

The Silver Collar by Trish Shaw

THE SILVER COLLAR

**By
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When I met Anne for the first time my ears were full of horror stories about her being a Mrs. Arrogant-Bitch and how she could bitch and moan at the drop of a hat.

I was expecting to find a short-tempered Amazon waiting when I pulled up outside the converted gamekeeper's cottage and estate outbuildings on the second day of my new job delivering farm supplies. Instead of the expected monster I found a pleasant, educated upper class woman in her mid-thirties.

"Hello, I'm Anne Ashburn." She said with a lively smile, holding out her hand.

She was about my height 5'8 and had the sort of body that attracted my eye instantly. Dressed in jeans and a rugby shirt she was almost devoid of jewelry other than her wedding ring and a half-inch wide tight-fitting silver band around her neck.

I said something like, "Hello I'm Steven Robson, call me Nobby, everyone else does" and lifted out the first of two fifty-five-pound bags of animal feed and put it on my trolley. "Where do you want this?"

"It lives in the store next to the barn." She said hitting me again with that lovely smile. "This way," and strode towards the small stable/barn. With both sacks of feed on my hand trolley I trundled up the path wondering if I had got my drops muddled up - this charming lady could not possibly be the bitch that I'd been warned about. I dumped the feed in the spot she pointed to.

"Why don't you come and meet my husband?" Mrs. Ashburn said. Offering me a mug of tea as she led me from the barn towards the house, after I'd dropped the trolley off at my truck "I think I just heard his car."

Her husband Giles was a good bit older than her and

seemed to be a nice enough bloke given that he was a plummy nose in the air snob. He was very much the man of the house and I've got to say that I found his lordly attitude slightly distasteful and I never really got to like him. He didn't hang around too long thank god. After a very pleasant cup of tea in the kitchen while Giles banged about upstairs, I drove back to the depot wondering how anyone as nice as Mrs. Ashburn could have earned such a reputation.

That was our first meeting. Over the next year or so, the cup of tea in her homely kitchen became nearly a weekly fixture, which I looked forward to. It was fairly unusual for Giles to be there as he was some big city banker type but when he was, it always surprised me just how compliant Anne was to his demands. She never appeared to me to be particularly passive, and having heard her have a go at someone I put it down to the social peculiarities of the rich.

Although I had not really talked about it my background is council estate and comprehensive schooling, which was kind of embarrassing as Anne's background was very much landed gentry. I don't mean to sound like a snob myself, but let's face it her upbringing and education in comparison to mine was scary. She had been sent to one of the most expensive girl's school in the country before going up to Cambridge for a degree in math and later a doctorate in computing.

I knew something was not right between them, but Anne did not mention it and I did not feel I had the right to ask, so I was surprised as anyone everyone else when I heard that Giles had left her. Sure I thought Giles was pig ignorant but I never thought he would walk out on her especially when it turned out that he left for a bloke!

At first Anne was in a real mess. She hid it very well, falling back behind an impassable aristocratic shield that at

times even pushed my patience with her, but I persevered and eventually she began to respond. "Why are you bothering?" Anne complained when I mentioned that I had been in the habit of altering my deliveries so that I always had time for a chat whenever I was passing or near her place. "I'm fine!"

I guess this was the first time I ever really let her get behind my usually firm public face because I said forcefully.

"Bullshit Anne! You're a bloody mess. You might be able to fool all your fancy la-di-dah friends with your Lady Anne PhD front but don't try to fool me," really letting it fly.

It put a little strain on the friendship, because Anne stomped off furious that I had spoken to her so bluntly. From her place back to the depot took usually about an hour and a half and thinking that I had probably been way out line, I was surprised to find that she had left a message requesting that I call her as I had left something in her kitchen.

I called her, and after apologizing before she could even speak, I heard her laugh and say. "I was going to do the same, I'm sorry you were right. Still friends?"

"Yes." I said apologizing about having to rush, as I was late for my night school class.

Curious about what I was doing Anne asked what I was doing, educating myself at nights.

"My missed A levels." I admitted, then said goodbye and ran up to the College with the sounds of Anne's encouragement ringing in my ears.

After that fight and the re-cementing of our relationship our friendship quickly deepened There was nothing sexual in it at first, we were just friends.

The change in emphasis was sudden and came right

out of the blue late one Friday afternoon. It was one of those awful days towards the end of winter when the wind howls as it just chucks down never ending rain. I was about half way through my round when I knew I was in trouble. There were the road closed -flooding signs springing up all over the place and there was a notorious flood spot near Anne's house I had to get past on the way home.

She must have caught sight of the van as I slithered and slushed it up into her front yard. "Bloody hell, Nobby!" She exclaimed barreling out of her door and quickly stepping back under the porch when the force of the rain hit her, calling. "What the hell are you doing here? The roads gone at Burton and it's going to get worse - and the telly's just died." She nodded at what remained of the Sky dish on the roof of her barn. "Think the lightning got it."

"Animals need food." I stuttered shivering, feeling the wind driven rain pouring down my neck as I humped the two heavy feed sacks one at a time - there was no way I could use my trolley with all that mud -into her barn.

She had too much sense to argue that point. "I'll go and put the kettle on" she shouted, then shook her head and harrumphing loudly about the stupidity of men, stomped back into her kitchen.

I was totally drenched by the time I knocked and entered the warm and homely back room. Grateful to be out of the weather, I smiled as Anne laughed, shaking her head all the while "Jesus! You're soaked though! Talk about drowned rats! Got any dry clothes in the van?"

I shook my head feeling a shiver wracking through my body.

"Right then, no arguing." she stated. "Call your depot and tell them that you're stranded. They might be worried

about you, especially if they get any calls from customers who think you're going to be making deliveries."

With a shrug I pulled my mobile phone from my pocket, dialed the office and explained the situation. "Right you are Nobby." My boss laughed. "The depot will be locked up for the weekend so you might as well as take the van home when you're able and I'll see you on Monday. Oh and for Christ's sake don't sink the van trying to get though &"

Anne was listening in, and the moment I ended the call she said firmly. "There's loads of hot water, so get those sopping clothes off. Here." She passed me a towel. "Strip! I'm not having you drip your way though the house." Grinning at the two bright pink spots developing on my cold-bleached cheeks she tossed me a black trash bag. "Throw your wet stuff in here and I'll toss the lot in my washer."

For a split second I thought she was going to stand there, watching me with that impassive expression on her face, but instead she spun on her heel calling as she marched out. "Leave the bag here. You know where the bath is, so get a move on before you catch your death of cold!"

I do not know what it was about her attitude or demeanor, that punched a hot button in my head, but I've always had a thing for a bossy woman. Even though I was freezing cold Anne's present mood was making me tingle in anticipation of something that I had dreamed of, even though I had known full well was never going to happen.

Rapidly stripping off my sodden clothing I shoved the lot in the bag enjoying the heat from the Rayburn stove on my bare skin. Wrapping the towel about my scrawny body I left the kitchen and made my way to the bathroom the inviting sounds of a filling bath encouraging me not to dawdle as I dashed up the stairs fumbling with the towel wrapped around my waist.

I have always admired the bathroom at Anne's house it is light airy and tastefully modernised to retain its old world character. The rain was still beating on the outside of the windows, but the steamy humid air was already warming up the inside of the windows, making everything very steamy, cosy, and inviting.

The bath was filling with foamy bubbles fizzing as they released a flowery scent into the warm moist air. I knew the scent from somewhere, but my cold numbed mind could not for the life of me identify what it was.

"Oh, god that's nice!" as sighed as I slowly sunk into the enormous tub until I had got used to the water temperature, and then under the warm bubbly water as far as I could.

Anne must have been waiting out of sight because no sooner was I under the bubbles when in she walked, turning my face in to a close resemblance of a red traffic light.

She snorted, obviously amused at my embarrassment and held out a mug of tea. "Here."

Cracking an off colour joke as I took it she grinned, giving my amusement at her joke time to ease away the embarrassment I felt about her being there so close to my nakedness. After a couple of minutes of conversation, she spoke to me in a wheedling manner.

"Nobby? Can I ask a favor? I would not normally ask, but since you are going to be spending the foreseeable future here?"

"Sure. What do you want Anne?" I said contentedly.

"Can I wash your hair?"

"What? Sure?" I laughed, "But why?"

She grinned down at me and said. "You have lovely long hair for a bloke and it really pisses me off!" "Oh. Why?" I

said shrugging. "I would kill to have hair like yours and have always wondered what it could look like with a little TLC?" she said, her voice pitched at a tone, obviously expecting me to turn her down flat.

"You can do what you want Anne." I said, starting to feel slightly drowsy from the soporific effects of my warm lavender scented bath water. "Lavender!"

I muttered mostly to myself, but Anne heard me, laughed and said. "Good isn't it? It's the Body Shop's lavender bath bomb."

"Erm yeah, but isn't it a little flowery for me?"

All of a sudden, I was acutely aware of the scent, and the thought of returning to the depot smelling like a bird was not on my list of things I wanted to do, or have happen. The idea of the razzing I'd take there. Oh God! But my thoughts were interrupted.

"Bullshit!" Anne laughed, "Lavender is definitely the scent for you!" her eyes moved up and down as she added. "If I could? I would keep you smelling of it all the time!" She lifted the showerhead and said with a giggle indicating at my hair. "Now? May I?" "Sure." I said trying not to sound too enthusiastic even though I adored the thought of having my hair played with by her.

"Great!" Anne said. "I used to work in a hairdresser's - a friend's mother's in my school holidays as a teenager., Would you mind if I get a little creative?" "So long as I look better than I did when I arrived here? Do what you want." I said, leaning back and enjoying the play of her fingertips starting to work on my scalp.

"Ohhh & That's nice," I said with sigh of delight; relishing the sensation - and the situation of being somewhat at the mercy of n attractive, bossy, woman. "Like that do

you?" Anne said, chuckling lightly. "Oh yes."

"Great." I felt her lift my wet mass of hair and apply a dollop of shampoo onto my tresses. "Pity it's not a little longer though as I could do a lot more with it," she murmured, continuing her massaging

"Oh, you can do what you like." I murmured, astonished that I was behaving so calmly, knowing full well that I was stark naked under the bubbly scented water - with the bubbles rapidly losing their covering power as they burst - and Anne was behaving like it was the most natural thing in the world!

With my hair clear of my ears she noticed the empty piercing in my left lobe and commented that I should borrow an earring before it healed up. I felt her fingers examining my right lobe murmuring. "Bloody Pity!" "What is?" I said feeling quite dozy in the warmth of the bath.

"Your other ear, I have a lovely pair of emerald studs that near enough match your eyes. Would look bloody marvelous on you!"

"Oh?" I said commenting drowsily that I had considered getting the other lobe done but never got around to it.

"Would you like me to do it for you?" Anne asked, adding with a sultry giggle, totally different to anything I had ever heard her make before. "It's just I. You'd look a little off balance with an emerald in just one ear, don't you think?"

"If you must?" I said, suddenly feeling that part of my anatomy, which had been little more than a cold shriveled lump of flaccid flesh, waking up!

Her voice tone was still full of that provocative edge as she giggled, first of all rinsing my hair a few times, then working the smelly conditioner into my hair. "Oh goodie! You

won't believe how much of a thing I have for nice smelling blokes with pierced ears. Really turn me on, they do!"

"What! Like me?" I said, dropping a very obvious hint, with a smile of pure relaxation, tilting my head back so I could see directly into her bright shameless hazel eyes.

"Almost." She chuckled. "But dear? Hate to tell you, but your pelt's a turn off."

"Pelt?" I asked losing the gist of her comment.

Anne's blunt tipped fingers ran delicately over my face as she said. "Well this for starters, and on top of that? Your legs are a disgrace!"

