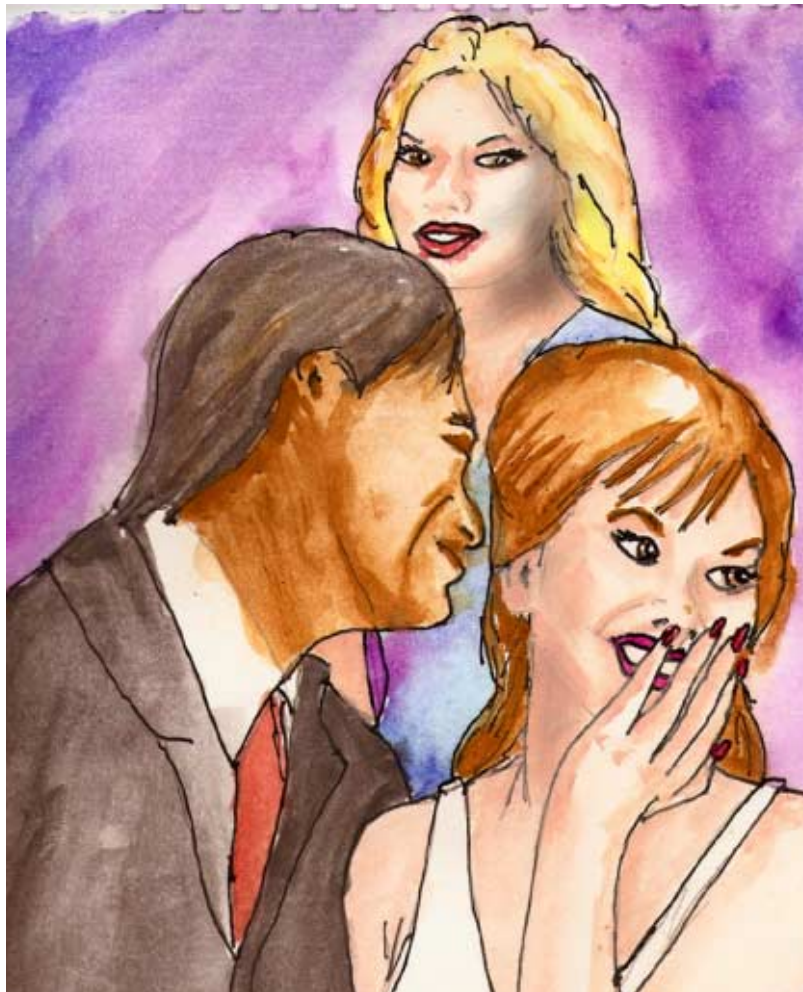




*Reluctant Press* presents:

# An Unexpected Husband 2

Susan Avebury



---

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

---

*Copyright* © 2008, *Reluctant Press* - All Rights Reserved

***Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

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

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

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

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# AN UNEXPECTED HUSBAND

## PART TWO

### CHAPTER ONE

It was four weeks later when we all agreed to get together again at my place. Although Stuart and I had cleared the air over our little dalliance, I had still been a little apprehensive about being in the office again with him again. However, my fears proved ungrounded and everything had been easier than expected and I was able to relax quite easily. True to his word, Stuart never tried anything on with me, although he did, when requested, give me the odd shoulder or foot massage. There was the odd occasion as well when I caught him eyeing me up again which left me feeling very vulnerable, yet in a strange way, slightly excited again.

Lisa had got the wedding dress out for me and was bringing it over, picking Stuart up on the way. He had been a little apprehensive about coming over, but I said he would be okay. After all, even if he did get any urges, what could he do with everyone else there as well?

In anticipation, I had ordered a pair of white court shoes from a catalogue. They were quite cheap and I didn't feel too bad about buying them. Besides, I thought, even if the dress didn't fit and I didn't need to keep the shoes, I always had a 28 day money-back guarantee on them. A bit naughty perhaps, but it wasn't like they were going to be worn for going outside. They arrived on the Thursday beforehand and I tried them on, half expecting them to be a bad fit. As it was, they fitted very well, which was a pleasant change.

Vicky and Chris arrived on the Saturday morning. Previously made family arrangements for the Sunday meant they wouldn't be staying for the weekend, but they would be

up for the afternoon and evening. I spent the morning in town doing various shopping related things, returning home in the early afternoon for a late lunch, just in time for Vicky and Chris. As a result I stayed in my male clothes, it being the easier option. It was around 7pm that Lisa arrived with Stuart. Lisa came in carrying the wedding dress, wrapped in a plastic cover, over her arm. In her other hand, she had a small bag. A small ripple ran through my stomach. Stuart just looked at me, slightly surprised that I was in male mode. He held up a couple of other bags.

“Anyone for a Chinese takeaway?”

“Plates and trays in the kitchen,” I prompted him. White wine in the fridge, along with beer for anyone who prefers it.”

I turned to Lisa, who was still holding the dress.

“Shall we put those in the dressing room?” I suggested.

She nodded and went upstairs. I followed her up, feeling more than a little excited. She put the small bag down, slipped the gown out of the plastic cover and held it up against herself, showing the line of it to me. It was a very nice gown I had to admit. Made of white satin, it had a high front and a high, round lace collar. The lace descended into a ‘V’ shape at the front, not quite deep enough to show off a cleavage, but enough so as to hint at what was underneath. The sleeves were lace and covered the entire arm, ending in a point with a little loop to hook over the wearer’s middle finger. The rest of the bodice looked fairly close fitting and the material continued into a floor length skirt, which spread out in a smooth flowing way as she moved it around. I longed to try it on, to feel the tightness of the bodice on my body, the weight of the skirt as it moved and flowed as I walked. Lisa opened the bag she had brought with her and took out a veil and a pack of stockings. Silk stockings no less!

“The stockings are spare,” she offered. “I’m unlikely to wear them in the near future so you can use them, no problem.”

“Are you sure?” I asked. “I mean, I know what happened and if it’s going to be difficult then...” I tailed off seeing her shake her head.

“Really,” she replied, “it’s no big deal. I just get a bit annoyed when I think of how he was carrying on behind my back all the time while we were planning our wedding. Actually, in one way, it seems almost right that you should wear it.”

I smiled inwardly at the irony. Carrying on behind her back she had said, yet here I was having let Stuart have his way with me over the desk in the office, not telling a soul and about to wear her wedding dress. Leaving the dress and other items in the dressing room, we both went back down for dinner. Lisa and Chris, both being the drivers for the day, stuck to a single glass of wine, while Stuart, Vicky and myself finished off the remainder of one bottle and then made very good progress on another. With dinner out of the way, I made coffee and sat down, only to find myself being shooed upstairs to get dressed, this being the main reason everyone was there. I went upstairs and into the dressing room, closing the door gently behind me.

First of all I took my top off and put a dressing gown on while I did my makeup. Being as I was supposed to be an innocent blushing bride, I opted for a neutral set of tones on

my eyes, a warm set of pale browns. The blusher was a pale pink, lightly applied and my lipstick was a deep pink with a slight shimmer to it. Slipping the dressing gown off, I gave myself a quick spray over with a light perfume and then picked up my basque, undid the back and slipped my arms through the straps. Doing it up was never easy, but as I closed each hook and eye on the back, it grew tighter on my body, bringing its own sense of pleasure. My false breasts slipped into the cups where they were held firmly against my body, the silicone warming rapidly to my own body temperature. Then, I opened the stockings and slid them gently up my legs, enjoying the sensation of smooth silk against my smooth skin. They clipped onto the suspenders on the basque and then I slipped on a pair of lacy white knickers. I looked in the mirror to admire the effect and found myself getting quite excited at the look. Taking the underskirt, I stepped into it and pulled it up to my waist where the elastic held it firmly against my skin. I swished it around and then looked at the wedding dress. I found and undid the small pearl buttons down the back and stepped into the gown, tucking the underskirt in and pulling the gown up my body. The lace was incredibly soft and smooth as I slid my arms into the sleeves, hooking my middle finger into the loops. Reaching round behind was a little hard, but I managed eventually to do up the buttons down my back. By some superb luck that I couldn't believe, it fitted beautifully. Reaching over to the dressing table, I picked up my wig and fitted it to my head, using a small nylon wig cap to hold my own hair back out of the way. A little bit of spray just to hold the fringe in place and it looked nearly perfect. I picked up the veil and fitted it onto my head, clipping it into place on the wig with the small attached clips. Finally, I slipped my feet into the white court shoes and with the butterflies beating a tattoo in my stomach, I stepped out of the room and went downstairs where I was met with raised eyebrows and low whistles of surprise. Stuart raised his eyebrows and nodded gently.

"Very nice," he said. "Very nice indeed."

The others agreed and I did a gentle twirl, showing the dress off and enjoying the way it flowed and swayed around me.

"So who's the lucky man then?" asked Chris, a mischievous smile on his face.

I looked at him, rather surprised, not quite sure of what to say. My immediate thought was that he knew what had happened in the office. Before I could say anything though, Stuart went down on one knee, took my hand and looked up at me.

"Oh please let it be me. Make me so happy," he gushed.

I felt myself going slightly red as they all laughed at the strange scene. I laughed too, but rather nervously.

"I'll be the best man," suggested Chris, "or I can give you away. Lisa can be the priest and Vicky can take the pictures."

I looked up and smiled as Vicky produced a small digital camera from her handbag. I should have known she would come prepared. Lisa jumped up, assuming the position of a waiting priest. Chris took me by the arm and led me to the back of the room while Stuart stood at the other end, facing Lisa. Vicky started humming the wedding march and Chris led me gently down the room to face Lisa. Trying desperately to keep a straight face, she recounted as much of the wedding ceremony as she could remember, eliciting responses

from Stuart and me through clenched teeth as we tried desperately not to laugh. Then she looked and announced, "I now pronounce you man and, er, wife."

There was a small round of applause and a gentle cheer. I wasn't prepared for the next stage.

"Okay, now I think you should kiss the bride," said Vicky.

Stuart and I just looked at her not believing what she had just said.

"Alright," she went on, "just make it look as though you are. After all, what would it look like in the wedding album if we didn't have one like that?"

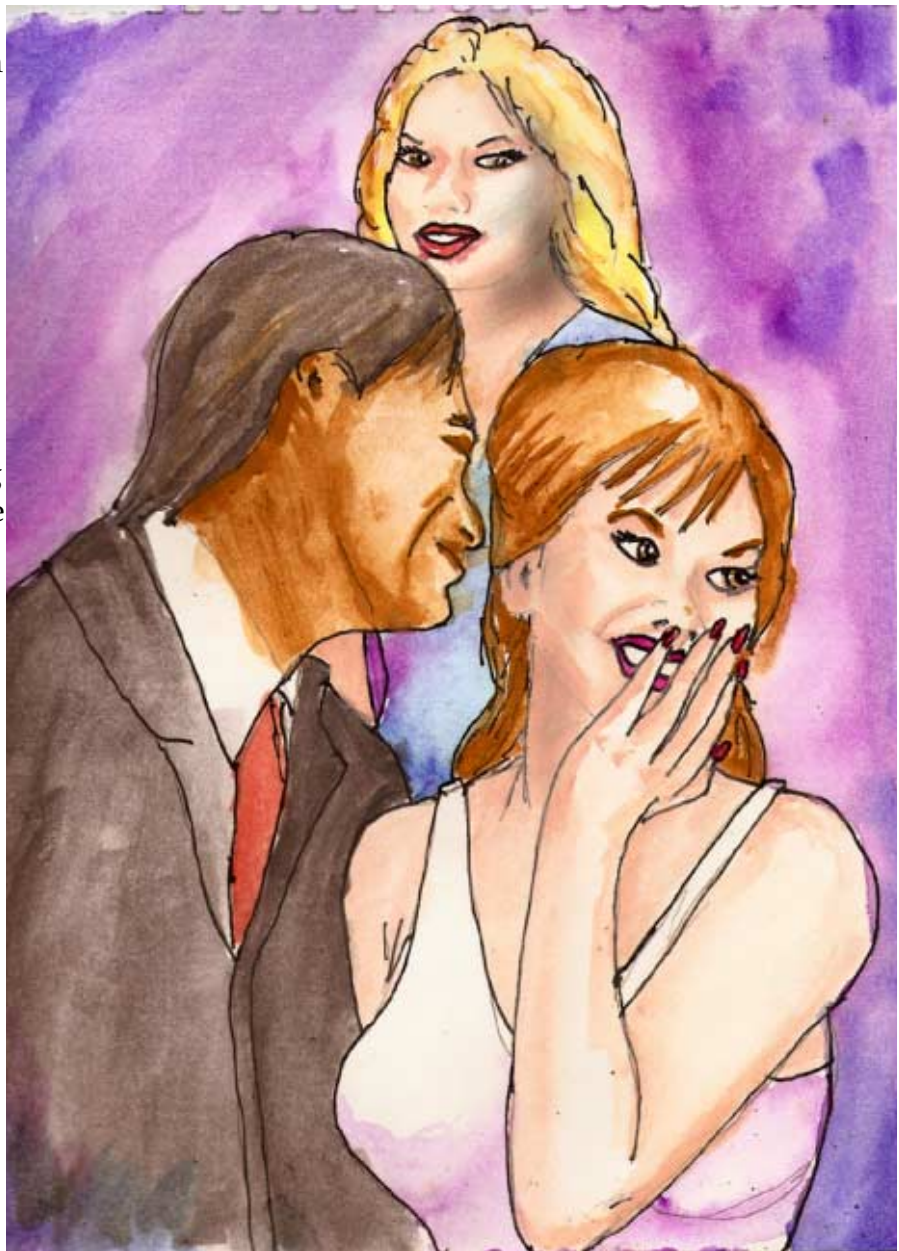
Stuart's expression was a picture, but he was game, as was I for some reason. Probably down to the alcohol in retrospect. He leaned over and puckered his lips gently, as did I. Our lips met very gently and the camera went click. Vicky checked the result on the little screen on the back of the camera and showed it to us.

"Way too artificial," she commented. "Put more effort into it."

Stuart and I exchanged glances. He leaned over again, lips puckered and met my lips again, pressing a little harder this time. The camera clicked again.

"Much better," said Vicky checking the camera screen. "Now once more with passion."

Stuart was obviously getting a little flustered. This was an area we hadn't planned on getting into. As he leaned over this time, our lips met with quite a force. His left hand came up round the back of my head whilst his right hand came up round behind me, supporting my back as he pulled me into him. Eyes closed, I sensed the camera flash go off and then, to



some degree of shock, I felt his tongue probing my lips and forcing them apart. In the shock, I didn't know what to do except stand there and take it. This was something I had definitely not planned. But here, in this wedding dress, all made up and feeling slightly drunk, I was open to all sorts of ideas, despite better judgement. I sensed the flash fire again as his tongue probed my mouth, touching mine and he held me in what was a real passionate embrace for what seemed like ever. Then, he pulled away slowly, letting me stand back upright. I felt my face glowing red as I wondered for a minute whether I was going to pass out. The blood was pounding and my stomach was churning with all sorts of emotions.

"How was that?" he asked Vicky. "Passionate enough for you?"

"Er, yes," she replied, open mouthed, lost for words.

They looked at me. I looked back at them, mouth gaping with shock, totally at a loss for words. I swallowed.

"You alright?" asked Vicky.

"I think so," I replied. "It was just a little more than I was expecting."

"Well she said be passionate," answered Stuart, "so I was."

