

The Birthday Present

Book
Two



By
Vickie Tern
& Rhonda Wagram

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By “Z i z z l e”

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BOOK THREE

When Honey's experience with clerical work doesn't work out, Bea decides its time for a new name and a new profession.

Enter..., Prissy, the sexy French Maid.

Bea "lends Prissy out for the night" to perform her *services*.

After serving up some sexy main courses, Honey winds up on the desert menu.



Chapter Six

Make-Over

Two days later, a week before I was scheduled to begin my career as a receptionist, Bea commented that I had to do something with my voice. It was passable for an evening out, when I could speak in a soft near-whisper, but it wasn't really suited to answering phones and talking to customers. She talked it over with Kay, who suggested that I have a small operation on my throat. Apparently there was a method she called 'cricothyroid fusion,' by which the cricoid and thyroid cartilages are joined. Kay had a friend not far away who had done many such operations. According to her, the procedure was entirely reversible and its risks were negligible. It could be done without an overnight stay in a hospital.

Bea insisted that I at least see this doctor and get the full picture. Kay phoned him, and as luck would have it, an operation scheduled for that very afternoon had been canceled, and her friend was able to see us right away. Well, what can I say? Kay was as determined as Bea, and before I had time to think over the implications, I was in the OR. I can't say it was a pleasant experience, and I wouldn't want to do it again. But the results were fabulous. I was told not to try to speak for two days, until my voice came back, first croaking as if with a nasty laryngitis, but near the week-end I had a perfectly girlish soprano.

Bea was overjoyed. She finally agreed that accompanying the girls to the sex resort would put too much strain on my throat, and stopped trying to persuade me. I would stay at home. I was glad for that. I had plans of my own for the weekend. I wanted to be alone, to think over my situation and somehow devise a way to return to my old life without hurting Bea too much.

Friday morning Bea declared that she had booked us both for complete make-overs at the beauty salon - for herself to get ready for the week-end, and for me to get a new personal style suitable for my work.

We drove there together and were greeted effusively by Celeste, the owner. She remembered my first make-over two weeks earlier, and she looked at me with curious interest. "My but you've changed so much since I last saw you," she said. "I must say for the better. That figure is fabulous." She felt my waist. "I thought so, you're wearing a corset. Very nice, very nice indeed. Men must be swarming all over you, dear. Now what can I do for you ladies this

time?” She wasn’t in the least surprised I was still in skirts. Bea explained to her what she wanted for herself and then what in her opinion I needed for my new job.

“So you’ll be a working-girl from now on! I’m glad to hear that. A woman should have a job, not just be a home-maker. It gives her a much broader view of the world. We’ll make sure that you’ll be the prettiest girl in your office, dear.”

When she turned away to assign the girls to attend us, Bea turned to me and said, “Honey, I think you should inquire about permanent make-up. Find out how permanent it really is. You know, you aren’t yet very experienced doing makeup yourself. It’s going to take you a long time each morning to put your face on, and repairing it during the day may also be a problem. But what they call permanent makeup holds up for a few weeks, I think, and that would be perfect for you. Go, ask them, and think about having it done.”

Celeste returned with two of her girls. “Linda, dear, take care of Bea here,” she said. “You know her, and I’ll be with you in a second.” She then turned to me, while Bea and Linda disappeared into the depths of the salon. “Now Honey, let’s take care of you. I think I know exactly what you need. Bea told me you’re starting work as a receptionist? Okay, you should be a real ‘looker’, a knockout to anyone who glances at you even casually.”

“I think blonde is fine, but not enough. You’ll want a hair color that’s altogether unlike you, in case anyone who knows you wanders into your office. So I think we’ll make you a red-head. Giselle here will handle it all, she’s my best girl. First we strip all the color from your hair, and then build up the new color. I think a very light orange, almost metallic—yes that would look stunning on you. You’ll be the envy of all the other women there, and men will crawl at your feet just to have you smile at them. I’ll leave you in Giselle’s hands now. I’ll be back later to discuss your make-up style and colors.” And she was gone.

Giselle busied herself with my hair. Obviously nobody thought of asking my opinion. Well, whatever they do can be reversed and redone, I thought, so why not wait to see what they do. I took the opportunity to do what Bea had asked, “Giselle, I’m told you do permanent make-up here. Is that true?”

“Oh yes, we do,” Giselle replied, lifting swatches of my hair up, and examining each critically. “Or rather, Celeste does it herself, because it’s a little tricky’, and you have to have a very sure hand and

lots of experience. But it's getting increasingly popular with professional women who've made up their minds what they want to look like, who want to save time recreating it every morning. You know, it's not for young girls who change their look twice a day at least, or for models who have to change styles constantly. But if you've decided on your look, it saves tremendously on time and effort."

"How permanent is it really?" I continued. I realized it really might make things easier for me, so I became seriously interested.

"Oh don't believe what they say," Giselle advised me. "It's not that permanent. Not like a tattoo or anything. From what I've seen, the ladies come here for a touch up every few weeks. I think it completely disappears in about six weeks. You see, what it really does, it dyes the uppermost layer of skin. Just like wood stain, if you've ever worked with that. Well, this is similar. Skin renews itself at a certain rate all the time, and top layers are replaced all the time, and any color on them goes too. Now, it's different with different regions of skin. On the hands, it can wear away at once, but not on the skin around your eyes. You see what I mean?"

"So it'll hold up for two or three weeks on the face, right?"
"Yeah, don't let them tell you otherwise. It's not really permanent. It has to be redone all the time."

I mulled over this information and decided that this so-called 'permanent' makeup was perfect for me. I'd maintain it while I was working with Pearl, and stop retouching it before quitting my job. I'd save a lot of time and effort. Yes, I decided, I'll tell Celeste to do it on me.

After a while, I was almost finished with the drier, and Celeste poked her head into our cubicle to ask if everything was to my satisfaction. "I'll be right with you to discuss your make-up. You know, I have to do it and at the same time show you how, so you'll learn to do it alone." Giselle finished her job and put a light scarf over my locks, still with rollers in them to let them cool down slowly. Celeste came back and started in. "Now what I think you need is a very careful day-makeup. It should almost look natural. So we'll go easy on the colors and focus on the eyes."

"Listen," I said. "Giselle told me all about your permanent make-up. Could you do that for me? I mean, I'm not very experienced, and I'm not sure I could recreate my look every day. So if it's possible, please make it permanent right now."

Celeste was impressed. “Well, Honey, what an interesting decision! I was afraid to suggest it, because permanent make-up is a major step towards permanent femininity, you know, and I wasn’t sure you’ve progressed that far yet in the way you think of yourself. But if that’s what you want, I’ll be delighted to do it.”

I didn’t want to tease her about the loose definition of ‘permanent’, and I really had all the information I needed. So she went to work and talked while she worked.

“Now with the eyeliner, we can be a little dramatic ... lighter on the bottom lid than the top, and a dark stripe above the lash line of your eyelid. So. I’ll use just a light brownish gray for eye-shadow, just enough to darken the area a bit. If you want a more dramatic effect for a night out, you can use any color you desire then...easy on the blusher too, just a hint of healthy rosy cheeks, here we go...now for the lipstick. I’ll use a rather bright pinkish red. It goes perfectly with the color of your hair and isn’t too dark to be covered with another, darker color if you so desire. You could even brighten it and give it a special mother-of-pearl effect if you covered it with a special white lipstick, you know, like girls did in the sixties all the time...Now for that special, sexy wet look, just rub a little Vaseline on like this, you see? Done! Do you want permanent eyelashes too? You know there’s a new process— we glue them to your own one on one. They won’t come off under any circumstances, unless the real ones fall out. They’re much thicker than natural lashes, so you don’t need mascara at all, and yet they look absolutely natural. You’d need a microscope to see they’re not real.”

I nodded for her to go ahead.

When she was done, she took the scarf off and started combing out my hair. “You see, a head full of curls does suit you best. The color is what makes it special, so we don’t want a very intricate hairdo too. Also, this style is easy for you to maintain— just brush it out, shake your head, and there it is. Almost as easy as when you were a man.”

That made me edgy. Why did she have to say ‘when I was a man’? Why in the past tense? I still was a man! I might not look like one now, exactly, but that was only temporary in spite of my ‘permanent’ make-up, so-called. ‘Permanent,’ what a fraud. What women settle for! But I didn’t want to discuss whether I was still a man with Celeste; it was strictly between Bea and me. She can believe what she wants, I decided. I couldn’t care less. She was just providing Bea and me with her paid services, so why should I care what she

thinks.

Giselle had turned my seat around with my back towards the sink and the mirror when washing my hair, and it had remained that way because the light from the window was better for Celeste's work too. Now finally she turned me around to face the mirror.

I went into shock! I was looking at an archetypal bimbo! A red-headed, empty-headed bimbo! She had a beautiful face, really beautiful, with a mass of reddish curls framing it. But nobody would trust a girl with that look to sharpen a pencil! When I opened my eyes wide I looked like a child, and when I drooped my eyelids my eyes smoldered, as if I were dreaming about bedrooms. My lips stood out full and red and wet. The lips and the eyes together sent out one clear message, 'Please, sir, I want to suck your cock'.

I was flabbergasted. I didn't know what to say. I must have sat in silence for a whole minute. This was the new ME? I couldn't believe it. Only a few weeks ago, if I had seen a girl in an office looking that wide-eyed and yet that gorgeous, I would have gotten some very slippery ideas, and an instant hard-on. Now the mirror told me / was that girl.

Just then Bea appeared, and she immediately fell all over herself exclaiming how great I looked, and how wonderful my hair was, and those dreamy eyes, and my lush mouth. She complimented Celeste on having created a masterpiece.

Well, if Bea liked it I would have to deal with my doubts later on. I couldn't do anything now anyhow. I did look sensational, but it wasn't the look I'd wanted. I'd hoped to look sort of pretty but a little shy, like the kind of nice girl who's always asked to dance last at the Christmas-party. I certainly didn't want to make waves at Pearl's place. But the way I looked now, when I walked in there'd be no question what I was there for.

Something had to be done. But here and now was not the right time and place to discuss it, because Bea was so enraptured with me. I tried to collect my composure, and finally I smiled at Celeste and thanked her. "I'll be seeing you for the touch-ups in two weeks probably," I said to her on our way out.

"What touch-ups?" She looked puzzled.

"Well Giselle told me, the so called permanent make-up is not all that permanent, and has to be touched up every two weeks or so."

"My, oh, my, that was in the past! Progress never stops! A

week ago I got an entirely new line of products for permanent make-up. They now guarantee it'll hold for at least a year, longer in sensitive places like around the eyes. You see, this is a new process, in which the colors we apply on the surface slowly sink deeper, by osmosis I think. So by the time the upper layers of skin flake off, the dyes have gone quite a few layers deeper. Let me assure you, dear, you won't need touch-ups for a very long time."

"Of course the more women there are who get this new permanent makeup, the fewer women I'll see for regular makeovers. But since the process itself is very expensive, I won't really lose anything. I won't be able to keep up with everyone's gossip quite so often, is all. But of course you're an unusual woman, so I'll always be delighted to see you. If you're in the neighborhood, please do drop by to say hello. Maybe after a few months you'll want me to change your hair style. You'll always be very special to me."

I felt as if somebody had kicked me in the knees. I fumbled backward and sat down. To look like this for a whole year? A mindless blow-up doll! The worst of it was, I had nobody to blame for it but me. I had walked into my own trap. I was so clever, getting the wrong information. I should have listened when Celeste called this kind of makeup a 'major step towards permanent femininity' but I was feeling so smug I didn't hear her. I felt like fainting.

"Are you all right, dear?" Celeste was very concerned. She waved to one of her girls, "Quick, a cup of coffee and pour a good shot of brandy into it!" Within seconds she was holding the cup against my lips, and I drank. Anything now, but no fainting! I looked at her thankfully, still unable to speak.

When I handed back the cup, it had no lipstick marks even though I had seen that my lips were bright red. Another ominous sign. My make-up really was permanent.

"She'll be all right," Bea said. "Maybe it was all a little too much for her." And moving closer to Celeste's ear, she said, "You know, with the tight corset and everything, what women have to endure to be pretty is too much for a man sometimes. So much for the way they call themselves the 'stronger sex'."

Celeste nodded conspiratorially and turned to me. "Just rest for a minute or so, dear, and you'll soon be all right. Take your time. Nobody will disturb you." I closed my eyes and sat there for about five minutes before I felt strong enough to walk out with Bea. I was unable to utter a word the whole way home. My whole world was

shattered. Permanent makeup! A whole year! I had a lot of thinking to do this weekend! As yet, I had no idea how to handle this situation. But there must be a way out! It was just a matter of finding it! Bea saw that I was brooding, and had the good sense to leave me alone until we reached home.

When we reached the house, she came around to my side of the car and helped me out. She was very consoling. Standing right there in the driveway, she hugged me. “Cheer up darling,” she told me. “Everything’ll work out fine, you’ll see. And you really look gorgeous. What’s lost if you look the way I want you to look a little longer than you’d expected? You’re still the same person, but much, much prettier now. Think about how other people will see you. They’ll enjoy you so much more! Now let’s go in and not give it another thought.”

Well, no use crying over spilled milk, I thought to myself. I have to live with the facts, and I may as well be cheerful about it. I didn’t want Bea to feel guilty because she had suggested I ask about permanent make-up. I could only blame myself. So I gave her a big smile and thanked her. “I really need you!” I said. And then I began to cry—I’m not sure why. The years’ worth of female hormones Kay had shot into my butt, I suppose. A feeling I’d gotten into something I couldn’t get out of, maybe.

“That’s my girl,” Bea beamed, patting my backside lovingly. “Come on, I have to get ready for my trip to the mountains. Help me pack!”

It was very strange, advising Bea which of her dresses were the most tastefully provocative, the most genteel even while announcing her sexual availability. I kept thinking I was being her pimp, every time I told her that this blouse, or those shoes, would set any man thinking about that or another part of her body. She kept asking me whether this dress or that one was a slow tease or a fast proposal, which might make a horny man’s prick even stiffer.

Then when she had packed everything she meant to take along, there was still another half-hour before Pearl was scheduled to show up and carry her away. The bags were at the door, and there was nothing more to do.

“Listen, Honey,” she said. “You can do me a great favor. I’ll miss you. I want to have your picture to take along with me. Dress up really sexy for me, will you? Please? Now that you look the way you do?”

I thought about Bea wanting to bring my picture with her to this weekend retreat, where she expected to bed down with several other men. It was reassuring, in a way. In fact, it was a very sweet notion, very loving. After all, I could have gone along with her, and it was my decision to stay at home, so wanting to take my picture along was really thoughtful. The sexiest thing I had was that dress Pearl had brought me last Sunday. I decided to put it on, although I hated the corset that went with it. But it would only be for 30 minutes, I thought. So what the heck, I'll survive it.

I carried everything I needed to her room, and asked her to help me. She loved my selection, and was only too eager to lace me into the tight corset. She made me sit down, and she pulled the stockings up my legs as if she were my personal maid. I loved it, because she lingered near my crotch while fastening the garters, caressing my inner thighs with her finger tips, sending shivers of delight up and down my spine. Then she put my highest heels on my feet and stood me up to put the dress on me.

She wanted a really sexy picture? She would have one. I pulled the lace on the corset's bodice down from my bosom and folded it back into the dress. My tits stood out naked and proud from the décolleté. I started to tease them, and they responded immediately, my nipples getting hard. Bea then finished pulling down the zipper to the skirt's very end, hobbling me completely. Finally, she got out her Polaroid camera and shot picture after picture of me, from every angle, suggesting different poses each sexier than the previous.

She laid the pictures out on the vanity to develop. When she was done, I minced over to look at them, in the teeny four inch steps the dress allowed me. My nylon-clad legs rubbing against each other were very erotic. But the pictures were even more so. They showed an extravagantly clad, gorgeous woman with bare tits, offering herself to the viewer. Even though I knew I was looking at myself, I felt a familiar stirring in my nether parts.

Just then Pearl sounded her horn and Bea scooped up all of the pictures, gave me a hug and a kiss, and headed for the door. "Bye love," she called over her shoulder. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do! Gotta hurry now." She was downstairs before I could make it to the bedroom door, and out the front door before I reached the top of the stairs.

"Hey, wait, you've got to help me get out of this! Come back a second!" I called to the empty downstairs hallway. But she was already gone. I heard the car door slam, and the car drive off after

sounding its horn three times. In farewell? Mockingly? But I was in a fine mess! I couldn't bend down far enough to reach the goddam zipper. I didn't want to cut myself out of the dress. So I lay down on Bea's bed to think of some tool to hook the slide and undo the thing.

Chapter Seven

Honey's Weekend

I must have fallen into a sound sleep. When I came conscious again, I was dreaming that somebody was licking and sucking at my right nipple. I loved it. Then in my dream I felt a hand stroking my left breast and concentrating on its nipple. It felt great. I hoped the dream would never end. Then the mouth went away, and another hand fingered my right nipple. I moaned deeply. A tongue entered my mouth, playing with my tongue, oh how sweetly. May this moment never end, I thought. I didn't want to open my eyes in my dream, because it might wake me. I gave in to my delicious sensations for a few more seconds while slowly regaining full consciousness. They didn't stop. Somebody was kissing me. Suddenly afraid, I opened my eyes, and there was Steve's face. When he saw I was awake, he leaned backward.

"Hello, Snow White, your prince has arrived," he said. I closed my eyes again, opening my mouth, lifting my face for another kiss, which immediately followed. I was so glad he was here.

