



Reluctant Press presents:

Their Wonderful Breasts



Blind Ruth

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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THEIR WONDERFUL BREASTS!

By Blind Ruth

BONGO BLOODY BONGO

I suppose Bongo can take the blame if anyone can. Or am I kidding myself and it was my entire fault. Bongo was my best mate. I first met Bongo when I applied for a job on a building site as a carpenter which was my trade then. I was chasing big money and knew that because of finishing dates, there would be a lot of overtime night shifts, or ghosters as we called then in the trade. Ghosters were night shifts from 10 p.m. to 6

or 7 in the morning. The first day on the site I was partnered with Bongo and we hit it off right away, Bongo was a hard worker as I was too. I must say I never earned so much money in my life.

Hard worker Bongo was but when he was at play he was something else. If anybody knew all the low dives in town, it was Bongo, and boy could he find some low dives. He was always chasing after skirt. He liked Johnny Walker black label for some unknown reason. He had expensive taste.

We had worked about three weeks non-stop on this building site and had earned a day off (not paid by the company I might add) when he said to me, "Jim boy, let's do the town tonight" Jim Wilkinson, that is—or was—my name before... but let us not go there yet.

"Sure Bongo, what do you have in mind?" I was game for anything after such a long stretch at work. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

"Benny's disco. Plenty of skirt and they drop their drawers for a few drinks."

I was new to this town, a long way from home. If I had known better, I would never have gone to Benny's disco. But there we were all togged up in the dance hall, at the bar ordering drinks. Bongo downed his beer and Johnny Walker in no time and was lining up the next drink while looking around the dance hall for a piece of skirt. He found a lady and with a slap on my back, said, "See you around, Jim boy. I've my skirt for the night." Off he went to a table where two women were seated and started making conversation with them.

"Well, that's the last I shall see of Bongo tonight," I said to myself. He would no doubt have the drawers

off one of them or maybe both! Bongo and I shared the same bed and breakfast. Mrs. Andrews looked after us well, treated us like her own sons. I would be going home alone, I thought. I never had much luck with the woman, although I confess I looked round the disco for a pick-up. I did spy a nice little redhead and made my way towards her. She sat at a table on her own.

“You seem all alone, mind if I sit beside you?” I said by means of conversation. She looked up at me.

“Yes do please, you are more than welcome.”

Maybe we were getting somewhere, I thought. “What’s your name? I’m Jim?”

“Helen,” she answered

“Let’s get on the dance floor,” I said. That was what we exactly did. We seemed to getting along fine so I ordered some drinks. Maybe I would see this Helen back to her flat. Who knows what would transpire from there?

Then bloody Bongo spoiled it all. I might have known.

All I heard at first was a shout of “A fight!” I looked round as did many people and there was Bongo scrapping with some other guy, rolling around on the disco floor. I wasn’t getting involved, Bongo could take care of himself. It seemed they were fighting over one of the dogs Bongo had visited at the tables. She was shouting encouragement to them to fight for her hand, although I don’t think it was that part of her body they were fighting over.

Then two of the other guy’s mates joined in with him. I still left Bongo, he was as strong as an ox with a brain the size of a pea. Then two more joined in on the other guy’s side. That’s it, I said to myself, you can’t let

your best mate down, can you? Soon I was slugging it out with Bongo and we weren't fighting by the Marquis of Queensbury rules. The cops arrived and slung us in the Paddy wagon. From there we were thrown in a cell overnight to cool down.

In the morning I felt my chin which was sore where some guy had slugged me. I looked at Bongo. "Some mate you are, just when I thought I was on a promise you get yourself in a fight over some skirt. It wouldn't have been so bad if she looked a dish but she was a right dog you picked up last night."

"Was she, Jim? You know when I have had a few, anything in a skirt will do."

"Anyway, it's all done now. What happens from here? You have been arrested before, I haven't."

"Up before the magistrate, I expect, fined a few hundred and told to be a good boy, and that's it."

"Is it?" I said like a fool, believing Bongo.

Just then, a big burly police sergeant looked through the cell bars and laughingly said, "What have we here, a couple of naughty boys. Old Gathers is in a foul mood this morning. I think you will be on the receiving end, boys." The sergeant left us in a jolly mood.

"What was all that about, Bongo?" I asked

"Nathaniel Gathercole is the magistrate this morning. I hope he does not remember me. I've been up before him in the past."

That conversation certainly did not fill me with hope. Just then the big sergeant came back. "Right lads, a wash, a shave and a tidy up before you see the beak." He led us to a wash basin where shaving brushes and

razor lay there. We washed and shaved and were ready to go to court.

“That’s better. Now you are all going back in the Black Maria and off to see old Gathers at court.”

There we were in court, waiting for our case to come up. “Right boys, you’re next,” said our friendly police officer. He of course had seen it all before.

“Case number five, breach of the peace and a fracas at Benny’s disco by James Wilkinson and Terrance Rattigan amongst others, my lord,” said the clerk of the court.

“How do you plead?” said the clerk.

“Guilty,” we both answered. I had been advised by Bongo to do so would be better for both of us.

At the mention of the name Rattigan, this grey-haired old man at the bench looked up at Bongo from the charge sheet in front of him.

“It’s you again, Bingo.”

“Bongo, sir.”

“Don’t interrupt me, Bingo, Banjo, Bongo or whatever they call you. I’m up to here with you. This town will not stand for such behaviour. And as for you, Mr Wilkinson, I haven’t seen you before but if you go around with this Bongo, it won’t be the last time. Now this is your last chance, Mr Rattigan. If you come before me again, you will be jailed. UNDERSTAND?”

“Yes sir,” replied Bongo.

“Clerk, is there anyone from this Benny’s place here?”

“Yes sir, the owner is here as a witness in this case and others to follow if needed.” The clerk was pointing

to a man who sat in a row of seats in front of the magistrate.

The magistrate looked over the bench at the man and said, "Your liquor licence comes up for renewal soon. I would watch it, there's been too much disturbance coming from your establishment in recent months."

Then turning to Bongo and me, he said, "You, Terrance Rattigan, I am fining you 2,000 pounds. For you, Jim Wilkinson, 500 pounds. Don't let me see any you before me again otherwise you're heading for jail. Pay your fines before you leave court."

Where was I going to get 500 quid at this very moment, never mind Bongo's fine? Then Maggie Andrews, our landlady, turned up and paid the fine. Don't ask how she knew we were in court, she just did. We all piled into old Maggie's beat-up second-hand car. She kept turning to Bongo as she drove, giving him dirty looks.

Maggie Andrews was in her late fifties, a widow with a son and a daughter, both married. Her husband must have died over ten years ago. She opened a bed and breakfast just after that. The money was handy but mostly she liked the company of her boarders.

Maggie was a small woman of about five foot four and had what I can only describe as a motherly appearance. As soon as we arrived back her house, Bongo received a verbal lashing from her.

"You, you useless lump of manhood, aren't you ashamed of yourself leading young Jim into all sorts of trouble? And as for these bad women you go around with, they're only interested in a good time and spending your money. Find a nice girl, settle down and have

some kids. Bongo, if you had any brains, you'd be a half wit."

On and on it went, Maggie hardly stopping for a breath. Bongo, all six-foot-five of him, just stood there saying nothing and smiling at Maggie. If it had been a man, Bongo would not have taken all that flak but Ma Andrews could cut anyone down to size with her biting words. When she eventually finished, she said, "I've made a nice breakfast for you. I expect you're feeling hungry after all your exertion of last night."

"We'll pay you back as soon as we can, Ma," Bongo humbly said.

"Of course you will, but promise me you'll go out with a better type of woman. I'll even introduce you to some nice girls at the local working men's club."

No more was said as we sat down to a lovely English breakfast of fried eggs, bacon, brown hash-fried potatoes, scones with toast and marmalade, all served up by Maggie Andrews who kept giving Bongo dirty looks as she lay the meal before us. For all that, she only had our good at heart.

As soon as we finished the meal, Bongo said, "Right Jim boy, I suppose we better get off to work and earn some money to pay Ma what we owe her."

In a week we had earned the £2500 to repay Ma as we affectionately called Maggie Andrews.

As I said before Bongo and myself were bed and breakfast with Ma but sometimes when we were not working at night, she made an evening meal for us and never added it on the bill. She would even do our laundry for us, patch holes in our socks and do a lot of other things one would not expect from a landlady.

One morning at breakfast, Ma said to Bongo, "Saturday night get yourselves all smartened up, boys. I've some nice girls for you to meet as I promised at the working men's club down the road. Bongo, I want to hear of no funny business with you from any of the girls, understand?"

"Yes Ma, I will be the perfect gentleman."

"Well, see that you do. Peggy Munford's daughter Kathy will be there. Peggy is one of my best friends and I want to hear of no nonsense."

The conversation between Bongo and me all that week was about the coming Saturday night. I even bought some new gear for the coming night. I could well afford it with the money I was making.

"Let's see you boys before we depart for the club," said Ma Andrews. "Oh very nice, Jim," she said, straitening my yellow tie on my black shirt. I had Elvis-like sideburns, drainpipe trousers and wrinkle picker shoes, all the latest style then. "Oh yes, you'll be a knockout with the girls, Jim."

We left the house and walked to the club a few streets away in this working class district. We arrived at the club. On the front door, it said *Tamworth and District Working Men's Club*. Ma signed both of us in, she being a member. It didn't take Bongo long to find the bar. There he was, ordering up his usual: beer and a Johnny Walker Black along with a gin and tonic for Ma.

"Over there are some of my friends. I'll join them soon but before that I'll introduce you to Kathy Munford and her girlfriends. Follow me," which we did.

At a table sat Kathy Munford and three other girls, all about eighteen or nineteen except for Kathy herself

who seemed a few years older. I was to learn they all worked in the local woollen mill and that Kathy was their charge hand.

Ma introduced us to all. "This is Kathy, Babs, Debbie and Sandra. Don't none of you girls be fighting over my Jim," Ma laughed. Turning to Bongo and giving him a hard stare, she said, "Kathy, see that this man keeps his hands off you. Any nonsense, let me know and I'll deal with him."

"Sure will, Ma," she giggled.

Ma left us with the girls. "Well, what's your poison?" asked Bongo. We soon got the round of drinks in and were busy chatting to the girls. Kathy was about twenty-five years old, same as Bongo and myself. I was small in size to the giant of a man Bongo. I am just less than five-foot-six with a boyish face. My body was very trim as I worked out at the local gym and kept myself fit.

So there we were and bingo was about to start. We all bought cards. "I've got it! I've got it!" shouted Babs. She had a line-up worth £300. Of course we congratulated her. Babs rather fancied me and we got on well; when the disco started we were never off the floor. I was to see her home which was not all that far from the club we walked. Maybe my luck was changing with women and what was better, no Bongo to cramp my style.

We kissed and cuddled on her front porch till her father came and told her to get in the house. Then he looked at me "What's your name, young man?" I told him. "I'll remember that, son." I have no idea by what he meant by that but it wasn't said in a friendly tone of voice.

I wanted to date Babs again but wasn't too sure what kind of reception I would receive from her father so it never went any further.

Bongo dated Kathy, much to Ma's delight. For a month or two they went out together. then it stopped. I asked Bongo what was wrong. "Never got past first base with her . Boy can she give a heavy slap on the face!" I laughed. Well, that was one piece of skirt who was not going to drop her drawers for Bongo.

Ma said to me, "There's plenty more fish in the sea, Jim. Babs' father was a wrestler at one time. He doesn't like anyone with his daughter." I had a close call there, I could have had my face rearranged by Babs' father!

Things returned to normal on the building site and the girls Ma introduced us were soon forgotten, more's the pity.

One day when we knocked off for lunch as we sat munching our tomato and beef sandwiches, I read this local scandal newspaper, all sensational stuff. I read an article about some navy having a sex change operation, his wife supporting him and both of them living as two women together.

"Bongo, have you read this about some man having one of those sex change things?"

"Let me see."

I handed the paper to him and he read over the article. Then Bongo made this wise pronouncement, as he thought. "They are all poofs, bum boys."

"Who is, Bongo?" I queried.

"All these blokes who dress up in women's clothes. All they want is a dick up their ass."

“But look at the photo. How could you tell that is not a woman?”

“Old Bongo can tell, you’ll never catch me with one of these poofs, That’s why they dress in woman’s clothes, to get a prick up their bum.”

I looked at the photo again. Whoever this man dressed as a woman was, she looked ten times better than some of the dogs Bongo picked up in the past.

Later the same day I mentioned this transsexual, Bongo said to me, “Do you fancy going to a disco dance Saturday night, Jim boy?”

Before answering, I thought carefully. I knew the kind of dives Bongo went to from past experiences. “What kind of place is it, Bongo?”

“Oh you will be all right there, Jim boy. It’s a posh do the Royal Oak Country Club, dinner and dance, tux and all that.”

“I remember last time you managed to get me in a fight and we ended up in court.”

“Not this time. We’ll be all right here. It’s all rich bitches gagging for it and looking for a bit of rough.”

Like a fool again I was persuaded. We would be driving there in Bongo car which in retrospect was not a good thing as he was bound to have a drink or two. This place was miles from anywhere out in the country.

We hired tuxes for the night and drove to this Royal Oak Country Club place. How Bongo knew about this place I’ll never know. The tickets were not cheap.

It didn’t take me long to see this was upper class by the way the women dressed in expensive designer clothes with all the men in their dickey bows with their Oxbridge accents.

"I'll get the drinks, Bongo. The usual?"

"Sure Jim, there's a table over in the corner. Bring them there," he said with an amused smile.

It was when I ordered the drinks that I realised why he was smiling. The barman looked at me. "Shall I put them on your bill? What is your room number, sir?"

"I'm not staying here. I'll pay for them now."

"I see, sir," he said, giving me a look that said I was inferior to him, then told me the bill. When I received it, I almost fell through the floor. No wonder bloody Bongo let me pay for it; he knew what the cost would be. I was not short of money, we had worked plenty of overtime. It had surprised me but I should have expected it in a high class joint like this.

"Did you have to burst your piggy bank, Jim boy?" Bongo roared with laughter.

"That's not funny, Bongo, you should have warned me before hand." Bongo was too busy looking round for high-class skirt to hear me. Soon, he found one. Off he went, leaving me on my own.

I sat there, feeling sullen, for a few minutes. The a female voice said to me, "All alone?"

I turned around. There sitting beside me was one of the most beautiful blonde-haired women I had ever seen in my life.

"Yes, I don't know anyone here."

"Damned boring bunch, a lot of jumped-up people who think their important because they have high positions in the business world. Hello, I'm Sylvia Barton. Pleased to meet you. I haven't seen you here before."

WHO IS SYLVIA AND WHAT IS SHE?

This Sylvia seemed different from the rest. The first thing I saw were her breasts and what breasts they were. From where I sat, I was looking straight down a deep valley between her breasts which heaved as she breathed.

Sylvia Barton had been born into money but never bothered that much with it. She inherited her father's brains; after university she made her own way in life, worked her way up and soon owned several companies.

"They are nice, aren't they? I got them especially designed by my surgeon. I always say if you have the money, you may as well spend it."

"I'm sorry, I did not mean to be rude staring at them... I mean your breasts," I said

"That's all right. I'm rather proud of them. It would have been a waste of money if nobody looked at them. That's why I had the implants put in."

What a funny conversation I was having with a woman I had never met before. Because of looking at her breasts, I hadn't noticed her shimmering dress. Now as it caught my attention, it was actually changing colour as I looked at it. It went from black to white to red, blue and any other colour you can think of.

"You like the dress? It's electronic."

"Oh yes?" I said in ignorance.

"It is made of a lot of little LED's. I don't understand it myself but it cost over £2000. It can be switched off at the hem to any colour you wish. Maybe you would wish to help me find the switch," Sylvia sexily giggled.

Maybe tonight was not going to be as boring as I had feared.

The drinks we got freed my tongue; Sylvia soon knew my life story which amounted to nothing. I found out she was about my own age and lived by herself but that was only half the story, as I was to find out later.

"I'd like to see you home but I came here with Bongo, my mate."

"Oh, he disappeared with Felicity Davenport a long time ago. I expect he'll be shacking up with her for the night, the trollop."

