

# Tristan's Journey



# Alice Greenely



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# TRISTAN'S JOURNEY

**By Alice Greenely**

Vivian Mellon had been sheltering her current ward, Tristan Thomas, for a little over a year now. She had developed a penchant for sweet young men. She gained satisfaction in taking them in and giving them shelter from life's social cruelties. On numerous occasions Vivian had been able to introduce them to what she regarded as a gentler and more diverse form of sex. She eschewed the swagger of macho heterosexual males because they were less interested in her needs than their own. She preferred partners who could adjust to her speed and accommodate her kinky practices.

Vivian liked sexual experimentation, stopping short of the more extreme elements of BD/SM. She sought out partners, both men and women, who appreciated round firm breasts such as hers with their pop-up nipples and a

good, tight, round ass. She was proud of her figure, especially her long legs and those insolent teats of hers. She took care of her body and was grateful that it could serve her in so many different encounters with multiple partners, sometimes several at once. Of course, they all had to be compliant in nature, malleable and open to her bisexual tastes.

She had high hopes for Tristan as soon as they met. She saw his daintiness as a sign that he was a possible candidate for transformation under the tutelage of her friend, Helen Joyce. If so, then both she and Helen would no doubt have a brand new plaything. Ever since they graduated from college, about six or seven years ago (she hoped she wasn't lying to herself), she and Helen had collaborated from time to time in instructing blossoming young lesbians and confused young crossdressers in the art of making love to one another, and, of course, with Vivian and Helen. It was a most satisfying and fulfilling time, not to mention sexually gratifying.

Vivian had in the past sent some of her young charges to Helen and was well acquainted with, and impressed by, her handling of latent sissy-boys. Vivian had been watching Tristan's development and had seen how he became confused and awkward in the presence of girls and women. Still, he seemed to prefer the company of women because they were less threatening to him and accepting of his foibles, so to speak. He seemed to want to learn from women and began adopting feminine attributes in his mannerisms, like talking expressively with his hands and taking mincing steps when he walked. In addition, he was keeping his fingernails longer and polished. His hair was growing longer by the day.

Her chauffeur, Brent McAfee, was taking an increasingly salacious interest in the young man. He had been expanding his wardrobe from chauffeur's outfits to black

leather trousers, silk shirts and neck bands, usually black, and a selection of leather jackets. He would intercept Tristan in the hallways or find some excuse to be with him in one of Vivian's drawing rooms. It was Brent who introduced Tristan to the erotic book section in the library. Standing close to Tristan, he would breathe on his throat, giving him light kisses on his neck. He would point out a juicy passage and let his hands wander over Tristan's body, caressing and squeezing his ass and thighs.



Tristan was quite flattered by the attention and aroused by the suggestive passages Brent read aloud. It wasn't long before Brent began taking extra liberties. He would let his hand cup Tristan's genitals through his trousers, giving his hardening penis a loving squeeze. Then, later on, Brent would reach into Tristan's trousers and free his stiff cock. One or two strokes with a silk handkerchief were always enough to provoke spurts of cum. *This is just a preview*, said Brent to himself; *it won't be long now*. And indeed it wasn't.

One day, Vivian went down to the servants' quarters on some errand and heard heavy breathing and groans coming from a room off the kitchen used as a resting room. She approached unheard and saw Tristan and Brent naked on the couch. Brent had Tristan's hard cock in his hand and was lying between his legs, which were raised high and wrapped around Brent's waist. Brent was breathing hard as his cock thrust in and out of Tristan's ass. Tristan was in passionate heat and moaning as he begged for more. "Oh God," he said, "I love it, I really do!"

Brent suddenly stiffened as his love juice shot into his paramour's anal cavity. Still holding Tristan's cock, Brent gave him an open-mouthed kiss, then moved down his body, kissing and licking his flesh. Brent settled on Tristan's nipples and sucked and gently chewed on them until Tristan started bucking in the throws of ecstasy. Brent didn't want him to cum just yet, so he moved down his body and waited a moment before enveloping his hot delicious cock in his mouth. He sucked and licked the sweet meat of the engorged head and kissed and licked his way down to the base.

Tristan came in such a torrent that Brent couldn't swallow it all; much of it ran out of his mouth covering his lower face and neck. Tristan sat up and the two kissed,

their lips sucking on one another's tongue and licking each other's face until they had swallowed all of the cum between them. They then collapsed on the couch, exhausted and drained, but satiated.

Vivian backed away without a sound but was getting in heat herself after witnessing such a performance. She realized that Helen should take over Tristan's development going forward and resolved to arrange for the transfer to be done as soon as possible.

But for now, she needed another session with her maid, Edith, a perky and cheeky young woman who enjoyed exploring all the byways of lesbian and heterosexual adventures that came her way. There were plenty as part of her service to Vivian which she enjoyed to the fullest. She had a small but tight and luscious body that gave Vivian many hours of athletic, lustful pleasures.

Vivian went into the library and rang for Edith, who quickly answered the call. "Close and lock the door please, Edith," said Vivian.

Edith knew immediately what Vivian had on her mind just from looking at her. She was glad she had just cleaned herself up on the bidet in her bathroom, washing and lubricating her delicate pussy with the right combination of scented soap, baby oil and a dollop of light perfume applied to her back door. She had answered the bell without putting her black satin panties back on. She stood before her mistress wearing a soft black satin maid's dress that ended above the knees. It was tight in the bodice so that it highlighted Edith's round firm breasts and stiff nipples. It fit her form snugly down to the hip line.

From there the skirt billowed out in folds of shimmering satin down to her knees. She had on a matching black satin garter belt attached to black silk stockings that were pulled high up her thighs. Over her dress she wore a

white satin pinafore edged in lace. Her maid's bonnet matched her pinafore and completed the outfit.

"My, don't you look lovely, my dear," said Vivian. "Come closer and let me see how your dress fits." Edith moved in close to her mistress. The feel of the material flowing across her legs, bare buttocks and stockings increased her arousal.

Vivian fussed unnecessarily with the neckline of the dress which permitted her hands to wander over Edith's body. She loosened the pinafore so she could better appreciate the curves of Edith's body, so tastefully shown off by the uniform. She began by massaging her breasts and tweaking her nipples through the satin. Her hands wandered around to caress Edith's back and they kissed in rising passion. Vivian felt up and down Edith's body, loosening the hooks and eyes that held the dress in place. When she reached her buttocks, her groping became more insistent. "What's this?" she asked, "No panties? Why, you naughty girl!" Edith feigned trepidation but didn't withdraw. Vivian sat down on a straight-backed chair and said, "Over my knees with you!"

Edith took up her position across Vivian's knees and felt her dress drawn slowly up her thighs and over her ass. She was further aroused by the feel of the satin against her thighs and ass cheeks as it was pushed over her waist. She was acutely aware of Vivian's hands stroking her bare flesh and insinuating themselves between her thighs and down under her cleft. She spread her legs to give Vivian free rein and felt Vivian's hand cup her pussy.

Vivian squeezed a couple of times and was rewarded with the damp emission of Edith's love juice. She withdrew her hand, licked her fingers and administered a series of sharp slaps to Edith's ass cheeks. The blows that fell served more as stimuli than as abuse or punishment and made Edith wiggle in abandonment.

Vivian led Edith to the couch and let her dress slide down to her ankles. Simultaneously, Vivian's silk dress and panties were discarded. She was not wearing a bra. The two naked women fell upon the couch, tit to tit, their legs entwined, each pussy heatedly rubbing against the other. From the drawer of a side table, Vivian withdrew a long double-headed dildo. She inserted one end into Edith's mouth and said, "That's right, my dear, suck it in and warm it up".

Vivian took the other end into her own mouth and did the same. Then Vivian brought Edith to a kneeling position facing her and inserted one end of the dildo in Edith's pussy and slid the other end into her own. Each held tightly onto the dildo as they rocked together, belly to belly, tit caressing tit, to a long, slow, delicious climax.

## **CHAPTER 2**

Vivian phoned her good friend, Helen Joyce, the next morning. "Helen darling, I need your help again, this time with my new ward, Tristan. He is a very pretty boy, but shy and unschooled. He can hardly talk to girls and women, but seems to admire them and emulate their airs. The other day I saw him in a gay encounter with my chauffeur. I was hoping that maybe you could learn his true desires and work to bring them out. There is so much more to life than mere homosexuality."

Helen was only too pleased to receive Vivian's call. Helen's vocation had become one of probing the psyches of suitable young males for their feminine proclivities and thereby opening them up to a new, rich means of sexual expression. She felt a sense of achievement and relished her feelings of sexual domination when she dressed them in silks and satin. She particularly enjoyed taking the lead in various physical exploits with them, controlling all aspects of their sex together and having them service her

needs before she brought them to orgasm. Thus she would introduce them to new and exhilarating sexual experiences unique to their own urges. Helen showed them that there is true fulfillment in submissiveness.

"I'd be glad to evaluate him, Darling," said Helen. "Why don't you bring him over next week, say

Thursday. Give me his measurements so we can get some introductory clothes that will fit him."

"Splendid, Darling. I'll see you Thursday. Would 4 p.m. do? And by the way, might I bring my maid, Edith? She could be useful".

"But of course, Dear. Good idea."

Vivian found Tristan in the library. He flushed as soon as she came in, suddenly embarrassed by the crossdressing novel he held. Vivian took no notice. She fully accepted such inclinations. He felt a measure of relief alongside his shame.

"My Dear," said Vivian, "I've arranged for you to spend a few weeks with my friend Helen Joyce. She is in a position to work with you to bring out your personality and develop your inner desires so that you may express them freely, without reservation or shame." He felt a tingling anticipation but didn't really know why.

Tristan was a good-looking but small young man, shy, awkward and socially unsure of himself. Even at almost 20 years of age, he was still in transition from boyhood to adulthood, emotionally speaking, and was struggling with his conflicting sexual urges. So slight of build was he that he wasn't able to compete in any form of masculine activity; he consequently felt himself cast adrift. He was happy that he was going to be taken in by Ms. Helen because he had heard so much about her from Vivian. Still, he was sorry to leave the chauffeur, Brent, behind. He hoped it wasn't a permanent separation. Brent had pro-

voked his sexuality and given him satisfaction. Even so, while his sexual appetite was well fed during his trysts with Brent, he felt there was something missing, leaving him with vague yet strong longings. He was at a loss to explain his yearnings. Perhaps Ms. Helen would give him space to find himself.

Only a few minutes late, Vivian, accompanied by Tristan and Edith, knocked on the door to Helen's house, a large but comfortable two-story abode. They were met by Helen's maid, Lilly.

"Good afternoon," said Vivian. "I'm Vivian Mellon. Is Ms. Joyce in? I believe we are expected."

"Yes of course, Madame. I certainly remember you. It's nice to see you again." Lilly gave a pretty curtsy. Indeed, Lilly remembered Vivian well from a previous visit the year before during which she had introduced Lilly to two new forms of lesbian lovemaking in a single evening.

This afternoon, Lilly was wearing a dark blue silk dress with a tight tapered skirt that fell straight down almost to her ankles. It restricted her steps and put her entire body on display as she walked. Underneath she wore a white silk bra and panties set. The bra left the nipples uncovered to allow Lilly's sensitive tits to present themselves and push out against the silk of her dress. The tight shimmering of the dress emphasized the curves of her body and kept her nipples in a state of sexual awareness, if not arousal. Her satin garter belt pulled her stockings high up and tight against her legs. She liked the swishing sound and the feel of the dress as it brushed against her body and her stockings. Vivian and Helen noticed and felt the beginnings of the glow of sexual anticipation.

Edith and Lilly exchanged knowing glances, raising the temperature of the sexual tension between them.

Tristan was confused and blushed. He was unused to so much raw female sex appeal around him.

Lilly recovered from appraising and being appraised by Edith and said, "Please come in. Madame is in the library."

"Come in, come in, my Dears!" said Helen, rising to greet them. "It's so nice to see you all! And you must be Tristan! How perfectly lovely! I do hope you will be comfortable here and enjoy your stay. Lilly, why don't you take his case up to the green room and then rejoin us?" Lilly smiled. She knew what was in store for Tristan in the green room - an introduction to all things feminine and she would be on hand to help Helen in his transformation. She was already looking forward to teaching him sex in silk. She left the room with his suitcase and returned after she had unpacked his things. But first she put his stuff, as it could only be described, in the closet on a high shelf. Then she chose a selection of items for him to wear for dinner.

Downstairs in the library, Helen took both of Tristan's hands in hers and was pleased that his palms were very soft and his delicate fingers were long and hairless. *A good start*, she thought to herself. His clothes were haphazard at best, showing no sense of quality or style. He was dressed for now in a white shirt, plain sport jacket, khakis, white socks and loafers.

Tristan was happy at the warmth of Helen's greeting and took an immediate liking to her. He felt she was going to be his friend, so whatever lay in store for him here was bound to be good. He had no idea just how good.

"Now," said Helen, "let's sit down for a chat and get to know one another better. You must all stay for dinner. I insist. Sherry, anyone?"

Edith remained standing until Helen signaled her to sit in a chair. As everyone moved about to fill a glass and find an appropriate seat, Helen let her eyes rove over Edith's body. Edith noticed and welcomed the attention. Her blood quickened at the thought of what might go down tonight. She turned about subtly to show her body in its best light. It was a good body, she knew. Edith sported solid breasts that thrust out from her torso without any droop or apology. She chose bras that would accentuate their shape and size. Her tits were prominent, pointing cheekily out at the world. She liked to wear dresses and uniforms that let them show in outline. She enjoyed the hungry stares of men and those women of such lascivious tastes.

After a period of general conversation, the talk divided between the two ladies and their maids. Tristan sat as a silent adjunct to the talk of Helen and Vivian, listening politely but unsure about how to participate. He grew self-conscious and started slowly wringing his hands, unsure of what to do with them. When he was sufficiently flustered, Helen reached out and put her hand on the inside of his thigh above the knee. She could almost feel the electricity that raced through him.

She looked right through him, almost motherly and smiled reassuringly, patting his thigh in a possessive manner. Helen turned to Lilly and said, "Lilly Dear, why don't you take Tristan up to his suite and help him get ready for dinner?"

"Certainly Madame, I'd be glad to." Lilly gestured toward the door and Tristan got up and followed her upstairs.

Tristan was impressed with his room. It was very well-lighted and decorated in pastel colors. The dominate shade was a soft pink. There was a wide bed covered by a baby blue silk quilt. Two chairs with side tables, a chaise

lounge and two chests of drawers completed the furnishings. The bathroom was equipped with a bidet, but no shower, just a bathtub. The cabinets were filled with an array of soaps, sprays of some kind and other unfamiliar cosmetics. There were also some strange looking straps with clasps and a few short, blunt tubular objects made of rubber.

### CHAPTER 3

"I'll run your bath for you, Master Tristan, so you can soak for a while in a nice hot tub. Then I'll help you with your dressing for dinner."

"Thank you very much, Lilly," said Tristan. He sat on the bed to wait for Lilly to finish and leave. He found the silk-covered quilt quite thrilling for some reason and surreptitiously rubbed his face in it. He looked around and saw the décor was very feminine. He wondered why.

"Your bath is ready, Master Tristan. I shall go in the next room and lay out your things."

Once Lilly had left, Tristan stripped and stepped into the bath. The scented soap smelled nice and there was a mildly sharp sensation all over his body. He soaked for a while, got out and toweled himself dry. His body was soft and pink. All his body hair had been stripped off in the tub. He felt more than nude. It was a new feeling, but good, he decided. In the other room, he found the items laid out for him by Lilly. He put on the silk briefs which felt arousing to his bare skin. The silk shirt sizzled as he drew it up his arms and began buttoning it. His cock took on a life of its own. He stood there with his hand on his growing extension. He couldn't help but squeeze it, sending delicious thrills all over his body.

Lilly chose to come back in at that moment. Tristan froze, aghast with shame. His proud staff betrayed an excitement he did not yet understand, making him even

more ashamed at his lack of control. Lilly took decisive charge. "Tut tut, Master Tristan. There's no need to be upset. Come and sit beside me here."

She sat on a chaise lounge and Tristan could do nothing but comply. He sat next to her. Lilly turned toward him and finished buttoning his shirt. Tristan's organ got even hotter and harder. It was aching for relief. He had never before experienced such a hunger in his loins. Lilly rose, lifted her skirt, and stripped off her silk panties. Tristan gasped at the sight. He had never witnessed such a display of pure eroticism. He gaped at Lilly in helpless heat as she reached into his briefs and freed his hot cock. Holding it lightly in one hand, she draped the panties over the head. He had been circumcised, she noted thankfully. That would make fellatio that much easier for her. The slither of the silk and the grip of her tightening hand on his rock hard cock sent Tristan into spasms of delight. He was gasping for breath. He could scarcely believe what was happening to him.

