



*Reluctant Press presents:*

## **The Sensualists**



**Alice Greenely**

---

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

---

*Copyright © 2012, Reluctant Press*

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

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

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

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

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

# THE SENSUALISTS

**By Alice Greenely**

## CHAPTER 1

Vivian Worth Mellon, distraught about her stepson Timmy, phoned her close friend Helen Joyce. Vivian was a feminine woman with short brown hair and hazel eyes. She had a svelte figure that she liked to show off. She was in her late twenties or early thirties, her exact age a closely-held secret, and she was thankful for the shape of her body. She favored tight-fitting clothes in soft fabrics. She often wore a satin bullet bra or occasionally a half-cup bra to hold her well-formed, still firm breasts. A half-cup bra let her plump nipples poke out against the fabric of her dress or blouse, keeping

her in a state of constant sexual awareness. She was especially proud of those sensitive rosebuds. She liked to tease both men and the many women with such preferences by flaunting the sight of her rosettes poking out against her blouse or dress. She usually chose a silk or satin outfit that had a lot of fabric swishing around her long legs. Sometimes she wore a tight dress or skirt so she could feel the material caressing her nylon-clad legs as she walked and sat.

Today she was wearing a thin white silk blouse through which could be seen her pale yellow silk bra offering up, rather than covering, her pearls of joy. To accentuate her points she wore a heavy gold necklace that hung down between her breasts almost to her waist. The effect was to stretch the blouse even tighter, thus keeping her nipples aroused. Below, she had on a green skirt of soft satin cut well below the knee that swirled about her as she moved. Underneath, she wore high-cut green silk panties, a black garter belt and fine tight black stockings that hugged her legs. She had on black leather ankle boots with four-inch heels.

“Helen, darling” she said into the phone, “I’m so worried about our Timmy. I think he’s been in my closets when I’ve been out of the house, trying on my slips and negligees. It’s not like he’s a confused teenager who will outgrow such proclivities. He turned 19 over three months ago. I’ve not mentioned this yet to my husband Shelby, as I’d like to get your advice first on what I should do. I know from some of your own adventures in the past that you’ve had more experience in these matters, dealing with your own pretty boy charges.”

“Of course Vivian dear,” said Helen. “Why don’t you come over later this afternoon and we can discuss

what to do. I'm sure we can resolve any problem. It would be best that you not bring Timmy over at this time. How about 4 p.m.?"

"Lovely, Darling. I'll see you then."

Helen, just shy of thirty, was a well-developed woman of complex sexual appetites. During college she had decided she was lesbian and embarked on a few affairs with discreetly chosen partners, including Vivian Worth, when they were both seniors in the same sorority. It made their coupling easy as they could share a bedroom, and, if careful, an occasional shower. Helen actually trolled for sophomores or juniors because they were often more eager to experiment. She usually demanded a well-shaven pussy. She found it thrilling to be able to bite down softly and suck on the meat surrounding the clit. It was so sensitive and so much more accessible to her mouth and tongue. And the pussy juices seemed sweeter. After graduation she found that while making love to another woman satisfied her sexual hunger, there was some element missing. She just couldn't say at that time exactly what it was.

Helen and Vivian followed different paths upon graduation, although they stayed in close touch with one another.

Helen found success in selling lingerie and soon branched out on her own with a chain of stores in New York, Las Vegas and San Francisco called The Pink Roses. She brought a sense of style to her selections of merchandise. Helen saw lingerie as items of fashion as well as personal expression. Her selections went well beyond the skimpy coverings that masquerade as sexy allure. Her merchandise comprised flowing robes and

gowns of silk and satin. The panty choices showed a full range of offerings, from full-cut tap pants to thongs, all in sensuous materials. She stocked only the most alluring bras. She made sure that her sales ladies were all willing to service everyone, especially their transvestite clientele. Cross-dressers who were helped and well-treated were apt to become regular customers; and they certainly appreciated good quality (and were willing to pay for it).

The salesladies were well trained in correctly fitting brassieres and breast forms for all comers. They kept their hands soft, clean and well moistened by lotions in order to make handling their customers' breasts easy and enjoyable for both parties. They became skilled at putting clients at ease regardless of gender and sometimes were even allowed to take and receive sexual liberties. They took pride in their ability to give advice not only in appropriate color and style, but also in choosing the right set of underwear for see-through outerwear. When wearing see-through blouses, it is most important to choose the most appropriate brassiere for display of one's breasts.

Vivian went the corporate route, joining an international fashion house. She was a quick study and rose through the ranks on her innate intelligence and self-confidence. She learned the politics of fashion and the trends that presage the new looks demanded by each successive season. But she also quickly hit the glass ceiling and soon married one of the top designers of the firm, Shelby Mellon. Shelby's son, Timmy, was about 16 at the time, a shy and awkward boy. He was very good looking and had a slim build, tipping the scales at 150 lb. and under 5' 9" in height.

Timmy was very respectful of Vivian and seemed to look to her for advice and guidance. Over the next few years it became clear that he drew closer to Vivian than to his own father. Her non-judgmental acceptance of him and his contradictions made it easier for him to open up to her. They established a genuine bond based on mutual trust. He always came to her for advice and guidance on matters important to him. He would rather consult Vivian and his school guidance counselors about his options for college and possible future career path. His father seemed uninterested or perhaps he didn't really care.

As he grew older, he became confused about his sexuality. He had always been shy around girls, although there was no doubt he was attracted to them. But he also experienced vague yearnings for well-built young men. By the time he was 18, Timmy developed a curiosity about women's clothing, especially silk gowns and underwear. He would sneak into Vivian's closet and feel the silk dresses hanging there. He would fondle her slips and nightgowns. It wasn't long before he had to try some of them on. These little adventures gave him addictive thrills that he knew would eventually possess him. He began to fantasize about Vivian when he secretly donned her sexy silk panties and slips. It was so frustrating not to be able to live out his dreams. How could he ever tell her about his deepest feelings? It was all so difficult and confusing. He couldn't wait till he was out on his own, independent and free to experiment.

Vivian, right on time for her appointment, was let into Helen's house by the maid, Lilly.

“I’m Vivian Mellon and I have an appointment with Ms Joyce this afternoon” she said and smiled in a reassuring way to put Lilly at ease.

“Yes, of course, Madame”, said Lilly. “Ms Helen is expecting you. Will you come this way, please?”

Lilly was a young woman who had been taken in by Helen in her late teens, a period of sexual coming out, as it were, for most boys and some women. Although fully developed physically, she was still shy, naïve and uncertain of her own appetites. Over the next few years, Lilly began to show an interest in other women. Helen was the perfect person to introduce her to all the delights of lesbian sex. Lilly was eager to learn and became a proficient and greedy pussy kisser, licker and sucker. She became expert in her manipulation of the dildo. Lilly found refuge, comfort and blissful sex in her service with Helen. Soon she became more of a companion than maid, although she continued to accept her subordinate status.

This was all perfectly acceptable, for everyone in Helen’s circle was quite liberal about sex and believed in the universal right to explore one’s own sensual proclivities freely.

Vivian looked Lilly over and liked what she saw. Although petite, there was no mistaking the insistent thrust of Lilly’s small, firm breasts sheathed in a silk bra that displayed rather than hid her impudent nipples. She was wearing a black satin dress with a white top and flaring skirt. It had wide collars and buttons running down the front. Around her waist, tied in a big bow in back and around the back of her neck, she had on a white satin apron – more of a bib, actually. Underneath she wore a white satin garter belt, shimmering

white stockings and white, high cut silk panties. On her head she wore the usual maid's bonnet, also in satin.

For her own part, Lilly was mesmerized by Vivian and had trouble looking away from those arrogant tits that seemed to call out for everyone's immediate attention. Vivian noticed her enchantment and felt the tingling begin in her pussy. Lilly blushed and froze.

"Darling! You look absolutely marvelous today!" Helen exclaimed when Lilly showed Vivian into the study. "Lilly, why don't you bring us some tea?" She embraced Vivian and gave her a long kiss.

"Yes Ma'am," said Lilly and she left for the kitchen.

After an exchange of the latest gossip and the usual chit chat, Helen got to the point. "It's not so unusual for young men to develop a fancy for women's underwear. The attractions of silk and satin on one's body are powerful stimulants, even for women, as you well know. But what leads you to suspect Timmy's getting interested in your panties and things?"

"Aside from the slight disorder in my underwear drawers from someone rummaging through my collection of sexy frills," Vivian said, "I've noticed traces of cum stains on some items. I'm just not sure whether I ought to speak to him about this or let him develop his curiosity on his own. I mean, it's not that he's just some sort of errant teenager. After all, he turned 19 over three months ago. I'll not mention anything to his father, Shelby, until you've had a chance to evaluate him. As I respect your opinions, I thought it best to ask for your advice first."

"Certainly, Darling", said Helen. "I've known Timmy ever since you married Shelby. He's a fine young man. If these proclivities are deeply nested in

his psyche, I'm sure we can find out. Either way, we should allow him the freedom to express his natural tendencies. We'll find out the true nature of his sexual needs."

By now Helen was actually salivating at the thought of yet another subject ready for an introduction to femininity under her guidance. "I suggest you send him over for a week or so for a thorough evaluation. It shouldn't take longer than that."

"I don't think it will take even that long", said Vivian. "He's been showing more feminine characteristics lately, like letting his hair and finger nails grow longer."

## CHAPTER 2

Indeed, Helen had a talent for drawing out and developing the feminine side of men, both young and old. Training men in the art of femininity had come to fill the void in her own sexual expression. She loved shaping a compliant male into female ways, dressing him in silk panties, bras and dresses, and teaching the basics of makeup that helped suppress his masculinity and let his femininity flower. The more submissive her pupil became, the more she enjoyed manipulating him to her will. She liked to play with his cock in his panties until he spurted his cum on her command. One of her recent charges, Bobby Heath, a most willing subject, had loved her ministrations. He had come from a home for disadvantaged boys. Once he turned 19, he could no longer stay at the home he had outgrown. The headmistress, Ashley Wharton, suspected Bobby had gender issues. She had introduced him to submissive sex and taught him how to accept a dildo. She knew he would be right at home with Helen and indeed, she was right. Bobby was glad to be in comfortable sur-

roundings at Helen's; it didn't take long at all for him to feel safe in exploring his secret desires. Helen's subtle suggestions and gentle persuasion had encouraged his explorations. Lilly's calm acceptance of, and help in every step along his journey to femininity, had made it all seem so natural. One day a few weeks after he had arrived from the boys' home, Helen walked into his bedroom early in the morning and roused him from sleep. Lilly was close at hand as always.

"Today's the day", Helen had said. Bobby was a little slow to wake up.

"What's up for today Aunt Helen?" He asked sleepily.

"Time to begin your long journey into lovely femininity, Bobby, although I have a feeling it won't take too long in your case." Bobby was wearing a full silky nylon nightgown that had cum stains on it.

"Goodness," Helen said, "but haven't we had a bit of fun? Now slip off that nightie, Dear, and put it in the laundry."

Bobby did as he was told and Helen took him by the hand to the bathroom. After Lilly had washed him and made sure he was completely free of body hair, Helen had her lead him back into the boudoir. It was done in a pink motif with lots of feminine ruffles on the seats and silk-covered cushions. The large bed was covered in silk sheets with silk pillow covers. The chaise lounge had a taffeta covering and the cushions were done in satin. He had to stand there, keeping his hands at his side, while he was closely inspected by these two thrilling women. His cock couldn't help but react and begin to throb with life. Helen enjoyed running her hands up and down his body, cupping his ass and ca-

ressing his nipples. "I just love the smoothness of your body, Dear."

She then squeezed a little pre-cum from his cock. She clasped a garter belt to his waist and had him sit on a chair so Lilly could roll his stockings onto his feet. Standing him up, Lilly rolled them up his legs one at a time. He loved the grasping, clinging, feeling of the stockings as they possessed his legs. His breathing began to come in short bursts as blood flowed through his body and engorged his penis. Lilly, still kneeling in front of him, let her hands brush against his stiffening cock as she attached the garters to the stockings, first in front, then in back.