I let my hands roam over his body, and realized that he was completely naked. I found his cock and slowly stroked it. It was standing at full attention already, and grew even harder as my hand closed gently around it. After a little while Steve stopped the kissing and nipple-teasing, and rolled me over on my stomach. He unzipped the dress all the way and peeled me out of it. Then he turned me on my back again and slid between my legs. He lifted them and hooked each onto his shoulders, then fumbled somewhat at his crotch and my ass.

Ahh, I realized, lubrication! Before I could think further he was pressing his huge soft cock head against my rosebud asshole, then working just the tip of his prick in and out. I began to feel a powerful yearning, and I lifted my whole body up toward him, trying to push my bottom around his shaft. Then suddenly he thrust deep and impaled me altogether. He began slowly rocking back and forth, creating the most wonderful feelings in me. By now I had gathered my

wits, and the situation struck me as a little funny. There they were, three horny women driving toward that hotel hoping to get fucked, leaving me alone at home. And the first of the four girls to get fucked was the new one, me, while they were still on the road!

I pulled Steve's mouth to mine and kissed him deeply. My arms wrapped around him and held on tight, while his long cock never stopped working in and out of me, sliding up until his balls pressed my ass, then withdrawing until I ached for him to thrust back into me, to fulfill me completely. His hand reached for my cock, and it throbbed each time he squeezed it. The ecstasy ended all too soon, when we, both of us, came almost at the same time.

After a few minutes to rest and recover, Steve said, "Come on, darling girl. Let me dress you again, and let's go downstairs. I'm hungry". We got up, and he put me back into the dress, but left the zipper open just enough for me to be able to walk downstairs. I went to the kitchen to see what I could come up with, and discovered a magnificent bunch of roses in a vase on the coffee table in the living room, all of them long-stemmed and deep red. Steve came down barefoot, in his jeans and a T-shirt. "Forty-nine, count them, seven times seven, a lucky number for my lady," he said.

"You brought these for me?"

"Who else is here?"

"Oh you sweet man!"

I felt so thrilled! I slinked back to him in my long gown, and kissed him again. "They're marvelous, thank you." He certainly knows how to treat a lady, I thought. My beautiful lover Steve is a real gentleman. I never before felt more like a woman than at that moment, not even when he was making love to me.

It turned out he had brought several cartons of Indian food with him. We put it into the microwave to heat up, and then sat down to eat. It was terribly spicy and my eyes began to water. I dabbed at them cautiously, trying not to ruin my make-up, as Bea had taught me.

"You can really wipe your eyes now. It won't come off. It's there to stay, and stay as beautiful as you are," Steve said.

He had brought back my memory of that awful misjudgment of mine in the beauty salon, when I trusted that Giselle knew what she was talking about! But he was so wonderful! He seemed to sense it.

"Hey don't blame yourself," he said. He reached over the table and took one of my hands in both of his. "Let's talk about it. Honey, I

want to level with you. I can't stand back and just watch what this trio of scheming pussies is doing to you. I like you too much, and I think you should know everything that's going on." I looked at him expectantly.

"You see, it all was planned exactly, to the smallest detail, about a year ago. I heard about it from Kay—we share all our secrets. Bea wanted to turn you into a woman for reasons of her own. She hasn't really shared them with anyone yet, maybe just to amuse herself? So she engaged the help of her two best friends. Kay was to take care of the medical side, and to judge by those gorgeous tits of yours, and that sweet softening of your face, she sure did! Pearl was supposed to come in now and then when her help was needed."

"Let me tell you, compared to the way they laid their plans, step by step, taking into account every possibility and working out in advance every way to cope, all the war plans of a super sophisticated military General Staff would look like valentines drawn by a bunch of bungling children. Of course you know that Bea's birthday party was all set up in advance, with nothing left to chance, including me taking you home for our night of lovemaking. That was one of the risks they took. They didn't know how you'd respond to my making love to you—you'd become such a proper lady. So they decided you should be flying high on tranquilizers when I delivered my meat to your back door. But it all came out for the best, didn't it?"

"That hen fest on Sunday, after the party, was also a set up. Did you really believe that Pearl swiped this corset, and the dress and shoes, from her husband? No, they were made to your exact measurements even before Bea dieted you down to them, and the shoes were bought to fit your feet. But Pearl invented a good story, so you'd accept them without feeling guilty, or ashamed, or suspicious, that such expensive and voluptuous clothing had been made just for you."

"Wearing that dress as if it were was made for somebody else, that's still masquerading, and masquerading's acceptable, right? But accepting it and wearing it brought you deeper into femininity. Then other less sexy dresses seemed more normal, more ordinary, and you wore them without a second thought while shopping all through last week, even into the beauty salon."

"You agreed to wear feminine apparel during your training period, because you wanted to give Bea the birthday present she'd asked for—you done up as a passable woman. But you've never suspected that you are supposed to be the *gift that keeps on giving!*

There was a chance you'd call the whole thing off after the birthday party, you know, after we'd all had our fun, figuring that now it's over."

"So they set you up with this scarlet woman dress, and the story that came with it. Sitting there among the other women, dressed even more sexily than they were, with your little pussy still fondly remembering how my cock felt dipping into it, and telling the ladies all about it, while they marveled and cheered you on, that was the real beginning of your acceptance of their larger plan, your agreement to be dressed as a woman for a longer period, probably to become a woman in every respect, if they can bring you that far. You keep an eye on your balls, Henry, because one day you may wake up and they won't be there anymore, and when that day comes you may not even mind."

I wriggled uneasily in my tight corset, but I held on tight to his hand across the table, and he kept talking.

"The sudden opening of a slot for the operation on your voice was a myth. That operation was planned for this date and time maybe six months ago. It's been on Kay's calendar at least that long. And to top it all off, you were set up to ask for a permanent make-up job this afternoon. The girl who was working on you was primed to give you exactly the wrong information, and in exactly those words."

"I think they even rehearsed it like a stage play in several versions, depending on how you'd react. If you hadn't asked Giselle at all, she would have brought up the subject. But Bea's suggestion was enough to get you interested. They counted correctly on your male reasoning: 'if I have to put on make-up every day, then let's be efficient about it, and not waste time every day.' You got hooked like a trout on the first day of the fishing season."

"I'm telling you, because I know you blame yourself now that you've got to live like a woman for a whole year, until that makeup wears off. Well, let me tell you, you didn't stand a chance. That you'd live like a woman at least that long, probably longer, maybe for the rest of your life, was decided a year ago. Nobody could have resisted their plans, the way they laid them out."

"And I must say, from what I know, Bea has some very good reasons to turn you into a woman permanently. If you prove to be agreeable, willing to go along step by step, it probably would be for the best. It's the only solution if you two want to stay together, For so many years Bea has been the submissive partner in your marriage, the

dutiful housewife waiting for you to take the initiatives, and you ran out of initiatives long ago.”

“Much of it ran against her real inner feelings. She either had to reverse her relationship with you or separate from you. Now, if society expects the woman to be the submissive half of a couple, then you had to be made aware what that means, and turned into a woman yourself, at least for a while. You’d have to live as one, and go to work as one the way you will in a few days.”

Steve smiled, and reached over and put his hand on my cheek for a moment. “And if it could be arranged, you’d have to make love as one. And I must tell you, Honey, you have a natural talent that way. As far as sex goes, you’re wasted as a man. Not many women are as responsive as you are, as passionate when someone else is calling the shots.”

“Kay asked me if it was true, what you confessed to Pearl when she questioned you about it, that you have the makings of a really sultry sex-slut. I told her that once you were warmed up, there’s nothing you wouldn’t do. It’s true, Honey. We could go upstairs and I’d prove it to you, right now. In a while, we will, anyhow. But you’ll have plenty of opportunity to find out for yourself soon enough. Wait till you start work in Pearl’s office. There will be some very interesting experiences waiting for you there.”

“So that’s the situation, old buddy, my darling girl! Now what do you want to do? You actually do have to live as a woman now, for a while. That’s settled. You may get to like it even more than you do now, and that’s what they’re counting on. But the question is, do you want to leave Bea, because she deceived you when she led you into this, not just for her birthday but for the long haul, for good? Or, do you want to stay with her and accept your new role in life as her female companion, or whatever she chooses to call it, doing pretty much whatever she wants? Go ahead and think about it.”

Steve got up and poured himself some coffee, then sat down again. He poured some for me too, but I couldn’t touch it. “If you want to hear my advice,” Steve then went on, “What I would do if I were tripping around in your high heels is, I would stay. Apart from the fact that Bea loves you, and you love her too when you can muster up that much emotion.”

“Just compare your situation last year with today. You were like a zombie, watching football on TV for excitement. Sex was mostly a thing of the past, and it was all bland and boring. You

yourself were thinking of splitting from Bea and finding more excitement elsewhere, in the arms of some new woman. But a new woman would've taken you for whatever she could get and then dropped you. No other kind of woman would've wanted you, you were such a bore, and you're so trusting you wouldn't even have known she was gone until she was long gone."

"But now you've got yourself a new woman, really new, and one who really cares for you, and really does look out for your best interests as she sees them. Two new women, counting you! And now look back at last week. Wasn't it exciting? Didn't you and Bea find all kinds of new feelings and experiences to share? Aren't you having great sex, doing all kinds of things you never dreamed you'd do, now that Bea feels free to suggest them? Now that you want to, because as a woman, sex is a brand new thing for you, with no inhibitions built in?"

"And let me tell you, you two have just barely scratched the surface. Trust me, I know from experience. Stick with Bea and follow her lead, and she'll open new worlds for both of you. That's my advice. The girls may have been running you around in circles, but they know where they're really taking you, and it's a great place! Relax and enjoy the ride."

To say I was shocked, hearing all this, would have been the understatement of the century. My mind went perfectly numb. I could only sit and say nothing at all.

Steve was very affectionate. "You should sleep over it. It's getting late and I'll take you to bed. I'll take care of the dishes later." He reached out with both hands to me and I took them. I felt so helpless. He pulled me up, and we went upstairs. He slowly peeled me out of the dress again, and took off the shoes and stockings, but left the corset on. "Go wash your face and brush your teeth," he told me, shoving me gently towards the bathroom, where I went through the required motions.

When I was finished I went back to the bed we had just used earlier for making love. I was still dazed, and I suppose I was drawn to my memory of lying there on my back, my legs high over Steve's back, feeling so happy that his meat and his cum were shooting deep inside me. Now, it seemed, he was my only friend in the world.

But the dear man took my hand, and then took me gently by the waist, and led me out toward my own bedroom. "This is the MASTER bedroom," he said. "Not yours anymore, remember? This

week-end I am the MASTER and I shall sleep here, and my little love-slave will sleep in her room until I call her. Understand?"

It seemed so natural the way he put it, I just went along. I had no power to resist. When I started undoing the corset lace, he stopped me. "This is your training corset, and you have to wear it through the night remember? Now be a good girl and turn around and give me your wrists so I can tie them properly." I gave in completely. If my only friend in the world wanted my wrists tied the way Bea wanted them, I had to go along.

I wondered how he knew. Bea must have told him. What else she told him, I wondered. Did she tell him to stop by to give me that glorious fuck, to remind me how nice it is to be a woman fucked by a man, especially while she's at that hotel reminding herself of the very same thing? Did she tell him to tell me everything he had just told me, man to man, or maybe man to woman, so when she came back there'd be no more secrets separating us?

"Isn't it nice to go to bed in full make-up knowing it'll still be there in the morning, as beautiful as ever? To be beautiful all the time?" he asked. He made it sound as if he were envious—just to make me comfortable, the darling man, I thought. He tucked me in like a little child, and then gave me a good night kiss. He turned out the light and I was asleep before I even could start thinking about what I had heard and experienced this long day.

I woke up hearing the shower in the bathroom and Steve splashing away, singing at the top of his voice. I felt much better, and looked forward to facing the day. I felt a little more like my old self. I was still slightly annoyed that Bea had tricked me into womanhood. But this morning I couldn't blame her. She did have her reasons, and she did love me. I'd slept the blues away, and now hearing Steve lifted my spirits even higher.

That was odd in itself. True, Bea and her friends had fixed me up with a female face I didn't want, but had accepted, anyhow, for only a little while longer. But they had set me up with Steve too. And he had a wonderful knack. He made me feel delicious that I looked like a woman, and he made me want to be even more of a woman. Bea wasn't wrong when she thought I'd get hooked by his lovemaking. Right now I wanted to be a woman for Steve with all my heart, and I was glad they had made me beautiful for him.

After about five minutes he peeked in to see if I was awake, then came over and sat down on the bed right next to my head. He

smelled of soap and after-shave. I snuggled even closer, and kissed his thigh. “Good morning Honey,” he boomed in the best of spirits, “slept well? Let’s see how you feel today.” He bend down to kiss me on the mouth and at the same time he felt for my nipples, teasing and rolling them between his fingers.



Oh, my, I thought, here I go again, as the sensations he aroused began to overwhelm me. My cock started to grow. His hands caressed my corset, following its curves downward. Then he pushed away the covers and mounted me, my head between his knees, facing my thighs, his cock dangling right over my mouth. No words were

needed. My hands were still tied behind me, and I had no choice. I wanted no choice. As I took the crown of his cock between my lips and began to suck on it, I only wished I could also hold and caress him.

He then busied himself stroking my cock and finger-fucking my ass, slowly, stroking and finger-fucking, over and over. I raised my ass higher towards like a bitch in heat, and when I felt his orgasm getting near I stopped sucking, because I wanted more before he came. I wanted much more.

He got up and took some cold cream from the vanity, and spread it lovingly on my ass, then raised my legs over his shoulders and pressed his cock into my rear pussy. With all that cream, he slid into me with hardly any pressure, It felt heavenly, like a great soft banana squeezed deep into my slippery innards. Then he stuffed a pillow under my ass to raise it more, and that took most of the pressure off my arms, still bound behind me.

It was so erotic, my feeling of utter helplessness. I was completely in his power, and I submitted altogether. My world became his lips on my nipples and his cock pushing itself deep into my ass. I tried to grip him with my sphincter muscles and hold him deep inside, but he was too slithery. He plunged in and out at will, and I moaned in frustration each time he withdrew, then cried out for joy when he returned and filled me again. I didn't know it was possible, but by the time his seed spurted deep inside me I was coiled into a tremendous orgasm, every muscle tensed, and shrieking as loud as I could in my new soprano voice, altogether out of my mind. I was utterly his!

We then lay quite still while I tried to recover. Steve had done most of the lovemaking, but even so, the tight corset restricted my breathing, and I was panting as though I had done all the work. Funny, I thought, even though the corset was uncomfortable and restrained me in many ways, it seemed to heighten the pleasure of sex remarkably. When I compared my first encounter with Steve with these sessions, with me wearing my corset, I had to admit that everything felt much more intense. Maybe it compressed everything inside me, so Steve's cock could stimulate more of the right places.

If this was also true for women, then modern women had given up extraordinary pleasure in exchange for comfort, and the Victorian ancestors they usually pitied for their subservience were better off in this respect at least. I made a note to talk to Bea about it.

After a while Steve turned and shoved his cold cream and cum-streaked cock into my face. I was delighted to begin licking it clean, and within minutes he had produced another boner. I didn't want to let him go this time, so I licked and sucked until he came again. He then fell down beside me to rest. But before he closed his eyes he untied my wrists, finally undid the corset laces, and then sent me off to the bath-room.

Looking into the mirror, I was amazed to see that my face was made up perfectly, as if I'd just stepped out of Celeste's beauty-salon, except for some cum-streaks around my mouth, which I quickly wiped off. I took my time with what had become my morning routine. First I cleansed my innards with a generous enema, and meanwhile I drew a warm bath laced with an aromatic bath-oil. Then I luxuriated in the warm water for a long time, taking care that my hair stayed dry. I brushed myself clean under water with a stiff-bristled brush, massaging my skin everywhere, and meanwhile I replayed in my mind our glorious lovemaking. These memories had a visible effect on me, and I played for a while with my hardened nipples and my cock.

Then I got out and dried myself with a wonderfully soft, warm towel, and sat down to brush out my hair. I counted more than a hundred strokes before I felt that I had done my whole head adequately. Then looking into the mirror I arranged my loose curls, brushing them back here, pulling some out there, teasing one lock and combing down another, until I was satisfied with the overall effect.

Celeste's prediction was accurate, my hair did look freshly styled. I felt beautiful, perfect. Walking to the door, a thought suddenly struck me, and I went bade, took a big blob of Vaseline from the jar in the cabinet, and massaged it into my asshole. 'If a girl spends a whole day with her lover,' I thought, 'Anything can happen, and she had better be prepared.'

The better part of an hour must have gone by before I came back to my bed-room. I found Steve in T-shirt and jeans busily fastening something to the wall opposite the closet. I saw he had just fastened two pulleys to the ceiling, one close to the wall, one about five feet from it. A cord passed through both, one end with a special hook dangling down, the other end leading down the wall to the motor-driven winch Steve was just bolting down. I looked at him questioningly. He grinned, proud as if he had accomplished a major feat.

"It's a lacing bar. Let me show you." He picked up a bar that looked like a trapeze and connected it to the hook hanging down from

the ceiling. “Come here, grab the trapeze.” When I did, he pushed a button and the motor-winch pulled it up till I stood on my tip-toes. Then he stopped it and started putting my Victorian corset around me again. “Oh no, please,” I objected, and I let the trapeze go.

“I have my instructions from Bea,” Steve said, amused by my resistance. “She specifically asked me to lace you into it for the whole time I’m here, and I’ve already given you a long rest period. If you don’t want to risk her displeasure, you’d better let me do it. I won’t force you, but I’m sure you want to do what she wants of your own free will. Come on now, give me your hands.” He looked at me steadily.

I lost all will to resist when I looked into his eyes, transfixed like a rabbit by a snake. I hesitated, then offered him my hands reluctantly. He took them and kissed each one, then in a few seconds they were strapped to the bar, which was on its way up again. When I was again on tip-toes, Steve replaced the corset and started to tighten its laces.