"Lie back, Master Tristan," whispered Lilly. "Relax and let go." She massaged his tool with her silk panties until he let loose a torrent of hot cream. "There now, isn't that better?"

Dumfounded and temporarily spent, Tristan could only nod and say weakly, "Yes thank you, Lilly."

Lilly wiped him clean and put her panties in the laundry hamper. "Let's get you dressed for dinner."

She made him change his shorts, which brought forth another deep blush. He felt his shirt claspings him tightly around the chest. New emotions flooded through him. The shirt had blue ruffles running the length of it on both side of the buttons. The sleeves were overly large and billowed out from under his shoulders to the wrists. He liked the feel of the silk on his skin and its hold on his nip-

ples and wrists. Lilly knelt down so he could slip his feet into the trouser legs. They were made of the softest lamb's leather and were tapered to the ankles. The smooth ride of the leather up against his legs aroused a new excitement in him. He was in heaven. His outfit was completed with the addition of a matching leather bolero, a silk cravat tied around his neck, white silk socks and leather pumps.

"I shall go next door and quickly change myself," said Lilly. "Then we'll go downstairs together."

"Yes, Lilly," said Tristan compliantly. He wandered over to the bookcase and started leafing through a couple of exotic volumes he saw. He became aware of his cock imprisoned by his silk shorts and tight pants. It was hard to think of anything else. He was surprised that Lilly had been able to bring him so easily to the peak of an ecstasy he had never before known. He wanted even more of her ministrations.

Lilly returned to the room. She had changed into a light grey satin dress with long sleeves cuffed at the wrist. It had a V-neck and swirls of drapery around her neck and down her cleavage. A pearl necklace adorned her throat. Underneath she wore a nylon half-bra that lifted her breasts and thrust her plump tits up to point forward, letting them show clearly in outline through the material. Her shiny stockings were held up by a satin garter belt. She wore no panties. She enjoyed the feel of the dress against her buttocks and her naked, shaved pussy.

"Let's go," she said.

Lilly followed Tristan downstairs. As he descended, Tristan was aroused again by the pressure of the tight pants rubbing against his penis. By the time he came back into the library, his erection was held outlined down his thigh by the leather pants. He became flustered again but Lilly brought him into the library with his hard cock

clearly showing. He stood there trying to look in control of himself. Everyone knew he was not.

## CHAPTER 4

Vivian stared, Edith licked her lips and Helen took no special notice.

"Tristan, my Dear," said Helen, "You look positively scrumptious!" Tristan smiled weakly, thinking that might not be a compliment outside this room. But here he certainly seemed welcome.

Just then, Cook came into the room to announce that dinner was ready. "The rain has started," she said, "and it's coming down pretty hard too."

"Oh dear," said Helen, not at all upset. "You can't go out in this dreadful weather. You must all spend the night."

They went in to dinner together. Lilly and Edith were no longer occupying the lesser role of servant; they were, at least for now, guests. They all enjoyed a fine meal by candlelight and lively conversation. The absence of electric lights made the room softer. The candlelight flickered uncertainly, making the shadows larger and darker. Helen sat at the head of the table, close to the left side. Vivian sat close in to her left around the corner. Their knees would touch often. Edith and Lilly sat together to Helen's right around the corner. Tristan sat opposite them to Vivian's left. In the middle of one of the courses, Helen slipped her left hand under the table and surreptitiously stroked Vivian's right thigh. She eased Vivian's dress higher up her leg, steadily moving her hand higher and higher. Vivian's breathing became more labored and she eased herself forward in her chair to allow that burning hand access to its goal. Vivian's panties were already wet when Helen's fingers reached her pussy and began a series of slow deliberate strokes through the silk.

Meanwhile, Lilly and Edith had caught on to the higher pitch of sexual awareness in the room. Edith's right hand cautiously went below the table and came to rest on Lilly's thigh. The two women had to work together to raise the hem above her knees because Lilly's dress was so long and tight. It was a labor of love. Edith slowly pulled Lilly's leg toward her as her dress was drawn ever higher. Lilly gave her a sly smile and shifted subtly in her chair to get closer. She spread her legs as wide as she could to let Edith's hot hand find its way to her naked pussy. Lilly almost shouted out loud when Edith found her mound and deftly stroked her cleft.

Tristan ate in silence to the end, unaware of the crackling atmosphere around him.

Suddenly, Helen, without ceasing her attentions to Vivian's hungry pussy, said, "Lilly my Dear, please take Tristan up to his room and get him ready for bed."

Although frustrated, Lilly replied in an even tone. "Yes Madame, of course." Actually, she was rather looking forward to this next chore. Tristan had already shown that he was willing to submit to many of Lilly's whims.

She came around the table to Tristan, who got up and said to Helen, "Thank you for the dinner, Ms. Joyce." Helen smiled and Lilly led him upstairs to his room.

"You wash up, Master Tristan, while I lay out your night clothes for you."

Tristan stripped in the bathroom and washed up. "I'm ready now, Lilly. Will you hand me my pajamas?" He stood naked behind the open door with his hand out. Instead, Lilly walked in with a flowing light yellow silk nightgown over her arm. Tristan was aghast and tried to cover his genitals with his arms and hands. "Oh Lilly," he said, "I, uh, that is, you shouldn't be... I mean, uh, I

shouldn't, that is, I can't wear something like that, surely?"

His meek uncertainty pleased Lilly and led her on to be more casually insistent. She knew she needn't force him, merely persuade him that she knew what was for the best here. "Master Tristan," she said, "here in this house of women, what do you expect? Besides, this is perfectly normal and nothing to be embarrassed about. Lots of pretty young men like you wear silky nightgowns like this all the time."

She shook out the soft folds of the nightgown for him to see. His cock started its instinctive response. Tristan thought, *a man shouldn't be caught dead in something like that*. He acknowledged his stiffening penis and was ashamed by it. He realized at the same time that he wanted to try on the shimmering, silky garment. It seemed as if his rising cock knew him better than he did. *Well*, he thought, *it's only for tonight. Besides, who will know?* He was also thinking of the wonderful things Lilly could do to him and didn't want to displease her in any way. Furthermore, he could no longer deny that he was actually aroused at the thought of sexy silk encasing his body.

His life was about to change. Lilly placed the garment over his head and smoothed the silk down his body. He couldn't believe the electric thrill provoked by the material. He ran his hands up to his breasts, caressed and gently pulled on his nipples, then grasped his hard cock through the silk and almost fainted.

"Oh dear," said Lilly. "We can't let you go to bed like that. Sit on that chair." Tristan floated over to it and sat. Lilly placed a large cushion on the floor and knelt in front of him. As she raised his nightgown up over his knees, she spread his legs. She ran her hands up his thighs to his hairless crotch. His prick was as hard as a rock and turn-

ing purple. She took hold of his tool, put the bulb in her mouth and began to lick and suck. Tristan was out of control and in no time came, shooting jets of hot cream down Lilly's throat. Lilly was pleased with herself. *It won't be long before he's fully into femininity, trained in silk and satin bras, garters and panties and maybe even given treatments by Dr. Gordon. He'll then be ready to be introduced to sissy sex; and who better to do this than Lilly?* Ms. Helen, her mistress, would no doubt want to take the lead, but Lilly felt she had earned a prominent place in the process.

Tristan, exhausted, emptied and completely satiated, staggered to the bed. He fell in and tucking the folds of the silk gown down between his legs, fell asleep. Lilly busied herself tidying up and putting away the clothes worn that day. She selected the next day's outfit which would be more effeminate than the previous day's. This would continue until Tristan developed an unbreakable attachment to his silk and satin panties, bras and dresses.

## CHAPTER 5

When Helen and her two guests, Vivian and Edith, finished their meal, Helen led them from the dining room to the 'expression' room, as she called it. Vivian smiled in anticipation while Edith was overawed at what was displayed there. All the paintings were of an erotic nature. They depicted beautiful young men and women in an array of sexual acts with one another, men on men, women on women and both men and women in different positions of heterosexual dominancy.

One painting depicted a man wearing only a black leather mask and a stiff circumcised erection. The mask had apertures for the ears, eyes, nose and mouth. It fit so closely over his head that it was obviously custom-made for him. A chain was fastened tightly around his waist with handcuffs holding his wrists prisoner. He was on his

knees before his mistress, who was herself naked but for black leather boots laced up to the middle of her thighs. She had one hand around the back of his head and the other under his chin, guiding his open mouth to her shaven pussy.

Other paintings depicted one or more voluptuous women in the act of dressing young, hairless males with evident erections in panties, bras and other feminine undergarments. There was one of a braless woman placing panties over the face of a man while she gripped his stiff, curved penis. There were sculptures of women sharing a dildo; one of a man on his knees servicing a woman with his tongue while she leaned back on a couch with her legs apart to receive his devotion; and one of two women, each with her mouth on the other's pussy.

In the corner there was a statue of a man standing on a pedestal. He presented a relaxed, upright posture with an erection thrust proudly outward. It was accurate in every detail, presenting a circumcised cock of five inches. The pedestal put that marble hard-on level with the viewer's face, so that it served as an arrogant dare or an ongoing invitation to any who approached. There was also a figure of a young man reclining in an armchair while his male lover kneeled before him with his hands holding his thighs wide apart, his open mouth about to engulf his upright member.

There were satin-covered couches placed about the room and three armchairs upholstered in velvet. The fronts of the arms were hinged so that they could be raised to support and separate the legs of the occupant whenever it became desirable to do so. The levers got a lot of use.

Helen was pleased by her guests' reaction. She led them to a couch upholstered in soft brown suede leather. Vivian sat while Helen turned her attentions to Edith.

“That’s a beautiful dress you have on, Edith,” said Helen. She put an arm around Edith’s waist, drew her close and felt the material with her other hand. She smoothed the dress over her stomach and cupped Edith’s breasts, first one, then the other, and worried her tits with her thumb and forefinger. She deftly undid the buttons up the front. “And let’s see what we have on underneath.”

Edith’s dress slipped from her shoulders, revealing a pale pink silk bra nicely filled out by her sturdy breasts. Edith’s impudent nipples stood out in strong relief as if attempting to escape from her bra. Helen excited them by rolling them about in her palms and fingers. Helen leaned forward to take one of those purple cherries into her mouth and suck on it. Edith’s dress was now on the floor and her damp panties brought Helen to her knees. The panties matched her bra and clearly outlined her vagina, showing off her cleft. Helen put her face to the panties and gave Edith’s pussy an open-mouthed sucking kiss. Edith put a hand on the back of Helen’s head and started to thrust gently back and forth in time with Helen’s tongue. Helen stripped off the panties and set them aside. Edith fell back into one of the chairs so Helen could raise the leg rests and spread them wide. Both were breathing heavily in their passion.

Vivian decided to intervene. She had shed her own clothes except for her boned satin garter belt and stockings. She had a six-inch dildo strapped snugly to her hips. Vivian stepped in between Helen and Edith and leaned down, holding her dildo. Edith gasped in anticipation. Her pussy had just been well-lubricated so the dildo slid in easily. Both Edith and Vivian pumped together for a long sweet orgasm.

Helen sat down in another armchair. Edith came over and raised the leg rests. She knelt between Helen’s legs,

stroked them and lifted first one, then the other, onto the rests. Edith's mouth watered at the sight of Helen's shaven and circumcised pussy. The sweet meat of her pudenda was rosy pink and damp with arousal. Edith licked her thighs above the stockings and worked her way up to her ultimate goal. She began a long, slow sucking action followed by her tongue exploring the hidden treasure beneath.

Helen lifted her pelvis to beg for more and she pressed Edith's head to her cunt so Edith could focus her efforts on her clit. Edith took her time bringing Helen to a delectable climax.

Lilly came in only to find everyone in her own state of sexual disarray, albeit amply satisfied. "Ah, Lilly," said Helen. "Please take Vivian and Edith to their rooms and then come to mine to help get me ready for bed."

"Certainly Madame," said Lilly. She was the only one that evening who had not yet been given the opportunity to achieve orgasm. She felt she had been left out of the evening's festivities. Helen saw the frustration on Lilly's face. She leaned in close to her and said softly, "You're neither forgotten nor neglected, my Dear. Come to me when you've seen to our guests." Lilly began looking forward to the rest of the night with high expectations.

Once Vivian and Edith were settled in their room, Lilly proceeded down the corridor to Helen's quarters. She knew the layout well enough for she had enjoyed many trysts there. The bedroom dominated the suite. The bed was a super king-size that could accommodate two or more couples. The walls were full of erotic oil paintings, the dominant theme being lesbian sex. There were a couple of comfortable wide couches and armchairs with embedded lifts for leg support. The fabrics used to cover the various pieces were taffeta, silk and satin. The color scheme was again all done in pastel shades meant to

soothe the occupants so that they could concentrate on their passions.

The adjoining room was done in much the same décor, but there was added a swing type of hammock where the occupant could lie back. There was a split in the hammock that could allow a partner to fine-tune just how widely to spread their legs. The hammock itself was made of supple mattress-like material covered in velvet. The height was also adjustable so the occupant of the swing could be serviced by a cock, a dildo, or a mouth. Padded blocks and crossbars, some with handcuffs already chained to them, were available for punishment and fun. The bathroom was very large, equipped with a shower for two, a hot tub, a bidet, the usual toilet and a long vanity with lighted mirrors. The cabinets held an extensive assortment of colognes, perfumes, powders and lotions of one kind or another. The drawers had a wide selection of condoms, dildos, vaginal stimulators and anal plugs, neatly arranged by size and use. Lilly was well-acquainted with the whole lot.

Helen waited for Lilly in the bedroom. She was wearing a green silk bra with cutouts for her tits. The bra had stays strategically placed for a firm hold on her flesh, so her breasts were thrust out and up in haughty display. She had no panties on. Her naked, shaved pussy radiated a soft pink glow. Her silk garter belt used six garters to tether her shiny green stockings tightly to her long smooth legs. She was holding a belt of rubber with sturdy spandex straps dangling down. It had a suede leather strap in the middle with a two-inch hole in the center. Her outerwear was a white satin cape thrown around her shoulders. It had a clasp just below her throat so that when closed, the cape would drape decorously over her nipples, gently agitating them.

Lilly knocked on the door and entered. When she saw Helen, she was glad she had taken the opportunity to wash up and change after her session with Tristan. In anticipation of a session of sex with Helen, she had decided to wear a see-through silk nightgown that fell to her ankles. She had no bra; she didn't need one. Her breasts were firm mounds high on her chest and were topped by her impudent tits looking straight out, as if they were blossoms ready for pollination. She had no panties on. Lilly stood in the middle of the room and waited.

Helen walked slowly around her, eyeing her up and down. "Lovely, my Dear, lovely," she said. "Come over by the light so I can see you." Helen took her hand and walked her over to the bed. "There, that's so much nicer." She put her arms about Lilly so she could fondle her ass cheeks with one hand while the other sought out her breasts and nipples. Helen's hand slid down Lilly's stomach until it reached her pussy. Helen cupped and gently gripped Lilly's cunt possessively through her gown. Lilly responded by slipping her hand past Helen's cape to bring her eager tits to full attention.

"Help me with this rig, Lilly, there's a good girl," said Helen. Lilly knelt, but before buckling the strap to Helen's waist, she put her face on Helen's pussy. She opened her mouth and sucked on the soft meat. She then secured the strap around Helen's waist to a tight cinch. She pulled the two straps, one at a time, between her legs and over her ass cheeks and buckled them to the harness. She returned to the front, adjusting the hole to align with Helen's cunt. She licked Helen through the hole and stood. They kissed softly and longingly until the rising heat of their passion made them tumble onto the bed.

"Lift that pretty gown, Dear," said Helen, "and let me in." Lilly raised her nightgown to her waist. Helen draped her cloak wide, withdrew a dildo and oil from her night

table, and slipped the dildo into her harness. She knelt upright on the bed and said, "Lilly Darling, why don't you lubricate me?"

Instead of reaching for the oil, Lilly gently pushed Helen down on her back, leaned forward and took that silicone penis in her mouth. She gave it a few warming strokes, then mounted Helen with her knees on either side of her. Slowly, she lowered herself on the waiting staff and sank down until it was completely imbedded. Both Helen and Lilly adopted a rhythm that would bring each to orgasm. Lilly pumped up and down as if she were trotting on a horse, while Helen ground her pussy sideways back and forth against the bulb on the other end of the dildo. They both took their time. The greatest pleasure came from the rising heat of their lovemaking and they wanted it to last as long as possible. Finally, each heaved a sigh of satisfaction as the waves of orgasm washed over them. They fell apart on the bed and were soon asleep.