Helen had reached out to hold his cock lightly, sending him into an agony of need. "This simply won't do if we are to put panties on him", she said, squeezing a more generous portion of pre-cum from the purple head. Lilly was quick to remedy the problem. She led him to the chaise lounge, where she coaxed him to lay back. She put a satin-covered cushion under his ass. This made his hard cock point straight up at the ceiling. Lilly knelt before him, kissed and caressed his legs, spreading them wide with her hands. She kissed his cock head, licked the underside of his hard penis, then took it deep into her mouth and started sucking slowly. He was helpless then. Lilly was in command as she took that hot hard-on deeper and deeper into her throat. She ran her tongue around his cock, marveling at how this piece of meat could be both so hot and oh, so hard, yet soft and silky at the same time. Bobby reached his peak with a long gasp and cum gushed from his cock in spurt after spurt. Lilly took all of it down her throat and ended up licking him clean.

“Well done!” Helen said. And she kissed Lilly fully on the mouth, running her tongue all over her oral recesses, sweeping up the remaining dew drops. Helen hadn’t wanted to suck cock herself, but was curious to know more about what it was that she was able to induce from her subjects.

“And now for the rest of it,” she said. She had Bobby stand in front of her, and sitting down, had held a pair of pale pink panties in polyester charmeuse for him to step into. Drawing them up his legs caused his penis to stir again as the panties caressed his stocking-clad legs before capturing his cock and balls. He was acutely aware of her face right in front of his rising member.

“Oh, Ms Helen!” he groaned. Helen had taken time pulling the panties all the way up and smoothing them out for a perfect fit. She then reached around with her left hand to hold his ass cheek. Her fingers slipped into his crack and stroked his male pussy through his panties. Her right hand wandered over the front of the panties, smoothing them over his growing cock and making unnecessary adjustments at the hems. She passed her hand over his stiff hard-on and squeezed and caressed him through his panties until he had come again. She loved the scent of cum and its wet stickiness. Some of it was on her fingers and she licked at them lightly. She was not enamored of the taste. But she saw that he was now her subject, a willing, compliant extension of her own sexual explorations. This gave her a deep-seated sexual satisfaction.

“Bobby Dear, you are such a sweet girl,” she said. “I think my good friend, Debra Hall, would be the perfect mistress for you. She is a warm and loving person and is an expert in developing young men such as yourself

into delectable womanhood. You would like that, wouldn't you?"

"Uh, I guess yeah, thank you, Aunt Helen," he said quietly, afraid to contradict his mentor. He was still uncertain as to his sexual status.

Bobby was taken by Debra. He eagerly anticipated new adventures in dressing up in panties and bras, silks, satins and lace. In no time, Helen changed Bobby into Bobbie. She brought out his femininity and had given him and taken for herself much pleasure in the task. Now Debra Hall would complete his introduction to femininity. Dr. Gordon would be engaged, no doubt, to develop Bobbie's body to show more female attributes. Whether she would hold up at mere breast development and ass enhancement, or go all the way to physical transformation and a complete sex change, would be left for Debra to decide at a later date. Much would depend on Debra's change in appetites: whether she wanted to construct a living lesbian or whether she was sated by a male woman. There were distinct advantages to both. Time would tell. There was no hurry. Either way, Bobbie would live as a woman.

This was what had been missing from Helen's sexual expression since college. Transforming young men into cross dressers and watching them become obsessed with bras, panties and silk dresses gave Helen a sense of empowerment and fulfillment. She derived a deep satisfaction in exercising sexual authority over her subjects.

### **CHAPTER 3**

And now a new "recruit" would be delivered to her by one of her own paramours, Vivian Mellon, if she played her cards right. At 19, Timmy was prime mate-

rial, given his evident cross dressing tendencies. She tingled with anticipation.

Lilly appeared with the teacart. She served Vivian with a cup of tea and as she bent down to place it next to her, Vivian put her hand on her leg just above the knee. "You're very pretty, my dear. And you're wearing such silky stockings," she said.

Lilly blushed but stood still, secretly hoping for more. "Thank you, Madame", she said. Helen sat and watched quietly, enjoying the show.

"Come now, my Dear, show me your panties". Lilly straightened up and drew the hem of her silk dress higher until the white silk V of her panties was revealed. Vivian's hands went around Lilly's ass to feel her cheeks through the silk. "Turn around Dear," she said.

With one hand on Lilly's hip, the other inserted itself between her thighs and turned so she could cup the girl's damp pussy.

"How lovely!" said Vivian. "It's so nice to feel a soft and shaven pussy. And your panties are so wet!" She withdrew her hand and put one finger, then the other in her mouth to lick up the pussy juices. Helen was watching all this and getting a wet crotch herself.

"Now give me a kiss," said Vivian. Lilly leaned down to kiss Vivian, but she said, "Good heavens, Dear, not there". She threw a cushion on the floor between her legs and looked at Lilly expectantly. She did not need to tell Lilly what to do next. Lilly knelt on the cushion and started pushing Vivian's legs apart while easing her dress up her legs, kissing her stockings. She worked her way up until she came to bare thigh and started kissing and nibbling at the firm sensitive flesh

on the inside of her thighs. Helen had taught her that this was an erogenous zone of the body.

“Would Madame prefer removing her panties or not?” Lilly asked.

Vivian was beginning to breathe heavily. “Just keep going, Dear.” Lilly opened her mouth and began sucking on Vivian’s soft, hot pussy through her silk panties. She found her clit and worried it with her tongue, timing her strokes to Vivian’s gasps of delight.

By now Helen’s hand had raised the hem of her skirt and slipped it inside her panties to give her own clit welcome relief.

Vivian gave a long sigh of satisfaction. “How shall we reward Lilly for such remarkable attention?”

Helen stood and said, “There are several ways. For now, Lilly, come and stand before me”.

Lilly went over to Helen and Vivian came up close behind Lilly so her luscious tits poked into Lilly’s back. She put her arms around her waist so she could fondle her breasts and tweak her nipples through her bra. Helen loosened the sash and unbuttoned her dress to ease it off her shoulders. It fell in a silken puddle at her feet.

“Let’s get rid of this, shall we?” And she deftly unhooked Lilly’s bra. Vivian was quick to slide her hands over the naked flesh and tease Lilly’s nipples. Helen knelt and pulled Lilly’s panties down. All three of them collapsed on the couch where Helen took up the position between Lilly’s legs. Helen was pleased that Lilly had indeed shaven her pussy clean that morning. It positively glistened with her juices. But as Helen leaned forward to suck it dry, Vivian inserted herself.

“You can have this anytime,” she said. “It’s my turn now.” She started kissing, licking and sucking.

“Oh, Ms Mellon,” Lilly breathed. “I just love that!” Helen crawled behind Vivian and started playing with her breasts. She unbuttoned her blouse, passed her hand inside and stroked her tits through the bra. Vivian, still sucking Lilly’s naked cunt, shucked off the blouse. Helen undid Vivian’s satin bra so her fingers had free access to those gorgeous nipples. She took full advantage. Her hands rolled and pulled those plump tits and made them rise and stiffen.

Lilly came with a soft scream and her whole body went limp on the couch. Vivian and Helen rolled onto the floor, stripping each other of skirt and panties. Helen’s mouth fastened onto Vivian’s left tit, then her right. Helen then kissed Vivian deeply, her tongue in a duel with Vivian’s. Helen maneuvered her into the scissors position. Bare pussy met bare cunt in a passionate embrace and they both came at the same time.

Vivian was the first to recover. “If you can do anything like this for young Timmy, it will be well worth it”.

Lilly giggled and with a twinkle in her eye said, “Will the Madames be needing anything further from me this evening?”

“Thank you, Lilly. I think that’s quite enough for now,” said Helen.

Picking up her and Helen’s discarded clothing, Lilly said, “Yes Ma’am. Thank you, Ma’am”.

Vivian massaged her sore nipples and put her bra and blouse back on. Helen found a pale blue cashmere sweater in a closet and put that on over her bra.

“I think I’ll leave the necklace off”, Vivian said. “My tits have had enough of a workout for today.”

“I need a drink,” Helen said. “Want one?”

“Love it,” said Vivian. “Scotch and soda for me, please, Darling. So when do you want to take in Timmy? Will next week do?”

“Fine. That will give me time to get some things for him to wear when he gets here. Perhaps you would be good enough to give me his measurements.”

## **CHAPTER 4**

At the appointed time in the next week, Timmy appeared at Helen’s door. He was a fair-haired man, with a reserve that betrayed his shyness. Although well-proportioned, he was a bit gangly and didn’t seem to know what to do with his hands. He was dressed in a T-shirt and jeans, white socks and sneakers. He had a small suitcase at his side.

He stared open-mouthed at Lilly in her mid-length, tight silk maid’s dress. It had a wide white satin sash fastened around her waist, with a narrow strip of satin falling from the waist to the hem. Her long legs were encased in white shimmering nylon stockings. You could hear the swish in her step whenever she moved. Her tight bodice left no doubt as to what treasures lay within.

“Yes Sir, what may I do for you?” she asked. Poor Timmy: his brain was overloaded by the vision of sexual perfection standing in front of him.

He stammered, blushed and said, “I’m, uh, Timmy Mellon. My step-mother, uh, sent me over to see Ms. Joyce.”

Lilly thought this was going to be an easy one! What fun! So she stepped aside like the spider inviting the fly and said, "Please come in, sir. You are expected." She led him across the hall to the study on the left that was decorated appropriately for that function: a dark wood desk, a straight-backed armchair, a leather couch and a couple of reclining leather armchairs. There were bookshelves built into each wall on either side of the fireplace, filled with books of one sort or another. Timmy enjoyed reading and looked forward to exploring the contents.

"I shall let Ms Helen know you are here".

"Thank you," he said and started wandering around the room examining some of the titles. Many of them seemed to be erotic in nature.

At the sound of the door opening, he turned. Helen came in, dressed in a light green silk blouse and a long thin, white leather suede skirt. The skirt was cut full so it could wash over her nylon-covered legs. She wore no slip. Beneath the blouse could be seen the outline of her white satin open cup bra which held her nipples erect and almost in view. The effect was to stimulate curiosity and speculation rather than to display an offering. To complete the ensemble, her garter belt and panties were in red satin.

"Timmy, my Dear! So nice to see you again! It's been ages!" And she swept him up into her arms in a close hug. He felt her tits pressing through his T-shirt and blushed as his cock stirred. Helen was pleased at her effect on him.

"H-hello, Ms Joyce," he stammered and blushed.

“But you must call me Aunt Helen, my Dear. Come now, we have so much to catch up on. What are you up to these days?”

Timmy was put at ease by her welcome and began recounting his past activities. Helen paid close attention and urged him on. He told her of his interest in the performing arts during his senior high school year. He said he wanted to pursue that as a vocation if possible. She told him she might be of some help since she had a friend involved in drama productions. “You’re a nice looking lad, Timmy,” she said. “I know Jack Harris, who has produced a number TV shows. I’m sure there might be a spot where you could fit in.” Her enthusiasm was infectious. Timmy heartened at the prospect.

“I’ve, uh, decided to, uh, postpone college for a year to see if it is really for me.”

“Good idea! I think it is wise to pause in life’s progress to test alternatives, explore new avenues and reflect on one’s own true nature.” Timmy was now completely re-assured and composed. It was such a relief to have a decision he had made accepted without question. He was glad he was going to be here for a while.

“But for now, let us show you to your room.” Helen rang for Lilly who soon appeared.

## **CHAPTER 5**

“Show Timmy to the East Wing, Lilly, please. The green room will do nicely.” Lilly knew what that meant: that was the room where the process of feminization would begin.

“Please follow me, Sir,” she said. First she led him on a tour of the first floor. Leaving the study, they crossed the hall and entered a large well-furnished

room with fireplaces at both ends. Timmy noted that the furniture tended to be over-sized and upholstered in soft fabrics. There was a lot of silk and taffeta. Extra cushions were done also in silk, but there were some in satin as well. The sofas were long and curved; the arm-chairs were wide, deep and covered in suede leather. "This is the sitting room," Lilly told him. Next came the adjoining library. It too had a large fireplace, a soft deep rug before it and again the furniture was much like that of the previous room. The décor however was much more feminine. The couches were wide and deep, accommodating large soft cushions covered in satin and taffeta. The colors were a combination of pink and pale yellow.