I became very aware of movement in my knickers. Fortunately, the dress was big enough to hide any bulge and my already red face hid any other embarrassment. Chris started laughing, which broke the moment superbly. I was able to join in, easing the tension, but not removing the strange sensation I now felt. I would never have done this before. This wasn't even part of any fantasy, but here and now, I felt surprising sexy and, I hardly dared admit it to myself, turned on.

Vicky lifted the camera up for us to see the pictures she had taken. As she had said, the first one had looked very staid, very posed. The second one looked a lot better and the rest, well, let's just say the passion was obvious. My lipstick, smudged across Stuart's lips was also fairly obvious and he quickly rubbed it off. Fortunately, our heads had been turned away from the camera slightly and the fact that Stuart had had his tongue in my mouth wasn't obvious.

Lisa stood and watched us. The expression on her face was one I couldn't work out. She looked almost disturbed by the whole process. Almost as though she was jealous, but I couldn't see how. We'd never been a couple and as far as I was aware, she wasn't that interested in me. Perhaps, I thought, it was bringing back some memories and thoughts. I asked if she was alright and her expression changed, her face breaking into a smile.

"No worries," she replied. "I was just a little surprised. I couldn't tell who was enjoying it more."

I looked at her, unsure of what to say.

"Tell you what," she went on, "why don't you hang on to the dress. I can't see me using it."

"Really?" I asked. "Are you sure?"

She nodded, shrugging her shoulders.

"Hey it's late," said Chris glancing at his watch. "We need to be going fairly soon."

"Me too," said Lisa looking at her watch as well. "I have some bits to sort out at my mum's place."

"Tell you what," said Stuart, looking at me. "I'll give you a hand clearing up. It's the least I can do, considering. I can get a taxi later."

"Thanks," I replied, "I'll go and get changed."

"Shouldn't worry if I was you," replied Stuart. "Put your feet up and I'll sort it out. Not too much to do I reckon."

I looked up at him. Chris, Vicky and Lisa were out of earshot, getting their things together. I felt a strange feeling in my stomach again, hordes of butterflies fluttering around.

"Okay," I agreed. "Do you want to let Lisa know?"

Stuart nodded and wandered off to see the others who were collecting coats from the hall. Lisa came in and put her arm through mine.

"What?" I asked, seeing her brow, furrowed in what seemed to be concern.

She shook her head gently. "I don't know," she said, "maybe I'm just a bit jealous. I mean, you look really good in that dress and..." she tailed off.

She looked me straight in the eye.

"Oh, you know," she started. "It's Stuart. I just find him a bit intense sometimes. I mean, all that just now. I swear he was enjoying it."

I raised my eyebrows.

"Do you think so?" I asked, knowing full well that he had.

"Oh I don't know," she replied shaking her head. "Maybe it's just me being silly."

I gave her a hug and told her not to worry, I didn't think she was being silly and it was really nice of her to look out for me. She hugged back and said she was fine really and then gave me a kiss on the cheek, before heading back into the hallway. I stood for a moment, gently gnawing the inside of my lip, contemplating the whole thing. Noises from the hall shook me from my thoughts and I picked my way out there, skirts held up to avoid tripping over them. Chris and Vicky were just about to leave and said their goodbyes. Stuart was by the kitchen door and gave Lisa a peck on the cheek, said goodbye and went back into the kitchen. I followed on to the front door, waiting until Chris, Vicky and Lisa had left and then went back into the kitchen, where Stuart was finishing the washing up.

"Thanks," I said. "Did you fancy a coffee before you go?"

"Sure," he replied, "or something stronger if you've got it."

I looked at him sideways.

"Seeing as you're not driving?" I queried.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Something like that", he replied. "I'll try and arrange the taxi later, unless you're okay with me sleeping on the sofa."

"Fine by me," I said, "although the spare bed is probably a lot more comfortable."

He just smiled and nodded.

I went into the kitchen and filled the kettle. As I stood waiting for it to boil, I heard Stuart enter the kitchen and felt, rather than heard him, come over to stand right behind me. I waited, not saying anything, not sure even what to say. Seconds passed, feeling like hours. I looked over my shoulder.

“Something on your mind?” I asked, feeling very vulnerable and more than a bit nervous.

Saying nothing, his hands reached up to my shoulders, his thumbs resting at the base of my neck, making small massaging circles against the skin through the fabric of the dress. Tensing initially, relaxed and tilted my head forward slightly, enjoying the massage. I felt his lips nuzzle against the side of my neck and I tensed again automatically, the sensation causing my entire body to shiver involuntarily. Then his nose and his breath tickled my ear sending tingles up and down my spine. We weren’t supposed to be going down this route again. Yet somehow, I felt helpless to resist. I felt his lips move round to the back of my neck, his tongue playing gently over my skin, making me tense and shiver again. His teeth moved gently over the skin in a mock bite, and then he took the skin in his teeth, gently, his tongue stroking the skin. I let out a breath, half sigh, half groan. The feeling was electric. He moved his mouth round to the side of my neck, still caressing the skin with his tongue. His hands, by now, had slipped down to my waist, one arm moving round to pull me in towards him. I relaxed, giving in to the sensations I was feeling, the wine I had drunk earlier helping me to relax more and more.

“Did you want to get out of this dress?” The question woke me from my reverie.

“Do you think I should?” I whispered, not entirely sure that was the correct response and not entirely sure I wanted to hear the answer.

“I think so. It’s not one you want to mess up,” he whispered in my ear.

The lips left my neck and the arm moved from my stomach. I half turned, seeing him still standing beside me. He reached out his hand and took my elbow, ushering me out of the kitchen towards the hall and the stairs. I raised my skirts slightly at the front, displaying a flash of stocking clad ankle and felt Stuart pick up the rear of the dress, stopping it dragging on the floor. We went upstairs to my dressing room, Stuart close behind me. We went in and I reached round to unbutton the dress.

Before I could start, I felt his hands at the top of my back, undoing a couple of the buttons before he returned to kissing and caressing the back and side of my neck again, working down to the tops of my shoulders. My hands fell to my sides and I stood there, breathing deeply, knowing full well this shouldn’t be happening, yet all the while, enjoying it immensely. I wanted to stop him, to remind him we had agreed it had been a one off event before, but the words wouldn’t come. I felt the buttons coming loose, slowly, one at a time until he had reached the last one at the small of my back.

Both hands reached inside, pushing the dress open and forward, off my shoulders. His hands slid up over my basque to my shoulders, the light touch making me shiver and tremble, despite the warm room. Softly he pushed the sleeves down my arms and over my hands. With nothing to hold it up, the dress slid down, over my underskirt to a crumpled

heap on the floor. Then, two thumbs hooked into the waistband of my underskirt and lifted it over my hips, allowing it to fall to the floor as well.

Now, his arms wrapped round me from behind, and he held me close as he kissed and caressed my neck, a familiar firmness pressing into me from behind. I felt weak, unable to stop him. His hands ran gently but firmly over my hips and stomach, causing it to flutter uncontrollably. Then one hand slipped down to the crease of my groin and down to the suspender of my basque. Further down to the stocking top, where it toyed and lingered for a short while before working back up again, round to my bum. The soft nylon of my knickers was massaged gently over one cheek before the hand returned to its starting point on my hip. I was so turned on I couldn't do anything but accept what was happening.

Then his left hand slipped to mine and he escorted me gently from the room, pushing me ahead slightly, his hand on my hip. We reached the bedroom, where he continued from where he had left off, the kisses becoming more and more exciting and intense. Then, his hand took the back of my neck and he turned me to face him, kissing me full on the lips again, his tongue immediately seeking mine, forcing its way between my lips.

My initial instinct, was to pull away, but his hands held me close and I found myself unable to resist, responding in kind this time. I felt dizzy, almost sick, with the tension and excitement. His hands, behind me, pulled me in tight to his body and I felt his erection pushing hard against me. His hands moved to the sides of my chest and he pushed me gently back towards the bed, until it met the back of my knees and I sat down. He leaned forward, pushing me back to lie down, again seeking my lips with his. After a moment or two it became too much and I moved my head to one side, allowing him to kiss my neck and throat again. We rolled slightly to one side and his hand reached down to my leg.

His hand ran gently up and down against the smooth nylon, making its way over the bare strip of skin up to my knickers where he gently stroked my bum, the slight friction pulling the nylon slightly tighter into my crotch and bum. He hitched me further up on to the bed and ran his lips down over my arms, across the satin of my basque and down towards my legs, his tongue flicking in and out, making me tremble. His hands kept caressing my legs and I became very aware of my own excited state, my knickers bulging fit to burst.

Stuart stood up and stripped off quickly and easily, except for his boxer briefs, which bulged significantly. I couldn't believe I was doing this again. Wanting to look away, I instead found myself drawn inexorably towards his boxers. Reaching down into his trousers, Stuart extracted a small shiny packet and turned away as he opened it. I saw him pulling down his briefs and fiddling with something in front of him.

Then he turned back, showing me his erection, firm and proud with a condom now in place. He reached down and drew my knickers down my legs. I was starting to gasp, wanting to say no, yet all the while, a part of me saying to lie there still, to let him do what he wanted. I closed my eyes and lay back. I was powerless to resist. Then, hooking his arms under my knees, he raised my legs up, exposing my bum and leaving me helpless. He rubbed himself gently against my bum, the feeling making me twitch and tense. Then, lifting my legs up into a vertical position, either side of his head, he spread my buttocks and guided himself in to me.

My automatic reaction was to tense up, but his hands gently pulled my buttocks apart and he worked his way in gradually, gently pushing and pulling, gaining ground with every gentle thrust. I closed my eyes, feeling the huge stiff warmth of his erection working its way inside me. His hands slid to my thighs and ran gently up and down my stockings as he held me close into him. I half opened my eyes and saw him standing there, my calves framing his face, eyes closed, as he moved gently, rhythmically, the full feeling in my bum moving in time with him.

He tensed, his breaths becoming shorter and then a strong tension as he ejaculated. I felt him pulse inside me, his thrusts, suddenly becoming shorter and more urgent and in the excitement I came myself. I just caught myself in time, both hands, gripping the end, the warm fluid oozing out between my fingers and dripping onto my stomach, just missing my basque. He tensed again and then once more, before slipping my legs down to his sides. I wrapped them round his waist loosely as we both caught our breath. After a few moments, he gently withdrew from me. He stood and looked at me, his face flushed, his breathing deep.

"Toilet roll?" I suggested, the blood still pounding in my head, half dazed with the adrenaline rush.

He nodded and went to the bathroom, returning a minute later, without his condom but thankfully with a toilet roll. Seeing I only had one free hand, he tore off a couple of sheets and handed them to me to wipe myself off. Then he extended his hand and helped me to my feet. Picking up my knickers, I walked on wobbly legs to the bathroom and sat there cleaning myself up, my mind a whirl.

"Do you still want that coffee?" he called, dragging me from my reverie.

"Tea, please," I called back, not quite believing the strangeness of the moment. Offering me coffee as if nothing had happened. Whatever next?

I was finishing off in the bathroom when Stuart came back upstairs with the drinks. He had put on my dressing gown, the male one. I sat there in my underwear, trembling slightly. Stuart reached behind the door and took down my satin robe.

"Put this on," he said. "You look cold."

I wasn't cold as such, but I just nodded and slipped it on. As I sat back down on the bed, Stuart sat down beside me. He leaned towards me slightly, his arm just behind me, supporting his weight, touching my back. I relaxed against it slightly.

"This is becoming a habit," he said.

I nodded, not sure of what to say. What could I say? I sipped my tea, my mind a blur as all sorts of feelings and emotions competed for attention. I looked sideways at Stuart. He sat there, head down slightly, looking as lost as I felt. We drank our tea in silence, neither of us entirely sure what to say.

"How's your arse?" asked Stuart eventually.

I half laughed. "A bit tender," I replied. He nodded.

"Understandable I suppose," he mused.

I nodded. And so we started talking, gradually, about this and that, sipping our tea as we did. Eventually, tired of sitting up, I flopped back on the bed, stretching my arms out above my head. Stuart lay down beside me as well, on his side, facing me. His left hand traced a nondescript pattern on my stomach, the sensation tickling. I brushed him away.

"Sorry," he said, recoiling as if I'd slapped him.

"It just tickles", I said by way of explanation, not wanting to upset him. Then, I took his hand and placed it back on my stomach, holding it there, feeling his warmth. We talked some more and then I happened to glance over at the clock. It was late indeed. I'd lost track of the time as we'd been just talking. Stuart looked as well.

"I'd better go I suppose."

It was more of a question than a statement. He wanted to stay.

"Up to you," I replied.

How much did he want to stay?

"It'll be a job getting a taxi at this time of night."

He was looking for a reason not to go.

"True. Should I make the spare bed up for you?"

Crunch time.

"If it's not too much trouble."

"No trouble." Too keen. My reply was just a little too quick off the mark. He was going to stay. I had shown my hand, albeit subconsciously.

I sat back up and went out to the spare room, stopping to get some bed sheets from the airing cupboard. Stuart followed me, taking the sheets as I passed them out to him. We made the spare bed, not saying anything.

"Toothbrush?" I asked, breaking the silence.

"In my jacket," he replied. "I always carry a travel pack with me, especially when we start drinking."

I smiled and nodded. It did make sense, although I had my suspicions that this might all have been planned a little more than it seemed, despite our agreement. That all seemed rather academic though now. I went back to the airing cupboard and found a towel for him, dropping it on the bed. He nodded his thanks.

"Are you going to bed now?"

I yawned, suddenly feeling tired. "Might be a good idea," I ventured.

"Okay," he said, "I'll see you in the morning. I'll try not to disturb you in the night"

"I'll scream if you do," I replied, giving him a pointed look.

He laughed and I left him to his own devices for the night. Back in my own room, I undressed slowly, enjoying the feeling of the nylon sliding down my leg, enjoying the relief as I released myself from the tight confines of my basque. I left my knickers on for the moment, but took my wig off and slipped into my nightdress and gown before I went to the

bathroom to clean my face off. Stuart was quiet in the spare room as I passed. I knocked the door gently as I returned to the bedroom.

“Bathroom’s free.”

“Thanks. See you in the morning.”

“Goodnight.”

I woke early the next morning as was becoming the norm for me now. For a while, I lay there, half awake, thinking back over the previous evening, trying to make head and tail of what I was doing, trying to accept the whole concept. I had never considered myself gay, but here I was, a man, having sex with another man. No matter how I dressed it, or myself, up, that was the long and the short of it. I felt repulsed, yet strangely empowered.

Almost as though I had been liberated in some strange way. As I mulled over it, I figured for the time being, the best idea was to take it as it came and make what I could of it. And let’s be honest, I was enjoying it to one extent or another.

Unable to lie there any more I climbed out of bed, the nightdress clinging to me. Thinking about everything, I decided to at least have a shave and make myself look a little more feminine. That way, at least Stuart wouldn’t have too much of a shock when he saw me. I wandered into the bathroom and showered and shaved, the Gillette Mach 3 razor leaving my face nice and smooth. Back in the bedroom, I slipped on some plain black knickers.

I picked up a black bra as well and weighed up the options. Bra or glue? The idea of looking more like a real woman would was rather appealing so I returned the bra to the drawer and took out the surgical spray adhesive and sprayed some on the breastforms. After a minute, the glue was just tacky enough and I dropped the nightdress off my shoulders and applied the forms to my chest, taking care to locate them properly. With them in place, I pulled my nightdress back up again, pleased that it covered the breasts and gave a lovely curved shape just like a real bustline.