“Please, Steve,” I pleaded with little hope, “Don’t lace it so tight, let me have a little more room to breathe, please Steve it feels awful when it’s laced entirely closed, please Steve, I beg you, pretty please...”

He just hauled away on the laces. “Listen sweetie, you are far too noisy about things that are going to happen whatever you may wish,” he said. “I do what I have to do.” He bent down to his bag and picked up something I couldn’t see. “Open your mouth, Honey.”

I was just about to start another round of complaints, but before I could utter a word, he shoved a ball into my mouth that was fastened to a broad leather strap. It disappeared completely into my mouth, filling it and firmly holding down my tongue. I could almost close my mouth over it, but that didn’t help me, because the padded strap sealed off all the all air as well as any sounds that found their way around the ball. Steve gave the strap a good tug, then buckled it and snugged it down. I could only hum through my nose. The beast!

He returned to lacing me into that instrument of torture. I gave in - struggle only hurt my strapped wrists. In five leisurely minutes he had me breathless again.

“Listen,” he began, “Now you have two choices. Either you promise to behave and do what you’re told, with no whining or protesting, or else I’ll just leave you here. I’ll be veiy nice, and I’ll even put your high heels on your feet to take some strain off your toes.

It's your choice. But if you promise to obey me, you'll have to obey me all week-end long. Or else I'll string you up a little higher with no shoes. So take your pick. Shall I leave you here?"

I frantically shook my head.

"Then you will promise to be a good girl and obey me implicitly, whatever I may ask of you?"

I hesitated for a moment, unwilling to surrender so completely. "Okay, have it your way." He turned away from me and started to leave. "HMMM HMMM HM HM HM HMMM HMMM!" I was near panic. "Oh," he asked turning back again, "Have you changed your mind? Will you behave?"

I was glad he had turned back, but I wanted to negotiate, and I felt frustrated that I was reduced to either 'yes' or 'no'. I wanted to argue my case, to get him to accept certain conditions. But that damned gag ended all discussion before it began. He started turning away from me again. "HHHMMM, HMMM!"

"So? Do you agree to be an obedient and docile girl for the rest of the week-end?" I had to give in, and nodded slowly. He let down the trapeze and unstrapped me from it.

"I want you to remain gagged for now. Your hands are free, and you could take off the gag, but I want you to keep it on. Right now you only need to listen to me and nod 'yes', and the gag won't prevent that." I nodded. "Go put on a nice dress and heels and then come downstairs."

It was a strange feeling, selecting a dress, putting it on, and slipping into a pair of high heels all the while my mouth was filled with a gag I could remove at any time. Why didn't I remove it? Did I want to, but was afraid? What was I afraid of? He would never have harmed me physically, certainly. Was I beginning to enjoy submitting in my own house to a lover acting under my wife's orders?

I selected a flowing floor-length hostess gown made of red taffeta with large roses printed on it. It had its own layers of two petticoats, also taffeta, and my every move was accompanied by a lovely rustling of skirts. The dress buttoned in front all the way from my bust, where it showed a lot of cleavage, down to the floor. I left the lowest four buttons open to show a bit of black petticoat, I don't know why, but it felt more seductive that way. That may also be why I selected my red 5-inch heels to wear with it. I checked myself in the mirror—my face was perfect, of course, and my hair was still neat. So I swiveled downstairs, swinging my hips, my skirts swaying and

swishing.

Steve sat at the coffee-table holding a mug of coffee, and he eyed me appreciatively. Was there a growing bulge in his jeans? I sat down in a straight backed chair opposite him. Experience had already taught me that my corset made any other kind of chair uncomfortable, and made getting out of them impossible.

I had no idea what he had in mind, and sat quietly, waiting. He finished his coffee, and took his time about it. Then when he finally spoke, his voice was firm and decisive. “Now we talk about your adaptation to life as a woman,” he said.

I started to protest that I was still a man, but the gag prevented me from saying it. It didn’t matter. Steve already knew what I would have said. He continued, “Up to last week you were still a man, Henry, whom Bea had trained to wear dresses and walk and move like a woman. Maybe you were still a man when I first slipped my prick into you, even, though you could have fooled me the way you squeezed onto me and pumped like a bitch in heat. But this is different.”

“Now for the foreseeable future you will have to live as a woman, not as a man masquerading as a woman. As a man you were taught to be competitive, assertive, decisive, dominant. Society expected it from you, and you had to adapt. Bea tells me you weren’t especially good at it in your relationship with her, but you tried. Now, as a woman Bea wants you to be the exact opposite, cooperative, shy and hesitant—submissive.”

“We will have to eliminate your male traits and supplant them with these female traits. This would be a very long process ordinarily. But we don’t have time, because your life as a woman has already begun. You’ve got to learn these things immediately if you’re to be the woman Bea wants her husband to be, and if you’re to be undetectable as a mock woman when you go to work for Pearl. So you need a crash course in feminine submission. Do you follow me so far?”

It seemed logical, so I nodded.

“The first thing to learn is what I call anticipated obedience. You must read the desires in another person’s eyes, and fulfill them even before they can be spoken, fulfill them completely, whatever they may be. Sometimes you’ll need to overcome feelings of embarrassment or humiliation at some of them, but that is the very basis of submission, and submitting to your lovers’ desires must

become your glory. Agreed?”

Again I nodded. It sounded strange, but it made sense. If I had to live as a woman, I had to be slavishly submissive if only to compensate for my inherent masculinity. I was glad that this servitude was for only a limited period of time, and that I would revert to being a man again. It might even be a valuable experience, because when it ended I would know how women think and react in all kinds of circumstances. That would probably help me in my later dealings with women. Certainly it was good for my relationship with Bea. In the past she had complained that I was sometimes inconsiderate, and ignored her feelings, and I had no idea what she was talking about. Now I would learn.

“All right, now for the practical training. Up until now, whenever we have made love, I have always had to lubricate you first. This can inhibit any romantic feelings I may have for you. I know you’d love-for me to rise on the crest of my desire for you. Wouldn’t it be much nicer if you were always prepared, if your love-hole were always slippery?”

I beamed with pride as I stood up and raised my skirts and bent over, presenting him my ass for inspection.

“Well, that’s wonderful! I see you’ve already figured it out for yourself! That deserves a reward! You may take off your gag.”

I had trouble loosening the tightly buckled strap at my neck, but finally succeeded and pulled out the hug ball with a plop. I was still standing in front of him, but it suddenly occurred to me to curtsy and thank him. I did a slight curtsy, not deep enough to make a parody of it, and said “Thank you, dear Steve, that’s very kind of you.”

“You are welcome my dear,” he said, “You learn fast. But please, always call me Sir, or Master Steve, or just Master.” He consulted himself for a moment, and then smiled at me, ready to teach me his next lesson. “Now, if I found that your love-hole was too tight, you might get hurt if a really well-endowed lover should try to enter you. What would you suggest we do about this?”

I thought for a moment. “Maybe we should make love more often to train my little hole?”

“What a charming idea,” Steve said, grinning openly. “But even I have my limitations. Let me tell you though, you’re on the right track.”

“A butt-plug?” I ventured cautiously, hoping I was wrong.

“Absolutely correct! My, you are quick! Yes I want you to wear a butt-plug from now on, all the time. I’ve brought you a few samples for different occasions. Here’s a very ordinary one you may want to wear at Pearl’s office. Nothing special, not uncomfortable, but also not very exciting. There are various sizes of this type to accommodate you as your training progresses.”

“But this one here is a little more refined,” he went on. “It has a rather thick head. Once it’s pushed beyond the sphincter, it will not plop out by itself. The shaft behind it is very thin at the beginning, but widens to over two inches in diameter at the other end. Imagine what this one would do for you, when you sit down, or when you get up, or sit down again. Or whatever. Think about wearing it while driving cross country in a Jeep, bouncing up and down in your seat.”

I just stared at it. I didn’t know what to think. A self- fucking butt-plug!

“Or this one. It’s rather long, and it contains a vibrator. It should be able to give you a lot of thrills when it’s switched on. The best part of it is, it’s radio-controlled. Some person holding the control-unit can give you a thrill any time at all! Imagine your feelings, standing in line at the bank, drawing out some cash, and while the teller counts it out for you this thing suddenly goes off. That would get you to smile, wouldn’t it?”

I didn’t know if that wouldn’t just be very embarrassing, but thinking about it, my cock grew a little.

Steve noticed. “I see, you do find it something of a thrill, don’t you, your most private feelings under someone else’s control. Well, let’s fit you with one right now. I’ll start you with a small one today, but don’t worry, we’ll increase the size as soon as possible. You do want to be ready for anything, don’t you?”

He made me get up and bend over the back of our overstuffed easy chair, and he threw my skirts over my head, and then proceeded to insert the plug. The “small” one must have been about the size of his cock. It felt just like his cock, and it stretched me somewhat. Well, I’d experienced his cock more than once, and I can’t say I’d found it unpleasant. In fact, it was just grand. I was ecstatic for the few minutes it took him to seat it inside me. I wondered how I would manage with something his size constantly inside me. And he had spoken of even bigger ones. Oh, boy, what was I in for!

When the plug was well seated, Steve threaded a strap through a ring in front of my corset, carried it around through a hole in the butt

plug's base, then drew it back to the same ring on my corset, and tightened and buckled it. No way would it come out on its own. I wondered at the Bea's ingenious planning. Those rings were there the whole time. I just hadn't noticed them.

"I've just buckled the straps," Steve said. "You can remove them any time you like. But I've got to warn you, if you remove them for any reason other than getting fucked or going to the toilet, I'll have to punish you. Then I'd have to lock the next ones on, make no mistake about it, and you can be sure the next ones will be a lot bigger, as big as your ass can tolerate without tearing, in fact. Then when you stretch out, the ones after that will be bigger still. I can make your asshole big enough so you'd never notice when I've gotten my whole fist and forearm inside you, if that's what you want. So do I have your cooperation?"

I vowed I would do as he had requested.

"Now a major thing," Steve continued. "We want you to feel helpless at all times, as a true submissive does. The dress you had on yesterday is perfect for that purpose. The dress you're wearing now gives you too much freedom. You need to be restrained.. Do you have any suggestions how? Think about it for a moment, then tell me."

I was confused. What was he asking for? That I should feel restrained? But how? Maybe the way I went to bed last night, hands tied behind my back? Nothing else occurred to me, so I hesitantly asked, "Would you like to tie my wrists?"

"Exactly!" Steve said. "That's remarkable! You really are a true submissive! Now turn around and give me your hands."

I again turned away from him and put my arms back. Within two seconds he had handcuffed my wrists. "End of first training session. I'll make us some lunch. But while I do, go over to the mirror and stand in front of it, and look at yourself. You don't have to speak now, so let me replace the gag. Open up, sweetheart."

What could I do? I opened my mouth and plop!—the thing went in, and stopped up anything that I might have said. I walked over to the mirror as he had requested, and I looked at me. There I stood, wearing a stunning gown, perfectly made-up and styled, but with my hands locked behind me and my mouth gagged. I should have died then and there from humiliation. But instead, what I saw was a beautiful lady, bound, with a hard on pushing out the front of her skirt.

Steve must have had more insight into my true nature than I did. I'd accepted my submission to him without a fight. I suppose I'd

even asked for it, though I still couldn't believe what was happening. My asshole submitting to get stretched out to accommodate anything up to a fist? Why? But poking out in front was undeniable evidence that I loved what was going on.

I had been standing there for maybe ten or fifteen minutes, a gorgeous lady with an outstanding prick, when Steve called me into the kitchen. The smells drifting from the kitchen were delicious. It smelled like he was grilling a steak. "Lunch is ready!" he called out, and I went over to him, and offered him my shackled wrists, so he could release them. Instead he just unfastened my gag.

"Sit down, I'm going to feed you," he said. "You don't need your hands." I sat down obediently, and he set a big bowl of salad in front of me, garnished with a hard-boiled egg and some shrimps. Then came a plate with a big, juicy steak still sizzling from the oven. My mouth began to water.

He then started to feed me salad. Up came all kinds of lettuce leaves from the bowl, with now and then a meager shrimp or a piece of egg speared on the fork and thrust into my mouth. After he'd fed me a half-dozen mouthfuls, he set down my fork, picked up his own, picked up a steak knife in his other hand, and sliced into the steak on his plate.

I watched juices drip from a huge slice as he cut into it, charred on the surface, then brown and pink, and still bright red in the center. He shoveled a few huge pieces into his mouth, then fed me another forkful of lettuce. I felt foolish not being allowed to eat by myself, waiting for him to feed me, and watching him devour his steak, and I told him so.

"Do I hear a complaint there?" he said, his mouth full, chewing away while he looked straight at me.

"No, no complaint at all," I said. "Just maybe could I have a bite of that steak too? I'm really hungry."

"I'm glad there's no complaint," Steve said, slicing another fork full and filling his mouth with it, "Because then I would have to gag you again. No, no steak for you, just vegetables." He chewed vigorously and kept talking. "You really have to lose a little weight. Everyone's agreed about that."

I wondered who this everyone was, who had decided I should be starved. But I was glad I had asked cautiously. I didn't want to seem complaining, and get gagged again. Maybe I could get at some food later.

When we were finished, Steve washed down his steak with a bottle of imported beer, and I rinsed down my salad with some Perrier. Then he took me upstairs to my room. "After a big meal like that, it's good to rest a little," he said. He stood behind me, and before I knew what he was doing, he had tied my elbows together with some kind of soft cloth or stocking. Not really tight, but they were snugged close together. "Now let me show you what else we can do with this lacing bar," he said. He let the bar down to the height of my crotch, and I began to worry. But suddenly he hooked a cord behind me between the bar and my handcuffs, then raised the bar and my arms, until I was bent way over from the hips with my ass pushed well back behind me for balance.

"Now isn't this a sweet sight," he teased. He patted my protruding rear end, and poked the butt plug once or twice to be sure it was still there, and no doubt to remind me it was still there.

Looking ahead into the mirror, I saw myself hanging absolutely helpless. This was my own house, and look at me! But I had to humor him. "Please, don't leave me like this," I begged. "I'll be a very good girl."

"I am absolutely certain of that," Steve said. "But I want to lie down for a while, so you need to keep out of trouble. I'll want to gag you again too, so I can get a little sleep. But I'm not inconsiderate. I'll see that you enjoy this little interlude."

He approached me with the gag again, and I opened wide for fear of provoking his wrath, and he filled my mouth with it again. Then he pulled my skirts up behind me and busied himself at my backside. I felt the butt plug being removed, and sighed with relief as the pressure in my rear end eased. But he immediately inserted another one, bigger this time, in both circumference and length. It really filled me, deep into my abdomen, and when he refastened the strap it was pushed even deeper into me, and I could feel it touching a very sensitive part of my prostate.

"Okay, girly, now have fun," he said, and threw a switch on a controller in his right hand. Immediately the damned thing began to whirl and vibrate in my ass, and my ass began to whirl and twist in response. "I'll be back after a wink, don't go away, just hang in there!" he said with a grin, and he was gone.

I stomped my feet in protest, but there was no one to see or hear me. My ass wriggled, and I began to dance a wild fandango on my toes, my arms still pulled up behind me. But he didn't come back.

So I tried to find a comfortable position. I tried to move forward to straighten up a little, but this put even greater strain on my arms. I tried to bend further forward to relieve the strain, but then the whirling thing in my ass pressed against my prostate, and I could feel sexual tension begin to mount up. I tried to stand on my toes, but my five-inch-heels already had me there. Finally I gave up, and just swayed and wriggled back and forth, changing the strain constantly. The vibrator in my ass began to drive me crazy. I couldn't stop it! It drove me higher and higher toward a need for release, but no release ever came! I tried every position available in order to bring on an orgasm, but nothing worked! Nothing!

After about ten minutes of dancing the batteries seemed to give out, and I found myself just hanging there, unsatisfied and horny as hell. During the whole time I could see myself in the mirror, a pretty girl gagged and strung up in a beautiful dress, my ass shoved way out and wriggling provocatively, my body writhing as if in heat.

I must have hung there another ten minutes before Steve returned, yawning and stretching himself. "Well my dear, did you have a good rest too?"

I wanted to glare at him, but he kept behind me, loosened the butt-plug straps, and pulled the thing out of my bottom. What a relief! "You seem to be quite agitated," he said, amused. "We'll have to think of something to loosen you up."

Then he bent over me from behind and grabbed my tits, playing with my nipples, careful not to put more strain on my arms. My head reared back as pleasure spread across me, and I wriggled my naked ass back into his crotch. I could feel his erection against my gaping ass hole.

"Such a hot little girl," he muttered, partly to himself, partly to tease me for my eagerness, but suddenly he shoved his whole prick into me and started pumping. That delight lasted only a few seconds, it seemed, because almost immediately I found myself squirting into the room while his hot cum gushed deep into my ass. Oh what bliss!

He then loosened the rope and disconnected it from my handcuffs, and I slumped into his arms, my wrists still pinned behind me. I would have fallen if he hadn't hugged me tightly. Then he picked me up and laid me on the bed, still handcuffed and gagged. Despite everything I felt a surge of gratitude toward him. He took such good care of me! He was so sweet! He kissed me on my cheek and said "Rest a little, my love, and I'll take care of the dishes." I fell asleep

before he was out the door.

When I woke up I went downstairs and found him sitting in the living room, reading a newspaper. He looked up inquiringly, but said nothing. I hummed and gestured that I had to go to the bathroom, and he nodded, ungagged me, and released my wrists without getting out of his chair. I shot upstairs, stripped, and cleaned myself thoroughly. My ass was stretched open and still leaking Steve's cum, so I gave myself an enema, thinking to myself that it was now more like a douche, as Bea had described it all along, and then I re-lubricated my rear end as Steve had requested earlier. I even brushed my teeth.