After that there was the dining room. A large dark mahogany table was in the center, surrounded by six chairs. The chairs were made to recline back at several fixed positions and had shallow seats and wide comfortable arms. Then they went through a large pantry and saw the kitchen. Emerging from the kitchen, they crossed the hall and entered the library next to the study. It had shelves from floor to ceiling, sliding ladders for access to the higher shelves and a fireplace between two large windows. It was furnished much like the library and the sitting room, with large upholstered arm chairs and matching foot rests. Again, the décor was in feminine accents.

There was another door opposite to the one that gave access to the study. Timmy started forward toward the new door, but Lilly stopped him.

"We can't go in there just yet, Master Timmy, because you haven't been fully prepared".

"What is that room and when will I be allowed to see it?" Timmy asked.

“That is the Expression room, and we will introduce you to it when you are ready to express yourself openly and fully”.

“I hope that will be soon.”

“I’m sure it will be.”

## CHAPTER 6

“It’s getting close to teatime,” said Lilly. “So let me take you upstairs and prepare your bath”.

“But I, uh, usually, uh, take showers.”

“Well, here it’ll be bathing the proper way as Ms Helen directs. Ah, here we are.”

Lilly opened the door to a luxurious suite known as the Green Room. It was done all in silk and satin fabrics. The large bed was low and had four pillows. There was a chaise lounge, a couch with a coffee table in front of it and two straight chairs with no arms. The seats were covered in pink satin. A vanity with swivel mirrors and a chair was placed between two large windows that let in plenty of sunlight. A full-length mirror was on the door. The basic décor was in light green but throughout the whole room there was a mixture of pink, yellow and pale blue accents

“This is very nice”, said Timmy. He wondered why it was called the green room but decided not to make an issue of it. He was a little surprised to note everything here was so feminine. Perhaps he had been taken to the wrong room. He would ask Lilly about it later.

“I’m glad you like it, Master Timmy. Now get undressed while I draw your bath. Then I will lay out your clothes for tea with Ms Helen. She has taken a lot of trouble to provide proper garments for you.”

“You mean you-you’re going to stay here while I get undressed?” stammered Timmy.

Lilly looked at him with a surprised expression on her face. “Yes, of course, how else will you be washed, toweled dry and powdered? Now come along. We don’t want to be late for tea”

“But Lilly,” Timmy protested, “It’s not right for me to have to undress in front of you like this”.

“Master Timmy,” said Lilly firmly, “you are a guest in Ms Helen’s home and you are to be properly prepared and dressed for her at all times. Now please take off your clothes.”

Without waiting for further protest, she went into the adjoining bathroom and started the water for his bath. The bathroom was done in floor-to-ceiling green and blue tile. Besides the bathtub, there was a bidet, another large vanity with armchair and, of course, a toilet.

Timmy was flustered and embarrassed as he slowly disrobed. Lilly came over to hasten his efforts. She knelt down, undid his belt and the top fastening of his jeans, and unzipped his fly. She pulled the jeans down with his jockey shorts. Her movements were swift, efficient, and devoid of sexual teasing. Lilly held one leg while she pried jeans, underpants, shoes and socks off in one deft movement, then did the same service to the other leg. Naked, blushing, and with a growing cock, Timmy stepped into the hot water. While he soaked, Lilly went back to the boudoir to lay out his clothes for tea and the coming evening.

First she got out a pair of white silk boxers. Next came a black silk shirt. It had a white stripe down the buttonholes with ruffling on both sides all the way down to the hem of the shirt. Then there was a silk cra-

vat. She laid out a pair of flared dark blue suede trousers made of lambskin, together with a brown suede jacket. But the sleeves only came down to his forearms and there was no way to close the jacket in front. It seemed to be more like a bolero. She finished the ensemble by adding a pair of black silk socks and black patent leather shoes with two-inch heels.

Lilly went back into the bathroom where Timmy was luxuriating in the bath salts and soap bubbles. His right hand was loosely stroking his hardening cock. He quickly raised his leg to try to hide his embarrassing hard-on. Lilly noted that with satisfaction although she showed no reaction. She took a sponge, poured some liquid into it and began washing Timmy's chest, shoulder and arms. "Stand up," she said.

"Bu-but Lilly!" he began in weak protest.

Lilly would have none of it. "Do as you're told, Master Timmy. This won't take long and we don't want to be late for tea."

As he stood, his tumescent penis came into view, covered with suds. Lilly was holding the shower head and began rinsing him off, paying attention to his ass and penis. The sting of the hot water jet on his anus and on his cock and balls made his cock even harder.

Although acutely ill at ease, Timmy stepped out of the bathtub as bidden. Lilly wrapped a large towel around him and vigorously dried him all over, especially his cock, balls, and anus. Then she got some lotion and applied it to the junctures of his legs and around to his asshole. One finger toyed lightly with that virgin hole. Lilly thought to herself that it wouldn't be virgin much longer. By now his cock was enraged and crying out for relief.

Lilly was on her knees, inches from his purple mast. "Dear me," she said. "We'll have to do something about this if we are going to be properly presented to Ms Helen for tea."

She took hold of his full erection and opened her mouth all the way, enveloping his hard cock down to the base. She sucked furiously on it. Timmy couldn't hold it in, didn't want to, and let the stream of cum flow with a loud sigh. It spurted hot and creamy as Lilly held on until he was spent, swallowing it all.

"Oh Lilly!" he exclaimed. "I'm in Heaven!" She smiled. There's more to come, she said to herself, smiling.

She wiped him clean and took him back into the boudoir and told him to dress in what she had chosen for him. Totally depleted by Lilly's ministrations, he put on each of the items she had chosen without comment.

"You look very nice, Master Timmy. Ms Helen has excellent taste." Timmy was in no shape or mood to voice an opinion one way or the other. "Let's go downstairs now to the study for tea with Ms Helen".

## **CHAPTER 7**

Helen was waiting for them in the study. She had changed into a pale yellow silk blouse, which showed her matching yellow silk bra beneath. It hugged and thrust her lovely orbs up and out. The outline of her tits was clearly visible through the blouse. Below, she wore an ankle-long flowing skirt of light blue taffeta that rustled deliciously whenever she moved. Around her waist she wore a heavy gold chain that hung down all the way to her crotch. It was a constant delicious stimulant for her pussy. Again, she wore no slip, only

full-cut panties of soft blue nylon. They were tight and gave her a charge as she felt the lined skirt caress her legs and ass. She was bare-legged.

"Timmy Dear," she said and stepped forward to give him a close hug. She was pleased to feel the stirring in his pants, for this signaled the beginning of her control. "You look absolutely stunning!"

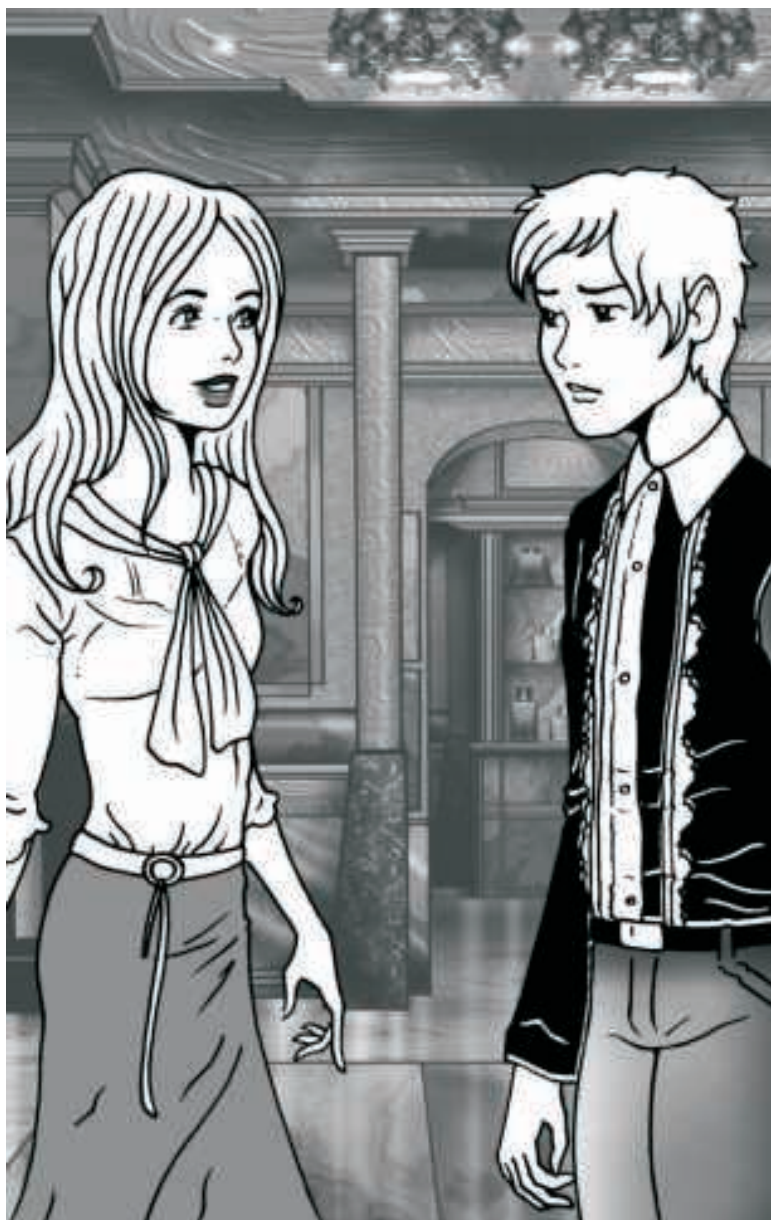
"Uh, thank you very much Aunt Helen. These clothes are very nice, but aren't they a bit, uh, girlish?"

"Silly boy! Darling, whatever they are, they are meant to express the inner you. The purpose of clothes is to please the wearer, to interest the observer, and to show the world a bit of who you are. We will continue to experiment until we find the right kind that fit you best."

"Yes, thank you, Aunt Helen." He didn't say that they were getting close to his secret desires. In fact, he wasn't really sure what he wanted. He only knew how he felt in these clothes. The blue suede pants were tight around his ass and thighs, then billowed out around his legs. They didn't have a fly, though. Instead there was a series of buttons up one side of the crotch, then across well below the waist and down the other side, forming a flap over the genital area. The tight boxer shorts felt so sexy. His thick penis loved its imprisonment in the soft material and rose to a noticeable bulge. The silk shirt with its cowl around the neck and the wide sleeves that seemed to engulf his hands was inexplicably arousing. All in all, he was willing to put himself in Aunt Helen's hands for she seemed to know more about him than he knew himself.

"Now let's have some tea." And she rang for Lilly who appeared with the teacart. She first served Helen, then turned toward Timmy with his cup. As she bent

forward she gave him an impish smile, which made him blush. Although Helen saw, she made no mention, nor gave any sign.



“Thank you, Lilly,” he said.

“You’re welcome, I’m sure, Master Timmy.” And she left the room.

“I think we must do something with your hair, Dear. After it grows out a bit more, we’ll be able to style it in different presentations. For now, a good brushing will do. Stand up, Dear, and let me get a better look at you.”

Timmy got up and was acutely aware of Helen’s penetrating gaze. She looked him up and down, satisfied that she was stirring sexual confusion in him and that he showed such submissiveness. He clasped his hands in front of his growing cock.

“Keep your hands at your sides, Dear. There’s no need to be shy and awkward with me. You must let me know what you really like and what you need.”

“Yes, Aunt Helen. Thank you”, he breathed. But he was still reluctant to confess that he had undefined secret longings. Besides, while he might have wanted to, he didn’t really know what they were or how to express them.

“You do like soft flowing fabrics, don’t you, Timmy? The time has come to let yourself go. Enter the world of silk and satin clothing. Yes Timmy, we’re talking about tight bodices and flowing dresses. You yearn to feel the soft caress of a full-cut dress around your torso and legs, don’t you?”

Yes, that was it, he thought. How did she know so much about him?

“Well, don’t you?” she persisted. It was not an unkind demand. Red-faced, he nodded.

“Yes,” he whispered. He couldn’t face her directly. But there was no denying it any longer, not even to himself. “I, uh, I sometimes sleep in my stepmother’s panties. I always take them from the bottom of her drawer so she won’t notice. Also, I, uh, have fantasies, sometimes I mean, like, maybe of wearing silk night-gowns and bras stuffed with silk scarves. I’m, uh, sorry Aunt Helen. I uh, won’t do it again,” he said forlornly and shame-faced.