The wig was a bit of a state from the previous evening and it took an amount of brushing and spraying with conditioner to get the knots and tangles out sufficiently so that I felt happy with it again. I pondered for a moment. Washed, showered and shaved, would I look okay without makeup? I decided probably not and spent a few moments applying makeup. Nice plain neutral tones, warm browns on the eyes and a deep berry colour on my lips. Could be fun matching clothes with that later, but that could be sorted easily enough. I went to slip into my fluffy toe mules instead of boring slippers and paused for a moment. Stockings I thought.

A pair of barely black hold up stockings was just the job and with these on, I slipped the mules on and went downstairs to the kitchen. Pouring some orange juice out, I cut some bread and put that in the toaster as well. When that was ready, it went on the tray with some jam and butter and two large mugs of tea and I made my way back upstairs again to the spare room. Knocking gently, I got a ‘come in’ on the first attempt. Easing my way in, I found Stuart working himself into a sitting position in bed. His eyes widened as he saw the tray.

“Breakfast in bed? I am honoured.”

“Don’t get greedy,” I admonished him. “We’re sharing this lot.”

He smiled and moved over to one side of the bed. I plonked the tray down on his legs and sat on the bed.

“You’ll get cold,” he warned.

I thought about it for a moment and then, kicked off my shoes and slipped into bed next to him.

“You look nice this morning,” he said, spreading some butter and jam over a slice of toast before passing it to me.

We sat there, having our breakfast, discussing what we had to do for the day. It was a short discussion as I had very little to worry about and Stuart had only to worry about getting home at some point. We finished breakfast and he slid down again, partly under the covers. I looked at him.

“Don’t want to get cold,” he said.

Like I was going to believe that. I think my expression must have said it for me because he smiled and rolled over and climbed out of bed, picking up the dressing gown that lay on the floor.

“I’ll grab a shower if that’s okay.”

I nodded and watched him walk out. I sat there in the bed and listened to him having a shower. I decided it was probably better if I got up as well and swung my legs out of bed, slipping on my shoes again and smoothing the nightdress back down over my legs again as it clung with static. As I sat there, Stuart came back into the room. I stood up and went to the curtains, poking my head between them to see what the day was like. He stood behind me and as I stood back upright again, his arms came round and clasped me in a loose hug. I smiled to myself. He was a horny devil without doubt.

I stood there in my nightie and underwear, held in a gentle embrace, with my back against his chest. The bulge in the dressing gown was very obvious and pressing to make itself known again. I turned in his arms, my arms held pressed between us. I could feel him pressing into me now and I remembered the feelings from last night. I hardened myself and his hands dropped down to my bum as he held me. I could smell the shower gel on his skin, a refreshing, clean orangey smell. I found it very stimulating, this clean body holding me close, the warmth penetrating my nightdress and warming me.

My hands reached the top part of his gown and eased it apart, allowing my right hand to slip inside and find his nipple, already firm. I toyed with gently, pinching it softly, causing him to draw his breath in sharply and shiver slightly. I lowered my hands slightly and eased the gown apart a little more, pulling it gently to one side and easing back from him slightly, placed my lips on his left nipple. His hands came up to my chest and he squeaked briefly and his nipple hardened as I nibbled and caressed it with my tongue. All the while, further down, the dressing gown was bulging fit to burst. I dropped my hands down.

The lower part of the gown came apart very easily and his erection stood proud, glistening at the end, displaying his obvious excitement. I looked up through my lashes and saw him, blushing like a child with his eyes closed. I took hold of his magnificent hard erection and massaged it gently. His breaths came in shallow gasps as his hands rested on my hips.

I turned, pulling him with me so I could sit back on the bed, lowering myself out of his hold, but keeping my grip on him. My other hand now came up and continued to massage him gently, his knees starting to tremble slightly. I too was trembling. I knew what I was going to do, even though I knew I shouldn't. But I was caught up in it. The excitement, the powerful desire to realise another fantasy overpowered every sense that told me this shouldn't be happening.

Then I lowered my head and kissed the end of his erection, very softly, very gently, feeling the stickiness, tasting the salty sweetness on my lips, smelling his obvious excitement.

He gasped and his whole body tensed in excitement. I kissed it again, only this time I continued to open my mouth and took the head fully inside my mouth, my lips closing around the sensitive ridge at the back. His long drawn in breath gave way to a long low groan of pleasure. His hands came round to the side of my head as I reached under with one hand to stroke and caress his balls, my nail just tickling the sensitive spot behind them. I caressed him with my tongue, enjoying the sweetness I could taste as it oozed gently from the end.

I moved my head up and down slowly, gently, my deep red lips caressing the delicate edge to the head of his penis, all the while my tongue gently massaging the soft and sensitive underside. I continued to tease and caress as his fingers played over my hair and then he tensed and twitched. And then he groaned as he had before, tensing as he emptied himself, hot, sweet, salty fluid filling my mouth. I swallowed instinctively, the very action causing more pressure on his organ, which pulsed again and emptied more into my mouth. In my excitement, I came myself, filling my own knickers with a hot stickiness.

This time I left it and enjoyed the unfettered pleasure of just coming without trying to catch or hold it. Again I swallowed as he continued to pump until no more was forthcoming. I used my tongue to tease the last few drops out of the end. All the while, he made no noise until right at the end, as he started to soften, he let out the breath he must have been holding. I held him a little longer in mouth, running my tongue over and around the rapidly softening organ, each caress bringing a shudder of delight from him. Eventually, he made to move away and I released him from my grip.

He staggered slightly and sat down heavily on the bed. He looked at me, his mouth working but no words came. I smiled and stood up, my legs shaky again, and went to the bathroom to clean myself off. Returning to the bedroom, I took another pair of knickers out and slipped them on and then went back to the spare room. Stuart was lying back on the bed and turned his head to watch me as I collected the tray and plates.

"Are you getting up then?" I called back over my shoulder as I walked out with the tray. There was no answer, which didn't surprise me at all. I think I had just blown his mind, amongst other things. Downstairs, I started the washing up. Stuart came down very shortly and started the drying. As he did, he watched me. I looked and smiled at him.

"Something on your mind?" I asked.

He shook his head and carried on, a broad, dazed smile on his face.

"You'll be needing a lift home at some point then?"

"It would be useful," he conceded.

We finished the washing up and I made another cup of tea while Stuart used the bathroom. I sat there wondering whether to drive him back home in male or female mode. It was a quiet looking day outside so I figured female mode. Plus, male mode would have shattered his illusions and I wasn't quite that cruel. Back upstairs I figured out what to wear. The bra came out of the drawer again, just to make sure my bust would stay in place and the knickers would do anyway, as would the hold up stockings I was still wearing. Looking through the wardrobe I couldn't decide what to wear and ended up looking at jeans instead. Why not, I figured. Most women don't wear skirts all the time.

On top I had a satin gold blouse which went nicely with the blue jeans. A necklace and some earrings rounded it all off rather well and my low heeled courts would be just right for driving again. There was a knock at the door and Stuart poked his head round. He cast his eyes up and down.

"Going casual for a change I see. Very nice."

I smiled, accepting the complement.

"When did you want to get back," I asked.

Stuart looked at his watch.

"I hate to be a pain, but sometime soon would be kind of useful."

I nodded and picked up my handbag.

"Let's go then," I said.

We chatted idly as I drove Stuart back to his place. Then he startled me by asking if I'd like to go away with him for a long weekend. I looked sideways at him and asked him where. In our current situation, I couldn't imagine this being anything other than a very 'physical' long weekend.

"Not sure yet, I wanted to see if you were up for it first. I know it's a little unusual, but I quite enjoy being with you."

There was a pause as I took in what he was saying.

"Where were you thinking of?" I asked.

"Somewhere warm and sunny ideally," he replied.

"Abroad?" I asked, trying to think how I would get a suitcase full of female clothes, shoes and wigs past customs officers.

"Probably not. I'm not sure the customs or immigration officers would understand, plus you can't be too sure what the locals would think."

I smiled and nodded. We were obviously on the same wavelength.

"I have an idea," Stuart said, "but I want to check it out first of all. I'll let you know if that's okay?"

I nodded. "Sounds fine." I said. "Try and make it somewhere reasonably secluded though, or somewhere where they are really, really open minded."

He laughed. "No problem."

After dropping Stuart off, I drove back home, thinking and wondering about what he might come up with for a weekend away. Fortunately, as it was now the end of June, the days were much warmer so that meant staying in the country was quite possible, even if the longer hours of daylight were making me a little nervous. Still, so far, I had passed in public and hadn't had any problems. \

When I got home, I started searching on the internet for possible holiday locations available at short notice. The nice secluded ones all seemed to be rather expensive or already booked up, but eventually I found a couple that looked reasonable but which were not exorbitant. Printing the details for future reference, I also called Stuart to let him know what I had found. I got his answer phone instead and left a message. I didn't hear from him again until I saw him on Monday in the office.

"I got your message," he said, "but I may have a better option. Leave it with me and I'll let you know. It'll probably be around August if that's okay. The weather should hopefully be a lot warmer then as well."

"Okay," I nodded in reply. "Maybe I should get some new clothes to go away in?"

Stuart nodded and hummed. "Why not?" he said. "Let me confirm everything and I'll let you know what you might need."

"I presume we're splitting the cost," I asked.

He smiled and nodded. "Might not be as expensive as you think though." More than that he would not say and refused to be drawn on what his plans might be. I decided against letting Lisa know what we were planning. I really didn't want her to start fretting over things. There again, I thought, with her along as well, we could have a rather nice threesome. I had to sit down at that point and tuck myself under the desk to hide the bulge that was appearing in my skirt. I must have coloured up as well because Lisa herself asked if I was okay.

"Fine," I assured her, not knowing what else to say. "Just thinking."

She smiled a knowing smile and I wondered if she had an idea of what was going on between Stuart and me. I couldn't hold the gaze without giving myself away so I tucked my head down and got stuck into my work. As a side thought, I dropped an email on the network to Stuart asking him what he thought of Lisa coming along. His reply was fairly straightforward, as I thought it might be and suggested that it would be highly unwise, assuming I wanted to have and retain a sensible relationship with her. I had to agree he was right, but the thought of a threesome really was rather delightful. I shook myself out of my reverie and returned back to work.

Later that week, Stuart said he had arranged the weekend for us in the middle of August. He wouldn't give me any more information, but did promise that I would enjoy it and that the location was very secluded. As we talked, he asked me what dress size I was. I asked him why and was somewhat taken aback when he said he wanted to buy me a going away outfit.

After all, he argued, he had never taken me away after our 'wedding' and this would effectively be a honeymoon. It was, he said, only reasonable that he bought me an outfit. I couldn't help but laugh, but he was quite serious so I gave him my measurements and told

him not to go overboard with the spending. He promised to be reasonable, even though the redundancy payment from his last job had been more than generous and said that once he had got something sorted, we would get together one evening for a trial fitting and he would tell me where we were going. It all sounded a little strange. First of all it was a weekend away, splitting the cost between us and now he was taking me away on a 'honeymoon' and buying me clothes. I began to wonder if he didn't have longer term plans in mind.

## CHAPTER TWO

It was a couple of weeks later that Stuart said he had finally got something together for me and suggested we meet at his house so he could tell me all about it. I arrived at his house in the early evening and parked my car outside his house, hoping his neighbours weren't the curious kind. The street was quiet, but I still felt as though I was being watched as I took my overnight bag out of the car and walked up the path. Stuart met me at the door in jogging bottoms and sweatshirt, obviously taking it easy for the night. He ushered me in, assuring me the car would be fine where it was and took my bag upstairs. This was the first time I was going to stay overnight at his house since we had started our relationship so I wasn't entirely sure of what to expect. He came back downstairs just as a timer started ping in the kitchen.

"Ah, dinner's ready," he said and ushered me into the dining room where he had laid out the table, complete with candles and flowers. I began to feel a little under dressed, wearing just a plain cream blouse and dark blue skirt and I was a little curious as to what he was planning, apart from the obvious. I sat down, as he brought in a roast chicken, followed by roast potatoes and a dish of vegetables. A bottle of chilled white wine was last of all and he set about carving the chicken and serving dinner.

As we ate and drank, he refused to tell me anything about our destination, promising he would tell me later while I tried on the outfit he had bought me. I was feeling a more than a little apprehensive, or perhaps it was excitement, I couldn't tell. No-one had ever bought me presents like this before. With dinner over, he ushered me back into the living room and made coffee for us both. While it was brewing, he went back upstairs again, returning this time with a large carrier bag, full of something I couldn't quite make out. He put the bag down beside me and told me to hang on while he made the coffee. When we were both sitting down comfortably, he open the bag and took out a number of packages, all wrapped in gift wrap and passed them to me one at a time.

"Go on then," he said. "See what you think."

I gently opened the first package that he had given me. Inside was a matching set of bra, knickers and suspender belt in a silver grey pearl finish satin. The material was silky smooth and had a fine lace edge to it. Very posh I thought seeing the word 'Charnos' on the label. I had to hand it to him, he certainly had some taste, and judging by the look, they would fit pretty well as well. The second package was thin, flat and squarish. I could guess

what was inside and I was right. A pair of Aristoc ultra sheer, barely black stockings to go with the underwear.

He passed a third package over to me, nodding for me to go on. I tore the paper off and out fell a bright red bikini. I held it up and looked at it carefully. Two triangles of cloth held together by string ties formed the top with the bottom being of a similar description. Finally he handed me a larger package. I began to wonder how much he had spent on me, but he waved my argument aside. As I opened the last package, I found a Chinese style dress in black satin, embroidered with a red and gold flower pattern and a high button neck and side spilt up the left leg.

"Well go and try them on," he said. "I thought they might be nice for our honeymoon."

I didn't know quite what to say. Not since my childhood had anyone ever bought me underwear and even then, most certainly not this kind of underwear. I gathered all the clothes together and made my way upstairs. Undressing, I changed into the underwear. He had managed to get the size just right. Looking at the stockings, I decided to keep my ordinary ones on.

Knowing my luck I would ladder them trying them on now and these I wanted to save for a special occasion. Unzipping the dress, I stepped into it and pulled it up over my body. It was a snug but comfortable fit and with the back zip done up, it was definitely a dress to show off my figure, such as it was. I tucked my bits out of the way, slipped my shoes back on and went back downstairs. Stuart looked up and gave a low whistle. I smiled, secretly quite thrilled by the compliment.

"I'm not sure it's a going away outfit though. More of a going out outfit," I commented, hoping not to hurt his feelings.

He nodded gently and hummed. "I see your point," he said and I got the feeling he was planning something else.

"The underwear fits beautifully," I commented. "It feels really soft and silky."

I half expected him to ask to see it and was quite prepared to show him. But he just winked and said I could show it to him later when we were away. I turned and cast a look over my shoulder before going back upstairs, the dress rustling gently against the underwear. Taking the dress off, I carefully folded it and put it to one side before gently stripping off the underwear. It was almost a shame to take it off. I looked at the bikini. The bottom was indeed a tie side brief, as I found out when I experimentally pulled one of the laces. I tied it back up again and slipped it on. Tucking myself out of the way was getting a little harder now. The tie took a few minutes to get right, but eventually I got it so that it held my silicones in place, without sagging too much.

Leaning forward, however, showed the material was quite stretchy and my breasts sagged away from my body, threatening to fall out. I made a mental note to use glue when I wore this outfit. I was somewhat amazed that he had found such a skimpy bikini that still offered me some degree of modesty. That must have taken some time and effort I thought and was really quite impressed. Walking barefoot down the stairs, I tried to walk as daintily as I could. This time I could almost feel his eyes running up and down my body and I felt suddenly very vulnerable and slightly weak at the knees.