I had not expected to hear such language from Sylvia but as I was to learn, Sylvia sometimes used very plain and outspoken language.

"But he can't be. He was going to run me back home."

"Don't worry, Jim," Sylvia said, opening her purse and taking a cell phone out. She punched out a few numbers. "Hello Frank, please bring the Bentley down to the Royal Oak. See you in about ten minutes." Shutting the phone up and putting it back in her purse, she said, "Well that's settled, Jim."

"What's settled, Sylvia?"

"Why, you're going back to my home. We are going to have fun finding that switch in the hem of my dress," Sylvia giggled.

In the back of Sylvia's Bentley, she lost no time in kissing and cuddling and I wasn't objecting. In no time, her house was reached and what a house. It was more like one of these country manors, with rooms all over the place.

When I said she lived alone, that wasn't strictly correct; she did stay on her own in the manor but her servants and chauffeur cum handyman Frank lived in a nearby cottage with his girlfriend Daisy who acted as cook and maid.

Frank dropped us off at the manor and went to garage the car. Sylvia took my hand and we went through passages and passages till at last Sylvia opened a large door leading into her bedroom. It was a large room, nicely done up in a modern style.

Sylvia stood in the middle of the room, her legs apart, having thrown her coat off as she entered.

"Well come and get it, lover boy. Let's not play games, find the switch."

I needed no second telling and soon we were wrestling on the bed. I didn't find the switch but soon zipped her dress down and threw it on a chair. I laughed as her dress lay on the chair, changing colours all on its own. Having disposed of the dress, the next thing I noticed was that her bra and panties were also changing colours.

Sylvia grinned and giggled. "You're the first man to have seen my electronic underwear, Jim darling."

Sylvia put her hand on my penis and was rubbing the foreskin up and down. I was trying not to come but could not.

"Oh dear, I expect the excitement was too much for you, Jim. Never mind, have a suck on one of my big beautiful breasts." I just did that and in no time I had an erection again. Sylvia looked at it "It's up again, I suppose it needs some more of this." Her hand was doing overtime with the erection with the same result as before.

“Oh Jim, never mind, here have a suck on the other tit.” For some unknown reason she stopped short of the full sex act, but her breasts were giving me plenty of pleasure for now.

I awoke about 6:30 the following morning, I looked to see if Sylvia was there beside but there was no sign of her. “Sylvia?” I called.

“Yes dear, I will be with you in a sec.”

She emerged from the adjoining bathroom, wrapped in a big fluffy pink towel. “I’ve ordered breakfast. Daisy will bring it here soon. I’ll have to leave you, I have a plane to catch at Heathrow in three hours. Don’t worry about getting back to Ma, Frank is coming back to take you there.”

How did she know about Ma? I never mentioned anything about where I lived. Sylvia had removed the towel; she stood there naked, starting to put her clothes on. I admired her young body; although her breasts were large, they were firm. She rolled her black nylon lacy hold-up stockings up her legs which gripped them tightly. A pair of black silk panties were fitted next; then she lifted a black brassiere, put her arms through the shoulder straps and came over to me as I lay under the pink satin sheets.

“Jim, be a dear and fix my bra at the back.”

I put my hands up to do this then before I knew it, they had gone round to cup her breasts.

Sylvia seemed to purr. “Hmmm, nice aren’t they? Worth the £2000 I paid for them. It’s so nice the way you’re working them, so sexy.”

I was rubbing them and feeling them and I was in heaven. I kissed Sylvia’s back as I felt her large breasts. Just then there was a knock at the bedroom door.

“Come in, Daisy.” I quickly removed my hands from Sylvia’s breasts.

“What are you doing that for? I never told you to stop!” Sylvia said, most annoyed.

“But your maid, she’ll see us, Sylvia.”

“Who the hell cares? It’s my house and I’ll do as I damn well please. Just carry on doing what you’re doing and be quick about it.”

I was most embarrassed when Daisy came in carrying a tray with breakfast for two. Daisy wasn’t embarrassed but she did look surprised. She said nothing, placed the tray on the bedside table and left.

“Now see what you’ve done. I’ve lost the mood. Fix the bra and let’s get on with the breakfast.”

I did as she bid. Sylvia quickly slipped a beautiful blue satin dress over her body and sat down on a chair beside the bedside table.

“I won’t be around for a week or two. I have so much business to attend to here and abroad, board meetings and that sort of thing. I do want to see you again. I’ll just get my planner.”

“In ten days’ time I’ll be back from the Far East but I’ll be suffering from jet lag. Next day, I’ve got a board meeting. The following day is a free day. What say you we have a date that night? The meal is on me. All right that’s it, fixed.”

All this time I never managed to get a word in. Sylvia was a very well-organised woman with a great business head.

“Don’t worry darling, I’ll be in touch with you every day I’m away. Just give me your phone and cell phone number. I have to hurry now.”

I lay back in bed after she was gone. Just what had I landed myself in?

I got up from bed, showered and felt refreshed. I put my clothes on and then there came a knock at the door. It was Frank. "Whenever you're ready, sir, I'll take you back home."

"Do you know the way?"

"Yes sir, the mistress told me how to get back to your home."

"But how did she know?"

"Sir you would be surprised what the mistress knows. But be warned, once you're in her power, strange things can happen I've said too much."

"Like what, Frank?" But not another word could I get out of him.

Frank drove me back home and returned to his cottage at the manor.

I reached home just before lunch. Ma was not too happy at me having spent the night away but said nothing. I never heard Bongo come in and it was next morning at breakfast before I saw him.

Ma laid right into him as soon as he appeared at the table. "And what time did you crawl in last night? been whoring around with these bad women again, no doubt."

"She wasn't that bad, in fact she was rather good in bed," he joked.

“Don’t make fun of me, Bongo. You only want a woman for one thing. I heard all about you and Kathy Munford from her mother, Peggy. She would still come out with you if you behaved yourself with her,” Ma said hopefully.

We soon left for work and at lunch the topic of conversation between Bongo and me was Saturday night.

“How did you get on, Jim boy?” asked Bongo. I told him my story.

“I told you these rich bitches are all gagging for it. They need real men like us, Jim boy.”

“But Bongo there were plenty of other men there as well as us.”

“Yes but not real men, a lot of Nancy boys, fairies. They wouldn’t know where to put it, not like you and me.”

I asked him how he had faired.

“That Felicity dame couldn’t get enough and old Bongo was giving her plenty. Seems she is separated from her husband because he cheated on her. She probably hasn’t been near a man for ages. It certainly seemed like that because she kept me at it all night. Here, what do you think of that?”

Bongo handed me a Rolex watch which must have cost a cool thousand or two. “Wow!” I exclaimed, “where did you get that?”

“Felicity gave me it. Says it’s her husband’s. Anything I see of his I can take; she is not the least bit concerned, I brought a few pairs of pearl stud cuff links back. They must be worth a few thou.”

“You’ve landed on your feet there Bongo. Better than some of the scrubbers you’ve had in the past.”

“Sure have and it’s not ending there either. I could be going on a Mediterranean cruise with her soon. Daddy bought her a yacht and it is berthed at the yacht station in Monte Carlo. Oh yes, old Bongo here is just going to lie back on that cruise and fuck the living day-lights out of Felicity. That’s what she wants. I mean a woman without nooky for that length of time needs it, doesn’t she?”

At first I thought Bongo was boasting but the watch and cufflinks made me doubt it. I would ask Sylvia; she would know about Felicity Davenport. But what did I care, it was none of my business. Sylvia seemed to be running all over the place and hardly had any time to see me. For some strange reason I was becoming fascinated, excited, by her every day she was away from me.

One night about two or three in the morning, there was a knock on my bedroom door. I opened it and there stood Ma in her nightdress “There’s a phone call for you from some woman.”

I went down to the living room and picked up the phone.

“Yes?” I said.

“Is that you, Jim darling? It’s Sylvia here.”

“Is there anything wrong?” I queried

“No, just wanted to hear your voice. Aren’t you glad to hear from me, sweetheart? How have you been since we last met?”

“Sylvia, do you know what time it is?”

“It’s about eight o clock in the evening. Why?”

“Where are you phoning from?”

“Bangkok, my darling, why?”

“It’s three in the morning here, Sylvia. I don’t think Ma appreciated your call.”

The conversation went on and on non-stop; it must have been three hours later when she hung up. I looked at my watch. It was time to get washed and shaved and have breakfast.

During the time Sylvia was away, she phoned me every night and I wasn’t getting much sleep. I was worn out with all these early morning calls.

The last conversation I had with Sylvia before she returned home ended something like this:

“Jim, tomorrow morning I’m flying into Heathrow. You *will* be there, to meet me, won’t you? I’ve missed you so much.”

“Yes of course, what time is your flight arriving?”

“Four in the morning. I’m just dying to see you again. Bye.” She hung up before I could answer her. Four in the morning! I could always borrow Bongo’s Jag, I supposed. I asked him and told him what it was for.

“Sure, Jim boy, she’ll have her knickers off in no time. Going without a man for that length of time, she’ll need it bad.” I said nothing and took his car keys.

I waited at the arrival terminal and saw her waiting at the luggage carousel as she took a small case off it. She walked towards me in her black business suit, white button-up blouse, black skirt, black stockings and black low-heel pump shoes. She was carrying a brief case. I stepped out and took the small case off her. “Oh Jim!” she squealed with delight. “I’ve missed you so much,” she said as her hand squeezed mine.

"I've got the car parked outside .I'll put your case in the trunk."

"No need to, darling. I phoned Frank to bring the car here but it was so sweet of you to come and meet me." As she said this, Frank stepped forward, took the small case off me and put it in the trunk of the Bentley.

"Don't forget our meeting in two days' time." So saying, she stepped into the passenger seat of the Bentley and before I could say a word, she was gone. Had I really stood there just to see her go through the arrival lounge then disappear? Then it dawned on me, Sylvia had me running all over the place at her beck and call and like a fool, I was doing just that.

The following night, I got a call from her. "Oh, just phoned you to say I'm coming to pick you up at seven. See you, sweetheart." Then she hung up.

This time there was no Frank. She had brought a Jensen Interceptor I didn't know they made them anymore. "This one was custom-built to my specifications," Sylvia informed me. She took me to some high class restaurant where all the waiters seemed to know her and she received the best of attention.

"Wine, waiter." She snapped her fingers and the man came running over to our table

"Yes, madam?"

"We will have the best of the red wine in the house, then we will order."

The waiter brought the bottle of wine over, poured a small amount in a fluted wine glass and handed it to Sylvia. She swilled the wine round in the glass, held it below her nose, sniffed it and took a sip. after a moment, she exclaimed, "Excellent. What do you think, Jim?"



Jim thought nothing. What would I know about wines? Not to show my ignorance, I took the glass and followed what I had seen her do. "Oh yes, excellent choice, Sylvia."

The meal was excellent although I must admit I wasn't really familiar with some of the food. It certainly tasted as expensive as I'm sure it was. When we finished, she said.

"Here darling, I bought this with you in mind." Sylvia handed me a small box. Inside was a watch, not the same as Bongo's watch, this one was smaller, more of a lady's watch, but an expensive one in a gold case which was diamond encrusted.

"Sylvia, you shouldn't have. I've nothing to give you and this is so expensive."

"Don't worry dear, you're worth it. All I want is you and tonight I'm going to have you."

She was playing the part I should have been playing, the male role and I seemed to be cast as the female. As time went on, Sylvia was to give me gifts that were more female than male, like a set of dainty lace trimmed handkerchiefs and things like that. I said nothing to her; I was falling under her spell.

At the cloak room, I helped Sylvia into her long mink fur stole. She wore a pure white satin dress with spaghetti-like shoulder straps and a plunging neckline. Once again I could see down the deep valley between her heaving mammaries. To make matters more interesting, she wasn't wearing a bra tonight!

When we reached the bedroom in her magnificent manor, she lifted the ivory phone handle. "Daisy, bring me a nice bottle of white chilled wine from the cellar to my room and hurry."

"Come on darling, help me take this dress off. I want you to feed on my tits. Hurry."

God, I thought, that maid is going to see me playing with her big boobs again but the temptation was so

strong, to get these big bouncers in my hands once more. Her dress was now lying on the fitted rose pattern carpeted floor and there she stood in her black nylon stockings which were firmly attached to the white lacy garter belt, over which was a flimsy pair of black nylon see-through knickers. I, in my innocence, had never seem such a vision before. I threw her on the silk sheet-covered bed and my mouth was immediately descending on one of her extending nipples, feeding on it like some hungry baby.

When I finished, she released me from her bosom. She asked, "Did you like that, Jim, because you can do that to me anytime."

"I'm just going to the bathroom to freshen up. Then we'll have that drink and more fun, fun, fun," Sylvia said.

When she left the bathroom, Sylvia, with her back to me, was at her bureau lifting the two glasses of white wine. I couldn't see that she had slipped a knock-out drop in my drink. She came over and handed me a glass. She was naked and my eyes were fixed on her and her breasts.

"Let's drink to us and the future." As I drank, I felt woozy and things were becoming blurred. Then I was out for the count.

The next thing I felt was a lady-like slap on my face. I opened my eyes to see Sylvia's lovely breasts hanging above my face. She was in a black lacy negligee which was open.

"I thought there was something wrong, you just went out like a light last night. Are you feeling well?"

"Yes Sylvia, what's the time?"

"One o'clock in the afternoon, Jim my darling."

“I don’t usually sleep as long as this, sweetheart.”

As I saw her firm breasts above me, I could not but help to grab one, put the teat into my mouth and suck it.

“Jim, you’re a naughty boy! You’ve not to do that.” By now I knew her mammoth tits were her weak spot. You could do anything with them once you started touching them and she wasn’t putting up any resistance.

After a while I ceased and Sylvia seemed happy. Then she lifted the baby doll nighty lying on the bed.

“Jim, do you love me?” Sylvia asked.

“Of course I do, Sylvia.”

“Then put this baby doll on for me.”

“Why?”

“You can have another feel of my breasts if you do,” she kindly offered.

Well, how can you refuse an offer as tempting as that? I felt like a fool as she helped me into her baby doll; the top of it was so big and loose because it had to accommodate her massive boobs. She had had this garment especially made for her in the finest of silk.

Sylvia giggled as she said, “Don’t you look so cute, Jim,” and slammed her big breasted body against mine. Through the silk material of the baby doll, I could feel the hard protruding nipples press tightly against me.

“Feel them, Jim” she hoarsely croaked. Once more my hands were wandering all over her mammoth breasts and once more didn’t Daisy come in and catch me in the middle of sucking one of Sylvia teats? I was

getting used to being caught in these embarrassing positions by now.

Daisy had come with the lunch Sylvia had ordered before we started on our lovemaking. I had gotten so involved with Sylvia I never realised it at the time I had missed a day's work. It wasn't to be the last time with her that I missed a day's work.

Frank ran me once more back to Ma who gave me hell for missing a day's work. Even though Ma was no relation to me, she worried about me.

As I went out with Sylvia more and more, she would buy tickets for expensive seats at some classical music concerts or the ballet. Classical music bores me, I would rather go to a Snow Patrol or Arctic Monkeys concert but she would vigourously clap her hands and say, "That was very good, wasn't it, Jim?" I of course I had to agree. As for the ballet the women were all right doing their pirouettes in their tutus; as for the men, all I could see was that they were pouncing about in women's tights. If Bongo had seen then he would have called then a bunch of poofs.

I was falling under Sylvia's spell. It got so bad that whatever she told me to do, I would do it. One day she said to me, "Jim, I'm going to buy you a little present. You will wear it for me, won't you?"

"Yes of course, Sylvia love. What is it?"

"You'll see. It's a surprise. We will take my Jensen to the shop."

We drove to a large shopping mall and parked. With her hand on my arm, she led me to a very expen-

sive jewellers shop. The flunkey behind the counter snapped to attention "Madam, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Charles, we are here to see earrings, gold ones."

"But of course, Madam. I'll just get the trays out the safe, then you can take your pick."

"They're not for me, Charles, they're for my boyfriend, Jim. We are not really looking for a pair, just one at present. Isn't that right, Jim?" Sylvia giggled.

"Oh yes, Sylvia sweetheart," I absentmindedly answered.

The flunky brought out a number of trays with gold earrings, very expensive ones, I might add.