Vivian and Edith had been assigned adjoining rooms. The closets were full of dresses and nightgowns; the chest of drawers contained a variety of silk panties, neatly folded slips, garter belts and silk stockings. Many of the items were still in their original packaging so they knew they had never been worn. The sizes were indicated on each package for their convenience. Vivian had Edith choose the appropriate vestments for the night.

Edith undressed her mistress and followed her to the bathroom. She gave Vivian a sponge bath, washing her thoroughly but with particular emphasis on her pussy. She shaved that cleft, then used her mouth and lips to make sure that she had covered every fold of flesh well. Satisfied that no bristle remained, she performed the same ritual on herself, this time feeling for the smoothness with a light coating of flavored baby oil she found in the cabi-

net. She rubbed her pussy all over to give it a shining stimulus.

Vivian returned to the bedroom to await the further services of her chambermaid. Edith chose silk panties with a wide gusset and a long white silk empire nightgown. She knelt before her mistress, holding out the panties for Vivian to step into. Edith drew them up her legs but took the opportunity to kiss Vivian's smooth pussy before adjusting the panties into place. Vivian breathed in and bent slightly at the knees to get more leverage over that tantalizing mouth. With the panties in place, Edith nuzzled Vivian's cunt through the loose silk, relishing the smooth feel across her face. She stood up to draw the silk nightgown over Vivian's head and smoothed it down her body with her warm hands feeling every curve and slope along the way. Vivian's pussy was damp with desire. She urged Edith toward the bed where they embraced and fell entwined together.

Vivian lifted the gown, lowered her panties and strapped her harness on again, saying, "Edith Darling, get my dildo and put it on me." Edith centered the dildo for Vivian then buckled the straps tightly around her ass cheeks. "I may need some moistening myself, Madame," Edith said. "I do hope you will approve of the flavor of lubrication I've chosen."

"Well, let's see, shall we?" Vivian bent to the task. She lifted Edith's legs over her shoulders and put her mouth on Edith's delicious cunt.

"Delectable, Darling," she said, and brought Edith's passion to a boil. She then mounted Edith, who guided the dildo to its destination and sighed deeply as it slid home. They embraced and kissed as they writhed together to orgasm.

## CHAPTER 6

In the morning, Tristan awoke to see Lilly busy laying an ensemble of clothes for the day.

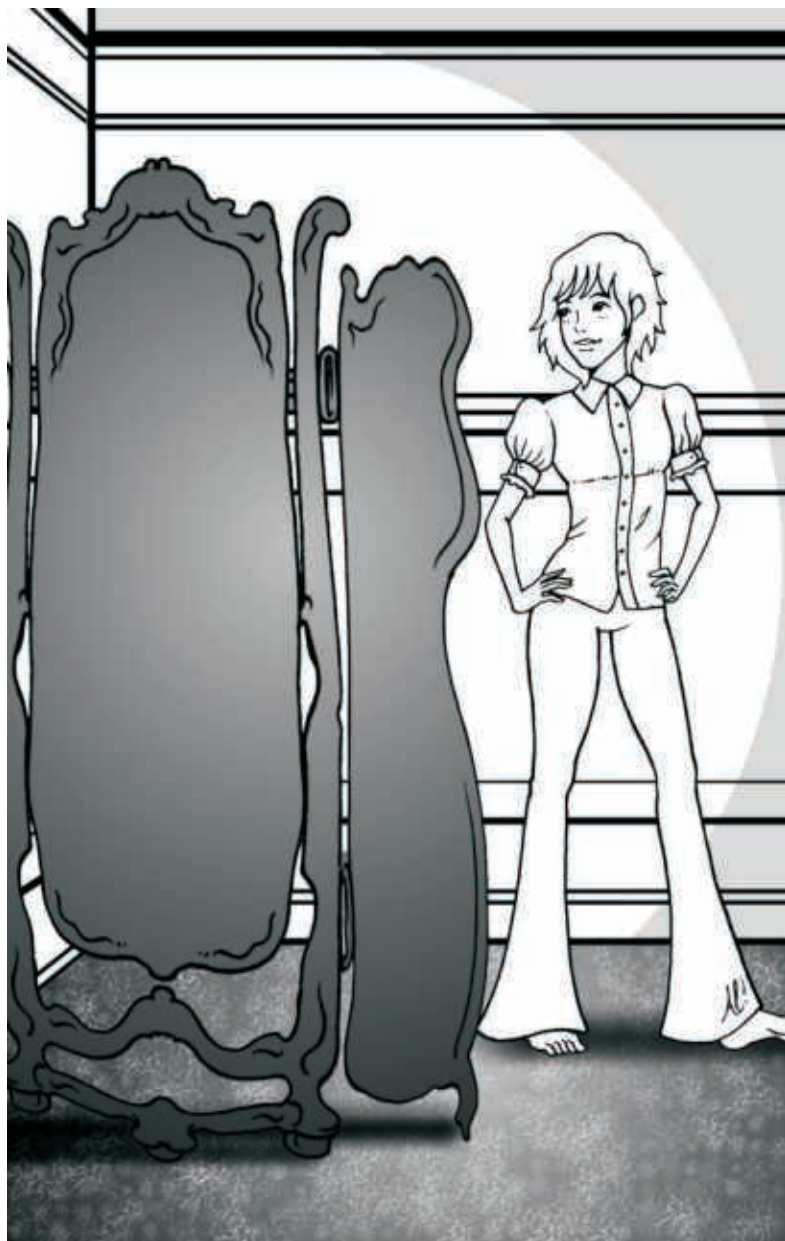
After the excitement of his outfits so far, he was eager to see what Lilly had in mind. He was not disappointed. The offering was made up of a satin shirt with puffed sleeves. It was tight across his chest and billowed out from below his breast line to cover his abdomen. It was meant to be worn outside his pants which were tapered to show off his shape. His silk briefs were made to grip his cheeks, with the seam in back insinuated between them for further definition of his ass. He would be conscious of his male pussy all the while he wore them. Lilly drew back the covers so Tristan could get up. His nightgown had risen above his knees during the night and he self-consciously tried to cover his morning hard-on, to no avail.

Lilly stripped him of the nightgown and went to draw his bath while he shaved. The usual mix of soaps and lotions were added to the water. He was told to soak for a while, then Lilly brought a towel to dry him off. He stood sheepishly while she patted him down and applied baby oil to his joints. When she got to his hips, his penis rose to attention. Lilly ignored it, except for a little dab of oil around the base. This served no purpose other than as an excuse to handle Tristan's hot meat. This became the ritual for the next several days.

Tristan hoped he had done nothing wrong because he desperately wanted Lilly's attentions to resume. And dare he hope for some sort of engagement with Aunt Helen? All he could do was dream, but as time went by, he would begin to despair.

Once downstairs for breakfast, Tristan bade farewell to Vivian and Edith. "Now my Dear," Vivian told Tristan,

“follow Helen’s instructions and everything will come out well for you. I’ll drop in from time to time to see how you’re getting on.”



"Thank you for everything you've done for me, Ms. Mellon," said Tristan.

"You must call me Aunt Vivian from now on, my Dear."

After they were gone, Tristan settled into the routine of Helen's household. He was allowed the run of the house except the 'expression' room. When he finally dared ask why he wasn't allowed in there, Helen said, "You will have to qualify for that, my Dear." She gave no further explanation.

For the next week or so, Helen and Lilly just accepted him as he was. They listened to him when he had something to say. They never contradicted him; they simply let his views be heard. This was a new experience for him. Having his views respected meant a lot. Slowly, Tristan became more confident of his ability to express himself. He felt he was graduating into the world of adults.

Still, though, the void inside him remained. He was drawn to the well-stocked library and spent many days looking through volumes on philosophy, sociology and, increasingly, to the shelves filled with erotic books on the many orders of sexual function and dysfunction. This new focus of interest did not go unnoticed by the three women of the house. Tristan's curiosity led him to books and treatises on cross dressing, although he didn't yet know what that was all about. But he developed a fascination for transvestite novels, the practices of cross dressers and the services demanded of them by both men and women. Soon he was taking a book or two surreptitiously up to his bedroom.

In no time his nightgowns and silk underwear clearly showed the stiffness of semen stains. Helen saw he was obviously enamored of his silks. She decided to develop this trait further and instructed Lilly to wear more

see-through blouses and 'bullet' bras in shiny satin colors. Her skirts were to be short, with petticoats that made them flare out. She was to give him strategic glimpses of her satin panties and tantalize him with the sight of her perfectly formed thighs and ass cheeks when she wore a thong.

Helen displayed herself to him dressed in more provocative selections from her wardrobe. When she wore silk blouses with either a short or long skirt in plain jersey, Tristan would focus on the blouse. When she chose just a cashmere sweater without a bra so that her prominent nipples were on modest yet visible display, together with a tight black satin skirt, Tristan's eyes would be riveted on the skirt. There were many dressing combinations that Helen tried and they all seemed to confirm his growing interest in women's clothing. Helen had Lilly resume her services to Tristan at a higher pitch.

## CHAPTER 7

One night at bedtime while Tristan undressed and washed to get ready for bed, Lilly laid out a soft satin nightgown and a matching bra and panty set for him. The bra was simply two triangles of silk-backed satin that fit snugly around his chest. The triangles covered his underdeveloped breasts and nipples. The straps would be tight enough over his shoulders to keep the bra in place. The panties, also silk-backed, were made with a pocket in front to hold and caress his cock and balls.

Tristan came out of the bathroom naked. His cock was already hardening at the thought of such sexy underwear and Lilly's attentions. Lilly smiled and said, "Yes, Master Tristan, come over by the light."

Tristan's breathing was getting heavy as he came next to Lilly sitting on a large foot rest. She took his cock in her hand and said, "We mustn't let this weenie soil our night-

clothes, must we? Tristan was overjoyed by what Lilly did next. She put her lips around his purple bulb and slid his hard-on down her throat. Tristan flexed his buttocks to enhance his feel of her mouth swallowing his tool. Lilly liked the look and feel of his ass. *I'll be taking that too before long*, she thought.

Tristan's cum exploded out of his balls and down Lilly's throat. After Lilly had cleaned him up, Tristan said, "Oh Lilly, you are so good to me! I think I love you!" With that, he sank to his knees before her and started kissing her dress. Still on his knees, he advanced a little between her legs. Lilly was wearing neither stockings nor panties that night, so Tristan moved her dress up and out of the way, kissing and licking his way up her bare legs to her pussy. The aroma from the sweet meat of her shaven cunt almost drove him mad. Finally, he reached his goal. He opened his mouth as wide as he could and sucked on her voraciously until she called out, "Gently, gently, Tristy. There now, that's good, that's very, very good."

When Lilly climaxed, Tristan was overcome with a feeling of deep satisfaction. *I am a male lesbian*, he thought, *and this is what I am destined to do*. Exhausted and spent, he fell on his bed. Lilly herself was spent, but there was a little more to get done.

"That was delightful, Tristy," said Lilly, "but we are not yet ready for bed."

"Oh please, Lilly, I'm so tired!" His complaint fell on deaf ears.

"Come along now," said Lilly, "sit up and put these on."

Listlessly, Tristan sat up and let Lilly pull his panties up his legs. He stood while she adjusted the panties on him. A whole new set of emotions flowed through him as

she caressed his ass and penis through the satin. "Stand up straight," she told him.

As he squared his shoulders, Lilly drew the bra up his arms and fastened it behind his back, causing new thrills to ravage his body. He brought his hands up to his bra, caressed his breasts and tweaked his nipples. His cock was a stiff pole once again. Lilly put her hands over his breasts and gently squeezed. "Soon we'll be able to develop these as well," she said as she felt his breasts and fingered his nipples. His cock stood at attention again. It had a mind of its own.

"Oh my!" Lilly said. "We can't let that be, can we"? She drew his panties down and off and said, "Lie back on the bed, Master Tristan." She folded the panties over his stiff meat and brought him quickly to his second climax. "You'll have to wash these out in the morning. Now put your pretty nightgown on and get under the covers."

In the morning, Tristan reveled in his satin bra and silk nightgown and couldn't wait to wash his panties. He wanted desperately to wear them again. He washed them out and hung them up to dry in the bathroom. For today, after his usual soak in the bathtub, he chose another bra and panty set. He had trouble fastening the bra behind his back but was determined to do it. He found and pulled on the silk panties, without a pouch and then, over them, a pair of hip-huggers. He tucked in a full white silk blouse with long sleeves and cuffs at the wrist. There was little room for his penis to lie within the pants, so he had to pull it up against his stomach where it was held in a tight cinch. He went down to breakfast wearing a raging hard-on in his pants. He hoped no one would notice, but of course everyone did.

Helen was kind about it. She simply let him be. This would be a natural state for him. "Why Tristan, what nice legs you have!" She reached over and stroked the inside

of his smooth thigh, making him totally aroused. "And how pretty your hair is! We must have it properly styled soon. Also, I think we should make an appointment to see Dr. Gordon."

When Tristan asked about the doctor, Helen said, "Dr. Janice Gordon is a renowned medical doctor and psychologist. It'll be invaluable to have her advice on your health and state of mind. She is a very understanding person and I'm sure you'll get along famously."

"Yes, all right, Aunt Helen," Tristan said. He didn't know why he needed a doctor, but it couldn't hurt. Besides it was what Aunt Helen wanted.

"Come over by me," said Helen, "and let's see about those pants. They don't really work for you, do they?" Helen felt Tristan through the short cut-offs and was turned on by his response. She held his raging hard-on while she loosened the pants. He stood there gasping, turning crimson, not knowing what to do, only aware that his beloved Aunt Helen was holding his hardness through his silk panties and drawing him toward another ecstatic experience.

"I think we can do better than this, don't you, my Dear?" Helen asked. She held him lightly while withdrawing his cock from the panties and seemed to inspect it as she ran her fingers lightly over the sensitive head. "Let me have your silk shirt, my Dear," she said.

Tristan almost tore the garment in his haste to comply. Helen took the silk and looped it over her hand holding his cock. With her other hand, she reached over to masturbate him to completion. Tristan slumped down on a chair, totally drained. "Oh Aunt Helen, how I love you!"

"There now, my Dear," said Helen. "Take these upstairs to the laundry basket and change into a new set of clothes."

Early the next morning before Tristan had roused, Helen said to Lilly, "It's time to introduce our young Tristan to a more female presentation. Today, why don't you give him a bra with inserts and put that light blue silk dress on him? I'm sure he'll take to it immediately."

"It will be a pleasure, Madame," said Lilly. Lilly was thrilled. This was going to be a big step forward for their pliable charge. After she had roused Tristan, Lilly went into the bathroom while he was still soaking. She took a sponge and began to wash him all over, from his shoulders, down his front and around his back. She had him stand up and insinuated the sponge between the cheeks of his ass. He thought she seemed to dwell there, washing him in long deliberate strokes. Of course his penis responded just as she knew it would.

She brought the sponge around to his front and washed his cock and balls. She dropped the sponge and, soaping up her hands, took hold of his erect penis in one hand, stroking it evenly while the middle finger of her other hand probed his male pussy. She massaged him, back and forth, until her finger entered his most intimate chamber. Tristan quivered at the thrills Lilly was sending through him; he had to hold onto the upright pole at the corner of the bathtub to steady himself. He suddenly stiffened and sent his load of heavy cream into the soapy water of the tub.

"Very good, Master Tristan," Lilly said. "Today we are going to introduce you to something new. Put on this pretty bra and your panties. Then I will bring out what you'll be wearing today."

Tristan did as he was told. The bra with the silicon breasts inserted into its pockets seemed to give him a sense of fulfillment, of completion. He loved the thrust of his new breasts. He felt they were proclaiming a new identity for him. He felt deeply aroused and realized this

new role was filling the emotional void that had been plaguing him. Lilly brought in the silk dress chosen by Helen for him to wear. Standing in his bra with his new breasts pointing forward, and with his panties on, Tristan flushed in sheer pleasure at the thought of the dress. But first, Lilly strapped a garter belt about his waist and had him sit down while she rolled a pair of shiny nylon stockings up his legs. She tucked the garters under his panties and fastened them to the garters. His cock jumped to attention again as Lilly's face was only inches from his imprisoned cock. The image aroused all sorts of fantasies. His stockings reminded him constantly of his womanly status.

Lilly brought the dress over to him, helped him step into it and zipped it up the back. Tristan smoothed out the folds of the dress over his new breasts and pirouetted about to see how he looked in the mirrors. He was delighted beyond measure and giggled girlishly. He couldn't believe how obviously natural all this was to him.

