



Copyright © Mags, Inc - All Rights Reserved

***TG Publishers Note:***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!***

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Mags, Inc, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# Practical Lee

## A Woman

**by January Snowden**

Troy Tyler grew up to be God's gift to women. He grew up next door to Lee Wells, yet another "golden god". Without vanity, both were literally almost "too good to be true" gorgeous males. From irresistibly darling babies to full-grown "chick magnets". Being next door to one another already put in noticeable proximity to each other and they became friends even before pre-school. Being in the same school district put them together in all twelve grades, if not the same class. And as fate would have it, once puberty hit, females virtually threw themselves at the great-looking duo, separate or double-dating. Troy and Lee had dates effortlessly. Yet, while similar in attractiveness, there were some radical differences that set them apart.

Like their female counterparts of whom there were indeed none too few, Troy's muscled physique grew naturally. The only true exercise he got was from playing sports literally. On the other hand, Lee did not bulk up like his buddy. The only sport exercise he received was playing them via video games. Yet again, like their above-mentioned 'flip-sides', no matter what they ate or otherwise did, the pals' physique remained unique and yet desirable. While the blue-eyed, blond physical hunk Troy was the exertive skirt-chaser that won his women, it was the hazel-eyed, brunet-haired Lee's inner charisma that had females effortlessly flocking to him.

Troy finally settled down and married the only woman that would not have sex with him before marriage, Anne Victor. Troy had been chasing after her ever since she began working at his father's construction company as a secretary. Only a couple years older, Anne was impressed with Troy but was immune to a lot of his swagger. On the other hand, she was not the first "older woman" Troy would have 'enjoyed'. However, when

Anne met Troy's best friend Lee, she seemed entranced by him. But Troy had long confided in his buddy about her, as "the one that got away" and the one he still wanted. Therefore, Lee respecting his buddy, he did nothing to purposely lead Anne away. All the same, knowing all about Anne, when they finally met, Lee saw that she was everything as Troy had advertised.

Anne had a bubbly, effervescent personality. She was a playful tease as she loved to flirt. But as she knew where to draw the line from being mean, so did every guy around her. On and off the job. Tall, barefoot at 5' 10", she was beauty personified. With a face that almost always showed a big, bright smile, it brought out deep dimples that went with a slight cleft chin. Her rich auburn hair fell in lazy bangs that covered her brow, otherwise traveling to below her shoulder blades in casual waves. Occasionally, if it was a sunny day, her tresses would seem to glow red like burnished copper.

Anne did not have a true hourglass figure. Although growing up a tomboy, she still grew up with somewhat slinky body curves all the same. Only almost broad-shouldered, she had a hint of semi-hard muscle tone in both arms and legs, from her earlier boyish lifestyle that did not fade into soft tissue. Simply put, she looked like a woman who could handle herself in a physical altercation.

Her rear was pear-shaped full, complete with its own set of deep dimples. Because of her unique bone structure, her bosom truly only seemed vast and although a C-cup, she loved to show cleavage, more often than not going braless in form-fitting tops, and was personally tickled as she overheard men presume her bust to be a D or even larger. With thick, pudgy nipples, her breasts were almost completely round, with a bit of a gap between them. After her breasts matured, because of the roomy gap in between and the perfect spheres they became, one guy said that they looked fake. Honestly, on perhaps another female, they might have been. But Anne's were natural. She took umbrage at the comment and took the guy out...with her fist. She was not being sensitive. He had gone from being suave to crude after being turned down and Anne thought that a sock instead of a slap would be more appreciated about how he should speak about ladies. In any event, unless she was braless and wore something loose, the gap would disappear and then look like mere expansive cleavage; her breasts then pressed together in a bra or noted snug top. And even in a bra, she wore it loose enough for her whole bosom to bounce at once when she walked.

Needless to say, her playful antics drove the men at the construction site crazy. Come payday, no one minded the long line for their money. Payday was also "braless-but-tight-top" day. Everyone knew that the one at the head was getting his jollies standing in front of her desk as she sat, searching his name for his check. The longer she had to look for it, the longer they got to look down her blouse. The only ones the felt cheated were the last few in line, as there were fewer checks to look for. Yet even then, these men could see her from a distance for that cleavage as they got closer in turn. Being the playful sprite that she was, fully aware what was going on, Anne purposely wore her lowest cut blouses on payday so that no one would be left out. Some warm days, like the guys, it would even be a mere tank top.

Troy was forever trying to get her into bed. But knowing guys like him, Anne was not just a fuck to be conquered. A mixture of modern woman with old-fashioned ideals, she



definitely wanted sex, but only under the right conditions. Anne wanted a ring on her finger before she intended to perform every position of the Kama-Sutra at least twice before she would even think of being tired of fucking. Most importantly, she wanted to be pregnant and have as many children as she could handle. But Anne vowed not to be an unwed mother. Anne was a virgin into adulthood, while teen girls were losing their innocence like a bad cold.

As did all of the men that wanted to get to know her, Troy knew all of her rules. As his best friend, so did Lee. But despite Lee loyally deferring to his pal regarding Anne, Troy was too used to playing the field. He wanted Anne, and every other looker with a slit between her legs, at the same time. Troy wanted it all. Loving sex was too much, there were occasions when Anne would rebuff him for the umpteenth time, and if he could not find a hooker fast enough for his liking, he was even desperate enough to go to an area where there were "glory holes".

A glory hole was a simple hole in a bathroom stall or compartment where one could stick his dick through it and someone would suck

you off. The stories mostly told of people going there to do the sucking; a few even managed to get fucked through that hole. Sometimes it was a woman. Sometimes it was a man. Troy always went to be the receiver; never the giver. He was not ignorant; most times it was men who blew him and he knew it. Yet it was always anonymous sex. The only thing that ever met was mouth and cock. No one saw each other face-to-face. Due to the wall between them, for Troy, in his mind, it was always Anne giving him the blowjob.

Therefore, with all of this availability, Troy never masturbated. He always "had" Anne one way, making him determined to have her all ways, always. Being that drastic, he told his life-long buddy everything...except the glory holes. They were very open friends but Troy did not reveal everything about himself, unlike Lee. Despite Lee's sexual success,

Troy's boastfulness impressed him deeply. So when Troy would brag — to anyone — so would Lee, but only to him. Troy might even exaggerate, while Lee, taking him at his word, did not. It was enough for Lee to respect his friend and never accept Anne's subtle teases.

Not that she hated Troy or loved his buddy more, as far as he knew. While he was getting rebuffed, he saw the way she looked at Lee when Lee was around. Troy knew that she liked Lee as a nice guy and seeing nothing else, he even tried to use him to get to Anne. Anne would eventually go out with Troy, but only if Lee was there, too. Troy understood it as Anne 'needing' a chaperone. He would even devise schemes where he had Lee forget an appointment or had a sudden emergency. But Anne saw through them all. If Lee could not stay, the "date" would be over. She was determined not to be in a compromising position with any man alone. That included Troy.

Anne knew that they were close friends and liked both men, even if only one would pursue her. They both knew what she wanted out of life and Lee refused to stand in his friend's way. Ultimately, Troy got her the only way he could; he married Anne and Lee was his best man.

**000000000000**

Meanwhile, before and after the wedding, Troy had worked for his father's construction company; part-time and then full-time when he finished school. Being pals, Lee was almost a fixture around the mobile office. As a result, everyone associated with Tyler Constructs well knew Lee. The time spent was not inordinate so as to presume any other kind of relationship with his buddy, and after all, Troy was the boss' son. You did not make fun of Gus Tyler's son even if there was something going on. Macho men, one and all — a number of them married but still the loudest hoot-callers of the beautiful passersby at lunch — nothing but true friendship ever entered the mind of the workforce. As time passed, they would prove that despite their he-man exterior, their stereotypical chauvinistic exterior was just that. A front.

Still, there did come a time shortly after Troy's marriage that Lee was around the main office a little more than usual. If he was not around Troy or the guys, he was hanging around Anne. Mostly around Anne as a surrogate buddy, since her husband was his pal and Troy was either busy or away. Otherwise, nothing untoward either was presumed with him being around his best friend's wife. While Anne and Troy were a legal couple, indeed, the three of them were still close-knit friends. Besides, Anne being in the office alone most of the day, she welcomed his company. As there were precious few secrets between the trio, Anne was often Lee's sounding board since they became friends when Troy was not available, and today he was not around. It was one of these latter visits that he had a long face and this day she did not have to try very hard to get it out of him what had him down.

"Hi, Anne," said Lee. "Is Troy around?"

"Nah," she replied. "Ever since Gus' beam incident, he turned over the reins to Troy. Since then, Troy's been touring all our sites, making sure everything's up to code and that

there are no slackers for a repeat performance to what happened to his dad, or worse. Gus could've been killed. Troy's making sure that it doesn't happen to anyone else. Himself, mostly," she giggled.

"Anyway, ever since he graduated from school, Marie's been pressuring her hubby to turn the job to his son, as he had been promising since Troy was in his teens. It finally took an I-beam to pry Gus outta here. Why? What's up?"

Hesitant for a moment, it was not like Lee did not know the story Anne just relayed. For no particular reason, Anne just felt like re-telling it. Tyler Constructs was Gus' baby before Troy was born. Typically, when Troy was a teenager, he got the "One Day This Will All Be Yours" speech from his dad, more than once. It's been a few years since the guys' graduation, and with her husband not getting any younger, his mom, Marie, grew increasingly fearful of Gus going up higher than the second floor of a new project's framework; afraid any slip would break his neck.

Ironically, Gus was on the ground when a heavy steel I-beam that makes up a building's skeleton slipped its moorings and just missed him. It did clip his foot, but it was minor, having him limp for a while with a cane he hated. Cursing at the walking stick one day — Gus never got an ordinary cane; it was too much a reminder of being seen as an invalid — got Marie to curse at him, saying that he would still have his "perfect accident-free record" if he had kept his promise to his son. That he did well but it was a young man's job. That did it. Gus retired and Troy became the new boss.

The company had several contracts and the mobile office was always on one of them. As everybody knew Troy and Anne, and even Lee, as they all came from their locations to get paid or otherwise see the boss, all of the men — even Anne in this group setting — even hung out after work sometimes for a beer or a bite. It was now Troy's job to also go to conventions to learn about new construction materials, as well as new construction bids to keep the company going. Everyone was now happy. That is, everyone but Anne and Lee.

Even though Anne might dress reasonably sexy for work and was a brazen tease, all the guys respected her, even as they boldly flirted back. At her desk come payday, while they could look down her blouse, she was eye level to many a hard, denim-covered bulge that no guy tried to hide. Seeing bulge after bulge in her face, one right after the other, and knowing exactly what it was, Anne was not immune. After just so many — even the fact that it was payday and expecting to see all those big covered cocks — it was a turn-on. Yet she stood her ground before marriage — masturbating alone — and after marriage, paydays were some of the best sex Troy ever had. She never confessed this to Troy, and although it was with regularity, they having had sex otherwise, he was oblivious to her intensity during these days.

Again, Anne did have old-fashioned ideals. Just as she did not let Troy in her pants before marriage, she wanted a family. Indeed, it was why she abstained from sex with a partner before marriage. Although then married, the job gave her something to do, at first. Then, it seemed to wear her and Troy out emotionally and physically after certain busy days. Still, they were never too tired most of the time for sex. As far as Anne was concerned, fucking was two-fold; the physical thrill and the desire for babies. Yet she could not conceive. Both checked by doctors, nothing wrong was found. All in all, the moment Anne got pregnant, she would welcome being a housewife and mother.

Lee's problem was different. Lee finally got to answer Anne's question, with a question. He said, "Ever hear of the saying, 'Lucky at cards, unlucky in love'?"

That made Anne snicker without thinking. Maybe Lee was not as buff as Troy but he had no trouble getting women. While Troy was very muscular, Lee was slender. While Troy was ruggedly handsome, Lee was drop-dead cute. Emphasis on "cute", but not opposed to handsome. Both were excellent lovers, having had many girls to practice sexual techniques on over the years to perfect. And Anne knew this; most times overhearing the buddies' conversation over certain sexual exploits — mostly her husband's — that abruptly ended when she entered the room.

After marriage, she once deliberately sneaked behind them and encouraged them to finish. It never bothered her to hear Troy boast. Anne felt secure in their marriage. Afterwards, occasionally talking openly in front of her, as it did the first time, it even made for a good turn-on for her with Troy later. She even wondered how Lee would be in bed, having seen him in a bikinied Speedo or two at the beach over the years. But as very close as they were, Lee never made a pass at her and she knew why. The bond of friendship; that Troy had "claimed" her first.

Presently, Anne's giggle perked Lee up a little, as he caught on to what she was thinking. "No, you dirty-minded girl! I was trying to coin a phrase, replacing a couple words. It's just that what with today's economy, even rock-solid companies that may not fold, still merge with others to insure solvency. Sure, the company doesn't go down the tubes, but there's often job redundancy. Too many people doing the same job.

"Long story short to tie in with my phrase, I've been lucky enough to get jobs at stable companies, and I work hard at my duties. But because I didn't go to college, wasn't there long enough — you name it — the 'miracle merger' happens, and I'm let go."

Then, Lee had to chuckle himself. "To be honest, Anne, my last boss was a beautiful woman. After she fired me, she told me that since I couldn't claim sexual harassment, she was seducing me before letting leave her office."

"No! She didn't!" Anne gasped with a smile, even as her eyes dropped to Lee's crotch. There was nothing notable to see but the way many men wear their clothes, his unexcited 'package' was evident if one knew where to look.

Oblivious to her slight action, Lee said, "Yup! She started to shake my hand goodbye, then she used it to yank me to her body, and frenched me fiercely while unzipping my fly. Next thing I knew, my pants was unzipped, my cock was out and she was on her knees blowing me!"

"And you just let this happen?" Anne replied with a raised eyebrow.

"Hell yeah! She was a looker, and what were they gonna do? Fire me?"

"I soon took charge and we ended up naked on her carpeted floor, fucking our brains out! When it was all over, she even gave me her number, asking me to call her. But Anne, I mean, really? She just fired me. At best, what was I gonna be? Her kept man, being given an allowance? There was no future there any more than the company I just got canned from!"

“Yeah. I see your point,” she said, again glancing at his middle, making her remark a ubiquitous double entendre.

But then, out of nowhere, Anne just happened to see Lee as if in a different light. Going with the perspective, she impulsively decided to run with it, as she said, “Too bad you aren’t a woman. It might sound stereotypical but it still happens: fuck redundancy! Even brainless bimbos that can’t do shit are kept on, simply for eye candy...if not for ‘other’ stuff, if she’s willing.” This came out of nowhere but catching her train of thought, while Lee might have changed his boss’ mind for this exact same reason — on the job and not her home, as he thought — Anne gets an idea, as she continues. “With your slight frame, I can see cute looks easily comparable to a woman’s, what with a little makeup. Hmmm. Bet you’d make a sexy woman.