As before, my makeup was still perfect. I changed to a clean skirt and blouse, dabbed a little powder over my nose, and stroked some perfume onto my wrists and throat. I brushed out my hair, and found I looked great. Quite content with myself, I went down again.

As I reentered the living room, Steve pointed silently to the gag and the handcuffs. I understood him. He wanted me to gag and cuff myself. It was a little humiliating, but Bea had put me into his power to teach me obedience, so I obeyed. I pulled the gag strap tight behind my neck and closed the handcuffs behind my back, then stood in front of Steve, waiting. He gestured for me to move closer, tested the gag strap's tightness, and pulled it in one more notch. "Always wear it real tight," he said, "Or it won't function properly."

Then he reached into a box alongside him, pulled out a long, fat butt plug, and stuffed it into me. Each time I seemed to be graduating to larger sizes. Then I just stood there, for perhaps a half-hour, perhaps longer, while Steve read more of the paper and acted as if I weren't there at all.

Finally he finished, set the paper aside, and motioned for me to sit down on the couch. He then told me a little more about what was happening.

"You already know that Bea wants you to be a woman for the foreseeable future, and you know something about the kind of woman she wants you to become right now. You saw it in the mirror when they finished with you in the beauty salon. Ideally, a big-haired, empty headed bimbo, obedient to Bea's least wish and to anyone else she places over you, even Pearl, uncomplaining, grateful to whoever fucks your ass and squeezes your tits, a neat, serviceable slut who keeps herself clean and does what she's told."

"As Henry you were part way there—there wasn't much you wanted for yourself, or could even think of wanting. Now as Honey

you're learning to want nothing but to please others, to do what they want. That's what Bea wants from you."

"And what Bea wants you will give her. From now on you are hers, her property, her chattel, body and soul. She'll care for you and see that nothing bad happens to you, because she does love you, and she does intend for you to serve her purposes. Your life will be sheltered, but also exciting. Bea is planning to be promiscuous sexually with no complaint from you, as you already know, and as you know she wants you to enjoy yourself the same way. Well, not exactly the same way. She means to call the shots

What that means is, you can have as many lovers as you want, because she intends to have as many as she wants. She'll even help you find them. Of course, with your looks your lovers will all be men. That's how she wants it. That's why she's making you into the kind of woman men love to take to bed, beautiful, compliant, a little adventuresome, always grateful, no threat to their minds or their egos. Bea intends to remain the only woman in your life, and don't ever forget that."

I didn't know what to say to this, even if I had been able, which I wasn't. Obviously, Steve assumed I was there to listen and to accept what I was being told.

He then enlarged on what Bea had called her philosophy of a good marriage, things she couldn't tell me earlier or I'd never have agreed to become what I now was, but things she wanted me to know now that I'd become what I was.

"She'll tell you herself when she gets the chance," Steve said. "More than a year ago, she decided that you had dominated her long enough—for the whole twenty years you've been married in fact. Now for the next twenty years she'll be in charge. She feels it's her turn. Probably you're thinking you'll find a way to become a man again soon, or eventually. Well, don't count on it.

Steve continued, "If that's how Bea sees it, there's very little you can say in your own defense. I imagine you never intentionally dominated her, that you always thought you were pretty much equal, that you made all of your decisions together. But since Bea feels otherwise, you probably do have to give her a chance to catch up. And if you look at your situation realistically, you've got no way to object to her plans for you any more anyway."

As Steve talked, I saw he was right. So I resolved to agree with Bea, and make the best of it. Sometime in the future, she'd feel she

had gotten her equal time, and then we could really be equals. I just had to sit it out, and wait for my time to roll around again.

In the meantime why not enjoy what I've got? I now have an attractive female body. Though I'd never dreamed I could enjoy sex with a man, Bea and Steve had already taught me otherwise. Maybe Bea knew more about me than I had known about myself.

But I made up my mind about one thing. Sex with men would be the exception for me, not the rule. First and foremost I loved women, and most of all Bea, and today I wanted her more than ever. I could accept that she wanted to experience other lovers besides me, the same way I could accept that she wanted to experience loving me as a woman as well as loving me as a man. Variety, as they say, is the spice of life. So why not let her sample other varieties?

It even excited me to know that right now she was probably in the arms of another man, because I knew she would always come back to me. As long as I did what she wanted. I began pondering how to deal with the fact that she wanted me to have sex with lots of men, even though I didn't want to. And lots of sex with Steve, which I loved. No answers came to me.

It was getting dark when Steve ran out of words. We sat in the gloom for a short while. Then Steve roused himself, glanced at his watch, and suggested we go out to see a movie. He took off my gag and handcuffs and sent me upstairs to change. "Wear a real short skirt this time," he said. "And push that larger dildo into you. We won't be able to fuck, but I don't want you to feel deprived."

I complied with his wish, and came down with a very short pleated skirt and a dark blue wool sweater, over which I had hung a long blazer. The skirt showed only about two inches below the jacket. Walking with a big dildo up my rear gave my hips the most salacious swinging motion—I loved it! Steve took the blazer off, and as if it were the most natural thing in the world, he put the handcuffs back on me. And as if it was the most natural thing in the world, I let him do it without the slightest protest. He draped the blazer back over my shoulders, and we left.

And we sat through the movie like two teenagers with heavy crushes on each other. We sat in the bade, ate popcorn which he fed me, drank a coke he held to my lips, and enjoyed the film. During the big love scenes he caressed my thighs above the tops of my stockings, and I got so excited I leaned over to kiss him, and to let him kiss me. More than once. I wanted to go down on him, to wrap my lips around

his delicious penis, but he restrained me. “Now honey,” he said gently. “Behave yourself!”

After the movie he took me to a little Italian restaurant, where he was obviously well known. We had pasta. He ordered what he wanted, and fed me from his plate, and all the while refused to release my bonds. “I can’t take the cuffs off, I left the key at home,” he said. I knew this wasn’t true, but I could no longer object to remaining helpless in his company. Nobody seemed to care about our strange behavior anyway. Others all around us, all of them couples, were completely occupied with themselves. This restaurant seemed to be popular with people who were in love with each other. After an espresso we went home, and nobody gave us a second glance.

That night I was allowed into the master bedroom, corseted as usual and with my hands still tied behind my back. That did not deter Steve from making love to me in every possible way. But this time he made it a point not to come in my ass. He saved his cum for my mouth, and when I came in his mouth he saved it all for me, and then fed it back to me with his kisses. I swallowed a lot of cum that night.

We spent Sunday leisurely, like young people in love. He took me boating on a pond in the park, again with my hands cuffed behind my back, and with a really huge butt plug in my backside, the biggest yet. And he kept me cuffed all day long. Steve wanted me to get used to the feeling, he said, because I would be spending a lot of time like that in the future. Well, I thought, I will have to take this up with Bea when the time comes.

After a nice picnic lunch by the pond, sitting among many other people, Steve took me home. I don’t know if anyone noticed my predicament. None of them said anything, anyway. When we arrived back at the house, Steve just kissed me goodbye on the doorstep, opened the door for me, turned, and left. I invited him in, but he just grinned and waved, got into his car, and drove off without looking back. So there I was, alone in the big house, my hands fettered behind me, waiting for my wife to come home.

“Honey’s Submission Training”

Chapter Eight

Bea’s Weekend

The women arrived around four o’clock, bubbling over with excitement. Pearl was anxious to get home, so they just helped Bea carry her bags into the house, and then left. Bea greeted me as if we hadn’t seen each other for ages, and kissed me deeply. She tasted funny. Was it another man’s cum lingering in her mouth? Or had she eaten something strange? She wasn’t the least bit surprised to find me in handcuffs. “Come into my bedroom” She said, “I have so much to tell you.” She literally dragged me upstairs.

“Bea, would you release me now, please?” I asked her as she sat me down in her overstuffed divan chair and sat down on her bed.

“No, sweetheart, not now. Didn’t Steve explain it to you? I want to tell you all about the different men who fucked me, and how they felt when they held me with their cocks stuffed deep into me, and how they moved inside me, and what I did to them. And I want you to feel absolutely helpless while I tell you. I want to make you feel as jealous of me as you can be! I want you to positively twist and writhe.”

“Not jealous because they fucked me, my darling, dearest girlfriend. Not jealous because you’re my husband, and husbands think they own their wives. Not at all! You know we’re in a new kind of relationship now, don’t you, and you’ve accepted it with pleasure, haven’t you? We’ve both had our lovers over this past weekend, haven’t we?”

And she gave me such a dazzling conspiratorial smile that I had to smile back at her, and my rear end squeezed tight onto my butt plug as my mind recalled the ways Steve had used me.

“No, I want you to feel jealous because I had so many more lovers than you did, and you didn’t get to fuck them too. Are those handcuffs comfortable? Good! Those men were such wonderful lovers, my dear, and each one so very different. All of them with much bigger cocks than yours, darling, and much more stamina, and they made love so much more imaginatively than you ever did when you were still a man”.

“Are you wearing one of those butt plugs right now that’s bigger than your own cock? I told Steve I wanted you to finish the weekend with a really large one tucked into you. That’s nice. Steve is

bigger than you are, as I'm sure you know, but it's especially nice that right now you're stuffed in back with much bigger equipment than you've got dangling in front. It lets you know what you're good for."

She looked over at me smugly, visibly pleased with herself. "I've given you such a wonderful gift, darling! Aren't you happy that your modest endowment doesn't matter any more, that for you from now on, a man with a bigger cock is not a rival but a potential lover, someone who can satisfy your sexual needs when you submit your body to him? And I've been thinking of you the whole time! I even made sure to suck off each one of my lovers, so I could teach you the different techniques that seem to work best with different size pricks. You can never tell when you'll need to know things like that, can you, my dear sweet little husband-girl. Oh, it's so good to be back with you again! You look so pretty! You'll have to tell me all about your weekend. But first I want to tell you about mine."

She kicked off her shoes and lay back on the bed, staring dreamily up at the ceiling. "I met my first man even before we pulled up to the main building to check in. He was down the hill by the main gate, talking with a caretaker who lived in the gate house, and as our car stopped to be checked in he winked at us, three good-looking women obviously looking forward to a few days of fun. He was pretty good-looking himself, with a chestful of curly blonde hair, and tight shorts, and all over he was gleaming with sweat. I guess he'd been out jogging."

"Kay and Pearl looked at each other, and then at me, and Pearl said, 'Bea honey, this one's for you. We've both caught lots of fish, but you're new at it. No time like the present! We'll check you into your room and get your baggage stowed.'"

"Well, I had a plan figured out even before I finished getting out of the car. Pearl pulled away, and I walked over to the caretaker as if the jogger didn't exist."

"Can I help you, ma'am?" he asked me.

"Yes, you can," I said. "Have any really terrific studs checked in yet this weekend? I don't like wasting my time with second raters." And I glance at my gleaming blonde, my fish, and then I give the caretaker a big smile. "You know what I mean." Then I glance again at my blonde fish, and sure enough, he's already wriggling, trying to edge into the conversation. So I coolly turn my shoulder away from him, and add, "Are there any regulars up yet, men who expect to stay up for the weekend and who come often?" I placed my hand on the

caretaker's arm and leaned into his face, still smiling. He looked a little uncomfortable.”

“Well, I'd read that only the bellhops and the waitresses were allowed to service hotel guests, and only if asked to do it directly and unambiguously. They're specially trained for it, and medically tested regularly. All the other staff are strictly forbidden. So I knew the caretaker was no problem for me. Anyhow, he had a big beer belly that hung way down over his cock. I'll want to try out a man like that someday, to see if his weight gives a little extra heft to his moves when he's inside me. But not yet.”

“By now, Mr. Jogger is in trouble. Did I mention that his shorts were tight? Well, he's got a boner you wouldn't believe. Even I didn't believe it. Another glance over at him, as if he's bothering the two of us and I want him to go away, and this time I notice his huge bulge. In fact the whole head of his cock has poked above his belt-line. It's a huge purple dome the size of an apple, and his T shirt doesn't even begin to conceal it. Now that's really flattering to a girl, you know? I began to get really wet down under, you know? I mean, I knew I'd have to stop teasing him, or I'd start dripping and splashing all over the floor!”

“Well, golden boy comes to the rescue. Ma'am,” he says a little timidly. “This is my first time here, but maybe I can show you the way.”

“I looked him over, the way Mae West used to look over her next piece of meat, from head to foot and back again, then down to his crotch, then up into his face. “Maybe,” I said, and I reached for that huge knob sticking above his pants, and I pulled it toward me like a gear shift lever. “C'mon, let's see.” And I led him away up the hill a little distance and into the woods, the same way I'd lead a dog on a short leash. In fact later that weekend we had dinner together—I ate dinner while he crawled under the table and ate me—and I suggested that he get a cock ring installed for clipping on a dog leash, so it would be easier to lead him around by his prick. He said his girlfriend back home meant to do just that with him. She wanted to take him to concerts and dinners by a leash sticking out of his fly, so she could tug on him to make him keep up with her. After his session with me, he said, he had decided to let her do it.”

“Well, it turned out he was as submissive as you are, dear, but much better trained,. When we got to a secluded part of the woods I let go of his cock and turned, and just stood there looking at him, to see what he'd do. Immediately he dropped to his knees, and lowered

his head. So I just spread my feet apart, and put my hands on my hips, and thrust my pelvis at him, and asked who had taught him to do that. He told me it was his girlfriend. I asked how his girlfriend felt about his servicing other women. He said she was angry with him, and had ordered him to please as many women as he could during this weekend, to learn to respect them better.”

“Then he lifted his face and leaned way back, and I stepped forward a little, and straddled his head, and there we were. He’s on his knees facing straight up, and I’m straddling his face, looking down into his eyes. He started to suck on my snatch, his tongue working into me as if it were the strongest and longest muscle in his body, his eyes looking straight up into mine the whole time, imploring my approval, as if every moment he was worried I might not be pleased with him.”

“When he found my clit and diddled it with his tongue, I came, and I suppose I did gush real fluids into his mouth, because he was making loud slurping noises all through the next two times I came.”

“Later on, when we were walking back to the hotel, he told me that his girlfriend loved to have him drink up her pee mixed in with her cum juices, and he wondered why I hadn’t honored him the same way, by pissing into his mouth. I told him if I meant to use anyone as a toilet it would be my husband. You see, darling, I was thinking of you the whole time.”

“Anyhow, after a while I took pity on him, though I’m sure that tongue of his could have gone on and on. I gestured that he should lie on his back, and he did, and lower his shorts, and he did, and I tried to lower myself onto that huge purple knob. Well! It was almost embarrassing! If it hadn’t been for Bob, a week or so ago, when the girls gave him to me as my birthday treat—you remember, the same night I gave you Steve, you remember I’m sure—well, if it weren’t for Bob I’d never have fit. Your prick certainly never prepared me for anything like this!”

“I was wet enough, and I sat down on him very carefully, and I pushed myself onto him very slowly, but even so I could take him only an inch at a time, and then I had to pause to stretch out. A few times I feared I’d split wide open. It was like having a baby, I imagine, only in reverse. He wasn’t very long, or I really might have split wide open, but he had the thickest cock I saw during the whole weekend”

“When he was altogether inside me, I felt the way a female dog does when the male’s knob has swelled up in her and he can’t

withdraw, you know? I couldn't move. But it didn't matter, because he thrust at me a few times and came, and then with his cum oozing all over both of us we both came again. I think he had three orgasms, and I never stopped having one after another, wave after wave, for the whole hour we were welded together. And all with me scarcely moving!"

"You know, dear, when you were Henry, you didn't even begin to measure up to that man. It's as if you were a different species. That little prick of yours could diddle me all right, and sometimes bring me off, and I love having it around, and I mean to use it from time to time, but trust me, dear, you're much better off being a woman. You've made the right decision."

I started to protest that I had never made any such decision, but Bea had returned to her story, her face dreamily recollecting.

"He never got soft until after the last one, when he came out of me with a funny 'plurp' sound, and I decided that was enough for one afternoon. So I sat down on his face, and he licked me clean enough so I could walk without leaking. But I saved a lot of his cum inside me for you, dear. Later I let it drain into some new nylon panties I bought just for that purpose, and I put it in a baggy in my valise over there."

"Those panties will be your night-time gags all this week, so you'll know how my men tasted. You see, dear? I want to share everything. Anyhow, I licked and sucked his cock clean, and found I couldn't get my mouth onto him when he had gotten fully hard again. But licking the underside of that thick shaft brought him off. Remember that, darling, when some man's cock is much too big for even your mouth. In a way it was like trying to kiss the top of a fence post!"

"And you know something, Honey? It turned out that the whole time he was lying on his back and I was riding on top of him, his back was getting all scratched up by brambles and nettles underneath him. He must have been in real pain the whole time. When I saw how his skin was torn, I felt terrible for him. But he just laughed, and said that his girlfriend whips him all the time— that the pain adds a little extra spice when he's making love."

"Well, my dear, you may be quite sure, as I train you to become the girl I want to have for my husband, that I will never inflict pain on you. Never! Unless you need and deserve it, to punish you for disobeying me. But you never will, will you, darling. Come here!"

She sat up on the bed, and crooked her finger at me. I got up

out of the divan chair and wiggled my butt over to her, very much aware of the butt plug in my rear, and much aware that her story had given me an erection. Then when I was directly in front of her I also dropped to my knees, I still don't know why. She seemed so self-confident, so deserving of my worship.

“Oh, aren't you sweet!” Bea exclaimed, sounding charmed and delighted. She spread her legs so I could lean forward and kiss her slit through her panties, and I buried my face in her crotch. She held my head there for a moment, and kissed the top of my head, and patted me affectionately, as if I really were her beloved pet. I nuzzled her and looked up, and she motioned me back to my chair with her head, looking pleased.