Just then Helen entered the room. "My Dear, you are absolutely adorable, so pretty!" Helen had him turn around so she could inspect the dress and see and feel how it fit. It gave her the chance to feel his body through the silk and run her hands over his silicon breasts. Tristan couldn't help but blush in helpless pleasure. His hard-on was trying to escape its silken prison, making a tent in his panties and dress. Helen smiled. She put her hand on his erect penis and gently squeezed. She was impressed by the heat that came through the silk. *We mustn't let Dr Gordon throw too much water on such avid sexual enthusiasm*, she thought to herself. He was progressing most satisfactorily; at this rate should be able to enjoy the many diversions of the 'expression' room. Raising his dress and lowering his panties, Helen said, "Lilly Dear, can you give us a hand here?"

Lilly was happy to oblige. She took hold of his hard cock once again and put his panties over its purple head. A few coaxing strokes captured his gushing cum in the silk. Lilly quickly wiped him off and replaced his panties with another pair.

"I think we'll be able to do something about your breasts very soon," said Helen. "Now come to the vanity so we may highlight your best features."

Tristan sat and they turned the chair to get better light from the window. Helen brushed his hair, stroking it repeatedly until the natural shine came out. "Hold still," Lilly said, "while I do your lips and nails." She applied a rich, red polish to his fingernails and told him to hold his hands away from anything until they dried. She used the waiting time to apply the same shade of red lipstick to his lips. Next she applied powder to his cheeks and a soft blue eye shadow to his upper lids. Mascara was added to bring out his eyelashes. She then added dabs of perfume behind each ear and one for luck to his throat. A necklace was locked around his neck and earrings hung from his lobes. Helen stood back and said, "You are a beautiful young woman, Tristy. All we need to finish you are these ribbons in your hair". She tied up his hair in gaily colored ribbons and turned the chair around so Tristan, now Tristy, could see how he looked.

He was utterly spellbound. A beautiful girl was looking calmly at him from the mirror. He couldn't believe that such a lovely creature was he himself. He got up and twirled around, viewing himself from every angle in the mirrors.

"Tomorrow, my Dear, we'll go into town to get your hair styled and do some shopping." Tristy was so excited he could hardly eat dinner.

## CHAPTER 8

The following day, Lilly dressed him in a pink silk bra, breast forms and pink silk panties. To complete his underwear ensemble, she strapped a matching garter belt tightly around his mid-section below his stomach. She rolled beautifully shiny nylon stockings up his legs and attached them to the three garters on either side. The tight grip of the stockings on his legs almost made him swoon. He wanted never to take them off. "This is your basic, minimum wardrobe of lingerie to wear every day if you are going to be a presentable young woman. And you certainly are a beautiful woman, Tristy. You deserve the most elegant and sensuous fabrics on your body." She slipped a satin slip over his head and arms and let it fall into place. She put a blue satin dress on him and zipped it up in back. Tristan was swooning in joy at these adornments. Lilly then knelt down and put tapered patent leather shoes on his feet.

The heels were low for now, only about two and a half inches high. Tristy sighed with joy at his appearance and twirled about before the mirrors to see and feel the effects of his glorious new slip, stockings and dress. "Come to the vanity, Tristy, so we can do your make-up and hair," Lilly said. In a trance, he sat before her and let her do his face, nails and hair.

At breakfast, Helen complimented him on how well he looked and gave him a light kiss on the cheek. She stroked his arms and let her hand wander behind to his ass, casually feeling him up. "We have a hair appointment for you, Tristy Dear, for later this morning and then we'll go shopping."

Tristan was taken aback. While he was excited at the prospect of shopping for more of his now beloved lingerie, he was frightened at the thought of being seen all

dressed up. His lower lip trembled at the thought of exposure and the danger of ridicule. Helen, ever sensitive to conflicting emotions in her pretty boys, said, "Darling, you look just perfect. You will be welcomed by the establishments we'll be going to and you will blend in without any problem."

Tristan was relieved because he trusted his new benefactor, Helen, yet still felt nervous about going out in public for the first time. But he resolved to do his best, not only for his own sake, but to validate the efforts of Helen and Lilly. Besides, he knew his Auntie Helen would be there to lean on. Before Helen took him out, Lilly came forward to give him an embrace and a reassuring squeeze of his ass and penis. "I know you'll do well, Tristy. I'm counting on you," she said.

## CHAPTER 9

Fortified by the support of the two most important women to him at this point in his life, Tristan set off confidently on Helen's arm for the hairdresser. It was called, a little pompously some thought, 'La Bouffant' and was situated in the center of town. Its popularity made it the source of much gossip and many rumors, which only added to its attraction. This was the best place for the most up-to-date gossip in town. There were a number of ladies there, waiting for their turns to be called. The murmur of conversation was low but steady. Helen was well-known there and warmly greeted. The hairdressers all knew of Helen's proclivity for pretty men in dresses and took it in stride. When they saw Tristan with her, they were impressed by Tristan's femininity and greeted him with welcoming smiles and pretty compliments. Tristan responded with girlish modesty. He was warmed by their attention.

He was attended to in a chair by a smartly dressed woman who washed, dried and styled his locks, giving them a fullness that surrounded his head in curls. Another of the parlor ladies gave him a full manicure, attaching long nails. They were polished and painted a shade that went well with his lipstick. The other ladies of the shop gathered round during his treatment to give small compliments and encouragements as the work on his hair and nails progressed. They were all very pleased at the result. Tristan's confidence was bolstered by all the supportive attention and he smiled and laughed along with them. The woman brushing out his hair, Beatrice, gave him soft caresses on his face and throat. "You are so pretty, my Dear," she said.

Beatrice then punched two holes in his earlobes. It happened so fast that Tristan hardly winced. Two gold rings were inserted and medical cream was added to dampen the pain and prevent infection. "Now you really look all woman," she said. Tristan looked himself over in the mirror and was delighted at how he looked. At the end of his session in the salon, all the ladies saw a beautiful young woman emerge from their work, ready to engage the world. They applauded their makeover success. Their enthusiasm made Tristan blush. He now saw himself as fully transformed into a woman, eager to take on that role in all aspects. He knew he wanted never to revert to male ways, especially not in dress; he was feminine forever.

Helen was deeply satisfied at yet another conversion so smoothly accomplished. She acknowledged to herself that Lilly's role had been central to it and smiled wryly at what she imagined Lilly had done to and with Tristan. She was resolved to discover for herself the degree of Tristan's expertise in performing lesbian love. He was bound to be less than practiced at this stage of his trans-

formation. There was so much yet to learn. There were two at least two more steps, if not more, still to be taken before his changeover could be considered complete. She would, she thought, re-introduce him to gay sex at the appropriate time. But first she would have to take his virginity, at least from a lesbian point of view. Although he was no stranger to homosexual sex, he had never been taken as a woman by a woman. Her blood began to rev up at the possibilities. Helen paid and left a big tip.

Their next stop was at the 'Pink Roses Shoppe,' a boutique specializing in luxurious lingerie. Helen started the enterprise when she graduated from college some years ago and still remained its sole owner. From the outset, Helen insisted on carrying only the finest garments in silk and satin. She eschewed the cheaper items of skimpy see-through nylon gowns, open-cut teddies and such. Her seamstresses were able to conjure up any combination of slips, panties, teddies and gowns to exact specifications, using only the softest and most elegant materials. They specialized, however, in brassieres. They were expert in displaying, highlighting, holding firmly and offering up both the female and male breast in the most advantageous ways possible. They were expert in incorporating silicon breast forms in their bras for a firm and realistic look.

A large part of the clientele was made up of transvestites. Many were nervous at even being there, others were looking for a special fit and some were brought there by their mistresses or masters. The seamstresses put all of them at ease and treated them with efficiency and respect. Some men came for gifts for their girlfriends that would spice up their sex life. Lesbians came to the store in pairs, seeking new ways of dressing for their couplings. Many butch customers came with their femmes in tow for fittings in the private fitting rooms. The seamstresses had solutions for every proclivity. Business was brisk.

The two top saleswomen, Ms. Torres and Ms. Cole, had been with the shop almost from inception and were well-acquainted with the broad range of their clientele's sexual orientations. Both were in their mid-thirties. Both were bisexual. Both were attractive and had good figures, were proud of them and took the time to care for them. Both preferred willingly submissive men and women as sex partners. So it was natural that they maintained an ongoing friendly competition over who could seduce how many of their lesbian and cross dressing customers each week.

Helen and Tristan entered the shop and the sexual electricity crackled. The saleswomen came over to greet Helen. "So glad you're here again, Ms. Joyce" said Ms. Torres. "Yes, indeed," added Ms. Cole.

"It's nice to be back," said Helen. "This is Tristy. Tristy, meet Ms. Cole here and Ms. Torres."

Tristan curtsied and said shyly, "Nice to meet you."

"What a delightful creature!" said Ms. Torres.

"Simply adorable!" added Ms. Cole.

"We'd like to try on a couple of bras, in silk and satin, for Tristy here. She's a size 34 A, at least for now, I believe," said Helen. "Then I'd like to see her in a long silk nightgown. And oh yes, we'll need to look at a couple of satin slips."

Ms. Cole was first off the mark. "Yes, of course, Madame. May I bring out some selections for your consideration?"

"Thank you," said Helen. She sat in one of the comfortable arm chairs and crossed her legs. Tristan remained standing, awed by the sumptuous display of so many exciting feminine garments all around him. There were corsets of all kinds, both with and without garters; body

control garments, teddies; slips in smooth, sensuous fabrics, panties of many styles and brassieres in any number of sensuous materials meant to arouse the wearer and her or his lover. He was dizzy, overwhelmed, like a kid left alone in a candy store.

Ms. Cole brought out an armful of bras, slips, and panties to choose from. Helen looked them over carefully, holding them up to Tristan to see how they might fit. Tristan blushed a bright red, embarrassed that everyone in the shop would see that these girls' items were for him. But at the same time he was very excited; after all, he was already dressed to the nines in his silken finery. Helen wanted Tristan to become familiar with this routine, for it would bring him closer to his feminine personality.

Ms. Cole was quite familiar with Helen's tastes and preferences for how her sissy boys, as she referred to them, should be dressed. Anna Cole was a sexually adventurous young woman who enjoyed the byways of kinky sex. She was, of course, bisexual and was pleased to have serviced and been serviced by Helen and her friends on any number of prior occasions. She was anticipating another such encounter now. And to add to the spice, she was not yet sure whether Tristan was a boy or girl, although judging by his reaction to his intimate proximity to feminine fineness, she could make an educated guess. *It doesn't matter, she thought, but it would be nice if Tristan had a lovely hard penis hidden in the folds of that dress.* She'd find out in due time.

"Shall we go to Fitting Room Number 3"? she suggested. Helen led the way with Tristan a step behind. "Now Tristy," said Helen, "take off your dress and let's try some of these on, shall we?"

Tristan turned to one side, suddenly a little shy to disrobe in front of a stranger. Helen relieved him of his dress, handing it over to Ms. Cole. In spite of himself,

Tristan's cock hardened noticeably, pushing tautly against the front of his panties. He was terribly ashamed but too embarrassed to try to hide it.

Ms. Cole was glad she had guessed right and thought that by the look of things, he surely had a cock that could fill her up. She stepped up to him and said, "Tristy, you are among friends here". She gave his cock a reassuring squeeze, which only made it harder. Ms. Cole was herself heating up by this time. It wouldn't matter who in the end would tend to her flames. She was in good company. "Would you care to try on one of these slips?" she asked Tristan.

"Oh, uh, Ms. Cole, I, um, don't think I'm supposed..."

Helen stepped in to say, "Of course you would, my Dear. This lingerie is so becoming to you".

Tristan smiled gratefully at Helen for her encouragement. He raised his arms to receive the slip and was sent into a dazed state of sexual excitement as the folds of the garment washed over him. A dark stain of pre-cum appeared in his panties. He thought he might faint. Ms. Cole had one hand under his ass and the other guided the slithery satin down the front of his body until she could hold his penis in a tight grip. Tristan was helpless and his cum spewed forth like a stream from a high pressure hose. He just stood there, dumfounded and mortified. Helen patted his limp penis fondly and said, "That's all right, Tristy, go into the bathroom and clean up." Ms. Cole followed him in eagerly.

## **CHAPTER 10**

"No harm done Tristy," said Ms. Cole. "Little accidents like this happen all the time here. It's no bother, believe me." She smiled reassuringly and stroked his ass gently through his cum-soaked panties. "Hold your slip

up and away from your penis, Dear," said Ms. Cole, "and I'll wash it up."

Tristan stood by the sink, holding his slinky slip while Ms. Cole stripped him of his panties and washed his cock and balls with a warm, damp washcloth. She held his cock straight out in front of him while she wiped away all traces of his cum from around his balls. She then wiped down the cock itself with a couple of swipes and a squeeze. She took plenty of time to feel it and squeeze it before reaching for a towel. After she toweled him dry, Ms. Cole said, "You can drop your slip back into place, Tristy. Now let's go back into the dressing room and get you some panties." Tristan was flooded with relief and contentment. He began to think that he was love with Ms. Cole as well as his Aunt Helen and Lilly.

Ms. Cole selected a pair of panties at random and helped Tristan step into them. Helen came forward and gave Tristan a kiss on his cheek. "You are so sweet, Tristy," she said. He blushed. "But you still have so much to learn. So, sit down here on this chair and watch closely."

It was then that Tristan and Ms. Cole saw that a pair of panties had been discarded on the chaise lounge. Tristan was blissfully unaware of what that meant, but Ms. Cole and Helen knew and exchanged a long, lascivious look. Those discarded panties could only be Helen's. Helen sat and leaned back on the chaise lounge and extended her legs out and apart. Ms. Cole took her time in wandering over to stand above her. She looked down for a long moment before lowering herself to kneel on a cushion between Helen's feet. Helen's silk dress was folded over her outstretched thighs and dipped down between her legs. Ms. Cole put her face to the skirt of the dress and, with her nose, began to rub Helen's pussy through her dress.

She backed away for a moment and lifted the dress over her head to begin kissing her way up Helen's stockings.

As she made her way to Helen's bare pussy, she could feel Helen pulling her dress farther up and out of the way. Evidently she wanted Tristan to see clearly how to perform cunnilingus. Ms. Cole was determined to put on a good show. She kissed, licked and sucked on Helen's delicious meat like it was a gourmet meal. She used her tongue to stroke Helen's slit and to massage her clit. She maintained a vigorous pace until Helen gasped out her satisfaction and relaxed.

"That's all there is to it," said Ms. Cole, "but you do have to develop your own technique and pace yourself to the needs of your mistress. That means you have to be able to read the signals that your mistress' body is sending. And that takes a bit of practice."

"I'll be happy to practice as long as necessary, Ms. Cole," said Tristan. Both Ms. Cole and Helen chuckled and Tristan blushed.

"You can begin now," said Helen.

Helen unzipped Ms. Cole's dress and let it slide to the floor. She passed her hands over Ms. Cole's breasts encased in her satin bra and felt her nipples become aroused as Helen's palms and fingers passed over them. Helen knelt down to pull Ms. Cole's panties down and off. She leaned forward, and with her hands holding Ms. Cole's ass cheeks, lifted her face to her hot pussy. Ms. Cole spread her legs wide to give Helen full access. After several moments of sucking, Helen stood and turned to Tristan.

"Now Trusty, let's see how well you can do."

"Yes, Aunt Helen, I'll do my best," said Tristan.

“First, make her comfortable on the couch, Tristy, and then you can begin.” Tristan put a pillow on the middle cushion of the couch so Ms. Cole’s pelvis would be raised. He had her lie back and knelt on a cushion before her open legs. As his face came forward to his goal, he was almost drooling. He opened his mouth as if to swallow the whole meal in front of him in a single gulp.

“Easy now, gently,” said Helen. “Take the time to enjoy giving joy to your subject. You have to pay close attention to what you’re doing”. Tristan slowed the pace of his devotion and felt his cock heating up. He sucked the juices from Ms. Cole’s pussy as if they were nectar. His tongue danced over her clit, eliciting moans of delight, driving him to greater frenzy. Ms. Cole shuddered and relaxed. After a few moments, she said, “That was a good beginning.”

## CHAPTER 11

At home the next day, Helen called Tristan to her study. “We’ll need to broaden your wardrobe, Tristy, if you’re going to get out and about. You really don’t have very much of anything that will do. Meet me in the hallway at 2 this afternoon and we’ll try ‘La Maitresse,’ the new boutique that opened last month. I hear it’s very elegant with an understated raciness. In the meantime, I’ll call Dr. Gordon to find out when she can see us.”