The previous summer when I had been working almost entirely in shorts, Anne had commented more than once that I had a fine pair of legs. Teasing me regularly that I should show them off in something more entertaining than baggy Bermuda shorts or my version of cut down jeans!

"Are they?" I said suddenly realizing where she was going. "Well if it makes you happy you can do what you want to make them look better - if that's what you want," and settled back into the bath relishing the sensation of being pampered as she slowly soaped up my face with a feminine scented shaving foam.

I guess at some point I must have dozed off because I was suddenly aware of the sensation of a hard on and something scraping down my leg. Cracking my eyes open, just a little, I saw Anne wielding a pink lady razor and shaving my leg. I was about to complain until I saw her facial expression. For the first time in months she had that massive smile of on her face, which had been my initial impression of her, so I held my tongue.

I soaked in her aura. God, she looked beautiful - and

what little common sense I had left fled from my brain when the hand she was not using with the razor slowly snaked under the bubbly water and caressed my bushy pubic hair.

She turned her head and saw that my eyes were open.. Hers locked onto mine saying with a coy, hopeful voice. "You like?"

"Oh yes" I gasped as her hand slid on to my now prominent erection.

"Nice." She giggled, "I think you are enjoying this to the hilt, so to speak?"

"Oh - Yessssss." I hissed as she squeezed me ever so gently and asked mischievously.

"Want me to carry on, honey?"

I assumed she meant wanking me and nodded as my breathing quickened.

She responded a little differently than I'd imagined. "Let's get you out of this bathtub and onto the bed then."

Feeling a faint buzz of regret I slowly stood. It had been years since I had a really good bath and I was totally enjoying the enervating results it had generated... (The one thing I really hated about my small flat is that it only had a tiny shower bathroom - never gave one the opportunity for a luxurious soak like I'd just had).

Before I had any chance to see my reflection Anne wrapped me in a thick fluffiness, briskly ran it all over my body with the warm fluffiness until I was dry. Then she started to sensually pat my body dry with an enormous soft powder applicator.

Feeling like my brain was in a world of fluffy cotton wool I must have let out a little mewl of pleasure as she worked her way down my legs because she laughed and said with a

hint of amusement in her tone.

"Enjoying all of this honey are you?"

"Oh my god yes." I sighed. "It's *wonderful*, thank you."

Grasping hold of my prominent erection like a leash she led me from the bathroom, giggling, "Lovely to get spoiled, isn't it? How about next time you pamper me?"

On cloud nine by this time, I said "I'll pamper you any day Anne." Blown away that a woman as good looking and successful as her would be so interested in a bloke like me while, at the same time, a major part of me was hoping that she was just after a quick shag!

"On the bed with you." Anne said with a final squeeze, leading me there then twirling me to make me lie on my back.

Still praying that she was interested in me for something more than a one-night stand I eagerly obeyed her instruction and gasped in pleasure as my backside slid onto the duvet. The sensation of the silky cover on my shaven skin was stunning - but what came next was even better. As if she was possessed, Anne pressed her lips upon mine ravishing me with a kiss that left me gasping for air,. When she broke it, she leaned back and gazed into my eyes to say. "Did you mean it when you said I could pierce your other ear?" I was so lost in my desires that I could only gasp "Do whatever you want." I said arching my back as she gently teased her fingers over my chest and nipples. The hypersensitivity of my skin told me in a way that words could not that she had not restricted her razor to my face and legs.

"Oh." She giggled, "You should be careful making offers like that, I might take you up on it." Before I could answer, her lips were once more on mine and I simply surrendered to her.

Leaving me breathless and arching my back for more when she broke that second kiss. I could just sense her lips mere millimeters from mine as she whispered, "You just lie there looking pretty while I go fetch some antiseptic and my earring box."

I was warm comfortable and still tasting her lip balm on mine when I mumbled something which made no sense to me but had Anne chuckling lightly as she rattled about in her drawers. "Ah!" She cackled.

I cracked open my eyes at her cry of delight and watched as her eyes lit up with anticipation. With a few bounds she re-crossed the room and jumped back up onto the bed and knelt by my head commanding. "Hold still!"

Suddenly aware of the pungent scent of antiseptic I felt her wiping my earlobe. I almost jumped when I felt the sudden prick followed by faint pop and then the chilly sensation of something metallic being placed in my ear. As she stepped over me I got a full look up the skirt she was wearing and feeling daring, lifted my head enough to kiss the crotch of her panties.

"OWA!" She gasped, and then chuckled and sat down lightly, pressing herself fleetingly against my lips with a giggle of, "Cheeky!" She stayed there for only a delicious second or two, then lifted herself and got back to work.

Kneeling on the other side of my head she tapped me on the nose and laughed. "That little bit of fun you just had might cost you another piercing, one I cannot do myself! Now hold still again." The hole was open and in a deft movement she filled it with the matching earring and said, beaming down at me. "Lovely."

Rolling onto the edge of the bed she yanked her skirt up and her panties down giggling, "Now? Since you offered,"

and hopped back onto the bed then straddled my waiting lips. "I'll sit here while I sort this out." I heard her say. Then her fingers teased my pubes and I felt her body arch tautly and heard her gasping decadently, "Oh yes!" as she forced her moist pussy against my waiting lips &.

I was lost in pleasuring her when I felt a most godawful sensation on my pubes. It was like nothing I had ever felt before and almost screaming in a combination of delight and pain I pressed into her. At my reaction Anne cried out with her body shuddering in orgasm. The heady feeling of her explosion on my face drove away the sudden burst of pain I had felt and amplified the cooling sensation of her fingers working something numbing on to my throbbing abraded flesh. Then I felt my penis enveloped by the moist cave of her warm mouth and any thought of what she had done to my pubes fled as she treated me to my first ever 'blow job'.

I was bucking up and down under her like a wild horse as she held me right at the point of ejaculation while grinding herself against my face with wild abandon. It seemed like an eon before she allowed me to pass the point and almost simultaneously, we both exploded into orgasm. As if she was on a spring, she twisted round, replacing her pussy with her lips and tasting our combined fluids she kissed me deeply before breaking contact saying hoarsely.

"Oh, I'm keeping you!" She grinned down at me. Chuckling as she stroked my still damp hair. "Don't hit the roof when you see what I've done to your hair 'coz it will wash out by Monday," and grasping me by the hand she dragged me from the bed, complaining all the way to the front of the mirror and started to play with my hair.

"Oh my god!" I said shocked at my reflection. "My hair! What have you DONE?"

"Good isn't it." Anne giggled grinning at me with a look

of triumph as she tried to get my unruly hair to remain in place by fussing with it, "I think you look smashing!"

It was a deep copper colour, and as I she played with it I suddenly saw my eyebrows! Where I had once sported a near Gallagher like pair she had thinned them out until they were maybe half as dense and quite separate! To say I was shocked would be more than understating it. My jaw was on the floor and drool was soaking the carpet.

"I look like? Bloody hell!" I eventually croaked unable to admit aloud that apart from the touch of razor burn I looked rather girlish.

"Sexy!" Anne crowed, grinning at me in the mirror making me aware of the look in her eyes just before she grabbed hold of my hand calling. "Come 'ere." She fell backwards onto the bed spinning me round towards her and downwards in one quick motion. Her lips almost catapulted against mine as she said between her kisses. "And give me a little while and I'll show you how much!"

She did as well! Enough that we both had to take a shower before either of us would have felt comfortable handling food. The shower was fun as well, if a little embarrassing as Anne insisted that I wear her pink and exceptionally girly shower cap commenting firmly as she carefully put it on my head.

"I'm not having your hair ruined before I've had a proper chance to enjoy it!" Her finger tucked the last of my hair under the cap as she added. "That really bright shimmery copper highlight only last's until you wash it. I think it really suits you and want to see more of it before you bugger it all up by washing it away! So shut up, and do as you're told!." "Oh so it will all be gone?" I asked feeling relieved. "Pretty much, wash it again and it will look just as boring as it did when you walked in." Anne giggled teasingly, "Perhaps I

should use a permanent color next time?"

"Best not eh?" I said, suddenly scared that she might, then relaxed as I saw that she was joking, and adding "Or I'll never hear the end of the piss I have to take from my mates."

Her eyes filled with mischief as she drew me under the shower saying. "True. But I'm not the one on the receiving end, am I?"

I had been aware that she had shaved a fair bit of my body earlier and now she could get at the rest, Anne did not miss out on the opportunity to denude me of just about all my body hair. I protested weakly, but she just ignored me and, using another pink razor, stood there in front of me, with the warm water cascading down over the two of us, carefully stroking the razor over the parts of my body after she soaped them, one after the other. Every so often, she'd turn my knees to jelly by soaping her hand and gently wrapping it around my standing (but still sore) cock. "I love it when you're nice and docile," she told me. "But you'll have to learn not to argue with me all the time. Okay?"

"I don't argue with you Anne. What are you talking about?"

"What are you doing right now, huh? And what did you do when I started to shave you a few minutes ago? What was that but arguing?"

She sounded caring - but in a very soft, dominating, way.

"I'm sorry Anne," I said meekly.

"That's all right. You've really been very good. I just don't want you to get out of hand. Understand?"

I nodded.

"Turn around!" she said.

I turned to face away from her, then let out a squeal as a hard hand cracked against my arse! "UNDERSTAND? Answer me!" she said firmly. "Yes Anne." I said hearing the silt submissiveness in my voice as I turned to face her. She smiled, her eyes confident and dancing. "Much better!" she said.

"MARVELOUS!" She laughed later, as we dried each other off, "You look fantastic, or will."

"OUCH!" I yelped as she pulled the shower cap off painfully reminded me of the fresh piercing in my right ear."

"Oops sorry honey." Anne said covering my face with kisses. Grasping my hand again she led me back to her bedroom and said with a grumpy laugh. "I know what I'd like to dress my little pretty friend in, but that's not possible, About the only thing I have that'll will fit you without looking like a sack or cutting you in half is one of my hippy skirts and a sweater. Ah well. It'll have to do I guess," Her eyes twinkled as she said. "I'll remember and get you something prettier for next time."

She said it again. "NEXT TIME!" The words bounced about the inside of my head. There really was going to be a next time! She *meant* it and I gazed at her in astonishment.

She obviously did not understand my expression because she said in a scared, faintly embarrassed, halting tone. "That is if, well...?"

God! She thought I was going to turn her down. I threw my arms about her feeling my emotions erupt and said. "I sure hope so because I don't usually behave like this!"

The change of expression on face was beautiful as she grinned and replied. "Like a slut you mean?" I do not know why I said it but I did. "Only when you want me to be"

She actually took me in her arms! I felt soft and weak. Couldn't help but gaze at her adoringly.

"Oh, Honey you say the nicest of things." She giggled before adding more firmly with her eyes lighting up with ideas. "I'm going take you up on that next weekend!"

"It's a date!" I agreed hesitantly pouting my lips towards her and initiating a kiss.

My invitation seemed to fire her up all the more because she yanked me close and kissed me for a long time. In the end it was Anne's stomach making a loud rumble that halted the passionate clinch we found our selves engaging in.

"That you, indicating you're hungry?" I said, grinning.

"Lets get you dressed and eat." Anne said, "I'm bloody starving. Now, for Christ's sake start getting dressed, would you?"

When I first slipped on a pair of the panties, she's looked out for me, she quipped. "Bet you never thought when we met that one day you'd be *literally* in my panties!"

"Erm no!" I laughed wishing the silky material did not feel as nice as it did, nestling about my drained genitals in a lovely enveloping way..

"How do they feel?" Anne giggled impishly.

"Kinda nice - thank you." I blushed and said trying to crack a joke as I was then struggling to get my legs into a pair of her thick winter woolly tights. "Unlike your bloody tights."

"You'll learn" she joked pulling a quilted housecoat about her and shoving her feet into a pair of slippers.