“Hey! Y’know what? I’ve got a wig I wear for bad hair days. I’m a big girl. You could fit into all of my things easy!”

Lee looks at Anne incredulously. “Anne, are you insane? I’ve never worn women’s clothes in my life! And to get a job?

“You know me. I’m not vain. Let’s say you’re right; that I do fool people. Eventually, someone’s gonna make a pass at me, get all handsy. Next thing, I’m not only canned, I’m canned in a dress! Not to mention, a whole lotta other bad shit that could happen!”

Anne just grins, “So far, I didn’t hear ‘no’.”

That took Lee by surprise. Did not what he just said meant ‘no’? But what Anne just said opened the door to intrigue. Lee now does recall spending a lot of time in mirrors and otherwise trying to always look his best; to complement and compliment what he had naturally. While the thought had never entered his mind before, his face has been in enough mirrors that, in retrospect, could show a transition into something that could be possibly considered feminine.

‘But no!’ he now thought. ‘I just called Anne nuts. Am I bonkers for entertaining this myself?!’

Anne now has a plan, and every moment, it is getting increasingly fertilized in her mind. “Tell you what. Come over for dinner tonight. We’ll make a game of it.”

“Whoa! I can’t believe I’m thinking of going along with this,” Lee says, despite being unexplainably piqued now at how well he could look in Anne’s things, “but won’t Troy be right there, too?”

“Who’s only been your best friend since forever,” Anne counters, now undeterred. “Look. It’s perfect. If he does laugh, even though he knows you, the experiment is off. It goes nowhere and he knows I’ll kill ‘im if I ever hear him tease you about it later.”

**000000000000**

“Wow,” Lee softly gasps, “my folks would shit their pants to see me now ‘Though Mom might’ve accepted this, just to throw it in Dad’s face!”

Lee tasted the red glossy wax upon his lips, unwittingly performing a sexual teasing action of sexual hunger. By his remark, though, it is an atypical experience that he undergoes as does any other man that crossdresses, as he admires 'her' very passable mirrored image. From their first time and yet their hundredth time. No one seriously, deliberately sets out to make themselves an ugly woman; and that certainly includes those genetically born. Yet the surprise of beauty is almost always expiated when it is successfully achieved. As Lee amazes 'herself', it is one of assured gratification.

"That voice's perfect!" Anne exclaims, caught off guard by the timbre. Then, in correction, "Well, while it's not really perfect, it'll certainly do as a surprisingly good start."

She is also thrilled about Lee's physical transformation. Purely going on a hunch that a cute guy could make a cute girl, after having Lee completely strip, Anne could not believe his slender body. It was indeed perfect to her plan, even though he would obviously need help in the chest.

Purposely demanding to be the one to not only dress him up and to let her first strip him down, she could not believe how soft his skin is. Lee is dark-haired but from a distance, he does appear hairless everywhere below his pate. Though dark, the hair is very thin and downy on his face, arms and legs; truly hairless all over his torso. 'Now here's a man who knows how to take care of his body,' she thinks. 'I don't think it'll be a problem for him to do so, only this time using feminine ablutions instead of masculine.'

As she worked on feminizing him, Anne got so giddy at how well Lee was progressing as she worked on 'her', what was meant to be a simple trimming of the eyebrows, Anne had inadvertently went too far and thinned them too much. She is very relieved that Lee accepts 'her new self', as there was nothing she could do about this error.

Lee then faces away Anne's full-length mirror to look at her. "What're you talking about? I was joking about my parents, despite the hole they left me in. When they left each other, except for one provision they didn't have to do, I've had no contact with either of them, going on years now."

"No, no. I would never tease you about that, baby." Anne knew about the Wells' ugly divorce a few years ago. It took everyone by surprise, particularly their close neighbors next door, the Tylers, who thought they knew them as well as they knew Lee as a second son.

While neither cheated on the other, Jocelyn and Craig Wells just fell out of love with each other. It took everybody by surprise. Still, in retrospect, even their son did not get any affection as he grew older. Yet Lee was blind to it all, having virtually spent all of his time with Troy, over his house; then, having grown to adulthood, moving out altogether. He being ignorant to any family trouble, the only thing his parents agreed on was divorce by irreconcilable differences.

As an adult, Lee received no child support. Already on his own in an apartment, they sold everything, including the house. Barely saying goodbye to him, he did get a substantial lump sum payment that he barely touched as if it was the last piece of his parents he owned. That is, until his last job left him with no prospects and he began to pinch off it to pay the bills and eat. Unsure of when he would work again.

“I was talking about the voice,” explained Anne. “Remember what I told you on the way here?”

“I want to quit Tyler Constructs, if only for a while. Still, hopefully for good, if my plan works. Having tried everything else, maybe working there and expected to also keep house was my inability to have children. God knows, Troy can always get it up and, to his credit, he doesn’t leave me hanging so the problem might just be me. So I figured, rather than leaving the job in a bind even a short while, all of your jobs had you being a paper-pusher. That’s all I am there. You could take over for me easy, immediately.

“Only thing, the guys would miss their eye candy. I’m the one not being vain now. Even though I’m ‘the dutiful wife’, old habits die hard but Troy trusts me. I’m no Miss America but I flirt my ass off and I’ve seen the bulges in their pants, even while they also can see, if they look, my wedding ring. With me sashaying while single and married, some might resent it being gone and you took over as a guy. With you turning out as good as you have already in looks alone being female, with Troy being the boss and him telling them it was you — that you need the job and to otherwise go with the gag — they’d understand. A lot of them, construction’s all they know. Aside from knowing you already, they can sympathize if they lost the only job they know how to do.

“Sure, you’ll get a lot of kidding. But only because they knew you from before. Friendly kidding. Still, I’ll lay you odds that’ll change without being told to.”

‘Hell, I was the one that did this to you and I’m wet.’ Anne then thinks. ‘You only have light body fuzz, so shaving you was easy. Damn, you’ve even got killer legs! But seeing you change from male to female, god, I’ve never loved a woman in my life and you did it to me! Although a woman doesn’t have one, your cock did help. Trying my best to preoccupy myself by instructing you how to properly shave yourself and moisturize after, you had to go and get hard on me. So you bulged a little in your panties when we began. That was okay.

‘But dammit, Lee! I just can’t get over it! It was as if it was begging me to dare taste it! You just had to get hard as I was prepping you! There was no way I wasn’t gonna have that cock then. The question was then, how do I do it and not have an excuse other than wanting it?’

‘I then thought that tucking you between your legs was ideal for the smooth front. Who knew there was a “convenient” space inside you for your balls to also go in when I finally did that?! Anyway, the only way to get you soft again to do that was if you gave yourself a handjob. Yeah, right. Fuck that! There was another way. I was gonna pump you right! I may have started a handjob but it was only an excuse to tire easy and finish off with my mouth. I really blew you, so I could get off! When you came in my mouth, so...did..I in my panties, and you never caught my orgasm shiver. I finally get you and it’s as a woman. Go figure!’

As the speed of thought is much faster than the spoken word, then she says aloud, “The key is to go with the flow. Play up to the jokes and you’ll be just fine. You’re not thin-skinned. If things get really bad — like the kidding goes on just a little too long — don’t just take it. Be a bitch! I never had to but you can bet I would if I needed, and they know it.

One way or the other, as a woman, you're your own person. And you got the boss on your side, not theirs.

"All else considered, one, you need a job and I don't. I have a husband who's supposed to support me. You'll just be taking my salary, which by law, was everything the position deserved, not a token check because I became family, wanting to stay on after I married the boss' son. Two, you're willing to go along with it, even if it means showing cleavage and a lotta leg. So, while I did talk a downside, I know those guys. It's gonna be like you'll have as much fun as I did. Nobody touched me and everything I got is home-grown. And three, it's job security. You can stay without worry of being fired because of what you're wearing, because everyone'll know who you are. Everything sorta works both ways, but you know what I'm talking about.

"But it would hurt not to really, fully, look the part. If you're gonna look like a woman, then be that woman, all the way. Let that be your mantra. No half-measures, hon. Which brings us back to where I was gonna start moments ago. I didn't think about your voice. Y'know, sounding like a guy while looking like a girl. But how you sounded when you saw the full picture...

"You gave me something when I made your face up and gave you the wig, but it wasn't enough for me to be sure. Seeing all of yourself just now did it. You don't have a light voice but a whole lotta women ain't sopranos. If you practice that softer voice with more than a whisper, that's it!"

"You're really serious about this, huh, Anne?" said Lee, quietly in his normal timbre.

"Deadly," she replied. "And you should be, too! Softer — not barely hearable — on the voice, baby, please. Practice makes perfect."

"Okay," Lee attempted on purpose, in trying to recall how 'she' sounded a moment ago. It was not a falsetto and Anne was happy. "After all, you did give me a nice blowjob."

"Uh uh. I just went lezzie and shrunk your clitty, lady. It was getting excited by the time we got to your panties," she said, covering her tracks. "So I just helped...another woman...to get it back between your legs; outta sight, lookin' like any other female. Y'gotta think 'girl', hon. I love my hubby."

"I know you do, sweetie," Lee countered with understanding, really getting into it more easily. "Guess I can freely say it now, now that I'm in your club: I love him, too. Longer'n you."

Annie then loosely hugs Lee around his neck, and says, "You're a good sport and a good friend to me, too, to do this. If it works, I'll be eternally grateful."

Lee then wags a long fake fingernail. "Now don't you kiss me then, Miss Lezzie. I've yet to know how to do my makeup on my own!"

"That's the spirit!" Anne exclaimed, as she pushed away from Lee via his breasts in a bra and blouse. Bringing his new chest into sharp perspective.

"How did you happen to have these silicone breast forms again?" 'she' said, attempting to properly focus on everything — especially voice — by consciously using feminine pronouns now in her mind, even while 'her clitty' slightly twitched in 'her' panties as 'she' looked down at definite cleavage. Her own.

Anne sighed heavily, knowing that she already told Lee before they got started, but began anew. "Okay, last time. Some time ago, Troy suddenly wasn't happy with my Cs. Took me to doctor to have them implanted to make me a D. Now that I'd been married to 'im, I give in a little easier...but only a little, so I went without a fuss. Anyway, not that you're now a D, mind you. With a little 'womanipple-ulation'," she giggled at her coined word, "you're more like a B+, fitting nice and comfy in my — your — C bra. But...my dear girlfriend, it's all about presentation. How you put yourself on display. B+ might not seem like much, but after I teach you a few of my tricks, you'll know why a lotta men think I'm bigger than I really am.

"Hmm. Maybe that's how Troy forgot I'd stopped using the breast forms! Anyway, the doc even showed me how to put them in my bra — very clinically, of course, even though we both knew he was copping a feel while he did it Troy paid him quite a few bucks, I don't know how much, to convince him to let me keep them, for me to get comfortable with the weight and overall look, so I would want 'em under my skin.

"I used them for a while to keep hubby happy, and then I didn't. Like I said, I never asked to be bigger. Guess Troy forgot to follow up. Although I dressed up with 'em, I didn't take 'em to bed. Especially when we had sex; the forms would've just gotten in the way — not to mention the bra that was used to hold 'em in place — as he likes to play with my tits. He never bothered me about 'em. He knew when I first wore 'em, obviously. Then I got tired of stuffing my bra and stopped. It was as if he took 'em — or me — for granted.

"Anyway, I didn't toss 'em out since I knew they were a chunk o' change, in case he remembered and wanted his money back. So, as the doc showed me how to use them in my bra with what I had, and I did it in several bras after that, right now, I took a chance to see if I could do it your next-to-nothing. And wadyaknow? Who knew? You got a nice rack to go with everything else...as long as you keep your undies on."

Lee looked back in the mirror. He was walking in white sling-back 3" heels and it amazed him that he had been walking in them ever since his cock got sucked and tucked. 'My clit' got sucked,' Lee then thought in correction, 'I gotta think "her" — me — if I wanna pull this off!'

Wearing also a flower-print tee which deep scoop-neck expressly showed bulbous cleavage and an above-the-knee burgundy pencil skirt that had side slits for freer movement showing off tight buns and slinky legs, with accoutrements such as long white glued-on fingernails, ruddy wig and assorted makeup while trying to keep the softer pitch, Lee then said aloud, "I never told myself this dressed as a guy, but damn, I look hot!"

"Well, sister," said Anne, "except for the shoes 'cause I never wore 'em that high for work, that's the whole idea! The guys don't wanna see a man in drag. They want a woman! I just grabbed the heels and you surprised me when you walked in them before I thought to replace 'em with a smaller heel. Then again, when I first wore that height, I didn't stagger like a drunk. So why should you?

"In any event, I had a feeling that your male cute looks would easily be transformed into a woman's. I was right, so that was the easy part. Clothes came next, another easy fix. My being a big girl, we're about the same size. The hard part was really your acceptance!"

Lee then said, "Y'know, Anne, if anyone else had suggested this, I would've said, 'Hell no!' and kicked like mad. But it was you, my closest friend, next to Troy. And since I'll be working where everybody'll know...I could have a lotta fun with this. Flirting my ass off, if only for laughs."

"And why not? I sure as hell do and not one guy ever got outta line, simply because they knew where I stood. In your case, right from the start, just think of your big clit as your wedding ring. Follow me?"

Lee had to think for a second, then she got it. Boundaries that were respected. For Anne, before marriage, it was a needed lifetime commitment, not a one-night stand. Being married, Anne would never cheat. So, for Lee, having a cock would also prevent a man getting into her panties. Right?

"Hey, Lee honey?" Anne now said. "Since we did beat Troy home, for me to tell 'im and your 'unveiling', we've been so busy putting your new self together, I haven't started on dinner. Be a sweetie and make a salad while I change. Stuff's in the crisper in the fridge. You know where everything else is, don't ya?"

"Sure thing, babe," Lee grinned, as she paused in thought to say out loud, "I think I'm really gonna like this 'girl thing'. I can call you all kinds of sweet nothings without getting into trouble!"

Anne just smiled enigmatically at that comment as she stared at Lee's shapely ass sway out the room.



## 000000000000

Lee did not want to say anything when Anne had the bright idea of putting her member between her legs. She was amazed particularly when her testicles rose in a space below her pelvis. It hurt at first and yet she said nothing. Seeing how she looked with her bosom, Lee was dazzled at the transformation. The discomfort seemed worth it. Now, a short while later in the kitchen, she feels her thighs rub together and recalls what she 'used' to have between them. Lee then presumed that she would definitely be able to get used to where everything now was. Maybe not even removing it; going to the bathroom like a woman, sitting down. After this affirmation, she then went about helping Anne out with dinner.