Tristan was thrilled at the thought of another shopping spree. He loved the idea of a new line of fine dresses, skirts and blouses from which to choose. He was vaguely curious why he had to see a doctor, but was sure that Aunt Helen knew best.

Tristan was ready and waiting in the hall at 2 p.m. Helen smiled at his promptness and scanned what he was wearing. He had on a matching bra and panty set. His breast forms were held firmly in place but did not display

any outline of the tits he had attached to the forms. His legs were imprisoned in flesh-colored stockings that were held in place by his belt that had three garters on either side. He had chosen a full nylon slip that had delicate lace down the neckline. He wore a light blue silk blouse tied at the throat in an over-sized bow. The blouse was tucked into a light yellow satin A-line skirt that swished about his legs. The eroticism was almost overwhelming. The skirt that washed against his legs focused his mind on sex and kept his cock at half-mast. He couldn't think of anything else.

Helen made him turn about. She liked what she saw. He was obviously in love with his new clothes and was addicted to the feel of feminine wear on his body. "You look very nice, my Dear," said Helen. She held him by the elbow as she turned him about and inspected him up and down. His cock was hardening by the minute. "Now let me see your panties, Dear," she said off-handedly.

Tristan blushed but pulled his skirt up. Helen felt his ass and handled his hardening penis through the satin of his panties with feigned indifference. "The fit is very good, Tristy, and you fill them out nicely." Tristan was choking with need, but Helen broke off contact. She was in no mood for a hot gush of cum at this particular time.

She let his erection subside unfulfilled and they got into the car. The chauffeur, Arlene, requested the destination and when told it was 'La Maitresse' said, "Oh yes, Madame, I've visited there a couple of times already."

"Really," said Helen. "Did you find anything interesting?"

"Yes, Madame, I found a beautiful cream-colored silk see-through blouse with full sleeves and cowling around the throat. It was rather expensive, though." Helen made a mental note of that.

At the boutique, Helen said, "Arlene, go park the car nearby and join us as soon as you can."

"Very well, Madame," said Arlene.

Helen and Tristan went in together. Tristan was feeling more confident of himself in his new clothes. The elegance of the cut and the style of his garments gave him a sense of legitimacy. He was more than a man in women's clothing. He was a real male lesbian femme, meant to service and satisfy a woman's sexual proclivities, whatever they were.

Again, Helen was made most welcome. "Hello Ms. Joyce," said Ashley Brown, the top sales lady in the store, "how nice to see you again. How may we serve you today?"

"I'm looking for some smart daytime clothing for Tristy, here," said Helen as she gestured toward Tristan. "Perhaps a silk or satin dress with a modest neckline would do as a start."

"Certainly," said Ashley, "let me get a couple of selections to choose from."

Ashley led Tristan into a changing booth and closed the door. Helen was intending to follow them in, but Arlene arrived just at that point. So she lifted a cream-colored silk see-through blouse from one of the racks and held it up to Arlene. "I guess you're about a size 10, aren't you"? Helen said.

"Why yes, Madame, I am."

"Well then," said Helen, "let's see how this fits."

Arlene knew where this was going and secretly smiled. She was a vivacious young woman, a blue-eyed brunette, with a well-proportioned body. Her face was diamond-shaped and her eyes set wide apart. They appeared guileless to the casual observer but contained a

cunning awareness in their depths. She was sexually experienced and enjoyed kinky diversions. One of her former lovers liked to wear nothing but silk-lined satin gloves while he used her bare feet to masturbate his cock.

Arlene would have to be naked as well, except for an open half-bra that held her nipples exposed and aroused. After he had spurted his cum all over her feet and ankles, he licked her clean before fastening his mouth to her pussy and sucked till she came. She rather liked him for that.

Helen gestured to one of the larger fitting rooms furnished with chairs and a long couch. She followed Arlene into the room, casting her eyes up and down her body. Arlene felt Helen's intense gaze and swayed her body more overtly as she walked to show off her curves. Helen approved.

Arlene stood still while Helen, standing behind her, started to unbutton her blouse. Slowly she worked her way down the row and fondled Arlene's breasts and nipples through her blouse and satin bra. She undid the fastening at the back of the skirt which fell in a heap at Arlene's feet. The blouse she wore slipped down her shoulders, temporarily pinning her arms. Helen held Arlene's satin-clad breast in one hand, agitating her nipple with a thumb and forefinger, while her other hand slid down to caress, hold, and feel her hot pussy. Helen then lifted her hand to put the middle finger in her mouth and suck on it until it was shiny wet.

Helen then reached down, slipped her hand inside Arlene's panties and slid her finger all the way up into her pussy. Still standing, Arlene widened her stance to accommodate Helen's finger in her cunt and her palm caressing her clit. Arlene leaned back into Helen and thus supported, pumped her pelvis to the rhythm of that finger

doing its magic. It didn't take long for her to reach a state of bliss.

Helen withdrew her finger, licked it and said, "Delicious, Darling, simply delectable." She undid the fastenings of her own dress and put it aside. She was clad only in her silk half-bra with her nipples exposed to the open air. She still had on her matching silk panties that clutched her bare pussy in a tight embrace. Every intimate detail was highlighted by the silken envelope. Helen sank back on the couch and lifted one leg up and over the back. Arlene knelt down and began to suck on her pussy through the silk. She lifted the gusset out of the way so she could taste Helen's bare meat and get access for her tongue to lick and suck on her clit. Helen moaned, pulled on her nipples and rocked back and forth to orgasm.

When they had rested a bit and regained their breath, Helen asked, "So, does it fit?"

"I guess so," said Arlene and with that, they got dressed and Helen bought the cream-colored silk blouse for Arlene.

The journey home was uneventful. Arlene drove through the streets carefully, mindful of the fact that she was responsible for the safety of two passengers along with herself. Tristan, leaning back in his seat, was pleased with himself for his performance as a lesbian.

"Thank you, Aunt Helen, for teaching me all about how to make love to a woman as a woman," he said.

"You did very well, my Dear," said Helen, "but don't be satisfied with one day's success. There is much yet to be learned and so much more to be fully explored," said Helen. "I will introduce you to new adventures in time, as you become a complete woman."

"Oh yes, Auntie, thank you so much. I can't wait!" Tristan was ecstatic and he pushed his satin skirt down

between his legs. He pressed his legs tightly together and felt the heat and pressure rise delightfully in his panties. Helen noticed the growing attention to his crotch. She reached over to caress his leg through his dress. Tristan became more and more excited. Helen sought out Tristan's cock through his dress and panties, then gently urged him to kneel on the floor of the car. There was a lot of room to allow for sexual services to be performed in the car's spacious back seat.

"There's plenty of time now for more practice, my Dear," said Helen, as she slowly raised the hem of her skirt.

"Yes Auntie," said Tristan. He moved in closer to Helen's hem as it rode up her legs. When her stocking tops were revealed, he bent forward and started kissing the stockings and then licking her thighs. Helen lifted herself off the seat so Tristan could pull off her panties. Her hot bare mound of joy presented itself to him. It was not there to be devoured, but served with true devotion. Tristan bent to the task eagerly. He drank longingly at his fountain of love, hoping Helen's orgasm would last forever. Tristan's cock was now so hard it was almost painful. He was learning a new discipline in that he was not to be given relief quite yet. He would have to wait. It was a fulfilling wait, one that was necessary if he were to qualify completely in his new duty, his *métier*, his role in life. He resolved to learn this discipline, for it was the only way for him to subsume his sexuality to his place in the world.

## CHAPTER 12

That night at supper, Tristan had to endure his stiff penis standing almost erect under his dress and panties. Although he was ashamed at his intemperate need for relief, he had to bear it. He had to walk into the house past both

Lilly and Cook, both of whom seemed to enjoy his discomfort. "Cook," said Helen, "you may serve supper as soon as you are ready."

"Certainly Madame, it won't take long," said Cook with a sympathetic nod to Tristan. Helen brought her two live-in guests to the study. Lilly had by now assumed the role of companion rather than maid, although she still dressed herself as a maid and presented herself in that role to Helen's guests.

Lilly served aperitifs to Tristan and Helen and helped herself to one. They discussed the events of the day and the new fashions on display at the boutique. Tristan all the while was struggling for some relief for the throbbing need of his hard-on. He kept passing his free hand over his crotch, surreptitiously squeezing his penis. The cum-stain in his panties was now showing through his dress, making him even more uncomfortable.

"Tristy," said Helen, "you must learn better control over yourself. Remember that your penis is not only for your self-satisfaction, but is to be used for the sexual pleasure and release of your mistress or your master as she or he wills it. Your fulfillment is to be earned by your ardent servitude to others."

Tristan was thoroughly cowed. His beloved Aunt Helen had in effect relegated him to second-class status. He realized he had to accept this if he were to continue to be dressed, pampered and treated as a woman with all the fineries to which they were entitled. He had no alternative. His need for feminine expression and drapery was paramount. He would do anything not to jeopardize his immersion in femininity.

"Yes, Aunt Helen," he said.

"Good girl," said Helen.

Cook came to announce that supper was ready and they all went in to eat. Helen sat at the head of the table and Tristan and Lilly sat next to one another around the corner on her right. They sat close together. They showed interest in the conversation but were more interested in each other. The right hand of Lilly and the left hand of Tristan sneaked below the table. Lilly's hand guided Tristan's up under her dress and on up to her naked pussy. Tristan almost spurted his cream into his panties, but, remembering his Auntie's admonition, he restrained himself even though it took a supreme effort. Lilly calmly guided his finger to her pussy and helped him insert it. Tristan was in an agony of need while Lilly calmly floated to satisfaction.

"You have made such excellent progress, Tristy, that you have now earned the right to partake of the various diversions we enjoy in the 'expression' room," said Helen. "I shall invite a few select friends over next month for a gathering. In the meantime we'll make that appointment to see Dr. Gordon. I think you'll be pleased with what she can do for you, my Dear."

In the days leading up to his appointment with Dr. Gordon, Tristan worked hard to improve his feminine comportment. He didn't really know why, but he wanted to be at his best for Dr. Gordon. He became familiar with the normal routines of dressing; it took hardly a moment to fasten his bra and roll his stockings up his legs so that they were smooth and tight, with the seams straight as arrows up the backs of his legs. Indeed, the ritual gave him a charge each time he was able to get it all right the first time.

He learned the subtleties of make-up and how to style his hair to best effect. His sense for color combinations became more refined. He studied fashion magazines with greater insight and became more adept at proper coordi-

nation of his wardrobe selections. But most of all he reveled in feminine underwear – the silks, satins, slips, bras, garter belts, corsets and all the variations of tight, confining restrictions they imposed. He was addicted to it all.

Lilly was determined to prepare Tristan properly for his first appointment with Dr. Gordon. When the day finally arrived, Tristan was nervous but at the same time looking forward to this next step in his adventure as a woman. Lilly suggested to Helen that Tristan wear a white silk and lace blouse over her black satin bra without her breast forms. Dr. Gordon would thus get a proper perspective of the needs of her next client. A short light blue silk skirt over her black panties and garter belt would complement the ensemble. The skirt, while demure, barely came to his knees. Tristan's stockings would be the color of plain flesh. Lilly chose a pair of three-inch ankle boots of light blue to match the skirt which completed her outfit except for a small purse.

"Very good," said Helen. "We don't want anything flashy or provocative, do we, Tristy Dear?"

"Uh no, Auntie," said Tristan, not really knowing the difference between plain and provocative in women's wear. It was all a turn-on for him. But he went along, for Auntie Helen and Lilly always knew what was best for him.

Arlene drove Tristan and Helen to Dr. Gordon's office. Arlene opened the door for Helen who alighted with no difficulty. As Tristan got out, Arlene leaned into him, caressed his ass and said, "You look positively yummy today, Tristy." Tristan turned a deep red and hoped that Helen wouldn't notice. But it was Helen who had put Arlene up to coming onto him. Helen was softening him up for his introduction to the 'expression' room at a later time.

Helen led Tristan to the doctor's office. "Good afternoon," she said to the receptionist and nurse. "I'm Ms. Joyce. I have a three o'clock appointment for Tristy here with Dr. Gordon."

"Yes, Ms. Joyce, the doctor is expecting you. She is just now finishing up with another patient. She will be with you shortly." Helen had been here before with some of her male girls, but this young lady was new to the office.

Helen scanned her up and down, taking note of her trim figure. "You're new here, aren't you?" she asked. "What's your name?"

"I'm Sally Grove, Ms. Joyce. I've been here for about four months." Sally had had quite an education in sexuality in those past four months. She had been introduced to lesbianism, gay culture, domination and submission, acquiring a thorough knowledge of cunnilingus, fellatio and anal sex.

"Remember, Sally," Dr. Gordon said when Sally first came to work for her, "we must never judge the patient or his or her sponsor. Whatever the patient's or the sponsor's sexual interests may be, it is not our right to pass judgment. We must remain detached and professional at all times."

Sally had heard of such practices as bondage, discipline and sadomasochistic ecstasies, but she was unschooled and uncertain of them. Her previous experiences on the wild side had been limited to sessions with vibrators in the privacy of her own bedroom. She was quick to emerge from the cocoon of her strict upbringing and became quite taken with it all. Now Sally was eager to explore new pleasures. It was Dr. Gordon who had begun her introduction and told her on more than one occasion, "The more you perform, my Dear, the more you will become highly adept in sucking pussy, and cock, for that

matter." Dr. Gordon had indeed been pleased with her new receptionist as she held Sally's head closely between her thighs, pumping her hips and thrusting her pussy into Sally's face.

Sally was aware of Helen's appraisal and enjoyed the attention. Helen and Tristan sat down in the waiting room. Tristan leafed through a copy of 'Cosmopolitan' while Helen continued her appraisal of Sally. She was impressed that her suggestive looks didn't faze Sally, and she began to wonder how good her pussy might taste. Sally reciprocated Helen's curiosity with her own. But it was to remain mere speculation, at least for now.

The door to Dr. Gordon's office opened and she ushered her latest patron and patient out to the waiting room. The patron was Debra Hall, an old friend of Helen. Her ward was Bobbie Heath. He was a confirmed transvestite submissive who doted on Debra and dedicated himself to her pleasure. Helen and Debra exchanged effusive hugs and pecks on the cheek while Debra checked out Tristan and Helen looked Bobbie up and down. Both boy-women flushed, blushed and giggled.

Finally, Helen said, "Debra Darling, I'm so glad to see you again! And who is this charming subject of yours?"

"This is Bobbie Heath. She has been making such good progress under Dr. Gordon, haven't you, Dear? Say hello to my old friend, Helen Joyce." Bobbie came out from behind Debra and curtsied prettily.

"How do you do, Ms. Joyce?" she said.

"What a delightful creature," said Helen. "How long have you been in training, my Dear?" she asked.

Before Bobbie could answer, Debra said, "It's been about two months, so far. Our little Bobbie has done so well. Is that not so, Dr. Gordon?"



Dr. Janice Gordon stepped forward. She was a tall woman, just shy of 6 feet. Her figure was kept trim and physically fit. She was slim in breasts and hips. Her face was severe but not unkind, with little makeup and she kept her hair up in a tight bun, with every hair in place. Dr Gordon was a no-nonsense person, impatient with those who flouted her rules, and made sure that the transgressor mended his or her ways. She had very strong

hands and used them to subdue and restrain recalcitrant subjects.

Dr. Gordon's training and experience were grounded in behavioral psychology. She specialized in taming rowdy young boys and girls and, of course, her practice included transvestite and transgendered young men and women. She introduced her male subjects to femininity and to the silks and satins and restraining underwear that so thrilled the submissive personality. Dr. Gordon had also guided the transformation of a number of young women into males, administering testosterone and other pharmaceutical agents that prepared them for their final genital surgery. When absolutely necessary to get her way with her more resistant subjects, selective drugs were added to the regimen. That always worked to the satisfaction of everyone.

Her patrons were invariably satisfied and were more than willing to pay handsomely for her services. They took back in exchange for their disobedient charges, submissive and compliant sex servants. An added bonus was an appropriate wardrobe for the patient of foundation garments, fashionable day and evening wear and racy but elegant lingerie for nightwear and lust. The wardrobe selections were assembled by fashion experts and were based on the physical characteristics of each individual patient. The course of treatment was designed to keep the subject constantly aware of his or her submissive role in a new life of sexual service. The silk and satin dresses and blouses, as well as the tight fitting undergarments, were powerful incentives to submit and obey.

"It has been nothing but a pleasure to work with Bobbie, Ms. Hall. He has learned much and is ready to perform whatever is asked of him with feminine grace. You can go home now, Bobbie, my Dear."

Bobbie peeked out from under his long eyelashes, curtsied and said, "Thank you for everything, Dr. Gordon." He paused and then said, "I hope I can come and see you again soon."