The satin panties felt fantastic as I tried feverishly to accommodate my standing prick comfortable within the

confines of the panties and it was with a bit of embarrassed relief that I finally had my penis restrained firmly in the silken cocoon. The wearing of a deliciously soft cashmere sweater did nothing to curb my growing evidence of being aroused - so it was just as well really that the skirt felt just as good when we finally left the bedroom and I could feel my knob starting to react to the exciting new sensations.

Anne was an excellent cook and something she just 'threw in the oven' was one of the tastiest things I've ever eaten. Fortunately, the electricity lasted until we had finished eating and had got settled on the settee. Sipping a mug of tea apiece Anne was chatting about her work when it suddenly went dark.

"Knew it!" Anne moaned, "Every bloody time & I'll be back in a tick." Cursing the Electricity Board, she stomped off. After a couple of seconds, I heard the front door slam, and maybe a minute or so later an engine started throbbing somewhere just a little beyond my hearing quickly followed by the lights coming on again.

"Got a generator in the back shed." Anne commented when she got back. "Gives enough for a couple of lights and two sockets on the three independent circuits. I put it in the house when we first got here. Got this one in, kitchen which just leaves the little light above the door on and a 3-amp socket in here, and upstairs which is the loo light, leaving bags of power in my bedroom."

I looked at her blankly. "Sorry?" Not having understood one word of what she was going on about. Anne laughed shaking her head. "I thought all you blokes knew about stuff like wiring and electrics." I could not resist it and laughed. "Do I look like a bloke just now?"

"Well a little too much, but I get your drift." Anne said emptying her mug. "Want a bottle of wine and I've got a bit of

grass if you fancy a toke?" "What pot?" I said shocked by her again. "Yes, weed, ganja, skunk, green call it what you want" She smiled rooting in a draw under the settee. "Don't smoke fags, so I don't do solid hashish, other than may be a bit of Nepalese when I'm in Amsterdam so I grow my own. Here." She threw me a bag and some Rizla papers. "Roll up and I'll get the booze."

I might have been 28 but I had never in my life smoked pot and I was shocked that Anne would do such a thing! It did not occur to me that coloring my hair, shaving me from my eyelashes until all I had left was a tuft painfully shaped pubes was not a normal thing to do to a prospective partner! It should have but it did not, and I was still looking at the bag of drugs in horror when she got back.

"Oh!" She said. "Non- smoker eh? You don't mind if I partake, do you?" She indicated the bag by shaking it gently.

"No." I shook my head admitting that I had never even seen the stuff before, let alone used it.

"You surprise me." Anne said. "I thought everybody between thirteen and forty odd had tried pot. Just goes to show how wrong the media gets it I suppose."

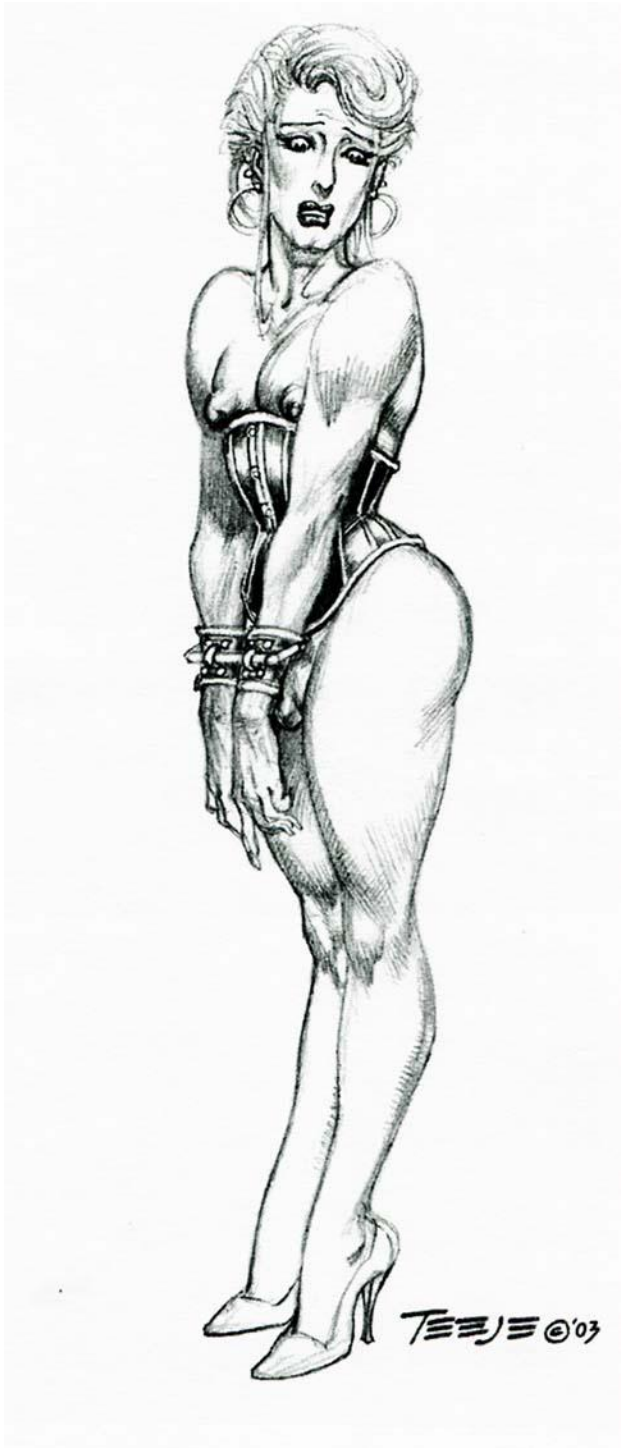
"Isn't it a drug?" I asked watching her roll a cigarette with the dried grass.

"No more so that alcohol or tobacco, but without some of the nasty side effects, certainly in comparison to booze." She grinned while licking the paper tube that she had created. "Pot heads don't tend to fight with anything harder than a chocolate bar - they DO love the sweet stuff you know.."

The smoke was very pungent, and I commented that it smelt nicer than tobacco, which made Anne grin. I watched with interest as she carefully lit the joint and took a couple of

puffs followed by a long draw on the joint. Leaning back into the settee as she exhaled and sighed. "My god that's much better & Instant stress relief." She smiled sadly at me and shrugged. "The official divorce certificate came yesterday morning."

The Silver Collar by Trish Shaw



"I'd like to say I'm sorry Anne, but." I cast my eyes upwards and chuckled. "I'm not. Because I don't think what just happened would have if you hadn't got that certificate."

"Perhaps." Anne agreed, before giggling deliciously. "But I doubt it. I've fancied you for Yanks, and been wondering how to bed you even when I was brooding about why Giles left me for Robert!"

"That's 'coz he was bonkers, Anne." I laughed.

"No. You're wrong there. He's not bonkers just gay and I guess what happened was for the best even if I did love him. Anyway, that's water under the bridge now, and." Her tone had been getting heavy but she suddenly shook herself and said, ogling me with a wanton expression. "I've traded him in for a younger model."

"If you really want me?" I said quietly, leaning into her as her arm snaked over my shoulder.

"Oh, I do honey." Anne said firmly. "So long as you're prepared to put up with my idiosyncrasies?"

"Sure anything! And they are?" I said. "Oh, I'll let you find them out on your own. It may take a little while, but I think you may enjoy the learning experience" Anne giggled as she drew on her joint. With little tendrils of smoke leaking from her nostrils she forcefully kissed me and sensually blew some of the pot smoke into my mouth whispering. "Breathe in honey. Do what Anne tells you - like a good little pussy."

I should have felt insulted at her words, I guess, but I did as I was told and felt the acrid smoke enter my lungs - immediately starting an urge to break into a gale of coughing. I managed to control it though but with a red face and a little splutter that had Anne giggling as I felt the effect of the narcotic smoke & My head began to spin slightly, and I felt a strange, odd sensation of relaxation course through my body.

Feeling an almost uncontrollable urge to giggle I said. "So far your idiosyncrasies have all been pretty pleasurable."

"I'm so glad to hear you say that honey." Anne said kissing me again before breathing into my ear, "Go down on me again you sweet thing."

Her tone might have been light but there was no pleading, it was unquestionably a demand and one, which I was eager to satisfy. Obediently, I started positioning myself to perform to her specifications.

Lewdly spreading her legs Anne giggled lighting the remaining half of her joint before she sat back against the settee. Round a puff of pungent smoke, she laughed. "Get on with it then honey just looking at you is getting me really hot."

Feeling the skirt brushing against and constricting my thighs as I slunk to my knees in front of her was strange, but even weirder was how willing I was. I know it sounds a little degrading to be orally pleasing a woman as she enjoyed her joint and wine but it was not. It was the same with her occasionally quite crude instructions to me on how to 'lick out' the way she liked. There were similarities I thought to the lord of the manor instructing a maid in how to pleasure him - especially when I took the skirt I was wearing into consideration. But instead of being humiliated by having to act as her submissive sex toy I felt pleasantly complimented - even invigorated, when she eventually let out a little sated laugh and said giving me a languid look.

"You really do make me a lovely slut honey," and pulled me up onto her lap. Laughing lightly "Here, have some more wine. You've earned it." She thrust my glass into my hand the moment I was settled.

"I think I'll pass," I said going as if to put the glass down.

"Drink your wine like a good little pussy. Have to keep your strength up," she said.

As I sipped my wine, I watched her eyes bobbling about with increasing animation as she informed me. "I adore having my pussy worshipped and anytime you fancy a nuzzle just get on down to where it's waiting for you, lover. My legs are always open to your lips." Giggling at my expression she added with mock seriousness. "Anyway, you need lots of practice."

"Certainly Mrs. Ashburn." I laughed feeling quite relaxed and mellowed out with all my usual defenses down.

Changing the subject, she and I began to compare life histories. I already knew a fair bit about her, but I had always been reticent about my past where she was concerned. When you finally escape from a hard council estate and a slum school you do not tend to reminisce about it, and normally I kept away from the details of my unhappy childhood. Tonight was different though.

I told her everything she wanted to know. My childhood might have been hard but at least I was not starved of affection, which was the way I'd imagined Anne's childhood to be. I might have had only a single parent, but at least my mum was always there for me, unlike Anne's whose parents had separated themselves from her by hiring a nanny until she was packed off to boarding school at age seven. She didn't seem to be particularly concerned about our relative differences in the social scale of things, just asked intelligent questions and often paused to assimilate my answers in a very complimentary way.

The conversation came to an abrupt halt, however, when her appetites got the better of her and without warning she forced me onto my back and took me on the settee. It was fast and furious and I came long before she was

satisfied. Giving my blushing apology a forgiving smile Anne giggled in a sexy commanding tone nodding down. "Well I'm sure you don't want to leave me wanting more, do you? I think you can just finish me off with a little more slut practice, huh?"

I felt unable to refuse and slowly sunk to my knees wondering it was going to taste like it had before and expecting it to be a little gross. Very tentatively I brushed her pussy with my lips and hesitantly ran my tongue up her slit. Anne purred in pleasure and grasped my head in a vice like grip and ground her sticky pussy on to my lips. Holding me firmly there until I started to get off on providing her such an intimate service. Eventually releasing my head and surrendering herself to pleasure she made all sorts of noises, her body convulsing in spasms while she continued to hold my face hard into her - until she cried out almost as if in pain. "Enough &. No more pleaseeeeeeee!" and collapsed against the settee.

I sat back beside her to a welcome of kissing and having my face cleaned by her lips until she was done. Nodding downwards at her pussy, Anne laughed over a mouthful of wine. "I used to have to do that for Giles after we had sex. And he never once repaid the compliment!" Her laugh was slightly catty as she added with more than a hint of bitterness. "I'll bet that Richard's the top in that relationship, because Giles is a three strokes and bang man!"