Sylvia would hold one earring up to me and ask what I thought of it. Stupid me, thinking they were for her. I hadn't been listening to her as she spoke to the flunky. Then I saw what I thought was a really nice pair of feminine earrings, thinking they would look nice on her.

"That's a nice pair, Sylvia."

"Oh, I do so agree. You seem to have a good head for these things. We'll take them, Charles. Now do you do ear piercing here?"

"But of course Madam, just come this way." He led us through a blue velvet curtain into a passageway that led to a room. He knocked and a woman opened the door. "Lucy, attend to Madam," he said. Then he handed her the pair of earrings and left us with this middle-aged woman.

"And what can I do for Madam?"

“Oh, it’s not for me, it’s for my boyfriend. He needs his ear pierced, don’t you, Jim?”

“Eh?” I answered, not believing what Sylvia said.

“You did say you liked these earrings. Well, you’ll have to have your ear pierced to wear one of them,” Sylvia answered, a bit annoyed at me.

What could I do? I was under her power and meekly obeyed her will.

“That’s better, Jim.” Turning to the woman, Sylvia said, “I think it best you pierce the right ear only at present but we will keep the pair.”

“Very well, Madam. Now if your boyfriend will sit down. I’ll get the gun he won’t feel a thing and it will be all over in a flash.”

I sat on the chair, the woman rubbed some antiseptic on my earlobe, then held the gun to it. Bang! I never felt a thing the ear was pierced. The woman now fitted the earring in the lobe.

“What do you think of that, sir?” she said, holding a mirror in front of me.

Before I could answer, Sylvia cut in. “It’s delightful. You know it’s all the fashion nowadays. You’re so with it, Jim.”

I wasn’t so sure as I observed myself in the mirror. Me with a gold dropper earring dangling from my right ear! I said nothing but if Sylvia liked it, then it must be all right

“Now Jim, I want to see you wearing this earring all the time. You do love me, don’t you?”

“Of course I do, Sylvia.”

“Then to prove it, you must wear my present to you all the time. Won’t you please? Say you will, please.”

I promised her I would.

The first time Ma saw it, she said, “What is that monstrosity hanging from your ear, Jim?”

“It’s an earring, Ma.”

“I know that, I’m not stupid. It makes you look like a gay boy.”

“It’s pure gold, my girlfriend bought it for me.”

“Is that the snotty bitch who phoned you in the middle of the night from somewhere in the Far East?”

“Yes, Ma.”

“The one who came a week or so ago in that fancy car and had big boobs? I could see them from where I was sitting in the living room.”

Yes Ma but they’re implants,” I informed her.

“Why? What God gave her wasn’t not good enough for her? I don’t like her, she’s up to no good. Mark my words, Jim, you’d be better off without her.”

“But Ma, I love her.” No more was said.

When Bongo spotted the earring at work the next day, he laughed. “Going with the gay boys now, Jim?”

“It’s a present from Sylvia, pure gold.”

“See? She’s getting it stiff from you and she’s paying you back. You see these rich bitches have oodles of money they have to spend it on their gigolos and give them these poofy presents.” This was Bongo’s wise considered philosophy.

“But I’m not a gigolo or a poof, Bongo.”

“Of course you’re not, Jim boy. but that’s just the funny ways of these rich bitches. I wouldn’t worry, let her give you all the poofy gifts she wants. You’ll be worth a fortune. This Felicity dame for instance, she takes me to this posh restaurant and splashes out on champagne and caviar. Oh and she took me to this high class tailor and got me a made-to-measure captain’s outfit; skip cap, black blazer and white trousers. She said, ‘When we go on the yachting trip, I want you to look like the captain of my yacht.’

“I figure as long as I keep giving her my dick, she is happy.”

I just looked on, listening to his amazing and very explicit graphic narrative. Well the best of luck to him, I say.

THE PLOT BECOMES A LITTLE CLEARER

The large buxom woman sat in the well-cushioned seat filing her nails in the exclusive Paris restaurant that catered for women only.

“Zandra darling!” exclaimed the big breasted woman.

“Sylvia darling!” exclaimed the plump woman.

The women wrapped their hands round each other and kissed each other on the cheek, then sat at the table set for two.

“You look divine, darling,” exclaimed Zandra.

“You are so exquisite, darling,” Sylvia said.

Sylvia had placed her fur wrap in the cloak room and was now sitting in a black sequinned dress with a plunging neckline revealing her heaving breasts.

“Oh I do so like your dress, Sylvia It shows your greatest assets to their best advantage.”

“I had it specially made for just that purpose. It’s not easy getting clothes anymore with these,” Sylvia said, touching her breasts.

“I have the same problem with my big backside. You must tell me who made it, darling.”

“Yes, will do before you depart Tomorrow morning, isn’t it, Zandra?”

“Yes, I’m booked in for the 11am flight to New York.”

“Let’s not talk about that for now. Are we booked in at the Hilton tonight, dear?”

“Yes, I booked the penthouse. I’ve suite been staying there for the last two nights. Business, you know.”

“More’s the pity, I hardly see much of you nowadays. Normally I would have caught the early morning flight from Heathrow and come back the same day but knowing you were here changed my plans. And how is Alice?”

“Your brother is keeping fine. She sends her love for you, but misses being with me.”

“I’m so sorry, Zandra, I had to send her out to the Middle East. Although Alice was working for some biscuit company as head engineer, I bought her contract out and put her on the pay roll of United Oil Conglomerates. I assigned her to be in charge of getting the oil pipe lines over the desert down to the terminals at the Red Sea. It wasn’t a case of nepotism in giving my

brother. She is one of the top engineers in the country and if anyone could get that contract finished in time, it was Alice."

"I know, darling, you're a hard hearted business woman just like me and I think she understands but is missing her dresses and skirts. She daren't wear anything like that out there in some of these countries; if she was caught wearing a frock, she could get her hand chopped off or some other important part of her body. We phone every night and I tell her I'm buying beautiful skirts and dresses for her when she comes home. Then we can go out dressed together."

"Tell Alice I'm sorry but the good news is the project is ahead of schedule and she may be home very soon. That is if some of these country's don't start another desert war. I'll buy her some beautiful exclusive and designer dresses myself."

"Good, she has decided to have a boob job when she gets back and go feminine full-time. She already started on hormones at my suggestion before she left for the Middle East. I'm booking her into the Regency clinic. That was where you had your implants put in, wasn't it?"

"Yes. It's a good place, better than the first clinic I went to. Mr. Armstrong made a good job of mine. Every time I or anyone else touches them, they feel *so* sexy."

"I'm thinking of getting implants there myself after seeing yours, sweetheart."

"But you already had 38 double Ds put in, darling, and they suit you well."

"That didn't stop you from getting a bigger pair put in, did it?"

"Yes, I suppose you're right."

"Now tell me, Sylvia, what other scandal have you heard?"

"Did you hear about Felicity Davenport?"

"No. Wasn't she the one whose husband caught her in bed with the handyman? What has she been up to now?"

"Jim's mate Bongo has been banging Felicity. What's more, she is taking him with her to Monte Carlo and to her yacht."

"Now me who is this Jim? You're not going heterosexual, are you?"

"How could you ever think such a thing, Zandra. You should know by now you're my one and only lover."

"Yes, how stupid of me and you know I have only eyes for you too."

"Now that we have sorted that out, what are we going to do about Women's Night at the Royal Oak club this year? Last year I said I'd bet you that in a year's time I'd have some man in women's dresses and she would win first prize at the Women's Night. We bet that bean canning factory I own against that brewery you own."

"Yes, I remember that bet well. So, have you found a man who will dress in women's clothes, Sylvia?"

"Of course I have"

"Oh and how does he look in a skirt?"

"He's not in one *yet*. He doesn't even know he is going to wear one but he will, Zandra my pet." His name is Jim Wilkinson. This man who probably has never

worn women's clothes in his life in one short year is going to be permanently dressed in them!"

"You mean just for the Woman's Night, Sylvia dear?" interrupted Zandra.

"No dear, forever, for always, for life!"

"And just what is your cunning plan to get this poor unfortunate man into a pair of knickers?" Zandra gave a horse-laugh at that thought.

"Oh, it's not really all that complicated. I've been stringing the poor man along, teasing him with my big titties. Before he knew what hit him, I was helping him into a baby doll. Next, I fooled him into having his ears pierced, but only one for now. You know, the way the gay boys have one pierced. He must have looked a right moron to those who knew him."

"Where are you going from here, darling Sylvia? What plans have you for this Jim?"

Sylvia chuckled. "I'm getting married to this Jim Wilkinson. Would you like to be a bridesmaid, Zandra?"

"I never thought I'd hear you say you were going to marry a man in my whole life."

"That's just it, he won't be a man for long. Very soon after the wedding, he'll have breast implants, then the full operation. Before long, he will be called Krystiana. He will never have intercourse with me but as a woman, things between us will be different. Once in the frocks, she will never leave them. It's going to be just like my brother Alice. Krystiana is going to just love being surrounded by feminine finery I'll have her pleading for more and more satin and lace."

“When you say that it really sounds exciting. I wish I could take part in it, darling.”

“You may well be part in it at a later date. Do you love me even if I am marrying a man who soon will be a woman?”

“Of course I do; you’re always in my thoughts.”

“I always knew you cared for me, beloved and I am so very touched.” Sylvia stretched her hand over the table and squeezed Zandra hand who reciprocated.

JIM’S SLOW ENTRY INTO FINERY

Sylvia returned back home after her meeting with Zandra. It was time to get in touch with Jim Wilkinson. “Hello Jim sweetheart, have you been missing me” she said into the ivory coloured handset of her phone. “We simply must see each other very quickly. I do hope you have not been seeing anyone since I have been away. I’m a very jealous woman. You must come and tell me how much you love me. I just adore hearing those words from you.”

It was arranged that Jim would be picked up on the Saturday morning so he and Sylvia could spend the weekend together at the manor.

When he mentioned this to Bongo, he received the usual from him. “You must be beefing her something rotten. When these rich bitches have a man with a big dick in bed with them, they can’t get enough of it. Felicity knows my dick is giving her what she longs for. Tomorrow we are off on that cruise for a few weeks.”

Sylvia was not going to waste any time this weekend. By Monday she wanted the wedding date set!

Sylvia arrived at Ma's house in her Jensen Interceptor and peeped the car horn impatiently. When Jim he heard it, he quickly made out the house door. Once he was inside the car, Sylvia kissed him and at the same time pressed her massive breasts against Jim.



“What kept you?” she said right away, intending to keep this silly little man under her thumb from the start. The honking of the car horn had disturbed Ma as she sat reading the morning’s newspaper. Looking out of the living room window, she saw Jim being embraced by Sylvia.

“It’s that damned bitch again with poor Jim,” she thought. “What is she after? After all, Jim is only a working class lad and that posh bitch could have any man in the world?” The car had now left and Ma went back to reading the paper.

At their arrival at the manor, Jim told Sylvia that he had come without any pyjamas for the night or shaving kit.

“I wouldn’t worry about that. I have some nice nightdresses that would suit you well and it would be better than sleeping in the nude. As for shaving, Frank can lend you his razor.”

Jim Wilkinson said nothing. He wasn’t sure about wearing Sylvia’s nightdress but at the same time didn’t want to refuse his girlfriend’s kind offer.

Sylvia she considered this a stroke of luck and would make the most of it. She had not considered sleeping in the same room with Jim tonight but this was an opportunity not to be missed.

“Jim I’m going for a dip in my pool. Are you ready?”

“I don’t a swimming suit with me.”

“What do you need a swimsuit for? I’m going nude. You’re not a prude are you? Besides, you can admire my wonderful breasts, can’t you?”

Sylvia was removing her dress and panties. Turning around, she said, "I'll let you have the pleasure of taking off my brassiere. You like that, don't you, but get a move on taking your own clothes off."

How could he refuse an offer like that? Sylvia had turned her back to Jim so that he had the pleasure of undoing the hook and eye at the back of the bra. He soon accomplished that task and was now easing the shoulder straps down her arms and let the bra fall to the floor. The resistance to hold her magnificent mammaries was too much and once again he had the ecstasy of holding these gargantuan breasts in his hands.

Sylvia was certainly stimulated, of that there was no doubt, but as for being his girlfriend of this silly little man? Never.

Sylvia could see this so-called boyfriend of her was also stimulated by the stiff erection he was displaying. Well, that wasn't going anywhere right now and certainly not into her body.

Jim felt as if his penis would burst with the sexual tension. He could hold back no longer and let go, spraying his cum all over Sylvia's body.

She was pleased that this man had desired her but was not going to let him see that.

"Why, you dirty little man. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? I'm afraid I'll have to teach you a lesson."

"What are you going to do, Sylvia?"

"Just DO AS I SAY. OVER MY KNEE AT ONCE," said the domineering Sylvia.

Jim Wilkinson was frightened to disobey his girlfriend and meekly did as she told him.

Sylvia clamped a heavy hand over his body and with the other started to spank him on his bare bottom. Jim had never been as humiliated in his life as his bottom became redder and redder. He would never have guessed that Sylvia had such strength. He was trying to raise his body but she had it in a vice grip.

"I WANT AN APOLOGY FROM YOU, NOW LET ME HEAR IT."

"Please Sylvia, forgive me for being so vile to you, I most sincerely apologise for that, it will never happen again."

"See it never does or I will put you over my knee again. Understand?" With that, Sylvia walked away to bathroom to have a shower, quite happy that she had this man under her foot.

Jim stood there on the carpet, afraid to move in case he angered his girlfriend.

Sylvia having finished her shower, walked towards Jim and grabbed his hand.

There were tables with large sun umbrellas over them set round the pool with chairs beside them. Sylvia now sat on a chair at one. Jim followed her and sat beside her.

"Frank?" said Sylvia.

"Yes, ma'am?" he said as he jumped down from the lawnmower he had been driving over the lush lawn.

"Tell Daisy to bring lunch out here; cucumbers, tomatoes, cold meat. She will know what to do." As he was about to leave, Sylvia said, "Oh and the morning papers as well, Frank."

"Very good ma'am, as you wish."

Sylvia settled down in the chair, closing her eyes and ignoring Jim completely. As a man, he was nothing to her.

Daisy came with the light lunch on a tray with cups and saucers, laid it all out and served lunch. "Here are the papers you asked for, ma'am."

"Thanks Daisy, just put them on the chair beside me. I'll read them after."

Sylvia carried on eating lunch not saying a word to Jim. When she had finished eating, she picked up the Financial Times and consumed all the information relevant for her financial dealings. Finally, looked up.

"Come Jim, it's time we got dressed for the opera tonight. What suits have you here with you?"

"I told you, all I have is what I came here with."

"Well that certainly won't do. Give me your sizes."

"Why?" Jim asked

"Because you can't go looking scruffy like that. I've got appearances to keep up and business associates to meet, that's why." Sylvia was beginning to take control of Jim's life. "Now go and take a shower and smarten up. I'll phone the hire people with your sizes for the tux."

As Jim showered, he thought, "I don't like tuxes but I can't disobey her or she will be disappointed if I don't go. I expect she bought expensive tickets.

Sylvia hadn't bought expensive tickets; she had a box for which she paid a yearly fee. Sylvia and Jim sat in the box, through the performance of Cavalier Rusticana and Pagliacci which bored him to tears. He had to sit still, though, as Sylvia was listening intently. At the intermission, Sylvia left the box to min-

gle with her high class friends. Jim felt like a fish out of water, not knowing or understanding what they were talking about. Sylvia was treating him as an ornament to show off to all.

When the opera finished, the couple headed for Sylvia's Jensen Interceptor parked in a nearby street and made for the manor. "I'm so tired, I must get some sleep but first we will sort out a nightdress for you," Sylvia said as soon as both entered her bedroom.

"You just take your clothes off. I'm sure I can find some old nightdress."

Jim was in the process of doing so. Now that he had received a spanking from Sylvia, he had to obey her even if he wasn't happy about putting a woman's nightdress on.

Sylvia was perusing through her lingerie drawer, searching for the most sensuous of her long nightdresses. She found her most diaphanous white nylon nightdress. Sylvia knew it would be too big for Jim but that mattered none; the main object was to get him in a nightdress.

