra was seducing Henry and the rest of them were her audience.

What a strange party, thought Ashley.

Petra went to her knees and helped Henry off with his shoes, stripped him from the waist down. Ashley strained to see in the subdued light, thought his hard penis not so impressive. Petra looked to Elena and Marie, then turned to face Henry.

Ashley saw Petra slowly jack the man's length and kiss the head. Ashley's cheeks went red. Just the night before Yana had made her orally worship her strap-on and then took her from behind while the hapless tranny knelt on all fours.

Ashley watched as Petra took him in her mouth. Soon her head was bobbing between his legs, sucking his penis, fellating him.

Elena and Marie went to them, knelt on either side of Petra, petted her while she sucked Henry's cock.

Ashley thought it odd that Elena wanted to see the man shoot in her lover's open mouth- But that's what happened. Elena held his shaft, directed the geyser into Petra's open mouth. Marie petted the kneeling girl all the while.

Ashley shrank back in the comfy couch cushions as they led Henry to where the three of them sat. Yana said she should kiss his deflated penis, show her friends what an obedient little girl Yana as going to marry.

Ashley's pretty blue eyes were wild with fright and her secret excitement withered fast. Her eyes pleaded with her mistress. Yana looked at her hapless girly-boy and slowly smiled. Perhaps another time. Petra came up alongside Henry and Yana asked if Ashley might pleasure Elena's mate.

Slowly Ashley nodded.

Ann chuckled mirthlessly and pushed Ashley to her knees.

All of them sat or stood around as Ashley slid her hands over Petra's long slick legs. Slowly she lowered Petra's panties over her garters, saw the

neatly trimmed bush between Petra's closed legs. She kissed Petra's thigh just above her stocking top.

Her lips and tongue had not tasted pussy in some time and she was eager.

Eager to please her beloved Yanamari.

Petra flexed her legs and Ashley shrank back from what came forth.

She looked around, all eyes on her kneeling figure, smiles on their demented faces. Her soft blues pleaded with Yana, who nodded and took Ashley's hand, put it on Petra's growing hardness.

Yana's lips moved but Ashley didn't hear. Her stomach roiled and the room spun. The shaft grazed her cheek and she smelled Petra, *smelled what she was*.

Ashley shook her head, scooted back on her knees but Ann pushed her forward, hissed at her, the words lost in the white noise screaming through Ashley's feverish mind. Her pretty hands with crimson tipped fingers held the veined shaft, moved slowly over its length, the thing actually swelling as she played with it.

It was Ashley's first real cock.

And she was going to debase herself in front of all these wicked people.

There was no choice. Yana told her so, gently pushed her head until Petra's cock rested warmly along her rouged cheek.

Ashley closed her eyes, felt it on her lips, hot and yearning for entrance.

Hands were at her breasts, cupping, rolling her engorged womanly nipples. They were so sensitive, *made her feel so alive*.

Another pair of hands were between her legs, exposing her dripping excitement.

Slowly her arms encircled Petra's buttocks and she kissed the head, took it in her mouth. A tremor shook her body as Ashley sucked the smooth glans, felt it leak on her tongue. It pulsed and filled her mouth, and like she'd been taught, Ashley sucked Petra's *cock...lost forever in the clutches of the dominant women of the Cytherea Coterie*.

Thus begins Ashley's new life with the captivating Yanamari Cristobal and all those who travel the inner circle of the Cytherea Coterie.

Dear reader please join me, Max Swyft, on the future journeys and jaded tales about the Cytherea Coterie.

This is the first book in a promising new series presented to you with the cooperation of Mags Inc.

Ashley's new life is just beginning, her trials and tribulations still ahead of her. In the next complete one-book novel about the Cytherea Coterie, Ashley marries the beautiful Yanamari, thus insuring her further feminine enslavement.

The End

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- ***Carnal Catharsis On Barrier Island***
Mirage - Issue 10 & 11
- ***The Secret Island Of Or. Rapier***
Mirage - Issue 12 & 13
- ***Tranny Beach***
Mirage - Issue 14 & 15