“Darling Timmy, but of course you’ll do it again! Don’t you see it’s perfectly all right to love women’s sexy underwear and all the other pretty things they have? Your step-mother and I have developed a program for you to explore these wonderful delights available to you. Make the next ten days the super adventure of your life!”

Excitement and relief flooded through him. “Oh God, Aunt Helen, thank you so much! I, I love you!”

“And I love you too, Dear,” she said and gave him a kiss below his ear. She summoned Lilly, who soon came back in, “Come, sit beside me on the couch, Timmy Dear. We’ll relieve that pressure in your tight pants. Lilly, please let me have your panties and tend to all his buttons.”

Lilly stripped off her pink silk panties and handed them to Helen. She leaned over Timmy, undid the buttons of his kid leather trousers, and pulled the flap down. She reached into the silk boxers and released his aching hard-on. Helen took command at that point. She draped the luxurious silk panties over his cock and administered a series of deft squeezes and strokes. Timmy was lost in sexual ecstasy and abandoned himself to Helen’s hands and the silk panties. He held his

breath and let loose his semen in bursts into the panties. He almost passed out on the couch.

"There now," said Helen. "Isn't that better?"

"Oh, yes, so much better," he said weakly.

## CHAPTER 8

The next morning Lilly woke Timmy early. "Time for your bath, Master Timmy. And then Ms Helen will help dress you and do your hair."

Timmy jumped up from the bed and stepped into the hot tub. It was foamy and smelled of something like roses.

"Stand up, Master Timmy. I have some lotion that will get rid of your body hair and leave your skin soft and tingly all over". He stood and of course, as she applied the lotion to his body, his erection began. By the time she was lathering his cock and balls, he had become rock hard, without embarrassment. "Tut, tut, Master Timmy," she said. "We'll have to see what Ms Helen wishes to do about this." She washed him thoroughly and led him over to the bidet. He sat astride it and Lilly turned on a warm stream of water. She put on a latex glove and soaped her middle finger. She began with a caress of his pussy hole, then slowly inserted her finger.

"Oh, L-Lilly," he cried. "W-what are you doing?" Cum was leaking from his rod by now.

"Hush now, Master Timmy. I'm making sure you're clean inside and out. Besides, doesn't it feel delicious?" She was pumping in and out - all the way in and then almost all the way out. Gradually, he came to like the strokes and wiggled his ass to their rhythm.

"Yes," he said. "It feels oh, so good."

"I'm glad you like it, Master Timmy. This is all part of your preparation."

She toweled him dry, oiled his penis and powdered him everywhere else. His skin was now soft, pink, smooth and completely hairless. "Now put this peignoir on. Ms Helen will be here directly." The peignoir was pink satin with long, flowing sleeves that almost covered his hands. It wrapped around him easily and was tied with a wide sash around the waist. His arousal was intensified by the satin flowing across his rock-hard penis. He couldn't help letting his hands brush the satin back and forth against his cock. He gave it a quick squeeze and became alarmed when the wetness of more pre-cum showed through the satin folds.

Helen entered at that moment, saw the stain and said, "Timmy, we'll have to learn to restrain ourselves for this program to work properly. Now sit here at the vanity and I'll do your hair." She started brushing while he sat at the mirror transfixed by his changing image. "Let's thin those eyebrows, shall we?" she asked rhetorically. She plucked them into a new shape, an insouciant arch, and darkened them ever so delicately for effect. She applied mascara to his eyelashes, gave his eyelids a light blue blush and highlighted his cheeks with a subtle powder. Next she dabbed a dark pink lipstick on his lips. When Timmy next looked into the mirror, he saw a very pretty girl. "You are going to have to learn to do this yourself," said Helen.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed. "I look like a girl!"

"And a beautiful one at that," said Helen. "Still, we need to complete the picture. You will have to adapt to the items of basic femininity that you will learn you cannot do without. First is the garter belt, then stock-

ings. They will make your lower half feel imprisoned by femininity. These are essential if you are going let your female traits be free. Equally important is your bra and the right size breast forms.. The sexy pressure around your chest will be a reminder that your feminine personality has emerged with every breath you breathe. Panties, of course, are also always necessary, but less so than the items you've got on. Panties are the beginning of your female expression for the day and can vary greatly. Now put your peignoir over that chair, please. Lilly, we're ready for the bra, garter belt and stockings, please."

One by one, the garments were handed over to Helen. Timmy turned around, his cock waving like a horizontal naked pole and let Helen draw the white satin bra straps up his arms and fasten the strap in back. She had him turn around again so she could adjust the bra properly for a good fit. Her hands slid over his small male breasts and fingered his nipples through the white satin. He groaned with the need for release. But there was more to go. Next came the garter belt. Kneeling in front him, the better to tantalize the object of her domination, she put a matching garter belt on him, fastened it in front, then spun it around his waist so the clasp was in the small of his back. One by one, she rolled white shimmering stockings up his legs and clipped them to the garters. Pre-cum continued to drip from his cock head. He was beside himself with raw lust.

"There now," said Helen. "This is the basic presentment necessary to free your female self. Everything else will simply help you express your femininity. When you're dressed up, we'll call you Tami. You've been such a good girl during your introduction, you deserve a little reward. Your panties again, please, Lilly."

Lilly raised her skirt and slowly eased her silk panties down and off her legs. She made sure to give Timmy his first view of a woman's naked Mons Venus, that heavenly mound with its cavern of pure joy. It was, of course, shaven clean and damp with her juices. From his look of open-mouthed admiration, she thought that maybe he was about ready to graduate to the Expression room downstairs.

Panties in hand, Helen led him to an over-stuffed armchair and sat him down. She sat on one of the arms with her legs between his. She spread his legs wide and leaned forward to engulf his purple hard-on in the silk panties. The feel of stocking on stocking as their legs caressed one another made him writhe with desire. Once more she manipulated his tool and quickly brought him to climax. His cum seeped through the panties onto Helen's hands and she rubbed the residue to get the feel and scent of it. He'll be ready for the Expression room soon, she thought.

## **CHAPTER 9**

From a drawer in the vanity she picked out two silicon breast forms. They had prominent nipples attached. "These will help you be feminine. And now you are Tami." She slipped them into his bra and again took time to adjust them on his chest for the best look.

"Ooh, they're cold," he said.

"They'll quickly warm up. Right now you are an 'A' cup size. You see, they're designed to move with you and feel like natural breasts. Later you will move up to a 'B' cup. Now let's finish your dressing. Soon you'll get to see to Dr. Gordon who will devise the next phase of treatments for you."

"Who is Dr. Gordon, Aunt Helen?" asked Tami.

“Dr. Janice Gordon can work wonders for you, Darling. She can make the inner woman that you want to be blossom physically. You will be able to have your own pair of breasts, within reason of course. But all in due time. There’s no reason to hurry other than your own eagerness.”

“First put these panties on, Dear.” They were white satin, cut so high it seemed they had no sides to them. But they were full in the rear and gave room in front to hold cock and balls. “They’re a size 6, Tami, but if they don’t fit, we can get you new ones.”

Tami put them on. Again, she couldn’t help passing her hands across her cock to get that marvelous feeling.

“Let it be!” said Helen sharply.

From the closet she brought a silk slip and silk dress. The dress was a green paisley with a full skirt that would come down to just above his ankles. The hidden zipper ran halfway down the back. It had a modest ‘V’ neck and would cover her shoulders.

“Lean forward with your arms extended, Tami.” Helen looped the slip over her head and arms and pulled it down to settle around her body. Then she had her step into the dress.

Tami was absolutely thrilled. Looking at herself in the full mirror, she was enthralled by what she saw. She twirled about and looked at her figure, noting the modest thrust of her breasts, the clear outline of her tits and realized this was her secret longing – no longer secret, but free to blossom here with her beloved Aunt Helen and Lilly. She was now alive, released, truly at home, free at last.



“I believe you’re now prepared to partake of the Expression room.” said Helen. “We’ll have our first session there after lunch.”

Tami was overjoyed and eagerly awaited her next adventure in sexual exploration.

## CHAPTER 10

Lilly served a light lunch in the dining room. They exchanged small talk throughout but Tami's mind was filled with curiosity about the Expression room. After coffee, Helen rose, took Tami's hand and led her across the hall to the Expression room. "Come along, Lilly."

They entered a new world. It was done in soft reds, pale blues and yellows. It had a gas fireplace between two windows and there were two more windows astride shelving on the back wall. Light and air flooded the room. The furniture was opulent. Wide couches in suede leather and silk dominated the floor space. There were two wide stuffed chairs with footrests all covered in dark pink satin. The arms had levers in front that could raise what looked like stirrups in a doctor's office. But most notable was the statuary: life-sized figures of naked young women in various lesbian positions. One showed two naked women reclining on a bed, their legs spread wide, sharing a double-ended dildo embedded in their pussies. Another portrayed a woman in a cape wearing a strap-on dildo. Still another was kneeling before her with her hand on her thigh, her mouth half open in anticipation of what she was about to receive. A third piece was of a woman reclining on a chaise lounge, her legs spread to receive the lips of her lover kneeling before her. In the far corner, there reclined a woman sharing a double-ended dildo with another. Opposite, on a pedestal, stood the life-size figure of a man. He was fully upright but had a relaxed posture except for his aroused penis. It was accurate in every detail and proportion, down to its curvature and the veins on the shaft. The pedestal raised

the statue so that the permanent erection was level with the face of the viewer.

“That’s there for those who dare,” Helen said. “Perhaps you will, one day, Tami”.

Tami was amazed, stirred and enthralled. She realized she was privileged to be there.

“Here is where you’ll learn to emulate the statues so you can make love to a woman as a woman. Please undress, Lilly.”

Lilly slowly undid the buttons on her yellow satin blouse, pulled it loose and let it fall from her shoulders. Her bra was also in matching yellow satin. Her aroused nipples poked insistently through the smooth cover like two bullets. She loosened her black satin skirt and let it fall to the floor. She stood there in bra, white silk panties, white garter belt and stockings. Smiling coquettishly, she caressed her breasts with her hands and tweaked her nipples through the bra with her thumbs and forefingers.

“You may help now, Tami Dear”, said Helen. Tami moved forward but didn’t really know what to do. Lilly put her hands on Tami’s shoulders and pressed down gently. Tami accepted her cue and knelt in front of Lilly. Tami’s cock was rock hard and making a tent in her dress and panties. She reached up to Lilly’s panties, looking up at her for further direction. “That’s right,” Lilly said. Tami slowly lowered the panties and Lilly stepped free.

“Come Lilly,” said Helen. “Lie back on the couch”.

As Lilly sprawled out with her legs spread wide, Helen dropped a cushion on the floor between them. Tami knew what to do. She knelt before Lilly and put her face and lips to that glorious, moist pussy. “That’s

it, Tami, kiss me," said Lilly, "taste me, lick my pussy and suck my clit". For a beginner, Tami did an outstanding job. Lilly held his head to her G-spot as if she were driving a high horsepower sports car. She sighed, moaned and lifted her pelvis to the ministrations of her student lover. "Lovely!" she said when she was satisfied. Lilly left the couch to retrieve her clothing.

Tami rose and was astonished and excited to see Helen undressed, but still wearing her white satin bra. Her breasts thrust forth regally and her sensitive tits were fully aroused. She also had on her smooth leather briefs that held a built-in dildo thrusting arrogantly forward. There was also a penis inside the briefs that was made to service her clitoris.

"It's time to give me your virginity, Tami Dear," said Helen. Taking Tami's hand, she led her over to one of the large armchairs. Helen unzipped Tami's dress and it fell to the floor. "Take off your panties, Tami, and hold them in your hand. Sit on the edge of the chair, Darling, and lie back. That's right." Helen pulled the lever to raise the stirrups. "Now lift your legs and rest them on the racks. Good girl". On the raised chair, Tami's ass was level with Helen's dildo and her legs were spread wide. Her male pussy was open and seemingly begging for penetration.

"But Aunt Helen, I'm so frightened," Tami said. Her hard-on began to wilt.

"Don't be afraid, Dearest. Trust me. This is part of your rite-of- passage to womanhood".

"Yes, all right, Aunt Helen, yes," said Tami meekly.

Helen smothered her dildo in baby oil. She moved to put the head against Tami's male pussy. Tami gasped as the head insinuated itself in her ass.

“It’s so cold,” gasped Tami.