"Here we are, Jim, this suits you fine. Now let us slip it over you. Hold your hands up, that's it."

Sylvia slipped the white nightdress over his hands and watched it fall down his body.

"Now isn't that nice? Look at yourself in the mirror."

Jim Wilkinson looked. He didn't know what to make of it; he had never worn a woman's nightdress before.

Again Sylvia said, "Isn't that nice?" waiting for an answer. By the tone of her voice, Jim knew she was

waiting for him to answer. To appease her, he said 'yes' and in so doing fell into the first trap Sylvia had laid for him.

"I'm so glad you agree, Jim. When we marry, I shall help you pick some very nice ones. I know that one is too big for you but it matters none as long as you like it."

The word 'marry' came as quite a surprise to Jim. He didn't think Sylvia was taking him as seriously as that. Maybe she was right in giving him a spanking. In time when he had enough money, they could get married.

Sylvia phoned for Daisy to bring two glasses of white wine to her room. When she entered, she caught Jim caught once more, this time in one of Sylvia long nightdresses. Sylvia once again was going to use a 'Mickey Finn' on Jim; she wanted no pawing around with him tonight. She wanted a quiet night sleep.

Sylvia woke up the following morning about nine; Jim was still fast asleep. She ordered Daisy to make scrambled eggs with bacon, mushrooms, hash brown fried potatoes, scone and black pudding with double portions. As Daisy served this up, she handed Sylvia the morning papers.

"Will sir be taking breakfast in the bedroom?"

"No Daisy, you shall be informed when his breakfast is required. That will be all for now."

As far as she was concerned he could sleep as long as he liked; she had some work to do this morning and wanted no disturbance from him. After a while she

made to her office, a room she had specially fitted out. Sylvia made numerous calls all over the world, giving instructions to various lackeys who worked in the many companies she controlled.

Then she made a call to South America to speak to Zandra.

“Hello there, darling and how are things out there?”

“Just fine but what about this boyfriend of yours? Zandra said.

“This afternoon is when he finds out we are marrying in two weeks. Mark down the 22nd in your diary; it’s the only free date I have for the next few weeks. There will be no honeymoon as I fly out the following morning to the Far East.”

The two women chatted and chatted about the wonderful night they had spent together at the Paris Hilton.

When she put the phone down, Sylvia was ready to tackle Jim and their forthcoming marriage!

As she entered her bedroom, Jim was just opening his eyes. She laid into him right away. this was her opportunity.

“So you have woken at last, you lazy thing and what about last night?”

“What do you mean, Sylvia?”

“Didn’t you turn your back on me and fall asleep? I’m nothing to you, just a little plaything.”

“That’s not true, Sylvia, you mean everything to me.”

"How much do I mean to you? Would you marry me?"

"Of course I would. You mean all to me."

"Is that a proposal, Jim?"

"I suppose it is."

"And I doubted you. Give me a kiss." Jim did, glad that he had pleased Sylvia about something.

"We can set up everything for the 22nd. I've nothing on that day. It will be a small wedding, we don't want to splash out and you can move in here after the wedding. There are other arrangements but we can sort that out before we marry."

Everything was coming so fast from Sylvia that Jim had no time to digest all she was saying.

"Oh Jim, this is so sudden. I just have to tell someone the happy news." Lifting up the phone, Sylvia said to Daisy, "Come quick, I have great news."

When Daisy arrived, Sylvia looked at her. "I have wonderful news for you, Daisy. Jim has proposed to me. We are going to get married in two weeks time and you and Frank will be invited. Is that news not great?"

"Oh ma'am, let me be the first to congratulate you and you too, sir. I hope you will have a happy marriage."

"That is most sweet of you, Daisy. Don't forget to tell Frank and I look forward to seeing both of you at my wedding." Daisy curtsied and left.

Jim had been in touch with Bongo on Felicity's yacht to be his best man at the forthcoming wedding. Felicity Davenport had had enough of Bongo and was

on the verge of dumping him. Bongo was in the process of telling all about the forthcoming marriage of his mate Jim to Sylvia.

Felicity was not really listening until she heard the name Sylvia Barton. "What did you say, Bongo?" He repeated the whole story.

"I thought that was what you said." There is some monkey business going on here, Felicity thought. I'll leave dumping Bongo for now. I must see this wedding.

"Bongo, we must leave here tomorrow if you are to best man. After the wedding, we can come back and continue the cruise."

The day before the wedding, Jim was introduced to Zandra Wells. She was a rather gargantuan lady, he thought. He was also told that Zandra would be marrying Sylvia's brother who he still had to meet, having been told he was out in the Middle East. When he shook hands with Zandra, the grip she gave was so bone crushing, it almost broke a finger.

"Jim, Zandra and I are going to have a hen's night tonight. I suppose you and Bongo are having a stag night."

"Bongo will not be here till tomorrow."

"Oh well, but you know it is bad luck to see the bride on her wedding night. See you at the registrar tomorrow afternoon."

With that, Jim departed to go back to Ma's and Sylvia left to accompany Zandra back to her hotel where she would spend the night in her arms.

"He does look a bit naive, Sylvia. Getting him in to a pair of knickers should be child's play," Zandra said, giving a horse laugh.

"Who cares about him, sweetheart? It's you I want tonight so get your clothes off."

Let us leave our women to their amorous desires.

The following day it was a beehive of activity in Ma's house. Jim and Bongo were dressing in their tuxes and Ma was fixing a spray of carnations to their lapels.

Ma started to cry. "Why are you doing that, Ma?" asked Jim.

"You're like a son to me, Jim. I'm going to miss you."

Finally Ma dried her eyes and all set off to the registrar's office.

At the register office there stood Jim and Bongo with Felicity Davenport and Ma in a nice new dress especially bought for the wedding. With Sylvia were Zandra as her bridesmaid, Daisy and Frank.

The short ceremony soon began; rings were exchanged between Sylvia and Jim. There were kisses all round and then they went off to a nearby pub where a meal had been arranged. Sylvia was not going to spend a lot of money on her wedding. As for being Mrs Wilkinson, that would change; she would revert back to Sylvia Barton. Jim would become a she called

Krystiana Barton. Sylvia would have her lawyers working on that.

After the reception and meal the party broke up. Jim and Sylvia made for the manor, driven there by Frank. Jim was looking forward to the forthcoming night. That was until Sylvia informed him she needed rest as she was about to set off in the morning for a business trip to the Far East. Furthermore, so that she wouldn't be disturbed, he would be sleeping in a separate room from now on.

Jim didn't quite know what to make of all this. He could understand that she did not want to be disturbed because of the early rise and plane flight, but to be confined to this room during their marriage was another matter altogether. He looked round the room; it was painted in light blue and had a feminine look with a dressing table with drawers and a cheval glass full-length mirror on a stand.

And why was there an empty scent bottle on the top of the dressing table? He hadn't seen Sylvia for an hour or so since she left him in this room, then she barged in without knocking.

"Here are the nightdresses we decided that you should wear. Aren't they lovely? Now we don't want any more of your men's pyjamas, do we?" So saying, she lifted his pyjamas to dispose of them forever. "Darling, before I go, you must put a nightdress on. I want to see you in one now." She picked up a nice blue nylon nightdress and waited till Jim had removed his clothes and slipped the nightdress over his head.

"Oh, you do look nice. I expect you will get used to them, sweetheart. Now give me a kiss, I will be gone by the time you wake up." A kiss on the cheek and then she was gone.

Sylvia was now back from her trip to the Far East and was about to begin to seriously femininize her husband. Since she came back, all he saw of Sylvia was at breakfast and even then her face was usually buried in the Financial Times looking at stocks and shares. That was until one morning; having researched where her stocks stood, Sylvia put the paper down and addressed her husband.

"Jim darling," said Sylvia.

"Yes sweetheart?" he answered. For once she was speaking to him and that thrilled him.

"How would you like to wear a frock?"

Those were the first words his wife had spoken to him at breakfast since he didn't know when. What kind of stupid question was that? Of course he wouldn't like to wear a frock!

"No, Sylvia."

"You never do anything I want. You're being cruel to me and you haven't even heard what I want you to wear a frock for."

"Then tell me, Sylvia," Jim said sceptically.

Sylvia smiled a little. "It is for the country club's Woman's night, that's what it is for. I want you in a frock for it." Sylvia's tone of voice was sounding more aggressive and threatening now.

"What is this Woman's Night?" asked Jim.

Sylvia then explained it all to him. From the tone of Sylvia's voice and based on his previous experience of being spanked by her, Jim thought it best to go along

with this crazy idea. It was only for a day and that was over nine months away.

“Well, yes, I suppose I could do that...for one night, Sylvia.”

“Good. I’ll let you come to my bed tonight and you’ll have a special treat.”

That filled Jim with joy. Maybe would finally be the night he would have sex with his wife.

Night came and he knocked at Sylvia’s bedroom door. Jim was dressed in a black nylon nightdress he hoped Sylvia would like. Sylvia opened the door and on seeing her husband dressed in the nightdress was very pleased.

“Come in, I have a very special treat for you tonight. Tonight you will have the pleasure of putting your face between my magnificent breasts. What do you say to that? I’m granting you that special privilege because you will be dressing as a woman for me. What do you say?”

Jim had actually wanted more than that but it was a start.

“I really must thank you, Sylvia, for your kindness.”

Pulling her husband into the room, Sylvia said, “You may help me undress, then do as I tell you.”

This Jim gladly did till not a stitch of clothing remained on her body. Sylvia seated herself on a carved walnut Savonarola armchair with a leather seat and back. It was Spanish of the 19th century. In front of the Savonarola chair was a Victorian walnut fender stool on cabriolet legs 48 inches wide.

Sylvia ordered Jim to kneel on the stool. She above him breasts at the level of Jim's face. Holding both breasts apart, she ordered him to place his face between her large mammaries. Jim found himself clamped between them as she closed them. He could hardly breathe as she held them tightly. Sylvia was highly delighted, knowing she was his superior and seeing him smother himself between her tits.

"Wasn't that a delightful pleasure? We must try it again. You liked that, didn't you?"

Not wishing to displease his wife, Jim could barely gasp out yes.

Sylvia knew now she definitely had control of this little man. The morning would see her go on to the next stage. Tonight she would allow her husband to sleep with her but there would be no funny business. She would make sure of that as the "Mickey Finn" was going to be employed again.

SYLVIA TURNS THE HEAT UP

The following morning Sylvia quickly dressed and left her husband fast asleep in bed; there was much to do this day. She went downstairs to her office; a number of phone calls were made, then she went to breakfast. Daisy asked about breakfast for her husband.

"That will be all right, Daisy. From now on I will supervise what he will eat."

"Very good ma'am. I will obey your instruction." Daisy left to do her house work.

Having eaten breakfast, it was time to set to work on Jim. Sylvia reproached herself; it was not 'Jim' any-

more but 'Krystiana'. If she couldn't remember the name, how could he/she be expected to?

Arriving at her bedroom, she quickly slapped her husband on the face. As he slowly opened his eyes, she was at him right away.

"Do you know what time it is? You're nothing but lazy, lying in bed till this time. I've a good mind to put you over my knee and spank you again?"

Jim was being bombarded by his wife and didn't know where to turn.

"Now hurry up and get dressed. We have much to do today and so little time."

"Yes dear, why are we hurrying?"

"Because we have to get you fitted out in the right dresses, remove all your body hair and lots of other feminine things to do. You look stupid with one ear pierced. The other will now be pierced."

Jim Wilkinson was by bewildered. "Why do I have to get dresses, Sylvia?"

"You really must be stupid. Didn't you say only last night that you would dress as a woman for the Woman's Night?"

"Yes but that is over nine months away, darling."

"I know. We haven't much time. I am determined to win it this time. You do want your poor little wife to win, don't you?"

"Of course I do but..."

"But nothing. You're going into a skirt from now on till the Woman's Night, understand? You will do everything a woman would do. you'll walk like a woman, talk like a woman and, most important, dress like a

woman. As far as your male clothes are concerned, you can forget about them. I'll get Daisy to dispose of them. I want nothing of a male nature in that bedroom of yours. As soon as we have you fitted out, I'll have Daisy fill the wardrobe and drawers with skirts and dresses, brassieres, suspender belts, knickers, stockings and shoes as needed. The dressing table will soon have the makeup you need. Now come on."

After listening to this tirade, Jim meekly obeyed Sylvia commands. He was told to strip as a woman would be coming to take measurements.

Sylvia's personal dressmaker arrived and Sylvia had a long talk with her. Jenny the dressmaker every so often would glance at Jim. When their discussion finished, Jenny walked over to Jim.

"So this is your husband and you say he likes wearing women's dresses just like Alice. Well, it takes all types, I guess." She snickered.

Jim was about to say something till he caught sight of Sylvia's face and thought better of it.

"Okay, I have the measurements. I'll work on something right away and have it here tomorrow. That's a start, then I can concentrate on the rest. What are your plans for you and your husband for the rest of the day?"

"He'll have to get waxed to remove all the hairs on his body for a start. Then we'll go to the hairdressers and see if we can do something with that hair to feminise it. We want my Jim to look as much a woman as possible, don't we, Jim?"

Jim Wilkinson knew from the look on Sylvia face he had to answer yes or he was in for a very red bottom.

“See Jenny, my Jim just loves women’s dresses. Just the other day he said he would love to wear skirts and frocks all the time, didn’t you, sweetheart?”

Next thing he knew, Jim found himself at a beautician again naked about to be fully waxed which he found very painful.

“Don’t worry dear, you’ll get used to it as you will be coming here once a week for waxing and makeup lessons,” his wife kindly informed him.

When his waxing torture was over, he found that his other ear was to be pierced.

His second ear pierced, Sylvia quickly took Jim to the jewellers to buy earrings. Although Jim was still in his male clothes, Sylvia bought earrings and had them fitted on Jim.

“My husband wants to dress as a woman full time and has been measured for skirts and dresses. Now he wants earrings to wear even if he hasn’t the dresses yet,” Sylvia told the elderly sales woman.

“Yes madam, quite right” answered the saleswoman.

Having been waxed, pierced, and measured for skirts, it was now time for Sylvia to take her husband to the ladies hairdresser, the exclusive one that she used. Upon arrival, Sylvia had a talk with the owner Liz as to what she wanted her to do.

“I see, madam. Yes, I think we can do something with your husband’s hair to give it more of a feminine look. I would suggest the urchin look, so easy to do with short hair. Have a look at these.” Liz handed Sylvia photos of models with that hair look, which Sylvia carefully perused through.

“This one looks nice. Yes, he will have that one. Wasn’t it Audrey Hepburn who had that style in one of her films.”

“I believe you are right, madam. If your husband will just sit on this chair, we will start right away. As his hair grows longer, we can use other styles. Won’t it be nice to have yourself and your husband sitting side-by-side and having the same hairstyle in my salon?”

Sylvia had never considered that possibility but it appealed to her warped mind. When her husband became Krystiana, the two of them would have their hair styled the same way together.

The day was nearing its end when Sylvia and her so-called husband headed back to the manor in Sylvia’s chauffeur-driven car.

Sylvia allowed Jim to sleep with her that night because she wanted to keep an eye on him. She told him in on no uncertain terms there was to be no funny business between them that night. On awaking in the morning, Jim saw the wonderful sight of his wives monstrous breasts moving up and down with her breathing as she slept. Jim could not resist the temptation of feeling them. It did not take Sylvia long to awaken. She was aroused but she had to conquer that feeling; she was the one in charge of proceedings. Quickly rising, she made for the Savonarola chair and seated her on it. Then she sternly addressed her husband. “COME HERE AT ONCE! I’M NOT STANDING FOR YOUR NONSENCE.”

Jim knew it was useless to resist, he should have known better. As Sylvia pulled his nightdress to above his knee, he knew he was in for a sore bottom once more.

“BEND OVER MY KNEE. NOW!”

Jim did as his wife bid. Sylvia took great delight in seeing his buttocks turning purple as she laid into him with her thick heavy hands. When satisfied, she pushed him off her knee and made for the bathroom to shower. When she came out, she saw her husband sobbing on the bed. It deserved him right.

Sylvia attended to her dressing; when finished she addressed her husband. “I want you to shower because you have to be fitted with your skirts and frocks this morning and must be spotlessly clean. After you shower, sprinkle some lavender talc on your body and make sure you are clean-shaven. UNDERSTAND?”

