



Reluctant Press

A Secret Desire

Raymond Steele



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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A Secret Desire

By Raymond Steele

Introduction

Everyone wants to be loved, it's what makes us so human. To be a part of something so special, a union of love, serenity and eroticism is a common bond that we all share. No matter who or what we are, we all strive to be accepted for the real us, the true person behind the facade.

I'm no different, for years I struggled against my own personal ghosts, fighting pitched battles in my head, resisting my true nature. I incurred much pain, much heartache, always living the lie, becoming embroiled in things that weren't me. Throughout this time, I often found myself secretly wishing for the things I was denying myself, the bliss which would make me happy and whole. One day, I would find the strength and courage to shed the lies, and the deceit and blossom into the perfect vision of what my mind had envisioned.

First off, let me start by confirming exactly what I am, so there is no misunderstanding. I am a bisexual male, in his early thirties. By bisexual, I mean that I do not seek love from just either gender; I don't have a preference, both are equal and so sensually captivating. Also, I am a transvestite.

To explain, for over two decades, I have endured this romance with clothes of a gender I do not belong to. It's not as many would think, it's not just sexual, it's more than that to me. It's something deep and profound, something my personality and character crave.

I am a person who likes my masculinity. That I wouldn't change, yet I am also a person who desires the flexibility to explore and feel his feminine side, which we all do have. To wear clothes of the female gender is an opportunity to escape my life, to slip into an alternative world where I can view things differently. It's like finding a small piece of bliss, euphoria and solace, all in one. I love the feeling of

soft satin, silk or nylon, the arousal of panties, bras and hose. To hear my feminine name trip off my lover's tongue as they gently, seductively, call my feminine name is heaven. I adore and am fascinated by the use of cosmetics, the skill by which it is applied and by the transformation from male to female in my life.

I am not a slave, though by nature I am slightly submissive, quiet and relaxed. I am passionate, loving, understanding and respectful of everyone around me, whatever their own persuasions may be. My life is uncomplicated these days; I am in love and adore my partners very much. I am as loyal to them as they are to me and the trust between us goes far beyond anything a conventional couple could ever understand or comprehend.

I live in a house with my partners, a married couple, husband and wife. We are a threesome devoted to each other and no one else. I cannot explain how this makes me feel, to be a part of something so unique, to know that my love is respected and not taken for granted. It is a feeling which is mind-blowing, a joyous and elating sensation for which I am truly grateful.

For as long as I can remember, this has been my greatest wish, it's what I have desired ever since I was a young child. To live my life as myself without the pretenses, lies or betrayal, to boldly adventure into the world of mutual love and journey into sensual paradox of love and sex, whilst remaining there safely within the unit of my partners is what I love.

This is my story, a tale of profound lust, deep eroticism, mutual respect and devotion to those whom I love so dearly and who in turn love and cherish me.

Life can be so truly wonderful!

Chapter One

I dry my body, as the last remnants of water gurgle down out of the bath. My body is silky-smooth, fleshly cleansed. Sparkling moisturizer soaks slowly into its surface, adding a brief shine to its appearance. I breathe deeply, my eyes look with delight at the sumptuous attire that soon shall grace my body. A brief smile of indulgence washes over my face, my body glows internally at the prospect of feeling them. I feel radiant and unbelievably good. The thought of black fishnet panties, utterly transparent, smothering my groin, of pantyhose enveloping my lower body, does, still after all these years, make me feel profoundly special.

My heart beats with joy, delight tingles through my body like tiny pulses of electricity, buzzing and heightening the pleasure I shall soon feel. In my fingers, I hold the black transparent panties that are so sexy, the ones which Annabel bought me only last week. It feels strange to be so happy! That may sound stupid, but it is truthful. Never before have I felt such elation as I do now. I feel at home, wanted and cared for.

Stepping into them, I draw the panties up my slender, long, feminine legs. Inching towards my groin, I feel the thin band of elastic hug my body as the crotch presses against my manhood. I swallow, I can feel my body reacting, the

muscles relaxing, the harshness of my masculine nature fading out already as the softness of femininity embraces me.

Black nylon pantyhose stare at me alluringly, their presence one of torment, silently pleading with me to put them on and feel their seductive charms against my person. How they react with my body has never changed; the feelings they invoke never have faded away, and like an addiction, it grows within, commanding—if not compelling—me to get my fix more and more regularly.

To hold them in my hand, to feel the dark sumptuous material in my fingers, stroking and teasing them, I bask in the sensual bliss they provide. Momentarily, I pause, my mind races with pleasure. I can feel the masculine character of James slipping away rapidly, whilst Jennifer grows steadily within me. Two personalities occupy the same space. Each has its very own feelings, yet inextricably they are joined together.

Gathering the first leg up in my hand, my body craves for this moment. The tension within me is electric, nerves begin to stimulate, pleasure and joy wait patiently, desiring the chance to grow and be unleashed. My foot enters the soft, erotic jaws. I can feel the material clinging to its outline, enveloping the naked flesh, starting to torment the nerves within me. Slowly, I inch them upwards, allowing the majestic bliss to rise within me. My second leg is now embraced into their delicate jaws, my body is wild, my mind feverish in its appreciation.

Drawing the pantyhose up, I feel the delight; like tiny pulses of erotic pleasures, they dance around the flesh which lays smothered beneath the sensuous material. Further and further upwards I draw them, allowing them to caress more flesh. I feel them lay seductively across my rump, holding and enticing the flesh so marvelously. A small breeze like a blast of cool air circulates my body, as if trapped between pantyhose and flesh. I can feel it wrapping itself around my ankles, moving slowly, teasingly upwards, skimming my legs until finally it reaches my groin and buttocks. There it lingers only briefly before fading away.

Closing my eyes, I breathe deeply; my body is alive, pulsing with the pleasures of joy. Femininity now holds my lower half. I turn towards the mirror, admiring the sight of what is pure indulgence upon my part. My hands run over my rounded, tight rump, feeling the curving form. Fingers stroking seductively at the luxurious material that acts so profoundly upon my body, I bask in awe, revel in the delight of how it feels and looks. The sensualness and eroticisms which now flow through me with such magnificence is astounding.

My thoughts are dramatic, my mind alive with the pleasures that these clothes bestow upon me. If I could ever capture a moment, a feeling forever, then this would be it, a time of pure exhilaration and utter contentment. My fingers continue to stroke, to feel the majesty of it all, moving over my rump, stroking my rounded clad thighs immersed in renewed sensualism, which in itself is dramatic, erotic and addictive.

My eyes glance down toward the quarter-cup bra, transparent in its material, front-fastening in its design. Bras have been a thing of great interest for years; as a kid I often wondered how such wonderful items could be the source of so many complaints from their wearers. Growing up, I'd seen or heard of females fidgeting with the straps, complaining about them digging into their flesh.

I smile at the thought of those days, times of mixed pleasure, of discovering who and what I was, on the verge of discovering things that would set me apart from the other people I knew. Holding the flimsy piece of material in my hands, looking at its design, I allow my mind to explore how it would adorn a true, female's body. I see its cups tenderly hold their swell, nestling in the embrace of luscious dark transparent material, cupping each bosom so gently, allowing the sensitive nipple to press against its delectable material. How much pleasure does it bring unto a woman, when a man touches that erect nub of her feminine chest, or to feel his tongue dance over the peak which lays beneath an item such as this?

Allowing it to embrace my chest, to feel the clasps close securely, entrapping me in its wondrous domain, I breathe more deeply, more pronounced as the power of femininity begins to increase within me. My whole body has a certain ache, a deep-seated yearning that borders upon the blissful. For as long as I can remember, it has been the same, this feeling, the overwhelming sensation of total relaxation, confidence and joy that has proved so damned addictive. Nothing has ever come close to challenging the satisfaction it grants me.

I can feel the enthrallment surging through my body, pulsing through my veins, which once ran with blood. Touching and invoking every inch of me, from the top of my head to the nails on my toes, my body is vibrantly alive, stimulated with a shimmering, tingling sensation that grows ever more potent.

Looking down at my breasts, their emptiness is profound, the cups sag hopelessly, the void where flesh should be depressing. I look amongst the attire, searching for the prostheses that shall add much-needed shape to my bosom. Slipping them into their rightful place, immediately I am aware of the change. I now have a thirty-four inch bust. My chest is transformed, and it has that sexiness, that shape of a true, natural, woman. It is a bosom which, when completely finished, would appear to be nothing but believable. Just having them there makes me feel so good; to look at my reflection, see my own breasts on my body, is dramatic and wonderful.

My fingers travels downward, it encircles the bulge of my sex, which has been pushed down between my legs and discreetly hidden away, forced to resemble that of a true woman's shape. Feeling the finger pressing against both the pantyhose and panties, lightly roaming the hidden masculinity of my sex, instills delight. My body aches more and more; the longer my finger lingers, the more the feelings within me grow. I love the feel of nylon as it wraps around a person's body, hugging their form so tightly, enveloping and instilling bliss into them.

I could right now close my eyes and abandon myself to the sensual images that race through my mind, imagining my lovers here, this instant. Feeling their hands stroking my attired body, of lips pressing so tenderly against my crotch, a tongue lapping at the bulge as a deep, sensual and profound kiss echoes through my body, alighting my body and taking it to new heights of blissful pleasure.

I could almost imagine hands holding my rounded thighs, skimming their sculptured design, the gentle feel of soft caresses and the teasing of my body they would provide. The intimacy that we share, a love so powerful, is so unique that we are free to express it liberally. All this and so much more I could have imagined, but for the realization that time is ticking away, running against me; soon Annabel and Charles will be in and I want to please them after what will have been a hectic day at the office.

Next came the black lace, long-sleeved body suit. This had to be my favorite piece, certainly the most valuable in sentiment anyway. It was bought for me by Charles himself, for my arrival. His broad masculine face shone radiantly, kindness exuberated from every inch of his face as he passed this item to me. I sat upon the bath's rim for a moment, pausing, my fingers held the body so tightly, my mind flooded back, allowing those tense moments of my embrace into this family. It was and always shall be the perfect situation and the place of my ideal happiness.

It was with great nerves and considerable shyness that I stood before him, my slender body quivering, my mind silently pleading that everything would work out. Charles was a broad man, standing above six feet in height, his body frame akin to that of the old Sergeant Major. His face was fresh, youthful in its pristine glory, his auburn eyes portraying the considerate, loving nature that he had.

He looked at me and smiled. I could see the desire, the pleasure of actually having me here, reflected in his face. For so long I had craved understanding and love, craved being in an environment where lovers embrace with warmth, passion and equality, heartfelt and genuine. He was as nervous as me. I couldn't help but smile as I stepped towards him, moving so close that our bodies were almost touching.

His right hand moved up to my face, where he cradled my chin, his thumb stroking my flesh with all the softness of a true lover. He moved towards me, his mouth opening. We kissed passionately, his tongue making broad sweeps within my mouth. Instinct took over us; within seconds our arms were wrapped around each other's body, drawing one another deeper into the embrace of sensualism.

Groin pressed against groin, hands touched each other's body as our embrace grew ever more feverish. Mouths entwined, lost in the abyss of passion and lust. Dedicated French kisses flowed with utmost desire, so intense that we both were briefly lost in the moment of delight. Finally drawing away, his hands began to unbutton my shirt, exposing a slim, naked chest that lacked any trace of mascu-

line hair. Drawing it from my shoulders, he bent down and applied his mouth to place small but significant kisses upon my tiny, manly, breasts.

The kisses were intense, his lips pressed against the darkened flesh, his tongue swirled back and forth, around and over the pathetic little nipple. I felt his large hands tenderly hold my back, pressing lightly, drawing me closer towards him. Sharing his devotion to both breasts, he repeated his actions with boundless desire, his erotic touches sending shivers of utter delight throughout my body.

For so long my body had been nothing but a barren ghost, numb to all feeling except mental pain and denial. Now, though, the sleeping emotion of pleasure was beginning to awaken, stirred from the depths of its slumber. His lips descended, kissing every inch of naked flesh, his tongue glancing and skimming the surface awakened by his majestic crowning oral caresses.

Unfastening my trousers, letting them fall around my ankles, his fingers slipped under the waistband of my boxers. Our eyes stared at each other, locked into a stare that was hypnotic and powerful, a vision dedicated to love neither of us could explain. I felt the shorts being drawn downwards until they landed on top of my trousers. My sex was erect; I could feel the blood pumping through it, arousing and engorging it like never before.

We kissed lavishly as one of his hands slipped between my open legs and slowly began to massage my groin. My reaction was intense, passion overflowed, surging through me like a tidal wave, desiring to be unleashed at the same time. My mouth consumed his with a frenzied lust; tongues and mouths entwined, devouring one another as slow, teasing fingers worked my sullen sac.

We stepped back, retreating towards the luscious soft black leather sofa, its velvety folds appealing and sumptuous. The comfortable loose fit made it have the appearance of something almost heaven-like. Rummaging through a white plastic carrier, he drew out a black long-sleeved lace body, its high-thigh cut revealing, with a simple fastening at the crotch. Charles beckoned me forwards. I smiled intently.

“You like it, Jennifer?” he said referring to my new feminine name. I smiled and nodded as his free hand now held my masculine sex. Leaning forwards, he kissed me so softly, so erotically, that he felt every pulse of pleasure which traveled through my body.

“I love it Charles, thank you.” I returned the kiss. Briefly he blushed with pride before passing the item to me and releasing my myself, allowing me to step into the enticing and delectable beauty.

It was figure tight, hugging my form dramatically. He held my waist whilst his eyes roamed my body with delight, turning me ‘round so as to view the thonged rear also. I felt each buttock gently being kissed, the soft, mellow and welcoming passion of his tender lips pressing against the naked fleshy cheeks, illuminating my body, delivering yet more stirring of rapid enjoyment throughout my form.

“Thank you,” he mumbled, drawing me towards his body, his arms wrapping themselves around my waist, his fingers pressing lightly against my covered sex.

My rump was brought backwards, drawn into his crotch. “Thank you, Jennifer, for being here. Our lives are now complete, my darling. I hope you feel the same also.”