“You will make it hot, Darling,” said Helen as she pushed the dildo all the way in to the base. She began to thrust back and forth, making the penis inside her leather briefs invade her own pussy. Her breathing was coming in short gasps.

“Put the panties on your cock, Darling,” she said. Tami draped the panties over her newly erect staff and stroked it to ecstasy. Helen quickly reached her peak and withdrew slowly.

“Now you’re truly a woman, Darling.”

Tami almost cried with joy. “Yes, Aunt Helen, yes, I am.”

## CHAPTER 11

The next morning, Tami rose to a glorious new day – a new beginning – for his life in full femininity. Although not clinically a woman, Tami felt as one in every other respect.

After completing his toilette, which included bathing in skin toner and complete body hair removal, he gave his long blond hair a good brushing and tied it up with a pretty blue ribbon. He applied makeup to highlight his feminine appearance. Satisfied that he looked altogether like a pretty young woman, he chose a cream silk bra with no darts so the silk would lay flat against his male nipples. He put on a matching silk garter belt and rolled flesh-colored stockings up his legs. He couldn’t help but get aroused again as the stockings were drawn tight and fastened in place. He chose matching silk panties and pulled them up over the stockings. It was a tight fit which he liked. The panties held his cock close to his body, ready to be enflamed by any casual touch, intentional or otherwise.

Next he put on a light blue peignoir of elegant satin. The final item to his ensemble was a pair of cream-colored satin slippers with two-inch heels. Tami was now in proper female dress and ready to go downstairs for breakfast.

“Tami Dear,” exclaimed Helen, “you look absolutely scrumptious!”

Tami was delighted and blushed modestly as Lilly brought in breakfast. They chatted about the new dress styles and glanced through the latest issues of fashion magazines.

“Later today we’ll go to my boutique and choose some more things for you, Tami.” said Helen. “After we finish here, Lilly will assist in dressing you for town.”

“Thank you very much, Aunt Helen,” said Tami. Her cock was already stirring at the thought of Lilly’s help.

Upstairs, Lilly began sorting through the items needed for the trip to town.

“Now Tami,” she said, “get undressed so we can make you ready for shopping. We’ll put you in a matching outfit so the salesladies will know you’re a young woman of taste, if nothing else.”

“Thank you, Lilly,” she said.

Tami disrobed to her underwear. Lilly came over to inspect her closely, running her hands over her body and cupping her ass. She felt up Tami’s cock as it stiffened in her panties. Lilly held her cock tightly with one hand while she caressed Tami’s flat male nipples through her silk bra with the other.

“We’ll have to change your bra so you can show a proper shape in public. And we’ll put on matching panties so you can display your refined approach to ladies’ underwear when you try on new things.”

Tami heard but wasn’t listening because Lilly was still holding her hard-on in her panties. Lilly gave the few strokes needed to make Tami’s cock gush in relief into her panties. Tami got rid of the soiled underwear and wiped herself clean. Lilly gave her a new set of matching panties and an underwire bra also in silk, but this time the bra had ‘B’ cups. She inserted the breast forms for a fully firm figure.

Next came a light yellow slip in satin and then a formfitting yellow taffeta dress with a wide skirt. Lilly had Tami turn around to appraise the effect. It certainly was powerful on Tami as she felt the material caress her legs. Her cock began to twitch even though she had just been brought to climax. A light cashmere sweater and black leather pumps with three-inch heels completed the male woman. Tami was ready for town.

Helen was already downstairs, dressed in a tight fitting navy satin pant suit with wide collars. Her blouse was a creamy satin and had a large bow tied at the throat. The pants clasped her stomach and ass almost like a corset. Her boots were of low-cut black leather and had low heels. She was in butch mode today. She had Henry the chauffeur bring the car around for the drive into town.

## **CHAPTER 12**

Helen and Tami were let out at The Pink Roses and were greeted warmly by the two top sales ladies, Ms Terrell and Ms Cole. These two ladies were birds of a feather. Both were shapely women in their early thir-

ties; both were essentially lesbian, though they often forayed into bisexuality; and in their choice of male partner, each preferred pretty cross dressers. They found them to be more sensitive, more submissive and sexually adventurous. Generally, transvestites were easier to control and more obedient to women's sexual needs than heterosexual men. They seemed to have an affinity for servicing pussies with their mouths. The Pink Roses catered to a wide variety of clients, not only women of fashion and cross dressers, but the occasional man interested in adding spice to his relationships. It also served a number of dominant lesbians buying items with, and for, their femmes.

"Good morning, Helen," said Ms Terrell. "It's good to see you again. What can we do for you today?"

"Good morning, Lydia. I'd like to let my young charge Tami here look for new bra and panty sets." Tami blushed. She was not yet used to interacting with other women in so intimate a forum.

"I'd be delighted to be of assistance. Come with me, Tami. I'm sure we'll be able to find something that's just right for you." Terrified but eager, Tami followed Ms Terrell over to the bra and panty section, not knowing what fate lay in store.

At that moment, Debra Hall and her new charge, Bobbie Heath, entered the shop.

"Why, Helen! What a surprise!" said Debra. "You remember Bobbie, of course."

"Debra!" said Helen. "How nice to see you again! And Bobbie! You've blossomed into such a beautiful woman!" Bobbie beamed with pleasure and blushed a deep red. Helen stepped forward to embrace her. She thrust her leg between Bobbie's and could feel the heat

rising in Bobbie's penis. Helen held the pose until Bobbie's cock was a full hard-on in her panties. I wonder, thought Helen, what kind of panties she's got on today.

Debra Hall was a statuesque woman who had an air of authority about her. This was no pose. It came naturally to her. In groups whether formal or informal, she seemed naturally to rise to a position of leadership. She was certainly not arrogant about it, but simply assumed the function others expected of her. She was intelligent and self-confident. Her public face no doubt had a lot to do with it.

She was tall for a woman, a shade over 5' 10" in her stocking feet. Her dark hair was pulled back into a ponytail that reached a point midway between her shoulder blades. When she loosened it in private, the effect was stunning. She looked more sensuous than vulnerable or predatory. Her eyes were a dark brown. She had a straight nose and generous lips. Her skin was as smooth and creamy as the flow of a satin slip. It provided an attention-getting contrast to her hair. She took care of her body and was rightly proud of it.

Her breasts were not large but well-proportioned, firm and without sag. Her nipples stood out proudly, always eager for a lover's lips. She went braless on those occasions when she wanted to attract sexual attention. It never failed. Her waist was trim, her hips full and her long legs tapered down to small ankles and feet.

Still in her twenties, she liked to dress stylishly, showing off her figure to best advantage; she especially enjoyed turning heads in admiration. She favored see-through blouses to allow her bra to be seen lifting and offering up those gorgeous tits trying to burst

forth. She was never garish, more elegant, favoring drama in her wardrobe. She displayed her sex appeal rather than flaunted it.

It was no wonder that she preferred to take the dominant role in her sexual encounters. Debra found a natural pace in her affairs with her younger female partners who tended to look up to her, literally as well as figuratively, and to defer to her seniority and experience. In men, she liked pretty malleable young men who were natural followers, not leaders. It meant they were not aggressive and she could control the course of events.

In time, she came to enjoy greatly dressing up her pretty cross dressers in bras, hose, panties – especially panties – and other items of women’s clothing. She always insisted that her TV’s remain hairless so they could better appreciate the thrill of silks against the skin. Hairless skin was also smoother and more erotic to her touch and feel. As for those who could pass as female, she liked to take them on shopping trips for silk and satin dresses, blouses and skirts. They would linger over the bras, panties and slips in the lingerie section. They would feel the fabrics of the dresses and hold up selections to see how they might fit and then pose, turning back and forth in front of a floor-length mirror. She always brought them to The Pink Roses.

Of course everyone in the shop knew that most of Debra’s companions were clinically male. They enjoyed toying with the pretty young men and helping them with their choices of brassieres, slips, dresses and especially panties. Once they were let into the dressing room to help out with the fitting, they were able to give free rein to their own sexual impulses. These were varied indeed and almost never refused. The males were

easily persuaded to submit to the saleslady's caresses. Those on a regimen of female hormones enjoyed the attention paid to their budding breasts. The feel of a dominant woman's hand and fingers on their sensitive tits was often enough to bring them to climax. The sensation when their hard cocks were stroked and squeezed through their panties sent them off on the wings of ecstasy. They were often so thankful for the women's attention that, at the slightest hint, either a word or simple gesture, they would sink to their knees. The saleslady would then raise the hems of her dress and slip and have her pussy sucked through her panties to climax. Even when the client was a woman, more often than not she found herself undressed before she realized what was happening and felt an expert hand and mouth on her tits and pussy; then dressed again to emerge as if nothing had happened. The butch lesbians never wanted to be helped or disturbed in the dressing rooms. They wanted to do it all themselves. The Pink Roses did a land-office business.

Debra had dressed Bobbie today in a Kelly green satin blouse and a long black suede leather skirt, cut wide so it could swish deliciously against her tightly clad nylon legs. Bobbie loved the feel of the leather's soft caress and would pass her hands across her panty-clad cock whenever she thought no one was looking and give herself an impudent squeeze.

Bobbie wore black leather shoes with three-inch heels. Her underwear comprised a white satin bra, cup size 'A' with small silicon breast forms. They had out-sized nipples attached that thrust insolently against her blouse. She had on a red satin garter belt that held up her tight shimmering white stockings. Over that she wore matching red silk panties that were tight enough to hold her semi-erect penis close to her body so that it

didn't show, unless you were looking. All the shop-ladies were, of course, always looking and let Bobbie know with a sly smile and a wink, as if to say, "It's our secret." Bobbie blushed as her cock grew harder.

Ms Cole came forward. "Hello again and welcome, Ms Hall. How may I assist you today?"

"Hello, Ms Cole," said Debra. "We would like to see a selection of silk panties, size 5, for Miss Bobbie here. And then perhaps we could try on a silk dress. You're a size 14, aren't you Bobbie, Dear?" Debra turned to Bobbie with her arm reaching out for her waist.

Bobbie said shyly, "Yes, Aunt Debra." She almost curtsied.

Debra's hand slid down Bobbie's skirt to her ass and squeezed gently. Bobbie gave out a small gasp and blushed.

Ms Cole thought to herself that this one was adorable! She could hardly wait to get her into a changing room, preferably the one with the long couch. Her pussy was beginning to get hot.

"We have a number of items that I hope will please you, Ms Hall. Shall I bring out a collection of silk panties for you first?"

"That will be fine, thank you," said Debra.

In a moment, Ms Cole came back with an assortment of silk panties in different styles and colors. Debra looked them over, closely examining the quality.

"Only the most stimulating will do," she said.

"Yes of course, Ms Hall. I understand perfectly".

Debra selected four and handed them back to Ms Cole.

“Come with me, Miss Bobbie,” said Ms Cole, “and let’s see how these fit.”

Bobbie could only guess what was coming and nervously but eagerly followed Ms Cole into the dressing room with the long couch. Debra walked over to a rack of dresses near the window and began shuffling through them.

“Well now, Miss Bobbie, take off your shoes and panties so we can try these on. There’s a good girl,” said Ms Cole.

“Yes Ma’am,” said Bobbie respectfully, but getting hot nevertheless. She lifted her skirt up over her hips and lowered her panties. As she wriggled out of them, she let the leather fabric of her skirt caress her raging hard-on.

“Goodness, whatever shall we do with that?” Ms Cole asked. “These panties will never fit over it smoothly enough for Ms Hall. Now lie back on the couch.” She took hold of Bobbie’s cock and was turned on by its heat. She deftly took off her own panties and lifting up her own skirt, knelt astride Bobbie’s legs. Ms Cole slowly lowered herself onto Bobbie’s flagpole. Her pussy swallowed Bobbie’s cock and seemed to suck and pull on it, driving her to fits of ecstasy. Ms Cole was riding Bobbie like a horse. Bobbie’s breath came in gasps as she thrust her hips upward, trying for deeper penetration. But the rider is always in charge of the horse and knows where she is going. It wasn’t long before Ms Cole felt the thrill of sexual satiation coursing through her. As her pace slowed, Bobbie climaxed with a gasp and a sigh. Ms Cole dismounted, wiped her panties over Bobbie’s softening cock and said, “There now, shall we choose our panties?”

“Oh yes, Ma’am,” said Bobbie. It was the best she could do for the moment. She was spent.

“I think all of them will do, don’t you, Bobbie?”