"Of course, my Dear, anytime," said Dr. Gordon casually. Bobbie was sincere in his desire to see her again because Dr. Gordon had brought him to climax after climax in her deft practices of anal sex.

She had also paid a lot of time and attention on his intense training in the best techniques of cunt worship and cock sucking. Her expertise in these latter sex exercises were kept private and strictly personal. They were taught only at the express request of a patient's mistress or master. She herself was a mistress of the dildo. Her collection of devices was phenomenal, enabling her to bring all her many subjects to a shuddering orgasm with efficiency and dispatch, merely by adapting the shape, texture and length of the dildo to the sexual experience desired. But her technique in applying the dildo to her students was the key. This was important to her reputation for success in the treatment of what she saw as sexual disorders. Her subjects never failed to achieve sexual relief as a result of her ministrations.

Dr. Gordon derived intense satisfaction and pleasure, almost an orgasm, each time she brought one of her subjects to completion. She firmly believed that behavioral problems in young people, of whatever kind, stem from deep-seated unresolved sexual issues. Her medical practice had earned a reputation for innovation, of which she was justly proud. Her success rate in turning the recalcitrant, rebellious young into willing submissive sex partners was enviable.

Helen was impressed with Bobbie. He had a pronounced feminine shape. Although a bit broad in the shoulders, his breasts appeared to be well-developed,

standing proudly out-thrust from his chest. His waist was narrow and supple, arguing against a tightly laced corset. He was wide in the hips and showed a small but shapely ass. Helen could hardly wait to feel him up. She wondered how thick and stiff his cock could get. But all this would have to wait for the right opportunity. And Helen was already planning for that opportunity.

“Debra Darling, why don’t you and your lovely Bobbie join us for a soiree at my place next month, say, the 28<sup>th</sup>, at 8 p.m.?” Debra nodded enthusiastically and said, “Love to, Sweetie. We’ll see you then. But for now, we simply must run. We have another appointment.” They left and suddenly Tristan felt nervous.

## CHAPTER 13

“Dr. Gordon, this is Tristy. Tristy, here is our excellent Dr. Gordon. We’ve come to begin your regimen of treatment to promote and enhance your femininity. You’d like that, wouldn’t you, Dear?” Helen asked of Tristan.

Tristan tried to copy Bobbie’s feminine greeting. He gave a little curtsy, blushed and smiled delicately. “Yes Auntie, I’d like that very much,” he said.

“A charming young lady, indeed,” said Dr. Gordon. “Shall we go into my office?” The office featured dark wood paneling, rich carpeting with leather chairs and soft comfortable sofas. It was not dark for the large windows let in plenty of light. One wall was devoted to large oak shelving that was filled with volumes of medical books. The usual medical fixtures like scales, blood pressure gauges and such were against the opposite wall. There was also a comfortable examining table with stirrups off to the side. It was not an altogether unfamiliar setting to Tristan and that seemed to calm his nerves a little.

As they entered, Nurse Hillary Wendell rose from a straight-backed chair to greet them. She was a large black

woman in her thirties. Standing just a couple of inches shy of six feet, she had good posture which complemented her well proportioned body. Her skin was a rich smooth milk chocolate brown. Her hair was cut short, almost mannish. Her large, soft brown eyes were set wide apart and they gave her an overall sympathetic appearance. She had a wide bright smile that showed perfect teeth. She was dressed in a white, soft nylon dress that fell just below her knees. The dress had buttons running down the center and a wide belt cinched in that gave definition to her waist line.

Her ample breasts were contained in a dark blue nylon bra that could be discerned through the dress. The overall effect was decorous, yet arousing. Both Helen and Tristan took note. Like Sally, Hillary had enjoyed her initiation to the world of kinky sex and had followed Dr. Gordon's every lead into new adventures. As a result she was perfectly familiar and at ease in dealing with pretty crossdressers. In fact she rather preferred them to the rebellious boys and girls that were sent to be tamed. They were so rough. The young transvestites delivered into her hands were more easily won over simply by showering them with silken finery. Wrapping a penis in silk is such a delightful corruption and a bribe all its own.

Dr. Gordon said to Helen and Tristan, "This is Nurse Hillary. She is of inestimable value in our transformations. Tristy will be in good hands. Nurse Hillary, may I introduce you to Ms. Mellon and Tristy here." After the pleasantries had been completed, Dr. Gordon went on to say, "Tristy, it's a pleasure to have you here with us. We shall do everything we can to make your stay enjoyable and instructive. If you need anything, just let us know. And of course you will be able to visit with Ms. Mellon according to our usual schedule. It provides for weekend

sojourns at least and sometimes even longer, depending on your progress.

“You will have a new wardrobe at your exclusive disposal. I’m confident you will find it exciting. We will have daily sessions together to explore the recesses of your feelings. Remember there are no ‘right’ answers, only genuine ones as to what your emotions are at the moment and what they mean to you. We’ll get it all sorted out. Now, Nurse Hillary, please be so kind as to escort Tristy into the introductory examining room while Ms. Mellon and I finish up the usual paper work.” Nurse Hillary smiled pleasantly. This was going to be fun.

Tristan was anxious. He didn’t want to leave the safety of his Auntie Helen and he didn’t want to be separated from the hands and mouth of Lilly, who had given him immeasurable joy. Helen read his mood change right away and said, “Darling Tristy, it’s only for a little while and you will feel so much the better for it at the end. I promise.” She gave him a soft kiss on his mouth and a long loving squeeze of his prick through his dress. “Dr. Gordon and I promise this lovely little thing won’t be any the worse for the wear”. And she gave his cock another tug. Tristan’s erection was now trying to burst through his panties and dress.

“This way if you please, Tristy,” said Hillary, as she ushered him into the examining room. She closed the door, and giving Tristan a dazzling smile, said, “Now let’s put your things on these hangers.” Hillary allowed Tristan enough space to begin disrobing by himself and only stepped in to take his dress and hang it up. His confused cock began to wilt. “What pretty panties you have on, Tristy. And your bra is very nice as well.”

Tristan, still a little nervous, said, “Thank you, Nurse Hillary.”

“Step on these scales, Tristy, then we’ll take your blood pressure.” Hillary put her hand behind his back to guide him onto the scales. Tristan liked the warmth of her hand on him. There was no pressure on him to respond; he merely acquiesced to her directions. After Hillary had taken his blood pressure she had him stand in the middle of the lab. “You have good posture, Tristy,” she said and ran her hands over the exposed areas of his body. “And your muscle tone is excellent, too. Now let me see your breasts.”

Hillary unhooked his bra, hung it up with his dress, and began passing her hands over his breasts. She paid special attention to his nipples as they responded to her touch.

“Lovely, simply lovely. Do you like what I’m doing, Tristy?” she asked. Of course she knew he did. She could see his tool stiffening in his panties. Flustered and semi-aroused, Tristan nodded shyly.

“It’s all right, Tristy, you can tell me.”

Holding his hands in front of his growing erection, Tristy said, “Yes, it feels good.”

“That’s fine, Tristy. You will find that your nipples will be a source of sexual arousal, especially when we start to treat them with hormones to make them grow. You will become proud of your breasts as they increasingly attract speculative attention from both men and women. We need to take your measurements now. They will be needed for additions we may make to your wardrobe, which will be a delightful part of your stay here with us. So, let’s get those pretty panties off, shall we?”

Tristan, again embarrassed, although he was not sure why, lowered his panties and stepped out of them. Hillary applied the tape measure to all parts of his body, writing down his waist size, the spread of his shoulders,

the circumference of his thighs and biceps and the length of his arms and legs. She drew up a stool and sat facing him. She brought the tape around his cock and balls, writing down the measurements. She held his tool in her warm hand, which now felt like fire to Tristan, and made note of its length and width.

"We'll need to know the extreme length and width of your penis when it's fully aroused," she said calmly, holding his balls and stroking the length of his engorged tool. "You must tell me when you're about to ejaculate, all right, Tristy?" But it was too late. Tristan was in the throes of hot lust and could barely remain standing as Hillary's hand was doing its wondrous magic on his cock. With a choking sigh, his purple cockhead spurting his juice all over her hand and wrist.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Nurse Hillary," said Tristan, totally embarrassed.

"That's quite all right, don't mention it," she said. Licking her fingers, she asked, "Have you ever tasted cum, Tristy?"

"Um, no," he said.

"Here," she said. "Try it." She stood and offered up her hand to Tristan. He opened his mouth and received two fingers covered with his own sperm. Curiously, he was not offended by the taste and could easily swallow the remains.

"So, do you like it?" asked Hillary.

"It's not too bad, I guess," said Tristan.

"There's one more measurement that we need, Tristy," said Hillary. "Come, put this pillow on the stool and bend over on it." Sated but dazed, Tristan complied without thinking.

Hillary unbuttoned the bottom four buttons of her soft nylon uniform and parted the sides. She tucked the loose flap of one side under her belt in the back, revealing a smooth, stiff hard-on of five inches. She was wearing neither stockings nor panties. Her milk chocolate cock stood at attention as she stroked it with the fold of the other side of her nylon dress. Meticulously, she rolled a condom over its head and along the shaft. She then applied baby oil in a careful massage that increased the throbbing need of her organ.

"I'm taking the last measurement now, Tristy," she said. "We'll see what length and width of dildo or stiff cock you can take at this stage of your development." She eased her hips forward and her cock slipped in to fill Tristan's male cunt. He gasped as her hard cock entered him, but instinctively relaxed to allow the penetration. He began to like being taken and he enjoyed the submissive role he had to play with the one dominating him. It felt so natural to him.

Tristan adjusted to Hillary's rhythm, loosening his sphincter as Hillary entered him and flexing it as she withdrew, in effect milking her cock with his ass. Hillary was starting to breathe hard and moaned as she exploded her cum into Tristan. "Oh God, that's good," she cried. "It's clear you have a natural talent for sex, Tristy, and that you will quickly be able to accommodate the largest of cocks up your ass. Now let's get you washed up and cleaned out so you change for your first interview with Dr. Gordon."

"Yes, Nurse Hillary, and thank you very much," said Tristan. Hillary smiled, squeezed his cock and kissed him on the mouth.

Tristan was overjoyed. He had found that his proper place was one of servitude to women, and realized that at their direction, he could also submit to men. A new fu-

ture awaited him. Nurse Hillary, Sally, perhaps even Dr. Gordon herself, certainly Helen, especially the lovely Lilly and also Vivian had all set him on his road to this particular identity and this sexual fulfillment by means of submitting to women's wills. They had shown him his servitude would be meaningful and richly rewarding. He had much to speculate about. He was eager for his further indoctrination to continue.

## CHAPTER 14

Hillary led Tristan into the bathroom and washed him down with a warm damp cloth. She filled the balloon of an enema with warm water and scented soap and said, "Bend over, Tristy, so we can pump this in and clean you out. It won't hurt you, just leave you cleaned out and smelling pretty. Hang on to the edge of the sink if you must." For the second time that day, his rectum was filled with an alien substance. It was turning out to be a pleasant experience, especially as it was administered by Nurse Hillary, whose touch was light, swift and very professional. He was led over to the bidet to relieve himself of the scented fluid. Hillary wiped him down thoroughly with a large towel and led him by the hand into the next room.

This was actually a bedroom. It was dominated by a large bed covered with a silk quilt over satin sheets and matching pillow cases. There were two armchairs, a large couch with throw pillows and a vanity table with a straight-backed chair. The carpeting was done in soft mo-hair. The closets and dressers were filled with the most tasteful yet sexy lingerie and dresses he had ever seen. "Many of the items in this wardrobe were ordered by Ms. Helen just for you," said Hillary, "so we must be sure to wear them to best effect". She laid out an appropriate garment selection with care, showing Tristan how to coordi-

nate his choices and how to arrange the clothing in an orderly manner for dressing.

First she put him in a black garter belt with six straps. "Most garter belts come with only four straps," she said, "but for a proper fit of the hosiery to one's legs, six is really the minimum acceptable." Hillary rolled a pair of light beige nylon stockings up his legs. "Silk would obviously be a better choice," she told him, "but silk is much more expensive and more susceptible to runs, which can be ruinous to one's presentation."

Tristan barely heard her. He was consumed by the feel of the tight stockings up his legs. Hillary straightened up and drew a white silk brassiere up his arms and clasped it in back. It fit very well. Hillary smoothed it over his breasts and nipples, pausing a moment to feel him up some more, and make small meaningless adjustments to the fit. The white panties were made of stretch silk. They had two small pockets or pouches in front that would accommodate his cock and balls. As Hillary drew the panties up around his ass and up to his waist, Tristan couldn't help but become semi-aroused again. Hillary paid no attention, but made sure that his cock and balls were held securely in their respective pockets.

"There now," she said, "how does that feel?" It was a rhetorical question because his feelings were becoming fully obvious.

Tristan was embarrassed again, but said softly, "Fine, thank you." There was no point in covering his crotch from Hillary's view. It dawned on Tristan that he was dressed in the minimum of silky, sexy underwear necessary for his femininity to express itself. Everything else would simply enhance it.

He sat at the vanity table and brushed out his long auburn hair and parted it in the middle. It fell to his shoul-

ders. He applied mascara and a light blue highlight to his eyelids. He chose a soft red lipstick for his mouth. Hillary then gave him a print silk dress to wear and a pair of low heels. He stroked the dress as it fell around his body, loving the feel and drapery of the soft silk. They went back to Dr Gordon's office together.

## CHAPTER 15

Dr. Gordon rose from her desk to greet them. She wore a grey satin pant suit with a white silk blouse and high-heeled black patent leather shoes. The blouse was secured by an over-sized bow.

"You look very nice indeed, Tristy," she said. "This will be your basic wear while you are with us for the next few days. Your mentor Helen has gone on home. We shall go into dinner shortly and tomorrow we'll have our first session together."

"Thank you, Dr, Gordon," replied Tristan. "I shall do my best."

"Of course I know you will." She held him by the waist and ran her hand down to caress his ass.

In the morning, Tristan was allowed to take breakfast in the dining room wearing his pale pink silk nightgown and peignoir. The flow of the silk against his body was delicious. He couldn't help but press the folds of the material against his body, with special attention to his nipples and penis. He surmised that his slippers must have been specially ordered, for they were in the same pale pink color. Sally appeared and was similarly clothed, although her night wear was in yellow. Tristan greeted her a little shyly, for he could not engage her conversationally without staring at her milk white breasts that could be seen clearly through the bodice of her gown and peignoir. Sally noted his consternation with secret pleasure. She gave him a bright smile and a warm greeting. Just then

Dr. Gordon came in wearing green satin pajamas and matching slippers.

“Good morning, everyone,” she said cheerily. “I hope you all slept well. I know you did, my Dear,” she said to Sally. She approached alongside Sally and kissing her under the ear, slid her hand inside Sally’s peignoir to knead her breast and tweak its nipple. Sally half turned so they could kiss open-mouthed without dislodging the hand fondling her tit. Sally reached up to support the doctor’s hand in place. Tristan blushed furiously at such overt eroticism. He felt his cock heat up and push out against his pretty nightgown.

“As soon as you have finished your breakfast, Tristy, wash up and dress for our first session together,” said Dr. Gordon. She then left to prepare herself for the first interview.

Tristan did as he was told and spent time and careful attention to his preparations for his appointment with Dr. Gordon. He shaved as closely as he could, applied plenty of depilatory cream to his body and after he had showered and dried, applied his makeup very carefully. He then put on a demure bra in white satin and chose matching panties and flesh-colored nylon stockings which he clipped to a satin garter belt. He donned a white silk blouse and a patterned polyester charmeuse skirt.

When he was sure he was ready, he presented himself to Sally, the gate keeper in Dr. Gordon’s outer office. “Aren’t you pretty today, Tristy!” exclaimed Sally. “Wait right here and I’ll see if Dr. Gordon is ready for you.” She ducked into the office and in a moment came out and told Tristan to go in.

Tristan entered and saw that Dr. Gordon had dressed in a Chinese blouse with full sleeves that buttoned up the front and closed around her throat. It was made of a fluid

red satin and decorated in a dragon motif. She wore a white leather jacket and black satin trousers that tapered to her ankles. Dr. Gordon stood beside her desk, appraising Tristan's appearance and bearing. He almost wilted under her calm gaze.



“Turn around, Dear, and let me see the real you.” Tristan spun slowly, aware that his dress flared out as he did so. He blushed. Dr. Gordon put a reassuring hand on his waist and said, “You needn’t ever again be embarrassed by how you look as a woman, my Dear, for you are quite beautiful. You are well-formed and have good posture. And you have obviously dressed yourself with proper care.” Dr Gordon put her other hand on Tristan’s shoulder and slowly turned him around again, feeling his ass, cock and tits again. “Now show me your panties.”