With that, Sylvia left Jim with tears in his eyes from the spanking she had administered. Sylvia was now in the breakfast room devouring double helpings of everything. Jenny the dressmaker had joined her with the dresses she had made and other items needed to transform Jim into a woman. As she ate, Sylvia carefully examined each piece of female clothing made for her husband.

“You have done well, Jenny. They are everything I asked for. I think it’s time that that husband of mine is fitted with her female clothes.”

Both women made their way to Sylvia’s bedroom where Jim sat naked on the chair where he had received his spanking from Sylvia.

“Stand up!” ordered his wife. Jim knew by now he had to jump to Sylvia’s attention. As he did so, Sylvia

and Jenny put on the bed the skirts and dresses they had been carrying along with other ladies accessories.



“Come here!” boomed Sylvia who had lifted a lace-up corset. With the assistance of Jenny, she fitted it round Jim clipped in front. At the back, they gathered the ends of the laces at the middle of the corset.

“Pull!” said Sylvia. The women with a lace in each of their hands did just that. Jim felt his waist begin to contract. Breathing became difficult and the discomfort went on and on.

“What do you think, Jenny?”

“That should be fine. The waist is lovely and the corset has helped push his bottom out. With the padding I’ve brought along, we now have a nice female shape for the dresses.”

“Now we get started on the hosiery. Those are some nice stockings you have with you, Jenny. That nylon beige pair will do for a start. Sit on the chair again, Jim.”

This he did and his wife and Jenny soon set to work in applying the stocking on to his legs. Then as if his buttocks did not protrude enough already, he was told to step into a specially made ‘bum enhancer,’ as Jenny called it. It was quickly pulled up to around his waist. It was very tight and there were also laces inserted around it. Those were pulled tight by the ladies so that it would not come loose. Both women were very pleased at their work and with how big a bottom he/she was going to have. A black brassiere was clipped at the back and Sylvia adjusted the shoulder straps. The bra had padding fitted in the cups.

“She is beginning to take shape,” commented Sylvia.

“Yes,” replied Jenny. “That is all the underwear fitted except for her petticoats and dress.”

By now Jenny was holding up a white nainsook petticoat with high waistline, cross-over bodice, low neckline. The bodice and hem of the flared and frilled skirt were decorated with diamond-shaped insertions of machine-made lace.

“Oh that is so beautiful, Jenny! Isn’t my husband *so* lucky to be wearing it?”

The delicate piece of women’s underwear was slowly slipped over Jim’s head and eased down his body by his wife.

“The three-piece set looked really beautiful. Made of cashmere, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, it’s a three-piece knitted cashmere and wool mixture suit with a hip-length top with polo neck, straight calf-length skirt, and three-quarter-length edge-to-edge loose-fitting jacket with long shawl-effect sleeves, all in that nice pale yellow colour.”

The two ladies soon had the whole ensemble on Jim.

“Quick, the shoes, Jenny!” Leather shoes with squat heels were produced. They were low-vamp with round toes, of the same yellow colour as the dress. These were soon fitted on the feet of poor Jim. He was placed in front of Sylvia’s dressing table.

“The beautician will be here soon.” Just then came a knock on the bedroom door. It was Belinda the beautician.

“Just in time, Belinda. We have finished dressing my husband. Now you can start work on beautifying him.”

Belinda entered with her vanity case full of makeup, placed it on Sylvia's dressing table and started work on that male face.

"Can I watch?" asked Jenny. She wouldn't miss this for the world, seeing this sissy of a husband of Sylvia's turned into a woman. He was already halfway there now in women's finery. The makeup would be the finishing touch.

"But of course my dear, he will like that. He is a bit of a show off, aren't you?" Jim Wilkinson knew better than to argue with his wife and nodded his head in agreement.

Belinda had started the process of moisturising Jim's facial skin. She was giving instructions as she did it.

"I hope you are listening well, Jim because you will have to learn to do this every morning yourself," his beloved wife told him.

Belinda set to work to paint a pretty picture on his face. The brushes felt gentle and nice to Jim as Belinda used them to apply eye shadow to his eyelids and blush on his cheeks. The powder puff also felt gentle as she put the face powder on him. Belinda now had another brush in her hand; this one was a lot thinner. Opening a lipstick container, she twisted it till the rich lipstick rose up to meet the lip brush.

Belinda rubbed the brush over the lipstick, then applied the lipstick to Jim's lips till a fine glossy shine appeared. Taking a tissue and putting it between Jim's lips, she told him to press them together until any excess lipstick came off and on to the tissue. Everything was not yet finished; fingernails had still to be painted red. Belinda applied an undercoating of clear nail var-

nish which had to be allowed to dry. When dry, a red nail varnish would be painted on over it. This could last for weeks and weeks if need be.

“There, all done, Sylvia. Doesn’t she look nice?”

“Yes but the accessories will finish it all off. We bought some earrings yesterday and I have a very beautiful necklace and a gold bangle and watch.”

The items were placed on Jim; a two-row pearl necklace, the small ladies watch Sylvia had already given for his right wrist and a plain gold bangle for the left wrist.

“That almost completes it but there is still one thing missing.”

Belinda and Jenny together asked, “What is that, Sylvia?”

“Well how can you call someone dressed in women’s finery Jim? She will have to have a woman’s name. I think Krystiana is a suitable name. What do you think, ladies?”

There was much nodding of heads.

“Agreed. After all, if she is to remain in woman’s clothes for present and everyone is to see her, ‘Jim’ is definitely not the right name. Krystiana Barton is how you will be addressed from now on, do you UNDERSTAND?”

Jim understood all right; his wife had spoken and if he wanted a peaceful life it was best he obey her orders.

Sylvia was very pleased with the work she had put in on putting her husband in skirts but this was only the start. When Jenny and Belinda had departed, Sylvia felt a little passionate at seeing her husband in a skirt.

“Come here!” she ordered.

Jim, not sure what was about to happen, slowly advanced. Sylvia grabbed him, passionately kissed him and ran her hands through the urchin-cut hair. But that was as far as she was prepared to go for now. After that, Sylvia sent him to his own room. No funny business tonight.

In his room, Jim, now Krystiana, stood in front of the blonde oak cheval mirror. He looked at the reflection in the mirror staring back at him. This was not Jim Wilkinson. It wasn't even a man, it was a woman who he did not recognise. What had Sylvia done to him? It looked as if his maleness was about to disappear. Just what was to happen to him? he wondered. But no matter what, he/she did love Sylvia.

The morning saw Sylvia barge into Krystiana's room. Sylvia was in a bright mood.

“Oh, you didn't wear your bra to bed last night, I think it better you do so, Krystiana. I forgive you this once. You'll see that it gives you a more feminine feeling when you wear it all the time. We have much to do today, I'll help you dress. Daisy has put some nice day dresses in your wardrobe. I'll help you put your makeup on but just this once.”

Having accomplished all that, Sylvia took Krystiana to the breakfast room.

“Krystiana, there are a few papers you need to sign, then we will discuss the programme I have set out for the next few weeks. Just sign where I have marked with a cross.”

“What is this paper for, Sylvia?” Krystiana dared to ask.

“Don’t worry your silly little head, sweetheart. My lawyers have made it all out but if you must know, you will officially become Krystiana Barton. I will revert back to Sylvia Barton. That’s so much nicer, isn’t it?”

Krystiana said nothing. His/her name was gone. What would be next? Just what else would go? Sylvia passed the paper over and she/he meekly signed.

“Now that that is over, we will visit Flora who will help you stop having unsightly bulges at the front of your skirt. Last night you got excited when I kissed you and ruffled your hair. I could feel it and we don’t want that, do we?”

Krystiana was a bit worried “Is this Flora going to remove my penis or something, Sylvia?”

Sylvia roared with laughter. “No of course not,” then quietly added in a low voice, “Well, not *yet* anyway.”

No more was said. Frank chauffeured them to this Flora who turned out to be a drag artist, a gay man and a very good friend of Sylvia’s.

“Good to see you again, Sylvia. So this is your husband, Krystiana. I heard through the grapevine you were marrying. As for the little problem we discussed on the phone, with some practice it should be conquered.”

They were sitting in Flora’s living room, Flora dressed in her male clothes.

“I think it best to show Krystiana how to tuck her male bits in. I will prepare myself for my drag act and have her watch.” Flora stripped, then before putting her woman’s clothes on, her penis was pushed into the cavity between her legs. As it disappeared, she quickly pulled on a small tight pair of panties to hold it there.

“There we are. Now Krystiana will try it. It will be difficult to start with but practice it becomes second nature. Unlike me, however, you will have to have your penis up there all day. I only need it there for my act at night. Now let’s try.”

While Sylvia watched, Krystiana was put through her paces by Flora who made her try and try again.

“You keep trying that. I wish a word with Sylvia.” Flora and Sylvia left Krystiana to herself and made for the living room. When they were there, Flora addressed Sylvia.

“Tell me, Sylvia, this husband of yours, just what do you intend to do with him/her? I know you have a reason for marrying. Let’s not beat about the bush, you and Zandra Wells are hardly out of each other’s arms.”

“You found me out, Flora,” Sylvia giggled. “The reason is, she is being prepared for the Woman’s Night at the Royal Oak Country Club.”

“That’s nine whole months away. I smell a rat, Sylvia.”

“Okay okay. I can trust you. She is going into women’s clothes for life.”

“That’s more like it. Sylvia, not one word will pass through my lips. I presume she will have breast implants in time, but why don’t you have them put in now. There is a place I know of that can mould breast forms on till such times as she has implants.”

“Oh, you must tell me all about this.”

Sylvia soon had all the details of these breast forms. Very soon, Sylvia and Krystiana would be making a trip to the place that made them. The visit had to be fitted into Sylvia’s schedule for Krystiana; there were the

makeup lessons, deportment lessons, as well as voice training. If the latter were not successful, Krystiana would have a operation to have her Adam's apple shaved. Then she had to learn how to take care of her hair. She was already scheduled to visit the hairdressers twice a week; her hair was growing longer and longer.

After two months, any semblance of a 'Jim Wilkinson' was completely gone; even her closest friends Bongo and Ma would never recognise his appearance or speech, which was now very upper class and refined proper English.

Sylvia was very satisfied with her work; this once silly little man of hers was turning into a very beautiful woman. But Sylvia was not yet finished with Krystiana.

Sylvia with Krystiana soon visited the factory that made the plastic breast forms and shown how to deal with them. When fitted, the forms could not be taken off easily. Sylvia was very impressed; they looked very real and would stay in place indefinitely.

Krystiana was finding more praise from Sylvia the more she was seen in female clothes. A female companionship was growing between them.

One morning at breakfast, Sylvia said to Krystiana, "I am very pleased with the work you have put in to be a woman. If you behave yourself, you may sleep with me tonight, strictly as two women, nothing more. Understand?"

"I love you so much, Sylvia. I would do anything for you."

"Would you really, Krystiana? Would you really do anything I asked of you?"

Krystiana answered yes, not realising just what she had let herself in for.

“Krystiana, to show your love for me would you undertake an operation to become a woman?” Sylvia gently squeezed Krystiana hand in a loving way, the first time she had shown any honest affection for her husband.

If this meant so much to her wife, then Krystiana was prepared to take such an undertaking. She softly said yes.

“Oh, that is wonderful, Krystiana. We will start right after the Woman’s Night That will be soon enough, besides you have to be a man for that. But as soon as you have won, we’ll start. I think breast implants should come first, then we will put you on female hormones. I am *so* excited, darling.”

Krystiana was not sure what she had let herself in for but it was nice to see Sylvia so happy and nice towards her.

From that point on, Sylvia was more passionate to her husband; she would give Krystiana long lingering kisses but nothing more. She was very much taken that after their long kisses, her husband would take out his compact case, flip it open, apply powder to her face, repair her smudged lips with a lipstick and press them together as she had been taught by her beautician.

The sight of Krystiana in all her womanly finery really turned Sylvia on; she could not wait for the day when Krystiana had undergone the full operation to become a woman forever!

THE WOMAN'S NIGHT

Krystiana had mastered the art of makeup; her walk was par excellence; her speech became more and female sounding. Jim Wilkinson was gone forever. Daisy and Frank had been instructed by Sylvia to call her husband Miss Krystiana.

Sylvia was in Krystiana's room discussing the dress Krystiana would wear for the Woman's Night. It was a very long conversation with drawing, sketches and designs of evening dresses that Sylvia thought fit for her husband on that night. Krystiana, now very interested in such things, would from time to time give her opinion on this dress or that dress.

"I think you are right, Krystiana. That sketch is it. We will have my dressmaker to run that one up for you."

What they were looking at was a pale pink silk-satin blouse with fitted bodice, short cap sleeves, off-the shoulder neckline edged with deep jet-embroidered collar, a dark pink floor-length velvet skirt gathered from the waist, and a wide buckled black patent leather belt.

"You will just look divine in it, darling. May I suggest a pair of drop earrings, elbow-length black silk gloves, and a pair of black satin shoes with peep toes?" said Sylvia.

"Oh yes!" gushed Krystiana, "but what about my hairstyle? It is *so* important."

"Yes it is, my darling, if we are to win the competition. We will dress you, then invite Liz to suggest what will suit it best."

That was exactly what they did. Liz came up with something both Sylvia and Krystiana thought fantastic. What Liz had done was to give Krystiana short hair, waved and curled, side parted with a large kiss curl.

"If that outfit and hairstyle don't win the Women's Night, I do not know what will, Krystiana," said Sylvia.

"Yes darling, but let us not forget the day dress I have to wear before we get to the evening dress competition. Evening dress is only worn by the final six."

Sylvia said, "There is no need to worry about that, you have plenty of pretty day dresses here which are good enough for the first section of the contest. It's the evening section we must concentrate on." No more was said.

The big night had arrived at the Royal Oak country club and a bigger crowd than usual was there for this event. It was a mass of women in all sorts of dresses; evening wear, day wear leisure wear and some even in bridal wear. Not one item of male clothing was to be seen. The only way one could tell if someone was a man in a woman's dress was by their speech. Not so for Krystiana, though, she was perfect in her female voice. There was envy between some real women as to how their husband or partner looked in skirts. Some woman had thrown a skirt on their man for a laugh. There were others, like Sylvia, who had taken much care in dressing their man; these were the ones Sylvia feared. It was obvious that some men loved every minute they were in women's clothes.

Before the contest started, Krystiana was introduced to Sylvia's brother, Alphonso. She had been warned by Sylvia beforehand that she had to address him as Alice always. She was met Zandra again, the big breasted woman who was his wife's bridesmaid and was told that she was engaged to Alice.

Krystiana noticed that Zandra's breast size seemed to have increased since her wedding. This was accurate as Zandra had been to the Regent clinic to have bigger breast implants put in. Zandra let it be known to Sylvia that her brother had gone through the full operation and was now a fully fledged woman.

"He desperately wanted that operation so your brother is now your younger sister!"

"So I see. Well, she certainly has the large breasts to match," laughed Sylvia.

"That was at my suggestion. I mean, when we're married, I'll want something big in my hands, won't I, darling?"

"Of course, dear, just as I will with Krystiana after she wins this contest."

"When will that happen?"

"Tomorrow we go to the clinic. She is getting the implants first, then on to the female hormones and after that the snip. Isn't that wonderful?"

"No more male genitalia to worry about for us women. Alice, of course, has been entered in the contest tonight."

"But darling, this contest is for men, which is why Krystiana is not starting her complete transformation till tomorrow."

“So? Who is going to take her knickers down to find out?” Zandra ended the sentence with one of her horse laughs.

The preliminary round to weed out the unlikely started. Krystiana encountered no problems there. The next round was everyday women’s clothes. Then would come the final round of the last six in evening dress. Krystiana easily made the last six and received a kiss on the cheek for coming so far from Sylvia. A room had been set aside for the contestants to change which she was now in the process of doing, aided by Sylvia.

“I’m nervous,” said Krystiana. “Is my dress all right? What about my hairdo? How is my makeup? I’m shaken, I’m turning to jelly.”