I smiled at the recollection. I could still smell the odor of his light aftershave, as if it circulated the room right now, so vivid was that memory.

“Jennifer, you alright my sweet?” a voice lightly sounded, disturbing my thoughts. I turned towards its source. Standing at the door and smiling gleefully was the vision of beauty that was Annabel. Her large blue eyes inquisitively scanned my body, her face was elated and welcoming, her expression one of love, admiration and kindness.

“Yes I'm fine, I was just thinking about something,” I said. Her eyes looked at the body. She smiled, knowing immediately what my thoughts had been about.

Her hourglass body was perfect, a true vision of the feminine figure. I saw her rounded subtle hips, long slender legs and gorgeously rounded breasts that were hidden beneath the blouse she wore. She moved forwards towards me, linking her arm around my neck, kissing me briefly upon the cheek. Like I had done that day when first arriving here, to her husband.

“We're so very proud to have you here, to be a part of our family. You are special to us, my darling,” she said softly, smiling as if her mind was busy preparing images that would soon flash before her own eyes. Towards the end of her words, her voice began to fade, another indication of her mind wandering, I looked at her. Continuing to smile, I asked her what she was thinking about. Radiantly, she smiled back, flashing those deep blue oceanic eyes at me, in the way that only she could.

“I was just thinking how delicious you look with that on and hoping that perhaps, with a little make-up, you'd stay like that. Charles and I *love* to see that body.”

We both smiled eagerly; silently, it had been agreed, words were not needed and soon that black lace body adorned me. Annabel helped with make-up: glistening red lips, light eye shadow, mascara and blusher adorned my face, highlighting the natural lady look that she often said I had. The whole thing was finished off by a long shoulder-length, straight auburn wig, dark in color and combed neatly to perfection.

“There's my sweet princess, the perfect adorable and radiant woman,” she said kissing me softly upon the cheek. I blushed crimson, she laughed and shook her head. “Oh, my sweet Jennifer, how we do love you. Now go on down stairs. I'm sure Charles is dying to see also. I'll be down in few moments, I just want to change and get refreshed.”

Charles was sitting in the main living room, his body relaxed, his legs outstretched upon the reclining chair that he loved. On the table next to him sat three steaming mugs of white coffee. Looking towards the room door, his eyes fell upon me as I slowly entered. Glistening with delight and sparkling with pure pleasure, he moved slightly to gain a better view.

“Jennifer, my sweet love, you look amazing,” he said, his voice full of joyous celebration, echoed by the expression of his face.

Sitting upright, he asked if I wanted to sit upon his lap. I smiled broadly, nodding deliriously. I always loved sitting upon his lap, well either of my lovers’ laps really. It was an intensely proud moment filled with love and affection. To feel my body cradled in their loving care, to know and be the recipient of such devoted emotion was so amorous.

I sat down, immediately his strong hands held me, drawing me close towards him. We embraced with deep-seated tenderness, passion flowed between our mouths, indicating the sensualism we shared. The moistness of my lipstick-covered lips pressed against his, Charles was able to taste their odor and smell the lingering odor of my subtle wild rose-scented perfume, which I knew to be amongst his favorites.

“You look enchanting, my sweetie,” he said, interspersed by brief but sensual kisses.

“Thank you,” I said, as my arms tenderly slipped around his broad neck. I could feel his manhood becoming stimulated, its length obscured beneath the clothes he wore, forced to become erect, pressing against my buttocks which delighted in the sensations.

His hands fell upon the dark nylon of my covered legs. There his fingers slowly began to stroke, feeling both material and soft flesh that lay beneath. He smiled broadly as my own hands moved down slightly, pressing against his chest, straying towards the buttons.

“I’ve missed you today, my darling. It’s been such a long hard day and I’ve thought many times of us being back at home together.”

“Me too, I hate the times we’re not together. Annabel and you are such a wonderful part of my life, I couldn’t imagine any other way of living now.”

He smiled, his hand journeyed up towards my thighs, his fingers beginning to feel the contour of body.

“I remember when I bought you this. Damn, was I nervous.” He smiled as the recollection flashed through his mind. “You still look as good in it as you did back then.” He kissed me. “I remember how we sat, together kissing and touching, you and I, arm in arm, beginning to get acquainted with each other.” His smile broadened, his eyes moved slowly across to the sofa as his mind played back the images

of that moment. His hands now pressed firmly against my crotch, feeling the masculine swell beneath the soft feminine attire.

Removing his hand from my sex, I stood up, drawing him to his feet. Moving across towards the sofa, I sought to recreate that day, the bliss and delight, the euphoria and sexual tenderness, all of it, perhaps without the nerves and in trepidation we both had back then. It seemed so right to enact it, to joyously celebrate that moment in one's life when suddenly, unexpectedly, everything becomes bathed in pure brilliant sunshine and you know that your existence has become a hundredfold better.

Holding me close, as we stood by the sofa's edge, his hands gently squeezed my buttocks, drawing me in towards him. Our groins touched, lips pressed, mouths entwined, devouring each other's zest and vigor. My body sparkled, pulsing with passion, my flesh ached with a tenderness, a yearning to be touched and to touch.

Silently, we stood there, joined at the mouth, lavishly worshipping each other as our bodies screamed with exhilaration. Every sweep his mouth made, every caress of his tongue, his fingers so passionately holding my rump, feeling, caused us to delight in the euphoria which surged so dramatically through each other.

My body was like a conductor of electricity, which rampantly spread its aphrodisiacal delights throughout my body. My flesh shimmered unbelievably, every ripple that it made forced another part of me to caress the alluring sensual feminine material which I wore. My heart pounded with delight, thumping away with the pleasure of total contentment, as our mouths continued their devoted oral worship and magnificent dance.

I sat upon the sofa, feeling the soft sensual leather mold itself to shimmering, yearning body. My legs were apart with Charles kneeling between them. His glorious, elated face moved towards my feminine swell which lay beneath the black bodysuit he had bought me.

Whilst his hand swept back the shoulder-length auburn hair, his mouth lavishly caressed and lovingly kissed the naked flesh of my neck. Diligently kissing every inch of its exposed surface, he worked tirelessly downwards towards the very edges of my black bodysuit. Moving across, he peppered my shoulder with petite but wildly sensual embraces, slowly and methodically. Pausing as he reached the hidden straps of my bra, his mouth placed lingering kisses upon its thin strips of material and then slowly descended, following the shape of it until he reached my feminine breasts.

His kisses were radiant and magnificent, slow and precise, lingering and expertly placed, his lips curling around the mounds of feminine pleasure, his tongue stroking the erect nipple of my bosom. I purred with gratitude, my mind convincing me that they were real, that I could indeed feel the sensual bliss and abandonment of his mouth. My chest rose majestically, as his aching mouth launched its exuberant and soulful embraces, stoking and bringing the flames of passion once more to a simmering crescendo within me.

I could feel his body pressed against mine, feel the throbbing of his girth con-torting within his trousers, just like he felt the echoes of my passion. Every move-ment was dramatic, mine rubbing against Charles's, while his pressed and rubbed against the crotch of my bodysuit and black panties. His embraces contin-ued downwards, lingering over my navel, his tongue swirling, rubbing the lace of my bodysuit against the nylon of my pantyhose and my flesh.

Drawing back up to my face, his expression was one of tenderness and love, of being utterly committed to the intimate act that was about to unfold. Lavishly, we embraced, our mouths molding together again in blissful delight. Charles moved, his hand pressing against my crotch, slowly rubbing itself against the feminine wears that smothered it.

My sex throbbed with delight, feeling his warm masculine touch, his caressing of my aching sex. Nylon and lace effortlessly rubbed themselves against the head of my engorged tool, its sensitive state plunging me into a state of euphoria. Barely could I contain the pleasure that swarmed through my body, the feelings that ravaged me as my lover touched and fondled a body that yearned to feel his sensualness.

The three of us sat to-gether on the sofa. Anna-bel was dressed only in a loose-fitting silken floral robe that hid her sensual, naked form. She was lo-cated between Charles and I as we watched, in silence, the late night movie. It was a familiar routine, a time when we as a threesome of inti-mate knowledge would huddle up together, safe in the extraordinary con-fines of our own unusual love.

It was a time of solemn thinking, of being close to the very people who un-derstood me the best. A time also for reflection, to let quiet memories play out and to dwell upon the past. Charles and Anna-



bel knew all that had happened to me: the trails, tribulations agony and occasional joy before my joining with them.

My past was a checkerboard of pain and denial, of being unable or unwilling to accept who and what I was. Moments of true happiness, loyal and confident friendships were not my reality, trust not once having been established. I was misunderstood, challenged, and expectations weighed heavily upon my shoulders, all things that I did not need. I lived the way others demanded, never really happy, always having to watch my words and what I did. The real person within me lived in fear, in a nightmare world where there were few real occasions to explore the person behind the myth that others had built up.

Finally at the age of eighteen, friends were made, good ones, ones I thought I could trust. It was a late December night, snow had fallen deeply outside, the roads becoming impassable. I knew the chances of returning home were remote and that staying at Mark and Elizabeth's home was the only viable option. After having phoned my parents, telling them where I was and that I'd return probably tomorrow, the three of us settled down to a small alcohol-fueled party. As time progressed and the beer began to flow, a state of drunkenness swept over us. We weren't paralytic, perhaps a little merry, jovial and happy, but relaxed enough to let inhibitions fly. I began to open up, to express that which had tormented me for years. My secret nature which no one, not even my family, knew about began to slip out.

Soon things began to advance. I found myself desiring once more to indulge my feminine side, to wear the clothes which had so tempted me over the years. Just the thought entering my mind produced a bitter war between the two opposing sides of my character. I remember how Mark stretched over; placing his tender kiss upon my then-virginal mouth inflamed passions and thoughts on both sides of the characters that raged within my head.

Elizabeth giggled, her twenty-one year-old face enchanting me, captivating me beyond anything I had experienced before. Offering me her warmth, she smiled laboriously, kissing my palm before pressing it against her breast. Silence fell around us, the air seemed charged with tension. Her eyes looked towards Mark, hoping that he would offer some reassurance to me, so that things could move on. He pressed his hand flat against my groin, squeezing against the length of my sex.

My heart pounded, my body trembled. These were friends, good friends at that, people who knew my family. I wanted to say no, to hide in the shadows and pretend that I wasn't like that. The only problem was, I *was* like that and I needed to feel the closeness and intimacy of something so erotic. Elizabeth leaned forwards, her lustrous face intently alive, buzzing vibrantly and so confidently. She kissed me soulfully and passionately, while Mark's fingers began to draw the zipper of my pants down.

I felt his fingers stray into the domain of my underwear, slipping beneath them and wrapping around my length. Slowly he began to masturbate me, drawing the flesh back and forth, feeling it pulse within his hand. Elizabeth returned to my hand, drawing it down her body, quietly slipping it beneath her pink tight skirt.

My palm lay across the gusset of her panties. I could feel the warmth of her sex, the throbbing of her clit, as Mark continued his slow, arousal upon my length.

Her smile was gorgeous, her kiss enveloped my mouth, filling my body with pleasure, as finally the pair withdrew. Both offered me their hands. Drawing me to my feet, we headed slowly upstairs, towards the confines of their bedroom. Every step we took filled me fear, fear at being able to express myself like this, to allow a side of me that had for over a decade been hidden and denied. I struggled with thoughts that raged, the fear of unleashing something I couldn't control. Each step brought me nearer to the moment. There was a real fight going on now, a war that echoed within my head, a pulsing headache that stung like no other. Yet I continued to ascend.

The bedroom we now stood in; my body was transformed into a quaking wreck, every part of me ached, my flesh was hypersensitive, my eyes diligently scanned the surroundings. I watched as Mark stepped towards the dresser, his hands pulled at the top drawer, his eyes looked towards his girlfriend who smiled beautifully. My vision was fixed on Elizabeth who slowly, teasingly began to strip the outer clothes off her body, revealing naked flesh and daring lingerie that was purely erotic. Mark however was searching through a drawer, looking for something, his face finally producing a broad smile as his fingers withdrew a pair of white silken panties, transparent in places.

I was paralyzed. Suddenly their attention was turned to me. I was the one who was expected to wear them. It was decision time, a last chance to run away and hide from the thoughts and emotions that for years had been denied. I looked at the two, Mark and Elizabeth. Did I trust them? I couldn't make my mind up. I should have stepped back, away from it all, but I couldn't, the prospect of what lay in store was so alluring. My body craved the feel the lingerie, it desired the wearing of another gender's clothes, stronger than ever before.

Elizabeth stepped forward. She wore white thong panties and no bra, her rounded pert breasts free for my perusal. Perhaps it was part of the seduction, to allow me to focus on them whilst she began to undress my body. I watched as Mark stepped forwards, Elizabeth retreated a few yards, once my nakedness was complete. My chest rose deeply, my heart pounded furiously and my skin cringed, signs of nerves and not repulsion. Still, part of me wanted to step back, to gather my clothes and run, but that was fading fast, overpowered by the part of me which had laid dormant for many years.

Mark's smile was captivating, his hand held the alluring underwear which brushed against my aroused manhood as he spoke softly to me, telling me to put them on. Stepping into them was a moment I shall never forget, a moment when all the denial I had amassed finally broke free. My body ached with joy, my blood boiled. My face illuminated at the joy of feeling knickers press against my manhood which swelled and engorged itself with delight at the soft sensual touch. Mark smiled deliriously, he stepped forwards, his hand pressed against my crotch, rubbed itself back and forth, so that the material caressed my length. Then we kissed passionately, our mouths and tongues moved in unison, acting as one, devouring each other with true intensity.

Holding my hand, he led me towards the bed. We sat upon its edge, kissing and cuddling, stroking and playing with each other. My first experience of feeling another man's sexual organ was about to unfold. Without really thinking about it, I drew my hand down his body, unfastening his trousers and exposing the shorts that covered his sex. My hand slipped between the material, his tool was a millimeter or so away from my fingers as our mouths still were entwined. I held it, feeling its broad thick throbbing girth. I was squeezing it with affection, drawing it back, and caressing it like he had done to mine.