"Top?" I asked not understanding the term. Anne laughed and patted my cheek affectionately. "Oh you're such an innocent honey! I'll explain once I've taught you to roll me a joint." She grabbed the bag from the coffee table and said. "So you can have one waiting for me after I've been down to London or else where on business. Now watch!"

"Yes miss." I quipped at her schoolchild like. "Say that again. But seriously. As if you mean it." She said looking at me, quite coolly.

"Yes miss." I repeated without the levity.

"Better! Now I mean this. I was the submissive in my relationship with Giles. I don't think I was aware of how much I'd placed myself in the subordinate role. Now sweetie? I find that I'm liking being the dominant one in our relationship. So you just continue to be my obedient little honey and I'll make life very sweet for you." She took my head between her hands and laid a kiss on my lips. "Understand?"

"Yes miss."

She rolled three neat tubes of grass in demonstration and then broke them up saying. "Your turn to make one, and regardless of what it looks like, I'll smoke it. I promise."

We shared three kisses while she smoked the slightly bent and twisted thing I rolled, and by the time she finished it I was stoned from the smoke she'd shared with me. Pot I had an interesting side effect as it turned me into a chatterbox and I told Anne everything I felt about her, which widened her smile to near astronomic proportions before I provided her with the opportunity to bring the conversation back to my innocence in matters sexual.

"When I said Richard was the top in the relationship, I meant he was fucking Giles, rather than Giles doing the penetrating."

"Oh?" I blushed making Anne giggle all the more as she informed me.

"Giles has always loved it up the arse! I guess like a good public school old boy should!"

"But? I thought you said it was YOU that was the submissive? I thought it was the submissive who was always underneath?" I asked innocently.

"Not if it's the one underneath who's calling the shots, dearie." Anne said

Then over the next five minutes or so, without a single blush or sign of embarrassment Anne explained the basic A to Z of sexual practices. Telling me how sexual relationships worked she said. "In most relationships one partner is usually dominant and one submissive, and how that plays out in the bedroom depends how experimental they want to be."

"Okay." I said nodding now knowing that in our fledgling relationship Anne was clearly the dominant party. "So, some will play it out like we're doing?"

"Some do, but not all. I guess part of the reason why I've been so demanding tonight is I'm a little hung up on being in charge because I wasn't with Giles." Anne mused . "I'm sure if a shrink ever dug deep enough they would find deep down that I did your pubes and body hair to insure you wouldn't go looking for another partner."

"How'd you figure that would stop me?" I had to ask, even though I was pretty sure I knew the answer already.

"I just feminized you a little bit. Nothing very much - I just figure a bloke is going to feel kinda weird about explaining to some girl how he managed to become just as smooth as she is!" she laughed.

"And don't forget the knickers!" I laughed in return feeling totally out of my head. "I'd die if anyone other than you saw me in them!"

"OOOH Yeah!" Anne giggled. "Now that's the idea! You're starting to catch on - my pretty little slut!"

By the end of the evening I had learned more about pleasuring a woman than I had learned in the whole of the six months I was involved with my only other serious girlfriend that I'd ever had and that Anne's sexual appetite was almost insatiable. I do not know what time it was when we finally crashed out but when consciousness finally returned the next morning, my body felt like it had run a marathon. Having a trilling telephone less than a foot from my ear was not the best way to be wakened after such a night, I'll tell you!

Anne was crawling over me to get to the phone and sounding grumpy as she snatched it up saying shortly. "Ashburn! And this had better be bloody important!" Then she paused. Next thing, she was growling again. "Bloody hell Edward! How long have I lived here, of course I'm sodding fine!"

I could not make out what 'Edward' was saying but the longer he spoke the more tension I felt in her body. "Fuck off Edward! You arrogant prick!" Anne almost exploded, showing me a foul-mouthed facet of her personality that I had never seen before.

Slamming the phone down Anne snarled. "Wanker!" before looking at my slightly shocked expression and blushing. "Oops, sorry honey."

Her breasts were bobbling above my face and I timidly lent up and kissed her cleavage and said. "No need for apologies Anne."

"Ow." She shivered sensually and clasped hold of my head pulling my face between her boobs. "You really are lovely!"

The force that pulled me forward began to push down and inch-by-inch I kissed my way down her torso until once again I was orally pleasuring her. It started slowly, but as I

kissed caressed and nuzzled at her she began twitch and writhe about until she was thrashing about the bed vocally expressing out loud the pleasure I was giving her.

"Now that is what I call a wakeup call honey." Anne said yanking my head up her body by my hair so she could kiss me. It should have hurt but such was my delight in her satisfaction that I hardly noticed and with lots of silly giggles we cuddled for an age before she finally decided that we should get up.

"Help yourself to toothpaste and stuff." Anne said after she had cleaned up.

Although I had enjoyed pleasuring her immensely, I really did need to get clean, as my face felt sticky with her intimate fluids.

She had just finished dressing when I got out of the bathroom and telling me she had left a clean pair of panties out on the bed for me, she bounded off almost fizzing with energy.

I knew my own underpants and outer clothes were most likely still wet and having nothing else I redressed in tiny panties, skirt, tights and pullover before following her down stairs. I could almost feel the heat in the look of approval Anne gave me as I walked in half expecting her to comment on how I was dressed. Instead she contented herself with a bright smile and asked. "What do you want for breakfast?" "I'd murder for a mug of tea." I said embarrassed about my clothing and how we had started the day.

She obviously read my unease and said kindly. "Come on lover, after what you just did for me it would be rude of me not to provide you with the relief you like first thing in the morning. Here." She held a steaming mug up and set it back on the table. It didn't take me long to forget my unease and

start chugging it down. Moaning about the still teeming rain she chattered away through breakfast, sending crumbs of toast everywhere.

Leaving me to wash up Anne donned her wet weather gear, and complaining bitterly, went to feed her animals. Even though she had been wearing waterproofs she was soaked when she got back. "You should have let me do that," I said when she got back.

"No sweet thing. You just stay in the house and take care of business here. I'll take care of the work. You take care of ME. Got it?"

I blushed. She was telling me that I was the feminine one in our relationship again and not only was I defenseless against her words; I was starting to feel warmed and comforted by them.

Soaked as she was, I ran a bath for her, then helped her undress, embarrassed but enjoying the sensation of acting almost like her personal maid. While she was bathing, I got settled in front of the fire with the paper from the previous day and let her have a good long soak. When she called out that she was ready, I hurried in and dried her lovely body all over, then powdered her. She put on the housecoat I brought her without comment, but I could tell from her smile that she was pleased.

Later when we were watching a video cuddled together on the settee Anne said out of the blue. "So how do you like wearing my clothes?" Her hand had been caressing my thigh and I said blushing brightly and wishing she would continue with the stroking.

"Erm? They *are* very comfortable."

"Why?" Anne asked obviously curious. "In what way?"

"I don't know. Just more comfortable, softer and less confining." I smiled, although it was probably nearer a grimace as Anne laughed brightly and said.

"Well I'm glad you like them because you really do look nice. I think I'll have to get you some prettier clothes. Mine are on the masculine side for you. I think I like my girls in pretty clothes!" A thrill went through me at her words - but I had other things to think about. I felt like a rabbit in front of a snake as I saw that her eyes were already developing that hooded erotic expression that I recognized as a precursor to another bout of lovemaking and my penis began to make its presence known.

Aping Mae West Anne said. "Are you pleased to see me or is that a hand up your skirt!" Her hand, which had been on my thigh, was working its way under my skirt and she chuckled. "Oh it's both!"

The feeling of her fingertips teasing up and down the tights on to the soft panties that covered my penis was awesome and I felt myself turning into a mush. With a quick flip of her wrist she pulled my skirt up and demanded. "Lift your bum!"

A moment later my tights were down around my thighs along with my panties! Yanking open her housecoat she slipped on top of me and said teasing my hair, "I love your hair, but I think I'll try something more chestnut next time!" Smiling widely, she clenched herself about me and slowly began to ease herself up and down on my shaft. The feeling was mind-boggling and again any thoughts of discomfort about how I was dressed were chased away on a tide of physical pleasure. All the while Anne was playing with my hair and caressing my face telling me how lovely and pretty, I was as she gave me a 'right good' seeing to!

I spent the rest of the weekend enjoying wearing her

skirts and getting shagged. Anne was very much the aggressive partner and seemed to relish my willing compliance to her at times somewhat strange fixations.

When the roads were finally cleared on Sunday afternoon, I was exhausted and reluctant yet eager to go home to get some rest! Anne of course was all for me getting up at 5 am and driving back in to work on Monday morning but I knew that would be impossible as it would be well after midnight before she would let me sleep! Not only that? I was somewhat scared at the thought of how she might dress me when I left for work!

Complaining bitterly about me working a two-hour drive away and then living a half hour on the other side of that, Anne eventually and grudgingly allowed me to go and get off home. I had been on the road a good hour or so when I finally understood what really turned me on about her, was how casually dominate she was. It was a little bit of a surprise when I realized that she had at times treated and addressed me in almost exactly the same way that Giles had spoken to her. When Giles had used some endearments and shown that very casual 'I'm in charge' attitude to her in front of me I had always thought it must have been a little humiliating for her. Blushing, despite the fact that no one was there it dawned despite the fact that she was treating me in almost identical fashion, I wasn't complaining at all - instead everything indicated that I loved it!

I got home and cleaned myself off a little, then had a very relaxing dinner and dozed for the rest of the evening.. Was very embarrassed when I undressed that night for bed and found I was still wearing a pair of her panties.

I kept quiet about what had happened between Anne and me when I got to work. Even though it was common knowledge that I had been stranded at her house the only

comment that came even close to being accurate was from one of the telesales girls who asked cattily if Mrs. Arrogant-Bastard had been chasing after some rough trade.

I laughed and said. "In my dreams perhaps." and collected my delivery round for that day pulling a face when I saw it took me nowhere near her place, then coughed quickly in case anyone had noticed.

I was surprised that no one noticed my eyebrows or that my other ear was now pierced. The only comment I had on my ear studs was an enquiry as to where I got them off one of the farmers wives I delivered to later on that morning. A simple explanation that they had been given to me as a present was enough to get the subject dropped.

It was Wednesday before I was passing Anne's place again and it was really annoying to know that she had gone down to London for the night on business. Not that I hadn't heard from her though as we had spent a good hour on the phone each evening and whenever I checked my email there was usually another note from her.

Thursday evening when she called me to say she had got home from London safely, I could tell that she was excited as she told me about her travels before moving onto the real reason for her call.

"What time will you be here tomorrow night honey?"

"About seven I expect, I've organized a lift to Middleton and I can get a bus from there."

"Bugger the bus, phone me when you leave work and I'll pick you up out side Middleton library." Anne insisted.

"Deal." I agreed delightedly.

"Done. Oh, and don't bother bringing anything with you." Anne laughed. "You won't need it," and put the phone

down, ending the call in record time.

At five past six the following night I was stood shivering waiting for her to arrive praying that she would not be much longer as it was too bloody cold to be wearing only a thin jacket. After nearly twenty minutes, her distinctive pink Land Rover Discovery pulled up and as I opened the door, I saw enough of her in the passenger light to know why she was late.

Anne looked like a million dollars and my bright, "Hi," ended in a mumble when I took in her appearance, making her laugh dryly.

"Looks like I don't have to apologize for being late then." Her hair was done in a tight up do and the dim lighting made her eyes look mysterious and darkly alluring. She shook her head.

"Well are you going to get in honey or do I have to tempt you?" She let her coat slide apart and I saw her torso encased in a shiny black basque which slid under a tight short skirt, that ended in a fine pair of nylon covered legs.

I shot into the car seat like a scalded cat to the sound of her laughing. "I thought I'd treat you to my idea of a slut look. What do you think - or need I ask?"