“Cor,” he commented. “You’ll look good on the beach.”

“Yeah, right,” I laughed. “Like that’s going to happen.”

He just smiled and I went back up to get dressed again.

“I meant what I said about the beach,” he said once I had rejoined him in the living room.

I looked straight at him.

“Go on,” I said, not entirely sure I was going to like the sound of this.

“My uncle’s got a place down south on the coast,” Stuart explained. “Although he normally rents it out over the summer, he’s said I can have it for a weekend. I’ve mentioned I’ll have a friend with me, which he’s happy with. I didn’t explain all the details about the friend concerned, just to be safe.”

I nodded. “Probably a wise move,” I said, still not convinced.

“Well, the house has got a pool and private access to a very secluded beach. It’s that secluded, I’ve never seen anyone else on it. You can only get to it from either the house or at low tide around the headland and even then, not for long, so people don’t tend to go there. My uncle’s also put up a couple of signs saying it’s a private beach and that the tide comes in really quickly so they’ll get cut off. It’s a bit naughty really, but it works.”

I nodded, liking the sound of it more and more. Stuart explained the weekend was booked for two weeks time, which gave me just enough time to get excited and nervous all in one. He showed me the long-term weather forecast, which was promising and predicted warm sunny weather around that time. It couldn’t get better than this surely. Here I was, being given a long weekend away with sun, sea and sand and I could be the female me all day and outside as well.

The fact that there might be a strong sexual aspect to this no longer worried me. It was as though another person within me had broken through. I could fulfil that fantasy. Had someone suggested this to me 6 months ago, I would have laughed at them. I mean, a vague fantasy was one thing, but for it to actually happen like this was unbelievable. All of a sudden, for a moment, time seemed to stand still. I felt elated, thrilled by the prospect. For the first time, I no longer questioned what I was doing. I just accepted it and welcomed it. As I thought, I began to wonder if I should buy some summery clothes.

Most of what I had wasn’t summery, at least not in the sense that I would wear out regularly. All this time, I had only ever needed to please myself with regards to style. Now, however, I felt I might need a wardrobe expansion.

“Hello?”

Stuart’s voice snapped me from my thoughts.

“Something on your mind?” he asked.

“No, just wondering what to wear for this trip,” I replied.

Stuart leaned over and pulled out a couple of mail order catalogues from under the coffee table.

"I figured you might want to have a check through these," he suggested. "There's some good stuff in there which I like. I think you will as well."

So we sat there on the sofa, working out just what would be right for a long weekend away. After about an hour I had selected about forty items of clothing I really liked. Then came the hard bit, narrowing down the selection to what I really needed, or at least, what would be sensible for the weekend.

After another half-hour or so, I had arrived at a final list, which in reality, was still far too long, but Stuart was starting to get tired of watching me try to make up my mind. Just like a real woman he had joked. I had another check through and removed some of the less practical outfits that I would almost certainly never wear again. Eventually I arrived at a shortlist of various items along with a couple of pairs of shoes, including one pair Stuart suggested.

Stuart led me upstairs to the computer where we placed the order on-line. Delivery was reckoned to be within ten days, which was just enough time. I was about to type in my credit card number when Stuart stopped me and typed in his instead.

"Stuart," I protested, "I can afford this."

He shrugged. "I know," he said, "but having corrupted you completely and basically abused you in ways you probably never would have agreed to in other circumstances, I figure this is the least I can do."

I took a deep breath and nodded gently, secretly quite pleased that I didn't have to pay for it.

"Okay," I said, putting my arms round his shoulders and kissing him on the cheek. "If you insist."

"I do." And that was the end of it.

We went back downstairs and sat there in the living room.

"What time are we going?" I asked.

"I figure we can set off on Friday mid-morning and travel back again on Monday morning."

"I'll be dressed I guess." It was more of a question than a statement. A sudden nervous thought on my part.

"Well, yes," he replied. "That is the plan. Why?"

"It's just the distance, and stopping en-route for toilet breaks and so on," I explained.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'm sure we'll survive. If all else fails we'll stop somewhere off the main road and you can go behind a hedge and the service stations all do takeaway tea and coffee."

He was right of course. There was more than one way to do things. I did after all have a certain advantage over real women. I could pee standing up!

"I'll aim to pick you up in the morning, unless you want to stay here of course over-night and we can set from here."

I shrugged. "I'm easy," I said.

Stuart grinned. "I know that," he said.

I stuck my tongue out at him.

"Promises," he said.

"Ooh, you little..." I started. "I'm a nice wholesome girl. I don't do things like that."

He chuckled and nodded, pouring a brandy for each of us. I sat back on the sofa and curled my legs up under me, leaning back into the corner. Stuart came over and sat down next to me, placing his hand on my leg, stroking it gently.

"You really do have nice legs," he said, running his hand a bit further up to the skirt line. I slapped him playfully.

"Is that you all you ever think of?" I asked. "Am I just a sex object to you?"

He smiled and lifted his arm up and reached behind my shoulder. Almost without thinking, I untucked my legs and tucked them the other way, leaning into him as his arm reached over and down my back to my side, where his hand rested on my waist.

"Not necessarily," he said and pulled me close into him.

Interesting I thought and lowered my head again to rest on his chest as he asked me whether I was going to stop over on the night before or whether he would pick me up from my place. I suggested he pick me up, as I would want time to pack and get ready for the journey. We sat together on the sofa all evening, getting up only to put a DVD film on and to pour another brandy for us both. As I went to sit down from putting the DVD in the player, Stuart caught me and steered me gently to sit on his lap. I looked down on him with a 'what now' look on my face. He gently pulled me back off his lap so that I now sat in the corner of the sofa, my back against the arm with my legs crooked over his legs. My skirt rode up slightly, exposing my knees and lower part of my thighs.

"That's better," he said. "Far more comfortable."

"For whom," I asked, as he placed his hand on my knee. He just smiled, took a sip of brandy and nodded to the television as the film started. I smiled to myself and settled back to enjoy the film. Enjoyable as the film was, I found myself distracted by the hand which rested on my knee and occasionally made a short foray up the inside of my thigh to the skirt line, where it stopped and returned to my knee. Inwardly I knew Stuart was getting himself turned on, slowly but surely. He just had this thing about legs and stockings. Actually, the gentle caresses were rather nice and I found myself enjoying them as well.

As the film finished and the credits rolled up the screen, Stuart asked me if I wanted anything else to drink or was I ready for bed, seeing as it was getting quite late. I lowered my head slightly and looked up through my lashes.

"Bed I think," I said softly. "How about you?"

He smiled and nodded. "Sounds good to me."

I swung my legs off his and looked for my shoes. They were at the other end, of the sofa and as I reached over for them, I felt his hand on the small of my back before it drifted to my bum, running over the raised outline of my suspenders. I picked up my shoes and went to straighten up again. As I did, his left arm slipped under me and helped me back upright, his right hand remaining behind me, in the small of my back again. I leaned for-

ward to put my shoes on and felt Stuart's hand run up and down my back. The sensation made me shiver.

"Stop it," I said, half-heartedly, actually quite enjoying the feeling, tingles running up and down my spine. I shivered in spite of myself and the central heating and stood up, smoothing my skirt down.

"Am I in the spare room then?" I asked.

He smiled. "Up to you."

I thought for a moment.

"Do you really want to wake up next to me in the morning?" I asked. "I do look a bit rough in the morning."

He nodded. "I know, but I can live with that."

I raised my eyebrows and turned to go upstairs. Sure enough, he had placed my overnight bag in his bedroom, although, I noticed the spare room was also made up as well. Hedging his bets obviously. Although I knew I would be sharing a bed with Stuart for at least some of that night, I wasn't quite sure, despite my earlier feelings, that spending the whole night in the same bed together was the ideal option.

Perhaps when my hair was longer and I didn't have to worry about the wig. Come to think of it I had been saying this for a while and my hair was now quite a reasonable length. Perhaps...a little thought came to my mind. When better, than our weekend away for me to go without the wig and rely solely on my own hair. Then, maybe I could play my female role to completeness. Time, I thought, to see Lisa about that hairdresser friend of hers. Snapping back into reality, I opened my bag, took out my washbag and went into the bathroom. I heard Stuart coming up the stairs and then he knocked on the door.

"You can leave your hair and makeup on if you like," he called, his voice hopeful.

I smiled. "It'll make a mess of your pillows and my hair," I replied.

"Oh," he called back, a trace of disappointment in his voice. "Okay."

Nonetheless, feeling slightly wicked, I refrained from taking my makeup off and just brushed my teeth. As I left the bathroom and went into the bedroom, Stuart was in his dressing gown, sitting on the end of the bed. He looked up surprised.

"Your turn," I said, indicating the door, "and make sure you have a good wash."

He looked at me, slightly puzzled, but got up and went out and into the bathroom. While he was in there, I moved my bag into the spare room and then dug out my nightdress. It was more of a chemise than a full nightdress, coming down to mid thigh and made of ivory satin. I slipped out of my skirt and blouse and stood there in my underwear for a moment eyes closed feeling just ever so sexy. Then, before I got too excited,

I slipped the chemise on over my head and smoothed it down. The stockings could stay I thought. They would give him a little extra thrill and the bra would hold my breasts in place. I figured the knickers could stay on for the moment. As I turned to look in the mirror, I noticed the chemise was slightly transparent and my underwear was visible through it. I smiled to myself. That would get him excited. As a final touch, I pulled out a little perfume bottle and dabbed a little on my wrists and round my neck. Then for good

measure, a little dab on the hollow at the base of my ribs. It was a small sample bottle of Dolce Vita by Christian Dior that had come free with a magazine. It was one I liked a lot, but having only this small supply, I wanted to keep it for special occasions that might arise. This seemed appropriate. Then, heart beating so hard I could hear it in my head, I made my way back into his room, slipped under the covers and sat there waiting.

After a few minutes, Stuart returned to the room. Before he could say anything, I flipped the covers back on the other side of the bed and patted the sheet. As he got in, I reminded him he really wouldn't want to wake up next to me in the morning, but if he wanted to go to sleep next to me, well, that might be okay. He nodded and went to put his arm around me but I slipped through his grip and down under the covers, lifting my hips and smoothing the chemise down so it covered properly.

I rolled to one side and tucked my bum in towards him. He slipped down too, rolled to his side and snuggled up behind me. His hand slid over my waist and onto my stomach, holding me firm against him. I felt him stiffening, the pressure building up on my bum.

His hand began to stroke me through the soft silky smooth satin, running from waist up to my bra and back. His touch was gentle and I felt my skin starting to twitch as the nerves, ever so sensitive, responded to his touch. I closed my eyes and felt his hand drift down, over my suspender and on to my stocking clad leg. There it remained for several minutes, stroking gently, up and down, lifting the edge of the chemise and just catching the top edge of the stocking where my skin was exposed.

I lay there on my side, eyes closed, simply enjoying the extremely sensuous touches. He shifted slightly, moving upwards so his face was near my ear. I could feel his warm breath on my neck and cheek.

"You do smell nice," he murmured, and kissed my neck.

The effect was electric. Every muscle in my body tensed as the feeling sent tingles of electricity running through every nerve. As I did, his grip tightened on my and held me close in to him. I felt him run his tongue round my neck to my ear, where he nibbled gently on my earlobe. I couldn't believe the feeling. I wanted to explode right there and then, but he drew back slightly and slid back down the bed again.

"I can see your underwear through this," he said.

"Uh huh," was all I could reply. What else could I say?

He pulled away for a moment or two and I heard him fiddling at his bedside cabinet. I could guess easily enough what he was doing. Then back in bed, he pulled us close together again, before gently pushing me over onto my front. He knelt up, straddling me at first as he reached up under my chemise to find the waistband of my knickers. He pulled them off my waist and down my legs before dropping them on the floor. Then I felt his hands running up my legs, slowly to my bum, where they stayed and massaged gently. He gently forced one knee between my legs, spreading them slightly. His other knee followed suit. Then I felt his weight press down on me as he lay on me, supporting himself on his elbows. There was a gently bite at the back of my neck and I arched my back, forcing myself into the mattress. He continued, with gentle kisses round my neck, working me up into a frenzy. I was breathing heavily, almost panting with the sensations he was creating in me. Then, I felt him lift back. I waited.

“What are you doing?” I asked, my mouth dry.

“Making sure I don’t damage you,” he replied and then he leant forward and placed a tube of lubricant on the bedside table. His hands spread my buttocks and I felt something firm toying with my arse, running round the edge of my ring, the lubricant feeling cold against my warm skin. Then, he lowered himself back onto me, pushing himself up inside me in one straight smooth movement until he could go no further. I held my breath until his pressure pushed it out of me.

Then, lifting himself up on his elbows again, he began to move gently up and down, his cock sliding effortlessly in and out of my arse. The motion caused me to rock back and forth against the bed as well and I felt the stickiness of my own excitement start to spread. I could feel it building inside me as Stuart’s motion became slower and more deliberate, pulling out further before sliding back in. His breathing became deeper, almost panting. Then small groans until he let it all go in one massive orgasm, pushing deep into me, grinding me into the bed and his face buried in the side of my neck, his hot breath tickling me. He tensed and twitched again and half kissed, half bit the back of my neck. Shivers shot through my body and I peaked as well.

We lay there for several minutes, Stuart still buried inside me, softening slowly, twitching from time to time. Eventually, he lifted himself off me, withdrawing from me slowly. Slipping off the bed, he disappeared into the bathroom, calling over his shoulder for me to wait where I was. A few minutes later, he returned with tissue paper. I cleaned myself up a bit and lifted up off the bed. I looked at him, my hair a mess, feeling my face glowing still.

“Sorry about the mess,” I started to say, but he shrugged it off.

“No worries,” he answered. “I’ll change the sheets in the morning. Now go and clean yourself up.”

I slipped off the bed, trying to hide my residual semi-erection from him. Picking my knickers off the floor I went into the bathroom and cleaned myself up. Fortunately, the chemise, having been rucked up around my waist had escaped the worst of it and I was able to keep it on. My knickers went back on as well and I went back into the bedroom. Stuart was looking at the pillow where I had been lying. He looked up and smiled,

“You were right about the makeup.”

“Well, I did tell you,” I shrugged.

We stood there for a moment.

“Well, I’m not sleeping in the wet patch,” I said.

He smiled.

“No worries. I don’t mind if you want to, but if you’d rather not, then that’s fine.”

I nodded.

“Goodnight then,” I said and left the room.

The following morning, I woke very early and washed, shaved and dressed while Stuart was still asleep. I had no makeup with me and I really needed to tend to my wig which was looking very dishevelled from the previous night’s activities. So I dressed in the male

clothes I had in my overnight bag and left a note for Stuart saying I would see him later. That done, I made my way out of the house and drove home.

About an hour after I got home, the phone rang. Not surprisingly it was Stuart, wanting to know why I had sneaked off like that. He was a little indignant at first, until I explained why and reminded him that first thing in the morning was not always the best time to see me, particularly without makeup on. This he accepted with good grace, albeit grudgingly and then asked what I was doing for the rest of the weekend. I explained I had a number of things I needed to do and that I'd see him on Monday in the office. We talked for a little longer, discussing how we could arrange the time off without it being too obvious to everyone else.