I heard a soft murmur echo from his mouth to mine; his kissing became more lavish before he paused and laid himself down. At that moment I lost all control. I just wanted to explore, to delve into the world which until then I had feared. It was a strange fear, not based upon repulsion or dislike, but grounded in my fear of liking it, of being discovered as a bisexual and crossdressing male.

Control had been lost, It was a terrifying thing; all the years I had fought against this were now blasted into the past, all I could think of was fulfilling this desire, the one suppressed for so many years. I wanted to love and make love, to embroil myself in something so sensual, so erotic. My kisses peppered his body, deep resonate embraces flowed from my mouth, languishing their praise upon his now naked form.

My lips pressed around his small flat nipples, my tongue swirled with vigor and pleasure. From behind me stepped Elizabeth. I felt her hands caress my scantily-clad rump, sweeping over each buttock in dramatic tender style. I could feel her lips pressing against them, forcing the material of my knickers to rub itself against my flesh as she softly placed her own embraces upon my rear. My body was alive, pulsing with feelings that I had never experienced. My nerve ends became awakened, buzzing with a joyful celebration at this new and dramatic precedent that was being set.

Each kiss I languished upon Mark's body set a new mark of delight; slowly I descended down his form, my tongue glancing and swirling at the flesh. Elizabeth now slipped her hand between my legs, her palm resting against knickers and flesh. She began to massage my testicles which drove me higher, spilling the passion out from within me. Every movement she made shuddered my body in utter bliss, driving my own caresses upon her boyfriend's body with more and more intent.

My thoughts were broken, my attention lost, brought back to the present by a soft lingering touch upon my groin. I smiled and turned towards Annabel. I knew it belonged to her, her touch was amazing, always so soft, so tender and loving, always so very ladylike.

"Sorry, did I disturb you my, darling?" she said in a voice barely above a whisper, her index finger still lightly tracing the outline of my semi-flaccid tool which lay beneath the black lingerie I wore. Shaking my head softly, I smiled.

"No, I was just thinking," I answered, watching as her face radiated beautifully. Her finger moved, her hands began to unfasten the robe that hid her majestic, an-

gelic body. Slipping it from her body, she glanced at both her lovers. Her smile was broad and enchanting, sexy and welcoming.

Annabel's body was sculptured by the hands of perfection, devised to enthrall all that were granted the bliss of seeing its unique beauty. Her breasts were full and rounded and so sensitive.

Standing in front of us, her radiant body displayed its state of perfection. Her soft blue eyes danced between Charles and me who gazed at each other and then back at her with heightened anticipation. She laughed heartily, her eyes resting upon me.

"Oh my dear Jennifer, my little sweet princess," she said in a voice that resonated with compassion and genuine love. "How we do love our little princess, the lady we've always wanted in our life?"

Charles moved slowly towards me, his face alive with the same emotions. He bent down, placing his head against my stomach, his mouth opening and kissing my feminine-covered sex. Every gracious and sensual movement his mouth made upon my groin sent a billion new delights rampaging through my body, spreading out their tentacles of pleasure like a new disease which sought to consume every part of me.

I could feel his tongue pressing against the soft black fabric of bodysuit, which in turn pressed against the nylon and panties. His tongue rubbed against my sul-
len, heavy sac, languishing and pleasing my body. His embraces were so pro-
found, so intense and erotic, that I basked in the formidable delight he
bequeathed upon me, kissing, licking, slowly, erotically raising the temperature of
my arousal, working upwards until his lips pressed against head of my sex.

My hands now held his head, drawing him upwards to meet my yearning
mouth, which sought to repay his kindness. Annabel smiled, kneeling between his
legs, her fingers employed in the task of freeing his own stimulated sex from its
suffocating environment. Charles and I kissed lavishly, my lipstick pressing
against his lips. Tongues swirled and danced, stroking and caressing each others
as Annabel finally drew his length out.

Though I was too consumed with what I was doing to view the act she per-
formed, I felt enjoyment sweep graciously through his body. In my mind I could
see everything, images of her tongue glancing the seepy head of his penis, wiping
and cleansing it before admitting it into her chamber. I felt his hands hold my
head, drawing me more emphatically into the embrace, firing yet more wanton
passion and desire within me. I could feel the fire of love growing within me, the
flames of eroticisms burning. The urge to become intimate and close with my two
lovers was now incredibly powerful.

Driving the flames higher, Annabel continued her worship, lovingly assaulting
her husband's sex, slowly building up the joy within him. Charles' hands drifted
down my body, one finding my groin, pressing its palm against it, rubbing it
slowly so that each caress enveloped me in lust. Our mouths continued to be en-
twined, lost in the abyss of true lovers' intent. So passionate and sensual were we
that now we cared not for anything, other than us three.

I could feel his body hardening, his muscles becoming taut, his mouth leaving mine as he threw his head back with desire. I watched the expression on his face, the look of pure elation, the wondrous feeling that enveloped him as Annabel continued her worship upon his length. My fingers unfastened the buttons of his shirt, exposing naked masculine flesh. My mouth hovered over his left breast before placing a deeply emphatic and erotic kiss upon it.

For every act of sensual love I bestowed upon his body, Annabel matched it with her slow, precise worship of his length. His body became nothing less than an explosive shell simmering and pulsing with the ingredients of utter bliss. His chest rose and fell dramatically, his muscles stretched and tensed, as he fought the compulsion of release. Murmurs of delight escaped his lips, as his eyes looked skyward, glossed over by the intensity of it all.

I watched as Annabel and Charles made love, seeing her slowly bring his length deep within her body, watching as the lips of her vagina parted and his organ was embraced. The look of delight that swept across both, the hunger and thirst for release within Charles was magnificent as, gradually, Annabel began to move, gliding up and down its hard shaft. Purring in unison, I watched as the slow sensual movements were swapped for more vibrant maneuvers, each gaining their pleasure.

Her luscious breasts bounced perfectly, their nipples teasingly erect, wanting, desiring to feel the majestic touch of lips closing around them. I smiled and moved forward, my face just inches away from her yearning bosoms. Their cries of passions echoed vibrantly as my mouth opened, poised to consume her left breast. Her chest rose, forcing the swell of natural femininity into my chamber as my tongue danced over the erectness of its summit, reveling in the pleasure it bestowed upon her. I could sense the climax growing within them, forced back awaiting the moment when it could be released, so that both of us shared in this exotic moment.

Pleasure tore through their bodies, the shudder of delight was astounding to see. Annabel turned her head towards Charles who lavishly kissed her, his hands wrapping around her waist tightly, driving her onward with furious speed and vigor. I drew back, allowing them a moment to celebrate, a chance of intimacy, amongst this wild display of love. With Charles' hand straying up her body, cupping the breast my mouth had worshipped, he massaged its soft, stimulated surface, heightening the pleasure she already felt.

Another summer morning broke through the dark velour curtains, the soft melancholy sounds of birds chirping to each other filling the tranquil air. I could hear a dog barking and children playing, yet they all seemed far away. For a moment I lay there, my eyes remaining closed, my mind imagining another blissfully hot day ahead.

Smiling, I glanced towards my two understanding lovers, the people who made my life worth living. The respect, love and admiration I had for them was immeasurable. Looking at their sleeping bodies, I could see their entwined outlines, one feminine, the other so very masculine.

Drawing the covers back, stepping out of the embrace of my bed, I glanced at the two sleeping beauties, which so often had and still did make me proud. Walking over to the dresser, opening up the top drawer, my eyes studied its contents, the neatly constructed piles of luscious lingerie, sensual and erotic in their design. My fingers ran over the soft material, touching cotton, silk and nylon.

Pausing on a pair of high-cut black panties, drawing them out, my eyes looked intently at them before placing them onto my person. Today was Saturday, the day we planned to begin our short break. Nothing fancy, no wild or exotic destinations, it was just a quiet weekend away at a coastal town we all loved. It was the sort of place where few dwelled, a small isolated stretch of coastline, that offered everything from sandy shores to rocky cliffs and historical monument, ruins.

My hands now held a black garter belt. Clasping the hook and eye fastening shut, I looked once more into the drawerful of femininity. Black nylon stockings sat neatly and precisely folded, their soft, smooth surface tempting me. I gathered the first, feeling its alluring jaws envelope my foot. I drew it up towards my ankle; it ascended past my knee as its material stretched and clung arousingly to my limb.

Pulling down the first of four garters, I felt it hold the dark nylon stocking top, drawing it tenderly, yet tautly. This was followed by the second, third and finally fourth. My leg felt alive, aching as it lay smothered beneath their seduction. Repeating the whole exercise upon the other leg, I moved back and forth a few yards, quietly pacing, feeling the garter belt and stockings hold and move against my leg.

With bra and breasts now in place, I moved towards the glimmering, antique pine wardrobe. Opening the door slowly, feasting my eyes upon the splendor of the hidden attire, I smiled with utter delight. My fingers searched through the various dresses, from gorgeous satin and silk evening gowns, to sequined dresses that were both seductively tight or long, arranged with elegant colors.

Today, though, I sought something ordinary, presentable but practical. I paused upon a white blouse, its delicate silken like material offering a touch of class and elegance. Taking it carefully from the hanger, my fingers felt the delicateness of its material; they stroked the softness, as I acquainted myself with its beauty. Breathing deeply, I resumed my search, looking for a small knee-length pencil dress, black in color to compliment the blouse.

With my body now once again totally shaved, cosmetics having been applied lightly to my face and the shoulder-length auburn wig held in place, it didn't take long for me to dress. I smiled at the finished look, my eyes flitting and darting over the creation that stared back at me from the mirror, Jennifer was alive again, I thought. My smile was broad, one of pride and joy. Her shape was curvy, her face appeared convincing. I was gradually becoming the person I desired. It was bliss

to see Jennifer who had suffered so much in the past finally flourish and blossom into a person I and my lovers could be proud of.

I stood in the kitchen, preparing three cups of coffee. There was never a set routine to this, it was left for whoever was up first. From behind me I felt soft, slender hands slip around my waist, pressing against my stomach, drawing me backwards against a very feminine body.

“Mmmm, you smell delicious, princess,” Annabel mused, her hands descending to my groin. I smiled, hearing her soft lyrical voice, her tone eloquent and raspy. Turning ‘round to face her, I saw she was dressed in a plain blue blouse and denim trousers with her golden hair neatly tied back.

We kissed, tasting each other’s lipstick. I felt her moist lips press against mine, as the embrace evolved. Charles remained upstairs; I could just vaguely make out the sound of running water, as he washed and dressed.

Cradling her in my arms, one hand pressed against her shoulder, the other tenderly holding her sculptured rump. I could feel her mounds of femininity swell, pressing against my own. Her enchanting, lingering perfume wafted up, filling my senses, driving the embrace to a more sensual level. Drawing away, she held my hand and lead me upstairs.

“Let Charles finish the coffees, I’ve got a better idea for us,” she said, just loud enough to make sure Charles could hear. As we passed the bathroom, he looked at us and shook his head, saying nothing except, “Women! Typical.” Annabel laughed.

Once in the bedroom, the door was closed firmly. I was immediately drawn towards Annabel, who enveloped my mouth in hers. The passion and desire was massive, her hunger intense as her hands pressed me firmly into her embrace. With one of her hands touching my clad rump, she kissed me with utter vibrancy and delight.

Her fingers began to unfasten my skirt, allowing it to fall around my ankles. Assisting me out of its domain, her eyes flashed wildly at the sight I now presented. Slowly, she began to unfasten the buttons of my blouse, exposing the bra and hidden prostheses. Her tongue ran over the top of her glossy lip, its dull reddish/purple color succulent and entrancing. She smiled gleefully as the white blouse was removed, her eyes remaining upon my heaving chest.

Taking a further step backwards, I watched with riveted eyes as slowly, teasingly she began to undress her upper body. Her fingers were slow, their work enticing, as one button after another became unfastened. Each time one button was free, the sight of another section of naked chest became visible. Eventually her blouse was discarded, her chest now free to display its voluptuous exhibitionistic charms. Her gorgeous mounds of feminine breasts heaved gently, the cushions of delectable soft flesh crowned in front by a dark ring which encircled the prize of erotica, her wanting nipples.

Walking towards her in my lingerie, I could feel both stockings and garter belt caress my subtle flesh. Holding her denim-covered thighs, our mouths once more

lavishly displayed oral love for each other. The kisses were dramatic and full, lips pressing against lips, tongues dancing soulfully, mouths consuming the lover's breath, erotically.

We continued to kiss, while I drew Annabel back towards the bed, eventually laying her down. There my fingers began to remove the trousers she wore so divinely. Slipping them down towards her knees, I could see the black, tight g-string panties she wore and the tightness with which they spread across her shaven quim.

I breathed deeply; the sight was one of pure delight. I was enthralled by it, so much so that I'd failed to hear Charles enter the room. The first thing I knew of him standing behind me was his hands holding my thin waist, drawing me down to meet Annabel's aching sex.

Languishing deep emphatic kisses upon her panty-covered sex, I could feel her body tremble with delight. My lips closed around the black, smooth cotton of its triangular shape, drawing it into my mouth as passionately as I could. My tongue swirled and danced, tormenting the feminine slit of her sex, pressing against her panties which in turn pressed against the lips of her moist quim.

As I did this, Charles's hand strayed between my legs. His fingers teased my testicles, rubbing against them. Now my body was ablaze with emotions, vibrantly buzzing with astounding pleasure as my nerves awakened with euphoria. My mind was a flurry of activity at the thought of being touched and caressed with such sensualness, whilst orally I praised the ever-stimulating sex of my lover, Annabel.

My embraces increased rampantly, almost to a fever pitch. Profound and deep were they upon her sex. Annabel's head swarmed in joy, she felt giddy, light-headed, as pleasure swept through her, forcing her body into a heightened state of bliss. Each kiss, each embrace was matched by Charles, his soothing lips upon my rump, creating an atmosphere charged with erotic sensations.