“Listen to me, Krystiana. You’re going to win this, you’re the best looking women here and that includes the real women. Just think of me and how much you love me.” Sylvia then put her hands round Krystiana and softly kissed her on the mouth. That was enough to encourage Krystiana that she indeed would win this contest.

Krystiana walked out of that room with her head in the air. As she walked on the stage swaying her hips, she looked every bit a woman. The judges asked her various questions on why she allowed her wife to dress her in women’s clothes for this competition and all were answered to their satisfaction.

The judges were impressed by Krystiana’s feminine sounding voice and the amount of work this man had put in on it. The five women judges consulted with each other. Then came the big moment: the results in reverse order. The chairwoman stepped forward.

“Ladies and ladies, we, the jury, have come to a decision.” She received a laugh for that. “Then holding a paper, she started to read the result.

“In Third Place is Rebecca. She will receive a voucher to get a ladies hairdo of her choice at Liz’s hairdressing salon. Second Place is Jayne. She will have three days at a five star hotel in London provided she remains dressed as a woman. Now for First Place. The winner will spend two weeks’ holiday anywhere in the world with the woman of her choice, provided she remain dressed as a woman for the two whole weeks. It was a hard decision but by a unanimous decision we decided on... Krystiana Barton. Doesn’t she deserve it a big round of applause, ladies and ladies? Let’s hear it for Krystiana!”

Sylvia had won her bet and gladly took Sandra’s brewery from her. She had a plan for that brewery that would make a lot money for her.

KRYSTIANA’S EXTRODINARILY BIG BREASTS!

Krystiana and her wife arrived at the Regent Clinic the day after the contest.

Both women sat in front of Mr. Armstrong, the surgeon who would be doing the breast implant operation on Krystiana.

“Krystiana, the medical check-up we have done on you is first class. Your health is in perfect order for the breast implants. Now have you any thoughts on what types of implants you desire?”

Sylvia cut in here. “Yes, we talked about that, didn’t we, darling?” Krystiana said not a word; no such con-

versation had taken between her and Sylvia but by now she understood it was better not to interfere with her wife.

Sylvia continued< “If you could show us some examples of breast sizes that could fit forty-inch bras-sieres.

The surgeon looked at Krystiana but said nothing. For such a small person, those were very big size breasts.

“I’ll show you some examples for you and Krystiana to make a decision.” So saying, Mr Armstrong opened a cabinet, taking a number of large size breast forms out and handing them to Sylvia and Krystiana. The only one who would be making any decision was Sylvia of course. She had a few breast forms in her hands, seriously studying them.

“This pair seems the most suitable, Mr. Armstrong.”

He looked at them, not saying a word. These were massive, even bigger than Sylvia had implanted on herself or Zandra Wells or Zandra’s husband-to-be sported. “Very interesting,” thought the surgeon, “Wouldn’t I like to be a fly on their bedpost?”

“Very well. The operation will be carried out tomorrow morning and the hormones can be started right away. We can start the full operation, say, next year. How is that?”

“That is terrific news, isn’t it, darling?” What else could Krystiana do but agree with her wife?

The operation was now over. Krystiana was in her private room in the clinic, lying in bed, talking to her wife.

“You are such a brave person to have this operation for little me. You won’t be disappointed, life will start anew for us darling as two women. I know you have still to have the full operation to become a woman but at least your male appendage will become more and more useless the more you take your hormones. Now isn’t *that* good news?”

If Sylvia was happy, Krystiana was happy. If she wanted his penis removed, then removed it would be. Finally, the bandages round her breast area were to be removed and Sylvia was there to see it all being done. During their chatter came a knock on the door and Mr. Armstrong entered with a nurse.

“Ah, Mrs. Barton, you’re here in time to see your husband have her bandages removed.”

“This is not my husband, Mr. Armstrong. She is my wife Krystiana from now on,” Sylvia reproached him.

“Yes, well, nurse please remove Mrs. Barton’s wife’s bandages.”

This was done and there lay Krystiana, exposing her newly-implanted breast forms.

“There are scars under the breasts but don’t worry about that. They will heal up in a month or so. I will leave you and your wife alone, Mrs. Barton.”

After both Mr Armstrong and the nurse left, Sylvia looked at her husband, then her new breasts. “They’re beautiful, Krystiana. I knew Mr. Armstrong would

make a good job. We are going to have fun with them, aren't we, Krystiana."

Krystiana did not understand exactly what Sylvia meant by that statement. No more was said and Sylvia left her with a kiss on the forehead.

Krystiana had not seen her new breasts yet. After dinner she decided to have a look to see what it was that excited Sylvia. Krystiana now slipped her beautiful pink silk long nightdress off and there she stood nude before the mirror. The breasts were big and plump, out of proportion to the rest of her body. She touched them and a funny feeling ran through her body. She saw that the nipples were becoming larger and thicker, also red and inflamed. There was no doubt she was becoming sexually excited; her penis was erect. She knew that as the female hormones took effect, she would lose the ability to have erections, but would she still feel sexually excited. Only time would tell.

Krystiana had now been home for a few weeks. Relations with Sylvia were the best they had ever been since their marriage. Wearing women's clothes was becoming second nature to her. She took great pride in picking out the dresses she would wear each day and proudly shows them to Sylvia for her approval. It meant everything to Krystiana if Sylvia approved, then received a little kiss from her wife.

It was at dinner one night that Sylvia said to her wife, "Darling, I want you to come to my room. I think you will receive a pleasant surprise."

This Krystiana did, wondering just what this surprise would be. After knocking and being told to enter, she saw Sylvia sitting on a white and gilt well-upholstered Italian open armchair. Sylvia was dressed in all her finery.

“Come here, darling, I want to see your magnificent breasts. They’re so nice and big, just as I planned them for my delight. Tonight you are going to experience delights you have never before experienced. Am I not good to you, dear?”

All Krystiana could only answer yes as Sylvia wiggled her finger for her to come closer. This Krystiana did, swaying her hips in her black chiffon dress.

“Turn round, darling,” said Sylvia. As Krystiana did, Sylvia put a hand up to the top of the zip at the back of the dress and slowly pulled it down till she slipped the dress off Krystiana.

“Turn round again, Krystiana.” As she did so, the dress fell to her feet. There she stood in a black nylon slip, black nylon stockings and a pair of 4-inch heeled black leather shoes.

“Delightful Krystiana but I’m afraid beautiful as that slip is, it will have to be removed. Come here.”

Sylvia eased the shoulder straps of the slip off Krystiana’s shoulders and watched it gracefully slither down her wife body and fall in a heap at her feet.

Krystiana now stood in her black brassiere, matching black panties, stockings and shoes. Sylvia stopped for a moment to admire her handiwork of making a once-man into a beautiful woman. It had all been worth it.

“Turn round once more, darling.” Krystiana did once more with her back to Sylvia. Next she felt Sylvia

undoing the back of her brassiere and that item being eased off her shoulders.

Sylvia was sitting on the white painted chair as described before. Krystiana was standing in her panties, stockings and shoes, with her breasts exposed. Again Sylvia stopped for a minute to admire Krystiana breasts.

“They’re magnificent,” she whispered in a very erotic and husky voice. “Lean forward. That’s it.” Sylvia raised her hands and pulled Krystiana’s right breast down to meet her lips. The nipple was now within her mouth; she suckled upon it greedily, her eyes upward, watching her wife. Every so often, she would release it, then tug it down again to devour more of the breast and teat.

Krystiana she had never felt so much pleasure in her life . Every so often the nipple would be rejected from Sylvia’s mouth but that was only because she was stopping for breath. Then again Sylvia would pull that breast down to her lips to feed once more on it.

Nothing like this had ever happened to Sylvia before; her legs were turning to jelly. “Oh Sil...via” she moaned “I can’t stand any more of this.” But she had to as Sylvia kept sucking relentlessly for her own pleasure. “Oh Sylvia, *I love you,*” moaned the love sick Krystiana.

Sylvia said not a word, she was too busy helping herself to Krystiana’s breast but she did look up at her wife with lust in her eyes for more. Her sexual appetite had not yet been filled there was Krystiana left breast to devour to which she looked at with passion.

After their strange lovemaking, Sylvia decided there would be a number of changes to Krystiana’s

clothing. From now on, Krystiana would be wearing button-up blouses and front buttoning dresses. Sylvia would find it easier to take them off; no slips or petticoats in the way of the quick excitement she craved. Also, Krystiana's brassiere would be front fastening from now on for quicker and easier access to the breasts that would satisfy her lust.

By now, things were changing for Krystiana; she had been on hormones for over six months. Her body was changing into a more womanly shape hips; her becoming were larger; her waist was becoming smaller, and she was developing a whopping great derriere. As far as her penis was concerned, it no longer became erect and was of no use to her except to pee.

Sylvia she was of the opinion that it was now time for the full operation on her wife. Mr. Armstrong, the surgeon, had said they should wait until next year but according to Sylvia there was no reason to delay. They had the First Prize from the Women's Night to spend so a holiday to Thailand was planned for them so Krystiana could have her operation.

The operation finally being over, Sylvia considered that she could allow Krystiana to sleep in her bed full-time as there was no risk of any sort of male interference. They would be two women sleeping together; if anything of a sexual nature occurred, well, that was all right, they were two women now.

Krystiana was becoming a bit bored with her situation; there was nothing for her to do all day. It was so lonely when Sylvia went off for a few days or a week. She told her feelings to Sylvia.

“Is it, darling? Then we must get something to occupy your time. Let me think.” Sylvia came up with the idea that Krystiana should assist Daisy with the house work. Daisy was summoned and told of the situation.

“Very well, ma’am, but I would suggest that the clothes your wife has on will be no use for house-work.”

“What would you suggest for her, Daisy?”

“Well ma’am, Krystiana is big busted and the larger sizes are hard to find but I will look around. I would also suggest she wears a hairnet over her hair.”

“Yes, good idea. After me spending so much money on her hair, I don’t want that messed up.”

Krystiana was with Daisy everyday now cleaning the manor, doing the washing and cooking, all in her working skirts with an apron, her hair in curlers and a hairnet over it.

Sylvia considered that this would be the right time to introduce Krystiana to her mother. She daren’t do it till now otherwise there could have been eruptions between her and her mother.

THE MAD HOUSE

“Krystiana,” said Sylvia one day, “it is time you met Mother.” Krystiana had heard Sylvia mention her mother before and had wondered why she was not at their wedding or had been introduced to her before the wedding. She had been introduced to Sylvia’s brother, Alice, who had undergone the full operation before her. Alice had breast implants as large as Krystiana’s

and didn't that girlfriend of hers, Zandra, make such a fuss over them? Krystiana had come to realise that there were a number of big breasted woman acquainted with Sylvia including her brother. Was Sylvia's mother the same as the rest, she wondered.

Sylvia informed her servants Daisy and Frank that she and Krystiana may be gone for a while as they were visiting her mother.

Frank drove the couple to Sylvia's mother's place. They entered the fir tree-lined long driveway, and rounded a bend. There stood the magnificent structure of the mansion named "Barton House."

Sylvia directed her attention to the brass lion-headed door knocker and loudly knocked three times. Very soon a maid opened the door and she seemed to know Sylvia.

"Welcome Miss Sylvia, your mother has been expecting you and your husband. follow me."

Sylvia quickly reproached the maid. "*Wife*, if you please, Mary."

"I'm so sorry, Miss Sylvia, I will not make that mistake again." Mary did a curtsy and led the way to Sylvia's mother.

The maid led the party through the long corridor, their steps echoing on the black and white marble tiles. Every so often they would pass a statue of some dignitary or other whom Krystiana had no idea who it was. Eventually the maid stopped before a large oak-pannelled double door with brass handles.

On knocking, a harsh and domineering voice boomed out, "Who is it?"

“It is Mary with your daughter and her wife, madam.”

“They may enter,” that domineering voice thundered.

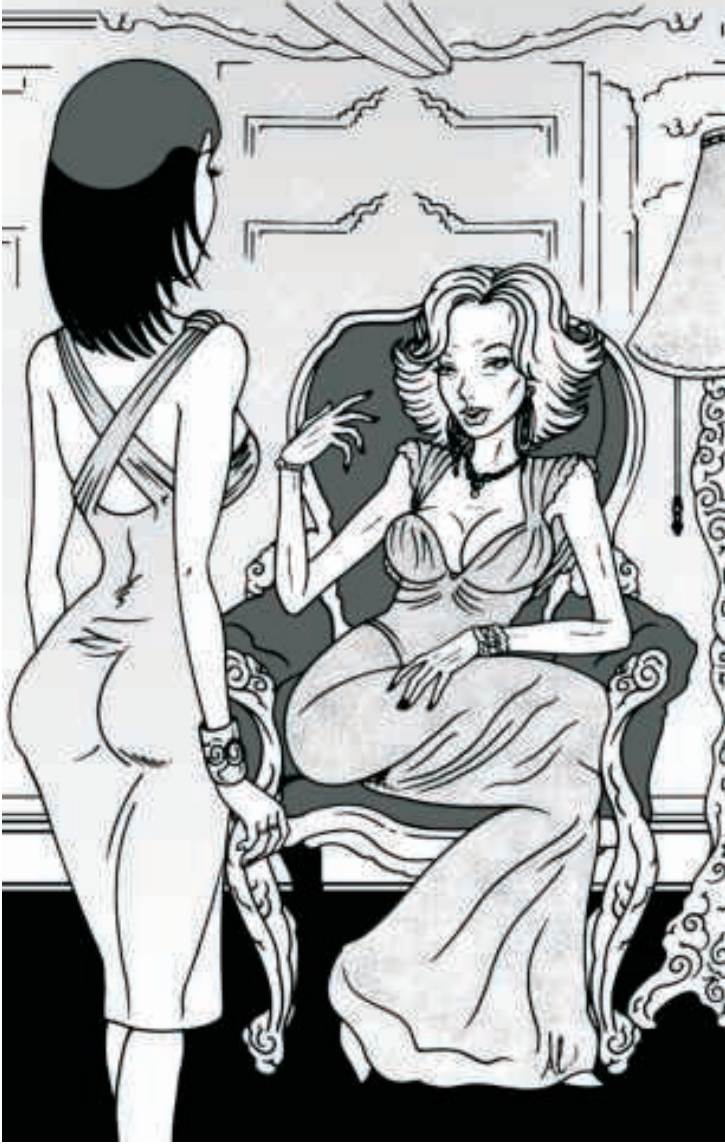
Mary opened the door and curtsied and was dismissed by Sylvia mother. There before Krystiana sat a woman in her fifties. Skilful makeup belied that age although there were white strands in her bleached blonde hair. She was not large breasted as Krystiana had supposed Sylvia’s mother would be.

The woman sat like a queen in a Victorian mahogany spoon-back armchair; the chair had an upholstered back, carved serpentine front rail and tapering legs on brass toes. She was dressed in a bias-cut white satin evening dress with a low back neckline. It had wide twisted shoulder straps forming a cape effect over the shoulders, a fitted bodice from bust to low hipline by means of a complicated panel seaming, floor-length bias-cut skirt flares from hipline and a back train. Her hair had been short-permed and waved. From her ears hung long coloured glass earrings. She had on a glass head necklace. A gold hallmarked bangle adorned her right wrist and she wore a small lady’s jewelled watch on her left wrist. Her feet were blessed with a pair of grey kid shoes with a topstitched leaf design on the side seams and medium heels.

“Mother,” gushed Sylvia, “you look simply divine.” Sylvia sat down with her wife on a pair of Regency ebonized open armchairs in front of her mother.

Sylvia’s mother stopped her daughter right there. “So at last you brought this husband of yours to see your old mother.”

Sylvia interrupted her. “Wife, mother.”



“I might have known anything male always had to be changed to female for you. Wife is it indeed and she does look a pretty little thing. And what are you called apart from being the wife of my daughter?” said Sylvia’s mother looking at Krystiana.

“Krystiana, Mrs. Barton.”

“Madam is how you will address me in the future. So she named you Krystiana. Always was good with names, my daughter. It was Sylvia that changed the name of my son Alphonso to Alice and put him in skirts along with that lesbian girlfriend of hers Zandra. I hear Alice now has the full operation to be a woman. I suppose she will be my youngest daughter then,” she said with a guffaw.

“Mother!” exclaimed Sylvia as some of the family’s dirty linen was being exposed to her wife, something she had wanted to keep under the counter.