“Well,” she said. “I see that Steve has been busy with you. I'm so happy that you appreciate what I'm doing with you, my dear, and why, and what I'll want you to become as our marriage progresses. And that now you understand everything, or enough anyhow, for now. And that you don't mind some of the tricks I used to get you where you are now, especially when you didn't know what I really wanted.”

I started to object that there were many things we needed to discuss, but again Bea wasn't listening. She lay back again on her bed, and started in again.

“Now, you'll appreciate how I arranged for my second really good fuck. The opportunity came about two hours later, during the cocktail hour, and I guess you could say that it continued through dinner. It seems that as a first-time visitor, the management arranged some special things for me—a bouquet of flowers in my room when I arrived, and a box of chocolates, and free access to the room's wet bar for the first night, and one of the Hotel's more dependable guests requested to look in and see if everything was Okay.”

“He was a doll! Short, a little shorter even than me, and cute as can be, with clean, chiseled features, and the nicest smile. His manner was a little shy and utterly charming. While I was putting away my clothes, and in fact just as I was stuffing my first pair of soaked panties into a baggy for you, there came a knock on the door, and when I opened it, his darling round head popped through and smiled at me and said, ‘Hi, Bea! I'm Edgar! Call me Eddie! I'm a guest this weekend too. The management asked me to look in to see if you have everything you need. I tried to bring along your two friends, um, yes, Pearl and Kay, so we could have a kind of cocktail hour of our own, all together. But they're busy, and Kay told me to run along and tell you not to look for either of them until much later tonight.’”

“I opened the door wide and invited him in, and in he came, with a kind of jaunty dance step. I saw immediately what special kind of fun I could have with him, and I started right in. ‘Eddie,’ I said. ‘You’re just in time! Please, I need your advice! Which of these two dresses should I wear to dinner tonight?’ I picked up two that were still lying on the bed, about to be hung in the closet, a rose chiffon, and a beaded black velvet with appliques, and I held them in front of me, first one, then the other. He looked admiringly at both.

“‘Well, Bea,’ Eddie said, ‘They’re very different, Are you feeling frivolous and feminine, sort of helpless, like the pink dress, or do you feel more controlling and severe, more of a femme fatale, like the black one?’”

“‘I don’t know,’” I said. “‘Maybe you can help me decide.’”

I handed him the chiffon. ‘Would you hold this up against you for a moment so I can see what the effect is?’ Well, he was a little disconcerted, but he did it. ‘Yes,’ I said sort of vaguely. ‘You know, Eddie, that’s a good color for you. Does your wife like to dress you inrose?’”

“By now he was blushing, just as I’d hoped. ‘No,’ he said, ‘My ex-wife didn’t like to see me wear anything flowery, not even Hawaiian shirts. She wanted me to look like a real man.’ He smiled and glanced at me, then looked away, blushing even deeper. This, I thought to myself, is a piece of cake!”

“‘And if you were to wear that color, you wouldn’t be a real man?’ I asked, looking him steadily in the eyes. I decided to take the plunge. ‘Let’s see! I’ll take this dress off, and my bra, and panties, and everything, and you put that dress on, with a bra, and panties, and everything, and then we’ll see if you can still be a real man!’ Eddie got so confused, the poor dear, that he just stood there with an odd smile on his face, looking at me, and looking away, and clutching the dress even closer to him.”

“I don’t know if anyone was ever propositioned like that before. I’m sure he hadn’t been. Before he could come back to his senses I quickly laid out a bra and slip, and stockings and a garter belt, and the laciest panties I could find in a hurry, all at hand on the bed next to him. ‘There you are, Eddie,’ I said. ‘If you’re a man, welcome to Paradise!’ And then very slowly, looking steadily at his eyes the whole time, I began to unbutton the top button on my dress.”

“‘I...uh...do you...?’ he started to ask, but I just kept staring at him with my femme fatale smile, finished the top button, and began

on the second.”

“‘I think I feel controlling and severe,’ I said to him. ‘I’ll wear the black velvet to dinner. Do you feel frivolous and feminine and helpless? Will you accompany me tonight wearing that dress you’re still holding? Can you make love to me in that dress right now, and then go to cocktails and dinner with me?’ Then in a single movement I swept my dress off over my head, and then swept my hands down over my breasts, cupping them and lifting them, and preening myself up on tiptoe for a moment. Then I bent over, eyes still fixed on his, and reached for the hem of my slip. I knew he could see way down the cleft between my breasts.”

“Well, my dearest hubby-girl, at that point Eddie turned to jelly, and he was mine. I wish I’d thought to do something like that with you a year ago, to get you into your first dress. But by that time, sex with me wouldn’t have been enough incentive for you, I suppose. And you didn’t need to prove to yourself that you were a man—you thought you were one.”

“Anyhow, Eddie gave out a little moan, and set the dress onto the bed, and started to unbuckle his pants. I waited until they were draped around his ankles, and then I came over to him and took his head between my hands and kissed him on the lips, slowly, and then I took off my slip and sat down on the bed just a few feet away, still looking directly at him. I’m sure he noticed that I was wearing a bra and nothing else, naked from the waist down, looking at him. His eyes fixed fascinated on my bush. I crossed my legs. ‘Well...?’ I said?”

“Inside of a minute Eddie was stark naked. He picked up the bra and slung it around him, fastened it in front, turned it, cupped himself, pulled up the straps, straightened the bandeau in front, and reached for the panties. Well, well, I thought to myself. Eddie has done this before.”

“‘Stockings and garter belt first,’ I said, ‘Or your panties won’t come off fast enough for you to fuck me while I’m available. Is the bra as comfortable as your others?’”

“‘Yes,’ he said, blushing even deeper than before, if that was possible. ‘How did you know that I have others?’”

“‘Oh, we girls can always recognize each other,’ I said. ‘But unlike your wife, I like men who wear brassieres. In fact, I have a hubby at home I’m turning into a wife right now, and he loves it.’”

At this point I couldn’t sit still any more. “Bea, listen!” I said. “I don’t—”

“Oh yes you do!” Bea said suddenly, sitting straight up and ...well, glaring at me for a moment, then softening again. “Henry, I’m telling you this story for a reason! I love you, and I especially love what I’ve made you, and I mean to go much further with you, as you’ll soon find out. So far you’ve been understanding, and considerate, and you’ve gone along with everything. But don’t think I can’t feminize another man to my purposes, if you should decide you don’t want me to make you the sweet, compliant, useful woman I know you can be. You do want me to keep going with you, don’t you?”

I wasn’t sure what she meant by that last part—of course married people go with each other. Or did she mean turning me into Steve’s fuckslut, or her own, or into whatever else she had in mind? So I just nodded,

“Say it, Henry!”

“Yes, Bea, I want you to keep going with me.” And I did! And then out it came! “I need you, Bea!” I cried out to her. I was feeling strange about her jogger, and a little jealous of Eddie, and a little humiliated, and terribly vulnerable! If my hands weren’t still cuffed behind me, I’d have wiped my eyes. They were filling with tears.

“Well that’s just lovely, Honey!” Bea was moved when she heard how I said it, and saw how I felt. “Then rest assured, my precious. I will certainly keep going with you. We won’t stop.”

She relaxed and resumed her story. “Anyhow, Eddie got into the rose chiffon gown, and he looked so sweet, just like a girl going to her first prom. I put makeup on him, and he was in seventh heaven. A real transvestite, his dick getting rock hard just from the thought of putting on a dress or mascara, and I soon had him as pretty as could be in both. You know, his wife suspected, but she never knew. And when she finally found his cache of dresses and lingerie, she left him. Can you imagine? Walking out on a man who can maintain a practically permanent erection as long as he’s dressed like a girl? So silly! So terribly wasteful!”

“Well, I kept my word and we made love a few times, but I was still so stretched out from my golden boy I couldn’t feel Eddie, much. So I only came twice, after about an hour of steady screwing, only toward the end, when he was languishing and sighing and blissed out and finally starting to get soft. I was the first girl he’d ever fucked dressed as a girl, and he told me he was never again going to make love any other way. He developed such a crush on me!”

“When we were finished, he wanted to lick me out, and he was terribly disappointed when I told him ‘No’. But I wanted to save his cum for you, so I put on another fresh pair of panties and oozed into them all through cocktails and dinner, and then put them all damp and lovely into a baggie for you for tomorrow.”

“I put on my black velvet gown and looked really svelte, and he dressed up as cute as could be in my chiffon, and ran down to buy a blonde wig from the beauty salon, and then he stayed dressed and by my side the whole weekend, my devoted servant, even when I was making love to other men. He got himself a complete new wardrobe and make-over for Saturday night.”

“I spent Saturday night learning bondage tricks from a man who was a master at them, who had brought his very own slave, and I needed a slave to practice on. Eddie really was a born panty slave—no doubt of it! He went home this afternoon planning to throw out all his male clothes and begin a course of hormones and go all the way toward becoming a woman, all on his own. Maybe even try sex with men. He was so grateful that I’d *liberated* him, as he put it!”

“But you see, Honey, there’s nothing for you to feel jealous about, that I had another girl picking up after me during the weekend, sucking me out, and slurping up cocks I’d wet down...I wanted it to be you, remember. And it will be, dear. Trust me!”

It was getting dark out, and Bea’s story still hadn’t gotten to Friday evening, much less to Sunday afternoon, when the ladies’ all kissed their gentlemen goodbye and went home to their husbands, and the gentlemen returned to their wives. Without saying a word, Bea took the key to the handcuffs out of her bedside drawer and released me, and the two of us went downstairs together. She went into the living room and began reading the Sunday newspaper, and I knew what was expected of me.

I looked through the fridge and found that Steve had thought out even this moment. There was a note pointing to goose pate, crackers, and chilled wine, lobster salad, potato salad, two huge Italian club sandwiches, and the fixings for espresso coffee. I brought them all in on a tray, set them down on the coffee table in front of Bea, poured out the wine, and then unexpectedly, knelt down on the floor in front of my wife. And just as I had done when I came home from Celeste’s committed to be a woman for a year like it or not, I started to cry. But this time once I started, I couldn’t stop. I buried my face in her lap, and just kept sobbing, inconsolable.

Bea wasn't at all surprised. She remained seated on the couch, and she leaned over and stroked my head affectionately. "There, there," she said. "I know! It's all moving so fast for you, now. You think you've lost all control over things. But darling, you never did have control over things. You only thought you did. Trust me. Surrender yourself to me. I know what's best for the both of us. I'll tell you about the rest of my weekend some other time. There were a few more wonderful men, and I have their cum on my panties for you to share, and one wonderful pair of panties covered with the cum that leaked out of my ass. But you can taste them later. And you don't have to know now how else I was fucked, or by whom. We need to look to the future."

"Tomorrow you begin being Honey full time, and begin working for Pearl, and step into a whole new world. We have to get you ready. As her receptionist, you'll need to receive all kinds of clients for her. Let's just enjoy this delicious dinner you've brought in right now. All right?"

"And darling, tonight I want you to sleep with me. As a special treat, in my own bed. With your hands tied behind you, of course, because I want you to be thinking always about what you can't grasp for yourself, what you need me to do for you. I want you to feel helpless, the way you feel right now, and dependent on me. Don't worry, darling. I'll be smothering you in kisses all night. You're such a sweet angel! You're giving up everything for me, even some things you don't even know about yet. But I do. You'll understand soon. Just wait."

She held out a wine glass. "Here, dear. I'll leave your hands free for now, so if you want you can help yourself!"

I ate a few bites, and then cleaned up, and went upstairs with Bea, and prepared for bed, and slipped on a nightie, and then presented my wrists to her once again. She wrapped some kind of velcro band around them, nicer than the handcuffs, and I got into bed with my wife, and she comforted me. She told me how pretty I was, and caressed my breasts, and called me her darling girl, and her precious baby.

I felt so very strange! I was no longer sure who I was, and when she gave me a pair of her cum-soaked panties, the jogger's she said, I sucked gratefully on them until I fell asleep. I remember thinking to myself that he tasted a little like Steve, but not a lot. She was sharing him with me. She was right. There was a whole new world out there.



Chapter Nine

Working Girl

“Wake up, curlytop! Time for you to fix us breakfast, and then to get dressed to go to work. Your face is already lovely, as always these days, though a little more eye shadow and mascara might be appropriate.” Bea looked me over critically, then continued. “Oh, I’m so pleased you decided to get permanent makeup! Do you know yet which suit you’ll wear? Remember, Pearl likes her women sexy but businesslike, so no blouse under your jacket. It should be an interesting day for you, dear, whatever you wear.”

For a moment it seemed like old times, the two of us in bed together, except that Bea was uncommonly animated. In the old days, if she awoke ahead of me she’d just crawl out of bed and start her own day. Now I was expected to start her day for her.

“Hi!” I said. I felt a little like my old self. But instead of giving her a peck on the cheek, as was usual when she woke ahead of me in a good mood, I rolled over and asked, “Can you release my hands now?”

“Why of course dear!” she replied. “This morning you’re a working girl. I’m certainly not willing to be cited for sexual harassment of a girl on the job.”

“I’m not a girl,” I muttered as I rubbed my wrists back to their usual comfort level, and looked at my long, beautifully finished nails, smooth and elegant with four coats of nail polish on them.

“Well, you lovely thing, you could have fooled me!”

I suppose she was right. I glanced in the mirror on my way to the bathroom, and there I was, my face as elegantly feminine as my nails, the red hair Celeste had given me tousled to match the bedroom look in my eyes, my lips pouting with that “fuck my mouth” look she and Bea thought so attractive. Well, I thought, Steve didn’t mind my looking this way, not at all. So why should I?

I took care of myself in the bathroom, shower, enema douche, tampon, the usual, and went down to start the coffee, thankful that my butt plug and training corset weren’t on today’s agenda. Bea came down in her peignoir, still reminiscing.

“Did I tell you I ran into Bob again at the hotel?” she asked. “Sunday morning. I barely had time to put on this very robe when he

knocked on the door and came in, and told me how delighted he was to see my name on the guest register. Then in five minutes he had the gown off me and was into me. We had a wonderful, wonderful reunion. I was climbing all over him, just like that night when he was my birthday present from the girls.”

“Do you remember how he tasted in me that first time? I’ve brought you a pair of my panties with his cum leaked into them, to remind you. But really, what I remember most about Bob isn’t his taste, or even the size of his cock compared with your little thing. It’s how he moves when he’s inside you. It’s mysterious, a sort of pulling back and yet at the same time plunging deeper, and terribly exciting. Look, I’m wet just thinking about it. I can’t explain it. You’ll just have to find out for yourself how it feels to have a man like that inside you.”

I poured Bea the coffee I’d just made, and she warmed both hands on the cup. She was in a marvelous mood.

“Oh, Honey, you’re wonderful!” she announced to me. “No other husband in the world would do what you’re doing! You don’t know how lovely it is that now I can talk about men with you, now that you’re my very best girlfriend and we can talk about anything at all. It’s like being a teenager all over again. And I haven’t even given you a chance to tell me about Steve. Was he very hard on you, all that obedience training I asked him to give you? You do need it, dear. And more. But if he was mean to you, did his lovemaking make up for it?”

“Bea,” I said, “that’s what I don’t understand. He kept saying that you don’t want me to be a man with you any more. But I’m still Henry, down underneath, and I will be again when this makeup wears off.”

“Still Henry?” Bea said, the lilt in her voice a little subdued, her voice a little more serious. “With that voice? And those breasts? And that face? No, thank God, you’re not. Don’t even dream it, Honey dear. Henry doesn’t live here anymore. Steve’s cock may have pushed into Henry’s ass the night of my birthday party, but once it was buried there it performed magic. It turned Henry into Honey. Then when Steve’s cock pulled out of her ass Honey took over the premises. Isn’t that true? Was it Henry or Honey who spent this past weekend making love to Steve?”

“No, the only part of Henry I ever really loved is you, Honey. You were so buried in that pompous fool, it took me a whole year to find you inside him and bring you out into the open. Why in the world

should you want to become Henry again? That a boring excuse for a man! But now, just look at yourself! Gorgeous!”

“I must say, I loved looking at you this morning before you woke up. My very own hubby turned into my very own luscious bimbo, and now getting ready for her first day as a working girl. I don’t want to hear about Henry again. Which reminds me—you aren’t wearing your training corset yet. We’ll need to go into your room to lace you into it. And did you insert your bigger butt plug this morning?”

“No, Bea, only a tampon!”

“Oh, my dear Honey! A tampon is for when you’re having your periods! I’ll tell you when. You need to wear your largest butt plug always, now that it fits you, unless I tell you to slip that big dildo into you instead for special occasions. You can never tell when you’ll need to feel all stretched out and ready for anything. Now go upstairs and change, and get your training corset out, and I’ll come up shortly to help you lace it up. I’ve already laid out your outfit for today.”

“I’m sure Steve told you what I’m expecting from you. When you’re a good girl, you’ll find out how much I love you. When you’re disobedient, you’ll look back fondly to when Steve used only your vibrator to punish you. He was really just teasing you with it, but I won’t be that soft-hearted. Now go upstairs and fix your hair.” She stopped talking, and poured herself another cup of coffee. I had suddenly ceased to exist.

“Yes Bea,” I said, got up, and went upstairs. I don’t know if she even noticed. I remembered what Steve had said about lubrication, and was careful to use lots on the butt plug before inserting it. It slipped right in.

Then with a few touches of the curling iron I fixed my hair back into piles of curls heaped up on each other. That style looked a little vulgar to me. All that curly elaboration seemed to be telling the world I’m willing to go to great lengths to look desirable and available, that I’m feminine and fuckable. But that’s the hairdo Bea wanted for me, and that’s what Celeste gave me. I slipped the corset over me, went over and put my hands on the stretching bar, and waited. Somehow, when I knew Bea was coming to help me, it didn’t seem right just to sit and wait for her.