When I arrived in the office on Monday, I decided to catch Chris early to see if he had any objections to me having a long weekend. He was okay with that and Stuart, hearing the conversation, asked if he could also have a long weekend too, saying his uncle wanted him to help out with something. Again Chris was quite happy, especially as Stuart had managed to get slightly ahead of schedule in his work. I also had a chat with Lisa about the hairdresser she had mentioned before. True to her word, she fixed me up with an appointment after work on the Thursday before my weekend away. I was a little nervous about going en femme, but as Lisa and the hairdresser pointed out, it would be easier to see the true effect of how she styled my hair. I also took the opportunity to ask Lisa if she would give a full waxing which she agreed too.

The next two weeks dragged by interminably as is always the case when looking forward to something special. I was bursting to tell everyone what Lisa had arranged for me, but thought it would be a much nicer surprise for Stuart when he saw the final result. To that end, I suggested to Lisa we should keep it quite from Chris as well, so that if it did go horribly wrong, there wouldn't be a big letdown and I could hide it away under my wig. Lisa, thankfully, agreed, although she did say I was being a bit silly and that it would be fine in the end.

As the end of that second week approached, time seemed to slow down even further to a standstill, despite the amount of work we had. I had secured another contract from my original agency in addition to the one I was doing for Chris. Fortunately, this was one that could be done off site, which made it much better for me and Chris had agreed to me working on it in his office as well, provided I didn't let him down on the work I was doing for him. That wouldn't be a problem. The agency contract was easier than they estimated and I was able to fit it in during lunch and after the normal working day. By the time that Thursday finally dawned, I was getting very impatient. I could hardly wait for the evening to see the hairdresser and then for Friday when I would be taken away for a long weekend.

The salon had turned out to be not far from Lisa's house so I had arranged to follow her home and then she could drive me to the salon. We left work slightly early to get a head start and make sure we had plenty of time. It was only a short hop from Lisa's place to the salon, but I was glad she was driving. I was again, quite nervous, being out and about in a strange area, all done up in my female attire. I'm not sure I would have made it without her. We arrived in good time, just as the last customers were leaving. They didn't

give us a second glance, which was reassuring and we went inside. Lisa introduced me to Claudia.

She was of similar age to myself and had a friendly personality, putting me at ease very quickly. Removing my wig, she inspected my hair and for a few minutes, toyed with it, trying various ideas. In the end, she suggested a sort of bob style. This would, she said, be quite adaptable to a loose medium length male style as well as being adaptable for various female styles. Without any experience of this, I just said she should go with what she thought was best, which pleased her I think.

For the next half hour, she snipped, brushed washed and dried my hair. In keeping with her other customers, she was quite happy for me to have a coffee and read a fashion magazine while she worked. As she finished, she held up a mirror for me to inspect the style. I was really quite impressed. Instead of my now overgrown mop, I now sported a nice bob, slightly shorter than usual but which could be grown into a longer style without any problem. As I paid Claudia, she suggested I should come back at regular intervals just for tidying up, even if I planned to grow it longer.

Lisa and I left the shop with my wig in a plastic bag Claudia had found under the counter. I felt strangely naked, with just my own hair and no long wig. Long hair had always seemed the archetypal female hairstyle and to be without that length made me nervous. Just how good it looked became apparent as we passed a couple of people in the street without any of them giving us a second glance.

"I always said you looked good," whispered Lisa as one couple walked by without a glance.

I couldn't believe it. I had been concerned for years that my features would give me away, that my wig was so obviously a wig and yet here I was walking through the street without any problems. Not that this stopped me shaking. I was still a nervous wreck. I was just praying I didn't have to speak to anyone otherwise the voice would be a bit of a giveaway. It suddenly struck me how lucky I'd been working for Chris all this time and not having to speak to anyone else while I was in female mode. I mentioned this to Lisa who simply suggested that perhaps I should experiment with some way of feminising my voice, although she had to admit, how I'd do that was a mystery to her as well as to me.

We reached Lisa's car without any incident and set off back to her place where we spent the next hour or so with me in various states of undress as Lisa gave me a full body wax.

"There we go," she said dabbed the last residual specks of wax off my back, "smooth as silk."

She turned away as I got up and adjusted my underwear to make me decent again. As close as we were, there were certain boundaries we didn't cross, much as I would like to. Once I was dressed again, we sat and chatted and had a coffee.

"I've almost forgotten what you look like out of a skirt," she said. "Every day I've seen you for the past four or five months, you've been in a skirt."

I stopped mid sip and did a swift calculation in my head. She was right. For nearly five months I had been going about my daily life as Sue. Only when I had needed to go shopping for food and other essentials did I then revert to my male self.

"It's strange," she went on. "I think of you more as a girlfriend now, rather than a male friend."

I didn't have the heart to tell her that's exactly how Stuart was thinking of me as well.

## CHAPTER THREE

Friday dawned and I was up very early, partly because I needed to get ready, but mostly because I couldn't sleep for sheer excitement. I had packed my clothes the night before, so this morning there was little to do. I had planned a little surprise for Stuart in the shape of a very unusual going away outfit.

He knew from some of our quiet evenings together that I liked tarty or sexy clothing, but he had never seen any of my latex collection. It was something I liked to wear from time to time on my own, enjoying the second-skin like feeling of the tight fitting rubber. The nature of the material meant a little more aftercare was needed. Wiping off sweat and oil from my skin, applying talc and then wrapping it away in tissue, took time so it wasn't something for everyday wear. This time, however, it seemed right.

After a quick shower and a shave, I dusted myself down with some lightly scented talc. I picked up the rubber knickers and slipped them on, a little more talc helping them slide up my body. Tucking my bits out of the way was a little harder than usual but accomplished well enough. Rubber stockings would have been a little too much for going away in, so I opted for a pair of barely black hold up stockings. Taking them out of the packet, I gently pulled them up my legs, wiping the talc off the top of my leg to help the band grip a little better.

The rubber skirt was a little harder to slip into, but then it always was, being rather more like a second skin than anything else. I pulled the rubber bra on over my head and slipped the silicones into place. On top, I wore a military style jacket, with high collar and press studs down the front. It was a nice dark blue with black collar and cuffs and matched up well with the skirt.

A little more talc just to make sure and it slipped on easily enough. With the press studs locked together, it fitted very well and the underwear wasn't visible underneath, except perhaps in outline if you knew what to look for. I could probably have got away without the bra and just used glue on the silicones, but I preferred to wear it just to remove the risk of slippage. My four inch black leather court shoes rounded it all off very nicely. As I looked in the mirror, I just hoped we didn't get stopped for anything on the way. An outfit like this could be very difficult to explain away. Still, I carried on and opened up my foundation, smoothing it over my face. I decided on dark greys for my eyes this time.

The eyeshadow had a slight pearlescence to it, which lifted it nicely. I applied two coats of mascara to really define my lashes and once that was all done, stroked some pink blusher over my cheeks. Finally, a nice deep blood red lipstick which matched my fingernails and toenails, painted last night, and I was all set. There was a knock at the door. Hop-



ing it was Stuart, I went downstairs and peered through the spy hole in the door. Sure enough it was him and, opening the door a crack, I spoke round the corner, telling him to give me 30 seconds before coming in. I shot back upstairs again to finish dressing, not wanting to have the image being spoilt by him seeing me not completely dressed.

Back in the room, I brushed my hair through and gave it a light spray just to hold it in place. Looking in the mirror, I realised just how erotic this all looked. Hopefully Stuart would like it as much as I liked wearing it. It was rather nice seeing me without a wig for a change. Actually what I really needed was a little hat just to finish it off, but not being a hat person, that was one thing I would have to do without. I gathered the last bits together, the talc and tissue to store the rubber once I took it off, the last few makeup items and a few other bits and pieces and dropped them all into a large bag. Then I made my way to the stairs. As I appeared at the top of the stairs, Stuart was standing at the bottom and he looked up expectantly.

“Wow!” he said. And then “wow” again. And then he stood there shaking his head slowly. “Awesome. You look amazing!”

I gave a twirl to show off everything and then came slowly downstairs, the tight skirt impeding me slightly, resulting in a sort of sideways crab movement. The bag was a little awkward and Stuart, ever the gentleman, met me half way to take the bag from me. At the bottom, I stood and waited as he watched me. He shook his head slowly, seemingly unable to take in the image.

“So,” I started, “are we going away or not?”

He shook himself out of his contemplation and picked up my bags and took them out to the car.

“That’s everything,” he said, coming back in. “Shall we go?”

We went out and he waited while I dug the front door key out of my handbag and locked the door. Then, he escorted me to the passenger door and opened it for me, offering a hand for support as I worked my way in. By sitting on the seat, I was able to swivel round and just swing my legs in. The seat belt fitted right across my bust, pushing the rubber jacket in slightly and emphasising my bust. Stuart got in and after a lingering look at me, started the engine and off we went. It was about 9.30 in the morning, so the rush hour traffic had died off and there was only a little of the other daily traffic around. We made our way across town to the motorway and once on there, I began to relax a little more. Even though most drivers tend to ignore other drivers, there was always the risk of a nosy passenger as we drove through town. I had to remind myself that the previous day, after my hair had been cut, Lisa and I had walked in public without anyone reading me. We made good time and as it approached lunchtime, we were just under halfway through the journey. I was starting to feel slightly hungry and I mentioned this to Stuart.

“Okay,” he said. “We’ll pull in at a service station along here and get some sandwiches and drinks and then find a nice secluded spot down some side road.”

That sounded good, although I didn’t fancy the idea of walking into the service station dressed fully in rubber. Waiting in the car park was a far more sensible suggestion., although even then, I might attract some unwelcome attention. I began to regret wearing the rubber.

“Could also do with some more petrol,” he added.

“Great!” I thought. “Here we are, with me dressed up like this and we’re going to stop for petrol and sandwiches in a nice busy service station.”

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes, trying to quell the slightly sick nervous feeling I was now experiencing. Soon enough, we came to a service station and we pulled in. We made our way to the car park and Stuart thankfully parked up in the far corner, some way from all the other cars. He turned the engine off and hopped out.

“Any particular choices for lunch?”

I shook my head. “Not cheese, I need something that’s not going to stick in my throat.”

He smiled. “Nervous?”

I looked at him. “What do you think?”

“I’ll be as quick as I can,” he said and with that, closed the door and walked swiftly off to the restaurant and shop complex. I sat there, musing gently and watching the other cars come and go, praying they didn’t come my way. As the engine was off, the air conditioning was also off and I had to open the window for some fresh air. With the warm day and the sun coming through the windows, even that wasn’t enough and pretty soon I had to open the door to get enough air in. A gentle breeze wafted in, bring the smell of the wildflowers and the grass on the bank next to the curb.

I began to breathe a little easier. Stuart had had the foresight to park with the passenger side against the kerb and the grass bank, meaning I was pretty well hidden from general view. Mind you, in this distant corner of the car park, I doubt whether anyone could have

seen me properly. I decided to risk stretching my legs. I swung them out of the door and eased myself up.

It did feel good to stand after having been sitting down for so long and I needed the fresh air now the air-con was off. As I suspected, most cars had parked closer to the main building. I leaned on the top of the car, enjoying the sun on my back and the gentle breeze blowing round my legs and up my skirt, when I saw Stuart walking back between the cars towards me, a bag in his hands.

“Feeling daring then?” he asked as he approached.

I smiled and shrugged. “It’s quiet enough over here. Nice choice of parking spot.”

He smiled and flicked his eyebrows up and down. “You’re not the only one who wants to avoid attention.”

I smiled in return and he went on. “Do you want to eat here or carry on somewhere a bit more secluded?”

I mulled it over for a second and asked what the toilets were like at this place. Stuart said they were inside the main building and seemingly quite busy. Not what I wanted to hear really. I looked at the bank and contemplated scrambling over it to see if there was a quiet spot on the other side. Then again, with this skirt on, the likelihood of scrambling over anything was pretty remote.

“Let’s go on,” I suggested. “Just let’s find somewhere fairly soon.”

Stuart nodded and we both got back in the car. He started up and drove over towards the petrol station. Damn, I had forgotten he needed petrol. Stuart glanced at me.

“Sorry,” he said, “but I really do need petrol.”

There was a pump on the outside edge of the forecourt and Stuart headed over there, parking again so that I was furthest from anyone else. The forecourt was busy and I sat there nervously, waiting for him to finish filling the tank. A couple of other drivers glanced in our direction, but only one paid any attention. I think the clothes intrigued him more than anything, but his gaze was quite intense and I found myself feeling quite uncomfortable with it. With the tank filled, Stuart used his credit card to pay at the pump, thankfully, and got back in the car. He looked at me.

“I saw him as well,” he said. “Not a lot I could do really but stare back. Don’t know if he got the message. Anyway, let’s get out of here.”

And with that he started up and headed straight out for the motorway. As we drove, the air-conditioning began to have an almost immediate effect, bringing the temperature back down to somewhere near comfortable.

“Perhaps not the best choice of travelling clothes,” commented Stuart.

I had to concede he had a point there. There were much cooler clothes I could have worn, but then, they wouldn’t have got the jaw dropping effect I had seen back at the house.

“Perhaps you can help me out of them later,” I suggested.

He just smiled and concentrated on the driving. I smiled as well and picked up the map from the door pocket. Having found our position on the map, I suggested an exit about 3 miles away which would lead us into some countryside, where I figured we could stop and have a proper break, away from the prying eyes. Although, according to Stuart and the others in the office, I was quite good looking en femme, I still needed a little more convincing myself.

The close attention of the other driver at the petrol station had also unsettled me, so I was happy to find somewhere quite secluded for our comfort break. Before long, we came to the exit and left the motorway. Following my map reading, Stuart drove us down the main road and then down some lanes where, eventually, we found a track that led through a small copse towards a farmer's field. Not bad. Unless the farmer himself came along looking to drive his tractor in there, we should be able to have a break without being disturbed. Stuart reversed into the track and went a few yards up so we were well out of view from the road.

Gratefully, I manoeuvred my way out of the car and made my way to a large bush. Behind there, out of sight, I reached down and rolled my skirt up. Underneath the latex, my skin was damp from a fine layer of sweat. The air conditioning had been helpful, but I was still a little clammy. With the skirt rolled up to my waist, I rolled the knickers down, taking several hairs with them.

That stung a little, but it was a small sacrifice to pay for being able to relieve myself. All done, I rolled everything back into place and tugged and stretched everything smooth again. I made my way back to the car and slid back into my seat. Stuart passed me a wet wipe tissue from a box he kept in the car so I could wipe my hands clean and then he passed me my sandwiches and a bottle of spring water. Now we were in a relatively safe position, I was a lot more relaxed and tucked into my lunch with some vigour.

This time, because we were in the shade under some trees, we were able to keep cool enough just by opening the car doors. Having finished my sandwiches, I leaned back in the seat, undid the top fastening of my jacket and tried to waft some air around inside it. Stuart looked on with some concern.

"Are you going to be alright like that he asked?"

I undid the remainder of the press studs.

"I should be alright," I replied. "Without the air conditioning on, it just gets a little warm."

"I can put it back on if you want," suggested Stuart.

"No, it's alright," I said, shaking my head. "I'm cooling off a bit like this."

Stuart reached over and ran his fingers across my stomach, the sensation causing the muscles to twitch involuntarily.

"You're sweating!" he said, surprised.

"You tend to in rubber," I replied.

His hand wandered further, down over the waistband to my thigh, where he stroked the rubber gently, seemingly bewitched by the material. There wasn't a lot else to say at

that moment. We sat and just enjoyed the warmth, with the gentle breeze blowing through the car. I was on the point of dozing off when Stuart nudged me and suggested we start off again. I agreed and refastened my jacket, the rubber now quite cool against my now dry skin. The air conditioning was effective and soon I was feeling a lot more comfortable. We carried on, found our back to the main road and then back onto the motorway. As we drove, I drifted off to sleep, waking only as we came off the motorway and slowed down. I blinked as I looked around.