“Mother,” Sylvia said again “Zandra and I put my brother into skirts when we were children and gave him the name Alice because he was so fascinated by skirts and girl’s underwear he was really an Alice In Wonderland! But who took it from there onwards and brought him/her up as a girl, kept him in skirts and sent him to an all girls school? It wasn’t me, mother.”

“All right, I own up to that but I did ask him if he preferred to be in a skirt and Alice answered yes.

My son Alice was proud to show off the beautiful frocks I would buy for him or have specially made for him. No girl could have as lovely frocks as my Alice, silks and satin that billowed in the summer breeze. No one can ever say I never dressed Alice in the best of young girl’s clothes!”

“You certainly did that, Mother. I don’t know how many of us girls were jealous of the pretty finery Alice wore,” answered Sylvia.

“Anyway, your sister Alice will be here over the weekend along with your lesbian girlfriend Zandra. A family gathering, you may say.”

“Don’t keep calling Zandra my lesbian girlfriend, Mother. She is just my very *special* woman friend, that is all.”

“Oh, is she? I hear that you and she have shared the same bed together at your manor and you have plenty of spare rooms there.”

Sylvia remained silent at her mother’s cutting remark for it was the truth.

Her mother was giving Krystiana giving the once-over.

“You’ve been at it again Sylvia, haven’t you?”

“Whatever do you mean, Mother?” Sylvia asked.

“You’ve given this so-called wife of yours very large breasts. You always were concerned about your breast size. Even as a girl, they were not big enough. When you became a woman, you had implants put in but they weren’t big enough. You went to that Regent clinic and got the colossal ones you have now. You even surround yourself with big breasted women. And now you’ve brought this ‘wife’ of yours here to be my personal maid.”

“You talk about me being odd, Mother. What about you and Father, God bless his soul. I mean dressing him up as your maid in Victorian outfits and having him serve afternoon tea to your lady friends. But then, Father loved all that, didn’t he?” Sylvia was washing her mother’s dirty linen in public now.

Krystiana sat and listened with amazement at the stinging remarks flying between his wife and her mother. Then what was that statement about her being Sylvia’s mother’s maid. She did not even know Sylvia’s mother’s Christian name and had to address her as ‘madam.’ Krystiana was slowly coming to the conclu-

sion that she had been taken to some asylum. How much madder could this place be!

“Mother!” exclaimed Alice with outstretched arms. Her mother rose to receive the kiss on her cheeks she expected from her once-son.

“Let me see you, Alice. Your choice of clothes is good. Of course that was learned from me. So you have had the full operation. How is your health, darling?”

“It couldn’t be better. I’m really glad I had that operation. Thanks to you, Mother, being a woman comes naturally to me. You will have heard, I’m sure, that Zandra and I are marrying soon, aren’t we, sweetheart?” Alice put a loving arm round Zandra’s shoulders.

“Indeed we are. We have come here to have your mother’s blessings.”

“You have them gladly. There could be no better person than my youngest daughter to be your wife. I have an invitation to be at your wedding, I hope, unlike Sylvia.”

“Mother, I couldn’t be married without you being there. Who else would help me find my bridal dress and underwear. You taught me everything I know about women’s clothes.”

“You are so sweet to let your old mother help pick your wedding dress. We will start on Monday I already have a few ideas. It’s so nice to see you again, Alice. As for your fiancée, I just know she will keep you dressed in the finest of ladies clothes, won’t you, Zandra?”

“Of course Mother if you may allow me to call you that. I am sure Alice and I will have a happy marriage.”

“Well I am sure you will. Do you still have lesbian love for my daughter, Zandra?”

Zandra who was not the least bit embarrassed by this conversation as Sylvia would have been, answered, “I do indeed but that does not mean that I don’t have the same sort of love for my wife-to-be, Alice. I think we can all live happily together, can’t we, pussycat?” she said, looking at her wife to be.

“Of course we can, Zandra, I have no objections if my wife shares her love with my sister. We will all become one happy family.”

“What about this wife of your sister, Alice, where does she fit in?” said Emily (the mother of Alice and Sylvia).

“Krystiana can be fitted into the family circle as well. I rather fancy a tumble in bed with her, Mother. You said just the other day, Zandra, that you would fancy a go at her wondrous breasts, didn’t you?”

“I have to admit after seeing Krystiana’s breasts, I fancy a nibble myself,” said Alice. “But you know she is to be my personal maid for a week or so. That was Sylvia’s peace offering to me.”

“Oh,” said both Zandra and Alice, looking at Krystiana and Sylvia, then at Alice. “This could be a very interesting weekend,” laughed Zandra again with one of her horse laughs.

“Well, children,” said Alice, “I think it is now time that we prepare ourselves for dinner. If you all retire to your rooms, Mary will come and knock on your doors when dinner is ready.” Then turning to Krystiana, she said, “As for you, Sylvia’s wife, you will stay in that

room till after dinner, then Sylvia will come and prepare you to be my personal maid." Sylvia's mother was pointing at a side door in her bedroom, something Krystiana never noticed before.

Zandra, who lusted after Krystiana breasts and wanted to feel them quickly, spoke. "Can I assist Sylvia in helping her dress Krystiana as your maid, Mother?"

"Yes, you may assist my daughter with that task. I rather think it will take longer than it usually does with your presence," said Sylvia mother with a nod and a wink to Zandra.

Zandra and Sylvia then led Krystiana into the room and left her there. A click was heard as Emily locked her in the room, then handed the key to Sylvia.

Krystiana was now alone in this small room. It contained a single bed, nicely made-up; a dressing table; a bathroom with a bath and shower. In the bedroom there was a wardrobe. It contained maid's dresses and lace-up ankle boots, all of which looked like something out of the Victorian era. Opposite the bed was another door. It was locked. This door led to the main corridor but Krystiana did not know this.

Being alone for some time, Krystiana could now reflect on her situation. Less than two years ago, she had been a man. Krystiana was now a woman, however. There was no turning back and, somewhat reluctantly, she understood that fact. These massive breasts that Sylvia had picked out for her and Sylvia's amusement were here forever. Krystiana accepted that and that everybody wanted their share of them, which to her was very pleasant. She had to admit that while her life had taken turns she would never have imagined — as a man, she had never even imagined being a woman — the way

she was now wasn't without its pleasures. Her new body was exciting, a turn-on to her.

Eventually the key on the lock turned and Sylvia and Zandra entered the room side-by-side.

"You will have to strip naked!" ordered Sylvia. While Krystiana did so, both Sylvia and Zandra were looking through the wardrobe and drawers, searching for various items of clothes.

"There we are," said Sylvia holding a waist cincher and approaching a naked Krystiana. The cincher was quickly clipped at the front while the ends of two laces hung down at the back. Zandra now stepped forward to hold one of the lace ends and Sylvia took the other. Both ladies knew the task they had to perform and tightly pulled the laces to see Krystiana's waist contract.

"That's the first part over," said Zandra with a broad smile. Her eyes were fixed on Krystiana's heaving breasts, something she wanted to get her hands on.

A black brassiere was produced. Zandra was having much delight feeling Krystiana's breasts as she placed the brassiere over them. The bra now on, two heavy black stockings were produced by Sylvia; these were placed on Krystiana's legs. There being no suspender from the waist cincher, Zandra was already holding two long lengths of black silk. Placing them one at a time round the stocking tops, she tied a very neat bow. These were to act as garters.

Next the woman's lace-up ankle boots were placed on Krystiana's feet. Sylvia and Zandra, kneeling at Krystiana's feet, were lacing the boots up, then tying the laces. Sylvia searched through a drawer, then held up a pair of old-fashioned knickers. These were ordi-

nary black knickers but came down to below knees which had lace threaded through them, white, which contrasted nicely with the black knickers. These laces were pulled tightly, then tied in a bow. At the waist band was more white lace which was pulled and tied into a bow. If anyone pulled the waist band bow, the knickers would quickly descend to the floor!

The last parts of the maid outfit were to be placed on Krystiana. A long black maid's dress was held by Sylvia, placed over her head, then smoothed down. The dress itself fell to just above the ankle boots; the top part of this one-piece outfit was as yet unbuttoned. This, Sylvia, assisted by Zandra, now did right up to Krystiana's neck where a stiff back collar projected, holding her head erect. Zandra was already holding a white apron which she tied in a white bow at the back; at the front of the apron were two pockets on either side. The very last item was put on top of Krystiana's head. It was a sort of white mob cap with two long streaming white ribbons at the back of it.

"Stand erect, Krystiana!" ordered her wife. "Doesn't she look the perfect maid for Mother. A lot of these clothes were worn by Daddy. I'm sure mother will be pleased."

"Yes, I'm sure she will. Now is the time we take her to Mother," Zandra said.

Sylvia and Zandra with Krystiana between them approached the door by which Krystiana first entered this room. Sylvia knocked and her mother's voice said "Enter!" As the party entered the room, there sat Sylvia's mother on a mahogany chaise lounge, her back resting on the bolster cushion back. She was talking to her younger daughter, Alice, who sat on a rosewood side chair in front of her mother. Both were in earnest con-

versation about Alice's forthcoming wedding and about what kind of wedding dress she would wear.

As the party entered, Emily looked up from her low position on the chaise lounge, abruptly ending her conversation with her daughter. "She looks the part of my maid. Has she been taught how to curtsy in my presence, Sylvia?"

Sylvia looked a little bit downfallen. She had completely forgotten that part of Krystiana's training. "No mother, I had forgotten that."

"Did you? Then you better explain and show her now, Sylvia. She has to curtsy in my presence at all times. I demand it, after all I have my gentlemen friends to entertain. What would they think of a maid who did not give her mistress the respect she is entitled to?"

Embarrassed, Sylvia showed Krystiana how to curtsy by holding both sides of her dress out at the side, then bending her knees slightly. She gracefully curtsied before her mother. Emily's eyes sparkled. "That was delightful, Sylvia. Maybe you should do that every time you are in my presence."

A joke it may have been but if her mother got her way, it may not be a joke in the future. These thoughts were interrupted as Sylvia's mother spoke to Krystiana. "Now let me see you try that and do it right!"

Taking the two sides of the black maid's dress in her hands as she had seen her wife do, Krystiana made an attempt to curtsy.

"Not good enough!" said madam, "Do it again and again till I am satisfied." Krystiana had to curtsy many times before her now-mistress gave the okay.

“Come here!” ordered her new mistress. “Let me inspect you, turn round” This Krystiana did.

“Not bad. Raise your skirt till I see your knickers. Hmm, I see you put father’s knickers on her, Sylvia. I will commend you for that, they were always my favourite pair on him, those black ones. Krystiana, you will receive no further help from anyone in your dressing but I expect the high standards to be kept up. Give me your answer to that now.”

“Yes madam,” said Krystiana.

“Come here!” ordered her new mistress. This Krystiana did, remembering to give a deep curtsy, which impressed Emily. “Closer and bend forward!”

Krystiana was now in a position where Emily could raise her hands and unbutton the top of the maid’s dress. She did, all the time keeping her eyes on the face of Krystiana. The top of the maid’s dress was eased off Krystiana’s shoulders and was hanging from the waist downwards. Emily’s hands were at the back of Krystiana’s brassiere, undoing it and easing the shoulder straps off her.

Krystiana was naked from the waist up and her firm breasts proudly thrust out. That was the target her mistress wanted, to feed greedily on them. With her maid above her, Emily pulled the giant left breast down to her mouth, holding and pulling it till the teat entered her mouth.

Zandra stepped forward. So strong was her lust that Krystiana’s left breast was about to be devoured by a now hungry Zandra.

Sylvia and her sister Alice sat on the nearby bed watching all taking place. Sylvia knew her sexual longings would be satisfied later in her lesbian lover’s arms.

Alice knew her wife to be would be this night: in her sister's arms.

Krystiana shut her eyes in ecstasy and let the wondrous sexual feeling she was getting from the women at her breasts surge all over her body.

THE MADHOUSE GETS EVEN MADDER

Krystiana had been left with her mistress. It was now the middle of the first week of her visit. Everybody had left. Sylvia had business to run as did Zandra. Alice was looking out her wedding dress. Krystiana was curtsying and addressing her mistress as 'madam' all the time now although she knew her real name was Emily.

The door between the maid's room and her mistress' room was now unlocked as she was at the beck and call of madam at all times.

Madam called her into her room one morning. "Krystiana, you must help me find the best dresses to wear today. My boyfriend, Sir Bertram Wiseman, is coming to stay the night"

To Krystiana, she seemed as excited as a school girl on her first date.

Madam had told Krystiana to stop wearing her brassiere; it only got in the way of getting at Krystiana breasts! Now when she heard the call, "Krystiana, come here!" she immediately unbuttoned the top of the maid's uniform for madam.

Krystiana addressed her mistress. "How can I be of help?"

"I am sure my daughter will have drilled dress sense into you. To take someone who, like you, was once a man, she would have made sure you were well-prepared for a woman's life. Now let us peruse through my wardrobe."

The wardrobe was opened and Krystiana was there standing beside her mistress looking at the vast array of ladies clothes. madam pulled many dresses aside and came out with a short dress. She held it against herself asked Krystiana what she thought of it. Krystiana looked at the silver sparkling outfit . It looked young for someone in their fifties. It was very revealing with a very low top in which madam's breasts would be exposed. It also had a split on the right side by which her stocking top and knickers would also be seen.

Madam had asked her for her opinion. Well, she was going to get it. "Madam, don't you think that dress is rather young for you? I mean you have longer more stately and regal dresses for one such as you. Wearing that dress may give Sir Bertram Wiseman the impression of you of being a trollop."

"You may well be right, Krystiana but that is just what I want. If it gives Bert an erection, then this is the dress and I will be satisfied!"

Going back to the wardrobe, she pulled out another equally revealing dress. "I wore that last time Bert was here and did he have a hard-on that night! I don't like him seeing me in the same dress. Maybe it could be my lucky night and I'll get pregnant!"

Krystiana looked at this woman with bewilderment. It was hardly likely that a woman of her age could become pregnant.

“You seem a little confused, Krystiana. There is only person who can carry on the Barton dynasty and that is me!”

“God!” thought Krystiana, “I have landed right in the middle of a mad house. I’ll just humour her and hope this madness is not contagious.”

“Yes madam, in that dress there is every chance that Sir Bertram will indeed have an erection. You may also become pregnant, with any luck.”

“Do you really think so, Krystiana. I do hope so, we have been trying for years.”

“Will you get married then, madam? What sex do you wish for the baby?” Krystiana couldn’t believe she was saying these words to someone who was old enough to be her own mother.

“Oh no, I have my other gentlemen friends to consider. I have to share my favours equally. If Bert can’t do it, then maybe Lord Ashford or even Wilberforce can. I really want a boy to carry on our name.”

Krystiana thought, “How many boyfriends does this woman of 56 have? At her age she should have stopped thinking about sex.

“What do you think of these?” said madam to Krystiana, holding up a pair of black satin knickers with no crotch. “And these,” She said, showing a peep-through brassiere.

“They are very nice, madam.”

“I’m so glad you like them, now help me dress, Krystiana. But first, seeing you have loosened your dress top, I will have my usual morning helping of your wonderful breasts. Come here.”

Krystiana, more than willing, stood in front of her mistress who sat on a chair near her dressing table. Krystiana's moans could be heard as their mutual passions flowed. she loved every minute of this sucking from her mistress.

That all being accomplished, madam stripped, ready to put her scanty clothes on. Emily began to put on her clothes. First was the peephole bra which was flesh colour and allowed her nipples to be exposed. Krystiana helped madam, then adjusted the bra straps, followed by a flesh-coloured garter belt with two hanging suspender at each side. A pair of flesh-coloured stockings went on her legs, then the suspenders were fitted. That left the dress which Krystiana helped slip over Madam's body.

"The shoes Krystiana, don't forget the shoes." Madam was pointing to a pair of shoes with six inch stiletto heels. Bending down, she fitted them with their ankle straps.

"What about your knickers, madam?" asked Krystiana

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about them. In fact, Bert rather likes me without them. It's more fun that way!"

"Then I think you are all ready to meet your gentleman friend, madam," Krystiana, smiling, said.

"I do hope Bert will like this!" madam said.