The kissing stopped, Charles pulled away, content for the moment to watch. Annabel smiled broadly, her face pent-up with passion. Drawing me from her aching sex, we embraced passionately before she laid me down beside her. I lay there in my lingerie, my chest having heavily, my sex engorging itself behind the very feminine panties I wore. My mind was flooded with the prospects of what was to come. I ached with the hope and desire to feel both my lovers intimately close.

Looking briefly at Charles, she smiled as he stepped to the opposite side of the bed. Kneeling down, our faces were so close that every time we breathed, we could feel each other's pulse. A solitary finger stroked my face, skimming the surface of my cheek, before he leaned forward, allowing himself a passionate but short embrace upon its soft silky surface.

I lay there waiting, with the expectancy of something growing; the sensual, erotic charged atmosphere wrapping itself around us, enveloping our bodies and heightening the moment still further. I could feel a very soft kiss upon the inside of my thigh, a moist warm tongue skimming the surface of my flesh. My body be-

gan to ache, the simmering within returning, my body tingling as Annabel's embrace persisted and grew.

Lips pressed against my panties, a tongue erotically strayed slowly across their material, teasing my hidden sex, roaming the warm flesh beneath. My chest rose as kisses of erotic design echoed around my groin. Pleasure circulated around its entirety, sinking deep into my body. Charles watched as his lips pressed against my forehead and his hands held my breasts. Rapture flowed within me, riding through my body, manipulating my nerves and blazing the sensations within.

Hands stretched out the fabric of my panties, a tongue ran up and down the sullen outline of my sex, kisses poured over its throbbing girth, embraces lovingly crafted from Annabel's mouth. Pleasure, delight and euphoria all surged through me, battling to control my body, determined to flood its senses. My head spun, the room whirled, and my body ached, longing for release. I could feel the juices bubble and simmer with desire, screaming for release as the embraces continued unabated with renewed passion.

Being able to walk around outside, displaying my feminine character is a relatively new step in my life. It has been achieved only with assistance from both Charles and Annabel, their reassurance and help with make-up finally allowing that part of my dream to materialize. From even my youngest days, I'd dreamt of being free enough to let others see the other side of my personality, to express that separate person which resided within me, craving her own identity and recognition.

The first time I entered the world as Jennifer was little more than twelve weeks ago. It was late at night, darkness has swept across the heavens, stars sparkled like little diamonds against the black eternity and a full glorious moon illuminated all. Few people moved around the streets, as I, along with my two lovers, ventured out into the big dark world.

It was a moment of excitement, apprehension and horrific nerves. My body trembled fiercely, my heart was pounding, thumping against my chest. The night air was cold, the beginning of a frost starting to sweep across the land, yet my brow glistened with sweat. My walk was slow, almost stiff, a combination of the sensations that raged within me.

My senses were heightened, my eyes roamed around the streets, hoping that I would meet no one I knew. With every step I took, I would feel the stockings caress my flesh, or feel the tightness of the dress against my rump. We walked for about thirty minutes at a slow pace. Each step I took gradually allayed some of the horrendous visions which tormented my mind.

That first significant step was followed by more. Each time out, the hour of our starting became progressively earlier until, finally, it was daylight. The streets were no longer empty, the avenues had voices of children playing, adults talking and working. The nerves continued; every face that glanced at us posed a ques-

tion in my mind, yet it appeared that no one either knew or really cared. The test I had set myself I had passed. Jennifer could be a real person, a true female in the eyes of others who knew not of the secrets that lay beneath the clothing.

The adventure slowly grew, my confidence began to grow. The trips went further and longer, as those few individuals that did notice Jennifer became familiar with her and her appearance. Jennifer became a regular sight, as slowly she began to dominate my life, pushing her masculine alter-ego into submission.

It was trips like this to the coast that I loved. The city was great, but you could never say you felt totally free when in its confines. At least here, amidst the golden shores, the blue expanse of water, you had a certain understanding of just what freedom really meant. For Annabel, Charles and I to walk slowly along the empty promenade, or sit upon the wooden benches and listen to the ocean breathing filled me with a joy that is hard to describe.

I had never been what you might call a creature of social habit. I liked to be surrounded by the ones I love, but never any more than that. With arms around each other, we sat quietly listening to the sound of water washing against the sand, to children in the distance laughing and joking, parents nattering, dogs barking. It was a time of bliss, a period of true relaxation.

That's why we'd come here, to get away from the strains of city life, to find solitude and peacefulness. We sought a time when intimacy and love could run free without constraint. A soft gentle wind blew; it was cooler here than in the city. The sun shone magnificently, the sky was as blue and cloudless as you could ever wish, and the breeze was refreshing.

Charles sat in a pair of loose, baggy jeans and white T-shirt. His eyes were closed, his head drawn back, feeling the wind softly caress his face. Annabel breathed deeply; she sat on my left, with her arm around my neck, her slender body hugging mine. Dressed in pale blue shorts and a matching short-sleeved, thin blouse, her face was one of contentment. Looking at them both, seeing them so alive, so happy at being here, I felt proud to be amongst them, proud of being their equal and lover.

We shared so much, the love of the coast, the ability to totally relax when near to its soothing melody of the waves gently caressing the beach. To feel the golden sand beneath our feet, and linger around the historical monuments that littered this coast line was heaven. For over an hour we sat there, the three of us, alone yet together, our minds wondering in different thoughts, yet content to know the others were close.

For me, just being here was a tonic, breathing the sea air, feeling the breeze against my face, hearing the gulls and listening to the waves. Behind us rose majestically the dark cliffs that surrounded and protected us in a semicircle. The long abutting stony head land, like some jagged spike, pointed out into the sea, reducing the sand to nothing more than a thin strip of dust.

This was the place I came to when Jennifer made her official first day outing. We walked up the dirt track that led to the Sixteenth century castle. We nestled amongst the ruins, looking at the parapet, scanning the vantage point that would

have allowed us to see marauding invaders miles away. A couple looked at the three of us, wondering what the connection was, seeing two spritely-dressed females and a man.

It felt good that day to know that people saw nothing more than a young fashionable lady dressed to enjoy the day at the coast. The nerves I had felt were dissipating rapidly; to be outside in a world which I had always sought to see through feminine eyes was just mind-blowing. To feel the wind caress my stocking clad leg, to be able to express myself without fear or prejudice, was erotic.

Even now, just sitting there as I was, allowing myself to relive that moment, I felt profound, selfish indulgence. When my hidden desire became a reality, who could have known where the journey would take me, or what its conclusion may be. I smiled assuredly, my body buzzed with pride. So far had I come, yet further did I wish to travel, to experience all this gorgeous lifestyle had to offer me.

As the three of us rose to our feet and began the slow meander down the promenade, I glanced around me and began to wonder what others would see. I could only see myself through the masculine eyes of James. No matter how hard I tried, my sight belonged to him, not Jennifer, as I would have wished.

True, I am proud of her, Jennifer that is, but often I have thought of being able to see the sight that greets the others, the people who look at me in the street. I'm curious, do they see the figure of femininity, a creature resembling my dreams of a passable and convincing woman? Are there others who see through the attire and appearance, who know that lurking beneath this facade is the body and gender of a male, who wants nothing more than to achieve femininity?

Does it really matter? I guess to a point it does; I've worked bloody hard at changing my ways, of learning to be graceful, elegant and ladylike. I've longed to bury and suppress the images and thoughts, the customs one would associate with the masculine gender, in the hope of being the vision of a natural woman.

Daylight faded away, night crept across the sky as the last few hours of Saturday played out. Annabel and I walked along the promenade one final time, seeing it from a whole new direction. The streets were deserted, as if life here had been placed under some curfew which we knew nothing about. It seemed fitting somehow to see the tide come in, washing over the once golden sand, as the last few hours played out. Water flooded over the beach, reclaiming land and cleansing its surface after twelve hours of nothing but feet on its warm surface.

To our right stood the imposing ruins of the castle, once bathed in glorious sunlight. It now appeared almost haunting and fearsome in the darkness. I felt the night air cloak and surround my body, the chill of silent tentacles touching and caressing my stocking legs; softly, the breeze enveloped them in a strangely beautiful sensation.

We leaned against the railing that separated the shore from the cement platform where we stood, observing the power of water, seeing the waves lap at the very edge of the shore, directly above where we stood. Annabel breathed deeply, her hand settled upon my rump. Tenderly she stroked it, her hand sweeping up and down its material-covered surface. Looking at each other, our eyes were locked, our faces beacons of joy. We smiled broadly, both of us knowing it was time to return, time to see Charles and the cozy apartment in which he had remained.

In the silence of the streets, our footsteps echoed against the backdrop of the gentle sound of water washing over stone, swallowing up the sand that only a few hours ago we had walked on. I loved this life, to feel the freedom of the coast, to soak up the tranquil way of life and the coastal air which enveloped the body of feminine person. I loved the freedom of expression, the ability to dress and indulge this way of life, knowing that I could portray it so convincingly. Every step was an adventure, the feelings which my attire and gentle breeze provoked upon my body never decreased. It always seemed enchanting, so gracious to experience and feel. It was a way of life that I loved, one that I felt relaxed and comfortable with.

The lights of our apartment glistened, the glass French doors were open, fine delicate lace curtains blew gently in the breeze. My eyes took one lingering look at our surroundings, to see this part of the world bathed in its temporary darkness. Next time I saw it, daylight would return and bring with it a whole new look.

The witching hour came and went, the three of us finally retiring to bed around two in the morning. The day's clothes were stripped away, revealing naked beautiful skin. I was the only one who wore anything, that being a full-length pale blue silken night gown. Its rich luxurious material danced softly against my body, as I moved towards the bed. The duvet was drawn to the furthest corner of the bed, as I lay between my two lovers, who were naked, waiting for me to join them.

With Charles to my right, Annabel to my left, I turned to face Charles and tenderly kissed him on the lips. I felt his hand caress my face, as his mouth returned the embrace, enveloping mine with vigor and delight. Annabel's hand touched the sumptuous fabric of my night gown, sliding effortlessly downwards, feeling the contour of my body beneath the alluring material. I felt her hand sweep over and around my thigh, her palm press against my crotch, as slowly, methodically, she began to rub and arouse the sex that lay dormant beneath it.

Her tongue ran over my freshly-shaved neck, her kisses embalmed in delight, as Charles also intensified his oral embraces. I could feel the stimulation rising, my body awakening to the pleasure and sensations that were being bestowed upon it. The sensual fondling and soft oral caresses continued unabated.

Annabel now straddled me with Charles and I both taking a breast apiece. Her soft feminine swell was so entrancing, so fitting to bequeath such stimulus on. Deep resonating kisses were placed, each person erotically tormenting this wanton, desiring cushion of female love. Feeling her nipple harden, her pleasure be-

gan to rise like mine had. Our mouths responded, sensually devouring the breasts of our lover with a higher state of intensity.

Her sex began to rub itself against mine. She could undoubtedly feel the hardness of my sex beneath the softness of my silken gown. Her heart thumped, pounding out its joy like Morse code. With her head thrown back, her chest heaving from delight and her long golden hair flowing down her shoulders, she looked entrancing, as the first murmurs of pleasure began to echo around the empty room.

Charles moved behind her, his hands wrapping themselves around her body, stroking and tickling her navel. They slipped downwards on their journey towards her sex. His tongue ran up and down a few inches of her spine, his embraces growing passionate and soulful, urging and desiring her body to ache with delight. All the while I continued to ravish her breasts, now having free run on both magnificent creations. My kisses grew more sensual, the embraces resonating a deep and prolific passion that I knew would flow massively through her.

Desire and intimacy rose, passion and eroticism simmered, boiling within her body, pulsing through the veins and alighting the nerves that screamed with bliss. Kissing, touching, loving caresses blazed everywhere upon her person. She ached, ached with sensuality, desire and lust.

Charles' hands touched the shaven sex of his wife; her body trembled with delight, as it skimmed the opening. He could feel the moistness of their lips as his mouth pressed against her shoulder, embalming it in a sensual embrace. My own mouth continued to devour her bosom, lips and tongue working soulfully and together, building the tension, as I felt her body shudder once more. Charles' finger slipped into the abyss of Annabel's aching pleasure.

The moans grew; once they were barely audible, now they were loud and filled with untold enjoyment. Her body yearned, her breasts were swollen and engorged, her nipple like a little stork, so erect was it. Kissing between them, my fingers set about massaging those that I had languished my lips on so expertly. I could feel every movement Charles made within her, Annabel's heightened pleasure was so much that her lust became infectious.

Morning broke early. I awoke to the sound of water running in the adjoining bathroom and the lingering odor of bacon just cooked. The smell hung in the air, seemingly clinging to everything. For a moment my stomach churned as I lay there in an empty deserted bed. Glancing towards the clock, I saw it was barely seven-thirty. Sleep had only been a few hours, yet I didn't want or require any more.

Drawing myself up, stripping my body of its silken gown, I moved towards the bathroom. Steam rose upwards, drifting through the small gap in the door. Annabel lay soaking her body, most of which lay hidden beneath bath foam. Still it was more than enough to get the imagination going!

She smiled vibrantly, her eyes glistened as her body soaked itself in the water. The soft suds pressed against her naked flesh, whilst water lapped at the top of her breasts. Drawing herself up, she asked if I wanted to share. I nodded and stepped into the water with her. For a moment I gasped, as my flesh stung, burning as if on fire. I suddenly remembered just how hot she liked the water.

Sitting between her splayed legs, my own legs pressing against her thighs, she smiled again. Drawing herself up, she revealed her sun-kissed flesh. I watched as her majestic chest heaved once again. Her breasts were stunning in looks and glistening.

“Charles downstairs?” I said, my eyes still very much focused upon her swell. They had always enchanted me, not just because of their look, but because they were natural.

There were still times when I thought about going all the way, having the full transformation. I wondered what it would be like to have breasts, breasts that could provide feeling and sensation. What would it be like to know what pleasures they provided, to bask in the delights of someone stroking, kissing and touching them, to feel lips press against them, a tongue swirling or finger tormenting the erect nipple which would grow harder with delight?