Everything was going fine as Lee found everything to make a salad. Tearing the lettuce, chopping fresh vegetables and finally using a large wooden spoon and fork, she began tossing the roughage in a large bowl. She just finished when she felt two hands on her waist that began traveling to her hips. Then a head was snuggling into the long red hair of her wig. Thinking it was Anne being playful, Lee rationalized that, within limits, they were not being unfaithful to Troy, despite getting a blowjob during her transformation. So, now joining in, Lee purposely backs up. But instead of feeling breasts against her back, she felt between her tight-skirted asscheeks...a cock?

"I know I'm running very late with dinner, Troy, but what you're doing is considered dessert!"

The voice was Anne's but she sounded much further away than she should if she was doing the groping. And if she was feeling Lee up, why was she talking not to Lee, but to herself in the third person? No, wait a second, not herself. Troy!

Without spilling the salad, Lee jumped at that thought but by that time, everything had abruptly moved away from her. Spinning around, she saw Anne leaning against the threshold, holding her sides with laughter. Between them, was a now sputtering and bewildered, red-faced Troy Tyler!

"Hon-honey! Y'gotta believe me! I-I-I-I thought she was you!" he stammered.

While Anne was gathering herself, catching on to her pseudo-ire, Lee decided to get in a dig. Using the just-acquired light timbre, she said, "Never mind that bitch, Troy honey. C'mere. I've known you way longer. Pucker up and gimme what you waited all this time for me to have!"

At that, Lee held his chin and kissed Troy firmly on the mouth. She had only meant a firm pressing of lips, but then Troy opened his mouth and Lee followed through. Without a second thought on Lee's part, as if on auto-pilot, they were now full frenching.

"Ah-hem!" It was Anne again. "I'm gonna getcha for that 'bitch' crack, Lee."

That definitely woke Troy up. He broke away from the embrace he did not realize he had made — in front of his wife, no less — and then gasped, "Lee?"

Anne then strolled to Lee's side and said to her, "Looks like I done good, hey, sis?" Then they both broke out giggling.

Troy's head rocked back and forth between the two faces like a rickety gate. He could now tell the differences between the two women. But as he recognized his wife, he then said, "Oh, I get it. This is someone else name Lee! I'm sorry, Anne. I just wanted to surprise you. You both have the same hair, same style. From behind, I thought she was you. Forgive me?"

"Girl, you are good!" said Lee, still not deigning to break character. "I was close enough to kiss, and if my best friend couldn't tell..."

"Hmm," Anne then said, as she looked between her husband's legs. "I was kidding before, but maybe I really should be mad at you. Wudya lookit that!" She then pointed at Troy's first-class boner bulging from his crotch.

Troy's hand then instinctively went to cover his erection. "Aww, come on, Annie! I thought she was you!" Then he paused as he looked at Lee. "Wait a sec. Did you say 'best friend'?"

As if ignoring him, the girls high-fived and then hugged each other. Then, Lee said to Anne, "I did have reservations but I went along willingly. I see now that it really can work, after all!"

Troy now yelled, "Whoa! This is making my head hurt! Will somebody please tell me what's going on here?!"

Anne could tell that Troy was about to get angry. So she knelt in front of him and pulled out his cock from his pants. Having never seen the private parts despite a decades-long friendship, even Lee had to gasp at the size of the now-flagging member. Hearing that and guessing why, Anne said, "If you think this is big, just wait until I get 'im really hard."

With what was going on, despite his unanswered question, Troy is dumbfounded. Yet, if he would not turn away a glory-hole suck, he definitely was not going to stop his wife. Even if he did have an audience. Anne, at one time, was a virginal novice at everything sexual. But now, as much as Troy loves getting a blowjob, over the years, she has become very creative at giving them.

Anne did pause after she began sucking, and asked Lee, "Mmm, this is good. Want some?"

For a split-second, Lee almost dropped to her knees. Catching herself, she blushed deeply, saying, "N-no. No thanks."

She then says to herself, 'God, what's happened to me? Sure, what I got from my folks won't last forever and I need a job bad. But Anne was always a light-hearted kidder. I went along with the way I am just a moment ago for a joke! But turning out so hot, who knew? I would've fucked myself in the mirror if I could've!

'And even if the guys were all pissed at losing Anne and getting me, at least I'd have a paycheck. Worst case, Troy would let me wear my old clothes. Anne wants out and he would need somebody. He wouldn't've picked another woman over me just for eye candy. Anne would've given 'im hell!

'But wow, these feelings! I'm getting hard tucked away in my panties, watching Anne slurp Troy's dick. That's only a natural response, from watching women suck cock in porn

videos all these years. It's always a turn-on for me. But I almost joined her, not knowing if she was playing around or not! Sure, I kissed Troy and went with the flow when we started tongue-wrestling — and he even held me tight! What was up with that?

'All of a sudden, though, I like all this! Don't know why. I just do. Why shouldn't I enjoy these new sensations? But...where do I go from here?'

Meanwhile, for the time being, nothing mattered to Troy. As he stared lustfully at one woman, he got to mentally undress her while his own wife was boldly sucking his tool in front of her. The closest he had ever got to a threesome with his wife. Realizing this, with all of the various turn-ons all at once for Troy, it was going to be a mighty blast at that, enough to share. But despite her cheeks suddenly bloating, they soon resumed to be hollowed. Anne Victor Tyler, now cocksucker extraordinaire, swallowed all her husband had to offer.

**000000000000**

Troy really could not see his lifelong friend under her makeup. Not that he really tried at first. The over-trimmed eyebrows did help dramatically along with the cosmetics to effect create Lee's brand new countenance all the same.

To Troy, Lee was a man. While conceding that Lee's "pretty-boy" looks that got Lee and him one hot chick after another — sometimes, the four of them in the same bed — he refused to believe this hottie scant feet away was him Much to Anne's glee, without specifically being told, Lee was no help to Troy at all when she would not allow her voice go back to its usual male timbre. After all, that would defeat the whole purpose. It was still not perfect but it was slowly getting better the longer Lee kept it. As it was not a lame falsetto in any event, being divorced from the way Lee usually sounded, it was definitely good enough among this present clique; ironically with the two people who knew Lee best.

So Troy twice refused to believe otherwise, all throughout Anne and Lee preparing dinner. Waiting for it to cook, they had a few drinks and Lee still did not slip. With little time to learn a handful of feminine basics as she helped Anne in the kitchen, Lee performed marvelously. It was not until they were all eating at the dinner table that Troy was finally convinced that she was not what 'she' seemed..

During the meal, presuming that Troy had indeed understood Lee's new identity, Lee tries to sell 'herself' to him, in vying for Anne's job. "Think about it, Troy," Lee said. "You don't lose a dime. The same salary you paid Anne, despite taking care of her financial needs as her husband, remain unchanged. She's willing to give up that salary to me. If Anne left otherwise, there would be no savings. You'd still need someone who might not work for less and probably would want more. I don't, but it would be unfair to pay me less. I can live on her paycheck. The job has its 'have-your-cake-and-eat-it' perk for me and the guys under you! I'll have job security where you won't fire me. The guys you willingly allow to drool over your wife doesn't lose her in a way, if I may be so vain. Still, you tell them up front it's really me, just so no guy gets the wrong idea and tries to make a play be-

cause I pass and I'm unattached, unlike Anne. It's win-win all the way down the line, baby!"

At the intimate last word, Troy started shifting gears back to square one. For a third time, he was starting to believe as Lee was explaining, but her feminine beauty was astonishing to him. He knowingly let men suck his dick in glory holes. He thinks to himself that if any guy looked this good, he would have no problem with them face-to-face!

Still, knowing how much Anne wants his sperm for children, Troy could not believe his playful mate would never pull this elaborate a stunt on him. Bringing a woman home and pretend that she was his best friend. Especially if she knew how much he really 'needed' sex. Did she somehow really did know? Was she testing him by bringing a stranger in their home? It took tremendous effort on his part to pull away from this woman while they were kissing when Anne very loudly cleared her throat.

Presently, Lee thought that she was losing Troy, as he seemed to be spaced out when he was actually lost in thought. So she said, "Anne, you were right. I could've had the perfect job, even if I do have to wear a dress. But while it's great that I look good enough to fool my buddy, I still don't have it, unless he believes it's me."

Anne could not believe her plan was going so well. Lee, not only turning out so good but also accepting it all like a fish to water. For her husband, Troy, she also appreciated that it was a remarkable occurrence. He knew Lee all his life and not able to see 'him', 'she' even gave him a hard-on.

That's it! Getting an idea, Anne wants a family and with everything going so well, there will be hell to pay if Lee even starts to think about dropping her fledgling new voice! It may not make a difference and Anne needs incontrovertible proof, to firmly pull this off!

She then rushes to Lee's chair, and with adrenal strength, pulls it out from the table with her in it, turning it slightly to give Troy a clear view. Almost fluidly and effortlessly, she then goes between Lee's legs, pulls up the tight skirt and yanks down bikini panties to mid- thigh. Untucking Lee's limp cock, she fists it; simply wrapping her hand around it, doing nothing more. She had Troy's attention the moment she left her seat. Seeing Lee's prick in her hand — the staff and balls hanging underneath attached to Lee — to say that Troy was stunned, would be an understatement.

**000000000000**

At the incongruous yet remarkable sight, Troy almost wanted to laugh but the chuckle choked in his throat, as there was no hilarity in the action. After watching Anne retuck Lee back in her panties and remake her properly presentable from the waist down, he could not help but alternate between Lee's flawless face and bosom and what he had just seen Anne pull from between Lee's legs. It was not a vibrator, dildo or any kind of sex toy. It was a real cock, with glans and everything! Just like he forgot about Anne's silicone forms, he presently could not deny that Lee was truly femininely beautiful. Extremely attracted to beauty, despite now knowing the truth, if Troy ever loved his friend one way, he could easily love "her" in another.

“Anne wants to stay home and make babies, I’ll be a proud papa,” Troy now expounds, as if giving an Academy Award performance. “Lee, if you really want the job that bad enough to wear a dress for it, it’s yours!”

Lee beamed. She is suddenly overwhelmed with this genuine realization, but is flustered on how to express her relief at finally getting through to Troy. Anne, in her infinite wisdom, seeing a renewed erection in her husband’s pants, says, “Aw, go ahead and kiss ‘im, girl. I’ll get the rest of ‘im later.”

At that, Lee did just that; even snugly wrapping her arms around Troy’s neck. And Troy, although finally acknowledging the truth, frenched her back. That is, until he felt fingernails grazing his cock bulge. With Lee around his neck, it could only be Anne’s hand. Assuming that she had decided not to wait, catching the hint, he discreetly disengaged Lee from his face. Aborting him from two hot kisses with Lee, a now-horny Troy was going to fuck Anne’s brains out tonight...and she knew it.

But it would not be for a short while. Anne, whose mind had been working overtime since Lee’s willingness and they left the office, had a few more details to iron out with her spouse about their good friend and her desire for a family. Without further adieu, she wanted to outline them out now!

**000000000000**

They all sat down together after dinner in the living room, as Anne was given center stage, as she mapped out her grand design. “Troy honey, before we became husband and wife, you’ve always known me as a ‘look-but-don’t-touch’ girl. Don’t deny it. That’s why you married me, whether you really loved me in the beginning or not. I was just another piece of ass to conquer. Now, don’t! Don’t deny it. You know it’s true. I knew it was true and still married you. But things are different now, right?”

Making the query ironically rhetorical, primarily because she had a lot to say, Anne went on. “Sure, I was and am a cockteaser, but I was never evil about it. I figure that I’ve been given gifts — very generously, fortunately for Lee’s sake — and was always of a mind that just because I literally and not sexually play around, it doesn’t make me a blue-balling tramp. I’ve only been a slut in your bed...after you married me. I still dress for me to give guys something to look at, but you’re the only one who’s ever fucked me. You know me and trust me, and therefore had no problem with my wagging my tits and ass at the office. Everybody at work knows I’m off limits without being told, even though come payday, I’ve seen dozens of stiff cock bulges in pants practically shoved in my face.

“But it’s been no secret that I’ve always wanted a baby. Your baby. Yet we’ve tried, honey. Nobody can figure out why I can’t have one and life went on. Then Lee gives me another option.

“It was a longshot and if she refused, I’d be crazy not to understand. Yes, we could’ve hired another piece of fluff for the office if I stayed home. But this idea came first and I ran with it.

“Lee needs a job. Other than us and your family, she’s got nobody. Her family virtually has forgotten she exists. You know what I mean when I say ‘she’ in the same breath, as far as they’re concerned. I’m using girl terms here for a reason that I’ll get to, so bear with me.

“People will always be building something; you’ll always have a business. But Lee’s soft while you’re hard. She’d never make it on your crews. But she already knows my job. At any rate, how to do it, doing it elsewhere on jobs she’s lost not her fault. She definitely does need the job security you can give her.

“Now, why be a woman? Well, come payday — or any other day somebody drops by the office, for that matter — the guys come for a glimpse of me. I’m not being vain. God, that word’s being used a lot, but Lee and I aren’t bad-looking at that! Anyway, I started it before I met you. Hell, it’s how I got your attention and you were the only one who seriously went after me when I was single when I wouldn’t just put out.” Anne paused and glanced at Lee before going on.

“Anyway, Lee will be more than my replacement. She’ll be my surrogate there and give the guys exactly...and only...what I’ve always gave them. If they get pissed, be...her...friend. Confront them. Ask them why. They never had a chance with me and Lee is just as pretty. End of story.”

Troy listened to Anne and mentally agreed with everything she said. He then turned to his life-long friend and said, “You completely fooled me, y’know. Maybe it’s the makeup, maybe it’s everything, but you got me good. I still have yet to hear your other voice that I’m used to hearing. How’d you do that, anyway?”

“I dunno,” Lee replies. “It just happened and Anne encouraged it. You flatter me, though, ‘cause Anne and I both know it can be better. It seemed that the way I’m dressed, it only makes sense to sound feminine and I got lucky. I’m just glad to be able to do it at all. It would be freakish to look one way and sound another. Ever since she and I began this hours ago, I even sorta feel girlie inside, making everything fit, and I’m okay with it.”

Troy then says, “Hearing you talk the longest just now, I can tell it’s you now, Lee. That it was you. You know what I mean! Well, the dick helped, too,” he laughed nervously. “But guddahyum, buddy! Even Anne’s just gotta let me say this, you look hot!”

“Yeah,” said Lee, with a deep blush, “that’s what I said when Anne was finished. Even though Anne agreed, it was her handiwork. That and the fact she wants out so bad. Even though my voice is not letter-perfect, I’m confident I can do better. Nice to know for real that I wasn’t kidding myself. I mean, we’re friends and because of that, you wouldn’t let me go out and be a joke, would you?”

“No, pal. Annie and I both want this kid and as she says, you need a job. And as I said, you want it, you got it!”

“Oh, Troy...!”

“Whoa! You’re not gonna kiss me again, are you?”

Lee smirked, “I already kissed you...twice! You seemed to enjoy it before...and after...you saw my ‘big clit’, honey.”