"This I must see," Krystiana said to herself.

Sir Bertram Wiseman's Daimler pulled up in front of the steps and he got out. Sir Bertram, a very distin-

guished tall man, was over seventy year old. He had white hair and a white goatee, neatly trimmed. Madam greeted him with a kiss. Both Krystiana and Kathy did a curtsy to him as he passed them with an arm round madam's waist. She was full of the giggles like a school girl as she and Sir Bertram ascended the steps.

With the silver shimmering dress she had on with its slit on the right side, there was nothing to stop him from putting a finger into her pussy.

"You're a naughty boy, Bert," giggled madam.

Madam and Sir Bertram were in the hallway when Sir Bertram said, "Let's go to your boudoir, Emily. You've got me going already."

"Oh, you are awful, Bert. You just can't keep your hands off me," she said but Emily Barton was as anxious as Sir Bertram to get to her boudoir. Without a word, Emily quickly left her servants and made for her boudoir with Sir Bertram whose hands had shifted from madam's waist to her bottom.

Krystiana looked at Kathy. "What do we do now?"

Kathy who was absolutely fuming, said, "I'll tell you what we do. You are going to help me make dinner, that is what we will do."

"Why, you've already made it, haven't you?"

"That meal is going to be stone cold by the time those two have finished their shenanigans."

"You could always reheat it," said Krystiana helpfully.

"Are you kidding? Madam knows when something is reheated and will blow her top with me."

"What are you going to cook then, Kathy?"

"I am slowly coming to think Barton House is nothing but a madhouse, Kathy."

"You haven't seen half of it, Krystiana. I tell you I could write a book on it."

Krystiana was now busy with Kathy, preparing the meal and thinking of the coming night. Could anything become more bizarre or stranger than what she had already seen?

Well it did because soon at dinner sat madam in what can only be described as a schoolgirl uniform. Sir Bertram was addressing madam. "You've been a naughty girl, Emily, report to me after dinner. I am going to cane you."

"Yes sir," Emily answered. From her smiling face, it seemed she was looking forward to that with anticipation!

"Is that the only game these two degenerates play, Kathy?"

"Are you kidding? It goes on and on. Life is certainly not dull here. Talking about that, I think it is time you went to your room. From past experience, madam may want your services."

Krystiana quickly made her way back to her room. She lay on her bed listening to all the noise coming from madam's boudoir along with the giggles and the slaps. Then came madam's voice. "Krystiana." Then more urgent, "Krystiana!"

She quickly rose and made for the door. On entering she made a deep curtsy, keeping her eyes to the ground. Raising her eyes, she met with the sight of her mistress over Sir Bertram's knees. Emily's bare bottom was exposed with a rosy pink glow and her knickers at her ankle. The knickers were not your ordinary ones

but schoolgirl style. He was sitting on a Queen Anne chair, holding a cane. "You may rise, Emily. Don't let me catch you being a naughty girl again."

"No sir." Emily rose pulled her knickers up. Having done that, she smoothed down the black pleated skirt.

"You called, madam?" said Krystiana.

"Yes, get a bottle of my best white wine from the cellar and two goblets, bring them here and hurry."

Krystiana hadn't a clue as to where the cellar was and went to Kathy who gave her directions. "I want you to give me a blow-by-blow account of all that transpires between those two geriatric degenerates, Krystiana"

"Yes, of course," said Krystiana, giggling at Kathy description of the amorous pair. Having gotten all that was required from the cellar, Krystiana made her way back to the boudoir. On opening the bedroom door, she beheld madam on the bed, her back turned to Krystiana and on all fours. Sir Bertram was behind her and about to enter madam's anus and was saying, "If your snake can't get in, my member will."

Krystiana watched in amazement as his erection slowly entered the smooth bottom cheeks of madam. Krystiana was fixated as that member moved backwards and forwards to sighs and moans of, "Oh Bert, Bert, put it in as far as you can!" from her mistress.

It occurred to Krystiana that if her mistress wanted to be pregnant, surely her boyfriend was putting his penis in the wrong opening.

Snapping out of her daze, Krystiana said, "Madam, I have brought the bottle of wine."

Emily was too far gone to hear anything; she was in ecstasy as Sir Bertram pounded his large erection in and out of her. Eventually he erupted and his pearly love juice over flowed her anus and over Emily's smooth bottom cheeks. The hard erection slowly subsided and came out of the place it had given so much pleasure to. Emily finally came to her senses and looked at Krystiana.

"Well, what are you standing there for? Pour two glasses out for me and Bert. Can't you see we need refreshment?"

Krystiana did that and stood by waiting for any more orders from her mistress. There would be plenty to report to Kathy. After their refreshments, the randy pair was once more back to their lovemaking, oblivious to the fact that they were being observed by madam's maid. Krystiana, not having been dismissed by madam, had to stand there and watch the antics performed before her.

Krystiana left the "Mad House" and was once more back at Sylvia's manor. She now shared a bed with not only her wife, but also with her wife's lover Zandra. Alice was the odd one out because when she was there, the bed was rather crowded with four. By this time Zandra and Alice were married and had their own pad but on weekends, all the sex took place at the manor. Daisy still gave her ministrations to Krystiana's breasts. She was a busy girl with everybody giving special attention to her mammoth tits. At one time Krystiana wished her wife would not leave her on her own so much due to business but now she welcomed it.

Krystiana was still a virgin; since the operation many women had played with her breasts but no man had ever penetrated her. In fact, no man had been near her in any sort of a sexual way. That was until...

IT'S BONGO AGAIN!

Sylvia had gone on one of her business trips and for once Krystiana was on her own. Even Zandra and Alice seemed to have other things to do. Krystiana was twiddling her thumbs one Saturday afternoon, thinking of something to pass her time. Then she thought why not pay a visit to the Royal Oak for a meal and a drink? Sylvia had bought her a car but Krystiana would make sure that she would not overdo it. She would dress for the occasion; she had a wardrobe full of pretty clothes. Sylvia made sure of that.

Having completed her shower, it was time to dress. She had laid out her clothes for tonight on the bed. First came the garter belt, a pretty white satin belt with three suspenders hanging down each leg. She placed it round her waist, attached the hook and eye, adjusted it, then sat on the chair in front of her dressing table. She opened a drawer and withdrew a pair of beige-coloured seamed stockings.

She broke the seal on the cellophane packet and withdrew the stockings. She scrunched one up and placed her right foot in it, then slowly and carefully stretched the stocking up her leg till it reached one of the hanging suspenders. Then she clipped the suspender onto the welt of the stocking and repeated the process with the other two suspenders. She did the same with the left leg and stocking.

Having finished that, Krystiana rose from the chair and adjusted each of the suspenders so that they were taught and the stockings tightly held on her leg. The next item of clothing was her white satin brassiere. Like Sylvia's bra, this one had been specially made for her; no ordinarily brassiere could support the massive weight of her breasts. Having put it on, Krystiana leaned forward to ease her breasts in the brassiere, then clipped the front three hook and eye fasteners. It had to be to the front; if it was at the back, it would be impossible for her to fasten.

Krystiana straightened her body up and looked in the dressing table mirror. She was quite top-heavy and her bum stood out at the back but that could very well be some men's dreams, a big bust and a big arse combined in one woman. It has to be said that Krystiana was not bad in the looks department either. It is fair to say that Jim Wilkinson was completely gone in every way. Krystiana Barton looked nothing like Jim, talked nothing like Jim, and would have fooled anyone who knew him before.

Krystiana stepped into a glittering black dress that stopped just below the knee and zipped the back up. A diamond necklace, matching earrings and small ladies watch worth thousands of pounds, presents from Zandra for services rendered to her, came next. Krystiana decided not to wear her wedding ring tonight.

The next items to put on were her black five-inch stiletto heeled shoes which she could now walk very well in. Sylvia had drilled her with practice after practice until Krystiana was perfect. The last things to put on were her ermine shoulder cape and matching purse.

Krystiana wore no knickers tonight; it was hot and she felt daring.

Krystiana looked at the mirror again. Yes, she had come a long way since she was a carpenter on building sites. She very much doubted if she could do that hard work anymore; she getting used to the life of luxury. And yes if it be said used to being a woman too. Krystiana was Sylvia's plaything. Hadn't she given her these massive breasts just so Sylvia, Zandra, Daisy and Emily could play with them?

It was time for the meal at the Royal Oak. It was the usual crowd there; Krystiana went to the cloakroom to deposit her ermine cape. She was well known as Sylvia and she frequented the place regularly. The head waiter soon spied her and came quickly to her table.

"Ah madam Krystiana, you look so beautiful tonight. How may I be of service to you?"

"That's so nice of you to say, Tony. Please bring me the menu and I'll order."

Tony snapped his fingers and a waiter came over to the table. "Take madam's order, Freddy and I'll send the wine waiter over. Madam Sylvia is not with you tonight?"

"No, I'm afraid not. Business, you see."

The wine steward came and Krystiana ordered both meal and wine.

"Just put it on madam Sylvia's bill, Tony," said Krystiana after the meal.

"Very well, madam Krystiana."

Krystiana sat back and sipped her wine. Just then the sound of the disco drifted into the restaurant from next door. "Oh well," thought Krystiana, "seeing as I'm

here, I may as well pop my head in for a few minutes and have a look round." Before doing so, she went to the ladies to freshen up and sort her makeup. The difficulties of going to the ladies powder room were behind Krystiana now. That stage was long past her.

Leaving the powder room, Krystiana made to where the disco was. She sat at a table and soon a waitress came and took her order.

Krystiana was watching the usual crowd of nicely-dressed women and men. Then she saw him, Bongo of course, dressed in his tux and going to the bar. It was the same old Bongo, ordering Johnny Walker Black Label and a beer. He was looking round for skirt; he hadn't changed one little bit since Krystiana had worked with him when she was Jim Wilkinson. She would go to the bar and have a talk with him just for old time's sake.

"Well, hallo there," said Krystiana.

Bongo turned and looked at this dame with the big knockers and thought he had hit the jackpot. "Well hallo there yourself. What is your name?"

It became clear to Krystiana that Bongo did not recognise her but why should he? She looked nothing like Jim Wilkinson now, she'd had cosmetic surgery on her face, a nose job and cheek bones fixed; her Adams apple had been shaved; her hair was long and styled; her voice had changed and sounded posh. But more important, her body looked nothing like a man's with its curves and shapely legs. Her most important asset was front of her, standing out in all their glory.

"Krystiana," she said, thrusting her breasts forward.

“Isn’t that a lovely name. Maybe we could get better acquainted. There is a nice table over there,” said Bongo, pointing.

“And what is your name, big man?”

“Bongo,” was the reply.”

A Bacardi and coke was ordered for Krystiana as both Bongo and Krystiana sat at the table by the large sofa. Bongo immediately put his hands round Krystiana waist. Just how long would Krystiana go along with this game before she told him who she was?

“Oh you are strong, Bongo, just the kind of man I like. Not like some of these men here who would not know how to give a girl a good time.”

“Maybe we could go somewhere quiet and get to know each other better.”

“That sounds nice, Bongo, but I am still single and live with my parents so there is no way we can go to my home. Let me think.” Krystiana pretended to think for a minute.

“I tell you what. We will book a room in this hotel for the night. Don’t worry, I’ll pay. Quickly, let’s do it now. Why waste time?”

Bongo thought he hit the jackpot. She was one of those rich bitches with nothing to do but get fucked. He and Jim Wilkinson had talked about them many times.

There was no problem booking the room for the night in this five-star hotel and soon there they were in the room. As they stood in the room, Bongo wasted no time getting his hands round Krystiana waist again. He was unzipping the back of Krystiana dress, watching it gracefully slide off her body.

There Krystiana stood in her bra, garter belt and stockings. Bongo immediately that she had no knickers on. This dame definitely wanted get fucked. NOW. The three hook and eye fasteners in the front of her brassiere was undone and the massive breasts fell into his hands. By God, what a weight they were.

"I see you are happy to meet my friends by the look of your projecting member," giggled Krystiana.

Bongo hands were wandering all over Krystiana tits. Her nipples were stiff and pressing hard into Bongo's palms. Bongo lips descended to kiss and suck each of the hard red-tipped nipples. Bongo was now unbuttoning his tux and shirt till he was naked and leading Krystiana towards the bed.

Krystiana looked at Bongo's penis. He had not joked when he said it was big.

Krystiana's vagina had never been entered by a penis before. Her cherry was going to be taken for the first time by Bongo, her old work mate. How bizarre and unusual; this was the man who said he always knew a transsexual when he saw one!

Krystiana was now prone on the bed and about to be entered in her pussy by the long thick member of Bongo. Soon it was inside her, burrowing in, much to Krystiana's delight. She could feel it and it was lovely. Krystiana pushed upwards to receive every little part of his member. Bongo was pushing in and out of Krystiana like a steam engine. "Oh Bongo," Krystiana moaned "it's so big and wonderful."

"Don't worry honey, there's plenty more from where that came from."

Bongo was really going to give it to this dame. He could feel that he was about to unload his love juice

into her willing and waiting receptacle. That completed to moans of approvable from Krystiana, both parties rested.

“Bongo?” said Krystiana.

“Yes sweetheart?” he answered.

“I’ve never had anal sex before. It’s something I would like to try with such a strong man as you. Would you do it to please little old me?”

Of course he would. These rich dames like it everywhere and didn’t that Felicity Davenport teach him a few tricks?

Soon he was kissing her derriere and preparing her. His penis stiffened again. Krystiana felt Bongo at the entrance and before she knew it, he had rammed his member inside her. It wasn’t as bad as some people had told her it would be the first time. In fact, Krystiana was rather enjoying it as she moved her body in unison with Bongo. There could only be one result and it quickly came as Bongo released gush after gush of his pearly white love liquid into Krystiana.

Krystiana had been well and truly fucked by a man—finally—and loved it. As far as Bongo was concerned, although he had had many women in the past, this one was superior by far.

“Rest in peace for the rest of the night, my old friend,” thought Krystiana, “in the morning, you are in for a surprise.

The morning saw a knock on the door and Krystiana bid the waitress enter with breakfast.

Krystiana was no longer embarrassed by anyone seeing her in bed with someone. Bongo at that moment was caressing her breasts.

"Put it on the bedside table, please," said Krystiana, pointing. Bongo was so involved with sucking her tits he never heard the waitress come in.

"Shall I pour, Bongo?" asked Krystiana.

"Yes," he said absentmindedly. Both started to eat their breakfast on the tray placed over them on the bed.

"Bongo?" said Krystiana.

"Yes?" he answered.

"Was I good in bed? I mean did I do all right?"

"Of course you were, sweetheart, more than good. You were wonderful. Why?"

"Was I better than some of the dogs you had the past?"

"Whatever are you talking about, Krystiana?"

"What about that time we were in a fight at Benny's disco? Remember we ended up in court next morning?"

"Eh?" said Bongo.

"And how is Ma?"

"Who the hell are you?"

"You were the man who said he would know when a man was dressed in women's clothes, didn't you? You said you would never put your dick up a poof's arse."

"JUST WHO ARE YOU?"

"You haven't guessed yet? Whose wedding were you best man at? Think."

Bongo was seriously thinking. "Jim Wilkinson?"

"Yes, you got it in one, but Jim has gone. Its Krystiana Barton now."

Bongo's mouth dropped. It couldn't be, this Krystiana looked nothing like his old mate Jim Wilkinson. "You can't be. You look nothing in the least like Jim."

"Gender reassignment and cosmetic surgery can work wonders and speech therapy helps change your voice. Listen." Krystiana was about to try to drop her female voice. It was the first time she had spoke in a male voice in years.

"Well what do you think? Is this more like the old Jim you were thinking of?"

"Well, yes," Bongo reluctantly said.

"Appearance can deceive, can't they? Do you know what you have just done, Bongo?"

"No," he answered.

"You have just fucked your old mate, Jim Wilkinson who is now a woman and confessed you liked it. Now what have you to say?"

Bongo opened his mouth. No words came out, he was speechless.

Bongo, the rough and tumble, working class homophobe, had made love to that which he always claim to disapprove of. Stranger still, he couldn't honestly say to himself that he hadn't completely enjoyed it—and was even more turned-on now that he knew who Krystiana really was.

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