An hour later Bea was letting me out of the car on the block where Pearl had her offices. I was in a trim, close fitting lavender wool suit, with a jacket collar that plunged just past my bra, which

peeked out from the deep V of my neckline. My skirt was just over calf length but slit up the back to way over the knees, the way Pearl wanted me to dress daily. She wanted me wearing minis only when I'd be used to close deals, whatever that meant.

Bea had made me slather on tons of mascara and eye shadow! "You want to look mysterious, dear," she said. Then, on my permanently red lips she smeared a bright red lipstick with no subtlety whatever, glossy with gold flecks in it.

As she dropped the tube in my purse she said "Use this often, Honey, every chance you get. Let men see you using it." When I protested it would stain anything it touched, she just smiled and said, "That's the point."

So there I was, dressed up like an office girl who was once a tramp, standing on the sidewalk, looking for the entrance to Pearl's building. Bea looked me over from behind the wheel, and of all things there was a sweet smile on her face.

"I feel as if I were sending my little girl off for her first day of school," she called to me. "You're going to learn so much. Be sure to tell me all about it when you get home. And don't do anything I wouldn't do!"

Finally I saw Pearl's office building entrance on the far corner, at the other end of the block! Bea had deliberately let me off a distance away, to force me to strut my stuff. I was a little annoyed, but there was no place to hide, so I started down the street primly, clutching my purse to my chest. Then as Bea pulled away she called to me "Hips, girl, hips! Swing 'em!" Well, unfortunately, the butt plug I had in me also told me I was being too tight-assed, and it began to rub. So I had to take Bea's advice. By the time I reached the corner my hips were undulating like a pendulum, working women striding past me were glaring straight ahead, and cars in the street alongside were scarcely moving.

The door to Pearl's office suite was already open when I arrived, and Pearl was at her desk in her inner office. She called out, "Well, Henry, there you are! Stay right there, don't move! Bea's told me what she's done to you during the past week or so, and what Steve's been doing. I want to see for myself."

So I stood right there by the receptionist's desk, my desk I realized, clutching my purse with both hands and looking wide-eyed at her when she came into the waiting area. I realized that I should try to make a good impression. Pearl was my new boss, after all!

“Oh, sweetheart, don’t look so frightened!” Pearl said. She threw me one narrow-eyed glance. “You’ll do just fine.” She herself was dressed in a gray pinstripe with a skirt that ended below her knees, and next to her I felt like a cartoon slut. But she was all business, “I’m not going to bite you, dear. Not me, anyhow. Even though you do look good enough to eat. I will never understand how Bea did it. There was Henry, a middle-aged executive, a senior partner in an important firm in town, and now here’s Henry, who has never liked me, ready to be my brainless bimbo, all dressed up to spend the day on his back or his knees if that’s what’s required. It’s wonderful, really.”

“We’ve had this conversation already, Pearl,” I said. “Knock it off. And I’m Honey, not Henry.”

Suddenly I realized that was the old Henry speaking, barely tolerating his wife’s friend and letting it show. Honey would never have the nerve to speak to her *boss* that way. I felt a pang of fright. Instinctively I put my fingers to my lips, shocked, and my eyes grew even wider. I looked at Pearl apprehensively.

“Oops!” I said. “Oh, dear! I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be rude. Please forgive me, Pearl. I mean, I don’t even know what I should call you. And what is it you want me to do? I’m so terribly sorry! Really!”

That reflex apology shocked me even more than my insolence of a moment earlier. But for a different reason. I had thought until that moment that I was playing at being Honey for the pleasure it gave Steve and Bea, and because they seemed not to want to see Henry ever again. But deep down I knew I was really Henry. Until that moment. But with that sardonic crack to Pearl, Henry suddenly felt so far out of place, and out of line, that I unwittingly switched him off and apologized for him, frightened. I really was Honey blathering that apology, not Henry. I had to wonder where Henry had gone, and whether Bea was right that he was dead, my body haunted by his ghost only now and then.

But even worse. Honey was apologizing to Pearl, of all of Bea’s friends the one Henry held in contempt. Honey wanted Pearl’s approval! And Honey was finding her mindless desire to please Pearl a comfort, and was taking refuge in it. And I was Honey!

Pearl sensed some of this, and suppressed her amusement. “As much change on the inside as on the outside, I see. And in only two weeks! Well!”

Then suddenly she became all business. “I’m glad to see you

know your place, Honey. Just keep Henry out of the office— he’s not welcome. Your job is whatever I say it is, understood? Call me Mrs. Peters, and nothing else during business hours. This is your desk. That’s your filing cabinet, if you’re ever asked to file anything. You’ll find the folders are in alphabetical order, top drawer to bottom drawer. The alphabet’s as much intellectual work as you’ll need to understand. On your desk is a Rolodex with names, also in alphabetical order, with descriptions of each of my clients you’ll find useful. I expect that the moment one walks in you will look him up and read the entry, even before you page me to tell me he’s arrived. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Mrs. Peters,” I said. I still felt a little wide-eyed, a little terrified that I’d made a mistake the very first moment of my new job. Yet my new Boss didn’t seem to mind. This time.

“Let me show you around and introduce you to the others. I share this office with three architects, named, oddly enough, Tom, Dick and Harry. Tom’s father founded their business, and two ladies left over from his time are still working for the three of them.

They’re both way over fifty, and they do all the typing and filing. But if there’s a work overload, you’re expected to help out. I’ve arranged for Tom to try out your talents as a typist. You know how to work a word-processor?”

She saw my indignant look on my face. “Oh, of course, I forgot, Henry was a computer consultant. I really can’t relate Henry’s talents to yours, by the look of you now. Bea really must feel proud of what she’s done with you! I doubt you appreciate it. But you will, dear, you will. In time!”

I didn’t understand what she meant by that, but no matter. We stood in front of a door with the lettering ‘Thomas Carrington’ on it. After a short knock we entered. “Tom,” Pearl said, “This is my new girl-of-all-trades, Honey. If you want to try her out, she is all yours now.”

“Hello Honey, welcome to the chaos. You can see I’m not very tidy, and I hope you’ll bring some sort of order into this mess. My ladies had too much work with a deadline during the past two weeks, and let things slip a little.” Tom was a good-looking man in his mid-thirties and had the aura of a man in command.

“Yes, Mr. Carrington,” I said, with as much wide-eyed sincerity as I could muster, “I’ll be glad to help in any way I can.” “Let’s do away with formalities,” he said, looking me over with approval, I was glad to see. “Everybody here calls me Tom, and so

should you.”

“Thank you Tom. Do you have anything for me to do?” “Yes, in fact I need to have this tape typed out,” and he handed me a Dictaphone tape. “I want it back by lunch.”

“I’ll attend to it, if Mrs. Peters doesn’t have other things for me to do.”

“Even if I do,” Pearl said. “We don’t make our own schedules around here, do we Honey? We do what we’re told, don’t we. That’s what Bea wants me to teach you, especially. So get used to it!”

Pearl steered me out, and we headed toward Dick McFadden and Harry Weingarten. There standing guard over their inner offices were their two elderly ladies, Nancy and Jane. They were as plain as their names suggested, but seemed to be lovable, motherly types.

“Hello,” Nancy said. “I hear you’re a man. Aren’t you ashamed to be dressed like that, and to look like that?”

“Yes ma’am” I said truthfully. “A little. It’s a kind of experiment. My wife wants it. She can get pretty determined, and in some ways I can’t help doing whatever she wants. And in some ways I’ve found I enjoy looking and acting like this, if that’s what she wants. There’re advantages.”

“Like getting laid by men?” Jane said. “Pearl told us about that. You can’t have been much of a man, if that’s what you enjoy now. It’s probably just as well some woman’s taken charge of you. Maybe you’ll make a better woman. Of a *certain kind*, anyhow,” she added, looking me over a little sternly.

Pearl continued with her tour of the office. “Over there’s a coffee room, with a couch, and a carpet, and other useful amenities. Think of it as a private office, where you do some of your work when you’re away from your desk. Look it over and get familiar with it. You’ll find there’s a lock on the door, and a key in your top desk drawer. Use it. There will be no embarrassing revelations while you’re in there—the’re bad for business. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said, though I didn’t at all.

“Yes Mrs. Peters,” Pearl snapped. “Didn’t I just tell you it’s Mrs. Peters and nothing else? You really are stupid, aren’t you?”

She looked at me closely, and I was embarrassed to find I was blushing. This was really crazy! Who does Pearl think she is? But who do I think I am? I was confused, and tried to say “Yes, Mrs. Peters,”

but nothing came out.

“Well, Honey, I suppose you’ll catch on soon enough. Do you think you can boil water?”

I nodded reassurance, too confused to resent the insult.

“Good! Put up a pot of coffee, and bring me a cup as soon as it’s ready. Oh yes. You’ll find your desk drawers have all the makeup and hairdo and manicure supplies you’ll need during business hours. I’ll expect you to be seen using them whenever you’re at your desk. Your job is to look as pretty as you can, what men in the construction trades think is pretty, and to look as if that’s what you work at all day long. Have some kind of nail file ready to use if a customer should walk in unexpectedly. That red lipstick and a small mirror would be better still. The shade is perfect, incidentally. Bea’s choice? Keep using it. I want to keep seeing that tube in your hand and your lips looking as if you meant to suck on it.”

She turned to walk back into her inner office. “Bea’s really done wonders with you, Honey. I hope you’re grateful. I told her to dump you over a year ago, but she thought you were still usable, still worth keeping around for some things. She said she had her own reasons. Maybe she was right. We’ll see. I want that coffee in five minutes!”

And she was gone. I went to the desk and set down my purse, and got the key, and opened the coffee room. It was practically a living room, though windowless. Over the couch was a portrait of a reclining nude woman, a Titian or Goya or somebody. There was also an easy chair, and over by the far wall, under a huge framed painting of Marilyn Monroe, a bar with a coffee maker and a small sink.

I started the coffee going immediately. Exactly five minutes later I brought a cup of it in to Pearl, and she took it without bothering to look up from some papers she was reading.

I then sat down at the computer, and typed up Tom’s tape in under an hour. I brought the typescripts over to him, and saw he was engaged in a screaming match with one of his contractors. He waved to leave the file on his desk and get out.

Five minutes later I heard him scream through the door. “Honey, get in here! Where are the copies?” When I got in, he started screaming at me for something I hadn’t done, obviously, but I didn’t understand what he meant. “All right, I should have know by the way you look, you are just another dumb Bimbo. Now get out of here! I’ll have to do everything myself—as usual! GET OUT!”

I was close to tears as I left his office, but Jane consoled me. “It’s just a matter of stress. He’s had too much during the last week. He didn’t tell you he wanted copies. He’ll probably apologize in five minutes. Just go back to your desk, dear.”

I did, and occupied myself with Pearl’s filing system. Jane was right. About five minutes later my phone rang and Tom asked me to come in. When I entered his office, he was standing there. “I want to apologize, Honey, please have a seat.”

He motioned me to the leather couch, and when I sat down he sat down next to me.

“Jane has already told you, we’ve had a lot of stress in the last few weeks. The contractors are falling behind and the developer is holding back money and threatening fines. I know, you weren’t at fault. You did a good job actually. Please forgive me.”

I smiled at him as he took my hands, kissing both of them lightly.

“You know,” he continued, “It isn’t only the stress here. My wife of ten years left me with the kids just last week. I feel totally destroyed. And then you walked in, and—I don’t exactly know what, your walk, your smile—you somehow reminded me of her. Maybe I wanted to punish her through you,”

With that he actually stalled to cry. He buried his head in my shoulder, sobbing, and then slid down to- my breasts. I didn’t know what to do, I didn’t know this man, and now I had to console him. I’d never consoled any man. I patted his head, and told him everything would come out fine, and stuff like that.

He finally recovered his composure somewhat. “You understand me, don’t you? I’m sorry. Let’s make up with a kiss.”

Is this what it means to be an office girl, I wondered? He held me close and before I knew it, he had pressed his mouth on my lips and entered me with his tongue. I don’t know why exactly— maybe I felt sorry for him—but I didn’t push him away. I thought of Steve and found I was kissing him bade, and licking his tongue with mine!

We kept at it for several minutes, and then he took my hand and put it on his crotch. I felt a really big hard-on. He let go of my hand, but never stopped kissing me, and pulled down his zipper and took out his cock, and placed my hand on it.

“Please,” he said, “do me. I haven’t had it for so long and I need it—and you are so beautiful. Please.” He pressed me down off

the couch and onto my knees between his legs, holding my head just a few inches from his cock. "Please, I beg you, PLEASE."

The next thing I knew I had his cock in my mouth, sucking him as best as I could. It felt different from Steve's, shorter and fatter, and I wondered if in some way I was being unfaithful to Steve, or to Bea, or to somebody. But Tom was moaning in bliss. It didn't take two minutes until he came in my mouth.

When I had drained him of every drop of his cum, licked him clean, and replaced his cock in his trousers, I felt a little embarrassed. Henry would have been mortified. But Honey didn't know how to act in such circumstances either.

He got up and put his arms around me. "Thank you," he said kind of solemnly. "That was the nicest thing anybody has done for me for a year. Thank you my dear. But it's best now if you just let me alone." He guided me to his door, gave me a little kiss on the cheek, and let me out.

To say I was perturbed when I walked back to my desk would have been an understatement. I was all shook up by what had happened. I hardly knew the man, who was kind of also my boss, and I had succumbed to his wishes and sucked him off on my first day at work as Honey. I had intended to be a proper office-girl, cheerful and helpful, to see what it was like, mostly because Bea wanted me to have the experience, and wanted me to have something to do now that I couldn't go back to work in my own office soon.

But now! How could I let myself go so quickly? Why did I do it? I should have been appalled at even the suggestion, but instead, I had gone right along with the suggestion. After all the time I had spent learning to do everything Steve wanted, it seemed somehow ... familiar and easy to do what Tom wanted. To be quite honest, I even had enjoyed making him moan and squirm when he came. What had come over me? What would Bea think when I told her?

The rest of my day was uneventful, except that Dick and Harry seemed to want to loiter in the coffee room. At least they went there quite often, passing my desk with encouraging smiles as they came and went.

That night, I told Bea what had happened with some trepidation. But she seemed scarcely interested. "Well, dear, that's the kind of thing working girls always have to put up with. And you're a working girl now, isn't that so? I'm glad to hear you're having the full experience. There's no harm done, if you enjoyed it too." I was

amazed that this was her only comment.

The next morning Harry called me to his office, and I found Dick there with him. “We want you to understand that we are Equal Opportunity Employers,” Harry began. I was a little confused, because I didn’t see what that had to do with me. But Harry then explained himself. “We think that all of us here at the office should have equal opportunities, and we heard that you gave Tom a blow job yesterday. We think you should give us the same opportunities. Don’t you agree, Dick?”

“Of course—and if I may make a suggestion, perhaps on a regular basis, like every morning, when you bring us each our morning coffee.”

“A very good Idea, Dick,” said Harry. “I’m sure Tom will agree to this arrangement. Let’s set up a schedule. Whoever comes in first, gets served first, and then we continue in order of arrival. If two of us arrive at the same time, the older one gets blown first. I think this can be a great incentive for us to come in early. Honey, you’ll be doing the firm a great service.”

I was flabbergasted. Who were they to even suggest such a thing? Such gall! “But I mean...I cannot...This is not what I am here for...I mean....”

“Of course you aren’t here only for the cocksucking, Honey. But it’s a nice fringe benefit, for all of us”, Dick said in even tones. “And you can’t deny to the other partners what you’ve already given to one. We all have the same rights here. We can’t make an exception just for you.”

“But I was just trying to be nice to Tom, to relieve him from his stress and make him feel comfortable. I mean it was a special situation and all....”

“We are all in the same situation every morning,” Harry ventured. “We all have our marital problems, we’re all stressed the same way as Tom, so what’s special about him? Did you like his dick that much? Wait’ll you taste mine! And Dick’s dick has never had any complaints, he tells me! He’s proud of its name! Let’s settle this right now.”

With that he opened his trousers and took out his half erect cock, and I must say, even in this state it looked impressive. He took me by the shoulders. Dick moved behind me and nudged the backs of my knees, which folded. I would have fallen, but Harry steadied me, and I found myself kneeling in front of him with his cock in line with

my mouth.

“Oh no!” But my next words were already muffled by his cockhead wedged between my lips. Holding tightly onto my head, he began fucking my face. I felt his cock growing, and somehow the situation caught on, and against my will I started getting aroused too. It was all so strange. I embraced his thighs and pulled him toward me, and slid my head back and forth, and sucked him as if my life depended on it. It was over soon, as he shot his hot load into my throat.

“You really are a great talent—Tom was quite right. Now it’s Dick’s turn.” He stepped away from me, and before I had swallowed all of his cum, I had my mouth filled with Dick’s cock. Dick’s was a little smaller, but had a huge, bulbous head, very sensitive I soon found out, maybe because he wasn’t circumcised. He came as quickly as Harry, though I had the impression he had tried to hold back.

“Now that wasn’t too bad, was it?” Harry asked as he helped me up again. I didn’t know what to say, my feelings were all churned and confused. In a way it wasn’t bad at all. I even liked it. But on the other hand, I felt I shouldn’t have done it at all. Only sluts and whores and loose women suck off different men each day. And I was married!

“Honey, don’t think the worse of yourself. What you did was very natural, and if I judge your reaction, you enjoyed it too. So actually, we all enjoyed it. And there’s no reason we shouldn’t enjoy ourselves. What’s that old saying, ‘carpe diem,’ seize the day? Life is too short to deny yourself enjoyable things. Now go back to your desk, have a cup of coffee, and we’ll see you tomorrow morning.” Just as Tom had done, both kissed me lightly on my cheeks and sent me out.