“All right, all right, you two,” Anne now interjected. “Lee, there’s still some more things I’d like to iron out with you, in front of ‘lover boy’ here.”

“Love—” Troy started.

“Sssssh!” Anne hissed. “Troy, since Lee will be dressing as — being! — a woman, while we’ve made some gigantic leaps tonight, I can teach her to be better if she’s close by. So, I’m thinking for the time being, the empty room we’ve got in the hope of using it as a nursery and then, a child’s bedroom, Lee can give up her place and move her stuff in there.”

“Why should I give up my apartment?” Lee asks.

“You wanna live as a man at your place, come over here so I can help you, y’know, do your hair and makeup, and be a woman for work, then reverse that at day’s end, plus do your job?”

“Uh, wow. I hadn’t thought of that.”

“Aside from also being able to daily refine your girliness, since we’ve discovered you can fit into my things, including my shoes, my closet is also your closet.”

Lee is now almost hesitant as she looks down at her own exposed projected bosom, and says, “Y’know, you don’t exactly dress formal for work...”

“Duh! Just the whole point of this, ya dumb bimbo!”

“Oh...uh, yeah,” Lee says sheepishly. “I, uh, forgot for a sec, after really seeing it all come together, now that Troy’s in the mix.”

Anne then says, “Anyway, and if you feel the need for new things — all your very own — we can always go shopping!”

Lee says, “Uhh, I don’t think I’ll go that far.”

“We’ll see. You go with me one time when I do and you never know. Us girls just can’t resist. You’ll have some pocket money to burn by living here instead of paying rent and utilities at your soon-to-be former place. You’ll buy what catches your eye. It’s in our genes, hon!

“Troy and I wouldn’t dream of charging you to stay here, but it wouldn’t hurt to pitch in every now and then. Housework, cooking, stuff like that. Don’t put it all on me, ‘kay? Otherwise, I might as well be at the site. It would not be the way I’d be planning to keep house for ‘three’. Know wadamean?”

Troy then sighs, “Whoda thunk it? My best friend, Practical Lee. A woman.”

They all laughed at the deliberate pun, but then Lee reminds Troy, “I’m gonna be shaking my tail off — not so much literally — what with anything Anne has to teach me, while I’m doing my job. But this is very important. I’m just window dressing, just as she was. The guys at work? They all knew me before. Just like Anne, I’m not there to be fucked; to be even fooled to think they can have me. I mean, if I can fool you, I don’t want them thinking I’m the real deal, only to be disappointed ‘cause I’m not Anne. They must be told from day one who I am now. If just one feels uncomfortable, stand up for me, y’hear? First and foremost, I need a job; I’m there for the paycheck. I’m just dressing up as a favor to them. They can’t accept it, then I’ll go back to men’s clothes...still working there!

“I know Anne just said the same thing and I also hope you don’t feel funny hearing me say this. It’s only been a few hours but already I kinda like to play with this for a ‘while’. I

do not need any flak just because I got something different in my underwear. They never got to see what's in Anne's panties!"

"Hey!" Anne and Troy both exclaimed at Lee's brash remark.

"Oh, you know what I mean!" Lee giggled.

**000000000000**

Long story short, from a nerve-wracking beginning of a first day in worrying about acceptance from relative strangers, the crew at the home site was introduced to the new Lee and was told the facts. Everybody liked Lee before and, impressed with the radical attractiveness, still liked "her". Yes, Lee occasionally got some outrageous kidding, but nothing malicious or mean; most were curious and or crude comments about her new curves — translation: tits and ass — and others about asking how does it feel wearing a dress or asking what color panties she wore.

In a short time, these same people did a complete turnaround and genuinely complimented Lee, as thanks to Anne, she always acted like a lady and not a man in drag. She never looked like one, and those that caught a little bit of Lee the man in her voice soon only heard Lee the woman, as improvement steadily blossomed. Some even outwardly expressed genuine compliments at how good she looks. And Lee, assuredly not intimidated after that, purposely played up to every comment as the woman she was, and eventually, some men do walk away slightly bowlegged.

Lee worked hard at everything on purpose. Realizing that she could well have succeeded in finding work before her money ran out, there was also the possibility of not finding work at all; becoming a pestering beggar her friends would soon avoid. Speaking of friends, even her buddy could have disavowed knowing her. Of course, all of this would have been with her as a man. As a woman — an attractive woman — even if the crews got upset with the loss of Anne if Lee worked as a man, it made her feel good to be not only accepted as female but also appreciated as woman, despite them knowing the truth.

On her first day, around the home office site crew, Lee did not have to strip but she did use her male voice to prove to the men her birth gender. Once all of the company's crews were informed — ideally, it was on payday when everyone else met and wondered who the "new girl" was — Troy was also there to lay down the law again. Otherwise, Lee did not take advantage of her friend and worked her job as good as Anne ever did. Her increasing femininity was just along for the ride, as she worked as hard to perfect that as well.

Every day, she learned a little more on how to be female from Anne and she applied it all. Bolstering her confidence with every one, to everyone, as the news spread to the other sites like wildfire even before payday. Disbelieving it was really the 'old Lee' until she used his voice when they got paid, they were amazed who she was also he. Lee did not have anything to betray her, as after that pivotal payday, she never used her male voice again. Once that hurdle had passed, before too long, they even were hitting on her as if she was born on the distaff side. And when payday rolled around again, maybe not all of

them, but some brought their boners as they looked down Lee's tops for as much bare bosom as they could, as Lee displayed her cleavage.

Some men could not wait until paydays and used any excuse just to see Lee, out of curiosity. Nobody left disgruntled or disappointed. Between Anne's avant-garde salacious wardrobe and Lee's breast-formed bosom, she eventually noticed the men ogling her, without repulsion on her part.

## 000000000000

As time passes, Lee perfects her voice, as good as it could get, from sole and constant usage. It is now her only voice. That is, feminine. Simply put, there was absolutely no reason to speak masculine anymore, so she did not Giddy with how she assumes she was successful with her femme timbre, occasionally she would tease the guys by speaking in a stereotypical airhead bimbo voice as she wiggled and jiggled, strutting around the office. Rarely wearing heels at work, she mostly wore tight jeans; so snug it was as if she did not own a penis. While she got expert and used to not showing hers comfortably, Lee actually got to see boners grow in the guys' jeans. Some guys caught her looking at their crotches to see if it would happen and would quickly hide it as they excused themselves. Lee was indeed finding being a pretty woman fun.

Versatile in different kinds of feminine timbres, however successful she was face-to-face, Lee is even told to ease up on an unwitting bedroom voice she was using in deliberately but merely trying to be female on the phone. Told that, in general, a person's voice can unravel over the phone if they try to change it, Lee had put extra effort in her voice on the phone. Oddly enough, this vocal information tidbit was shared with her by someone just talking to her directly. That is, one of the guys on the job who called himself trying to help her early on who was always spouting bits of trivia he would pick up here and there. So far, she had yet to have the problem on the phone, but after hearing this information, Lee assumed to be better safe than sorry.

As things turned out, just as her early voice was virtually immediate for her — to relatively quickly become authentic in short order — to fine-tune it for the telephone was not too difficult a stretch. However, she had been too good; coming across as if she was on a phone-sex line and not a construction company. Several callers had to redial more than once, ultimately asking if they had Tyler Constructs — despite the fact the Lee had been told to answer every call with the company name and she had done so — and thereafter for either Troy or the foreman, making sure they had the right number.

When Lee told Anne this, she had a good laugh; correctly guessing that Lee still did it from time to time, playing around before stopping for good. Anne never told her that after she asked Lee to use her "phone voice" on purpose to her face, that it made Anne wet her panties. Anne had then left her to go to the bathroom, where she furiously masturbated on the toilet. Lee's female voice had indeed gotten that adaptable. But to be honest, Anne had easily gotten turned on for another reason.

## 000000000000

One day, Lee has car trouble. A foreman, Ray Gibbs, offers her a lift in his truck. Everybody, of course, knows that she is living at the Taylor home, but Troy is off-site this day. Before she thinks to call Anne to pick her up, Ray not only give Lee a ride but makes sure that her car is towed to a nearby garage for repairs. Once home, before she exits the cab of the truck, Lee impulsively kisses Ray on the cheek in thanks.

Realizing what she just did, Lee apologizes. "I-I-I-I'm sorry, Ray. I never had anyone come to my rescue like you did. I-I got carried away."

"Lee, remember when you started working with us?" asked Ray, calmly. "The boss laid down the law: Anyone hurts you, emotionally or physically, will have to deal with him personally. When you weren't around, somebody eventually asked him that since you weren't married, would it be okay to ask you out. Me and some of the guys were around to see this and Troy almost laughed. But then, it looked as if he was giving it real thought. And then he said that a joke's a joke but not to seriously try make a pass at you. So you were hands off."

Lee was touched having about everyone's chivalry amidst their surprising desires, despite knowing the truth about her. If anyone was gay on the job, they kept it hidden. So it was thought that all of the interactive appearances were genuinely heterosexual. It then made her feel very good that her deliberate indoctrination as a woman was indeed paying off. Unlike what Troy assumed, she knew that the men on the job were not joking about her. At that, she gave Ray a real kiss, complete with dueling tongues. As if proof of her assumptions, Ray never flinched, getting into the liplock easy. Despite it being her first genuine, erotic kiss, Lee felt so comfortable by this time, even as her hand touched Ray's five-o'clock-shadowed cheek, it felt as if she had been intimate with men all of her life.

Afterwards, he said, "All the guys wondered what it would be like to kiss you. Wow."

Lee says, "Now you're just laying it on a bit thick, honey. You're just saying that."

In response, Ray puts her slender hand with long nails all her own now on his crotch. Through thick denim, she felt the bulge throbbing.

"You don't expect..." Lee started, as she moved her hand away.

"No I don't!" Ray emphatically cut her off. "I was just proving my point. The boss said to respect you. We all do. But damn! You turn us all on!"

"But hell, you're not Anne. She always was her own woman, even before she got married. She drew her line, practically before she greeted us for the first time. But aside from what Troy said, what it boiled down to was to treat you like the lady that you see. You added nothing, so otherwise, it was open season. Still, 'treating you like a lady' meant to us that you had to make the first move, not us. If you ever want to blow any of us, you'll have a lineup. That same lineup will take care of any guy who puts you down!"

For the moment, taking in exactly what he meant, this is heady news to Lee, but she feels nothing but pride.

Ray then said, 'Uh, listen. I don't wanna waste this," pointing to his bulge. "So get going, so I can take care of it."

Lee responded, "Thought you wouldn't mind if I did you?" as she pulled Ray's fly down.

It has been several weeks since Anne blew Troy in front of her and she almost joined her when invited. Then, Lee could not tell if Anne was kidding and everything was happening very fast that night, even kissing Troy passionately on her own. Watching Anne suck her husband, Lee knew what she herself looked like, how feminine feelings easily came fast and furious and it never bothered her after that night. Not once thinking like the former man whose cute looks could virtually bed any woman, as she watched Anne. She had wondered where her feminine desires had come from, when just a while earlier she had entered the Tyler home as a man, but that was the extent of it. Afterwards, Lee even wondered every now and then how a cock would taste, having had hers enjoyed by many women, seemingly another lifetime ago.

Now, as Ray freely allowed his stiff cock to be handled by Lee, she said, "This is our secret now? No lineups, no promises I'll do it again?" Without waiting for an answer, Lee sucked her first cock.

Meanwhile, Ray verbally agrees, as he surveys the woman he sees stretched from her seat in his truck, to her head bobbing in his lap. Trying to cull from her memories of blowjobs received, all the same, it is Lee's first time. All she did was a leisurely bob and gentle suck, it is a pleasurable experience for both of them. She notes the member's curious flavor and anticipates the ambient fluid that was yet to surge. When Ray came, she did almost gag but valiantly tried to swallow as much as she could.

Lee had no regrets as to what she did and thought to herself that she would not ask for it, but if the opportunity arose, she would do it again in a heartbeat. Now not so busy, the memories she just tried to gather for expertise's sake, they came flooding in from her subconscious. She feels very ready for a next time. Lee feels so fulfilled even the accomplishment of this passable sexual act, with this act now passed, at the same time, knowing that she has no vagina, she does wonder what an ass fuck would be like. However, she was not about to ask Ray to fuck her in his cab. For the time being, as Lee thereafter occasionally does the only masculine thing outside of shaving, whenever she would masturbate from then on, from enjoying the taste of Ray's spunk, she dared to savor the sample of her own cum.

Time would tell that Ray was a man of his word, despite his remark of the guys' collective wonderment of Lee as a sexual being. They were all so used to Lee's attractiveness, by now, nobody even wanted to think of her as a man. So they naturally fell into accepting her as a woman, despite their boss saying that she was hands off.

Ray even picked her up and dropped her off daily until her car was repaired, without being asked to. All the guys knew about her car and that Ray had jumped first in doing her a favor. Never knowing about his "reward," nobody ever asked to help Lee out and Ray was always at the ready when it was time for Lee to go home. Lee always kissed him on the cheek when she got home but there were no more blowjobs and no fucks. She did not offer and Ray did not ask.

Ray was a gentleman, indeed He never bragged to anyone about the very attractive Miss Lee Wells blowing him. But Lee does tell Anne. It shocked her, but only for a moment.

Anne says, "Have fun with it, girlfriend. I was never unfaithful to Troy. But when I flirt, I have fun. That's why I did you on your first dress-up and only you. I know oral sex is still sex, but we haven't done it since. You're a woman now. It's your choice to accept or rebuff any advance.

"You living here now, aside from all of us being close friends, you've been the best girlfriend I've ever had. I mean it. For you to confide in me about sucking a guy off when you could've kept it to yourself means a lot to me I could always talk to you before, but I feel an unexpected, more closer communication between us now. I'm glad that you're happy in your femininity as you dress up. It was never meant to mess with your head or make you feel odd. Seeing that you're taking everything in stride and going with the flow, I have nothing but the greatest respect for you. I want to always see you happy. If you're happy, then I'm happy."

**000000000000**

Lee's own uncut brunette hair was eventually long enough to discard the wig. Her hair only went almost past her neck while the wig had gone to mid-back. Used to the wig's length brushing her back, Lee would keep letting her hair grow until it matched or surpassed it. In the meantime, taught several ways to style what she presently had by Anne, a few hairstyles fully exposed her ears. On her own, Lee then got her ears pierced, to now also wear Anne's earrings.

This was it. Although much later than Anne predicted, Lee finally bought something feminine when she next went shopping with Anne. The beginning of her own jewelry, not just earrings. From there, the floodgate did open. Soon, it was clothes and her own closet and dresser drawers had things that were exclusively hers. Prior to this, Lee had not only made full use of Anne's closet but also her dresser drawers for lingerie. She occasionally borrowed a nightie but only those that kept her bosom intact. Sleeping with the breast forms was never recommended but the only time Lee went braless was when she bathed. Now, Lee purchased absolutely everything and anything designed for a woman and Anne was borrowing from Lee!