“Not far now,” said Stuart.

“Mmm,” I answered, my eyes slightly gummy. “How long was I out for?”

“About an hour,” he said.

I pulled myself back up out of my slouch into a proper seated position and looked out at the scenery. The countryside flicked past as we drove down a main road towards little towns with quaint names. After about half an hour, we pulled off the main road and onto a minor road. We wound along the country lanes and suddenly came upon a little village. I watched cautiously as we drove through slowly, but no-one paid us any attention. At the far end of the village was a pub and as we passed, Stuart commented that it had a very good restaurant. I looked at him as he continued on and suggested we have dinner there one evening. It was a nice idea I reminded him, but how safe would it be?

He simply laughed and told me not to worry. I would be fine. Maybe I would be, I thought. After all, it was obvious I wasn't wearing a wig and everyone kept telling me how good I looked, so maybe I would pass. About a mile beyond the pub, Stuart suddenly slowed down and turned off the road into a large driveway. In front of us was a lovely white painted house, with climbing roses growing up each side of the front door. We pulled up by the door and Stuart hopped out and round to open the door for me. I climbed out of the car and crunched the few steps across the gravel to the front door.

“Welcome,” he said, opening the door, “to the honeymoon suite.”

I stepped into the cool interior and waited there while Stuart brought the bags in from the car. Dropping them in the hall at first he beckoned me on to show me around. To the right was the living room, with large french windows opening out on to a patio at the back. To the left of the hall was the dining room which led into the kitchen. In the kitchen were doors leading back into the hall, out into the garage and out onto the patio at the back. The stairs doubled back on themselves, in a floor to roof space and led upstairs to three good sized bedrooms and a bathroom.

Making our way back downstairs again, Stuart opened up the french windows and gestured for me to go outside while he sorted the bags out. I stepped out onto the patio, blinking in the brightness, despite my sunglasses. The patio ran the full width of the house, with the pool filling the right hand two thirds of it. At this, the kitchen end, was a low level outdoor storage unit. I stepped back inside the house to find the key, and then opened the store. Inside were some sun loungers and some patio chairs, folded away neatly. I dragged a couple out, the tightness of the rubber skirt making my movements all the harder.

The loungers unfolded easily and I set them by the pool. The pool was a comfortable size, ideal for splashing around in, although not quite big enough for serious swimming.

Still, I doubted that serious swimming was on the agenda this weekend. The cover was over it at the moment and I set about winding it onto the roller at this end of the pool. It was hard work, dressed as I was and I felt the sweat starting to trickle down inside and I was particularly glad I wasn't wearing a wig. Eventually the cover was all off and I wheeled the roller to one side. Feeling exhausted, I sat down on one of the loungers and leaned back. God it was hot! That pool just looked so inviting, so cool compared to the heat of the day that I almost jumped in there and then. I lay back closing my eyes and unfastened my jacket again, letting it fall open. The blessed relief of the warm breeze on my skin was wonderful. I became aware of a shadow standing over me and opened my eyes.

"Comfortable?" asked Stuart, holding out a glass of water.

I took it gratefully as he perched on the side of the lounge. He ran his hand over my stomach again, damp as it was. Then he moved it down over my leg, feeling the smooth rubber stretched tight over my leg. I lay there and enjoyed the sensation.

"Perhaps you should go and slip into something more comfortable," he suggested. "Then I can show you the beach."

Of course, the beach. I had forgotten in the excitement of getting here.

"How far is it?" I asked.

"About a quarter of a mile and then down the cliff," he replied. The path through the woods is a bit rough, but basically okay. Going down the cliff is easy as there's a proper set of steps."

I finished the water and handing him the glass, held out my hand to be helped up. He pulled me gently up and, not letting go of my hand, reached round behind me, pinning my arm there and pulling me in gently. We came face to face. Then his hand released my arm and slipped down to feel my arse, smooth and tight with the latex over it. He breathed out slowly, just running his hand over my bum before letting me go.

"Don't be long," he called.

I went upstairs and found the bedroom with my bag in it. He had put my bag in a different room to him so for the moment, I left it at that and unpacked my clothes. With that out of the way, I then picked up my washbag and went to the bathroom. Before anything else, I needed a shower. I cleaned my makeup off first as it was showing distinct signs of wear in the heat. Then I peeled off the rubber jacket and skirt, followed by the knickers and bra.

These, I rinsed off and left hanging over the bath to dry off. The stockings simply went into the dirty laundry bag. Finding clean towels in the airing cupboard, I had a cool refreshing shower, and dried off. Wrapping the towel round me, I made my way back into the bedroom and tried to work out what to wear. As we were going to the beach, I figured I should wear a swimsuit. I had a nice one piece that I quite liked, with a very low racer back. That would do for starters I thought. First things first though and I sprayed some of the medical adhesive onto each silicone breast before applying it to my chest. Then I pulled on the swimsuit, tucking my bits out of the way as I did. I looked at myself in the mirror on the dressing table. Not bad at all I thought. The silicones filled out the bust line in a well developed curve.

Their moulded in nipples were just visible as they pushed the fabric out slightly. Fortunately, I had a flat stomach and the only slight lump was where I had tucked bits out of the way. This, however, was small enough to look like a woman's 'Mound of Venus' so I was rather pleased with the whole effect. Deciding to give my face a rest, I refrained from putting on more foundation, but instead applied just a light brushing of blusher and some red lipstick before taking a sarong out of the bag and wrapping it round my waist. I ummed and aahed between the flip flops and a pair of strappy black sandals. In the end I decided the sandals would stay on my feet better, plus they had the advantage of looking nicer.

I dropped the flip flops into a large tote bag along with the towel I had just taken from the shower and a large loose floppy hat which had cost next to nothing from some little shop I'd been to a long time ago. I went back downstairs and out onto the patio. Stuart was there with a small bag as well. Locking the doors he led me off out through the back gate and into the trees.

As he had said, the path was a little rough, but reasonably well defined and I had no real trouble keeping my feet. Even so, Stuart was there to help me over the tree roots that perforated the path. After a short while, we emerged from the trees at the top of a cliff, overlooking a bay. Down below the bay was fully enclosed by the cliff as it curved round each side. At the moment, the tide looked to be in as the promontories were being lapped by gentle waves. On each side of the bay, the cliff became very steep, almost sheer, but by our feet it was much shallower. A stepped path had been laid into the rock and snaked its way down to the golden sands below. A gentle breeze blew in from the sea, fluttering my sarong across my bare legs. Stuart turned to me with a grin.

"What did I tell you? Isn't it fantastic?"

He was right. It was truly fantastic. I looked round the top of the cliff. I could see no other paths at all.

"Is this the only way down then?" I asked.

"Pretty well," Stuart replied, "unless someone wants to beat a path through the trees from the main road. The locals might know about it, but most tourists won't have a clue. Come on."

And with that, he took my hand and led me down the path. It was a long way down and by the time we reached the bottom, my legs were starting to ache. I undid my sandals and stepped off the last step onto the sand. It was warm, and we walked across to a pile of rocks which looked to have fallen down some time in the dim and distant past. This gave the only shelter on the beach and Stuart tucked his bag into the shadow of one of the large rocks. I stretched out my towel and sat down. Stuart started to undress, removing his shirt and trousers and his shoes and socks. Underneath he had on a pair of swimming trunks.

"Coming?" he asked, gesturing towards the sea.

I jumped up and together we ran down the sand and into the water. Expecting the water to be cold, I held back as Stuart plunged straight in. He surfaced a few feet away and beckoned me in.

"Come on, it's lovely!"

I made my way slowly into the water, expecting the usual cold shock, but instead found it be quite pleasant. As I reached thigh depth, I gently launched myself forward in a breast stroke, towards Stuart. He threw himself backwards into the water with a loud cry of delight. He was like a child. I carried on with my breast stroke, gingerly at first, worried the glue holding my silicones wouldn't hold, after a few minutes, it became apparent that my fears were unfounded. I stood up, tugging the nylon material out from between my buttocks as Stuart splashed me.

"What do you think then?"

"I can't believe it," I replied. "It's just amazing."

He ducked down and I felt him swim up behind me. His head appeared between my legs and he stood up, lifting me up on his shoulders. I half rose and then slipped off to the right with a large splash. As I surfaced, I splashed him and set off across the bay in a crawl. He caught me quickly and we splashed around in the water like a couple of children, each trying to catch the other off balance. Eventually, out of breath, we surfaced again and swam gently back to the shore. I walked up the beach tugging the swimsuit out from my bum again. Reaching the towel, I sat down and lay back with my eyes closed, allowing the sun to heat me through and dry me off. Stuart sat down next to me.

"Good, isn't it?" he said.

"Oh yes," I answered. "Now I understand why you bought the bikini for me. You could sunbathe naked here and no-one would see you."

"I have done, several times," Stuart confessed with a laugh. "And no-one ever saw me. Look at that water line. That's not high tide. Actually it's probably only an hour off low tide so you can see how hard it is for anyone to get here."

I propped myself up on my elbows and surveyed the beach. Judging from the high water mark on the beach, it looked as though low water would only just expose the rocks at the bottom of the two promontories. I closed my eyes and lay back again.

I heard a movement from Stuart and turned my head to see him taking his swimming trunks off and lying down on the towel next to me. He turned his head towards me and winked before closing his eyes. I turned back to my position and let the sun carry on drying me off. After a short while, when the front of my swimsuit was dry, I rolled over to dry the back, but finding the towel damp from where I had been lying, I rolled off onto the sand. The heat from the sand was incredible, penetrating every part of me and I dozed gently in the warm sand, feeling the sun on my back. I knew I was going to have tan lines at this rate, but right at that moment, it just didn't matter. The sensuous feeling of the close fitting swimsuit and the heat from the sand just drained any worries from me.

I awoke from my doze to the feeling of Stuart shaking me gently by the shoulder.

"Look," he said, pointing to the water.

It was low tide and the water had indeed just cleared the base of the cliffs. I wanted to have a closer look and jumped up.

"Are you coming?" I asked him, knowing full well he wouldn't be. He was lying there, stark naked, exposed to the world, soaking up the sunshine.

"You go," he said. "Tell me if anyone's coming."

I trotted off down the sand, enjoying the feeling of my breasts jiggling in the swimsuit. As I reached the water's edge, I slowed to a walk and paddled out to the rocks. As I did so, I got a view round the cliff of the next beach. It was quite long, golden sand like ours and mostly empty. Some distance down the beach I could see people playing on the sand, presumably guests from the hotel that was in the village. I could just see the buildings on the top of the cliff. It was unlikely that any of them would make it this far up. I swam out a little and round onto the other beach.

Even though the people were a long way away, I felt somewhat daring, knowing that if I stayed there, I could be cut off from our beach and end up having to make my way back to house just in a swimsuit. As good as I might look, I couldn't see myself getting away with that. I made my way back into the water and swam back again. As I walked up the beach, Stuart was standing, watching.

"I wondered what you were up to there," he said.

"Just seeing what was round there," I said. "There are some people on the beach but they're down by the village, so I don't think they saw me. Anyway, I see what you mean. You could get cut off quite easily couldn't you?"

Stuart nodded.

"That's why I like this place. It really is secluded."

A good job too I thought as I looked at him, standing, still naked. Odd as it seemed, apart from our wedding night, this was the only other time I had seen him completely naked. I felt the urge to embrace him and I grabbed him and hugged him close.

"Thank you," I said. "Thank you for bringing me here."

His arms reached round me and pulled me in close, his hands dropping automatically to my bottom.

"My pleasure," he said softly. "My pleasure."

We stood for several minutes, just in a simple embrace. The heat from the sun and from his body was intense, yet relaxing. I felt his hands caress up and down my back as we hugged and I felt a twitch from him, down below. We separated and I looked down at him. Sure enough he was starting to get excited.

"Oh behave, please," I said, patting it playfully and running off to the sea again. He followed me down and into the water, where we played around like before.

"You should try it," he called, "swimming with nothing on."

"Another time maybe," I answered.

I walked out of the water to sit in the shallows, the water lapping around my thighs. Stuart walked up and joined me, his previous excitement diminished, but not gone. We sat and watched out to sea, a few ships visible in the distant haze.

"A bit excited were we then?" I asked suddenly, reaching over and taking his semi-erection in my hand.

He squirmed as I played with it for a bit, feeling it harden again in my hand. He closed his eyes and let his head flop back while I toyed with him. I rolled over and slid over his legs, lying on my front, between his legs looking up at him. I played with him with both hands, admiring the firm flesh. This was the first time I had ever really paid any proper attention to what it looked like. Even on our wedding night, I had only seen it briefly then and then again briefly in the morning when I had it in my mouth. It was quite a novelty to play with it, to tease, squeeze and massage it gently as he sat there, head back enjoying every minute. A sudden wave rolled up over my legs and up to my waist. The tide had turned. I gave him a long last squeezing stroke and stood up.

“Come on,” I said, “the tide’s coming in. If we stay here we’ll drown.”

He opened his eyes and stood up. As we walked back up the beach, I couldn’t help but watch as his erection bounced around, softening slightly. Back at the towel, we sat down and he reached into his bag and pulled out a bottle of water. He opened it and passed it to me first before taking a long swig himself. He took his watch out and checked the time.

“Hmm, it’s getting late,” he said. “Almost 5 o’clock. Better get back so we can have dinner.”

Saying that, he got up and dusting the sand off himself, slipped his swimming trunks back on before getting dressed again. I stood up and wrapped my sarong around my waist again. I decided not to wear the sandals this time and instead pulled out my flip flops. Packing everything else back into our bags, we made our way back up the steps to the cliff top. Again Stuart helped me through the trees as I picked my gently through the roots covering the path. We reached the house and went through into the kitchen.

“I’m going to have a shower,” said Stuart. “If you sort out some drinks, then you can have a shower while I make dinner. There’s wine and beer in the fridge.”

I nodded my agreement as he went upstairs. Opening the fridge, I found several bottles of white wine as well and some beers and a load of food. He had obviously come prepared. I opened a bottle of wine and poured out two glasses.

Taking one, I went outside and sat on the side of the pool, my feet in the water. Then, placing the wineglass on the poolside, I slipped into the water and swam lazily around. The water was very warm, being heated directly by the brilliant sunshine. I climbed out again and lay on the sun lounger with my wine. Stuart wasn’t long in the shower and joined me outside. I went in and climbed the stairs to my room. Peeling off my damp swimsuit I left it in the sink to soak and climbed into the shower. As I showered and shaved, I wondered what to wear for the evening. I dried off and walked back into my room, the towel wrapped round me.

Fortunately, I had remembered to bring a hairdryer and was able to restyle my hair again, setting it in place with a light hairspray. I checked through my clothes. The rubber was tempting, but too much trouble. Even so it needed packing away and I took a few minutes to talc it down and wrap it in tissue paper. While I had the talc out, I gave myself a light dusting as well to absorb any last dampness from my skin. Turning to my wardrobe I decided on something light and floaty for the evening. I pulled out a halter necked dress, made up of three layers of georgette in various shades of pink with pintucking down the front and back giving it some shape and form. It was also slightly transparent

and with a strong back light, left very little to the imagination. I decided against stockings as it would be far too warm and besides, this dress was lovely and soft against bare skin.