Tristan faced her and started raising his dress. The higher it went, the less he could look directly at Dr. Gordon. When his dress was up around his waist, Dr Gordon felt him through his panties. Her hand on his cock was pure heavenly fire and made it grow quickly in its pouch. “Stretch out on the recliner here and relax, Tristy.” she said. He did the best he could. She put on thin latex gloves and lifted one leg up and apart from the other. She applied a cool salve to his leg, rubbing it in between his panty line and the top of his stocking. “I think that will do for today, my Dear.”

That became the routine for the next fortnight or so. Near the end Tristan noticed that his erections were a little slower to react to stimuli, but his breasts were getting much more prominent and sensitive. His nipples fairly blossomed into plump rosebuds and were becoming a source of his erotic musings. He didn’t understand what was happening to him, but he liked it.

Dr. Gordon saw what was happening and after a few more days, changed her regimen of treatment. Instead of applying the hormone ointment to his leg, she had him lie on the couch. She slowly unbuttoned his blouse, lifted his bra, massaged his breasts and teased his nipples gently, all the while working the solution into the pores of his skin. At the end of the fourth week of this treatment, Dr.

Gordon decided to suspend further treatment. At the next session, she stripped him down to his panties and stockings. She felt his tits, hefted his young breasts and slid her hands down his body and over his panties. She lightly grasped his cock and gently squeezed. Tristan gasped and groaned as the blood rushed to his organ and made it hot and hard. "Excellent!" she said. She went to the intercom and called for Sally to come in.

"Perhaps you could give us a hand here, Sally, so to speak."

"Yes of course, Doctor," said Sally. She entered and sat in a chair arranged next to Tristan and leaned over his supine body. She lowered his panties and took hold of his stiff cock and balls, then bent forward to engulf his hard-on in her mouth down to its hairless root. Tristan groaned and writhed in uncontrollable ecstasy. It was only moments before his cum spurted deep in Sally's throat.

"Thank you, Sally, and well done, Tristy. I think that's all for today."

A couple of days later, Tristan went to Dr. Gordon's office at the usual time. Both were dressed in the usual choices. She wore her usual fluid blue satin suit. The jacket of her outfit fell down below her hip line. He wore a white silk blouse which allowed his well-filled bra to show through. Below that, he had on a floral patterned skirt in silky polyester. It made him want to caress himself while he was wearing it. Settling him into a comfortable position on the couch, Dr. Gordon rolled her desk chair out from behind her desk.

"You have made very good progress in your time here, Tristy. Your breasts and nipples have responded satisfactorily to our treatments and have grown to a size 'B' cup. Your skin has softened and your body has taken on a

decidedly more feminine and graceful shape. I think this level of hormone administration is quite well balanced given your overall musculature and weight. How do you feel about your new body?"

"Very well, thank you, Dr. Gordon," said Tristan shyly. "I love my new breasts and nipples especially."

"Let's have another look," said Dr. Gordon. She leaned over him and began unbuttoning his blouse. Tristan sat up to assist her. She slid the blouse off his shoulders and down around his arms. She unclasped his bra. Her warm hands felt his breasts and passed possessively over his tits, rolling them about in her fingers, making his cock poke up in his panties and show through his skirt. Still caressing his breasts and tits, Dr. Gordon asked, "What are you thinking right now, Tristy?"

His arms were pinned by his blouse and he felt helpless. Blushing again, he said, "Uh, I don't know, that is I'm, uh, I can't move my arms."

"And that's not all bad, is it, Tristy?" asked Dr Gordon. How did she know? he wondered. "What else are you thinking about?"

Still blushing furiously, Tristan sputtered, "I was, uh, thinking about you, Dr. Gordon." Actually, he had been obsessing about her, wanting desperately to kneel before her with his face in her crotch. It wouldn't matter if she were wearing panties or not. He had fantasized about sucking Dr. Gordon's pussy in many ways: while she was wearing panties and what that would taste like, or shaving her mound, then washing and rinsing it before inserting his tongue. There were endless variations that he thought about and which all aroused him. This feeling had been creeping up on him in the last week or so until it had become a consuming ambition.

“Tell me what you want to do,” said Dr Gordon. “It’s best for you to confront your desires and express them openly. That way you’ll be free of your inhibitions and will be able to act on your needs.”

“Yes, Dr Gordon,” said Tristan, still more than a little hesitant. But he wanted to please Dr Gordon and mustered up the courage to blurt out, “I really want to lick and suck on your pussy.” He kept his eyes averted, expecting blows of outrage to land on his head.

Instead, Dr Gordon said, “Put a pillow on the floor here and kneel.”

Tristan scrambled to do as she bid, still not daring to look directly at her. Dr. Gordon unbuttoned and held open her jacket. Her satin trousers were cut more like chaps, revealing in full splendor her closely tended black bush. She held his face in her two hands and pulled him slowly to her Garden of Eden. She spread her long legs wide apart. Tristan opened his mouth and fed hungrily on her sex. His cock was rock hard in his panties, but he hardly noticed for he was concentrating on servicing Dr. Gordon’s delicious pussy. Dr. Gordon rocked on her chair and moaned breathlessly. This was almost as good as Sally’s attentions, she thought. Dr. Gordon heaved a long breath of satisfaction, but held Tristan’s head in place. He never wanted to leave; he would be happy to stay there forever. She reached over to the intercom and said, “Can you come in for a minute, Sally?”

“Yes, of course, Doctor.” Sally appeared and knew from past experience what she would next be instructed to do. Without waiting for directions, she led Tristan to the couch where she stripped him of his blouse and unfastened his skirt, letting it fall to the floor. She had Tristan recline on the couch and reached for his cock with one hand while she stroked his breasts through his bra with the other. She barely had to touch his hard-on before he

began shooting his sperm into the silk panties. It was a long drawn-out climax for him. He lay there exhausted.

"That was very well done, Sally, my Dear," said Dr. Gordon. "Now perhaps you would come and sit with me here." Dr Gordon dropped her trousers, strapped her favorite dildo around her hips and re-buttoned her trousers around her waist. She sat in her chair waiting expectantly.

Sally lifted her dress, pulled off her panties and stood over her lover and employer. She leaned down and, supporting herself with one hand on Dr. Gordon's shoulder, gave her an open-mouthed kiss. Facing her, she sat astride her legs. Dr. Gordon's dildo was pointing straight up as Sally lowered herself onto the rubber cock. Still kissing, they rocked together to orgasm.

In short order they disengaged and Dr. Gordon said to Sally, "You are as delectable as ever, Sally. You have been a great help with Tristan here. Tristan, you have progressed in your treatments way beyond all our expectations. I shall call Ms. Joyce in the morning to come and fetch you."

Tristan was thrilled. He would see his Auntie Helen and his beloved Lilly again. "Thank you so much, Dr. Gordon. It has been such a privilege and a pleasure to have stayed with you. I have learned so much. I shall always be grateful."

"You are most welcome, Tristy. And I hope you'll feel free to come back for one of our post-treatment reviews."

In the morning, Arlene drove to Dr. Gordon's office to collect Tristan and his things.

## **CHAPTER 16**

Tristan came down the stairs dressed in a blue paisley silk outfit. It made a show of his firm breasts held high in a white satin bra. The dress gripped his waist and lower

abdomen and then fell in swirls to just below the knee. His shimmering stockings were held tight by his matching six-strap white satin garter belt. He felt scandalous in the shocking pink satin panties that held his cock and balls prisoner. He loved the feel of the fabric on his ass and genitals. He wore five-inch heels and black leather pumps for his journey home. His hands were encased in spotlessly clean white kid leather gloves. He had a purse with a slim strap slung over his left shoulder. Everyone in Dr. Gordon's office was assembled to see him off. They all crowded round to give him warm smiles and chaste kisses on his cheeks. Tristan was sad to leave Dr. Gordon's, but at the same time he was anxious to go home to Aunt Helen and Lilly. He smiled, kissed his handlers and turned toward Arlene.

"My God," she exclaimed. "You're a beautiful woman now, Tristy." Tristan, thoroughly pleased with his new self, smiled radiantly and got in the car.

On the drive back to Helen's house, Arlene said, "I believe Ms. Joyce is planning some sort of homecoming affair for you. I understand she's invited a number of her intimate friends to come over one evening next week, perhaps."

"Thank you, Arlene. How nice of Aunt Helen to do that," said Tristan. He began daydreaming about how Lilly might greet him and what she would do to him that night. He got hard just thinking about it. While on the one hand, he was alarmed that he might lose control and stain his pretty panties and dress, on the other hand, he was glad that the hormone treatments had left him with the ability to achieve a solid erection on short notice.

As they pulled into the driveway, the front door opened and Lilly came forth to greet them.

“Welcome home, Tristy!” she exclaimed. “We’re all so pleased to have you back.”

“Thank you, Lilly,” said Tristan. “I’m so glad to be home.”

“Ms. Helen is in the study and will want to see you straight away.” Arlene unpacked Tristan’s bags and Lilly led him into the study and stood by.

“Darling!” said Helen. “You are absolutely lovely! Turn around so I can look at you.” She noted his developed breasts with interest and reached out to caress them through the silk of his dress. She rubbed his tits to try to estimate their state of development. She guessed they would enflame anyone who got inside his bra. Tristan almost hugged himself with pleasure and he spun about, letting the swirls of his dress fan out high and wide, allowing just a flashing glimpse of his white silk panties.

“You have done so well at Dr. Gordon’s. I’m sure you learned some valuable lessons for living.”

“Oh yes, Aunt Helen, I have. I’ve been able to express my feelings openly a couple of times.”

“That’s marvelous, Dear,” she said. Helen drew Tristan closer to her as she sat on a comfortable chair. With Tristan standing at her side, she reached under his dress and ran her hand caressingly up his leg. Tristan held his breath, widened his stance a little, but otherwise stood stock still. Helen felt his panties. They had a cock hole sewn in the front for easy access. “I’m so glad we got these panties for you, Tristy. They are so silky and sexy and they don’t get in the way of our little games. Don’t you agree?”

“Yes, Auntie,” he managed to say. His tool was already engorged and he had difficulty breathing.

Helen closed her hand around his cock and was pleased at how hot and hard it was. "I told you that this sweet meat of yours would be no worse for the wear after your stay with Dr. Gordon. I was right, wasn't I?" He nodded, unable to speak.

"Lilly, would you please be so good as to unzip Tristy's dress?" Lilly lifted his dress up and off his arms, leaving Tristan half-naked. Helen held onto his panty-covered cock, while her other hand felt his ass through the panties. She slipped her hand under the panties covering his ass and caressed his cheeks. Two fingers found his male pussy and she inserted one, then the other.

"Oh Auntie," he said. "I'm going to faint!"

"Sit here on my lap, Tristy. Lilly, can you please help out here?"

Tristan could hardly sit still containing himself with Helen's fingers stimulating his male pussy. His need was a holocaust of desire utterly consuming him. Lilly dropped to the floor in front of him and spread his legs. Her hands caressed his inner thighs, but refrained from grasping that stiff flagpole right in front of her face. She managed to free his erection from his panties without touching that burning cock. She knew that would just set him off, to no one's satisfaction. It was her lips that made first contact. She ran them quickly over his cockhead, now glowing with heat, and sucked it in her mouth. She had barely begun to coat his cock with saliva when Tristan bucked hard, gasped, and felt his prick spew his cream wantonly in her mouth, down her throat and on her face. It took many seconds to empty his balls. He slumped to the floor between Helen's knees. Lilly went into the adjoining bathroom to freshen up. Helen kept sitting in her chair not moving, although her hand came to rest gently on Tristan's head. Without being told or guided in any way, Tristan knew what to do next.

Tristan started kissing Helen's stockings. He went back and forth from one leg to the other. As he progressed higher up her thighs, her dress became bunched up around his face. To let him reach his goal, Helen pulled the skirt of her dress toward her and arranged it over his head. Tristan continued his oral advance over Helen's stocking tops until his nose made contact with Helen's bare pussy. She was wearing crotchless silk panties for the occasion. Here he was truly at home and paid loving homage with his lips and tongue. Helen held his head through the folds of her dress guiding him up, down and side to side. She rocked slowly, steadily and delightfully, to orgasm.

"You are such a sweet girl, darling Tristy. Go upstairs to your room and freshen up. Later we'll have dinner and tomorrow we'll go shopping."

"Oh, thank you so much, Aunt Helen!" Tristan said. He loved to shop for delicate frills and could hardly wait for morning.

The next day, Arlene brought the car up to the front door; Helen, Tristan and Lilly got in.

"Our first stop will be the 'Pink Roses', Arlene. You will need a set of bridal quality panties and other lingerie, Tristy. Then we'll finish up at 'La Maitresse.' We'll want you looking your best at your coming out party."

"Thank you so much, Auntie Helen. What do I need to do to 'come out'? What's in the 'expression' room that makes it so special?"

"My goodness, aren't we inquisitive!" exclaimed Helen. "That room is where you can freely express yourself sexually with no holds barred. The only rule is never, ever invade your partner's private space. Your experience will tell you the limits to which you may go. You already know this instinctively from your all your recent encoun-

ters. I have invited a special group of friends to attend and participate in your initiation.”

“What will I be initiated into?” asked Tristan.

“It will all be explained in due course, Tristy.” Tristan was intrigued and was already looking forward to his ‘initiation’. What more was there that hadn’t been done to him or that he hadn’t done? He would simply have to wait and see.

## CHAPTER 17

This time it was Ms. Torres who stepped forward. She was a swarthy looking woman, slim and appeared to be in her mid-twenties. Her glow of hair around her face gave the latter an exotic look.

Her body had an athletic bearing and she kept herself in good shape. She was bisexual, as were most of the ladies in the shop.

“Hello again Tristy,” she said, “and welcome back Ms. Joyce. How may I help you?”

“Good afternoon, Ms. Torres. Today we are interested in a satin bra and panty set in bridal white, with perhaps a small bow in blue satin as the closure for the panties. The bra should have a matching bow in front, between the breasts, and it would be convenient to cut out the nipples. Perhaps your seamstress could insert rubberized openings to keep the nipples sensitized and aroused. You are a bra size 36 B, aren’t you, Tristy?”

Tristan wasn’t paying attention for he was fingering the folded silk and satin slips. He so liked the feel of the garments and he imagined feeling them slithering over his body. His hands unconsciously slid down across his lower body and pressed against the warmth of his rising penis.

Helen was still addressing Ms. Torres “We’ll also need a satin corset, boned of course, and opera-length silk stockings. A satin slip would complete our lingerie presentation, don’t you think, Tristy?”

Caught off-guard, Tristan could only say, “Yes certainly, Aunt Helen.”

“We have just the bra for your Tristy, Ms. Joyce. It is in silky white nylon and the B cup nipples are already cut out. It has reinforcing stays for a firm projection”

“Marvelous,” said Helen. “Let’s try that on.”

Ms. Torres gathered up all the selected items as Helen talked. With an armload of heavenly dainties, she said, “Follow me to the fitting room, Tristy”. Helen remained outside although she knew what was probably going to happen in the privacy of the room.

Tristan was floating on a cloud and went with Ms. Torres into the large fitting room. This one had a long, well-upholstered couch and a couple of armchairs.

“Take your clothes off, please, Tristy,” said Ms. Torres, “including your panties.”

Tristan had disrobed in front of women so often he no longer gave it a thought. He was down to his garter belt and stockings when he realized that Ms. Torres was appraising him sexually. He was suddenly flustered but aroused. He clutched his panties in front of himself but could not restrain the thrust of his penis. She reached out to take hold of his panties, then his cock. Her grip on his silk-enshrouded penis crowded out all other thoughts.

“You look lovely without your bra and panties, Tristy.” Ms. Torres smiled sincerely at him and that put him at ease, even though his penis grew bigger and hotter. Tristan tried ever so slightly to turn away in modesty as he handed her the panties, but Ms. Torres held him in

place with her firm but gentle grip. She let the panties fall to the floor, squeezed his hardness, then picked up the new bra.

“Hold out your arms, Tristy,” said Ms. Torres. She placed the nylon bra on his breasts and clasped it behind him. She adjusted the fit so his tits poked through the apertures. She gently massaged and pulled on his breasts to get each nipple and aureole protruding to the maximum. “There now,” she said. “Comfy? It fits you well, don’t you think? And I’m sure you’ll like these new panties. They are so sexy.” She squatted down so he could step into them and without rising, slid them up his legs. Ms. Torres smoothed them in place and nudged his erection through the gap in front.