Lee was growing into her own person as a woman even physically. She not only whittled a few inches off her waistline, she dropped almost a quarter of her overall body weight. Anne had begun to worry about her weight loss and was about to confront Lee when she noticed her putting back a few pounds yet redistributed in the 'proper' places...for a woman. Eating changes and exercise were the main sources of effort since Lee rarely did anything outside work recreationally. Wearing bustiers, waist cinchers and even underwire bras quite often aided in putting the new pounds in place in born-females, and it worked with Lee. Lee had rounded pectorals when "she" began. In the end, her breasts did not really get any fuller — her hips certainly did — but her bosom in her bras with the forms, flesh crested atop the latter more than ever.

Since her haircolor went from red to black when she abandoned the wig for good, when it finally continued to grow between her shoulder blades, Lee then went the other way, dyeing her own hair. As her hair got even more longer, it got lighter. Gradually lightening it, settling at strawberry blonde for a while, to finally, honey blonde. Even before the change of color and growth, Lee Wells went from drop-dead handsomely cute to drop-dead femininely gorgeous.

Occasionally chatting together in just bra and panties when Troy was not around and seeing the remarkable physical change, Anne did ask Lee about her fuller immersion into womanhood, since it had started out simply to replace her in a job where everyone knew her true gender. Lee's response was that because of exactly that — the safe haven, as it were — in which, despite knowledge notwithstanding, all of the guys there had embraced her at least mentally as a female. Because as early as that first night in just casual feminine wear she swiftly developed a fondness for the wares, it now gave her a free-reigned challenge to see much of a woman she could be and yet still remain just a crossdresser.

Yet while Anne accepted the explanation, Lee was unwittingly fooling herself. All this time, Lee was not merely wearing women's clothes and used a feminine voice to fit a viewer's perception. Whether willing to be consciously able to realize and or acknowledge it or not, she was assuredly indoctrinating herself in truly being female. Several months had passed and Anne saw what her friend seemingly did not. With a very-well-hidden penis, the man she knew was gone. Still, Anne remained stoic; unchanged about how she felt about Lee, as if Lee was always this way, saying nothing.

Meanwhile, Lee then showed Anne that among her recent purchases on her own, there were indeed some more of what aided her body shaping, items only her girlfriend would see, such as decorative waist-cinchers. The very next day, Lee then went to work in tight jeans that pronounced her 'new' butt and a strapless bustier over an equally-strapless bandeau bra that precariously held what flesh she gathered over her breast forms. Topping everything off with a brief bolero jacket. Needless to say, despite it now being a number of months' time, Anne was very impressed with the cavernous leaps Lee had made since her first dress-up.

During this time, in an attempt to minimize using the breast forms, special bras that claim to promote cleavage on flat-chested women and even special breast creams are used. One even advertised on TV to grow at least a whole cup size. Lee soon did get desired results but found out that the cream had to be used regularly or the breasts would diminish to its original size. To her, it was a laborious task — not to mention, a heart-breaking one, to have to do it for the rest of her life.

Truth be told, while it turned her rounded pecs into breasts, they were only femininely notable; not truly much large than her original chest. It was the transition itself that made her temporarily content. At that, she went back to the way she was in the first place. Although thereafter, she does seriously think about having her breast forms under her skin as intended, instead of merely in her bra. During the 'breast-cream experiment' period, whether she is consciously aware of her definite gender swap by now, as Lee also gets electrolysis to permanently remove her beard, she is earnestly leaving manhood behind forever.

## 000000000000

One slow day, Troy and Lee are alone in the office. "Say, hon, wadyasay to a li'l vacation?" After several months, even Troy relates to his best friend verbally as a woman.

Without a twitch, Lee shot back, "I'd love one! But I haven't been here long enough yet to earn one," she ended with a girlish pout, without thinking.

"Pssst! The boss won't mind you taking a few days off," Troy half-whispered as he chuckled. "I'll take care of everything. Me and him are like that," he says with crossed fingers.

"When you put it that way, I'm not saying no," Lee also laughs. "Now, where shall I go?"

"Well, I have to go to a convention in Vegas. Thought you might wanna join me...?"

"Troy, we've haven't gone on a real vacation together since you got married, just you and me. Plus I'm like, uh, this now!" she waves a long-nailed hand at herself.

"Is that a no, then?"

"No way! As long as you're cool with it, being seen with me out-of-doors off-site and away from home, so am I. Anne and I already go anywhere we please. Not to mention, me by myself, without concern about how people see me. Aside from some capri pants and jeans I have to grease myself into, with tops that leave nothing to the imagination, I don't have anything for a man. By now, even if I did, I'd still look like a girl wearing guy things."

"Did I say otherwise? Relax. Let the rest of the world meet you and be jealous!"

"Oh. Okay," she giggles as she blushes. Then, after a thoughtful pause, "You usually go alone since Gus gave you control. How come you never take Anne on any of these things?"

"She'd get bored outta her mind," Troy says. "Then complain I don't spend enough time with her, even though it is a business trip after all. You wouldn't do that, wouldja?"

"No, I wouldn't. I wouldn't sit through lectures about building materials or stay in my room when I could see a show, gamble...or even go shopping! I'm surprised Anne never thought about shopping!"

"There ya go! Annie never thought of it other than exactly that way; assuming she'd be stuck in the hotel room with nothing but TV and room service 'til I was free. 'Sides, it may not be quite a year yet with me, but I'm sure it's been at least that long since your last job."

"When you're right, you're right," said Lee. "Also, it's a company tax write-off, too!" she slyly winks.

"I knew you weren't just another dumb broad!"

"Who says I was?" Lee huffs.

Troy then pecks Lee on the lips. "Behave now."

"Only if you promise to do that again," Lee teases.

“Only if you don’t tell Anne,” Troy now winks.

**000000000000**

Travel and check-in is uneventful and they get two separate rooms. The only odd thing is that they are on different floors. Lee notes this but does not say a word. The first day is business for Troy so, as planned, Lee fends for herself with no problem as she takes in the sights and sounds of Las Vegas.

When she gets back to her room, however, she does find a surprise. Troy is atop the pulled-down bed, naked.

His nudity does not faze Lee, but she cannot miss his lazy, thick cock. It had been quite a while since she saw it at full mast going in and out of Anne’s mouth, on her debut as a female. When she blew Ray Gibbs in his darkened truck cab, she even fantasized that it was Troy’s. Would she really get a chance now? If she did, would it make Troy unfaithful to his wife?

“I’m sorry. Did I get the wrong key card?” she tactfully asked.

“No, babe,” responded Troy huskily. Upon seeing her, his cock began to stir to life. “They give out two key cards per room. Since they gave everything to me, I only gave you one.”

“Ohhhh,” Lee says in understanding. Now seeing Troy’s cock slowly rise from his thighs, she smirked, “Uh, are you trying to seducing me, Mr. Robinson?” paraphrasing Dustin Hoffman’s famous line from the movie, *The Graduate*.

“Oh, I dunno,” Troy grinned. “Is it working?”

Lee deftly reaches behind her, to unzip her sundress. Kicking off her low heels and stepping out of her clothen puddle to sit next to Troy on the bed, she has on a beige bra-and-panty set. Against her skin, the underwear almost blends, giving a faux nude look. Bosom padded and otherwise tucked, the bleached-blonde beauty acts as if she never knew what it was like to be a man. She certainly does not look like one, even now in the best of lingerie. Despite a slight throbbing between her own legs, Lee begins to salivate at the cock ultimately saluting her.

Catching her reactions, Lee recognizes the fact that although she and Troy had been close friends since infancy and neither had any trouble getting to know the opposite sex, she always envied how Troy’s body muscled out while hers did not. Gauging her present reactions, Lee now assumes that this moment was meant to be. There was no repulsion on either’s part. It was patently clear that they desired each other sexually ever since Lee’s feminine defection, no matter what. Without ever thinking of such a desire with them as the same sex, Lee’s heretofore thought of simply idolizing her friend is now noted as certified lust, as her eyes lock onto Troy’s crotch.

Grasping the hard meat, she asks coquettishly, “If I call you, will you cum?”

Troy just lightly pushes her head down and she takes him in her mouth without resistance. She quickly discovers that all men are not created equal. Having had Ray, she was able to gobble almost all of him at first bob. With Troy, Lee was not only thicker, she had

only gotten half of his dick in her mouth before her gag reflex kicked in. Consciously, it surprised her, having had no problem with her first cock. Subconsciously, it was as if her mind was rebelling; as if telling her that she should not be doing this.

But Lee's sojourn into femininity has been many months. Ultimately getting Troy sexually brings everything to the fore. Surely aware of everything — especially with Troy wanting her sexually as well — Lee now surely wants to be female, despite owning a cock herself that was gradually getting stiff. Having gone through so many changes, one thing was a constant: occasionally daydreaming having her best friend as a lover. It was a contradicting rumination because not only did she respect Anne, she loved her and would never hurt her. But Troy would never leave Anne for Lee, and Lee would not ever have him that way. Yet she has him now and wants him badly.

Lee then stares at the part of Troy's prick she made shine with saliva. In a caressing stroke, she pumps Troy's cock, as she begins to rain kisses on his balls. The busses grow to languorous licks, at length wholly sucking a ball at a time in her mouth. Giggling at this success, the vibrations drive Troy crazy. If he ever thought about wanting to fuck Lee, he definitely wants her now. But the sexual being as he is, Troy wants to savor the experience of everything this beauty has to offer. Not knowing that her expertise is all in her mind, in that it is her first time as she takes her time unlike with Ray, he does not question anything from his longtime friend.

Lee surmises that she may not be able to swallow all of Troy's cock, but it does not prevent her from enjoying what might be a one-time fling. Troy seems patient, even though his rod is throbbing. Meanwhile, Lee wets his cock from root to tip, briefly sucking just the head — licking off pre-cum as it leaks — before going down to lick another side. Finally, Troy's member and Lee's hand are slick against each other. She then tightens her grip at the base and swallows his cock once again. This time, her gliding upward hand meets her sliding downward lips as far as it can go, minus gagging. Not able to truly deepthroat, this works out just fine.

Before long, Lee tastes Troy's gusher, lapping and swallowing as best as she could. Despite wanting it tentatively her 'first' night, imagining having it when she sucked Ray, even now, the innovative Lee Wells modestly assumes that she was not the cocksucker as Anne is. Troy was only the second cock that ever passed her lips, her second cocksucking; hopefully the third unique flavor of cum, having repeatedly tasted her own by the hand. She just truly wanted everything this man had and did her best to get it while trying to please him. To Lee, Troy did not disappoint. He was deliriously tasty to her when he came.

Once done, attempting to maintain his erection, prepared for the occasion, Troy now lubes his dick and her ass for anal fucking. For a first time, aside from being well-lubricated, Lee's mental acceptance is a definite aid to her physically accepting Troy's thick dick in her ass. Ever since it entered her mind when she first blew Ray Gibbs, the desire to be fucked in her ass has also been a recurring fantasy by a man, period. While not originally expecting it to ever happen, inwardly, she is now doing cartwheels over her lover's actions as he prepares.

Beginning it doggy-style, minus her panties, after a few minutes, Lee panics for a moment when Troy pulls out and tells her to lie on her back. She has been so immersed in

femininity, her own hard cock now blatantly exposed to her best friend makes her feel very uncomfortable and freakish. Yet Troy swiftly allays her fear, as without a word, as if he does not see hers, he reinserts his tool in her ersatz cunt.

And there was more. As he fucked her now, her hands automatically went up instead of down. Instead of stroking her cock, her hands went to her clothed bosom, to caress in full, what was and was not there, as if it was all her. Recognizing a sensation that seemed to travel to her chest, as if to feel it with her hands, Lee now really desired a full bosom but knew better than to spoil the illusion by removing her bra. It was one thing to wag a shapely rear, originally having her member unseen. Despite her cock's blatantly-rigid exposure, to fully strip would surely destroy the fantasy of femininity, no matter how much Lee's true beauty had progressed all these months.

Troy had begun holding her thighs as he thrust in her. But then he did something to make her truly fall in love with him. Troy grabbed Lee's hard shaft with his hand and pumped it in unison with his own as he humped her with his hips. Orgasm was imminent and Troy came first. He pulled out and came all over Lee's torso. Lee herself was on the verge of cumming and almost felt cheated, despite everything. Then Troy did the unexpected...again.

He took as much of Lee's cock in his mouth as he could and sucked on it hard. Lee was not as long as Troy, but Troy was moving on sheer impulse, unlike Lee's constant desire. Troy using little finesse, he was worse than Lee. At least Lee was attempting to imitate what women had done to her so long ago, as a woman. Troy just brutishly bobbed it in and out of his mouth while he sucked.

During this, Troy had been saying to himself, 'Y'know, after a while getting sucked through glory holes, I did wonder what a guy's cock would taste like. Don't know where that idea came from, although I have tasted my own cum; even though it was mixed with Annie's juices when I'd eat her out after we fucked.

'Still, damn, Lee's changed so much all these months. This ain't no man! All over now, she's a woman who just happens to have a cock! Maybe it's because of what she's done to herself, but her dick's not bad. Not that I'm going to be the one tasting and comparing in the "holes" now. Ain't ever gonna get that horny!

'Took me all this time to get up the nerve to want Lee — really fuck her - despite the desires I had that first night when I met "her". All this time of mentally seeing her dick kept me away, I guess. But she kept changing and changing! Even seeing and sucking her dick now, I just didn't care any more! It's all of the rest of her that counts...and she does have a hole that I can fuck! This convention came right on time to get us away, so nobody would know what I'm doing.

'Man, back then, my stiff dick gave me away but Annie laughed it off when she blew me. Whether she really knew or not when she kidded Lee, that hard-on was purely for Lee. Don't know if Lee ever did any cocksucking before tonight, but fuck, she was good! If she did me then instead of Anne back then, I would not have pushed her away. Even then, it took more convincing; until I saw this dick at the dinner table. But now, humph! This blonde knockout is not the black-haired dude I grew up with!

All this time, Lee felt as if Troy was sucking her so hard, that it was as if he was draining her from her toes to her head. Her balls had long risen up inside her somehow from Troy's sucking, her sac was definitely shrunken and empty. Her whole midsection tingled; light prickles that swiftly turned into needle stings. She was indeed going to cum as she never had before!

When she did, Troy's mouth was already full of his own saliva, so he was already swallowing when Lee came. Not losing a drop, he continued to suck after Lee had no more to give. She had tears in her eyes as she pleaded with him to stop.

Wiping her face with his hand, he said, "Did I hurt you, baby?"

Speaking honestly, she squeaked out, "Yeah. You did. But the hurt was so good. Since when did you suck cock?"