I pulled out a pair of flesh coloured knickers as these would be about the only things not dramatically obvious through the dress. I wondered about a bra and thought I would try without to start with. The glue was still holding nicely and it would make a nice change not to wear a bra. I had brought a pair of pink sandals with me as well. This was part of the collection that Stuart had bought me before we left and it seemed only fitting to wear them tonight. I put on some light makeup, a light shimmery pink eyeshadow, warm pink blusher and a deep pink lipstick and enhanced my eyelashes with a couple of coats of mascara. Then, I pulled on the knickers, and slipped the dress on, fastening the halter neck. The dress was loose and flowing at the bottom which meant I could get away without tucking. I dabbed on a little perfume and made my way back downstairs. Stuart was sitting out on the patio reading a newspaper. He had pulled out the patio table and some chairs and had laid the table. I pulled up a chair and sat down.

"Dinner?" he asked, getting up. "I think it'll be a little more comfortable eating out here. I've done a salad."

Declining my offer for help, he went into the kitchen and came out again with a large bowl of salad and another with some strips of chicken in it. He disappeared again and returned with the remainder of the wine. Sharing the food out, we sat and ate and drank, talking about all sorts of trivial matters, as people do at meal times. As we finished, he surprised me by asking if I fancied going to the pub for a drink later on. I was somewhat apprehensive, but reminded myself that I could pass, provided I didn't get involved in conversation with people. Somewhat cautiously, I agreed, provided we could go a little later when it was likely the pub garden wouldn't be full of children running around.

Stuart agreed this was probably a sensible idea. Children seemed to have no concept of discretion and if one of them realised just what I was they would probably have shrieked it out at the top of their lungs. So for the early part of the evening, we sat and sipped our way through the rest of the wine, reading some books we had found in the living room. Around 7 p.m. Stuart closed his book and suggested we take a leisurely stroll to the pub. It was about a mile away, at this end of the village, he said. I remembered seeing it as we drove through on the way to the house.

I wasn't sure about walking all that way in my sandals. A three inch heel was okay for short walks but a mile along a country lane was a different issue. Still, nothing ventured, nothing gained. If real women could do it, then I should be able to as well and besides, if we took it slowly it should be easy enough. I went upstairs and picked up my handbag, dropping in my lipstick, powder compact and a small purse with some money. I also clipped a pair of silver teardrop shaped earrings on as well. Looking in the mirror, I had to admit, I did actually look quite pretty. Another quick dab of perfume and I went back downstairs to meet Stuart.

We walked out the front door and crunched our way across the gravel, me walking on my toes, trying to avoid my heels slipping on the stones. As we reached the road, Stuart stepped outside of me and put his arm around my waist. I responded in kind and tucked my hand into his back pocket and like that we strolled gently along the lane towards the pub. As we walked, Stuart pointed out the ruined castle on top of the hill to our left.

There was a footpath leading from the road up towards the castle and I suggested perhaps we could go up there the next day, as it looked quite interesting. The walk to the pub was easier than I thought, although we did take it more slowly than normal. As we approached, I found myself getting slightly anxious again and fought to control my nerves. The garden wasn't accessible from the road and we had to step into the pub. I braced myself for the stares and pointing fingers, and was immensely relieved when no-one said anything. I made my way out to the garden whilst Stuart ordered a beer for himself and a dry white wine for me, before joining me at a quiet table in the corner. There were several people in the garden as well, but they cast no more than a glance in our direction. I put my hands on the table and Stuart took them in his.

"I just want to say how nice you look," he said. "And thank you for coming away with me."

"Well, I'm awfully glad I came," I replied. "I don't know where else I would have had the opportunity to do this. I mean, I've been able to go swimming already and walk out to the pub without anyone noticing. Tomorrow, I think if we go to the beach as well, I'll definitely wear that bikini. I mean, I will be able to wear a bikini on a beach in broad daylight. It's like a dream come true for me. I really can't thank you enough."

Stuart chuckled and patted my hand.

"That's quite alright. My pleasure. Oh, by the way, while I think about it, thank you for this afternoon on the beach as well."

I smiled and looked down at the table, suddenly slightly embarrassed.

"You're welcome. Hope it was nice."

"Very nice," he replied.

We lapsed into silence for a while and then Stuart asked what we were going to do over the weekend. After all, I had mentioned going up to the ruined castle and also going to the beach. He had seen a country footpath through the meadows across the road from the house which sounded like a nice walk as well.

Apparently the area was a haven for wildlife with otters and kingfishers being regular sights. A short drive down the road took us to another village which had a pottery and in the town a few miles further down the road was an aquarium with lots of local sea life in it. We discussed the various merits and decided that perhaps we should go to the beach in the morning, and then walk up to the ruins in the afternoon. If there was still time, then we could take the walk through the meadow back to the house before coming down to the pub again in the evening for dinner.

As he mentioned this, Stuart leaned forward and whispered gently in my ear that perhaps I could wear that rather nice Chinese style dress he had bought me. The image of the dress and the underwear he had bought sprang to mind and I had to cross my legs and lean forward to avoid my sudden excitement becoming too noticeable.

"Something wrong," he asked, seeing my apparent discomfort.

"Not at all," I replied. "I was just thinking about the dress and the underwear."

He nodded knowingly and I noticed his hands starting to run gently up my hands to my wrists and forearms, tickling gently. I pulled away.

“Stop it,” I mouthed at him. “You’ll get me into trouble.”

He leaned back in his chair and looked at me knowingly. I waved my empty glass at him and he took it, along with his own to get some more drinks. Alone at the table, I stood up and turned to the hedge behind me. I admired the view, looking out over the hedge at the fields leading to our house and the coast, trying to calm myself down. After a few minutes, Stuart joined me, carrying our drinks.

“You might want to sit back down again,” he whispered out of the corner of his mouth.

I looked at him quizzically and glanced over my shoulder. I couldn’t see anything untoward.

“That dress is really rather see through, especially with the sun behind you.”

I suddenly realised what he meant. I was standing looking west, into the setting sun and the whole pub garden was behind me. I bit my lip with embarrassment and backed away from the hedge, turning only at my chair to sit down again. I sat, with head down, looking up.

“Do you think anyone saw?” I asked nervously.

Stuart shrugged.

“Probably, but what would they have seen? Nothing unusual, only an outline of your rather nice legs. Most of the blokes are probably jealous of me now.”

I looked up. No one was paying us any obvious attention, but that didn’t mean they hadn’t been. We sat and talked and drank for a couple of hours until it started getting dark. I took Stuart’s hand and twisted it round so I could see his watch. It was getting quite late and I had drunk quite a few glasses of wine over the evening. I suggested we ought to be heading back to the house.

Stuart yawned and agreed, downing the last remains of his beer. We stood up and he put his arm round me to walk me over to the pub. As we passed some tables, I noticed a few of the men, there with their wives, cast me a furtive glance, the sort of glance you give when you don’t want your wife to see you eyeing up another woman. I fought to control a set of giggles that threatened to envelope me as we walked into the pub and then out of the main door. We walked briskly along the road until we were out of sight and then I stopped and almost collapsed in a fit of giggles.

“Oh God, you were right,” I managed to say between fits. “Half of them were eyeing me up as we walked past. Oh what do you think they would do if they knew the truth?”

Stuart held me up, as I continued to shake with laughter. It was infectious and soon he was sniggering at the whole thing as well. Keeping his arm around me as support, we walked back along the lane towards the house. I had really had a glass or two too many and was decidedly tipsy. As we got to the house, I grabbed his hand and said we should go to the beach to see the last bit of the sunset. Stuart was reluctant, but I dragged him along and he eventually gave in, rolling his eyes and telling me to be careful and not break my ankle on the steps.

We walked through the woods, much cooler now the sun was setting and I shivered as we walked. At the top of the cliff, Stuart wrapped his arms around me from behind and we stood and watched the sun sink slowly and then dip beneath the horizon, turning the sky to red and gold. I remembered a similar time in the office, a few months ago. This time, there was no attempt by either of us to pull away and we stood enjoying the scene and each other's warmth.

"You don't still want to go onto the beach do you?" asked Stuart quietly.

With reckless abandon, I broke free from his embrace and started skipping down the steps towards the beach. How I got down them safely without tripping and breaking something I'll never know. At the bottom I stopped and slipped off my shoes and then on my toes, ran lightly over to the water. I stood at the edge and let the water run up and over my toes, my feet sinking slightly in the soft sand. It was relatively warm but even so, the off shore breeze was cool and gave me goosebumps. I paddled along the water's edge for a few moments, before walking slowly back up to where Stuart was waiting patiently. He shook his head as I approached.

"You'll be the death of me," he said, "running off like that. I had visions of you going headfirst all the way down."

I apologised and sat down on a rock. I kicked sand over my feet, trying to dry them off, starting to shiver as the cool air got to me. Eventually my feet were dry enough and I made my way back over to the steps and put my shoes back on. Above me the steps loomed, in semi darkness and I realised I now had to walk all the way back up. It was a slow climb and I was aided by Stuart supporting and pushing me from behind, his hands on the back of my waist, just at the top of my buttocks. We wended our way, slowly, through the dark trees and back to the house.

I went into the living room while Stuart made some coffee and came in with two mugs. He switched the television on and we sat down in the corner of the sofa. I slipped off my shoes and shuffled up next to him, leaning up against him with my legs out in front me. His arm came over my shoulder wrapped round, his hand on the other side just under my arm as we sat and half watched some late night political documentary. Very soon though I was starting to fall asleep and Stuart pushed me up to bed. I cleaned my face, peeled off my silicones and changed for bed and was asleep within seconds of my head touching the pillow.

## CHAPTER FOUR

The sun streamed through the cracks in the curtains, dragging me from my slumber. I blinked in the relative brightness and tried to wake up. As I looked around the room I recalled the events of the previous evening. I lay back and went over them again in my head. The episode with the see through dress in the pub, the other people casting glances, running down the path and paddling in the water. What had I been thinking of? I could have tripped and fallen. Almost immediately I thought through the potential embarrassment of being taken to hospital. I closed my eyes and groaned to myself. Still, it had been fun.

I slid out of bed, the short cream nightdress clinging to me, and picked the matching gown off the chair in the corner. Slipping on my mules I walked out of the bedroom and into the bathroom. A shower and a shave made all the difference and very quickly I was back in the bedroom wondering what to wear. Before I could do anything, however, there was a knock at the door and Stuart poked his head round. He was still in his dressing gown.

"I thought I heard movement," he said by way of greeting. "How are you this fine bright morning?"

"Surprisingly good I think," I replied.

"Do you want some breakfast?" he asked. "Just come down as you are, you look fine to me."

Stuart's eyes were looking me up and down, noting the very short length of the nightdress and gown. I was reminded of the men at the pub the night before. I picked up the knickers I had worn the night before and slipped them on, just to retain some degree of modesty and followed him downstairs.

"You know, you look pretty good, even without makeup," he commented.

"I'm still not going out without any," I countered.

"Whatever," Stuart replied. "I'm just saying, you don't need to wear it for my benefit."

That said, I sat down at the breakfast bar in the kitchen and tucked into the bowl of cereal he had prepared for me. He joined me at the bar and together we ate breakfast with the radio playing softly in the background. The weather report came on and told us to expect fine unbroken sunshine for the rest of the weekend and most of the following week. Conversation turned to what we should do for the day. Stuart suggested that we spend the day out. There was the sea life aquarium in the next town and a pottery centre in the next village to start with. Then on Sunday, we could go to the beach in the morning, and up to the castle in the afternoon. It sounded like a good plan so I agreed.

Breakfast over, I slipped off the stool and went back upstairs to get changed. Although Stuart was happy without me wearing makeup, I still put some on, keeping the colours fresh and light, just to keep myself happy. I always felt a lot more feminine with it on, particularly if we were going to be out in public. I went through the wardrobe and pulled a dark pink, almost purple halter neck dress, one of the selection Stuart had bought for me previously. It was cut on the bias and had a wonderful flowing flounce when I walked. Unlike my other pink dress, this one was heavier material and didn't have the same transparent qualities. Underneath it I decided on a white multiway bra which I converted to a halter neck style, taking a few moments to get the fit right I matched this with a pair of slinky, unpatterned white nylon/lycra knickers. The dress was quite full at the bottom and the folds in the cloth helped hide any bulges so I had the luxury of not having to tuck. Some strappy black sandals on my feet, a few essentials in my handbag and I was ready. Downstairs I found Stuart waiting in shorts and a T shirt.

"One of the advantages of being a man," I joked. "It only takes you a few minutes to get ready in the morning."

"Maybe so," he replied. "But you always make the wait worthwhile."

"Well, I try," I replied.

We walked out to the car and drove off down the lane towards the next village. It was only a few miles and I watched the scenery slip by until we came into the village. Parking the car in the public car park, I nervously let Stuart lead me by the hand down the road and into a side street, at the end of which was a small brick building with a sign outside proclaiming it was a pottery, specialising in hand thrown pots and other clay utensils. We stepped in through the door into the factory shop. Beyond that, a sign indicated the production area. We walked on through to where a single potter was working a wheel and turning a clay vase. We stopped and admired his skill for a short while before returning to the shop to browse. I found a small bowl that would do very nicely as a fruit bowl back home and we went to the cash desk to pay, Stuart with me all the way.

"Thank you madam," said the assistant as she handed me my change.

"Thank you," replied Stuart for me and led me back out of the shop into the sunshine.

We looked at each other.

"She called me madam, without so much as batting an eyelid," I whispered to Stuart gleefully.

"Yeah, good isn't it?" he replied. "Now do you believe me?"

Hooking my arm through Stuart's, we walked back through the village, looking in the gift shop windows, taking in the ambience of the place. Eventually we found our way back to the car and drove out of the village. Further down the road, we turned and took another side road towards the town. It was about 20 minutes before we got there and found a parking space near the aquarium. Stuart paid for us to go in and we walked through into the main aquarium. It was one of the largest sea life centres I had ever seen and had some very large tanks which we spent some time at, just watching the fish swim past.



Emerging back into the sunshine, we decided to have lunch and found a small bistro that served light meals. We ate and then with a degree of cautious optimism at having survived this long, I agreed with Stuart to have a look round the town. There wasn't much else we wanted to see there, but despite my nerves, I enjoyed the walk, with the dress flowing around my knees and the warmth of the sun on my bare back. By mid-afternoon we had had enough and made our way back to the car. Stuart took us on a long drive through the country, stopping at a few tourist sites before we got back to the house quite late in the afternoon.

We sat on the patio for a while with a drink, enjoying the sunshine before Stuart got up to prepare dinner. Seeing as it was still very warm, we had another salad, washed down with a bottle of chilled white wine. After dinner, we sat and played a board game in the sunshine, finishing off the rest of the wine until, as the evening started to draw in, Stuart suggested we go down to the pub again for a nightcap. It sounded like a nice idea and the perfect opportunity to flounce around in my dress a little more.

Excusing myself briefly, I went upstairs and slipped on a suspender belt and a pair of pale sheer stockings, just as a precaution against the cooler air that would come late with the night. Then, stepping out of the house, we walked to the pub, a little more slowly than before as my legs were starting to hurt, having spent more time walking around in high heels than I had ever done before. As we walked, Stuart tucked his arm around me again. The feel of his arm on my bare back was quite sensual and I found myself being drawn close into him. Being a Saturday night, the pub was quite busy and I went straight out into the garden while Stuart bought us some drinks. He came out to find me in the same chair as the night before.

"At least this dress isn't transparent," I commented.