She stood up, permitting me a glorious view of her curving, voluptuous form. I saw her narrow waist and curved buttocks, tight and soft, legs that were slender, yet also lean and trim, perfectly shaved and maintained in the greatest of condition. Lowering herself back into the water, now facing away from me, she drew herself back against my body. Her hands searched for mine, guiding them around her body and up towards her breasts.

She drew my hands close to her. Now four pairs of hands, hers and mine, massaged their delectable beauty. Slipping back, her buttocks pressed against my groin, as my hands continued to toy with her breasts. I could hear the sounds of pleasure—faint but they were there. I could feel the soft sexy flesh against mine, her nipples pressed against my palms as fingers worked their magic upon her swell.

Kissing the tops of her shoulders, I could feel the feminine silky flesh beneath my lips. I kissed them with all the sensual passion I could muster. My tongue would roam her flesh, as fingers delighted and massaged her exquisite breasts. My own sex would throb against her buttocks; every twist it made sent echoes through her form, heightening the pleasure she felt.

We would wash one another, slow and tenderly, touching, teasing each other's naked form, embracing with vigor and passion. Then we stepped out, toweling each other's body, stroking the parts that our soapy hands had only a few minutes earlier caressed so gently. Holding each other's hand, we walked towards the bedroom, ready to begin the dressing for today's agenda.

When I first entered their lives, I used to love watching them dress, especially Annabel, I could learn from things she did, things that only a true woman could know. I would observing her gather the stockings, rolling them up her legs, seeing the garters envelope her waist, how she'd attach their claspings jaws to the soft-

ness of stocking band. Everything I tried to mimic, everything that would make Jennifer as feminine and convincing as possible.

Even now I loved to observe her, to see her draw the panties up her legs, her fingers slip under its waist band, pulling it tight across her crotch, hiding her shaven sex from view. I adored the way her hands would smooth out her stockings, run over their sumptuous nylon, making sure they were a perfect and exact fit. I treasured seeing her slip a bra or bustier over her breasts, watching how they were pushed up, so that her breasts were more prominent, or to smell the enchanting odor of perfume that wafted around the room, lingering and hovering in the air for an age.

Annabel would watch me, handing me the items I loved so much to wear starting with black silken panties which would envelope my groin, smothering it in soft rapturous fabric that made me feel alluring. Black nylon pantyhose came next. How I loved these, always had and probably always would. To try and explain the fascination with them is hard. Perhaps the best I can offer is to say that their seductive material wrapping itself so tautly around my body, heightening my naturally curvy “feminine” figure and feeling their fascinating and provocative touch upon my body is heavenly.

I’m lucky in that my slender form does actually lend itself to imitating of a female. My legs are long and trim, shaved and moisturized, so as to get rid of that harsh masculine look and feel. I can wear a variety of things from loose full-length dresses or skirts to short tight and revealing items. Today I have chosen leather, black in color, a knee-length skirt with a small split at the rear. With that is a strappy shoulder top of the same color and material.

To place the bra and prosthesis on is symbolic; my mood becomes more feminine, I love the way my breasts rise; their exaggerated size and alluring look equal to that of a true natural woman. At the moment, I’m in panties, pantyhose and bra. My chest is complete, the final touches of make-up are now finished and once more the auburn shoulder-length wig is set into position.

Annabel walks slowly over to me. She is wearing a half-cupped bra that pronounces her own chest, accentuating their delectable beauty. Around her sex is a pair of tight, g-string panties and black lace topped holdups. Her face is fresh, boisterous and alive, vibrantly happy. Her walk is fast, her arms hold my waist, she kisses me softly upon the lips, as our tongues dance to the tune of love again.

“You look gorgeous, princess,” she whispers, as her hand strays downwards, stroking my covered rump. Her touch is soft, her fingers light, feeling the two items that conceal the naked flesh. Our breasts touch, drawn together, pressing against one another as our mouths continue to envelope each other sensually.

Drawing away, it’s hard to focus on dressing. The lingering taste of Annabel is addictive, the desire to continue to spend time loving her is strong. My fingers hold the knee-length black leather skirt. Stepping into it, drawing it up my body, zipping the fastener and securing the button, it fits snugly around my waist. I breathe deeply, my body is responding to the clothes, as it always does. I feel my

legs tingle, my groin buzz and my mind become alert, alive, frantic with delight at being dressed again.

The tight leather top compressed against my cleavage, displaying the roundness of my breasts. I was now complete, ready to step into the world as Jennifer. The ritualistic delight and sensations buzzed through me once more, my body was profoundly delighted. I smiled emphatically as Annabel, who was putting the final touches to her attire, glanced at me and nodded softly.

Complete with heeled shoes, we descended down the stairs together, on our way to greet Charles, before venturing outside, back into the coastal world that we so loved.

Once more the world was bathed in glorious sunshine; a cloudless sky allowed the sun to beat down upon us, bathing us in humid heat. Annabel and I left the house with no real agenda except to walk and find somewhere secluded. We could see the hordes returning to their worshipping ground, the soft golden sand like a place of pilgrimage as the sun worshippers sought to bask in the summer's glory.

Walking along the promenade, we could hear the chatter of families, people talking on mobile phones, relating something, anything, just so there wasn't silence. Children played in the warm waters whilst others built sand castles and amused themselves. The castle which last night had a strange, almost menacing, look to it, was now completely transformed. Its dark eerie crevices were open to sunlight, its huge stone towers relented and displayed the sheer magnificence of how it was built.

Walking towards it, I heard our heels clipping the cement, as we ascended the steps leading up towards its grounds. Hand in hand, alone with my thoughts, I was consumed with the fact that I was here, free to do the things that for many years I had denied myself. The feeling was intense, a sense of joviality and amusement, of pride and confidence. I looked towards Annabel. Her appearance was, as usual, smart and well-presented.

We reached the grass verge, the cliff's summit. Around us lay the remains of a scattered past, a past that had undoubtedly seen much bloodshed and horror. We moved towards the very edge, looking down at rugged cliffs below, the stones being cleansed by the sea. I saw waves that rubbed away grime and eroded the very fabric of what made this cliff, the crumpled rocks which had tumbled with time.

From here we could see for miles along the semicircular coastline that displayed the next two resorts. Way off lay the distant caravan park, inhabited by a few hundred holiday makers. Leaning forwards, I placed a seductive long kiss upon the cheek of Annabel, who glanced at me and smiled.

"What was that for?" she asked with a beaming, but slightly surprised face.

"For being you," I answered. There wasn't a real reason, it just felt right, one of those feelings that suddenly creep upon you, an expression that must be carried

out. We stepped away from the edge. We were alone, just us and the monuments of history, with no other humans around.

We kissed more passionately. Standing close together, our hands held each other in an embrace that proudly and unashamedly displayed our affection. My hands touched her rump, caressing its near perfect shape, the curving outline that lay beneath the daily attire. Lipstick pressed against lipstick, perfume gelled together, hands held each other tightly, drawing each other more into the embrace.

Stepping away, Annabel held my hand. She walked forwards, leading me towards a sheltered part within the old tower. Here a stone funnel existed, a tower trapped in time, the markings of a strong battle upon its walls. You could imagine archers firing from between the cross slits, the sound of swords being swung, people crying, shouting as they fought the invading army.

Daylight barely penetrated this part of the castle. The air was hot, the atmosphere charged, the environment dark and secluded. Annabel's long golden mane blew gently in the slight breeze. This far from ground level, it was obvious there was going to be some wind. Her hands held my waist tenderly, her face one of utter satisfaction and delight.

Her hands slid down, towards my rump, her fingers drew the zip down, unfastened the one solitary button, allowing the black leather skirt to fall almost gracefully from my body. Her blue entrancing eyes perused my form, her smile grew broader. Her eyes closed around the sight of me in my pantyhose and panties. Her hand pressed against my groin, rubbing my crotch. Her lips enveloped mine and she drew me into a sensual kiss.

Her tongue ran up and down my neck, her lips softly placed lingering kisses against the surface she had just played with, all the while her hands roamed softly around my scantily-clad buttocks. The feeling of bliss swept through me, pleasure washed over my organs inside, desire began to become provoked and aroused. Turning 'round, I now felt her lips smooch against my right cheek; one of her hands slipped under my splayed legs, massaging my smothered groin.

Her tongue ran up and down the crack of my ass, pressing against the two types of material that clothed it, feeling them. Her tongue rubbing against naked flesh was astounding, highlighted dramatically by that single hand which continued to caress my groin. Drawing the pantyhose downwards slowly, her lips embraced the now revealed material of my silken panties. I felt luscious soft and erotic kisses charged with euphoria and arousal; my body shimmered in the abyss of this wondrous delight that Annabel was bestowing upon me.

Around my knees the pantyhose stayed, her tongue caressed the fabric of silken panties. Soft and sensual, the feeling of silk rubbing against my buttocks was provoking. Her hands moved slowly, slipping under the silk panties. Her fingers gently held my manhood, stroking and caressing it, teasing and tormenting my body.

My chest rose and fell, delight spreading throughout me. Her passionate tongue was gliding over my panty-covered rump, her fingers were toying with my

shaft. Every part of me was alive, pulsing with the joy of this moment, every muscle yearning to feel its sensual caresses, to embalm itself in the erotic sensations she was dispensing.

I turned to face her, our eyes locked together, our vision fixed upon each other. I was scantily clad from the waist downward, my pantyhose around my knees, my skirt on the ground. Moving forwards, my fingers began unfastening the blouse that encased her upper body, gradually opening it so that naked flesh was revealed. Her breasts lay behind the half-cupped bra that accentuated and pronounced their luscious beauty.

Drawing the cups down set her left bosom free. My lips soulfully attacked the satin flesh. Deep erogenous kisses, that sent shivers of delight flowed through her body. Her body became erect, her heart was pounding, her mouth moaning the sweet choral verse of pleasure. My tongue swept over the majestic erect nipple, my teeth lightly pinched at its base. Her hands held my head, drawing me closer, so that my kisses immersed her body in wonderfully erotic sensations.

It was a strange feeling. I mean, here were we, on a sizzling hot summer's day, bathed in glorious sunshine. We were standing within the confines of an old castle, used for perhaps a century or more, as a place of war and a testament to the violent nature of man. Yet in the midst of this there was us, partially naked, probably could be seen by anyone who wanted to look, two lovers making out, lost in the euphoria of love, abandoned to the pleasures and lustful fancies that only true lovers can really understand. There was Annabel with her blouse flapping in the breeze, me with my pantyhose around my knees and skirt on the floor, worshipping a breast devoutly, caressing it with all the passion one could muster.

I kissed every inch of her cushion's surface; descending downwards, I allowed my tongue to swirl around her navel, to torment its unique, intricate design, whilst one of her hands rubbed against the crotch of my panties, arousing my own sex and emotions with as much tenderness as I was upon hers.

My fingers now fumbled the fastening of her jeans, drawing the zip down and unclasping the button. Her body quivered as my fingers brushed against the g-string-covered sex. She breathed deeply, as if steadying herself for what will be an internal explosion. My face descended further, my lips pressed against her crotch, my tongue swirled over the material, pressing against the triangular material, which in turn pressed against her moist shaven treasure.

The murmurs of pleasure echoed around us, lingering in the air, suspended upon the breeze so that their full soft potential drifted into our ears. My hands held her curving rump, the naked flesh beneath my hands, which stroked the surface with a gentle approach, adding heightening symptoms to those that already raged within the inferno of her body. Resonate movements my mouth made, lips pressing against the soft feminine material, tongue swirling, hands holding her buttocks. Her chest was heaving, nipples yearning, nerves endings ablaze within her, desiring and tingling with triumph. Her eyes were closed, her head skyward, her body basking in the beauty of everything, allowing her to build up to the crescendo that was coming.

Her hands gently held my head, drawing me close to her body. The smell of arousal fluid was intense, it enveloped my face, compounded my senses, driving me on, as progressively my embraces upon her crotch became ever more deeper. I could feel her body tighten, the muscles taut and trim, holding back the pleasure struggling against the compulsion and desire to let them flow. Her mouth was pursed, her lips tight, her body aching, the climax welling up within her determined to be released. She looked down at me, seeing me partially dressed with my face buried between her thighs, my own feminine chest rising and falling with deep satisfaction.



Charles was sitting outside, the air was filled with the lingering odor of barbecues. Children's voices could be heard, a distant dog barking as the world around us settled down for the evening. As I stepped through the patio doors, Charles smiled gleefully, his face was flushed with color, his eyes so alert, so pleased to see me. Scanning my body, looking at my slender form that was hidden beneath the black leather of my clothing, he softly tapped his lap, offering me a seat there.

“So, did you and Anna-bel have a good day?” he asked, his voice whispering into my ear as I slowly descended upon his strong, masculine legs. I smiled and looked at him. It was a look of pride and delight, of pleasure and love, all mixed together in a huge human cauldron.

“Yes, it was good, thanks. Did you finish the work you had?”

“Yep, all done. It won’t trouble me again until we get home.”

As soon as I sat down, his hands seized my body, one wrapping itself around my waist, the other gently drawing up my skirt so that his hand rested upon my nylon-covered knee. I could feel the tightness of my leather skirt, it dug into my slender legs, his broad fingers were gently resting, softly caressing the pantyhose-covered flesh. It felt great to be in his arms, to experience the tenderness of his gentile love. He kissed me briefly upon the lips, tasting the lustrous red of my lipstick. For a moment we just sat there, looking longingly into each other’s eyes, a tranquil, hypnotic spell that captivated the both us.

I smiled broadly, returning his kiss with more lingering passion, allowing my tongue to enter his mouth, to swirl and touch his chamber.

“Perhaps I should get changed?” I said, looking softly at him. He smiled broadly, reading my mind. He nodded softly, his hand caressing my leg gently.

Reluctantly, I stood up from his lap, moving slowly towards the house once more, entering its room and heading towards the bedroom. My mind was alive, throbbing rampantly with ideas, I knew Charles, knew what he liked, how visual stimulation and sexy attire turned the man on.

I had already chosen what to wear, my body yearned to feel the seduction of sensual material.