Thinking about his glory-hole episodes again, without giving them away, he said, "I've had some suck me so hard, it felt like they wanted my balls through my piss-slit, honey. I just thought you might like what I liked. You were my first and only, Lee."

Ignorant that "some" meant men, Lee said, "Well, you were great about lubing my puss- puss, baby. Would you do my clit another time, with just a teensy less suction?"

Troy then sighed heavily. "I don't know what's come over me, Lee. We've known each other since we were kids. But there's just something about you now that makes anything possible between you and me.

"I've been wanting to fuck you — months ago — since you first got me hard, Lee. Yeah, I didn't admit it then, but Annie was right. You gave me that boner. It's been a long time since then. You've gotten even more hotter since then, looking almost nothing like the person you were. I just had to have you, but not on the job and definitely not to caught by Anne at home She just wouldn't understand, you know what I mean? It's simply been so long, I got carried away," Troy said, admitting most of what he had just been thinking.

He then kissed Lee on the lips quickly on the lips repeatedly. "It'll be better next time. And there will be a next time for everything, not just your...clit...if you want it. Forgive me, baby?"

Lee, still on her sexual high, simply nodded affirmatively.

After a few minutes, Troy got up and began dressing. Almost done, he said, "I came here straight from today's session. Your timing was perfect as I just got naked when you came in. I'm gonna grab a shower, change clothes. You do the same and we'll have an early dinner and the rest of the night is yours. Okay, babe?" The question was made rhetorical as a starry-eyed Lee watched Troy leave the room.

After dinner, the duo went to a show, and despite his promise, Troy had to be virtually dragged from the gaming tables as Lee whispered that she had a "sure thing" back her hotel room. Ever tactful, she did not want to nag him that he did promise that the rest of the night was supposed to be hers.

For the remainder of the night, Lee's 'pussy' and 'clit' had a few more gentler experiences of sex with her lover. Worn out but indescribably satisfied, she exhaustingly fell asleep with a very well broken-in anus that remained with a slightly-larger, less-puckered opening; falling into dreamland wearing only a bra.

## 000000000000

The next morning, Troy was gone. Although she had hoped that they would have had at least breakfast together, Lee knew about the real reason they were in Las Vegas. The convention.

She dresses, and in a while, goes to meet Troy at the auditorium where the event is being held, to have lunch with him. After asking around, a few people acknowledge knowing him but say they haven't seen him all morning. Lee might not have personally been given her set of key cards, but she did overhear Troy's room number, so she knew where he was, as he did not deign to tell her himself. Truth be told in these security-conscious days, room numbers are not told aloud but on a piece of paper with the keycards A slip, to be sure, but fortunately only Lee was close enough to hear.

Lee then goes to Troy's room. Some distance away as she exits the elevator, she caught sight of a rather well-endowed, scantily-clad woman coming out of Lee's room. They cordially pass each other in the hallway and Lee might have imagined it, but given the situation, underneath the scent of perfume and cosmetics, she could swear to be able to detect the fragrance of sex!

Lee goes to the door, almost unsure if the woman really came from that room. But when she knocks, Lee has to wait a few minutes to be received by a wet and betoweled Troy Tyler.

Both sets of eyes widen in surprise to see each other; each for their own reason. But then Troy catches Lee's quick scowl, as he steps aside to let her in.

Lee sits in a chair as she glanced at a bed of disheveled sheets. After spending the night with her, it was not as if Troy was skipping the day to get some sleep and had trouble finding it. She now knew for sure that she had the right room that the woman exited.

Lee then looked at Troy as he sat on the bed. He was about to turn on the charm but Lee tactfully asked, "Weren't you supposed to be at your construction convention? 'Cause you weren't there; you hadn't been there for the morning session. I came here, hoping we could grab some lunch together."

Troy just grinned, "Hey, nobody attends the whole thing, Lee."

"I saw her, Troy. Big tits and all," Lee says, in a thick undercoating of envy of the "tits".

"Hey, Lee, pal. You're not getting any ideas because of what we..."

For a moment, Lee was stunned. "Pal"? Whatever happened to "hon" and "babe"? It was only a swift lapse. "Stop it! Stop it right there! Despite how I now look, I'm no bimbo, Troy! We both well know what's between my legs.

"Is that it? You suddenly realized how low you stooped with me, felt a dire need to wash the taste of my cum out of your mouth, just hours before, and decided, why not go for the full package? Yes, I did want to taste you, all of you. But I didn't force you to fuck me. I didn't force you to suck my clit...more than once!"

Forgetting that he consigned to it first last night, noting exactly how Lee now referred to her equipment, Troy replied, "You're really going girlie all the way on me, Lee?"

"That's it? That's your defense? How long did you sleep in my bed? This is Vegas. We were here another lifetime ago. Did you not get enough from me and decided to Dial-A-Date? Or did you do some early morning trolling? They're all over the convention floor. And they were scoping out how to build orgasms, not buildings! Oh yeah, that's right, you weren't there this morning!

"I'm just as guilty, for enjoying you last night. As we did it more than once last night, yes, I did want you again today. But with that slut that just strolled outta here with absolutely no guilt on her face, are you the same? I don't see any remorse.

"Don't you love Anne? Your wife?"

Troy cocky demeanor did vanish. His shoulders slumped. "Yes, Lee. I do," he sighed heavily. "Truth is, I can't give her a baby. I feel too much under pressure when I fuck her,

because it's what she's always wanted, as early as our wedding night years ago. So, I've been casual fucking, so I can feel comfortable. Loosen up, to really give her what she wants. Only now, every time I try, it's still the same story."

Lee remembers the night she blew Ray Gibbs. Then she says, "Look, we've friends for ages. The real truth now. Maybe I have gone too far, trying to be a woman, instead of just dressing up for the guys with a 'proper' voice thrown in.

"...Am I really good enough for you to fuck?"

Hearing this, Troy was shocked. Then he thought that Lee had an ulterior motive. And she now did. But not the one Troy was presuming. He said, "I thought you were gonna be on my side, buddy. Didn't I treat you royally?"

'Still back on the 'buddy' thing,' Lee sadly thinks to herself, as she glances at her fake bosom. Then, aloud, "Yes you did...for all of one day Today it's someone else. Is there gonna be someone else tomorrow?" Then something just occurred to Lee. "Is that why you've



been able to 'hold out' for me, because there were God knows how many before you finally gave in? Seeing the whore that just left, I guess I wasn't worth the wait, was I?"

"Whoa, Lee. Now I really do think you got this woman deal down too good. Don't tell me you're jealous!"

Lee cannot believe Troy's one-track mind. She almost believed him being under the gun to give his wife a child. But now...

"Me? You're putting this on me?"

"Okay, okay. I haven't worn anything remotely masculine for almost a year. Hell, I don't even own any of my old clothes now! The only thing masculine I own is my cock. I had a long red wig in the beginning but all these long blonde locks are mine! My tits aren't huge, but thanks to Anne, there is something there...if you keep my bra on. I look, move, react, feel, and dare I say, even think female.

"Yeah, I'm soooo jealous, I want you to stay married, you fucking asshole!" she ended heavily sarcastic.

After a moment of simmering silence, it was as if Lee had a sudden revelation, as she says, "Yes, I do love you, but I love Anne, too! But you! You have done this before, haven't you? You practically admitted it and your wife's been wanting a baby for years! Even though you been married all this time..."

"Despite all our decades of friendship, you don't really love me. As a guy or a girl. Maybe I did turn you on. But I'm just a novelty from the norm. I'm still another cunt to be cooked by your hot cock. This is about sex, pure and simple, going back to your first taste of it.

"Tell you what," Lee implores. "Don't talk about you and me. Just stop doing this to Anne. You're the only man she ever had in her life. She wants your child. If you need a fuck or a blowjob that bad, don't go to strangers. Forget about diseases, you just might give them Anne's baby! And don't play dumb! You know what I mean!"

"If you could overlook my 'oversized clit' and use my ass for a pussy, then fuck me. I'll also suck your dick anytime, anywhere! Let me be your available fuck. Or if you prefer, your slut, your whore. I'm disease free, I can't get pregnant and I won't make any demands, because I want you two to stay together. She will never suspect, because we've always been (sigh) 'buddies'. This trip is long overdue as friends and we can take others. Just don't fool around. Anne loves you. Stay married."

**000000000000**

Troy seemed contrite and agreed to Lee's plan. But things did not go the way of hearts and flowers.

Long story short, they fuck that night. As much as Troy wanted. This time, Troy did not lube and despite accepting him, it hurt Lee's ass, due to his forcefulness and not his size. She then lost any love or any affection for him; knowing this will be what she will get from him. The only advantage she now has is an overstretched anus and a willingness to

accept him in the rear. Still, she felt as if he was acting like a spoiled child and taking it out on her.

They go back home and, one way or another, Lee has him again and again and again. More than she had ever dreamed. Troy Tyler was more than a male nymphomaniac, a satyr. He was a sexaholic.

But, as time passes and she is at Troy's sexual beck and call, Lee still did not want Anne hurt. So she held out hope that she was doing the right thing. After all, Troy is not skirt-chasing any pretty little thing with breasts and a vagina anymore. If caught, everything will all be on her. Maybe, just maybe, Troy will love her again, too.

Lee was right about one thing: she had been a novelty. Although he sucked her off more than once that one night, from then on, she did all of the sucking, on demand. Lee had went from hardly being able to take him in her mouth to fully relaxing her gag reflex; able to deepthroat him as good as Anne ever did. Ironically, Anne was just like Lee in the beginning. With Troy's long and very thick cock, to the two women it was simply practice, practice, practice. Troy always rode Lee doggy-style, never facing her again as they fucked; her wealth of hair virtually covered all traces of her bra. Troy sometimes left her panties on — edging the crotch gusset aside — or violently ripping them off, rarely allowing her to move or remove them on her own. When he did the latter, although he may have seen it — his attention being elsewhere — he never touched Lee's cock again, in reciprocation. For that matter, if Lee did not cum by the time he did, his orgasm was all that mattered.

Troy is not the gentle lover anymore. Unknown to Lee, he never actually was, but even Anne never complained except when she reminded him of wanting a baby. "I want to deliver it from my pussy, not my mouth," she would paradoxically say. For the time being, Troy's surrogate lover, Lee takes it all without complaint.

**000000000000**

One day, Lee actually called in sick. She was not really ill, but Troy had been fucking her more than daily for the past week and she needed a break. If she was not literally fucked in her ass, more than once during the day when he wanted her to blow him, Lee would not be doing all the work. Sometimes bracing himself with handfuls of her hair, Troy would roughly face-fuck her.

Living in the Tyler house, Troy had went to rouse her when she was not up for breakfast. He believed her when she said she did not feel well. Or so he seemed to. Fearful or not of catching something, just for spite, he still had her blow him before he left her bedroom. Lee knew that she had to be quick about it, not wanting Anne to catch her with Troy in her mouth. If anything, as if her first time was not thought to be good enough, her cocksucking skills had vastly improved every blowjob thereafter. For many quickies around the office so as not to get caught by one of the workers or pleurably titillating when they were truly alone, Lee got very creative and also learned how not to waste a drop, if only not to be seen with stray semen drops on her face or clothes by someone

dropping in the office. But the enjoyment was only Troy's alone. She rarely got excited in simply performing a chore now. There was no heartfelt affection in the mix.

But even though she was not caught in the act with him this morning, Lee could not fool Anne, who went to her bedroom after Troy had left. Lee was getting ready to snuggle under the covers for some extra sleep. But then she heard a soft knock on her door. Before she can verbally allow ingress, Anne lets herself in.

"Good. Figured you'd still be up. Breakfast is still ready for ya," Anne said.

"But Anne..." Lee whined weakly, to feign illness.

"Shush, girlfriend. You can fool Troy but you can't fool me. You were fine last night and you couldn't've caught something in your sleep. You want a day off, fine. I don't care. Besides, it gives us several hours of assured privacy, sweetheart."

Anne did not sound playful as she spoke. Lee could tell that her inflection was serious. Lee also noticed something balled up in her hand. Cloth? Lee was not kept in suspense long.

Anne producing what was in her hand, Lee saw that it was a skimpy blue thong. Lee now owned a variety of women's panties, even thongs, but this design of the style was truly too thin to hold a tucked penis in place. Barely more than simple decoration than to even cover a vaginal slit, even less than a g-string.

Still, this fact is not registered as Lee swiftly prepares to go on the offense, as Anne asks, "You've been going on all of Troy's trips lately. He used to go alone. You're his best friend. But you're my best friend, too. Lee. In this case, you have to choose. Has Troy asked you to cover for him? What's going on?"

Lee is ready to tell of her affair with Troy, ready for Anne's anger, and to be kicked out in disgrace.

But then, Anne places the panties on the bedclothes in front of Lee, and says, "We've had many girl-talks all these months with you living here. I can't count how many in just our bra and panties, in which the latter, you've never been anything but female to me the whole time 'down there'. Unless you've cut your clit down to my size, I know these aren't yours. I found them in Troy's luggage." Then her head lamely drops towards her ample bosom, as she sighs heavily. "I can only assume that Lee's still cheating on me."

"Still?" Lee blurts out. She had guessed correctly that Troy had been fooling around even before she confronted him, but Lee had no idea that Anne knew.

"Yeah, sweetie," Anne lifts her head to weakly smile at her girlfriend. "It looks as if you're as shocked as I am. He's been cheating on both of us; not even confiding in his best friend, me or you."

At that, heavy tears fall from Lee's face. Meanwhile, as Anne sadly drops her head again, she says, "In my grand wisdom, I thought that being home was the solution to get my family. But after a while, god! What with you living here, in the early months, you'd have to be deaf not to hear me screaming as Troy and I fucked sometimes. At first, I felt as if I'd won the lottery with his flesh log and quickly got used to enjoying it. Your first night as a girl, I was kidding, but you're the only woman I'd ever offered to share his cock. When he'd let me ride cowgirl, I swear my cunt would squeeze that cock so hard while I'd

bounce so fierce to get those li'l swimmers where they're supposed to go, I'm shocked we didn't have the neighbors or the police banging on our door! I still couldn't get pregnant.

"After finally realizing that you were a few feet away, I learned how to be more quieter. Outta respect that I didn't want to make you feel bad. After all, you trusted me when you told me about sucking Ray. I never pried before that and wasn't nosy since. If you were sexually active with others, you would've told me. You didn't and I knew how active you were...before. So I figured no sense torturing you, with my big mouth.

"Then, finally knowing that the problem wasn't me not being able to conceive, that only left Troy. Early on, I felt that he was being evasive when I confronted him with my conclusion and it got me suspicious. While you and I shared confidences before your transformation, we were even closer confidantes as girlfriends. Still, there was one thing I never shared with you. Troy's infidelity. I'd felt guilty if I was wrong, but I was getting desperate. I hired a private investigator and had him followed. Sure enough, with picture proof, Troy was caught.