“Yes please, Ma’am,” said Bobbie.

Ms Cole picked up Bobbie’s satin panties and held them open so she could step into them. She slowly pulled them up around her cock and balls and smoothed them over her hips. She ran her hands over her penis, enjoying the feel through the tight silk. Bobbie put her shoes back on and Ms Cole retrieved her own panties.

## CHAPTER 13

They emerged from the dressing room to find Debra waiting for them. Debra saw the panties in Ms Cole’s hand. “Did you enjoy choosing your panties, Bobbie Dear?” she asked.

“Oh yes, Aunt Debra. Thank you so much!”

“I’d like to get a couple of satin bras for her,” she told Ms Cole. “Her breasts are developing quite nicely, thanks to the treatments of Dr. Gordon. She’s ready, I think, for her first ‘B’ cup.” Turning to Bobbie, she said, “Your breasts are coming along so nicely, my Dear. You won’t be needing your silicon forms much longer.” To Ms Cole she said, “She takes a size 38.” Turning back to Bobbie, she said, “Don’t you, Bobbie Dear?” Without waiting for a reply, Debra said, “And then I’d like her to try on that blue paisley silk dress I’ve picked out.”

“Very well, Ms Hall, an excellent choice,” said Ms Cole.

Just at that point, Jack Harris came into the shop with his current companion, Heather Ames. Heather,

in her early twenties, if that, was absolutely stunning. She had long golden blonde hair that framed an oval face. Her eyes were blue and widely set, giving her an innocent, vulnerable look. Standing no more than 5' 5", Heather's proportions for that frame were nigh perfect. Her young breasts were crowned with purple nipples that stood out like rose buds seeking the nourishment of the sun. She had a thin waist that flared out to wide hips. Her ass was small and tight. She shaved her cunt but kept a narrow strip of hair just above her cleft. Her legs were long and tapered, inviting a lover's full caress or a foot fetishist's worship. She'd had some trysts with a few of those. She rather liked it. But then again, she'd had no experience of sex that she didn't like. She knew which practitioners to embrace and which to avoid.

Heather was dressed in a light yellow satin bra with open cups. It held her breasts firmly in place and lifted up those uncovered, gorgeous nipples as offerings to the world. Her matching yellow garter belt held her shimmering yellow stockings place without a wrinkle. Her white silk panties were high-cut so no panty line would show. She didn't wear a slip. The dress itself was made of a fluid satin that swirled widely when she moved. It was tight in the bodice so the outline of her tits could be clearly seen. She made no excuses for such an impudent display. The overall effect was to keep Jack in a steady state of sexual tension.

Helen, the proprietor of the shop, left Ms Terrell and Tami alone to greet Jack, a valued customer. Ms Terrell took Tami into the changing room with a couple of bra and panty sets. Her hungry pussy was wet in anticipation.

“Why don’t you hang that pretty dress on this hanger, Tami,” said Ms Terrell. Tami took off her dress and stood there trying to cover her underwear modestly. “Relax, Tami,” she said. “It’s just us girls in here,” she continued and looked her up and down. Although Tami was a bit uncomfortable, Ms Terrell was so smooth that she quickly felt more at ease. “Turn around,” said Ms Terrell as she felt Tami’s ass and let her hand linger on Tami’s panty-clad penis which hardened visibly.

“What pretty undies you’re wearing, Tami. Your bra and breast forms fit you perfectly.” Ms Terrell was still holding Tami’s cock through her panties. “I do so love a hard cock covered in satin,” she said, as she stroked Tami’s cock to orgasm. “And now let’s see what you can do in return.” Ms Terrell sat on a large chair and dropped a cushion on the floor in front her.

Tami knelt on the cushion, lifted Ms Terrell’s dress and nuzzled her pussy through her panties with her nose. She was turned on by the aroma of Ms Terrell’s pussy juice. Tami drew the gusset to one side, exposing Ms Terrell’s pussy, and covered it with her hungry mouth. She sucked and licked and pulled on her clit with her lips, sending Ms Terrell over the edge into orgasm. Exhausted, they both rested as they were.

Helen and Jack chatted out front. Bisexual, Jack’s taste in men also ran to submissive cross dressers. He liked to lead them in seductive play before he lifted their dresses and invaded their panties. He often brought his boy toys to The Pink Roses for fittings. He found that its selection of bras for men had longer shoulder straps, which meant you could have a tighter band to hold breast forms. You didn’t have to go to a larger bra size just for properly fitting straps.

Jack wanted his lovers, of either sex, to wear silks and satins because he liked the feel of the material against the palms of his hands, cock and body. It was an important part of his foreplay.

"We're looking for a new bra and panty set for Heather here," he said to Helen. "And then we'll try on a couple of nightgowns. Dottie was so helpful the last time I was here. Is she available?"

Heather stood passively at Jack's side. She was acutely aware of the hungry stares of the other women in the shop. She liked being appraised by lesbians. It gave her such a thrill that it had become one of her favorite games.

Debra perked up at the sound of Jack's voice and exclaimed, "Hello Jack! What brings you here?"

"Why Debra, how nice to see you again! Heather and I were just about to look at some new bras, panties and nightgowns. I was looking forward to going through Helen's current stock. Let me deal with this and then we'll catch up."

Debra stretched out her hand to Heather and said, "Hi, Heather, I'm Debra."

Heather took her hand and said, "I'm very pleased to meet you, Debra." They gazed at one another with mounting mutual attraction and maintained their grip seconds longer than necessary. Debra looked Heather over with open admiration and was immediately smitten. Heather in turn was stirred by Debra's undisguised appraisal and was glad she had chosen her open bra and this satin dress. She turned ever so slightly to let the light catch on her dress and give a better view of her nipples poking through. For his part, Jack was taken with Bobbie who smiled somewhat co-

quettishly. Fantasies of blow-jobs raced through Jack's mind and he felt his cock come to life in its silk thong.

Helen broke the spell. "Yes Jack. I believe Dottie is in the back. I'll bring her out." And she went to fetch Dottie.

Dottie came out with a cream-colored silk night-dress over her arm and smiled. "Nice to see you again, Mr. Harris." Indeed it was. She had pleasant memories of their last meeting. "Helen said you wanted to see some of our silk gowns. This piece just came in." She spread it out for his inspection. It was a thin transparent gown with sleeves down to the wrist. The body of the gown reached well below the knee. It was cut open at the sides from just below the arm pits to the hips. The sides could be closed with a small clasp halfway down.

"Shall we go into the fitting room with this?" suggested Dottie.

"We'll take it as is this time, Dottie. We can always exchange it later if there's any problem." Jack didn't want to share Heather just yet. She was still fresh and he wanted all her pussy juices for himself.

Dottie pouted in disappointment. Jack gave her a close hug, letting her feel his semi-erection between her legs. "It's just this one time, Dottie," he said softly. Dottie nodded and said with a knowing smile and a surreptitious glance at Heather, "I do like to, uh, help out in the fitting rooms, but I don't blame you." The truth was, of course, that Jack was also frustrated in losing out on some heavy action, but he had a valuable prize on his hands and wanted to savor unique possession of it a while longer.

## CHAPTER 14

Jack also liked to participate in the fitting room sessions. He was enamored of Dottie, a sexually adventurous young beauty. Dottie was homegrown here in the San Francisco environs, where she had run with a free-wheeling crowd in college and after. She was still learning about the range of her own appetites. She had had a rather strict upbringing; now that she was free of home restrictions, she threw herself at life with some abandon. Her usual attire consisted of a silk bra and panties but never in matching design or color. She often wore thin nylon pantyhose, but today she was bare-legged. She was partial to floral dresses. The shimmer and flow of the shiny silk and satin materials attracted many interested stares from both men and women. Who wouldn't enjoy the sight of her tits thrusting against her bodice? She liked a flirtatious presentation because a seductive chase always serves to whet the appetite and keep everyone alert.

A while back Dottie and Jack had shared a gay romp with one of his pretty she-males.

Jack and his transvestite paramour at that time, Amber Willard, had come into the shop looking for satin and silk nightgowns. Jack liked to handle the items he bought. Stroking his lover through the sexy material always put him in the mood.

Once the three of them were in the fitting room with the couch, Jack had stripped Amber of her outer wear, leaving her in a black satin bra and panties. Amber had breast implants sized to her overall proportions. Dr. Gordon had done a beautiful job in developing Amber's breasts with their own cheeky nipples. Amber was wearing a black satin garter belt

and tight black stockings. She had been well taught that these basic items of underwear were indispensable if she ever expected to be a woman. Jack was holding her cock through the panties as Dottie bunched up the nightgown and slipped it over her head and arms. As the folds fell down around her body, Jack let go of her penis, now thick and stiff with undeniable need.

“Oh God, please, Jack,” implored Amber.

“Dottie, can you please help us?” asked Jack. Dottie came forward and knelt in front of Amber. Jack kneaded Amber’s breast, feeling up her tits, while Dottie reached under the nightgown to pull down her panties. Amber’s hard-on swayed as she lay back on the couch. “Spread your legs, please, Amber, and lift up your nightie,” said Dottie. She leaned forward, blowing hot breath on Amber’s cock head. Dottie engulfed that stiff tool, took it deep in her throat and coaxed Amber’s load into her mouth. There was so much cum that Dottie could only swallow so much and she had to let the rest leak out and run down her chin. Jack had got rid of his clothes and had Dottie bring his cock to a ramrod erection with her mouth. He then lifted Amber’s legs and held them spread wide apart. Amber guided Jack’s swollen cock into her male pussy, a well-worn track that had satisfied quite a number of men and several women. Amber really liked being fucked by a woman with a dido because he loved kinky sex. Dildo sex often seemed softer, more attuned to pleasure and less of an exercise in power.

After he had satisfied himself, Jack said, “Why don’t you sit on the couch for a moment and catch your breath, Dottie?”

“Yes, I’d like that, sir,” she said. Amber, well-satisfied, made room for her.

Jack knelt down, reached under Dottie's dress and slipped her panties off. Pushing her dress up to her waist, Jack said, "Now it's time for you to spread your legs, Dottie."

Dottie was eager to comply, for her pussy was already wet with anticipation. While she enjoyed fucking with women, she preferred oral sex from a man. She liked the rough and tough play that a man's tongue could give her.

Jack sucked up her sweet juices and penetrated pussy with his long tongue. Dottie's clit got stiffer with every lick and suck and she came hard and fast.

They all came out of the fitting room feeling a bit wobbly and tired but sated.

## **CHAPTER 15**

Today however was different. Jack was here with the ravishing Heather and he was not about to share her with anyone – at least not without some reciprocity. Bobbie was a prime candidate.

Jack paid for the nightgown and turned back to Debra. "Where did you find such a delicious creature, Debra?" and he reached out to caress Bobbie's ass. Bobbie stood still, enjoying the touch.

"We met at Helen's, didn't we, Dear?" said Debra, Bobbie blushed and nodded. "But you must tell me all about your lovely young companion here".

"I shall scold Helen for holding out on me!" said Jack playfully and squeezed Bobbie's ass cheek again. Bobbie came in closer for the caress. "Heather came to me from New York. She graduated from community college a couple of years ago and now she's enjoying living a life of discovery, in many ways."

“Why don’t you and Heather come over to my place tomorrow evening for drinks at eight and we can all get better acquainted?” She put an arm around Heather’s waist and let it slide up to feel her breast and lightly explore her nipple. Heather leaned in toward Debra to give her more room for fondling; she was already looking forward to the next day.

In preparation for the evening’s festivities, Debra attended to Bobbie personally, making him bathe in scented suds and depilatories that removed every trace of stubble from his body, paying close attention to his cock and balls. She rinsed him off with her hand-held shower head, then ran her hands all over his body. She was pleased at his smooth muscle tone and the swelling of his breasts and tits. She refrained from feeling him up because she knew they were so sensitive. Dr Gordon had obviously found the right hormone dosage for him.

Debra brought Bobbie over to the bidet and had him sit astride it. Bobbie knew what was next and his cock began to harden once more. Debra got the water going at the right temperature, soaped up her middle finger and inserted it in his ass. Bobbie gave a small gasp as it slid in easily. He sighed in pleasure as she reamed him clean. She then towed him dry and applied little dabs of oiled perfume to his strategic spots, including his balls and ass. Bobbie got hard again, couldn’t help it, because Debra was leaning in too close. She ran her tongue around the base of his cock and took his balls in her mouth just to be certain. “It’s the best way to make certain that you’re really smooth, my Dear,” she said.