Entering the bedroom, I gazed at Annabel who was in the process of drying herself. Her body was naked, clothed only in the a towel with reveals much of her splendor. She looked at me and we smiled. As I move towards the wardrobe, my eyes feasted upon the seduction of tonight. I felt Annabel’s hands hold my waist, her face peering over my shoulder.

“You know you could really spoil him too much,” she giggled as her hands pressed against my clad groin. I looked towards her and smiled boldly. She withdrew.

“We could tease him beyond anything he can imagine,” she laughed, as I again faced her. My face was intrigued, delighted at the idea of how my mind is stimulated by this proposal.

“You change, I’ll look,” she mused, smiling intently, as I nodded and stepped back away from the wardrobe. I began to remove the clothes from my body, stripping under the gaze of Annabel who sneaked a quick glance every now and then from the mirror. Skirt, top, pantyhose and panties were all removed, all folded and ready to wash. Soon I was down only to my bra and false breasts.

I returned to Annabel’s side, her body now utterly naked, its gorgeous shapely structure free for my perusal. Instinct kicked in and my hand slipped across her curving buttocks, my hand gently touched their shimmering surface, feeling the softness of her rounded and delectable rump. She looked at me, smiling broadly; her grin was huge and filled with devilish intent.

“These may be a strange combination I know, but you’ll look super in them, princess,” she said with a beaming face. I watched as her hands reached into the

wardrobe, her finger drawing out a small wooden drawer, her eyes feasting upon the lingerie inside. Her grin grew larger. Her mind was awash of ideas, visions that swept through her mind, enacting themselves before her eyes.

I watched as her fingers drew out the first article, a piece of clothing that was as sensual as it was arousing, something which never before had graced my body (though I had seen it adorn hers with spectacular results). It was a full-length bodysuit, complete with arms and polar neck fastening, made from the same material as pantyhose, Nylon and Lycra; it shimmered with an exuberance all its own.

Annabel watched as I took it from her grasp. My finger caressed the erotic fabric, feeling the softness of sensual surface. My mind immediately exploded. One can fantasize about how it would feel to have your entire body clothed in its sumptuous beauty. It possessed two holes at the front and back, allowing display of sexual tool and anal passage. I breathed deeply. Was this a dream, to feel my body immersed in such wonders, every inch of me, from head to the top of my neck under the gentle persuasions of this foxy garment.

It was designed with a kind of halter neck style, so that the back plunged downwards, arching back up just above the base of the spine. Annabel watched as, slowly, I stepped into it. I drew the first leg up, slipped it over my foot, drew it up my leg, feeling the material clasp my shaven flesh. My body was delighted even further as the second foot now embraced this strange, yet potent, attire. I drew it up my body, putting my arms through it, hoisting it up onto my shoulders and straightening it out. My body pulsed with life, feelings of pleasure were rampant, a full revealing body stocking encasing my flesh, rubbing and tormenting it, smothering it and consuming me in eroticisms that were beyond bliss.

Seeing my sex hanging freely, from the first cutout section at the front, Annabel smiled. She stepped forwards, her hand held my sex, her lips pressed against mine. She kissed me vigorously and powerfully, all the while her hand was stroking my sex, arousing the passions within me, determined to make my shaft at least semi-erect. It has to be said it wasn't a hard job, my body ached with delight, my nerves were immediately awakened, my mind was ablaze with thoughts from the very first instance that my foot was embalmed by this sensual material. Still Annabel enjoyed her pleasure greatly.

Returning her attention back the wardrobe and its contents, her fingers once more danced within the small drawer. They touched, skimmed over items of lingerie, debating which would be best for the idea raging within her head. Finally her mind made up, she smiled slyly. Her eyes shifted only briefly towards me. Giving me nothing more than a quick but erotic roll of her eyes, she produced a pair of black, frosted pantyhose.

Her face was glistening, beaming with delight. She watched as I stepped into the pantyhose that sparkled, stretching themselves over my legs, enveloping my groin which lay trapped between them and the bodysuit. She nodded to herself, her hands reached up to my breasts, squeezing them and bouncing them up, as

though to inflate their size. Finally, she held my hand and led me towards the dressing table.

There we sat, touching up the makeup that adorned my face, improving the femininity that appeared, highlighting the luscious red lips, which glistened vibrantly. She added eyeliner and shadow to improve the feminine beauty that my face did possess. Stepping back, her eyes looked one final time over my body. She allowed herself to digest the full glorious view that I provided. Her smile was broad, her face vibrant, her eyes glistened like jewels. Nodding slowly to herself, she said, "You look wonderful. Enough to tempt to any man or woman." Then she walked forwards and kissed me slowly and erotically upon the lips.

Annabel and I stood before him, she totally naked. Her slim, glorious and curvaceous body proudly exhibited its sumptuous natural feminine charms. She smiled intently at Charles, her face illustrious in its delight and anticipation. She moved towards me, her hand caressed my groin, fingers stroking the bulge that lay beneath my pantyhose. Her face moved towards mine, her mouth opened and we embraced emphatically.

The kisses were slow, precise, deep and passionate. Her hands roamed my body with a sensual tenderness, following the contours and shape of it. I could feel her soft naked flesh against my feminine attire. More kisses reigned, tongues swirled as our hands embarked upon a journey of exploration, searching and familiarizing ourselves with each other intimately.

Charles stood up, his face alive with excitement and bliss. Moving towards Annabel, standing behind her, his hands journeyed around her waist, moving up towards the cushions of love that hung so delicately and beautifully from her chest. His hands gently cupped them, his fingers tormented and squeezed the erectness of her nipples. His mouth embraced the top of her left shoulder, kissed the soft satin flesh, allowing his tongue to glide over where his lips had just been.

Inch by inch he advanced, kissing and licking her, worshipping the body of his sweetheart. His hands massaged her breasts, fondling them with all the passion of a true dedicated lover, whilst still our mouths were interlocked. Every movement his finger made could be felt upon my own body, my own heaving chest imitated the delight and sensations that he provoked upon Annabel's body.

Annabel wrapped one arm around Charles's neck, her body leant against his, his hand traveled downwards, gently caressing her thigh. Her naked bosoms heaved dramatically as his face buried itself amongst the long golden locks of her hair. Slowly, I descended down, down, towards her right breast where I allowed myself to taste its delight.

Lips pressed against her chest, my tongue swirled over and around the stork-like nipple. Deep resonate embraces instilled eroticism into her body, delighting and pleasing her as her chest rose ever upward with a certain majestic beauty.

Charles's hand moved upwards, cupping the free left breast, leaning over her shoulder, drawing it upwards, to meet his hungry mouth. Two mouths embraced her two breasts, her feminine swell was alive and pulsing, throbbing with potent delight as lips embraced the aching erectness of her nipples.

We could hear the soulful moans of pleasure escaping her lips, the chorus of happiness and eroticisms. A prelude to tonight's passion was now in full swing, the erotic feverish desire building, the air charged with sexual expectancy. Annabel's fingers stroked the hair of Charles as each of us, Charles and I, grew ever more passionate in our embraces. The look of delight which swept through Annabel was dramatic. She gently nibbled at her lip, as her eyes closed and her mind basked in the glory of so much being instilled upon and into her body.

Now both Annabel and I turned our attention to Charles. My body buzzed vibrantly under the sexy feminine attire that enveloped its flesh. My nerves were alive, my groin awake, its outline was clearly visible, my length rubbed against the material of my pantyhose. Unfastening Charles's trousers, seeing them drop revealing his aroused masculine sex, I looked into his eyes and smiled. His hands immediately cradled my face, drawing me towards him. We embraced, lips touching, rubbing, him tasting the luscious redness of my lipstick.

Annabel's hands ran over his chest, sweeping across and down, touching the broad masculine frame of his body. Her head moved towards his manly breasts, her mouth languished a sumptuous, almost divine, caress upon its surface, returning the pleasure that he had instilled upon her only moments before.

As Charles and I kissed, I could sense Annabel moving behind me, her fingers pressing against my buttocks, touching their feminine clad surface. Her hand slipped between my legs, searching and finding my hidden groin. Slow, erotic massages were made, pressing and rubbing my testicles erotically. Whilst my lips pressed against Charles's chest, my hands fondled his sex lightly, matching the movements Annabel made upon my groin. She began to embrace my buttocks, her lips pressing against their fine intimately covered surface. She was kissing each buttock sensually and orally, delighting in the arousal she knew it would instill within me.

To feel her enchanting kisses upon my rear, embracing it so diligently and sensually was astounding. The effects appeared almost trapped beneath pantyhose and bodysuit that adorned my flesh. Her hand continued to massage my sullen, throbbing sex, to add further pleasure to what was sweeping within me. Her tongue rose up to the crest of my back, then traveled back down, swirling around my right cheek before kisses resumed once more.

With all except me naked, Annabel smiled lavishly. Her hands held ours, Charles and mine. Glancing furtively at both of us, her radiant beauty intense, she led us towards the sofa. For a moment, I could almost feel myself slipping back into the past, to the time when I was first introduced into their two-person union. How it seemed so similar, the tenderness of true lovemaking. There was an air of excitement, yet perhaps also a certain amount of apprehension, of being in a position to allow love to flow, to feel the allurements of feminine clothes grace my body without restriction or fear.

Charles held me so lovingly, Annabel watching from a distance. I could feel his hand travel up my pantyhose-covered leg and his lips press against mine, slipping up the short skirt, feeling the panties which almost strangled my sex. The

thought lingered, but soon evaporated, as I returned to the present. Charles sat upon the sofa, I stood between his splayed, open legs. His hands tenderly held my buttocks; he drew me close as he kissed my chest. I felt euphoria surge through me, my mind became instantly alive.

His fingers lightly stroked the material which covered my rump, his kisses progressively grew more intent. My eyes closed, my head was thrown back, as the majestic beauty of the situation flowed through me. Descending downwards, his mouth worked tirelessly, embracing my torso, feeling the flimsy attire that covered my body.

My whole body now trembled. I was alive and pulsing with joy, steeped in orgasmic wonders that crept into every millimeter of my person. My flesh was vibrant, buzzing beneath the halter neck body and pantyhose which lay above it. A billion pulses of electricity swept through me as his mouth edged ever closer, his hands continually caressing the trim roundedness of my rump.

I wanted to cradle him in my arms, to place my hands upon his head and guide him towards my throbbing sex. I yearned to feel his lips press against the pantyhose that covered it, revel in the delight as his tongue rode its length, forcing the nylon and fishnet against my length.

Could it get any better, the urge, desire and anticipation that boiled within me? The lust that swept rampantly through my body, engulfing and swamping nerves that blissfully came alive, blazed my body from inside out. His kisses, so potent so erotic, drove my mind wild. The love and passion that sped through us was like an infection contaminating the other with this delectable germ that grew and grew.

My eyes would focus wildly on the pair of them, Annabel sitting in the chair. With one hand she would molest her breasts, whilst with the other she'd allow herself the ultimate indulgence of toying with her sex. Charles, a victim of utter passion, would hold my thighs gently, his embraces growing ever more stronger. His kisses were so sumptuous and divine that each new embrace would tremble my body with delight. His tongue rode my shaft with pleasure, feeling its throbbing size, lingering over the veins that now did nothing but rampantly pulse lust through my body.

I sat upon his knees, my face brimming with a potent mixture of lust and excitement, my body long ago abandoned to the enjoyment of sexual liberalization. Holding me so tentatively, our mouths fully entwined in act of kissing, of satisfying that carnal rage of wanting to taste and revel in each others love. Our hands hugged each other, our bodies gyrated, the passion within us grew, simmered to new heights that were almost dizzying. So lost were we to the throes of passion that neither one of us heard Annabel move towards us.

Drawing us apart, her enchanting face was blissfully happy, her youthful vibrant looks mesmeric. She held out her hands and, together, we drew ourselves up. With a short but intoxicating kiss upon each of our cheeks, we were led upstairs, towards the summit of the house and the quite, private sanctuary of our bedroom.

There she lay upon the bed, her body a shimmering gorgeous sight, naked flesh that could only be likened to that of the finest, purest silk. She had long luscious legs that rose upwards to sculptured curving thighs, her stomach was trim and taut, her breasts appetizing and aroused, their nipples erect and throbbing with sheer lust. My eyes moved to Charles who smiled gaily. I nodded, words weren't ever needed in this situation. Instinct and shared sense of thought was all that we needed.

Charles moved towards the head of Annabel. I, dressed in my attire, moved towards her legs. We looked at each other, Charles and I. Smiling intently, our faces burned with desire and lust. To see both my lovers naked, their bodies free of clothing, was spectacular. I watched as Charles lowered his face towards Annabel's; their kiss was dramatic and enthralling. Her hand extended out, her fingers wrapped themselves around his hot groin which pulsed with pleasure. She cupped them and slowly, gradually, massaged his heaviness, which served only to delight his enthusiasm and desire for her.

I inched upwards, laying profound and erotic embraces upon her slender, waxed legs. Stealthily advancing, my tongue would glance her naked flesh, lapping and tasting the sweet sweat of passion. Her body ached, resonating with pulses that boarded on the feverish, more so when Charles's hands cupped her feminine mounds and began to tempt them, tweaking and playing with the sensitive erectness of her breasts. She slowly danced, her body swayed, her mind succumbed to the delight. She was unable to focus on anything but the pleasures and ecstasy that swept through her naked form.

Higher and higher I rose, until finally my mouth lay at her crotch, the sexual chamber where all the agonies of this pleasure lay building within. The pulsing of arousal, the throbbing of her clit, the aching of her body and murmurs of utter delight would soon be released in a violent and tremendous explosion that would signify total satisfaction.

This was an act of love and cherishment, devotion and understanding, a life that all three of us were blissfully happy in. What we have is something special, something unique. It may not be to everyone tastes, but it is to our and that's really all that matters as far as we're concerned. The one thing we do know, is that whilst other, straight couples go through the heartache of divorce, we shall be together for eternity, wrapped in the sumptuousness that is our love.