Well, what can I say? It did become a habit. Again I told Bea, while she was reading a magazine, and all she said was, “That’s nice. I’m so happy for you!” And then she returned to her magazine.

Each morning I sucked off all three of them, and after a while I even began looking forward to it. Some of it was my pleasure in the feeling of control I had over them while I was driving them half out of their minds. Some of it was in the pleasure I felt, being a woman submissive to a man’s desires. Henry would have been disgusted and outraged, but Henry seemed to be in hiding. So it was Honey who asked Bea how she should feel.

Bea eased my feelings of guilt. “It’s nothing to be ashamed of, really, if they’re nice men, and whatever they’re asking isn’t revolting

to you. Exactly what do you feel guilty about? It's consensual, and exciting, and millions of women do it every day. It's quite natural. Nobody really forced you. You've told me that you like doing it. So go ahead and do it. It will broaden your experience with men. Each day, try to improve your cocksucking techniques. Try different sucks and licks with each of them. The knowledge may come in handy some time. You never know."

I thought about it. With Tom, Dick, and Harry, sex was a fun game. With Steve it was like being in love, there was so much feeling and understanding involved. Steve always knew exactly how I felt, and cared, and sometimes it seemed that he felt the same way. With Tom, Dick and Harry my sexual services were just good clean fun we all enjoyed without any complications, with no romantic feelings at all. We even joked about it sometimes.

It was a new experience for me to have that kind of relationship with men. I wondered if they know I wasn't a real girl. Their two older secretaries knew, of course, but maybe they'd never said anything to their bosses. Maybe they were too embarrassed. I asked Pearl never to reveal what I really was, and she didn't. Maybe some kind of female conspiracy kept the women too amused to tell them.

On the other hand I made sure that our sex was strictly oral sex. I told them I wanted to save the rest for my boyfriend, and they respected me for that.

Monday of the second week Bea told me to wear a suit with an extremely short skirt. It barely covered my ass. "I hear Pearl has some quite important assignments for you today," she said. I wasn't even allowed to put on panty-hose.

After I had seen and sucked Tom, Dick and Harry as usual, Pearl called me into her office. "Okay, Honey," she said. "You've passed your first week's test. Your work today will be a little different. Last week you were getting acquainted with everybody, and I hear you've made quite a hit with the boys. This week you'll have some new responsibilities. Now here's what."

She held out a thick sheaf of legal papers, then slipped them into a folder and set them on her desk in front of me. "These contracts need to be signed, by a tough son-of-a-bitch named Mahoney who wants every advantage he can get. Let's see if you can earn this week's salary right now. He's in his office a block away. These papers are what he's agreed to. He's going to say he was promised more, and

that it should cost him less. Get him to sign anyhow. This is very important. And make sure to bring back the check due upon his signature.

That son-of-a-bitch has strung me along for so long, I'm furious with him. And I need the cash flow. If I went to see him myself, I'm sure I would kill the bastard when he came up with more of his usual shit. Don't come back without the check. If you don't get it, you may as well go home, because you're fired, whatever I promised Bea. This is business! You understand me?"

I didn't, really. Receptionists don't negotiate contracts. But "Yes, Mrs. Peters," is all I said.

"Good. And be back in an hour at the latest. You'll be needed by then. Oh, and don't wear that suit jacket closed. I want everyone to see how those tits of yours bounce when you walk."

Well, everyone did see them. By the time I reached Mahoney's office there stretched behind me a street full of grinning men, and of women who either looked grim or else smiled encouragingly. And I was embarrassed. Partly because I was dressed like a slut when in fact I was a good girl. Partly because I wasn't a girl at all but a man whose wife had him living like a girl, and looking like one. But partly because in all these months, with all the women's clothes I had been wearing at Bea's request, I still felt a little uneasy when I was out in public alone, dressed as a girl as if by my own choice. Here I was, with no one coaching me, being Honey. Was I?

"Yeah, you're Honey all right," Mahoney said, after I knocked timidly on his office door and he let me in. "C'mon in. There's no one else here yet." He led me into his inner office and sat down behind his desk, legs apart, just looking at me. There on his desk was one of the pictures of me Bea had taken before she went off to her hotel. A very sexy pose too, wearing that dress with my tits all naked. I felt a little embarrassed. Bea must have given it to Pearl, and Pearl must have given it to Mahoney. And to other customers and clients? I wished she hadn't.

"You're wasting your time, Honey," Mahoney said. Then why did I think he was opening a negotiation, not closing one off? "Is that the contract you're carrying? I won't sign. I told your boss I want additional compensation to sign."

"What kind of compensation?" I asked. I realized this was Henry speaking. This conversation was bringing Henry back again. Henry had negotiated lots of contracts.

“I like to feel good about reaching an agreement,” Mahoney said. “I don’t feel good yet. Maybe I should be talking to your competition,”

Henry sensed where this conversation was going, and went back wherever he had come from. Honey returned. “What would make you feel good, Mr. Mahoney,” I asked him. It was as if the lines were scripted.

“Well, looking at those tits of yours waving like flags is making me feel good, for openers.”

There was nothing else I could do. I had to ask the next question. My job depended on it. “Would you like to look at them more closely, Mr. Mahoney? Would that help you feel good?” I started to unbutton my jacket further.

Mahoney just sat there watching. I freed them altogether, put the jacket and my bra on his desk, sat down in the chair alongside his desk, and pushed them out in his direction. Mahoney stared at my swollen breasts and naked nipples without a word.

“Would it feel good for you to suck on them, Mr. Mahoney?” I asked. I stood up, straddled his lap facing him, sat down, and thrust a nipple into his mouth. He immediately began sucking on me like a starved infant, and I felt a familiar delicious sensation rise up inside me. I wrapped both my arms around his head. “More,” I said, and to my own surprise I meant it. I began to breathe heavily. He pulled harder on me, and then lunged at my other breast and sucked on that for a while. I felt something prodding at me down below, at my crotch.

I realized the obvious. To get this contract signed, I was letting a man I had never seen before use my body. It was embarrassing. It was one thing to give Pearl’s office associates certain services. But now I was being Pearl’s company whore. Did Pearl expect this when she sent me here? Probably. But she hadn’t told me I had to do this. I had just decided to do this. Did I have a choice? Mahoney’s mouth on my nipples was working me up so I even had trouble remembering why I was here.

“Mr. Mahoney,” I said. “The papers are all on your desk. They need your signature in two places marked... (he began to tongue me), in red. Now you sign in two places right now, one for each breast. Then I assure you, you will be so eager to sign the check due upon signature I won’t be able to stop you. That’s how it will be for you. It’ll feel just like having an orgasm! I guarantee it.”

My boob held firmly into his mouth, Mahoney reached around me and scrawled something next to two of the red marks. Gently I disengaged his mouth, knelt between his legs, undid his zipper, and watched his cock spring up out of his pants. Average size, I took due note, a little bigger than mine, quite a bit smaller than Steve's, a minor variation on Tom's, or Dick's or Harry's. No problem!

I took his purple cock head into my mouth and squeezed my lips onto it a few times. He groaned. I saw pre-cum begin to leak from his pee hole, and tongued it. He squealed a little. I realized why Bea and Pearl had wanted me to use that cheap lipstick, and why the three architects always asked me to wipe my mouth before mouthing them. Already his prick had red rings smeared on it, little memorials of my services to him. I plunged my head all the way down his shaft, and when I could feel my lips touching the hair right next to his balls, I imprinted my trade mark again as hard as I could. I wondered if he would have to explain these hieroglyphics to someone else.

As I licked his shaft, I realized that this was already the seventh prick I had had in my mouth, Steve's being the first, then Stu and Fred briefly, and of course Tom, Dick and Harry's. But Steve cared for me, whatever else, and I cared for him. It was like love. With those guys at the singles bar it was just something you do on a date. With the partners it was fun, and we kidded each other a lot about it. But not this.

I couldn't help thinking, as I ran my tongue and then my rounded lips up and down the veins on Mahoney's penis, that now I was just a hired cocksucker. A cocksucker for Pearl, a woman I did not respect. No, I thought, as I took Mahoney deeper into my throat, a cocksucker for Bea. Bea wants me to suck cocks. Why? Bea wants me to be a woman. I sucked him all the way down with all my might.

Mahoney groaned aloud, and I knew he was close. His hips began trying to fuck my mouth. This would never do.

"Just wait," I said, and I stood up. Mahoney moaned his disappointment, but I turned around with my back to him, slipped down my panties and pulled my butt plug, stood between his legs, and lowered my asshole onto his moist, stiff, prick. When I felt its tip touch my anal opening, and he was clutching my breasts one in each hand, and he was trying to thrust himself into me, I said, "Mahoney, the signature on the check!"

Mahoney whimpered, let go of a breast and grabbed the pen, pulled out a check-book and filled out the check, signed it, and then

pushed into me with all his might as I lowered myself into him, then lifted up, then lowered again. He cried out, “Ayyyyy!” and lifted his whole pelvis way up then down, nearly slithering out of me. Then I sat down hard on him, his prick deep inside, and he couldn’t move. His prick throbbed, and as my buttocks held him rigid I could feel him pump hot cum into my bowels, spurting again and again. “Oh? Oh? Oh?” he asked, then “Ah! Ah! Ah!” he answered. Then his head collapsed and his hands fell slack onto my thighs.

I stood up, slipped a tampon into me to blot his fluids, pulled up my panties, gathered up the papers on his desk, making sure the check was filled out and signed correctly, and felt his hands pat my rear end with a kind of farewell familiarity.



“You were right, Honey,” he croaked, his throat still tense. “Best piece of ass in a long time. Tell Pearl thanks. She was right.”

No question of it. Now I was Pearl’s company whore. Pearl had set me up to do this, and I had gone along with it. Certainly Bea had known things like this were going to happen, and had wanted me to have the experience. Maybe I should feel good about it. Now seven men had used my body. But somehow this time I felt cheap. Demeaned. Slutty.

“I’ll call you, Honey baby,” Mahoney said, as I reattached my brassiere and slipped into my jacket. “That was the first asshole I’ve been in since high school. You ever want to leave Pearl and work for me, you let me know.”

I returned to Pearl’s office without a word, and dropped the papers on her desk. She first looked for Mahoney’s scrawls, then for the check, and then looked up at me with a huge grin. “Well, Henry, you keep surprising me! You did it after all! Real company loyalty after only a week. Bea was right about you—you are exactly the right girl for this job! I hope you got something out of it too, though Mahoney is usually all get and no give. You’d better fix your hair. And smear on more lipstick. Last week was last week. This week I’ll need you to perform personal services like these fairly often. In fact, your next appointment is due in shortly.”

As I turned to leave, she wasn’t done. “If it’s any comfort to you, this is a big contract. You didn’t sell yourself cheap.” I headed down to the women’s wash room, and I heard Pearl add, gloating, “Except to me!”

I settled down at my desk, took out a nail file, fixed my lipstick, and waited. Nothing happened. So I started opening my desk drawers where there were fixings enough to equip an entire beauty salon, even hair rollers, though who would wear them during business hours stopped me. As I already knew, Pearl’s receptionist’s chief duty was to look beautiful. Correction, to be seen making herself look beautiful.

At 10:00 AM precisely, the door opened and a large jovial man entered, saw me, smiled broadly, and strode toward me.

“How do you do?” he said. “You must be Honey! You sure are a honey! You look a lot better than that picture Pearl sent me!” “Who shall I say is calling?” I asked him.

“Bollen. Bill Bollen. Old ‘Bats and Balls’ Bill to my friends, ‘cause I’ve got ‘em. Oh, boy, I’m gonna love this!” He kept looking at

me, and he seemed to be reaching for me but then holding back.

I buzzed Pearl. “Mrs. Peters, there’s a Mr. Bollen to see you,” I said.

Pearl was furious, and this time I was really shocked by her response. “Not ‘a’ Mr. Bollen, you stupid idiot,” she said into the phone. “‘Bill Bollen!’ Any client of mine is an intimate friend, do you understand me? And very welcome! Twit! Send him in, in fifteen minutes, and meanwhile you get to be his intimate friend! Fast! You know how.”

Another mistake! Again, I felt frightened! I didn’t even know enough to hold down a job as a receptionist? I gathered up all the reserve I had left, and I said to the cheerful man in front of me, as coolly as I could, “Mrs. Peters will see you shortly, Mr. Bollen. But can I get you anything while you’re waiting? Coffee?”

“You bet, Honey!” Pearl’s client said. “I see the coffee room’s already open. I’ll wait for you in there.” And in he went.

Now I really did have a problem. The man seemed to want coffee, but it didn’t sound like it, exactly. Suddenly I remembered Pearl had told me to read the Rolodex entry the moment any client walked in. Yet another mistake! I felt sick as I looked up “Bollen, William,” and found him almost immediately.

There were his business and his home addresses, the dates of previous contracts, the dates of previous visits, and at the bottom of the card I saw a peculiar code notation, “fa.fu., as.fu”

This was beyond comprehension. A credit rating? It occurred me to try to decode the note by looking at other notations, and gradually everything came clear. They were the notes a call girl might make to remind herself about her clients. “St.Fu” was a straight fuck. “Bl.Jo” was a blow job. “Li.Cu” stopped me for a moment, but and as I flipped other cards and saw it again, I realized it was “Lick Cunt.” Not mine, anyhow, I thought, but then I noticed that notation was also on cards with women’s names. Bollen’s preferred method of passing time in the waiting room was “face fuck,” and “ass fuck.” My specialties. I was feeling intimidated. Was I ready to whore for Pearl on a regular basis?

When I walked into the coffee room, he was already seated on the couch, his fly unzipped. I went to the coffee pot, but realized no one was drinking any, and then went over to Pearl’s client. Either do it or get fired, I realized, and who knew what Bea would do if that happened? I closed the door and turned toward him.

“So, Bill,” I said with a forced smile he never looked up to notice, “What’ll it be?”

“Just get down on me, cuntface!” he said hoarsely. “Thatta girl!” I knelt between a man’s legs for the fifth time that morning, and suddenly his knees clamped shut on my ears. Then his hips started pumping his cock into my mouth, repeatedly, even before I remembered to cover my teeth with rounded lips. No matter. In ten or fifteen quick strokes he was pumping hot semen down my throat, and I was swallowing it as fast as I could. I tried to cry out “Oh, God!” but all that came out was a gurgle.

“Oh, yeah, I hear you, baby! I know! You love it!” Bill said. He pumped some more and grew hard again, and I pulled and sucked and swallowed him again. Eventually his hips relaxed and he sat back into the cushions, and I could lift my mouth off him. I remembered to look into his eyes with a grateful smile on my face. Again, I left circles up and down his pecker, evidence that I’d done what I’d done, I guessed so Pearl could call attention to it if her negotiations should reach an impasse.

There wasn’t time for more. I licked Bill clean, kissed the tip of his pecker as if it were a national treasure, and zipped him back up. I stood up and led him to Pearl’s office, and held the door open for him. “Pearl, baby!” he said.

“Hi, Bill,” Pearl said. “Thank you, Honey. You happy with my new receptionist, Bill?”

I said nothing. I could still taste his cum, lightly salty, not as creamy as Steve’s, less like egg white than any of the partners’. Nothing special.

“You bet, Pearl,” Bill said. “She’s got a real good head on her shoulders!”

“That’s what she’s for,” Pearl said. “Now, here are the project modifications. Initial them and we’re done, and you can get better acquainted with Honey on your way out.”

“You got it!” Bill said. I barely had time to get back to the coffee room when Bill was back, this time groping my tits from behind. I had the presence of mind to close the door, then to lie face down over an arm of the couch, my rear end high in the air. Mahoney’s cum still lubricated my ass. Bollen crammed his restiffened dick inside and with a dozen thrusts he finished himself off. He had masturbated himself in my ass, I realized, as if I were warm meat—I myself felt nothing. I blotted up his semen by stuffing some

Kleenex between my cheeks, led him back to the reception area, handed him some tissues, and seated myself behind my desk.

“It’s been good, Bill,” I said. “Please come again whenever you can.”

“Oh, yeah!” he said. “What time do you finish work?”

“Whenever Mrs. Peters says, Bill. It’s up to her.”

“I’ll give you a call some time,” Bill said, his mind already elsewhere. And he was gone.

I wasted no time checking Pearl’s next appointment. An “as. li.” was due in at 3:00 PM, and a su.co. an hour later. I wondered whose “as.” would get licked, his or mine.

It turned out to be hers, and her cu. also, by special request. The lady was thin, high-cheek-boned, very much a lady as she came into the office, but she too knew Pearl’s routines. I went into the coffee room to get her a cup of coffee, black. She followed me in, closed the door, sat down, spread her legs, and looked directly at me without a word.

I felt peculiar, and without even thinking I fell to my knees and buried my face between her legs. I stroked and licked her slit until she came, rather quietly and elegantly, raising her pelvis into my mouth as if it were on a tray and making small mewling sounds. When her hips stopped bucking, I pulled my soaked face out of her crotch. There was Pearl standing in the doorway, amused to watch me at work.

“You know, Penny,” Pearl said to her, “you might want to train your husband to take care of his clients like this too. Honey here’s on loan to me from his wife Bea. She wants him to experience completely what it is to be a woman.”

“Really!” Penny replied, looking at me with renewed interest. “His wife? She’s really done a marvelous job with, er... Honey. I’d never guess!. But I’ll leave my husband just the way he is, thanks. He’s lecherous and buries his big cock all over town, but I still get first crack at it. I don’t suppose Honey’s cock was ever much use, or his wife wouldn’t have thought this up for him. His tongue shows promise, though. He’ll make a fine lesbian.”