Debra closely supervised his dressing. All the items of clothing were her choice. She wanted Bobbie to be ir-

resistibly attractive for Jack, if the evening was to turn out as successfully as she hoped and expected. First she put him in a blue snug satin garter belt and rolled silk stockings up his legs. His boner was turning almost purple by now. A simple harsh word from Debra brought it down to half mast. No point in sensory overload, thought Debra.

Next she had him step into pale blue panties, also in satin. They had hand-sized slits on both sides for easy access. The panties were made with plenty of room for his cock and balls. The large gusset could hold his erection at full mast. Often a satin-covered cock is sexier than a naked one. It extends the period of hungry anticipation, sharpening desire and its ultimate fulfillment. It would look good making a tent out of his dress, she thought. She chose a matching silk bra that would hold his small breasts but let his tits stand out at the same time. He put his arms through the straps and quickly fastened it. He loved his new firm breasts and nipples. He caressed them through the silk and pulled gently on his love buds. Bobbie daydreamed about his next session with Dr. Gordon and hoped she would take sexual liberties with him again. Bobbie gave a sigh of pleasure as she was now adorned in the basic attributes of her female identity.

Debra brought out a white silk dress. The sleeves were actually drapes falling down from the shoulders to the elbows. More drapery went around the neckline and plunged down to the top of the bra's band. The bodice of the dress was tight across the bust, to highlight Bobbie's small but blossoming nipples, and around the waist to the crotch. There it flared out in short but generous billows to show a garter or two and a hint of panty as Bobbie moved about. Modesty could

be preserved, or not, when she sat because of the extra material in the skirt.

Bobbie shuddered in delight as Debra put the dress on her and smoothed its lines on her body. Bobbie brushed her hair and applied a light dusting of makeup on her cheeks. She added blue eye shadow to her lids and shaped her eyebrows into arches. She paid special attention to her lips, giving them a smooth coating of cherry red lipstick. She donned a pair of pink satin ballet slippers. She surveyed herself in the long mirror and was happy to hear Debra say, "You're more than ready, my girl."

## CHAPTER 16

Debra now rang for her maid, Marcia. Marcia had come from Eastern Europe, from one of the Baltic countries, maybe Lithuania, Debra thought. Debra had bought out her service contract, saving her from a descent into forced prostitution for the benefit of a few unscrupulous, unsavory characters. Marcia was indeed grateful for her rescue and to be given the chance for legitimate employment.

Marcia was small but lithe. By the time she began service with Debra, she was in her early twenties. She was sexually aware but relatively inexperienced and therefore somewhat naïve. She carried her breasts as if they were without noticeable charm. Her bras fit poorly and squashed her nipples. Her wardrobe could best be described as haphazard. Although her legs were shapely, she did not know how to care for them well.

All that changed when she entered domestic service with Debra. Marcia's introduction to lesbian life and sex was just about inevitable and in this case, under-

taken with increasing enthusiasm. She learned how to shave her legs, armpits and pussy to creamy smoothness. She became adept at keeping herself well-oiled and lubricated. With Debra's help, she began to dress to better effect. She tried different combinations to show off her breasts and she quickly learned how to showcase her perky nipples.

She became ready, even eager, for spontaneous trysts at any time of the day. Marcia never initiated a coupling but always responded with heat to Debra's overtures. To Debra's delight, she liked to explore new techniques and positions on her own. It didn't take long for her status to rise to that of companion maid. Marcia's tolerance of Debra's many other sex partners helped cement the bond between the two. Besides, Marcia was always eager to expand her horizons and on occasion to participate in three- or four-somes.

Marcia answered the call to tend to Debra's preparations in her boudoir for the evening. Debra was naked but knew what her outfit would be. "I'll start with the dildo harness, please, Marcia."

Marcia got the harness and a five-inch dildo made of flexible flesh-colored rubber from the chest of drawers in the closet. The harness was a wide suede leather belt with three buckles in back. It had a strap in the center that had an opening to accommodate the dildo. The strap was made to pass between the legs. It then divided into a 'Y' with each branch attaching above the cheeks of the ass to the belt. It also had two more straps that wrapped around each thigh in order to anchor it in the center and hold the dildo securely. The dildo was a faithful replica of a hard-on and had a penis on the

other end inside the belt for insertion into the wearer's pussy to stimulate the clit.

Marcia wrapped the harness around Debra's waist and pulled the three buckles taut against the small of back. She came round to the front and went down on her knees.

Drawing the straps to one side, she lathered Debra's smooth pussy with her tongue. She pulled the dildo through the strap and took it in her mouth. She guided it to Debra's mound of Venus to hold it steady and guided the penis into her pussy. She waited for Debra to accommodate her pussy to the invasion before securing the straps.

"Ah, that's fine, Dear," said Debra. "You do that so well." Marcia smiled

"Thank you, Ma'am, it is always a pleasure".

"I think the open cup strapless lambskin bra is appropriate for this evening's frolics, don't you, Marcia?" She brought out the bra and fastened it in back for Debra. The bra matched the color of the harness and was tailored specifically for Debra. It was made of thin lambskin leather with wire reinforcement to hold its shape. It was very soft and caressed her breasts rather than confine them. Marcia made meaningless adjustments to the fit that allowed her to pass her hands over Debra's tits. Debra hardly minded. She was pleased with herself for maintaining her body in such good shape.

The dress came next. This was certainly not street wear. It was meant to shock and arouse. It was made of a cream-colored soft, fluid silk-satin. It had a wide band around the throat. In front, it had two strips of material from the throat band that crossed to the

breasts and held the gown in place. Similarly, in back, two similar strips from the throat band fell to the back of the dress. The shoulders were bare. The front of the skirt was cut in an inverted 'V' from the ankles to just above the crotch, letting the naked dildo thrust up and out unapologetically. Nothing would be hidden from view unless Debra chose to hold the billowing folds of satin in front of her pussy and over the dildo. Even then, of course, the dildo would be impossible to conceal, only covered.

## CHAPTER 17

"Now my Dear, what outfit shall we have you wear?" asked Debra pensively. "Perhaps you should put on your short blue silk dress with the buttons down the front and your white satin apron. I think your open cup blue silk bra will go well. A matching garter belt and flesh-colored stockings should also be part of your uniform. And as for panties, what are wearing now"?

Marcia said, "I've got my cream colored thong on, Ma'am."

"Let me see, please." Marcia raised the hem of her dress to show Debra her thong.

"Lovely, my Dear, lovely. Debra reached out to caress Marcia's silk thong, slipped her hand underneath and felt her pussy. "I'm so glad we had you treated to get rid of all that pussy hair. Dr. Gordon is a true artist. You are so deliciously smooth. I don't think you'll need any panties this evening".

"Very well, Madame, thank you."

Marcia was getting hot and looking forward to whatever the evening held. She went to her room to wash up and get dressed as Debra had directed.

Debra put the finishing touches of makeup on, inspected herself in the full-length mirror and went downstairs to await her guests. Bobbie followed her down, a few steps behind. Moments later, the door bell sounded.

It was Marcia who answered the door. "Hello, Marcia," Jack said. He knew she was more than a maid to Debra. He was wearing a black satin shirt and matching tight trousers. The trousers had a vertical opening in front instead of a fly. One side overlapped the other so they could be worn in public.

"This is Heather Ames," he said. Marcia stared at Heather with wide-eyed wonder, but quickly recovered. Heather noticed and was pleased at the effect she had. She was wearing a pink silk dress that flowed around her body, covering it all while revealing previews of the succulence that lay beneath. Her red silk panties were crotch-less. Her red silk bra was little more than a showcase for her plump nipples. Heather wore no stockings this evening.

"It's nice to see you, sir," said Marcia to Jack. "Please come in. Madame is in the sitting room."

The sitting room was well-appointed with log couches, armchairs with foot rests and soft carpeting wall to wall. The cushions were upholstered in silk, satin and taffeta coverings. There were a number of silk Persian rugs placed in front of the larger pieces. Armless chairs were situated about the room. A fire was lit in the fireplace between two wall-to-ceiling bookcases. Debra stood next to the fire. Bobbie was seated, but rose to meet the guests, smoothing her dress down her body and pressing her hands against her rising cock.



## CHAPTER 18

Debra got the reaction she wanted. Heather gasped upon seeing Debra's dildo thrusting out so arrogantly, ready to take on all comers. Jack's eyes riveted on Bobbie's penis pushing out against her dress and his mouth watered. That, in turn, caused Bobbie's cock to stir even more in anticipation.

“Marcia Dear, please serve drinks to our guests. And Heather, come sit beside me here.”

Marcia rolled the bar dolly behind the central couch and served everyone a glass of vintage sherry, Chateau Cheutraine '58, very strong, very dry.

“Let’s get better acquainted here, Bobbie,” said Jack, patting a seat on the couch beside him. Bobbie walked over with her glass of sherry. Marcia took it, and bending down, put it on the table. She took her time so both Jack and Bobbie could wonder if she was wearing panties. Marcia silently thanked Debra for her foresight. Jack reached under her dress and stroked her pussy. Her juices flowed over his fingers. Marcia raised her dress as Jack withdrew his hand, licked one finger and offered another to Bobbie. Bobbie engulfed it; as she sucked on it, she felt a warm hand circle her cock through her dress and squeeze. Bobbie was curious as to whose hand it might be, but decided it didn’t matter. She was staring into a well-cared-for cunt ready for her undivided attention.

Bobbie pushed a cushion to the floor, opened her mouth and settled it on Marcia’s bare shaven pussy. Ah, it was so sweet. This was where Bobbie belonged, she knew; on her knees sucking the meat of a clean, smooth pussy. She explored the mound with her tongue searching out Marcia’s clit. Bobbie worried that nub as soon as she found it and increased her sucking. Her hands caressed Marcia’s stockings, thrilling them both, and moved around to her ass to pull her in more closely. Marcia thrust her hips forward and ground her pussy against that devouring mouth.

Jack maintained his grip on Bobbie’s cock throughout the performance. When Marcia sank back on the couch fully satiated, Jack pulled Bobbie by her cock to a

chair where he sat down. He threw a large satin-covered cushion on the floor and coaxed Bobbie to her knees.

Bobbie was largely inexperienced in cock-sucking. Debra had, of course, given her some training in giving blow-jobs. She had put on her harness and dildo and made Bobbie practice various techniques with which she was familiar. Bobbie was a quick study but recognized that a dildo is not the same as a stiff, enflamed, penis. Debra had thoughtfully loaned Bobbie out to gay friends a few times so she could learn the feel of the real thing. "You'll have to know how to service a man properly if you truly want to be a woman, my Dear," she had said. She had received several favorable reports on Bobbie's progress. Bobbie had learned how to suck and swallow, so Debra was satisfied with that for now.

Now Bobbie was on her knees between Jack's satin-covered legs. She reached into the folds of his trousers and brought his engorged penis into view. He was uncircumcised. As she ran her hands over the bulbous head and squeezed the shaft, she was thankful Jack had shaved his crotch. It was going to be a much more pleasurable blow-job without having to break for moments at a time to extricate a loose pubic hair. She began her ministrations by slipping her tongue under his foreskin and licking the head. Her mouth moved down his shaft so she could lick the underside of his cock, where the skin is smooth and silky and the meat is hard and hot. She kissed her way from the base to the sensitive head. She eased his foreskin back and wetly engulfed the bulb. She applied sucking pressure to the tip, then worked her way back down to the base. Jack was gasping with excitement. He lay back on the chair and gave himself up to Bobbie's mouth and

tongue. He let loose bursts of cum and to her credit, Bobbie was able to take it all. Jack bent down and gave Bobbie an open mouth kiss before she even had time to swallow it all.

Jack rose and pulled Bobbie up to him. They embraced and kissed. Jack's hands roamed over Bobbie's body, caressing her silk dress and squeezing her flesh. He reached inside her dress to feel her silk-covered breasts and play with her budding nipples. Both were turned-on. Jack liked the feel of the silk bra holding young, firm tits and Bobbie felt like a woman yielding to her lover's caresses. Jack put his other hand inside the slit in the dress and held Bobbie's hard-on tightly through her panties. He lowered them to the floor and she stepped out of them.