I had never seen her dressed up in such a fashion before and it took me a couple of seconds before I got my tongue into gear. "God I don't know what to say!" I spluttered as I pulled my seat belt into position and fastened it, gawping at her all the while. "Then kiss me instead!" Anne demanded. "A right big smacker on the lips would be a very nice start to the weekend, and much appreciated."

Needless to say, I obliged and as we drove out of Middleton I could still taste and feel the creamy smoothness of her lipstick on my lips. "Like that do you?" Anne said

seeing my lips rubbing together as she waited at the lights. "The taste of your lipstick?" I said looking at her amazed at her perception and also that she had dressed up just to impress me! "Yes." I laughed, "But I was actually thinking about how much lighter and nicer the texture was in comparison to Lipsil." "Lipsil UGH! That awful heavy waxy compound, ugh." Anne said pulling away as the lights changed. "Always makes me feel like my lips are glued together."

"True." I said, "But I still wish I had some in my pocket now." Feeling my lips crinkling and drying in the changed environment now that I was in the car.

"There's some of the gloss barrier I normally wear in the glove box." Anne said firmly. "Help yourself- and put lots on! Your lips are going to see some work this weekend and I want them in good shape right from the start!"

The visor over the windscreen on my side had a little mirror built in that she told me to use. I felt strange sitting forward on the seat, peering into the mirror and carefully applying the gloss to my lips - almost felt like a woman putting on her lipstick while her husband (in this case, Anne) looked on fondly. She also drove with one hand on the wheel, slowly caressing my thigh with the other though she kept her eyes on the road. Somehow, she made it seem that she was being very possessive - something I reveled in to tell you the truth.

It was not until we reached her house that I found out the gloss had a faint, but quite discernable pink tint to it and after I had been soundly kissed the pink tint was well homogenized with Anne's strident red!

"You'll find everything you want in the bathroom." Anne said clucking like a mother hen as she pushed me towards the door. "You smell! Don't bother shaving or anything. I'll be

up to do you properly in five minutes. But do throw the Lavender bomb in the water, huh? Now scoot!"

At the side of the bath was a purple ball that began to fizz when it came in contact with the water, releasing that pungent lavender scent that she had doused me with last weekend. As I stepped into the rapidly filling bath, I saw a small box of burgundy Clairol hair colorant on the window ledge. Curious, I took it in my hand and was still reading the instructions when Anne bustled in clutching two glasses of wine, looking almost like a doctor in that she was wearing a white lab coat to protect her finery.

"Here!" She said. Grinning brightly when she saw the contents of my other hand as I took a glass from her. "Cheers!"

"Thanks Anne." I said sipping the wine.

"MAY I?" She deftly lifted the box from my hand and said in a mock stern tone already lifting the showerhead. "So much for my surprise."

I really didn't get too much chance to enjoy my wine as Anne kept me busy in suffering all the indignities of having my hair colored - while having to listen to her laughing and making sly innuendos regarding my masculinity - though nothing serious enough to give offence though, what I'd have done if she HAD offended me? God only knows. I was actually starting to have the feeling that if I WAS physically superior to her, it still wouldn't do me any good, so subservient I was becoming to her.

While the color was taking Anne wasted no time in shaving my face. Instead of the ladies razor she had used the previous week, this time she was wielding a 'cut throat' razor and although I trusted her it was still a little nerve wracking to feel the sharp blade gliding over my skin. It might

have been a little worrying at the time but the smoothness of my face when she was done was amazing.

"Not done that in a while." Anne giggled. "I used to shave my dad all the time when I went away on business trips with him as a teenager." She grinned at my disappointed look and correctly assumed. "Don't worry about the rest of your body. I have a much better way, but it's going to have to wait until the morning as it's going to take a while. Also we need to patch test you first to see how you react to test a product I've got in mind as an alternative to facial shaving." "I didn't know there was such a thing." I said lazily, enjoying her ministrations.

"Me neither, but I was in Harvey-Nicks yesterday and while I was getting some bits and bobs for me, I asked the girl on the beauty counter if she knew of anything that would work. If it does, I'll pick up a pack when I'm down there on Tuesday."

Anne had managed to restrain her appetites while I was in the bath but once I was out she put her hands on her hips and said, standing in a controlling posture. "I hope you recall how to say thank you honey?" And slipping the lab coat from her shoulders she revealed that she had removed her skirt. She then thrust her pubis forward.

My mouth opened and closed a couple of times before I said. "Yes Anne," and started to kneel before her.

Affectionately she tapped me on the nose and said. "Not here, my pretty. I'm going to go and make myself comfortable on the bed and once you have covered your hair with your shower cap you can come and show me how much of a slut your delight in pleasing me, makes you. But I'll expect you to behave properly now. You won't forget, will you &?" "Oh yes Anne." I breathed feeling a flush of excited submissiveness filling me with her words. "Good." She

smiled and pirouetting in front of me displaying her body in her amazing underwear. The black silky basque, tiny panties, stockings and heels made her look like an upper-class hooker as her bum swung from side to side in an almost dancing fashion as she went away through the open bathroom door.

It took me a couple of minutes to locate the shower cap hanging behind the door. In my excitement I completely forgot to look at my hair color, the mirror being too steamed up to see my reflection clearly and I did not think to spend a second wiping it off. I could see well enough to tuck everything under the floppy pink cap and at the moment that was all I cared about.

The bedroom door was closed as I walked towards it and ingrained by years of living in shared housing I knocked before entering. Anne was lay on the bed reading a magazine and when she lowered it to look at me I saw she had been busy in the time I had taken. She had altered the makeup on her eyes and re-done her lips in a fiery red, amplifying her already commanding personality. I shuddered in a sort of fright.

"Yes my little honey?" She said regally, although obviously trying to contain a giggle.

I blushed understanding her game and said in a rush. "May I go down on you Anne?"

"Of course, you may, my dear." She giggled, "But don't you think it would be nicer if you asked to worship me instead, honey? After all 'Go down' is such a rude way to put it." Her eyes betrayed her and unable to restrain herself she laughed. "Unless I'm the one saying it of course! Now get down here and start thanking me. NOW please!"

"Certainly Ms. Ashburn." I chuckled almost diving

between her legs like a junkie in search of a fix!

Coloring my hair and shaving me had obviously turned Anne on because I discovered that she was very wet as I slid my hands under her the thin strips of fabric that were the sides of her panties. "They're open at the crotch." Anne gasped, "Don't bother pulling them down!". Her hand then grabbed the back of my head and pulled me into firmly into place. "Put your hands my belly honey." Anne demanded spreading her legs while holding my head in place between her thighs as I did as she asked, making me feel strangely subjugated and defenseless.

As I caressed her with my tongue and lips I could feel her playing with my nails rubbing and filing them. I did not care what she was doing as I tried to recall what she had taught me last week and the best way of doing it to her.

I don't know exactly when Anne lost interest in my nails but a little while later, she was lying flat on her back gasping. "Thank you honey, thank you Oh, my sweet little honey! You're learning SO well!" I had forgotten that she had been playing with my nails and got a quite a surprise when I discovered I had ten long, extremely feminine, pink fingernails.

"Pre-colored glue-on's honey." Anne chuckled once she had got her breath back and seeing my reaction. "I'll file them down in a while." She contorted herself until she sat on the edge of the bed and said with a smile of anticipation. "Go and wash your face and then come back and sit at my dressing table. I'm going to really pamper you and see just how good looking a slut I can make you into." She was already removing her sodden panties and looked up clucking. "Now honey! Not next week, get a move on, lover!" Feeling deliciously subservient, I trotted off.

When I got back to the bedroom Anne had vanished.

Looking at my nailed hands in a sort of disbelief I slipped onto the dressing table stool, glancing at the array of cosmetics in front of me. The nails were a good inch past my fingertips and having come close to poking my eye out while washing and drying myself, I firmly restrained any temptations to examine the cosmetics, as I doubted if I could safely pick anything up.

Anne was not long and was carrying a box of heated rollers when she returned.

With a gleeful cry of satisfaction at my appearance at her dressing table she kissed me deeply, murmuring as she wrapped her lips round mine. "You smell nice. Now spread your legs!"

Straddling my knee with her legs spread either side of mine Anne blocked my direct view of the mirror. With a chuckle of anticipation, she pulled the shower cap from my head and began working on my hair. Something smelly was squirted and brushed in before she sectioned up my hair and lifting a roller wound it into the section. The process was repeated over my head and felt really strange when nodded and said. "Excellent."

Then, reaching to one side she lifted a jar off the dressing table saying. "Sit still," and began smearing my face with the contents. She was working quickly and the smell of delicious food cooking drifting up the stairs told me why. The first jar was discarded and without a halt she smoothed some other stuff on to my skin.

I asked hesitantly, not sure I wanted to know the answer. "What are you doing?"

"Making you pretty." Anne said nodding as she examined her work so far, "For dinner."

"Oh?" I said quizzically. "Thinking of eating me?"

"In a manner of speaking? Maybe later" she laughed

"How?"

"Medium - Well done, I should think. Now indulge me."
Anne said lifting what I knew was a cosmetic pencil, "Shut up
and hold still."



I could feel her running the pencil along my lower eyelid but then received a joking swat for my wiggling about. "For gods sake honey, sit still and let me do your makeup."

Makeup? The girly reflection that had surprised last weekend sprung into my mind and I felt a shiver of excitement when I considered just how girly I was going to look now. I just felt that I HAD to say something. "Makeup?" I said. "What for?"

"What for? I'll give you what for - if you keep on making a pest of yourself! I want you to look pretty for me. Now shut up and let me finish - or it's over my knees for a good spanking you'll go!" I thought of opening my mouth to protest, but then thought better of it.

She did not spend much more time working on my face, but when she finally slipped from my lap I got a shock.

That could *not* have been me I saw in the brief glance I got in the mirror before Anne spun me away towards her spare room. Agog at the speed of things happening to me, Anne had me dressed in a filled bra and very tight pair of knickers before I had even caught up with her intentions. A confining, very wide suspender belt, which she informed me was a waist clincher was then wrapped around me, cinched, and used to clamp my waist in its vice like grip.

"What are you doing?" I asked shivering in a kind of fright as she rolled a shimmering stocking up each leg and attached the tops to the suspenders.

"Dressing you as my slut! What do you think, girl? " Anne giggled, almost hopping up and down in delight. She quickly strapped a pair of high heels on to my feet and said. "Now hold still." I could then feel her slipping a tight fitting black and red dress up my legs and over my hips. "Arms." She demanded.

I held out my arms blushing brightly when I felt the breasts created by my padded bra touch on the inside of my arms - and then Anne had pulled me into the dress, then

fastened me in at the sleeves. "Upsadaisy!" she laughed and pulled me to my feet.

Wobbling unsteadily on the heels cost me a firm spank on my bum and a giggled. "Stand still and stop pretending you can't walk properly - they are only three inches my girl," and zipped the dress up at the back with a delighted. "Wow!"

I was undergoing quite a metamorphosis and suddenly realized that Anne had now turned me into the woman in our relationship. I was shocked at how quickly she had done it and how accepting of her dominance I'd been, but I stood there in my heels, my lingerie and my dress - my hair colored - and a miasma of lavender surrounding me, and was well aware that I was now in a relationship that was totally controlled by her. Knew that I had little or no say in what the future held for me.

Muttering to herself she sat me down on the end of the bed and played her hairdryer over the curlers until she was satisfied that my hair was dry. I could feel her softly teasing the rollers from my hair but did not really take much notice as I was blown away by the very pretty legs I had coming from under my skirt.

"Let me look at you!" Anne said stepping back. Her expression was almost drooling as she exclaimed, "Cool!" and dragged me back onto my feet. Marching me back into her room and teasing me about my struggling walk in the awkward and uncomfortable heels. My contemplation about my new footwear was brought to an abrupt halt as Anne pirouetted me carefully to face her bedroom mirror.