“No,” said Pearl, “I doubt it. He fell in love with the man his wife brought in to break his cherry. I think Honey here is a straight arrow.”

“A pity,” Penny said. “Well, shall we get to work?” And off

they went, leaving me on my knees with my face still wet. After a while I stood and cleaned myself up, then went to my desk, and put on my makeup all over again. Even my mascara had smeared.

I felt sad, a little. I'd started looking like a woman because Bea needed to be cheered up. Now these two women were discussing my sexuality as if I were theirs to use or forget. I was Pearl's corporation prostitute, all right. Why did Bea want this for me? Because she thought I'd enjoy it?

The appointment marked "co.su" came in, and I sucked his cock. It meant nothing to me. I consoled myself that sex for me is a personal thing, that I need to feel loved before I can feel excited, and that I could cherish my sessions with Steve, or with Bea, because I felt for them and they cared for me. We respected each other. I liked the partners—they respected me, and always tried to amuse me. But these people just used me. Strangely enough, by the end of the day I didn't feel dirty. Just used.

That first day of what Pearl had called my 'new responsibilities' Pearl locked up the office and drove me home without a word. Maybe even she realized she might have gone too far, mocking me for cooperating with her so effectively. Then, as I got out of her car she said, "Tell Bea that tomorrow's a calf-length skirt day again. Only a few conferences scheduled, and no closings. We may have overdone it, today, a little.

Tomorrow you'll have a little time to do your nails and hair, and let your asshole drain and dry out. Maybe even to file some papers. Wednesday things' 11 pick up some, but there's nothing much more happening until Friday, maybe not until next week. Of course I'll want you to come in as usual, busy or not, to give our new customers a look at the services we offer them.

I borrowed those pictures Bea took of you before last weekend, as you know, and gave out a few, and I put one into our company newsletter. Maybe they'll rustle up some new trade."

"Good night, Honey. You could have been a little more enthusiastic this afternoon, but I didn't hear any complaints from my customers, so I don't have any. Maybe you aren't the sex-crazed slut I thought you were. Maybe you're just like the rest of us so-called good girls, a dedicated whore only when people pay you off with love and affection."

When I got in, Bea called from her study to ask how things went, and I went in and told her, client for client, word for word. She

listened carefully, nearly expressionless, and then took me upstairs to unlace my corset and let me get into something more comfortable, a plain skirt and sweater. She suggested I douche before coming down for dinner. While she was behind me untying my corset laces she reached around and gently pulled on my cock with one hand until I came into a Kleenex she held in her other. It was the nicest thing that had happened to me all day. So thoughtful!

That night she gave me another pair of her sex-weekend panties specially saved for me, with cum in them from her very twat, and I sucked on them as she requested. But my heart wasn't in it.

The next few days were easier, as Pearl promised. Working for 'Mrs. Peters,' pursing my mouth and lifting my ass for her clients when asked, refreshing my lipstick when anyone was watching, became so routine I stopped paying attention to the faces, just to the occasional cock I found thrust under my nose or my rump. They were each a little different.

Each night, Bea gave me another pair of her cum-soaked panties from her weekend, to suck on during the night like a baby being fed a bed-time bottle. She asked me to notice how each man's cum tastes a little different. But I was getting to know that already.

Originally she had wanted me to develop a taste for men by tasting a lot of them, so I'd be as enthusiastic about having sex with them as she claimed to be. But what we both learned from my encounters with Bea's underpants and Pearl's clients was that for me, sex wasn't enough. As Pearl had told me in her usual insulting way, for my heart to become a whore, the price was love and affection.

On Thursday night Bea said she had a special treat for me. When I was already in bed she came into my room and sat down next to me, then took the laciest and most elaborate panties I had ever seen out from a special plastic case that had kept them moist, she said, since the Saturday at the hotel. They had a strong smell, several different smells, really, not really unpleasant. But they had been drenched! Those panties were nearly as stiff as if they had been dipped in cum over and over, the way candles are dipped to build up the wax coating. I asked Bea how many men's cum had soaked into them.

Bea replied with pride and delight, "Just one, dear! Only one man did all this to my panties, in only one single night! A marvelous man! The finest man I've ever known! The one I mentioned to you Sunday night, remember, a Master Dominator who came to the hotel

with a fully trained sex-slave, named Eva?”

“I spent all of Saturday night with him, with my little apprentice slave Eddie. His name is Thor. Anything he wanted done, Eva did. Anything! You’d be amazed! And then anything I wanted him to do to me, he did! Quite a few times, some things, when I asked him! I was amazed! All that cum!”

She stopped speaking for a moment, overcome by some fleeting memory. “Then by morning,” she said suddenly. “Anything he wanted me to do for him, I did. Anything! It was so wonderful!” And then she was silent some more.

I had never seen Bea like this. “Are you all right?” I asked her.

“Oh, yes,” she said. She turned to me with half-closed eyes, “Oh yes, dear! Here, Honey, take these panties. I want you to love them the way I do. Pay close attention to all the flavors you find here, spicy, salty, flowery, all of them. Some are what leaked out of my cunt. Some is cum from my rear end. Some of it I wiped off my face and breasts after Thor had finished using them. Some of it I saved in my mouth instead of swallowing it, so you could be sure to taste him too!”

“I want you to know everything you can about Thor’s cum, and about the way his cum mixes with my juices. I want you to share my pleasure, and to look forward to it the way I do. I think you’ll be tasting a lot more of him from now on, Honey. But we’ll talk about that another time.”

“I really don’t need this, Bea,” I said. I must have been feeling a little jealous. “You know that tomorrow, Pearl has a busy schedule. I’m going to have my hands and my mouth full. And my asshole too, I suspect.”

“Yes dear, I appreciate that you’re a very hard-working girl now, trying to do your best for your employer. But this cum is different. For my sake? Begin by kissing it, and then see where it leads you.” And she leaned over and kissed me.

“All right, Bea. For your sake.” And with that I took the lace panties and started to kiss them, then suck on them, paying close attention. First the crotch, then the back panels. I was still exploring subtle differences in the scents and tastes here and there, the sticky parts of the cum and the parts that had dried on her smooth, ribboned satin, when I fell asleep. When I woke up, I found that Bea had come in and gently draped the panties over my sleeping face, with the elastic behind my head, so I could breathe through them all night.

Friday was more arduous than I had imagined. We ran almost two hours overtime, and when the last client left, smiling, or smirking, or grinning, waving goodbye to Pearl and waving little obscene gestures to me, I was exhausted. My asshole hurt terribly, and I hated to push my butt plug back into it, but I had to, or else come home with the back of my skirt soaked. My mouth was sore, and my jaw ached. Both my hands were cramped from squeezing or jerking people off while sucking on them.

At one point I had taken on three corporate partners all at once, because they had gotten drunk at lunch, and then insisted that they share equally in all of the company's dividends.

"Honey, would you come in here a minute, please, dear," Pearl called from her office.

Reluctantly I got up and limped to her door. "Yes, Mrs. Peters?" I said wearily.

"You did some good work for me today, Honey, and I want you to know how much I appreciate it. Here!"

To my astonishment, Pearl slouched way back in her chair, no panties, her legs spread apart, her bush and her slit fully visible.

I could even see her clit, erect and poking out of the little folds of skin that normally covered it. I just stared.

"Honey, I said 'Here'! 'Here' means 'here,' right now! Don't tell me you didn't hear me. Today was a good day! I want you to drink a toast to me! Out of me! On your knees, lover girl! Let's see what that tongue of yours has been up to all week, that so many people have been coming in here and signing contracts without even reading them!"

"Pearl, I don't think...."

"Mrs. Peters during office hours, I told you!" Pearl's voice suddenly picked up an edge. "Now Honey, I asked you to do something for me!"

So I went over to her, and I dropped to my knees once again, and buried my face in her snatch, and licked her, and stroked her with my tongue. When my tongue got too tired to move or poke with, I used my nose. Pearl got more and more heated, and started to tremble, and finally she clamped her thighs tightly around my head and began to buck into my face. I was almost knocked off my knees, but I hung on until finally she released me, and I fell to the floor for a moment. Then I stood up and turned, without a word, and began to limp toward

the door.

“Honey, I didn’t dismiss you yet,” Pearl said. “Turn and face me! Look at me!”

I turned and faced her. She was appraising me like a piece of meat.

“That was very good, Honey,” she said, in the lightly sarcastic tone that passes for friendliness with Pearl. “You’re a real asset to this firm! From now on you’ll mop up my cunt last thing every day, as an additional duty, just as you suck off the boys in the morning. Do it with real devotion, and I’ll see you get a bonus when you leave my employ. You’ve got talent, there’s no doubt of it. You’re like some virtuoso playing a concert between my legs. You feel just great!”

“But there’s another reason I want a daily suck from you, and I want you to know it. It’s this. Whatever you look like, I know you’re a man. Just like my ex, that son of a bitch. Now, I love having a man on his knees in front of me, lapping away on my cunt. It gives me something I can anticipate all day. If you’re real good, maybe I’ll install you under my desk full time, and get some other whore to take over your other duties.”

I didn’t want any more trouble. I was out of energy. So all I said was, “Yes, Mrs. Peters. But you’ll have to take it up with Bea.”

When I finally got home, I told Bea about my day as always, leaving out nothing, and then went upstairs to soak my rear in the tub. Bea came with me, and sprinkled perfumed bubble beads into the hot water, then left me alone and went downstairs. I heard her talking on the phone, and at one point she raised her voice, not angrily, but firmly. Then her voice lowered again, and by the end she was chatting and laughing in her usual friendly way. When she hung up, she came back upstairs and into the bathroom, and sat down on the stool by the sink.

“Honey,” she said. “I’ve just had a long talk with Pearl. You’ve understood it, I know, that I want you to have lots of sexual experiences with men, to get you used to being a woman, and you can have all the woman-to-woman sex you want too, for the same reason. But just remember, your prick is mine. Any man-to-woman sex you may want, or be asked to perform, is to be with me only, unless I tell you otherwise. If Pearl should ask you to diddle one of her women clients, or herself, find some way to do it without your cock. Remember what I told you when you started working, don’t do anything I wouldn’t do? Just be sure you don’t. Right?”

I just looked at her. I was too tired and sore to respond.

“I just made sure Pearl knows this too, so there’s no mistake. She tells me you have a prize-winning tongue. That makes me feel very proud of you. I’ve always thought so, though I can’t say you were ever generous with it before now. When you’ve finished soaking, put on something tasteful, not another daytime tart outfit, and we’ll go out to celebrate your first two weeks spent as a working-girl all by yourself. My treat!”

That cheered me up, some. I had the prettiest little shawl collar dress I was dying to wear, but it was too conservative for Honey. I told Bea, and she smiled. “Then tonight my darling, don’t dress up as Honey. Dress up as Henry, my adorable husband who enjoys looking like a woman because he knows I enjoy it, and has good taste in his dresses. It’ll be like old times.”

So I did. I’d changed a little. When I had gone out with the girls as one of them only a few weeks ago, on Bea’s birthday, I still felt like Henry in a dress. Now I felt like a girl in a dress. In fact, after two weeks of moving around in Pearl’s office, or swishing down the street on errands, my hips had an exaggeratedly provocative wiggle, my ass pushed out in back and my breasts thrust way forward. Bea had to remind me how ordinary women walk, and by the end of the evening, for the first time in my life I felt like an ordinary woman.

That night, Bea invited me into her bed, and I made love to her as Henry, several times. With a difference, of course, because our breasts squashed into each other when we embraced, and while resting between rounds Bea played with my hair style and chatted about changing it to something shorter and more manageable. But I felt happy, like an ordinary girl in love with his wife who feels loved in return. That’s all I really wanted.

Three more weeks as Pearl’s personal service receptionist went by like the first two, though they were a little less busy. I suspected that Pearl had set up that second week to be so rushed I wouldn’t have time to think of myself as anything but a prostitute turning tricks the way she’s told. Well, it worked. That was how I felt. My mouth and my ass were hers, and I used them for her without thinking, the way an auto mechanic uses his hands when asked to do a job. Fucking and sucking and smiling at clients became daily routine requiring no real thought or attention.

Pearl kept urging me to fix my hair or check my makeup, and by the fourth week my hands were always as busy as an orchestral

conductor's, patting hairs into place or touching curls into shape, or taking a little mirror out of my purse to stroke on more mascara or lipstick. It became second nature, something I did all the time, altogether unaware of it. Bea commented on it one night, when we were just sitting at home reading while my hands danced all over my face and hair. She said that if I should take up chewing gum, I'd be indistinguishable from any office bimbo waiting to get knocked up and married.

Starting the fourth week, Pearl told me to develop a simple, round, open, girlish handwriting, altogether different from Henry's angular scrawl and more suitable to Honey's character. During my idle hours at my desk, she had me copying statements like "I just love being a girl," and "Fine dressing begins with pretty panties," over and over, until they began to show up in my conversation. Then she said I needed to develop a more romantic imagination, and she got me copying the hot passages from cheap drug store love novels. I looked at the sample passage she marked out for me:

"The candles were burning low by the time I served him coffee," I read, "And his eyes began to burn into mine. I blushed, and my heart beat fiercely beneath my heaving breasts, as he lifted his wine glass to me for one last toast. 'Don't go,' I heard myself saying. 'Please, I need you.' 'And I need you,' he said, rising from his chair and leaning forward toward me. We kissed, and our souls melted into one another, and then our bodies."

"Mrs. Peters," I said, "This is junk. It has nothing to do with my fucking your clients, or cleaning your cunt at the end of the day."

"Honey, you have the wrong attitude," Pearl said. "By the end of next week I want to read a really purple description in your own words of how it feels for you to clean my cunt, as you call it. Just copy lots of these, and let yourself dream. After a while you'll think Mr. Right is reciting sonnets to your eyes while some fat contractor is balling your ass."

So I wrote Pearl a note about the sublime taste, touch, sight, smell, and sound of our closing sessions each day, about longing to touch her woman's mound with my soft, wet tongue, and so forth. She had me correct it as too clinical, or too gushy, or too insincere, until one Friday after I'd been working for her about a month, I got the right amount of passionate sensuality into it, with the right descriptions of tides and heaving oceans and crashing waves for her orgasms, and fireworks in the night sky for mine. In fact I couldn't take any of this seriously, this busy work for receptionists to chew

gum by, as Bea called it. But Pearl's emotion-starved life apparently thrived on it. Or else her cynicism.

Which may be why one Friday night she came carrying my one-page sampler into the coffee room while I was cleaning up the week's spilled coffee and cum, and told me to lie down on my back while she rewarded me, because I had gotten the experience of licking her cunt just perfect. She had a 'special treat' in mind. It turned out to be simple. First she sat down on my hips and lowered herself onto my cock, which rose up stiff just in time for her cunt to surround and overwhelm it. Then she humped me until I came.

Then she slid forward and sat on my face until I sucked all of my own juice out of her, and hers too. "There," she said when she was through with me. "Taste good? Nice work. Next week I want to see a love letter about your prick in my cunt, in Honey's handwriting."

That was all there was to it, but it ended my career as Pearl's slut girl. It meant nothing, and I told Bea about it, the way I told her everything. Again she got Pearl on the phone while I soaked in the tub. This time I couldn't hear voices, but after a while Bea came in, looking serious.

"Well, I forgive you, this one time, Honey," she began.

I looked at her astonished. What had I done wrong?

"Pearl told me she took advantage of you. She knew you were too tired to think an hour or so ago, and that you don't think about sex in her office at all anyhow, you just do it, like some gas station attendant pumping gas, or some car getting gas pumped into it. She thought you didn't know she'd fucked you until after it was too late."

She'd fucked me? I was bewildered! When? Suddenly I realized she really had! And wanted me to get romantic about it in writing!

Bea continued. "She also told me she'd gotten curious just how submissive you actually are, whether you'll obey any orders no matter what. Also, she said, she'd just had a good week, and you'd just made her cunt feel like Christmas Candy with something you'd written, and she was feeling horny. I can understand that. She thinks it's just marvelous what I've done to you, that now you'll do anything I ask. So I told her about your spending the night kissing panties soaked in Thor's cum, and she was impressed."

"But now it's over. Honey, I shouldn't have let you stray so far from home while I'm training you. You're already too passive and

impressionable. And I mean for you to become much more so! Really, I want you to end up doing anything I ask you to do, with your whole soul, and loving it! From now on you need supervision.”

“Pearl knew that your penis is my private property, that you were not supposed to be intimate with any woman other than me, but she’s just naturally contrary. I told her that those lesbian businesswomen you slurp up were just fine, but that there shouldn’t have been any fucking with your prick, even with her. She apologized. So I forgave her. Of course I told her that she’d have to terminate you as of today, with two week’s severance pay. And she agreed.”

“Anyhow, my dear, you’ve just had one more feminine experience. You’ve been sexually harassed by your Boss. But now you’re a lady at liberty, a real lady this time, not just Steve’s cross-dressing paramour, and you’re free to fulfill some of my other plans for you. You’ve worked as a woman, and you’ve had sex with quite a few men, different kinds of sex. Some was fun and some certainly not as pleasant as the sex you’ve enjoyed with Steve. I suspect you’ve gained in self-confidence as a result of your experiences. Those are a lot of pluses.”

“So get out of that tub and put on your prettiest dress. We’ll go out to dinner again, just the two of us. And then I want to bring you home, and put you in my bed, and make love to you again. All night. Let’s call this your graduation ceremony as a working girl. That part of your life is over, I think. We’ll talk about the next phase soon. Trust me, dear girl, I do have wonderful plans for you! I’ve made you what you are thus far, and you’ll love what you’re going to become. Not always at first. But you’ll see! I promise!”

Continued, .