“You do like panties, don’t you? Mine are also especially soft and silky and they have a secret surprise. Would you like to see for yourself, Tristy?”

Tristan no longer wanted to deny or evade his love of silky, kinky sex. He wanted only to yield and go where he was being led. “Yes, Ms. Torres.”

Ms. Torres gave his purple organ a kiss, stood and said, “Sit on this chair, Tristy.”

He sat. His tool rose high above his lap. She lifted the skirt of her dress high enough to let him see that she was wearing open-crotch satin panties. She displayed her soft, shaven pussy, now dampened by her sexual juices to him. Seeing pre-cum oozing from his cock, she slowly lowered herself over his pole. Tristan gasped as her incredible heat swallowed his meat and her athletic jockeying brought them both to climax.

They emerged from the fitting slightly disheveled but with Tristan’s lingerie selections in hand. Helen rose from her chair to pay for the items and bid the sales ladies farewell. Soon after they left, the ladies all crowded round

Ms. Torres for a blow-by-blow account of her encounter with the lovely Tristy.

When they arrived at 'La Maitresse', Helen was warmly greeted as before and she considerately returned the sentiments. However, she was peeved at Tristan for he was now acting listless and somewhat dreamy. He'd been had by Ms. Torres in the fitting room back at 'The Pink Roses'. Helen wasn't angry at that but she could see that he was totally spaced out from his tryst there and she doubted whether he could focus on their next errand, his coming out dress.

Helen needn't have worried. Tristan was enthralled at all the beautiful gowns and dresses that surrounded him. He seemed to float from rack to rack, feeling the fabrics and holding up several possibilities to see how they might look on him. Ashley, the sales lady, followed right along with him, encouraging each selection. Tristan was quickly totally confused.

Helen came forward to confer with Ashley. "I'd like to see Tristy in a soft virginal white silk evening gown. The bodice should be transparent in order to show his bra with his nipples on open display."

Tristan blushed furiously at being referred to as a male. Ashley, however, never gave it a second thought. She was too practiced at this sort of thing to be embarrassed or offended.

"Very well, Ms. Joyce. We have several alternatives from which to choose." Ashley had heard of Helen's fondness for pretty boys. She herself was attracted to women, but with males, she preferred well-mannered young men in dresses, for they were more easily directed toward her pleasure than only tending to their own. Consequently, she hoped to make Helen and her pretty boy-toy long-term customers of the shop. She brought out three

selections for Helen and Tristy to see. "Shall we try these on in the fitting room?"

Helen looked them over carefully and said, "Yes, any one of these will show off Tristy's assets very nicely." This time she followed them into the fitting room.

Ashley helped Tristan undress down to bra, panties and stockings. One by one, he tried on each dress, stepping daintily into the pool of silk and drawing the gown up his body and over his breasts. Helen helped him zip each dress up the back and smooth the silk over his body. The fondling of his tits and penis through the silk began another stirring in his loins. Finally Helen was satisfied and chose a three-quarter-sleeve silk gown. It was tight in the bodice to show off his bosom and allow his tits to show through. It gripped his abdomen in a close embrace and flowed out at the hip line in extra folds of silk. There was a slit cut in front on the right side from just above his genitals straight down to the hem.

The left side was cut so that it fell down at an angle in a larger swath that could cover his panties if he so desired. A small blue satin bow adorned the top of the slit. Tristan loved it. The swish of the material was so light and sexy. He felt as if he were floating. This dress and his new lingerie meant that he was about to embark on a special adventure, his 'initiation'. His curiosity was overwhelming. On the way home, he begged Helen to tell him more.

"Tristy, my Dear," said Helen, "You are now prepared to graduate into the adult world as the person you have become. You are ready and able to express all facets of your personality and your sexuality openly and without reservation. You have been liberated, in a sense, from the pre-conceived strictures that society imposes on us all. You have yet to learn the limits of your new freedom but that will be your longer term education. For the immedi-

ate future, your coming out party is a celebration of your progress. That will entail the surrender of the last facet of your virginity."

"But what is that, Auntie Helen?" asked Tristan. "You told me I was making such good progress in my ability to perform, uh, cunnilingus, and to service women's other sexual needs."

"Indeed, you've made excellent progress in these areas, but there is one other sexual service you need to master; and I have no doubt but that you will so shortly. It will take place at your coming out party."

"Oh please, do tell me Auntie Helen!" cried Tristan.

"You need to learn how to bring a man to orgasm with your mouth and tongue. Adopting a good technique of fellatio is essential and will be the last phase of your transformation. I have invited some friends of mine to the party, including Jack Hall, a TV producer, in both senses of that characterization, as well as Hillary from Dr. Gordon's office. I believe you've already been introduced to her cock."

Tristan went pale with shock. It was several moments before he could speak. "But Auntie Helen, would it be proper? I mean, would it, uh, that is....." He couldn't finish the thought.

"Of course it's proper, Tristy Dear," said Helen. "It's the final step of your transformation. I've guided you along your road and now I want you to complete the journey on your own. I promise you it will be most fulfilling. You won't let me down, will you, Dear?"

How could he ever refuse his Aunt Helen? This was clearly what she wanted. But he was fearful. He felt unprepared for this final challenge. Yet Helen said it was the next natural step for him, so he was certain she had confidence in him and would encourage his efforts to succeed.

He resolved to do his best. He would ask Lilly what he should do to prepare.

## CHAPTER 18

The night before the coming out party, Tristan was nervous and excited about what was facing him the next day. Lilly was on hand tending to him all day.

“It will be all right, Tristy,” she reassured him. “Your first time is always nerve-wracking. Just focus on the hot meat in your mouth and the suction you apply. We can practice with my dildo to give you an idea how to suck a cock. Remember that live cock is so much better than any substitute because the real thing is hot, hard, yet so smooth and alive. And also remember that having a virgin suck you off is in itself an exciting turn-on. It’ll be easy for your master to maintain his erection. Believe me, everything will be all right. Now let’s get you ready for bed.”

Lilly unzipped his dress, bent down to let him step out of it and gave his leg a long caress. Her hand slid up the inside of his leg and came to rest on his panty-clad cock and balls. She gave him a squeeze and noted with pleasure how his organ rose. She stood, unclasped his bra and gently stroked his breasts and gently pulled on his tits. His penis made a tent in his panties.

“Come over to the couch, Tristy, and lie back.” Lilly rolled his panties down and off and took hold of his stiff cock. One hand held his hard-on while the other stroked the hot purple head. Kneeling in front of his wide-spread legs, she bent forward. Looking him in the eyes as she started her blowjob, she licked the head and kissed his shaft before swallowing the whole tool in her throat. She applied a steady sucking action as her head bobbed up and down. Tristan was helpless. His cum exploded out of his cock as he thrashed about on the sofa. Lilly sat up,

leaned over him and kissed him on the mouth. Her tongue swooped into his mouth along with a load of his cum. "There," she said. "That's all there is to it. You'll get the hang of it in no time."

"Lilly, you are so good to me. I'll do my best, I promise."

"You are a good girl indeed, Tristy."

The next day was consumed with preparations for the evening's events. Cook prepared trays of appetizers and a buffet of hot and cold meats, vegetables, salads and sweets. In the evening, Lilly led Tristan upstairs to dress him for the party. He soaked in the tub for longer than usual to make sure the lotions would cleanse and soften his body. Lilly towed him dry and put a light dab of scented oil on his joints and especially around his cock and balls and in his male pussy. She fussed with his hair, nails, and face until she was satisfied he looked his best.

In the bedroom, Lilly put him in his new bra of white silk with reinforced bands to hold his breasts up and out, and with the nipple cut-outs to offer his tits to the world. She clasped it behind him and adjusted the front so that his breasts rode high on his chest and his plump tits poked through. Then she laced a white corset of silk and lace around his waist and pulled it tight so that he displayed more feminine curves that nipped in his waist and gave better definition to his ass. Next she gave him a wide silk garter belt with six straps and white silk stockings. When they were attached she drew on his new silk panties with the cock hole built in. Tristan was already half hard so it was easy for her to pull his cock through. Lilly then put the new gown over his head and let it fall into place around his body. Tristan was mesmerized by the look and feel of his dress and his delightful underwear. Just moving about gave him thrills. He felt his cock grow

harder and hotter. He pulled on opera-length kid gloves lined in silk.

“In order to avoid accidents, Tristy, we should have you wear this.” She was holding a small satin pouch. “We don’t want to spoil your lovely panties and dress with cum stains, do we?”

“Oh no, Lilly,” said Tristan.

Lilly came up to him and said, “Raise your dress for me, Tristy.” Lilly maneuvered his balls through the cock hole of his panties, encased his genitals in the pouch, pulled the draw strings tight around his penis and sac, then tied them in a bow at the top of his cock. Tristan looked himself over in the mirror, squeezed his breasts, agitated his tits thrusting through his bra and stroked his half-erection through his dress. He felt the electricity of sexual arousal course through him.

He was ready for his coming out night.

The guests began arriving shortly after 8 p.m.

Jack Harris, an old friend of Helen and his companion, Heather Ames, were the first to arrive. Jack was of average height and weight and, at 40 but looking no more than 30, was darkly good looking. He had a bright smile and was attractive to and attracted by both men and women. He was dressed in a satin suit. He found that this was more likely to arouse his male companions than himself. Nevertheless he did enjoy the feel of silk and satin clothing on his lovers, especially dainty she-males. He liked to run his hands over the thin sexy material, arousing both of them, and in some cases, all three or four, to a frenzy of sexual tension.

His current companion, Heather, was a strikingly beautiful blonde young woman, with a face and body that turned heads wherever she went. She too was bisexual and experimental, always willing to perform new sexual

combinations as her whims might direct. Heather was wearing a long-sleeved silk blouse buttoned at the wrists and a large satin bow tied around the throat. She wore no bra. Her breasts were firm, pushing straight out at the material and her diamond nipples were clearly showing. She had on a pair of pink, softly flowing satin pants tied at the ankles. The crotch area was open and covered for the occasion by satin loin cloths hanging down in front and back. Heather enjoyed the attention she attracted and liked to speculate on what sexual activities might be involved in the glances of her admirers.

Debra Hall and her pretty boyfriend, Bobbie Heath, arrived, both looking forward to the evening ahead. Both were appropriately dressed. Bobbie had on a short taffeta dress and petticoats that made the skirt of the dress stand out. He had to be careful how he moved lest the ensemble flare out to expose his see-through nylon panties. He was, however, more than willing to let that happen when the occasion arose. Debra was wearing an ankle-length chiffon evening gown with its own built in bra. Acquainted with these sojourns at Helen's, she chose not to wear panties or a corset. She did have on her eight-strap leather garter belt and beige silk stockings. Soon after, Sally Groves, from Dr. Gordon's office came in, followed by Vivian Mellon. Introductions and greetings were exchanged along with hugs, kisses and surreptitious groping. They were all taken with Tristan and complimented him on how sweet he looked.

"Well, now that we're all here, we can go in to the next room where cocktails and a buffet are available for us all." Helen ushered them into the 'expression' room.

There were exclamations of praise for what they saw there. The furnishings were lush. There were couches in soft suede leather, armchairs with lifts for the legs like stirrups in a doctor's office, and large foot rests also up-

holstered in leather. The carpeting was plush, with silk Persian rugs strewn about randomly. The walls were decorated with oil paintings of erotic art in exquisite detail. The pictures showed men and women in various modes of coupling, men on women, women on men, men on men and women on women. Each guest paused at his or her favorite.

Hillary liked the depiction of a young naked male on his back on a bed, his male lover holding his legs up and widespread as he was descending to penetrate him. Sally seemed taken with the painting of a woman holding the head of a kneeling man, dressed as a young girl, to her bare, naked pussy. Bobbie studied the painting of a naked woman wearing a strap-on dildo poised between the legs of another woman who was wearing an open bra. Another painting showed a woman dressed in satin adjusting the bra of a young male in stockings and garter belt. His penis was in full erection, pointing straight out from his body.

The room was dominated by a large fellatio chair in the center. It was said to be an exact replica of the one designed by Edward, Prince of Wales, for a Paris whorehouse before he ascended the throne of England as Edward VII in the early 1900's. It was a three-tier piece. At the top was a comfortably upholstered seat with arm and leg rests that could be raised and spread apart. It was equipped with supports for a kneeling or reclining position, as was the second tier. The ground level was built to support someone kneeling or reclining to give service to any orifice of the middle occupant with mouth, dildo, or cock. There were also padded mounts on the sides.

In the corner of the room was a life-sized statue of a naked man with a stiff five-inch curved penis thrusting out. It stood on a pedestal that raised the statue high, putting that marble cock level with the face of the viewer.

It was simultaneously a challenge and an invitation to anyone who dared. Heather dared.

Smiling, she went up to that cold erection and took it deep in her mouth. She sucked on it a moment, disengaged, and turned to Tristan. "Try that on for size, Tristy." she said and chuckled. Tristan was aghast, but he caught sight of Lilly who nodded her assent. He went up to the statue, still warm and wet from Heather's saliva, and let his lips slide past the head. The cheers of the whole group egged Tristan on to swallow more of the lifeless yet stiff tool.

Jack stood behind Tristan and rubbed his sheathed penis back and forth across his ass cheeks. Tristan spread his legs in invitation.

"My Dears, let us first help ourselves to the buffet. Then I would like to assign perches on the fellatio chair for our first round and hold a lottery for the next three adventurous souls to try it out. The first round, I suggest, should be with Jack on the top perch, then our own lovely Tristan in the middle and pretty Bobbie on the ground floor, as it were. Now, you second participants, step up to make your drawings."

Heather was first in line and drew top position, Debbie won the middle and Sally took the bottom. There was a lot of excited chatter about what they all expected of one another and how each planned to render service at his or her assigned position. They went around the buffet service discussing variations on their positions, stimulating their appetites for food and kinky sex.

Jack set his plate aside and mounted the top tier of the chair. His hardening cock could be seen growing in his satin trousers. Tristan realized he must go next. With an imperceptible nod from Lilly, he resolved this would be his shining moment. He mounted the second tier and

knelt in front of Jack. Bobbie was quick to assume his position, reclining under Tristan. But first he had to draw apart the folds of Tristan's dress and gain access to his cock. Bobbie reached up to Tristan's panties, pulled his cock free through the opening in his panties and began a series of kisses and licks around the bulbous head. Tristan was instantly stiff and relishing Bobbie's tongue.

At the same time, Tristan put his face in Jack's satin-covered lap, loving the feel of the material. It was easy to get at Jack's thick tool because there was only one button in the middle of his fly. The cock stood upright in front of his face. Tristan began with the cockhead, moistening it with his tongue, then sucking it into his mouth. The deeper it went, the more excited Tristan became. He was awed at the strength, the power, of this hard-on, and marveled at how smooth and soft the skin was. He moved his head up down rapidly and felt the skin move with his lips, making Jack's tool hotter and harder. He sucked hungrily and felt Jack stir heatedly in his seat. Bobbie's mouth was still furiously sucking Tristan's cock. Sally was getting hot and she moved behind Bobbie to hold and caress his cock. Showers of semen poured forth almost simultaneously. The players had to rest for a while before the next set could assemble in the chair.

Heather was eager to climb into the formerly fellatio, now cunnilingus, chair. Debra helped her by holding her ass, feeling her pussy through her satin pants and delving under her loincloth to slip a long finger in her. She withdrew her finger and knelt in front of her. Debra leaned into Heather, lifted the satin loincloth aside and took her pussy into her mouth. Sally reclined under Debra and lifted her dress. She was glad Debra wasn't wearing panties. That was considerate, she thought. Sally began her expert oral ministrations on Debra.

Helen put her arm around Vivian's waist. Vivian's dress had deep arm holes and that allowed Helen's hand to slip inside her dress and hold her naked breasts. Helen could see Vivian's tits grow with the stimulation and as she held the nipple between her thumb and forefinger; the two women turned into each other for a long open mouth kiss. They fell onto the couch and with their dresses bunched up at the waist, entwined their legs and thrust pussy up against pussy to a healthy and steamy orgasm.

In the morning, Tristan rose eagerly to meet the new day. He went down to breakfast with his peignoir flying open behind him and his silky nightgown outlining every detail of his genitals. By the time he got downstairs, his erection was self-evident.

Helen was seated on her chaise lounge in her satin pajamas with her breakfast tray at her side. "Tristan Darling! You did so well last night! Lilly and I are so pleased with you! Now come and give me a kiss."

Tristan rushed over, sank to his knees and put his face in Helen's crotch. He inhaled deeply, savoring the scent of his beloved Auntie Helen. He opened his mouth wide and sucked and kissed her pussy through the gorgeous material.

"You are truly at home now at last, Tristy," said Helen.

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