"I was good and mad when I confronted him, saying I want to be knocked up, not some skank! That's when he told me the truth. I dunno, maybe by some fucking 'men's code', a doctor told him and not me. Maybe the doctor wanted to — after all, I was the patient — but Troy was told first and convinced him that the news would be better coming from Troy, so the doctor appreciated that. I don't know! But the fact was that Troy had been fucking around so much, by the time he got to me, sure, he was cumming, but he was shooting blanks!

"Troy apologized all over the place. He explained about the pressure to perform that still left him horny. Only thing, he had it in reverse. He was horny before he got to me! He did admit that it was stupid and he didn't think about getting a casual fuck preppers. To give him another chance.

"Everything did seem fine and everything was fine after he took you to Vegas and every outing after that. Except..." Anne ends by rubbing her flat stomach. Raising her head, Lee saw tears in her eyes, and Anne saw Lee's wet face. Anne smiles, assuming that Lee's tears are from empathy.

After wiping he face with her hand, Lee says, "I didn't know what you just told me about the PI, so knowing Troy, I don't think that these panties are some kind of trophy. There's been other trips without me. But this is recent, obviously. These panties are so almost- nothing, maybe he got careless as they stripped and her panties ended up recklessly thrown into his open suitcase. Troy never unpacks his suitcase. I know because sometimes we had to share a room," Lee says cautiously. "It could've easily gotten mixed up in his used clothes. But you knew things I didn't know you knew."

Then Lee sighed heavily. She could no longer play "Miss Innocent". "Well, you didn't tell me about the PI. There's something I've also held back from you. Since you now told me everything, you deserve to absolutely know it all..."

Lee then tells Anne everything that went on between her and Troy. Even though admitting her guilt in wanting to fuck her buff and muscular best friend, she stated that she had good intentions in the end: so that Anne could have her babies and Troy would not fool around anymore. She ending tearfully, saying, "I didn't think about it being the same

thing, with nothing in his sperm to impregnate you. I'm so sorry! Please don't hate me!" Then the floodgates fully opened, complete with ugly tearful face.

"I know, I know, sweetie. Like we both figured out, these panties aren't yours and they're recent. Troy has done some dumb things but this is not on purpose. He does use his suitcase instead of the hotel dressers. I knew that fact when we'd take our vacations. Hell, even our honeymoon! When he comes home, he lets me empty his bags as if they were sacks of dirty laundry. I doubt if he kept this thong on purpose, after what we've already been through. He wouldn't've been this cocky," an understanding Anne says with an ironic wry smile, as she hugs Lee tightly until she stops sobbing. To get her to stop, Anne whispers in Lee's ear, "Y'know, Troy's my husband. I'm supposed to be the one crying this hard."

They break away and Anne saw Lee now weakly smile at her cockeyed joke. "There's my girl. Now that everything's out in the open, lemme ask you this: have you been protecting yourself when Troy has your pussy?"

That took Lee by surprise. "Uh, no. He often took me unexpectedly and I just let him. There was never any time to check for condoms. Not that I ever thought to even pack any myself to offer him."

Anne then pulled back the bedclothes and told Lee, "Drop yer drawers, baby."

Lee was surprised by the demand but did so, getting on all fours, also as Anne directed. Then it was Anne's turn to be surprised — make that horrified.

Anne wanted to see the condition of Lee's anus, herself having been a recipient of Troy's cock up her ass. Anne had the 'luxury' of owning a vagina, but Lee's rear entry was all-purpose. Lee's sphincter was presently not wide but it was almost lacking its pucker. Evidence of not long-time use but definitely constant vigorous manipulation. There was still some elasticity but it was very tender to the deliberate touch, as Lee testified in whimpers and yelps.

"Don't you dare move!" Anne exclaimed, as she left the bed and the room.

Lee felt funny in this position at first but then remembered the irony of being fucked by Troy many times in the same pose...and told the exact thing by Troy as he got ready to mount her. She was so distracted by the growing unpleasant memories, it was not until she felt something cool on her anus that she realized that Anne had quickly returned and was dabbing a salve on her.

"Oh, Annie. That feels sooo good."

Lee suddenly got a sharp smack on her ass. "Don't call me that! Only Troy calls me that, and right now, I never want to hear it again! My name is Anne!"

"I'm sorry," Lee then sniffled in a quiet whisper.

"Aw, no, baby. I'm the one who's sorry. I just lost it for a second," said Anne, as she even kissed the spot she hit. "You're the only one who's looking out for me. I love you, sweetie."

As Anne returns to her task, she says, "This lotion is an astringent I used after each time Troy had my ass. I used to call myself cutting Troy a break from vanilla sex, despite

several positions the still had his cock in my cunt, by giving him my butt. Without thinking it was exactly when he really should've had my pussy if I was fertile, I let him enjoy himself. But he was too rough there and I had to take it because I wanted him rough when he had my pussy; as if the force would give his sperm an extra boost to my eggs. Although it was only occasional use with me, you're gonna let Dr. Anne make regular appointments with your asshole, to see if we can't shrink it back to normal. At the very least, eliminate the sore tenderness."

As she worked, it made Anne smile to hear Lee now softly moan. She was just about to kiss Lee's ass again when she noticed something now dangling between Lee's crouched and spread legs. Lee's 'clit' was growing.

Then Anne says, "When was last time you got to use this?" as she grabbed Lee's member and fell into stroking her as she was poking her.

Alert to what Anne was doing, that it felt very good, without thinking, Lee almost breathlessly says, "Oooh, yeah. I, uh, I masturbate often enough."

Anne heard a voice that made her wet herself some time ago. But, purposely holding herself in check, she swallowed hard as she said huskily, "I mean in a hot cunt, you silly bimbo!" Anne continues to stroke Lee to full erection.

But Lee, feeling herself get fully erect, feeling guilt from desiring Troy at one time, did not want to make the same mistake twice with his wife. "I can't do this!" she said, as she went face first, tearfully screaming it into a pillow.

Insightful as ever, Anne is adamant. "Yes, you can! You've been giving for years now, taking nothing. Same here, sister! We need each other. Right now!" At that, Anne removes her hand, to lay Lee on her back. Then Anne eased her own body up the bed, until her head is between Lee's legs. It was only there long enough for a taste...

**000000000000**

Before too long, Anne asks Troy for a divorce. He gladly grants it, even though she hits him up for alimony. At that, just to hurt her feelings, Troy boldly bragged to her that he only married her to fuck her. But he does not say anything about the alimony that he truly has no intention of paying her. Still, in knowing her soon-to-be ex-husband, Anne had only requested it on the grounds of him being an adulterer. She felt that it would look odd not to ask for it. But Anne well knows that he will have a hard time paying her anyway, even if he wanted to.

The point being, that before confronting Troy for the final dissolution, she and Lee had went to the senior Tylers. During happier times, thinking that they were just talking, Troy did not take his folks serious when they asked about when he was going to make them grandparents. When Anne finally told them that Troy was fooling around, never breaking a sweat from before he was single, Gus and Marie were outraged. With Lee by her side, Anne told them that he even sexually abused Lee horribly, and they were mortified. It was exactly the reaction Anne wanted, for them to disown Troy.

Anne is only a couple years older than Troy and Lee, which was how she had been long working for Gus before his son, he starting there part-time. Thus getting to know the elder Tylers well early on, Marie had respected Anne's old-fashioned values in refraining from sex before marriage and wanting children sans accidental births. Before the two became an item, Anne was already considered their daughter. And as Lee even longer considered a second son, with Anne's help in getting them to accept 'her' all these months of her metamorphosis from male to female, the transformed Lee was accepted as a second daughter. To hear Anne tell of the atrocity Troy constantly performed on his 'sister', they were appalled — at Troy.

By the time Troy came around, it was to tell them that he was divorcing Anne; as if it was all his idea. But just as he did not think of a plausible reason or lie as to why he was doing so, his own parents told him of what they already knew. And showed him the door.

Troy was on his own. Without money — Anne had quickly emptied out their joint bank accounts before Troy even thought to do the same — without a home and without a job. With Ray Gibbs being given Troy's job to run Tyler Constructs for Gus (and a sweet, young college coed for Lee's old job), word even got out around the company 'somehow' (actually covertly orchestrated by Anne) about Troy repeatedly raping Lee. Even those who remembered what she had been between her legs, stood by her side. Troy got their backs and some who finally did face him were tempted to give him their fists.

**000000000000**

Not knowing what to do since he was persona non grata at his parents' home or his former job, Troy makes a last-ditch effort to patch things up with Anne before the divorce became final.

Anne seemed very cordial and even invited him over for dinner. Upon arrival, Troy almost got an-



gry but held himself in check when he saw Lee. With his tunnel-visioned mind, he forgot she was still living there. Despite Anne catching him cheating long before the divorce action, in his mind, he swiftly found a way to blame it all on Lee. But keeping himself calm, he enjoyed a wonderful dinner.

After the meal, Troy tried turning on the charm, attempting to seduce Anne. In a lust-filled kissing clinch, feeling his cock get hard, Anne pulled her trump card. Lee had gone to her room earlier, supposedly knowing how to catch a hint, they wanting to be alone. But with Troy's hand inches away from Anne's crotch under her short skirt, she calls out for her girlfriend. Lee arrives in the living room in just bra and panties.

As she removes his hand completely away from her body, Anne then says, "I want one last thing from you, Troy darling. You've already screwed us both, but Lee got the worst of either of us. You don't need anything more from me," she says, as she glances at the bulge in Troy's pants. "You're good to go, it seems. Horny as ever. As a parting gesture, let her fuck your ass the way you did hers."

Troy is stunned. He cannot believe what he just heard. Sure, he sucked Lee a few times. All in one day. But to have Lee fuck him? "No way in hell is that going to happen!" he yelled.

"You don't have to fuck her in Hell, baby. Just here in the living room," Anne chuckled.

Troy got up to leave. Again restraining himself; this time from hitting Lee. It seems that given time away from her, old memories of long knowing Lee of another gender firmly did the job of seeing this person as that one.

As Troy stood, both Anne and Lee knew that he outweighed them with over a hundred pounds of pure muscle. Still, Anne calmly said, "Remember my old friend, the private investigator? It was child's play to find out where you fucked other women the first time. How about I go public about all the times you knowingly fucked a shemale? How you sucked her cock? There's this nifty li'l thing called 'the internet'. Anyone can freely build their own web page, and with a li'l ol' thing called 'freedom of speech', you can say anything on it. And there will be all kinds of people clicking on it. There's an old saying, 'you build it, and people will come'!

"And oh yeah, this is something I held back and never told you: when I had you followed, to find out about the bimbos the first time. I also learned you're a glory hole fan. I never mentioned it at the time because of my being told how many times you let people — strangers you don't even see! — swallow my baby! Yeah, that's how I thought of them...as cannibals! That disgusted me so, I couldn't bear to bring it up. Now, I don't give a damn!

"Just like I know you haven't stopped fucking women since I filed for divorce, I doubt you've broken your years-long habit of glory-holing. I don't have to prove that you regularly have men — men! — give your dick a tongue bath and swallow your worthless scum. Anyone who knows about it, know the ratio's overwhelmingly men versus women. Even if they fantasize that a woman is doing the sucking. And here's the kicker: most of the time, it's assumed that you're there to suck, not to be sucked. Wink, wink. Nudge, nudge!

"Hey! Maybe because you're always so horny, it was your idea to force Lee — your best friend — into becoming a woman! Just as a convenient outlet when pussy wasn't

available! How about that? I think just mentioning it would be enough. What with some people already knowing what you did to Lee's ass but are keeping it to themselves...for her sake!"

Without even thinking to argue that it had been Anne's idea for Lee to wear a dress, Troy just exclaimed, "Annie, please. Aren't I in a deep enough hole? I'd really be ruined! You can't mean that!"

"Look at Lee," Anne replied serenely. "Can she ever go back to being a man? You two grew up together, had sex together side-by-side as friends. Then, you decided to have sex ...with...her!"

"For god's sake, I'm a better friend to her than you. I was thinking about a lot of people when she wore her first bra. You were always — always! — thinking only of yourself! Even when you married me! You said it yourself you wanted me so badly, if marriage is what it took, then so be it! I've been your available cunt for years. I guess if I nagged you just a little bit longer, you would've thought of divorce first, filing it under 'irreconcilable differences'!"

"But you were never that smart. If you were, once you did pop my cherry, we'd've been divorced years ago, since you claim it was the only reason you married me! Your problem always was that your dick's head has a smaller brain than the one in the head between your shoulders. What I ask now, for me as well as her, is a small price."

Troy's insatiable hunger for sex subconsciously wanted to try this new way. Troy was always in charge when it came to sex. Women may have flirted with him but he never followed their lead. He always took charge. Except...except with Anne.

Anne was no dominatrix but she always had sex her way. A simple way: married. Troy did not sincerely love her even when they wed. Even though she turned from seemingly a prude to a hellion in bed and elsewhere afterwards. She was the only woman Troy gave in to. Yet he could not let it be. Why did he not divorce her once he broke her cherry? He would never admit it, but just like with the glory hole where behind every wall "Anne" was blowing him, every extra-marital affair grew to be Annie as well.

It was the underlying reason why he accepted Lee after being caught. Lee told him to be her lover instead of other women, but Troy only knew that Lee was his surrogate wife; the one he did not have to give a child to. Still, he subliminally treated her rough because she made him bring Anne out from the back of his mind, and Troy did not want that. Lee made him give up other women, just like Anne would not let her be his without a ring on her finger. Simply put, Troy did not like being told what to do.

However, sex was in the mix and he could not say no. So he compensated. Lee was his best friend. Anne was his wife. Just like any available pussy that made his cock twitch, once he fucked them, he could no more give them up any more than he would cut off his dick. In his mind, Troy rationalized that he could get into serious trouble if he abused Anne. But he knew Lee all of his life. Troy could be as abusive as he wanted, letting all of his frustrations out on Lee, knowing that she would take it all; something Anne nor most of his stray lovers would not accept.

But now, Anne was telling him to have a taste of his own sex medicine. Initially, his mind swiftly rebelled. Yet, did he grow to love Anne after all? It was not just anyone tell-

ing him to do it. It was Anne. Again, too, he was not going to be fucked by just any man. It was going to be Lee, the “other Anne”, who was not male in his eyes, despite what was between her legs. He had tried retraining his mind to see his old friend. But now, here she was instead, in just bra and panties...no bulge in those panties anywhere. And Anne wanted her to fuck him? It would be as if he and Anne were trying something new; she wearing a strap-on. It was all good, his sex-soaked mind was telling him. As a new rationale had grown, a humbled Troy now asks quietly, “Just once?”

“Just once. But! You must make her to be able to cum up your ass...and I get to watch.”