Jack had Bobbie sit on a chair and, lifting the hem of her dress, brought Bobbie's cock to full erection with his mouth. He went to the side of the chair, unfastened his trousers and let them slide to the floor. Holding his ass cheeks apart, Jack slowly lowered himself onto Bobbie's hot, stiff, cock. As Jack's ass swallowed more and more of Bobbie's pole, her breathing became more and more labored. The combination of hot ass smothering hot cock was unstoppable. Bobbie heaved a groan of ecstasy and unloaded her cum into Jack's ass. They kissed long and hard.

Debra and Heather were on the couch in front of the fire. Heather was draped across Debra's lap, her dress pulled up to her hips. Debra had her hand between Heather's legs, holding onto her pussy, gently massaging it. As the heat of her cunt rose, Debra sucked on her middle finger and inserted it all the way in Heather's pussy. Heather gasped and wriggled her hips for greater pleasure.

But Debra was not done. She rose from the couch and, facing Heather, said, "A little lubrication is in order, don't you think, my Dear?"

Heather slid off the couch and knelt before Debra. She held the dildo steady with a thumb and forefinger at the base and took the bulb in her mouth. She licked and sucked on it all the way to the base, making it move up and down and from side to side as she went. This action made the penis in Debra's pussy agitate her almost to the point of orgasm. Debra withdrew from Heather's mouth and laid her out on the couch. She raised her dress, lifted and spread Heather's legs and lowered herself. With one hand, Heather guided the dildo into her cunt. With the other, she reached around to Debra's ass and pulled her close. She ground her hips against Debra and the dildo as they rocked back and forth. The bliss of orgasm washed over them at the same time.

"Magnificent!" said Debra. "Let's do it again soon."

Exhausted, Heather smiled and said, "Yes, let's."

## **CHAPTER 19**

The next morning at breakfast, Jack had had some time alone with Debra.

"Bobbie is so sensitive and balanced; how did you manage that?" he asked.

"For now," said Debra, "it's really a matter of his breast forms. They promote the psychology of being a woman. And Dr. Gordon is treating her with hormones to develop her breasts. It has to be a well-planned and monitored regimen so that his sexuality is not yet committed one way or another. But once we have Bobbie at the desired level, there will still be training required before she becomes truly feminine. She is ready now to

start that program. I've been thinking of enrolling her in Ms Stayles' School of Decorum. We'll have to make proper application there. Glenda is rather fussy about whom she admits."

"Splendid!" said Jack. "I know Glenda from way back! In fact, I have assumed charge some of her graduates and brought them out unto society... that is to say, of course, 'our' society. I wonder if Tami would be considered suitable material for Glenda's training."

"But of course," said Debra. "She would be a perfect subject. She is already so soft and feminine, she could easily be a role model for many others! I'll suggest it to Glenda this afternoon."

Later that day, Debra phoned the school. "School of Decorum, Ms Collier speaking," said a well modulated voice. "How may I help you?"

"Hello, Ms Collier, I'm Debra Hall, an old acquaintance of Ms Stayles. I was hoping to catch her in."

"Ah yes, Ms Hall. I remember you from a couple of years ago, when you took charge of one of our pupils, Velma Carstaires. I was Dance Instructor at the time. I do hope Velma did well with you."

"Why yes, Ms Collier, I remember both of you well," said Debra, a host of hot memories of Velma flooding through her. Her nipples hardened and her pussy heated up recalling so many trysts of lesbian passion. "Velma was very well instructed. You are all to be congratulated. I wonder if I could speak to Glenda. I may have two subjects worthy of her academy. "

"Splendid," said Ms Collier, "I'll fetch her right away. She's in the library."

In a moment, Glenda came on the line. "Hello, Debra," she said. "It's so nice to hear from you again; I'm very glad Velma worked out well for you. She was one of our star students."

"Indeed, Glenda, Velma applied what she had learned in many imaginative ways. But I'm calling you about two male women who would, I'm sure, benefit greatly from your training."

"We might be very interested, Debra, as we have no male girls currently enrolled. I would of course have to interview them myself."

"Naturally. May I bring them 'round next week, sat Tuesday afternoon"?

"Perfect," said Glenda. "Bring them here at 3:30 and we'll all have some tea together."

Debra, Bobbie and Tami arrived at the school on time. The school was a Tudor mansion of stone and brick, with several tall chimneys. The total staff managed a complement of between 12 and 18 young charges of indefinite sexuality, ranging in age from 19 to 23. The three alighted from the cab and the front door was opened before they had a chance to ring. Debra was pleased at the attentiveness.

"Hello again, Ms. Harris," said Ms Collier, "and welcome to our School of Decorum. Come on in, Ms Stayles is expecting you all. Right this way, please." Bobbie and Tami were awed by the general splendor of the place. The interior was light and airy although the walls were paneled in oak and beech wood. The furnishings were not opulent; rather they tended toward the warm and comfortable. This was true throughout the mansion. They were ushered into the library to be greeted by Glenda Stayles.

Glenda was a severe-looking woman in her upper thirties or early forties. She knew what she wanted from her pupils and demanded high standards of performance. She was strict but fair. Standing 5' 9" in her stockings, she presented a commanding figure. Her aura of authority was unmistakable when she wore her patent leather shoes with 4-inch heels. Although her body was trim and fit, she wore corsets regularly because she believed that a corset improves one's carriage. Today, over her boned satin corset, she was dressed in a formfitting dark blue satin skirt with matching jacket. Her white silk blouse was tied at the throat with a wide bow that prevented her bra from showing through. She had on flesh-colored pantyhose without panties.

After greeting and seating her guests, Glenda rang for tea. It was delivered on a rolling cart by one of her graduate students, Patty. Patty wore a silk maid's dress, tight in the bodice to show off her breasts, with a wide short skirt and frilly petticoats so she could flash her fire engine red satin panties in any direction...but discreetly, of course.

"Well done, my Dear," said Glenda. "Patty has been one of our better students. Now come over here and let me introduce you to our guests." Patty went with a curtsy to stand next to Glenda, who was seated on a straight-backed chair. "This is Ms Hall who has brought these two delightful young ladies, Bobbie and Tami, to us." While she was speaking, her hand came up to caress Patty's thigh. Patty moved imperceptibly to accommodate the stimulation. Glenda's hand rose to Patty's crotch and she gave her pussy a possessive squeeze. Patty's juices began to flow. None of Glenda's guests reacted. Debra enjoyed the show while Bobbie

and Tami saw the sex play as natural. Glenda noted that with satisfaction.

“Now, I think, we should begin the interviews. Bobbie, my Dear, would you come into my study next door.” It was not a question.

“Yes, Ms Stayles,” said Bobbie, and rose from her chair nervously to follow Glenda’s lead. Glenda was pleased by Bobbie’s malleability. Bobbie was tense but expectant. She’d been aroused by the sight of Patty being felt up and was now conscious of her cock restrained in his silk panties. She could feel the blood flowing into that organ. It was the slow rise of desire.

For this interview, Bobbie wore matching silk bra and panties. Her silk garter belt was tight across her tummy and was tethered to white silk stockings. She had on a long flowing silk dress in baby blue and short white silk gloves. The dress had buttons down to her waist.

Glenda looked her up and down, making Bobbie even more self-conscious and, curiously, aroused. Glenda put her arm around Bobbie and her hand on her waist. “You’re very sweet, my Dear. Now turn around for me, Bobbie,” she said. As Bobbie turned, she could feel Glenda’s hand glide up to cup her breast. “What bra size are you now, Dear”?

Bobbie blushed – another good sign, thought Glenda – and said, “Aunt Debra says I’m a forty-two with a cup size ‘B’, but, uh, that includes my breast forms.”

“Yes, that size seems to fit your proportions well. Unbutton your dress, please, so I can take a closer look.” With only the slightest hesitation, Bobbie began to undo all the buttons.

Glenda carefully slid the dress off Bobbie's shoulders and down her arms. "What a lovely bra you have on, Dear," said Glenda. She reached up to feel the tits. She then put arms around Bobbie's back and unclasped the bra. Bobbie freed her arms from the dress and caught the breast forms before they fell. Glenda ran her hands over Bobbie's chest and felt her breasts, tweaking her sensitive nipples. "How smooth you are, Dear, and your breasts are developing very nicely. You won't be needing inserts much longer with the right treatment. Why don't you step out of that dress."

Bobbie did so and stood there in her panties, garter belt and stockings. Her cock was fully enflamed and pressed angrily against the silk. She waited for what was to come next.

"Let me have your panties, Bobbie, and sit on this couch", said Glenda as she directed Bobbie to a wide, deep, soft couch. Bobbie slipped off her silk panties and gave them to Glenda. By now her penis was stiff and aching for relief. Bobbie sank back into the couch while Glenda pulled up a chair alongside. She sat down and fondled Bobbie's hard-on. She liked the feel of cock in her hand and, on occasion, in her mouth. She gave the cock head a lick and a kiss, making Bobbie gasp and her cock leak pre-cum. Glenda draped the panties over Bobbie's cock and with only a few strokes and squeezes, drew spurt after spurt of cum into the panties. After she had dried off the now flaccid cock, she put the soaked panties into a brown manila envelope.

"And now let's see what you can do, Bobbie" said Glenda. She stood, raised her skirt to her waist, threw a cushion on the floor in front of her and sat down with her legs apart. Bobbie knew exactly what to do. She

knelt on the cushion and bent forward to put her mouth directly on Glenda's crotch. Bobbie's hands stroked Glenda's thighs and gently pushed her legs wider apart. She opened her mouth and sucked Glenda's pussy fervently. Glenda's juices mingled with Bobbie's saliva as she made love to that pussy with her lips and tongue. There was enough play in the pantyhose so Bobbie's tongue could find, lick and stroke Glenda's clit to climax.

Glenda re-arranged her skirt as Bobbie dressed, but without her panties. They came back into the library. Debra saw that the manila envelope had wet stains and guessed what had transpired. Tami sat obediently quiet, prim and proper in her own silk outfit. "Well," said Glenda, "we shall be happy to have Bobbie join our company of young ladies. I shall have Ms Collier show her to a room."

Margo Collier seemed to exude sexuality without effort or any kind of show. She was a darker blonde with gray eyes and regular features. Her figure and carriage were good and provoked desire in men and women without effort. She was in her mid-twenties. After introductions all around, she ushered Bobbie out to begin her new adventures under the ministrations of her new school.

"Tami my Dear, would you come into my study, please. Patty will keep your Aunt Debra company while we have our little chat." Tami rose, blushed without quite knowing why, and dutifully followed Glenda. As soon as the door to the study was closed, Debra said to Patty, "You are very pretty my Dear." Patty blushed prettily, which encouraged Debra.

"Sit by me on the couch, Patty." She said. Patty sat and made a feeble attempt to push down her petticoat

over her satin panties. "Don't bother with that, Dear. I love satin panties." Patty smiled gratefully as Debra came ever so much closer. Her hand came to rest on Patty's thigh and Debra said, "I don't think we need this anymore. Why don't you stand up and let's get rid of it."

Patty stood up, saying "Yes, let's," and stripped down the petticoat. Her silk dress fell into place around her legs. Debra coaxed her onto a wide couch and eased Patty back among the pillows. Debra's hand slid up Patty's leg, caressing her all the way. She stroked her pussy through her panties and after a moment said, "Lift up, Dear, so we can get these off you." Patty raised her hips and felt Debra's hands relieve her of the garment while stroking her pussy.

Debra's hands were wet with Patty's love juices. She put two fingers in Patty's pussy and licked the juices from the other. "Show me your tits, Love," she said. Patty raised herself up on her elbows, loosened her dress and freed her breasts from her bra. Debra kissed and sucked on the small but engorged nipples of her subject. They kissed, entwining their tongues and tasted each other's passion. Debra pushed Patty's head down between her legs and turned so she could sup at Patty's steaming cunt. "Now kiss me, Darling," she said. Both women went to work sucking each other's pussy.

When they were both sated, Debra took Patty's panties and put in the same manila envelope already stained with Bobbi's cum. "I believe we'll have one more before long."

As if on cue, Glenda and Tami emerged from the study. Glenda put a pair of stained panties in the same envelope and without hesitation said, "We'd be very

pleased indeed to have Tami join us for her final training in womanhood. And you'd like that too, wouldn't you, Dear?"

Tami smiled happily and wiped a tiny tear from the corner of her eye.

###