"Oh my god!" I gasped. I was wearing a Chinese style silk dress, which clung to my new contours like a second skin. My face was vividly made up like a porn actress's and I found it difficult to believe that the glossy, wanton, stridently red lips were mine. The girlish image I had projected last

week had changed into one that would have got me lots of free drink at any pub in the town!

Anne was looking at me with barely restrained lust almost babbling she said. "I want to have you now, but I don't want to muss you up yet and spoil dinner. Do ME a big favour and go lay the table while I fix myself up again. Please? or I'm going throw you on the bed and ruin our dinner!"

"Oh, you say the nicest of things!" I giggled and wobbling like mad tried to make my way to the door. Part of me wanted her to throw me on the bed but another part of me was curious and I knew I needed a little time to examine the image she had created of me, and after a little struggle with the stairs I eventually navigated myself to the kitchen.

The black and red dress made me look like a Hong Kong whore and the side slit showed a suspender and stocking top with every step. Continually watching the mirror, I remembered something when I reached for the drawer containing the cutlery, or should I say when my nails did! On the ends of my fingers the still unfiled nails made a job, which would have normally taken me thirty seconds, take ages before I grasped the knack of using the flat of my fingers rather than the tips.

"Stunning!" Anne declared walking in with her eyes shining as she drank in my feminized appearance. "Even better than I had envisaged and that burgundy tint in your hair is perfect for your eyes. But let's eat, I'm starving."

"So I see?" I chuckled and said almost wailing. "Can you please do something about these nails, before I scream?"

"I'll do them later," Anne said dismissively before giggling. "When I want them near me! Let me enjoy my little slut's impractically long nails. You don't need short nails when

all your job is to look attractive and be a good fuck!"

"Oh?" I said blushing at her crude comment as Anne opened a bottle of fizzy wine with a loud pop.

"Oh indeed!" Anne said pouring two glasses. "Here! Drink your Champers and look pretty while I sort out dinner."

I really got in to teasing her as she tried to put the dinner out. Laughing that next time it would be quicker if I served when she joined me at the table. "Then you can look at me and still have your dinner warm!" I teased a bit of food off my fork and into my mouth with my tongue and loved Anne's eyes on a stalk expression.

"Serving up dinner comes natural to you, does it?" she said, seriously. "Well that's good, because you'll be doing a lot of it in the future. I'm just being nice and feminine right now - a sort of role-reversal to make you realize that I'm not always bossy - but don't come to rely on it my girl."

As we ate, I worked out that if I crossed my legs right over left I could reveal my stocking top and suspender. Feeling very daring, I did exactly that and though I was constrained by the table a bit, the sensations of the silk and nylon materials against my thighs was incredible. Doing that girl thing with the back of my hands to move my hair was another good one and I got a real kick out of seeing Anne's expression at my experiments in femininity. She smiled and nodded approvingly though I got the distinct impression that she was having an internal battle controlling her lust. I was having the time of my life and was not surprised that we left the kitchen in chaos when we retired to the lounge with another bottle of wine.

"Undo my skirt honey." Anne said taking charge. With a few glasses of wine inside me the heels if anything were easier to walk in. They were just as painful, but I was finding

it easier to keep my balance I noticed as I knelt and un-fastened the clip sending one of my false nails flying.

"Two hours nineteen minutes!" Anne chuckled. "Before you broke one, that's not bad for a first timer. LOTS of girls don't do as well!"

We sat watching the telly for a while, sipping the wine and I got very pleasantly lethargic. Then she got up and left for a minute. Came back and sat beside me on the sofa, slid an arm around my shoulders and pulled me in for a nice kiss. I yawned sleepily. "Honey? I'd like you to meet somebody," she said. "I used to call him Giles - but think I'll change his name to Nobby." She laughed, "Actually, now that I think on it, it's a much more appropriate name for him."

"Nobby? But that's MY name," I grumbled sleepily.

"Well, it *used* to be," she admitted. "But it's a *man's* name, don't you think? And aren't you becoming my girl? But we can talk about that later. Here he is. What do you think of him?"

"Huh?" I said, taking something from her into my hands - then "YECH!" and I dropped it. It was almost like a man's prick!

"That's no way to treat poor Nobby! Poor dildo!" she chided me. "Why don't you just hold him in your hands for a little while? Get to know him. Please, just for me?" And she put it back in my hands again.

I felt stupid sitting there, being embraced and holding on to that ugly thing but she'd kiss me when I held it and nip me - not always playfully - if I let go of it, so I soon learned to keep it in my hand.. She finally made slow love to me, gradually pushing my dress hem up to reveal my panties and garter belt, then fondled me and teased me with gently snapping the straps at the top of my stockings or caressing the lace hems

of my panties. Holding the dildo was difficult, but once when I dropped it to return her caresses with both hands instead of one, she pulled back and regarded me seriously.

"Having problems holding on to Nobby?"

"Yes Anne - it's very awkward and it is..." She stopped my complaint in a very effective manner. Lifted Nobby and put the tip right up at my mouth.

"You could always keep him in here. Would you like that?" After that I didn't let go of him once.

We went to bed and made love again, but I was bugged. It had been an emotionally draining day, and the wine and the sex on top of everything just put me away the moment I stopped fighting to stay awake. Exhausted as I was though, and deep in sleep, I kept feeling that she was sitting up in bed beside me, laughing lightly and kissing me - though her lips felt like they had changed shape somehow. I was a little frightened when I woke up in the morning to find Nobby firmly clutched in my right hand.

I was even more surprised when I discovered that my clothes of the night before had been replaced with a very conservative nightgown pretty and feminine mind you but puffed sleeves and a scoop neckline and a full skirt were not the kind of clothes I had started expecting to have to wear around Annie.

"Woman of the house! Aren't you up yet?" were the words that she woke me with, and she strode into the bedroom, fully dressed in her normal workaday clothes and carrying a big mug of tea, which she laid on the table beside the bed. "Now, I'm spoiling you this morning because you were such a good girl last night. But you've lain around in bed too long. This is a working farm, and you have your housework to do. I've laid out some clothes for you to wear,

so get yourself up and dressed. Don't try and put your makeup on. Call me when you're ready and I'll do it for you. Okay?"

She wasn't being sexually aggressive or anything like that - but she was dead serious. I blinked up at her still a little sleepy.

"Okay Anne," I said meekly.

"That's my honey," she said nicely, the firmness gone from her voice and pure affection showing. "That's my girl." And she leaned forward and gave me a lovely kiss.

She pulled away far too quickly for my liking. "Don't forget to call me when you're dressed - and don't be too long darling, I've lots to do this morning." Next thing, she was gone.

The clothes she'd left out for me were a continuation of the surprise. Nothing flashy or sluttish - nylon undies, a floral rayon skirt - down to my ankles, - and a gold shirtfront blouse with long sleeves. Nylon stockings to attach to my garter belt. Sensible court shoes with a two-inch heel fitted beautifully and were a snap to walk in. I combed my hair out and found myself fussing with it, just the way a woman would. Blushed at my behavior but couldn't stop primping it a few seconds later.

I felt strange calling for Anne to come and help with my makeup, but she was calmly and coolly efficient. Seemed to understand how I felt but wasn't about to cater to me.

"I'm very pleased with you honey." She said as she worked on my face. "It has to feel different to you and I *do* appreciate that you're not making a big fuss. But now? Let me see you powder your nose. You have to start somewhere." Then, though it may not sound like much, but it was extremely significant to me, she had me remove the studs

from my ears and replace them with large loop earrings after I'd powdered my nose. It was amazing how sensuous the feel of the earrings touching the sides of my neck was - and it's something I love to this day..

For the rest of that morning and afternoon, I looked and played the part of a suburban housewife. In no uncertain terms, she told me what was expected of me - to get familiar with the house - particularly the kitchen. Where the linens were kept. Familiarize myself with her sewing machine. Make the bed. Clean up the mess we'd made the night before.

At first, I played coy - expecting her to jump on me at any moment, but it soon became apparent that sex was the furthest thing from her mind. What she *wanted* was a wife; a nice, loving, conservative wife. Period!

And, without much prodding, that is exactly what I started to become. She wasn't expecting any heavy-duty cleaning from me but once the things that HAD to be done were taken care of, I discovered that there were lightweight chores - like polishing the furniture, dusting, polishing brass and silverware. Making lunch - and dinner. I felt weird at first, and the skirt caressing my legs as I walked was a major distraction for a while, but I soon got engrossed in what was wanted from me and, not wanting to disappoint Anne, I worked very diligently.

I really didn't see much of her during the day - she was busy with the books for the farm, but she was pleasant enough when she did appear. Complimented me on a nice lunch - and raved about the dinner I made later - and served - to her. After dinner, I learned how frustrating it must be for a wife. After all, it was ME that did all the work getting dinner ready and serving it up - so how come it was ME that had to do all the tidying of the table and washing the dishes - while Anne sat, sipping on a Scotch and water, engrossed in the

weather forecasts on the telly?

But my reward came afterwards when she had me sit beside her and put her arm around me. Told me how pleased she was with me. I slid into her embrace thankfully and turned my lips up for a kiss - which she wasn't slow in granting. Yes, I wasn't overly happy when I had to kiss Nobby 'hello' and hold him while we watched the telly, but I guess I was getting used to this idiosyncrasy of hers, so it didn't bother me as much. I even kissed the bloody thing goodnight at her request. That night, our lovemaking was slow and a lot more silent, but I must admit that I was just as entranced as I'd been the night before.

In the end the weekend was a re-run of the previous one except for the total immersion in not only feminine clothes but all the accessories and makeup as well. At first, I was as much confused as excited by the world Anne was showing me. I had never before dreamt of looking like a girl or even come close to suspecting that I would really get off on it. Discovering I did was, in some ways, as horrifying as it was satisfying - and scarily the more I explained to Anne how much I was confused by my conflicting emotions, the harder she pushed me to improve my feminine look and demeanor.

By the time she dropped me off in Middleton for my bus home I ached all over and felt like I had gone ten rounds with Lenox Lewis! Telling me firmly not to be late on Wednesday as she had to go down to London that day and did not want to miss me, she sped off for home, leaving me to reflect on the weekend.

At first, I did not think that my dressing up for her was a really big issue. Sure, it was not something I would tell my mates about down the pub, but I was not freaked out by it. As a matter of fact I found that I was strangely surprised at how well I'd taken to it.

I have always been pretty self-contained, so it was a surprise to find I missed Anne, even when I was working which made Monday and Tuesday drag unendingly by. Company is one of those things that you do not know how much you enjoy until it's missing, and I was up and away really early Wednesday arriving just after nine thirty in the morning.

Anne was in a queer mood, and I put it down to her going away, something I knew she hated. Unloading the two bags of fertilizer, and three trays of seedlings into her barn I strolled up to the kitchen noticing that the first leaf buds were appearing on the trees. Giving her a passionate kiss I chattered away brightly about how nice it was and how much I fun I had dressing up for her in equal measure. Anne smiled a lot but was unusually silent over the swift cuppa but I talked enough for both of us anyway and as she let me out I quipped.

"Bring me something pretty back, huh?" as I gave her a farewell kiss.

Her eyes momentarily brightened as she kissed me forcefully but by the time I reached my van and called "Tarra" I saw her expression had lapsed back into that brooding look.

Her mood had not really figured in my reckoning when I hopped into her Discovery on the Friday evening. I could see from her very smart business suit that she had only just got back from London and almost cowered back as she exploded.

"No damn it! I'm not *having* this!"

"What Anne?" I asked apprehensive in front of the fury I could see in her eyes.

"You! Messing up all my hard work! Just look at you? I

spent bloody hours last Sunday getting your nails so that they would look nice and look at them now!"