With slumped shoulders, Troy agrees. As he undresses, he watches Anne remove Lee’s panties, untucks her cock and sucks it to rigidity. The anomaly in one body of a busty bosom, albeit in a bra, and a rigid dick, being sucked by another woman, was intoxicating. Troy remembered when she used to suck his. Both women. All protests are now gone. Troy suddenly needed to be fucked with this “real strap-on” like a junkie desperate for a fix.

Troy told to get on all fours, he does. But as Anne supposedly gets a good seat, as Lee gets into Troy’s unlubricated ass, even as he painfully grimaces throughout her insertion and early pumping, he cannot help his own cock from gradually stiffening. Lee as a woman knew her ass was also her pussy and accepted this before she ever had sex there. Her anal sex acts (after her being lubricated only the first night) were of minimal discomfort without lubrication — despite ripping into her thereafter, making her anus tender — and were endured. Unlike Lee who patiently wanted and expected an anal fucking from any man willing to accept or even disregard her cock, Troy never wanted it, never expected it, and despite agreeing to it, was not ready for it.

However, out of nowhere, Troy’s body betrays his mind and he gets into it. His mind says that he is having sex, period, and he cannot help himself. He loves sex too much, and his hard member prepares for orgasm amidst the pain, as his ass bucks automatically backwards to meet Lee’s forward pumping. The pleasure then appears, as if out of nowhere...and grows, overwhelming the discomfort. It feels so good, Troy’s cock in slight shadow is at a 45 degree angle, rock-hard, and he is now begging Lee not to stop. A tiny part of his mind is saying that he is getting fucked in the ass; it is a real cock and it inhibits the sperm release. But also a louder inner voice is screaming for orgasm. Making his outer voice yell, “Fuck me! Fuck me, please! Let me cum! Make me cum now! I need to cum bad!”

This attitude shocks Anne to see Troy’s true colors, despite him never having had sex this way before. Still, according to plan, Anne had already pulled out a digital camera previously stuffed under a seat cushion. Careful not to get her girlfriend’s face, she does get from the breast-filled bra down, to show bust and cock on one body...undeniably fucking Troy Tyler. More to the point, Anne also gets Troy’s hard cock, just inches lower from the one fucking him. And Anne does not forget Troy’s face, as it shows his pain...and his pleasure.

Yes, Troy cums copiously upon the carpet, while Lee likewise does so inside him and over his ass. Exhaustibly, he slumps and rolls flat on his back. By that time, Lee had already scooted up to his face and had put her cock in his mouth for a cleaning. Without a second thought, Troy licked and slurped away, despite where it had just been. Never hav-

ing done it since that first night with Lee, Troy does it again — so lovingly as he had done after the first hard suck. It is not until he is lost in gratification and ecstasy that he sees the camera scant feet away, pointed right at him with his mouth full.

Anne had been smiling as Troy had been receiving his 'just punishment'. 'Well, I never intended to cure him,' Anne thought, as she clicked picture after picture as he and Lee fucked. 'This was just a way to balance the scales and give Lee some payback for what he did to her ass. If I'd thought of it, I'd've bought a strap-on to have a turn with Troy myself. It would've been a waste of money, though, for just one time. Troy'd be gone and I'd never use it on my darling Lee. But Troy was letting men suck him through a hole in a wall. With that barrier, one can imagine a supermodel was getting you off. But, in reality, you knew the odds were that a guy had your dick Yet from what I can see now, though, ol' sexaholic Troy got into it and just might become openly bisexual, at that!

'Wonder if he might try dressing himself up eventually? Naaah! I doubt it. It would be too much work to be passable, unlike Lee's efforts. Best he could aspire to is to be a heavily-made up drag queen. Although, there are some hefty drag queens with perfect femme voices. I don't doubt that there are buff ones, too, who make themselves feminine and don't give a damn how they sound! Whatever! Like I said, I just don't give a damn either, anymore!'

She had gotten a picture of him ejaculating in the same frame with the reason why. So, with a cock in Troy's mouth, Anne surely also got that shot. It was the last one, an unexpected bonus. Recalling many times she and Lee hung around in just bra and panties, looking so perfectly feminine-flat in the latter, to Anne, Lee now looked huge between Troy's lips. Lee would tell her later that it was an impulsive act; not thinking of what he might do to her, until she saw him note the camera.

At that, with a pained expression in his eyes, Troy is too drained to try to grab the camera, although he lamely tried to raise his arms towards Anne. As Lee saw his eyes widen in shock and him gathering his wits, she quickly pulled away, out of his mouth with a notable yet small "Pop!" Then instantly aware of a possible adrenaline rush from Troy, she was swiftly alert of not wanting, upon him realizing what he was doing, to be bitten in anger, truly emasculating her.

Both women thereafter a safe distance, Anne places the camera behind her, presuming that Troy is now too drained to successfully overpower both her and Lee to get it. She then answered the obvious but unasked question. "Just insurance. You lied to both of us. I won't readily make a web page but I can and will make prints. Thanks to modern technology, I can make my own at home, as many as I want. No one will know...unless you push it. We can't trust you'll not try something in future to hurt us."

"How can I trust you?" Troy countered.

"You...were always a bastard. I, on the other hand, never gave you a reason not to trust me," Anne said matter-of-factly. "Unlike you, I married you because you wore me down, but it had grown to love when I said, 'I do'. I was honest about myself and my intentions from day one, even though I did like another guy more. But he never acted, out of loyalty, and you did, out of lust.

“Your own stupidity tripped you up. No one ratted on you. I was suspicious only because we were fucking too damn much, even when I was fertile, and nothing happened. This time, you could’ve been more careful with your own clothes and found those discarded panties behind that I had found to show as evidence of your infidelity, and thrown them away. But you were so stupefied in seeing them when we met with our lawyers, you could only remember the slut who wore them — the fuck you got out of her — you couldn’t even think of a lie as to how her stupid butt floss got in your bag! The sexaholic that was too wasted to give me a baby, only thought about himself.”

Without another word, utterly defeated, Troy Tyler dressed and left. If he showed any discomfort from his rear as he had donned his clothes, Lee nor Anne saw it.

**000000000000**

After securing her front door behind Troy — she had since had the locks changed — Anne went to the bathroom, returning with a warm, damp washcloth. Then, after letting out a great sigh, she says, “Now! There’s only one thing left to do!” as she unceremoniously plops upon the sofa.

Lee asks as she joins her, “And that is?”

Using the cloth to clean Lee’s still panty-less exposed limp member, “You, my darling, have to make an honest woman out of me,” Anne answered.

“After what you just did to Troy?” Lee guessed, as she laughed.

“Yeah, there’s that. But although he’s been an adulterer all our married life, despite my old-fashioned ideals, I ended up just as bad as him.” Anne then paused, as she looked Lee straight in the eyes. “I’m finally pregnant...and you’re the father!” poking Lee in the breast emphatically with a long fingernail, barely with just enough force not to puncture the silicone packet in the thin-lined bra cup.

Lee does not play dumb. She knows that no matter what the timing, all it takes is once. Several weeks had now past and Anne, having seen her doctor, knows for sure that she is with child.

Still, Lee could not resist. With her own long-nailed hands, she hefts her bra-encased pseudo-bosom, saying with only a little mock surprise, “I am?”

Almost ignoring the joke, Anne still played along. “Oh dear, we must do something about your boobs. While your clit is delicious, I can’t get enough of your tits. I want more of you, and unlike me, you need it.”

Recalling their first fuck and several sex sessions thereafter these past weeks, Anne has sucked on Lee’s nipples when she removed the bra and breast forms. Not once envisioning the way Lee was originally, she steadily amazed herself for not having a problem having sex with a virtual woman sans two separate areas. Increasingly wondering as time passed what her lover would be like with a bigger chest that she even now caresses with its bra, Anne laughs to herself, ‘I started out with double standards; being a virgin while being an outrageous flirt. Fortunately, I only did that on the job, with Gus or Troy to defend me if a

guy took me too serious. But now, I really do have a double standard! I'm deeply in love with a hot woman that has a very potent, pussy-filling cock!

Anne then conjoins her earlier verbal remark by adding to it aloud, "Now we really can afford to get them as big as I — both of us — want!"

Lee does want breasts, but can only blurt, "You knew? But I never said..."

"Honey, didn't you learn anything? You can't hide anything from me. I just got through telling your ex-boyfriend that I liked you first, but you stayed away from me, out of love for him first. And you know how I mean about that.

"You needed to find your own happiness after that, and you did, by coming over to 'my side'. You really could've put your foot down and not ever wear anything female from the very start. Sure, you said that if it was anyone else but me, you wouldn't do it. But you've been unhappy with your life and it wasn't from just losing jobs. Remember some of your first words as a woman? That you really did love Troy? A woman said those words, not a man You love who you are now and always have, even if it never entered your mind before, without regrets. But you also loved me, too. It took the woman in you to finally show it. And I'll take you any way I can get you."

Lee did not disagree with Anne. Some months later, she told Troy to his face that she loved him when they had sex originally. As men, as Troy buffed out and he did not, Lee was in awe of him; proud to be his buddy. Lee idolized his buddy's he-man demeanor and felt honored to be worthy enough to be his friend. Being handsome in his own way got him that privilege. As a female, she then felt freed, able to desire not being like him, but desiring him wholly. Which was why she almost joined Anne at her invitation, just shortly after her 'rebirth', to share Troy's cock with her.

Then Lee said, "Speaking of regrets, are you sure about me like this, with a baby on the way? I'm already more woman than man. Sure, the verdict is in and I can give you even more children as you've always wanted.

"But I'm male only between my legs now. On the other hand, although I hadn't ever thought of myself as one until you mentioned it a while ago, I'm not really a woman.

"I really am a shemale, just like you told Troy, before I even get my tits! I certainly do not want be a man again. I like who I am now. So I'll stay a shemale. I don't want a sex-change. I want tits but I'm not 'shrinking' my clit!

"I don't wanna go back to who I was before. Can you handle that? What about life with us and our children?"

Although she met Lee after Troy, Anne Victor fell in lust with Lee Wells. It was never love at first sight. It was definitely lust. The proper maiden with the man who had to win her over time would have fucked Lee the first time they met, had he but asked. Anne would have given Lee her virginity in a heartbeat. It was the way love worked. But loyal Lee was more than that. He had a submissive streak that did not mean he was to be dominated.

Virtually, to every woman, they wanted to mother him. Then again, it was the authoritativeness of that 'parent' only; taking charge of his life as they loved him. It was not incestuous but instinctive yet raw, primal and surely physical. Lee's only control was giving

them allowance, not permission, to have their way with him. And only then did he take over, still giving them what they wanted, they never having to demand. That kept them, and others, coming back for more. And yet, as if hard-wired into their brains, most of Lee's paramours wanted, for lack of a better way of putting it, a manlier man. It was a given, without outright saying so. To the rest, he was just a good fuck. To Anne Victor, he was everything. Whatever gender, he — now she — was her soulmate.

And so it was with Anne. Marrying Troy got her closer to Lee. It was the link of femininity that enabled Lee to gain Troy's love and Anne to gain Lee's. This was Lee's subconscious acceptance to get to Troy but Anne got to 'her' first, giving Lee a simple blowjob with the alibi of making her easier to look feminine between her legs. Lee's first kisses to Troy were genuine and she was additionally thrilled when he kissed back. Lee flaunting herself on the job was her way of perfecting herself for Troy; not thinking of being the "other woman" in his marriage. Consulting with Anne about the right feminine wiles brought Anne closer with Lee.

The daisy chain finally broke when Lee thought she had been finally able to physically love her best friend, only for her gain to become an instant loss not 24 hours later. Still, with a broken but not severed link in the chain with Anne, she endured loveless sex until it was replaced with the revelation of Anne's longtime hold on to the hope of getting Lee any way she could. As a man. As a woman. As both. Such was her true love for Lee.

"Well, legally, we're not the same sex. Especially since you won't replace your cock. And since this state has long since removed any antiquated laws remotely associated with masquerading — particularly notably crossdressing — you can be fully decked out even though there's an 'M' on your driver's license. But you knew that, from driving to work and all over town by yourself, without worry," Anne answered her lover. "Our marriage will be valid.

"Even though Ray Gibbs now runs the place, he does not own it. Being my spouse, you and I now get a lion's share of the profits instead of a paycheck, just like Papa Gus and Mama Marie do, because they've also legally adopted me, after what Troy did and knowing I was going to divorce him, my being an orphan since birth. Growing up in several foster homes, I don't know who my birth parents were. Although their son used to run the place, Gus Tyler still needed an income. He still owns the company. Although they consider us both family, they couldn't adopt both of us because that would annul our marriage, us being incestual by law. That would also make our children legal bastards, unlike my ex-husband who is a real one. And you, their father, was never one.

"Fuck everybody and everything, dammit! All I want is you a little more top-heavy. That's the only extra. The good part is, that's all you want, too! With you home with me, we'll play house forever! As your new job, you're not cutting off my babymaker...ever!

"Okay, sweetie, honey, baby, lover, yum-yum? Please stop me if I'm talking too much, Lee. You love the way you are now and I love you, no matter what. The only woman who ever made me wet my panties is you, and I want her to stay. You may be our children's father but I want you as my woman. I don't want to take over your life. I want to share mine with you. Only you. With tits! With a cock! With everything!"

"No, my darling," now cooed a becalmed Lee, in that sultry voice she knows drives Anne wild. "I want to always hear your voice. Even if you curse at me with bile during every birth," she jokes. "I now know what you really want. What you'll always want. And what you want, I want. I love you so much, lover."

Anne had been unmoved as she took picture after picture of Lee fucking Troy. But hearing her true love's turn-on voice has made her instantly damp, as it did from the first time she heard it; every time Lee wanted sex from her these past weeks. Making a connection, as she removes her moist panties, Anne laughs, "It would be a sight, you in the delivery room with me while I call you the fucking cunt that knocked me up!"

Calming down, she adds, "Otherwise, until the children are able to appreciate you as you are, you'll just have to be my lesbian lover or their aunt. On second thought, forget the 'aunt' shit! I've even heard some kids have no problem calling both of a lesbian couple 'Mommy'. In any event, you'll still be as close to her, him, them, whatever, as ever. Anyone outside this house won't matter. Because we'll have legal proof if it comes to that."

Lee then giggles, "Oh yeah! And as far as outside is concerned, a whole company of hunky guys to defend us who also know the truth! Mmm, yummy!"

Long finished cleaning her, Anne had already begun stroking Lee's clit back to life, especially firmer as Lee started talking husky in the only way she could now. Ready to climb over Lee's legs, put the tumescence inside her and bounce on it any moment, at Lee's tease, she yells, "Hey! Stop that! Wipe that drool off your face, you blonde bimbo bitch! You're mine! All mine!" Already panty-less, Anne then lifts her skirt and mounts her lover, all at once, to the hilt.

As Lee begins to bounce Anne back in unison, in her lap, she smiles as Anne's belly bobs in front of her. Lee would not have it any other way.

###