Hidden Desires

By Raymond Steele

The world of feminine clothing has always enchanted me, tempted me in ways nothing else could. For years I have been fascinated with their material and styles, finding them both sexy and arousing. To gaze upon those whose gender permitted the wearing of such clothes filled me with an almost insane jealousy. I desperately wanted to explore the sensations and desires that their soft, gentle fabrics had upon the flesh. During my schooling, I observed many of my fellow pupils, watched how the same uniform of the same color could vary so much from one person to another.

From conservative dress to the downright blatant and provocative, I wondered how it felt to feel your legs encased in the finest Nylon stockings/tights, or how your groin would feel enveloped under the delectable material of a knicker's gusset. I craved the skirts they wore, some long, others short, the white blouses that enhanced their maturing bosoms, I craved the sensual exploration of just how delicious it must truly feel.

I never tired of looking and gazing at the beautiful creatures that were so desirable. To be one of them, like them! What would it be like to Walk in the clothes they walked in, to feel the delicateness of thin high heels, the entrancement of knickers brushing against your sex, and the heaving of bosoms that respond to every step you took.

To be one of them, dressed like them, short pleated skirt, bra and knickers, tights and blouses, all it seemed so alluring, so sexually potent. The odor of their perfume that lingered long after they had left the room or the cosmetics that gave them the ability of being able to transform from something average into someone

of ravenous beauty that would be remembered long after they were gone. They, it seemed, had so much, whilst we poor men had nothing like the same options.

I still remember that first bold move of submitting to my desires, of allowing feminine garments to grace my body. I remember the light tan-colored tights that smothered my legs which showed the first signs of hair growing upon their flesh. I remember how, as they were carefully advanced up the slender legs, they left some strange, wonderful, tingling sensation behind. The material spread itself claustrophobically around my maturing groin. I remember the tautness with which it encased my rounded rump. My whole lower body seemed to be alive, pulsating with electricity and femininity. I stood in front of the mirror admiring myself, touching, caressing this sensually pleasing fabric, massaging my testicles, feeling the material rubbing against my naked flesh.

I reached gingerly for the pair of Satin briefs and stepped into them. I pulled them up my body as they snugly enveloped my groin and rump. What a feeling to see them spread across my manhood, to view its outline beneath the softness, knowing that I was now in the most personal of all women's clothing. The sight was one of delight. I turned slightly, my head glancing back at the mirror, catching the reflection of my buttocks clad in the two types of material. My hand ran over the surface. I moaned in pure orgasmic delight.

I wanted to go further, to feel the pressure of bra straps digging into the flesh of my shoulders. I wanted to pad out the cups and molest the fantasy that I possessed a real woman-like chest, which rose and fell. I didn't though. The realization of what I was doing dawned on me. Guilt and embarrassment raced through me; I knew I was enjoying this too much for comfort. The situation dawned on me, all thoughts of excitement vanished, as I realized here I was, standing in a house that belonged to my parents and that at any time, my solitude could be broken, my dress discovered.

That was the first and last time I ever wore clothes that were alien to me or my gender. I consigned myself never to indulge that part of me again. For years I fought against the urges, dispelling the dreams and attempting to be "normal". The thoughts persisted as I would relive that period of my life over and over again, each time with a renewed hope that one day I would take it further. Some nights I even dreamt about it, drifting off to sleep with that lodged firmly in my mind, as though it offered solace or protection against what the real world offered and expected of me.

Now a grown man, a married man at that, those teenage thoughts have never been far away, tormenting me. I tried fighting the secret desires that yearned within me. I began to wonder about indulging myself, just once, to see if the same feelings existed. I was by no means a weak-minded individual, yet, for some reason, once this thought had entered my mind, the resistance that I'd built up over the years, crumpled. I began to submit to its urges; the desires and taste for something different was massive.

Chapter Two

The house was mine, empty all day. Susanna, my wife, had gone out. Like every Thursday, she wouldn't be back until late evening. This seemed like the perfect opportunity, one I wasn't going to let escape. I stood in the bedroom totally naked. The top drawer of my wife's closet lay tantalizingly ajar. I could see the white lacy tops of the stockings, their fine material a mixture of Lycra and Nylon. I wanted to walk away. I felt guilty, ashamed already, as though this had some awful insult attached to it, for both myself and my wife. The idea of turning away now only sparked more compulsive thoughts. A war broke out within my head, a viscous battle, which I knew would only be resolved when action was taken.

Holding the fragile thinness of the stocking's material in my fingers, its touch was soft and erotic. Feeling the sumptuousness of it brushing against my manly flesh provoked desires within me that became more than just sensual. Gathering it in my hands, I forced the heavier laced top opening wider, as slowly I moved it down towards my feet. My heart pounded, a bead of sweat trickled upon my brow, running down my face. I was shaking, nerves amassed upon me as I remember the vow I made as kid. Never again was I supposed to attempt this.

For a split second I paused, realizing that here I was, breaking the longest, most sincere promise I had ever made to myself. My eyes glanced at the stocking. Looking towards my feet, back towards the stocking, I was entranced. I wanted to pull away, to stop, or did I? I couldn't, not now, the feelings that for many years now had been subdued exploded within me. I wanted, desperately wanted, to taste this delight all over again.

My toes slipped into its gap. I drew it teasingly across my sole, up and past my ankle. Now my entire foot lay within its silken jaws. I pulled it further up my leg, advancing past my knees and towards my thigh, extending the stocking to its limits. I swallowed hard as the material was drawn taunt across my flesh; no further would it move. The self-supporting stocking now fully graced my leg.

I gazed down, a cool erotic feeling swept through me, a sensation one could say was very feminine, I savored, relished it, allowing myself a brief smile. My eyes closed, my chest heaved and for the first time in years, I suddenly felt happy, at peace as the true me began to surface, conquering the idea of the figure which for over a decade had ruled and dominated my mind and body.

With confidence building, my arm extended towards the second stocking. I started upon the other leg, encasing it in the same soft material, drawing it slowly up, appreciating the unique sensations upon my flesh. It went past my ankles, up towards the knee cap, past there, driven on until it would it go no further, straightening smoothing out the unsightly creases.

Next came the knickers, a white, delicate pair, made from lace, the gusset soft, the legs high cut, very high, the rear consisting of nothing more than a single strand of material that would rise up between the cheeks of my buttocks. Holding them, I could picture Susanna wearing them, me watching her as she drew them up her gorgeous feminine body, seeing how they lay across her feminine sex, hid-

ing it from view. My fingers ran over the gusset, my mind was so active, so alert, my heart was singing, wanting me to embrace them.

Stepping into them, I drew them up my body with enthusiasm, pulling them tightly against my groin which swelled with the feeling of them on my body. I looked at myself, my face flushed with a burning embarrassment. Briefly, I saw that young teenager flash before my eyes, before the expression of total amazement appeared. Standing there, gazing upon my reflection, my eyes looked at the stocking-clad legs and feet. I gazed at the knickers that barely covered my raging manhood, the way the material spread itself, the elastic stretching around my waist, hugging this broad, manly figure. It seemed as though all the years of denial were now finally beginning to be toppled, the resistant nature finally crumbling. I knew now was the time to advance and enact the whole thing, the whole dress.

My attention now turned to the bra. My fingers searched for one specific item. All her lingerie was kept in individual piles: bras, knickers and slips all separate, with the drawer divided into three segments. My eyes locked onto the article which I'd been searching for, a white satin textured, front-fastening bra, its high cups which when worn by her, gave her breasts an uplifting, sensual appearance.

I took it out, holding it in my hands, my eyes examining it, before finally placing it onto my body and closing the clasp, entrapping me in its delightful domain. It hung loosely against my chest, the distinct lack of breasts making it look stupid and limp, I'd already decided to pad it out using cotton wool, though I knew not how it would appear.

I turned to face the mirror. The reflection staring backing at me was astounding. There I was looking at myself, dressed entirely from the underwear section of my wife's wardrobe. I touched the newly-acquired breasts. Massaging the left one, I played with it as if it was a real, sensitive piece of flesh. My other hand descended my body, stroking the raging manhood that lay suffocating beneath the knickers.

Chapter Three

I could imagine my wife standing there, sharing this tender moment, understanding the urge and desires that always had and still were ravaging my body. I was Imagining her placing sweet, passionate kisses upon my navel, her tongue swirling around its form, penetrating the slight indentation. I was feeling her draw the flesh into her mouth, sucking sensually, licking and lavishing caresses upon its surface. Descending slowly, her attention would now be fixed upon my groin, her tongue making long, wild, passionate sweeps of my rigid shaft, pressing the womanly knickers against my stimulated tool of masculinity.

She licked slowly the base of my groin, her tongue ravishing the stem, moving to my testicles, drawing the knickers to one side and taking them into her mouth. I could feel her tongue glancing, caressing them, swirling them around her moist warm oral chamber before expelling them.

I closed my eyes, breathed deeply. Standing there, I could almost smell her perfume drifting up towards my nostrils; her mouth was dedicated to worshipping my groin, as her hands stroked softly the tops of my stockings. I'd moan as her fingers slipped under the waist band of the knickers, drawing them away from my groin. Holding my penis in her hand, she brought it in line with her mouth, which was open and ready to consume it. Her tongue swirled and cleansed the seepy head, her lips curling around the summit of it's shaft, as slowly she moved forwards, drawing it into her, taking its length deep inside her oral chamber.



Opening my eyes, I stared at my reflection catching in the mirror. My fingers had gently begun to caress my penis which raged and boiled with unspent passion, tracing the exact line which I had imagined my wife to be touching. A sudden and profound rush of total disgust swept through me, embarrassment and even mortification at what I was doing. For a moment, I was torn between continuing and canceling, returning to my old ways or doing nothing but dreaming.

I turned from the mirror, I was now unable to look at my reflection. My head was a blaze of questions, me asking, no, *fighting*, internally to resolve the matter. My masculinity was winning over the desire in me. My body shook as I tried to make one last determined effort to finish what I had begun. Instead I found myself about to remove the panties that had only just been drawn up my body.

Hands fell upon my thighs, drawing me backwards. I froze paralyzed by total fear. My heart suddenly pounded as though poised to implode, the blood within me froze like ice, color drained from my entire body. A soft raspy voice, full of seduction and delight, whispered quietly into my ear which seemed unable to comprehend what the words meant. My mind was in total turmoil. I knew the voice it was my wife's. Christ, she'd come back! That was all I could think.

Chapter Four

Her words sounded vague, trapped somehow in a maze of silence, registering but somehow not. My eyes exploded from their sockets, my forehead glistened under an icy, terrified chill that now swept and engulfed me both externally and internally. Her hands moved slowly, clasping mine and drawing the panties back up my body before caressing the now limp and twisted manhood that had been struck by my fear.

She was here, in this room right now. Suddenly I felt like a child, a devious ungrateful kid that had made a mistake and been caught. I tried to speak to explain, but ums and arrgh's were the only words I could string together.

"David, look at me!" she said with all the disgust and repulsion my mind could muster. Her voice lingered in my head like that of some horrific nightmare.

"David!" she said again.

I could feel her piercing stare at my back, burning into my shoulders, cringing and burning my flesh. I was back to that child again. I stood there, facing away from her, unable to bring myself to gaze upon her face, and listen to the inevitable lecture and face the look of pain in her face.

I had no choice in the matter, I felt her hand rest upon my shoulder. Slowly, she began to turn me towards her. I looked down, unable to bring myself to face her. I could feel and sense her chest rising. In my mind, I could see the shocked, if not distressed, face of the woman I loved and now knew I'd lost.

Lifting my face up to meet hers, the expression was everything I had anticipated. Her gorgeous face was stunned, her eyes peering at me as though I was a total stranger. They roamed my slender body, digesting the full facts of what and how I appeared to her. She shook her head solemnly, the shock still obviously sinking into her. Her hands washed over her face. She turned towards the bed and sat down on its edge, keeping me in clear view.

"Wow!" was all she said, I thought of saying something, but what? My mind was struck numb and my throat still trying to push my heart back down into my chest. She just sat there looking at me. She smirked and shook her head, stood up and walked towards me. I breathed deeply, preparing myself for the verbal blast that was coming.

"You should have told me!" she said, her voice soft and calm, her hand once more outstretched, her fingers slipping under the crotch of the panties I wore. "People said you were boring and I was on the point of agreeing with them." Her

hand stroked my shriveled-up tool, arousing and pleasing it, whilst my mind became totally confused.

“You’ve surprised me, not repulsed me,” she said, moving closer, perhaps reading my mind. “I always thought you were so straight, so, hell, I don’t know, rigid in that you wouldn’t experiment.” Her expression lifted, her mouth smiled and she kissed me tenderly on the lips, all the while her hand slowly masturbated my length. “Let’s get you finished, then we can play.”

Now I was the one who was shocked. My body rocked, I shook my head as if questioning what I thought I’d heard. I was about to ask her to repeat it when she placed a single finger over my lips and shushed me. I swallowed hard, gulping down the small amount of saliva within my mouth. She turned and walked towards a tall wooden closet. Her closet. Her arm extended into its domain, her fingers touched and caressed a short glitzy sequined burgundy dress. She smiled before passing it to me.

I stood there memorized by all this, unable to take it all in.

“Come on, darling, don’t go back to that boring old you,” she said, walking towards me, holding the dress eagerly. I couldn’t believe it, my whole body was struck rigid, numb by utter shock, unable to do or say anything. After a few brief seconds though, I nervously took the dress from her grasp. She stepped back, retreating towards the bed from where she would sit and watch me finish the dressing I had begun.

I experienced a trembling body and a confused and spinning mind, which still seemed unable to comprehend everything taking place in this room. It was almost like part of some hallucinogenic dream that I had created. I stepped into the dress’ domain. I felt strange, more so with the eyes of my wife watching every move I made. Drawing it up my body, I was forced to inhale deeply, as the tight-fitting stomach section advanced. My



arms slipped through the straps of this sleeveless creation, before straightening the front.

Her broad smile stared at me, before she once more took to her feet, and walked towards me. She signaled to me to turn around, which I did. I felt her fingers hold the fastener, then easing it up, tightening the dress as it held the shape of my body, until the zipper would advance no further. She moved me slowly towards the mirror. There I glanced a masculine face on top of what appeared to be a rather feminine body.