I looked down at my torn and ragged finger ends. One nail was going black from getting trapped under a box of fertilizer and the ones on either side of it were not much better.

"And it's all because of that bloody stupid job of yours!" Anne snapped in her haughtiest of tones.

"And how else am I supposed to live Anne?" I said patiently, reminding myself that Anne did not live in the same world as me.

"With me of course!" Anne said firmly. "You can do an OU degree just as easily there, if not better, than in that ghetto you call home."

"And how do I pay for it? An OU degree is expensive." I said adding calmly. "And I'll never find a job as well paying out here."

"You won't need to work. I'll pay." Anne said with a curt nod of her head.

"But..." I started, shaking my head as I did so.

"No buts," she snapped. Then, suddenly she shook herself and said. "I'm sorry honey. I *do* trust you but I keep think of all the attractive distractions you have away from me and I get scared and wound up that you'll dump me or turn out to be another Giles"

"Oh!" Her words cut straight to my heart and I felt all my objections collapsing although I did try one last act of protestation. "I'd feel very guilty about living on you"

"Piffle!" Anne laughed, obviously relieved that I had surrendered so easily... "What does money mean? I earn three times more from investing my inheritance than I could

ever earn working and that's before you even take my share of the family estate's land into consideration. Don't be so working class about it. I want you - and you want me- so what's the problem?"

"Isn't it a little sudden?" I said nervously and got laughed at.

"No, I should have done this months ago." Anne smiled and kissed me. "You can take your letter of resignation in on Monday." Deciding the matter in a tone that brooked no refusal.

"Okay." I said, telling myself that this was just another extremely surreal moment, in what was already a pretty bizarre relationship.

Satisfied now that I had acquiesced to her demands, Anne's mood had abruptly changed, and she said excitedly starting the engine. "I can't wait to show you the pretty pressy I got you in London!" With an air of self-satisfaction about her Anne gossiped all the way home about how horrid London was, and how much fun she had down there.

Laughing as we pulled up outside the house Anne said. "You know the drill! Off to the bath with you."

"Oh yes miss." I giggled hopping out of the car, looking forward to a weekend in a skirt and heels.

"Shampoo in that burgundy color on the window ledge into your hair, will you?" Anne called as she jumped out. "I'll throw dinner in the oven and join you with a couple of glasses of pop and the joint I'm gagging for. I'm stinky myself so use my bath lotion will you rather than your lavender?"

"Okay," I said, not realizing how long the scent was going to linger on my skin.

Five minutes after I had put the hair colour on my head I

smelled Anne coming. She had a long joint between her lips when she walked in proudly naked carrying a tray. Grinning brightly round the joint Anne flicked the sides of the tray and out popped four legs setting the table next to the bath she said removing her smoke. "How long?" Meaning my hair. "Six and a half minutes and it says ten on the box." I said pouring the wine as she joined me under the suds. "Good." Anne took a deep draw on the joint and exchanged a smoky kiss with me, whispering. "Hope you don't mind but I'm going to get you smashed and fuck you like a bitch in heat!" I sucked her smoky words into my mouth with the narcotic smoke, loving and loathing what we were doing. Smoking is a horrible habit, but her joints did lend our lovemaking a wild edge that I loved.

After the time was up, with lots of laughter Anne rinsed my hair clean and dumping a load of stuff she called setting lotion on it she covered my hair again in rollers. Giggling after another smoky kiss, "Let's hope this time they are tight enough to hold the curl until Sunday!"

"Tight enough." I said tentatively patting my head feeling like my scalp was being torn off. "Stop playing with it and put your bonnet on honey." Anne said producing the shower cap from behind the bath.

Once my hair was protected Anne raped me in the bath! God it was wild, water went everywhere as we tried to find the best way to make love in a bath. I'll cradle the memory of how Anne looked as she stood up in the bath with water sluicing down her body demanding. "Clean me up honey slut!"

Agog at the vision of beauty before me I eagerly complied with her command giggling. "Oh yes miss."

It took us two hours to have a bath, and Anne was as blown away by the experience as I was.

"On the bed facedown honey!" Anne said. "I've got a surprise for you."

I could hear her rustling though a bag and then she called. "You can look now. What do you think?" She was holding up a black and white maids dress. "Fancy yourself as my maid tomorrow night? I think it's my turn to be pampered this weekend?"

"Oh yes milady." I said, looking at the uniform with interest.

"But this is the business." From behind the maid's dress Anne produced a pair of shiny dresses, a pink one with a halter neck and short skirt, and a black one. "For this evening we have one for me." She held up the shiny black rubber dress, "And one for my slut." Her fingernail tapped the pink one.

She blushed and laughed. "I know it's a little kinky but I've always wanted try wearing rubber so I got us a few things."

"Wow, yeah." My penis was rock hard again and felt Anne's eyes fall on it.

"I'd best get rid of that then or your never get in the panties." Anne giggled sinking to her knees beside the bed. "Roll me a smoke and light it up while I'm busy will you hon? It's a bit of a fantasy of mine to swap cum for smoke?"

"Erm okay? But I might be sick."

"You won't." Anne said, slapping my hand from my bonnet where I was about to scratch my tightening scalp and rollers.

I had only had one puff when I felt myself convulsing in ejaculation and by the time Anne kissed me she did not get her mouthful of smoke as it had all dissipated. "We'll time it

better next time." Anne laughed flicking a tendril of cum into my mouth with her finger. "Let's get us dressed and fed." Her eyes bobbed, "I got us a rude DVD."

Five minutes later Anne was grumbling. "I'm going to have to get you learn how to do this yourself," as she painted my face with an intensity that Van Gogh would have respected.

"Good enough for now." She congratulated herself, before passing me a pair of panties.

"Here, slip these on." I blushed when I touched them they were made of skin tone rubber. "They should minimise the skirt lump problem you suffered from last weekend." She said this as she surveyed my struggle to get them on.

They were bloody tight, and it took a little rearranging of my equipment before I could pull them all the way on. I think if my penis were able it would have punched me for condemning it to a night of futile and painful attempts at expansion. Anne was ecstatic and before I had sorted myself out properly, she was strapping the waist clincher around me. Guessing that her haste was to do with dinner I quickly pulled on my padded bra as she rolled a pair of stockings up my legs. "Put your dress and shoes on honey." Anne laughed clapping her hands in delight before quickly dressing and doing her makeup on in half the time she had spent on me.

My head was really itching and painful by the time we had eaten and I gave a little cry of relief when Anne declared that my hair was ready to be unrolled. Boy did I look different when Anne finally let me see the finished product.

My hair is naturally wavy anyway and with the large heated rollers Anne had used the previous time, disregarding the color my hair had not looked that much different to how it looked when I'd let it dry and brushed it out.

This time it did, especially after she had lacquered it all

together with a massive amount of hair spray. There was no doubting my gender now - I was all woman.

"That's much better!" Anne said with a triumphant giggle, "I bet with a little more practice I could get you looking good enough to join me on a London trip, and really expand your mind."

The DVD Anne had picked up was called 'Rent' and was the life and times of 3 prostitutes, one male, one female and one pre-operation transsexual, and was very rude. It gave us some ideas though and later that night Anne took a photograph of me sat on her dustbin dressed in my slutty finery smoking a long joint held in a hand bedecked with long talon like pink nails -and Nobby in the other.

I'd been silly enough to object when she had given it to me shortly after when we'd seated ourselves. "Aw, c'mon Anne," I'd blustered. "Enough, huh?"

"No dear. It's not enough," she replied calmly. "Now I want you to give Nobby a nice kiss. If you won't? I'll have to spank you." Then she thought for a second, and added. "Matter of fact. Why don't you just lie down over my knees? I won't hurt you -just a couple of love pats on your panties"

"Anne? No. I can't," I protested weakly.

"Of course you can." She put a hand at the back of my neck and gently pulled me down and over her knees. Lifted my skirt and gave me a few pats on my panties. "See darling? When you're in male clothing, you're probably much stronger than me. But when you're in skirts or dresses, you're just a weak, submissive, little girl - and can't help but do as you're told."

"But I don't like that ugly thing Anne. Why do you want me to hold it all the time? And now you want me to KISS it!"

"Silly goose! Some of these nights? It's going to be a part of ME - and though I know you don't care for it just now, I want you to get used to it. So now, are you going to make friends with Nobby?"

"I suppose so," I grumbled.

"GOOD girl! Now, why don't you just suck on him - just a little? I know he *loves* that!"

So, for as long as the DVD lasted, I alternated being kissed by Anne and sucking and kissing the dildo.

My day of playing maid was another experience and I really enjoyed it. The black maids dress looked and felt fantastic and I know Anne really enjoyed my service!

"This is like a fantasy version of how my grandmother lived!" Anne giggled more than once at my uniformed appearance between her legs. She enjoyed it so much that I went through four pairs of stockings and got a nasty carpet burn on my knee and a lump on my head when she dropped her glass on me while writhing around in passion! It was just as well it was close to bedtime and complaining about the burn on my knee, I joined her in bed. Crawling in beside her after putting my maids dress in the sink to soak I felt a little miffed about it getting wet and dozed off hoping it would not be stained.

Anne had been flaked out when I woke and not wanting to risk waking her, I had got up and got dressed with out thinking. To tell the truth I did not even realize that I had voluntarily cross-dressed without any input from her, until I took her some breakfast up after I heard the loo flush.

"Nice." She approved as I walked in with her breakfast. "Pity you didn't put your maids' uniform on though? It would have been . . ." She saw my smile said. "What?"

The Silver Collar by Trish Shaw



"I probably would have - but someone managed to spill her wine all over it last night." I said sticking my tongue out at her.

"Oh?" Anne said. "When? How?"

"You were that drunk were you?" I laughed, "That you don't remember my ministrations when we came to bed?"

"Oh yeah!" Anne laughed over a mouthful of toast. "Oh I forgot about that."

"I've not!" I said mock wincing at the scab that was forming on my carpet burn. "As you gave me a mark to remind me!"

"EH?" She said pulling a face not following my tangential change of subject

"You gave me a carpet burn!" I mock moaned, with a laugh.

Anne thought it was funny until she saw the scab though the pair of fine tights, when I pulled up my skirt to show her.

"Hell!" Anne swore, "Sorry love." Her eyes filled with compassion and sexual allure. "Come here and I'll make it better."

I was really tempted but felt an urge to talk instead and said as firmly as I could. "Later! Eat your breakfast," which got me an odd look from Anne, before she complied pouting with pretended disappointment.

"If," I started. "I move in up here, what will I do about money? And what happens if we split up?" And held my breath unsure how Anne was going to react.

Anne nodded and said giving me a faint smile. "Fair question. For one I'm going to pay you an allowance of a

grand or so a month - enough to cover your flat rent for a month or two in case of the unlikely event that it doesn't work out, and I'll agree to whatever you think is fair if we do split."

That startled me and I looked at her blankly, which made her laugh. "We'll both have a think about it and get something on paper when you move in. Okay?"

"Yeah." I nodded, "But what's in it for you?"

"For me?" Anne exclaimed. "Lord, sometimes you are so dense honey." She laughed. "*You* of course. I don't like living alone, but I don't want to live with another macho type."

"Oh?" I said looking at her in shock. "But ...?"

"No buts honey," Anne, said pressing her finger on my lips. "You're someone who won't compete with me and with a little effort you'll make the prefect man for the rare occasions when I need a male partner," her eyes shone with delight as she added. "I don't think I have to mention your other big plus, and to me that all sounds like pretty much the perfect compromise."

"Erm I'll need to work two week's notice and what do I tell them?" I said voicing my main fear. "If I just walk out, I'll make us the subject of their gossip for the next two months." I could tell that Anne was about as keen on that possibility as I was, and I tried to analyze the changes of expression playing on her face as she mulled over my comment.

"It's the start of the summer term the week after Easter, why not tell them that you are going after a degree? It's the truth." Anne said with a giggle. "You just don't mention where." She added this, eating her last piece of toast with a triumphant crunch. "Now stop fidgeting and show me how pleased you are to be moving in with me."

Our lips met igniting a passion that left us both

exhausted and sweaty resulting in a second shared bath an hour or so later.

"Must you go?" Anne said lounging on the bed as I slowly redressed in the clothes I had arrived in. After the restrictions of the rubber panties for nearly two days it was a relief not to be putting them back on. "Fraid so." I said feeling equally distressed. "Okay." Anne nodded looking glum as she rolled off the bed and started to dress. "Go and make us a last pot of tea honey and then I'll run you home."

Nodding, I trotted off; half wishing I was still wearing my heels even though they were absolute agony to wear.

"Thanks honey." Anne said watching me closely as I set the tea tray on the coffee table. "I'm going to have to do something about your male appearance. Something more androgynous I think, but that's for later. It'll keep."

She was holding a velvet box and giving me a big smile she said. "I want to know if you'll wear something for me."

I recognized the box as she grinned at me excitedly removing the antique silver collar from its resting place. It was decorative and about a woman's neck it looked enough like a choker necklace to be worn in public. She told me it was a genuine Persian piece dating to the middle of the 19th century according to Anne who had inherited it. Her great-grandmother had been the wife of the British Ambassador at the court of the Shah of Persia at the height of Britain's Imperial power and the collar had originally come into her possession at that time.

Anne told me that the ambassador's wife became great friends with the Shah's wives and the royal concubines. She had been given the collar as a gift, which allowed her to move safely when visiting the palace harem and royal apartments - as it signified that she was the possession of

the Shah, and under his protection. Anne also added that the ambassador liked to see his wife wearing it and what it symbolized as it contained his position in Arabic as the owner of the woman wearing it - as he thought.

I had seen it numerous times either in the velvet-lined case or about Anne's neck when she had been married and until she decided to check that it fitted me. I had never thought that she would decide that I should wear it.

Dangling it in front of my face Anne said. "Well? But there's a few strings attached."

When she had been married, she had worn it almost all of the time, and I had not discovered it's true significance until I had asked just as her marriage began to fall apart. It had been on the table when we were having a cuppa, and surprised not to see her wearing it I blurted out my question like an anxious schoolboy. At the time she had told me the story she said that she had broken the catch, and when Giles walked out a month or so later the significance of her removal of the collar and what it had symbolized to her in their relationship did not occur to me.

Looking at it in her hand and knowing that I wanted it about my neck I nodded feeling a wave of lust filling me. I wanted to wear it for her and demonstrate that this time she was the dominant party in the relationship and said. "Yes, Anne. I'll wear your collar. But what are the strings?"

She spoke seriously. "I wasn't fooling before when I said that sometimes Nobby is a part of me. I'll expect you to recognize this need of mine - and satisfy it."

"You mean - you'll be like the man - like you were with Giles?"

"It's not the same, honey - but close enough. You're going to wear women's clothes around me - a lot. Sometimes

"I'll expect you to accept me as the man. Think you could do that?"

"I may not be very good." I said softly.

"You'll be fine. Now, if you wear this collar, you'll be acknowledging that you're my *woman* and that you belong to me. Understood?"

I nodded shyly.

"Good." She smiled almost in ecstasy, as she laughed. "Lets try it for size then."

It was only about my neck briefly, before Anne whooped delightedly. "It fits," and quickly removed it. "I'll get it cleaned at my jewelers in London." She gave me a wide smile and added. "I guess it's good timing really as I'll be stuck there from next Tuesday for a week."

Needless to say, the boss was none to happy about me giving him my notice and proved it by putting me on the worst rounds for the next two weeks. "Nobby!" He would tell me, "You're making a mistake! You're not going to pass a degree fir fucks sake. You're thick! Now why don't you just forget about it and I'll even give you a pay rise."

The rest of the staff on the other hand were all very encouraging, they knew how hard I had worked to re-sit my missed exams. When they noticed what sort of rounds I was getting just about everybody told me to tell him to stuff the job, and walk out. If Anne had been home I probably would have done that, but she was not, so I pissed the boss off by taking his pettiness with a pitying smile whenever I saw him.

Missing Anne, especially on the Saturday when I moped about my flat for most of the day until I recalled I had a note form the post office saying that I had undelivered mail waiting for me. Having to hurry as the depot shut in less than

an hour, I rushed into town. The parcel was well wrapped and had GAP written on the wrapping. Guessing that I had won one of the competitions I had entered, I confirmed that it was my name and address on the label. Curious I was really tempted to have a look inside but town was packed and seeing the new Boots was open I went for a look and bought myself a nail set, and a few other things that do not usually find their way in to blokes shopping. I walked out a little later with a bag of goodies and forty-five pound worse off, and no doubt with a few curious eyes on me.

It was hard but I restrained my curiosity until after I had made a cup of tea and then tore into the parcel. It was from Anne and contained a pair of jeans, a lilac top, a pair thong of panties, a pair of low heel ankle boots and a note.

Told you I'd get you some new things., Wear them for me Friday. Love A

I just had to try them on! The jeans reached my hips and left a massive gap before the top started. It was also kind of embarrassing to know that I would have to be very careful about keeping my underwear from showing.

"Still." I gloated at my reflection. "I look good," hardly noticing that the clothes I was wearing could easily have belong to any girl and had given me that girlish look again.

For once Anne had not phoned. She had warned me that she might have to go to Holland for the weekend and even though I had my bag of goodies to play with, the time still dragged. Going into work on Monday was not very nice, as I knew the boss had me delivering manure, a job I truly hated. Calling him silently everything under the sun I fixed a smile on my face and got on with it. One thing about delivering manure is that its physically exhausting work and I certainly slept that night, after I had taken a long, highly scented, shower!

The week slowly dragged past, brightened only by Anne's occasional nightly call. Finally, Friday arrived and I was finished, embarrassed and surprised when I was given a set of file folders and a pen set as a going away present by the office staff. After saying good-bye to everyone I made a point of saying "tarra," to the boss and was equally surprised when he said gruffly.

"Here," tossing a pay packet on his desk, "I've read how hard it is being a student these days. There's a couple of extra quid in there for you. Now fuck off before you embarrass yourself saying thank you." I nodded and said simply. "Thanks," as I picked up the pay packet. Perhaps he was not quite the petty money-grabbing bastard I had always thought he was. "Oh, and Nobby? Good luck?" He called as I walked from the office shaking my head and immediately calling Anne on my mobile once I was outside.

"I'm done." I said to her briefly and two hours later I was putting my last box into the Discovery. Chatting away brightly Anne was brimming with anticipation and clucking about how much better it was going to be now that she could *really* sort out my appearance.

"Oh. Wow!" Anne had exclaimed approving when she had arrived. "I've got to say you really do look nice in those jeans and top I got you love. In fact, you look better than I'd hoped, only one thing missing but I can fix that." Her hand came up and before I could move, she doused me with a long squirt of the lilac based perfume that she liked on me.

I went red with embarrassment as I felt the perfume settling on to me, knowing that I would be trailing its scent my wake as we left. Even though I had been tempted, the feminine impression I gave in the clothes Anne got me meant that I had not dared wear them out side my flat. I felt strangely vulnerable knowing that my flat stomach and belly

button were visible between my cropped lilac top and the hipster cut boy-girl jeans.

"Going to have to get you a belly button ring." Anne giggled, "To be fashionable." She reached down the sides of my jeans and pulled up the thong cut panties sides so they showed. Grinning at me impishly she said, "You wear them like this," and led me from my flat.

Anne did not exactly rush home, but neither did she hang around and by the time we reached our destination I could tell by the way she had been shifting about in her seat for the last ten miles or so that her panties must have been dripping. Feeling daring I said by the front door, "Can I worship you please." Anne almost convulsed as she struggled to get the key in the lock, and gasped. "Not until I've got you ready and my collar about that pretty neck of yours."

"Oh?" I pouted, kissing her neck as she bundled me through the door. "Please!" I begged trying to hide the mischievous giggle I felt trying to escape.

"Bathroom *now* honey." Anne said swatting me on my bum.

"Oh please!" I teased caressing my hand down her back wistfully.

"No! For god sake!" Anne laughed fighting my hands away. "We don't have the time! Get up to the bathroom please!"

"Okay." I said giving her a peck on the cheek before bounding up the stairs.

Anne was not far behind me, and when she walked in she had a box L'Oreal hair color in her hands. Sitting me with my back to the sink on a low stool Anne wasted no time in

washing the coloring agent into my hair and I was immediately struck by how powerful an odor the stuff had and asked. Anne did not as such answer my question, but I knew from the moment she chuckled that the color was a permanent dye. "What shade?" I asked trying to sound resigned, rather than excited as she removed the gloves she had been wearing to apply the dye.

"Surprise." Anne said almost absently as she reached behind me and picked up a pair of tweezers. "And while it's working, I'll just tidy these up again."

Call me odd, but I rather like having my eyebrows plucked, the pain sort of setting off a sympathetic feeling of sexual exhilaration, which always excites me. Chuckling again and teasing her fingers down my face, Anne set the tweezers down and said almost to herself. "What next?" and started on my fingernails. I was relieved to see that she was not going for the talons and seemed content to tidy up my natural if somewhat damaged nails before painting them a Barbie pink. Checking the clock, Anne said. "Just got time to do your toes," and smiled seductively at me when I said with a little blush. "I did them last night &"

"Very nice." Anne congratulated me when she saw the shiny silver blue varnish decorating my toes. Asking me where I got the polish as she bent me back over the sink and began to rinse the colouring agent from my hair.

If Anne had not been rinsing and washing other things in and out of my hair my explanation about the big Boots Beauty department that had opened not far from my flat would not have taken long. I was telling how I had got the polish and some remover after chipping the varnish she had put on them the weekend before last when Anne combed a section of my damp hair forward and said. "Hold still."

Before I could react, she brought up a pair of scissors

and sliced a good four inches of the front of my hair. I felt the hair hit my lap as Anne said nodding with delight. "Much better honey always thought you suit a." She crooked her head to one side for a moment before starting to trim the rest of my hair level. Finishing her sentence when she brushed the hair from my lap. "Fringed bob."

Without letting me see my reflection Anne guided me into the spare room and started to style my damp hair with her hairdryer and a brush. Wondering just what I was going to look like, as my hair even though it had been damp had looked suspiciously light when Anne snipped it onto my lap.

Conversation was pretty much useless with the hair dryer going and as she worked, I could sense that Anne was getting more and more excited, which had my tightly constrained penis fighting with the unyielding denim of my jeans.

"Go and take a look in the mirror in our bedroom honey." Anne said smiling at me with lust in her eyes. "I think you'll like it."

"Oh my god!" I gasped seeing my reflection. I was blond, and had a girl's hairstyle, almost identical to one of the telesales girls! Very faint beard shadow aside, even without a bra on I looked like a girl.

Two minutes later she joined me clutching the gleaming collar and with a smile said pointing in front of her. "Kneel here honey."

"You really want me to Anne?"

"Do as you're told woman." She said, but with a loving smile.

Feeling lightheaded with excitement I did as she asked and leant forward exposing my neck to her.

"You are going to look just scrummy when I'm though with you." Anne chortled as she grasped my hair and pulled my head back so she could slip the collar about my neck.

"Oh god! Yes please Anne." I gasped wondering what it was going to be like wearing five grand's worth of Persian silver and white gold about my neck.

With a loud unexpected click I felt Anne's hands drop away as she let out a small whoop with delight. Holding up a small key on her necklace she covered my face with kisses saying.

"Now you're *really* mine." I was too, but that's a different story.

The End