The sight was amazing. My body suddenly had been altered. The vision that had plagued my sleep was now slowly coming true. It was amazing to gaze upon my breasts, that did now actually possess the right shape. My body was clothed in a dress that hugged and held its contours seductively and my legs were clad in sheer nylon stockings.

“Touch yourself, I want to see you touch your titties,” she whispered, embracing my ear, her tongue sliding into its form, caressing its insides erotically. I swallowed hard, gulping slightly. My throat was tinder dry, the small piece of saliva I had stung as it descended. My hands moved gingerly up, towards my breasts. I held them, cupping them in my manly grasp, my fingers squeezing gently, massaging them. She embraced me with a passion that had not existed in our life since the days of courtship. Her tongue descended slowly downward, caressing my neck, its warm moist texture stimulating my senses. My body exploded with mind-blowing sensations.

Turning me towards her, she smiled, her words floated effortlessly, like a soft seductive chorus as she told me to stop. Her delicate face was so vibrantly and passionately alive with a happiness that was orgasmic to behold. We faced each other, her mouth moved towards my bosom, she kissed the falseness of my chest, her hands touching my back, sweeping down my body, fondling my rear. She looked up at me. I was totally dumbfounded by this. She laughed briefly as she recognized that my surprise was equaled only by my enjoyment.

Chapter Five

With her face peering over my shoulders, her hands holding my waist so tenderly, I began to think that this was definitely a dream, an image of my overwhelmed imagination. It seemed hard to comprehend that this could be actually taking place, that I was here, dressed like this, that I had been taught and loved by my wife, who until a few moments ago, had known nothing of the secret desires that plagued me. Whispering softly, her hands held me so lightly, yet firmly, around my waist. She leant forwards towards my ears and using the most subtlest voice possible, she said, “I want you really to look the part, to feel what it’s really like for a woman,” as she lightly drew me towards her body.

She was in total control now. Her body buzzed, flitted and darted around me. Her eyes were continually gazing at the contrasts of my masculine and feminine features. Her active mind was plotting, working and developing some scheme

which presently I was not a party to. She moved rapidly, but gracefully, around me. Pausing momentarily, she considered a thought that flashed through her head. Smiling broadly, her face glowing, sparkling with intensity, a broad eager and joyous smile exploded forth, as she settled on the conclusion.

Turning me to face her, I now looked into a newly energized and revitalized face that, at first, didn't seem to fit the image I knew as my wife. Her eyes were so glossy one could believe she was almost drunk. Her enjoyment was like it came from some potent drug which she had suddenly, inexplicably become a junkie for.

She worked tirelessly, blending soft pastel shades of cosmetics, working them onto my face, studying them, as if performing a work of art. Everything had to be precise, an exact copy of the image that remained in her mind. Most colors were discarded, as she continued to search for the elusive match.

For over an hour I sat there, allowing her to experiment with me, entrusting myself into her care. She, aware of my low confidence, was cautious not to do anything that would jeopardize the situation. Finally she stood back and admired the sight. Her broad smile said it all as she leant forwards and gave me a reassuring kiss upon the forehead and slowly turned me back towards the mirror. With nervous anticipation, I briefly closed my eyes, swallowing hard, as though preparing myself for the worst shock imaginable.

I glanced once more at what I had become. I blinked twice in rapid succession. The horrific images that had swept my mind only a few seconds earlier dissipated, shattered by the look of real femininity. I was amazed, it was me...I think.

Cosmetics, lip gloss, eyeliner and blusher, all had colorized my flesh. I stared at myself in a state of disbelief; the masculinity which had always existed now evaporated. The transformation was complete in its entirety. I sat there, silently, totally overawed by it.

I was feminine, my mind joyously shouted to its self, as a strange feeling of utter pride and delight touched every part of my body. My flesh tingled and rippled with joy, my heart soared, my head spun, as my eyes looked down towards the floor. Everything seemed to be so real, so., well, so damned feminine.

We stood together. Facing one another in the room's center, my head was spinning rapidly, my senses overwrought by the lingering pleasurable odor of her perfume that now embraced my body. I felt drunk, giddy from the effects of what was happening. My wife continued to beam intently, as though this was her crowning moment, the moment that she had hoped to live to see. She was holding my thighs tenderly, the distance between us was barely a millimeter or so. I seemed drawn towards her eyes, the elated pearls that sparkled so intently, so filled with utter joy and total happiness that they appeared hypnotic in their appearance, commanding me to gaze into them.

Her entire face sparkled radiantly, like a child with a new toy. It was awesome to see, staggering to be a part of. Our bodies moved closer, her breasts touched mine. She angled her head, drew it closer to mine and we embraced.

Chapter Six

We always had enjoyed the act of kissing, the sensations of lips touching, pressing against each others as our mouths entwined in an act that was soulfully erotic and tender. I loved the way our tongues danced the erotic overture of some potent and dramatic tune of desire, caressing, feeling and stroking the partners inner chamber with relish. Our hands swarmed over each other's body, fondling, feeling and stroking one another, drawing them deeper, closer into the embrace. Everything was gentle, loving and tender, as we began the prelude to passion which was aroused within us.

Susanna pulled away, her hands took mine gently as we left the bedroom behind and descended down the stairs towards the ground floor. Her face was a blis-tering picture of intense love, of pride, desire and expectancy. We moved through the house silently. I was being guided by a woman who now seemed as strange to me as I did to her.

I sat upon a wooden, high-backed dining chair; the events that were beginning to unfold were dramatic, more so than I could ever have imagined. Assuming the dominant's role, she began her preparations for my curious and unexpected les-son in servitude.

My arms were forced behind the chair's back, my wrists bound, my legs apart, so that the dress was tight against my thighs, digging into my flesh. My ankles were bound to the front chair legs. She stood there before me, this woman whom I knew as my wife. Her eyes scanned me, a bound, crossdressed husband.

She stood there, a few yards from me in her bra, knickers, suspender, stock-ings and high-heeled shoes, her lingerie clear for me to see, her marvelous, curva-ceous body delectable to gaze at.

She was advancing towards me slowly and elegantly, one could say almost se-ductively. She reveled in this new power and control she possessed. Her body was moving delectably, her breasts bouncing softly with every movement she took. Her legs were so trim, so well-exercised and glistening from the waxing which she her-self did. She knew I was entranced, my eyes captivated by this different situation and her rounded, womanly breasts.

She lowered herself down upon my lap, her legs astride me, her knickers stretched, the gusset, saturated, was flat against the warm, moist quim that un-doubtedly ached for attention. Lightly she stroked it, the slit parted, the silky ma-terial delving into the gap created, forming a slight indentation. Up and down, suggestively, she ran her fingers over the sodden panties, saturated by her own juices. Offering me the finger, I sucked whilst she drew it back and forth, imitat-ing an oral relief she had often pleased me with.

Her finger withdrew from my mouth, her eyes looked into the tortured passion of mine, her hand rubbed the dress where my manhood lay. She smiled, her hands moving up towards the fake breasts, touching them, her head moved for-wards, her tongue caressing where the nipple should have been. Swirling around,

her kisses were deep and resonating with passion. Her mouth was opening and seductively closing, embracing my breasts as if real, before sweeping upwards towards my ear.

“Imagine,” she whispered, “if I was to kneel between your legs, put my head under the dress, let my tongue run over the lacy knickers that hides your pussy stick.” Her hand slipped under the dress, feeling the tight gusset and the bulge of my manhood so aroused by everything. Gently, she began to stroke its outline, rubbing the panties against my pole.

“To place long passionate kisses, to feel its throbbing, rigid shaft beneath my underwear, to lick your scrunched-up testicles, to let my hand roam the part of your crack that it could molest!” She kissed me all too briefly on the lips before standing. My groin throbbed, I could still feel the echoes of her hand caressing its surface, the ripple of pleasure that swarmed through my body. The pleasure and delight of having my nerve ends alight and silently screaming with euphoria was indescribable. Laughing at the arousal it had caused, she walked slowly away.

I watched, tormented with passion, as her fingers began to unfasten the garter belt from the stockings. She began slowly removing its lacy exquisiteness from her body, throwing it softly in my direction, watching as it landed, crumpled, over my shoulder. Next, her fingers began to pull down her the knickers. I watched as they descended down her long trim, firm legs. Her beautiful sex was now naked, protected by nothing, the lips of her vagina were moist and wanting to feel the embrace of something solid.

With legs astride, her shaven quim sparkled at me as the light caught the moisture that seeped from within. Her eyes were dedicated at their task of looking directly at me, her fingers gently stroked the tightness of her sex. They moved up and down her slit's length; each completed cycle, she applied a little more pressure, forcing the lips to part slightly. She moaned tenderly as her fingers sought the dampness of the interior, her head was thrown back as more fingers joined the fray, her eyes closed as she continued to masturbate in front of me.

Chapter Seven

Sitting there bound to the chair, unable to move, I was forced to watch this display of self indulgence. I was forced to listen to the murmurs that escaped her mouth. Her head and back arched, her eyes closed with the enjoyment of passion, which continued to grow. Her legs were firm, rigid in their stance, her muscles began to tense, her chest heaved and fell as pleasure rose ever more.

My manhood swelled, the knickers expanding as my shaft intensified, now tight against its length. It throbbed, pulsed, aching to break free. I so wanted to touch her, to caress her nakedness, to feel my tongue glide over the erectness of her nipples, to allow my member to slip into the warmth moistness that was her sex!

Those thoughts and her actions must have taken their toll upon my face, for a fleeting glance from her signaled intense pleasure from my aching desire. She con-

tinued regulating herself more determinedly, teasing and caressing her sex, toying with her clit which throbbed incessantly, before finally pausing and denying herself full enjoyment.

She walked towards me, the fingers that once had been in her quim now were extended into my mouth. Once more I was expected to cleanse them. I licked and sucked their sliminess, tasting the flavor of her inner juices which coated and filled my mouth, flowing down my throat and devouring me. Her sex still quivered, still ached, her yearning for ultimate pleasure was intense.

She stood to my left, only a yard from my body. No longer did she possess any clothes. She was now totally naked, her fullest, most delectable, appeal so dramatically apparent. Her hand skimmed the dress, fondled and molested the fake breasts, her tongue danced over their slight peaks. Lavishly, her mouth caressed where my breasts should be, exuberantly suckling, kissing and devouring them whilst her hands were free to roam.

Positioning herself between my legs, with her head under my skirt, her nose almost touching my shaft, she began to fulfill that whisper that thirty minutes ago she made.

Her fingers pulled the panties tight against my throbbing member. I felt her tongue rise up and down its length. Then I felt her kisses, sensual and lustful. I could barely contain myself. A wave of pure exhilaration swept through me as a moan of utter delight leapt from my lips. Her hands finally slid under the waist band of my panties and began to gently, seductively and teasingly remove them.

Her fingers now held my shaft. I felt the gentle sweep of her tongue caress its seeping head, followed by the warmth of her lips as they softly clenched its surface, poised to consume its length, which she did erotically, admitting my sex into her oral chamber.

Advancing and descending, she worked it back and forth, always her tongue was dedicated, provocative as my member pulsed within her mouth. Harder and harder I fought it, the orgasm growing intensely within me, simmering, boiling away as her tongue swirled. My eyes closed, my head was dizzy from the passion of it all, my resilience was breaking, faltering.

Muscles tensed, my hips bucked frantically, forcing my member more aggressively into her oral chamber. The binds that held me in place dug deep into my flesh. Pain and pleasure mixed within my body, but I could do nothing but continue to release the juices which had built up within me.

Chapter Eight

We kissed, exchanged fluids, my arousal shared between us. Her hands began to unfasten the binds that secured me, as we kissed lavishly. Leading me towards the sofa, she told me to lift the dress up, past my waist. Her eyes were so intense, her face so happy and joyous, she smirked widely. Her hands held my throbbing

manhood, her legs were to either side of me. She began to lower herself down onto my sex, wanting to see herself ride and make love to a transvestite.

I could do nothing. I was instructed not to touch or caress her body, just lay there and enjoy the sight of my newly dominant wife, making love to her “new” husband. My body shuddered with delight as her sex parted, embracing my manhood, delving into the moistness of her satin fleshy folds. My eyes were torn between the pleasure of seeing her sex engulf mine and the gentle movement of her breasts.

The word “torturous” comes to mind as I laid there watching, wishing and dreaming of being able to fondle her gorgeously rounded and erect breasts. I yearned to feel the nipple being pressed into my mouth, to feel my tongue swirling and toying with the buttons of her passion. Seeing the lips of her sex open, my manhood entered her pleasure zone. I relished the warmth and delight that our bodies were once more enveloped with.

I was entranced by the tingling of desire which flowed like electricity through us, the elegance and regulation of her movements slowly shattered, brought forward into a frenzied kind of motion. Her sex literally was bouncing down upon mine in a bid for fulfillment, my body once more beset with the pleasures of another orgasm. Her murmurs were more loud, more progressive. She looked down at me, seeing her husband, a crossdresser, obeying her wishes. The relief came sweeping profoundly through her, delight and spent energy gushed up and consumed our bodies as she lay on top of me, kissing me, our lipstick merging, our tongues celebrating this new love.

The eroticisms of that day have remained with us for many years, sex and cross dressing, domination and servitude, exploration and adventure have become something which now we indulge in frequently. Now we talk, discuss things, fantasies and pleasure. I expected the worst from her and got only the best. Today we have a solid relationship, built on trust and openness. She understands the desires that are within me. It’s no longer a horrible secret, there are no malicious lies, just understanding and genuine tenderness.

How often do I crossdress these days? Whenever I get the chance. Our relationship was reborn. Susanna became more than just a wife, she became my Mistress and I, in a way, her slave or maid. We’ve often thought of exploring other avenues, but as of yet there is still much the two of us want to do. I believe we will; her plans are huge, her desires stoked and aroused. That shall never die. We both have dreams, fantasies that we want to explore. The difference now is, we talk about them, discuss the best way of indulging and trying them. Who knows what the next event could be? I suspect, though, that it shall involve me in my feminine attire.

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