"Probably a good job too," he replied. "There are a few young lads in there who might get a bit verbal if they saw you like you were last night. It does annoy me how they go around trying to chat up every woman they think is even vaguely attractive."

"They might get rather a rude awakening with me then," I said, hoping that they would stay indoors and leave us alone out here.

"The trouble is," Stuart went on, "if they started on you, it really would be bad, once they found out you're not a real woman."

I mulled the thought over in my mind, gnawing the inside of my lip, anxiously hoping they wouldn't come out.

"Do you think we'll be safe?" I asked.

"Probably, so long as I'm with you," replied Stuart.

Just then, a group of young lads burst out of the pub's front door, catching everyone's attention.

"That's them," said Stuart.

We watched as they walked away, further into the village.

“They’re probably going to the hotel for a drink now. Then later on, they’ll come back here again. Probably just before closing time, hoping for a lock-in. We should be gone by then.”

I certainly hoped so. I couldn’t imagine many things worse than being caught like this by a group of lecherous young lads. Although, I mused, if they were all like Stuart it wouldn’t be quite so bad. I shook myself. What was I thinking of? One of him was enough surely?

After a few more drinks, we decided to call it a night and made our way back to the house slowly. Making some tea, we went outside and watched the stars for a while before the cool of the night drove us indoors. We sat on the sofa watching the film while Stuart, in response to some pleading from me, massaged my feet again, through my stockings like he before. However, by the time the film was over, as enjoyable as the feeling was, I was barely able to keep my eyes open and Stuart ushered me up to bed. I took my makeup off, then in a haze, allowed Stuart to undress me, apart from my knickers, before slipping my nightdress on for me and tucking me under the sheet.

The next morning I awoke quite refreshed and still with my knickers on under the nightdress. I recalled dimly him saying something about maintaining some modesty and was grateful in a strange way. I padded barefoot down to the kitchen to find Stuart listening to the radio and making some sandwiches. He made some toast for me and poured me a coffee before telling me that he thought we should go to the castle in the morning and then to the beach in the afternoon. Then, suitably relaxed, in the evening we could go down to the pub and have dinner in their restaurant, which would give me the perfect opportunity to wear my sexy little Chinese style dress.

After breakfast, I went back up to my room and pulled out a calf length, silky smooth dress in dark green, which buttoned all the way up the front from just below the knee to my neck. Short sleeves made sure my shoulders wouldn’t suffer the ignominy of sunburn and being a loose fitting dress, it would be cool and also mean that I could remain untucked again without drawing attention to myself. Underneath, I wore a black bra and black knickers, with my silicones lightly glued in place for when I wore the bikini later. In truth, with them stuck on, I didn’t really need to wear the bra, but it helped reduce the strain on the glue, meaning it would probably last longer. Stuart had bought me a pair of trainers from the catalogue previously which would do very well for this. I say trainers, they were more like a thin soft gym shoe or thick soled ballet slipper. No use at all for actual running or any other strenuous activity, but they would do very nicely for strolling across fields.

They were a slip on style, with thin elastic straps across the top of the foot to hold them in place. I had queried why Stuart had added them to my shopping list originally, but clearly he had had this very scenario in mind and they went with the dress very well. I pulled out the bikini, sarong and flip flops and took a towel from the airing cupboard before going downstairs to meet Stuart. Packing everything into a small rucksack, we left to walk to the castle.

We strolled down the road to where a path cut across some fields towards the castle. It was a little rough but the other option was to walk into the village and up the road towards the castle which would have been an easier, albeit much longer route. As we

strolled along the path, we chatted idly and Stuart filled in some of the background history of the area.

Before long, we arrived at the top of the hill and walked over a little wooden bridge spanning the dry ditch that surrounded the castle and into the castle ruins. The ruins had been preserved as an ancient monument and Stuart paid the small entry fee to get us inside. We followed the guidebook's suggested tour round the castle and along the walls, taking in the history and the somewhat magnificent views afforded by the castle's position on the hill. We blended in with everyone else and unusually perhaps, for me, I felt quite natural walking around hand in hand with Stuart. After a while we finished our tour and left via the little bridge again. This time, however, we followed another path round to the side of the ruins and started to make our way gently down the grassy slope towards the river which meandered gently through the meadow below. Holding my dress up and out of the way meant I only had one hand to steady myself as we descended and I relied on Stuart's assistance and steady hand and support to make sure I didn't take an undignified tumble. Eventually, we reached the path at the bottom which followed the river through the meadow. My legs ached slightly and my feet were quite hot from the walk down and as I stretched them, Stuart pointed downriver slightly.

"There are some rocks down there," he said. "You can sit and cool your feet off in the river while we have lunch."

I looked and sure enough, through the long grass on the bank, I could see some rocks rising up from the river. He reached out his hand to take mine and led me down the path. The rocks stretched across the river from bank to bank, the river flowing smoothly around them.

Through the clear but leaf browned slow flowing water, I could see the river bed, mostly smooth rock, with a few deep holes and other pebbly patches. In the middle of the river, one rock sat, flatter than the others, like a table. Using the other rocks as stepping-stones, Stuart led me by the hand out to it. I slipped off my shoes and sat down, dangling my feet over the edge into the gentle flow. The coolness of the water was like a tonic and we sat side by side eating our sandwiches, watching the world go by. After we had eaten, I lay back on the rock and closed my eyes,

"Better?" asked Stuart, his fingers gently brushing some loose strands of hair from my brow.

"Oh yes," I replied, "oh yes indeed."

And so we stayed there for a while, with my feet in the water and Stuart running his fingers gently through my hair. As I lay there, it occurred to me that I was again, barely dressed, relatively speaking. Just a thin dress and a bra and knickers maintained my modesty, such as it was. The thought amused me and at the same time, made me feel slightly vulnerable. I imagined Stuart running his hands down my dress, prising the buttons open one at a time until I lay there, open to the world, the sun beating down on my bare skin while he...

I opened my eyes and sat up quickly. Stuart looked surprised.

"Are you alright?"

“Hmm, yes, I was just starting to drop off into a rather naughty daydream,” I replied.

“Must have been good,” replied Stuart, nodding downwards to where my dress, draped in my lap, displayed a small but noticeable bulge.

I felt myself flush and I looked down, suddenly embarrassed. I tried to think clean thoughts, studied the riverbed, looking for fish and other river life until the bulge declined. Stuart indicated we ought to make a move otherwise we would never get any time on the beach. I lifted my feet out of the river and shook the water off them. I rubbed them gently, allowing the heat of the air to dry them off and then slipped my shoes back on. Stuart helped me back to my feet and then led me by the hand back over the rocks to the bank. Once there, he slipped his arm around my waist and we walked slowly along the path, back towards the road in the distance. At one point he stopped and pointed downstream. I looked but was unable to see anything. He moved behind me and put his head on my left shoulder, his right arm up beside my head so I could see where he was pointing.

“Down there, on the old tree,” he whispered softly in my ear, the intimacy of it making my spine tingle.

And then, I saw it. A kingfisher, sitting on an old tree stump, looking for fish. We stood and watched it for a moment before, with a flash, it was gone.

I became aware that Stuart had moved around behind me and was now holding me from behind, his left arm wrapped round my middle, pulling me into him. I turned my head and told him gently to behave. There was a time and place for everything, and out here we could be arrested, assuming there was anyone to see us. He nuzzled into my neck, his lips caressing me gently before reluctantly, he slid round to my side again replacing his arm round my waist as he did. I slipped my hand into the back pocket of his shorts and we strolled on gently again, the loose lines of my dress hiding the feelings I was having.

We reached the road and followed the river under the bridge to the other side. It started to narrow now and flowed slightly faster as it descended towards the sea. We followed it as far as we could before climbing up what was now a steep slope onto the cliff top. The woods around the cottage were visible in the distance and we ambled through the long grass and bushes. I enjoyed the feeling of the gentle sea breeze blowing up my dress, making it billow from time to time and the soft grass brushing against my legs. As we reached the woods, Stuart took me by the hand again and led me along a twisty route that wasn't obvious unless you knew what you were looking for. Stuart clearly did as we arrived at the top of the cliff by the steps down to the beach.

On the beach, I slipped my knickers off from under my dress and slid the bikini bottoms up my legs, finding it hard to tuck myself away successfully. Then, half undoing the dress, I stepped out of it, my back towards Stuart trying to remain as feminine looking as possible. Then, unclipping my bra, I slipped the bikini top on. The neck tie had remained tied from before and I only had to fasten the other tie round my back, which Stuart was more than willing to help with. I had to have it slightly looser than before to stop the tension in the cloth making it slip off the smooth surface of my breasts.

The first thing was to see how well I could swim in the bikini. It wasn't easy, as the top did tend to slip up slightly and I became untucked very quickly in the bottoms. That

turned out to be more of an issue for me than for Stuart and I felt much better with the top pulled back into position and at least some effort towards tucking myself back underneath again. Emerging after a short while, I made my way back up the sand to the towels and pulling my sun hat out of the bag, stretched out on my front with the sun beating down on my back. I was glad of the large floppy hat, loosely perched on my head, protecting me from some of the heat. Stuart knelt down next to me, a bottle of sun cream in his hand. He was naked again, making the most of the seclusion.

“Could you do my back please?” he asked. “Then I can do you.”

I knelt up and shuffled round to his back. Spreading the sun cream over his back and shoulder, I worked it in, all down his back and legs, as well as round his buttocks. His body was pleasantly firm. Not overly muscled, but really nicely toned and I had to admire how he looked after himself. As I finished, he turned to face me, holding his hand out for the bottle. Instead, I spread some more over his chest and worked that into his upper body. He stood, allowing me to treat his legs as well.

“Best make sure you don’t get sunburn down there,” I said, nodding at his groin.

He smiled and I spread a small amount of the cream over his cock and balls, massaging it in. He seemed to be enjoying it a little too much, judging by the response. Before it went too far, I handed him back the bottle and lay down on the towel.

“Your turn,” I said.

He squeezed a small amount into his hands and then started to rub it into my back, using long firm strokes which reached every part of me. After a while, he squeezed out some more cream and worked on my legs, one at a time, his hands continuing the firm massaging strokes up from calf to thigh and then back down again, his fingers stroking the inside and outside of my thigh as he did. I lay there, enjoying the sheer pleasure of the massage in the warm sunshine, feeling more and more relaxed. The thought of him undressing me the night before drifted back into my mind’s eye, making me tingle at every stroke from his hands. I realised his hands had moved up to the tops of my legs, his thumbs working over the lower part of my bum, slipping gently underneath the tight covering of the bikini bottom.

Then, I felt the ties on my bikini bottom being pulled, ever so gently, until the tension in the cords released causing the flimsy triangle of cloth over my bum to slide off and drop down between my legs. I shivered despite the heat. Despite being alone together since Friday, this was the first time we had been this intimate. His hands returned, massaging my buttocks, his thumbs catching the inside edge, spreading them slightly, exposing me. His thumbs worked closer and closer until they were rubbing the ring of my arse and then they were inside, spreading the hole gently. Both thumbs gently worked their way in as far as they could go, spreading me completely.

Then I felt him climb over me, his knees coming between my thighs and pushing them apart. With his thumbs, still easing me open, I felt his erection slide up between my buttocks, touching the small of my back. His hands and erection lifted away for a moment as he leaned to one side, fiddled with something and then returned, only this time, his erection perched itself firmly between my buttocks as his thumbs eased me open again. I felt him penetrate me, sliding in and then out, gaining deeper entry with each thrust.

The warmth of his body met mine and we rocked together in rhythm as he pushed gently up inside me. His hands hooked under my shoulders and he pulled me in tight to him, his passion growing all the while until he peaked and I felt him pulse inside me, his thrust suddenly urgent and deep.

We lay there for a while as he softened and then he withdrew and rolled off me. I lay there for a while and then I felt a trickle running down my bum, onto the ever so sensitive part behind my own balls. I reached round and found the open end of the condom still sticking out of my arse. As he had withdrawn, my own body had clung to the latex, holding it in me as he withdrew. I rolled over onto my back, my own erection pushing the loose bikini out of the way. As I stood up, his juices trickled out of me and down my legs, the tickle making me shiver despite the heat. I took myself in both hands, and masturbated slowly and gently. Stuart was still lying there, watching me through half open eyes. Crossing my legs, I felt the slippery stickiness rubbing over my legs and then I came in a mad pulsing rush, unable to hold it, letting it shoot out over the sand. I sank to my knees, sweating, the blood pounding in my head. I knelt there for several minutes, praying that no-one happened to find their way onto the beach.

“Enjoy that did you?” he asked, almost mockingly I thought.

I took a deep breath.

“Kind of,” was about all I could say. The pounding of the blood in my head was starting to fade. I reached round and gently extracted the rubber from between my buttocks, passing it to Stuart for him to tie off. He took it gingerly as I stood, knees shaking slightly. I picked up my bikini bottom and made my own way to the water. I went in a few feet and sat down, letting the gentle breakers wash over me, rinsing me clean. After a few minutes, I stood again and waded further into the water, rinsing the sand off my lower regions. I swam a few strokes, enjoying the feeling of semi-nakedness combined with the feeling of my silicones held tight to my chest and the bikini top tied around me. I made my way back to the shallower part and fastened the bikini bottom back around me. The coolness of the water had made my own softening erection disappear rapidly, so there was little left to tuck. With the bottom secured around me again, I made my way back up the beach again to the towel where Stuart was now lying back in the sun. I stretched out full length on my back, allowing the towel to absorb the remaining dampness before rolling on to my front.

“Can you rub some more sun cream on my back and legs please,” I asked, stretching out, loving the warmth of the sun once more beating down on my mostly naked body.

It was quite late when we left the beach. The sun was starting to go down and a breeze had picked up, blowing off the sea. Wrapping my sarong around me, and slipping my flip flops on, I rolled up my dress and underwear and tucked them in the rucksack with my other shoes. Stuart put his clothes back on and we made our way back up the path to the house. My first task was to remove my silicones which were sadly starting to peel off anyway after the day’s activities. My makeup had all but disappeared from swimming and I cleaned off what little remained. Then I had a shower to wash the salt out of my hair, using plenty of conditioner to help recover some shine and body.

As we wouldn’t be going out for dinner for a while, I put the afternoon’s clothes and underwear back on, although I decided not to wear shoes. I went downstairs to find Stuart

out on the patio, relaxing on one of the sun loungers. I lay down on the adjacent one as he turned his head and opened an eye.

“Anything you want to do before we go for dinner?” he asked.

I shook my head.

“I’m fine thanks. I just need to get dressed and I’ll be ready to go.”

As I lay there, the sun heated the dark material of the dress and I started to feel rather warm. Regretting the fact I didn’t have another bikini, I took the next best option and decided to sunbathe in my underwear. I stood and unbuttoned my dress, all the way down this time, slipping it off like a large shirt before lying down again on my front to enjoy again the feeling of hot sun on bare flesh. Stuart watched me with slight amusement, his interest obvious, but subdued slightly following our earlier activities.

“You have no idea how erotic that was,” he said.

“You’d be surprised,” I replied, pleased that he liked it. I felt somewhat excited still, the afternoon’s activity on the beach having only served to stir my own passion further. We lay there until about 5.30pm when Stuart told me he had booked a table at the pub for 7.30pm. That gave me two hours to get ready and for us to walk there. In heels, that would easily be a half hour walk so I decided I really ought to get ready as soon as I could.

I made my way back into the bedroom and undressed completely. I pulled the dress out from the wardrobe and laid it out on the bed, along with the underwear and the new stockings, feeling a little frisson of excitement. I dabbed on some of the Dolce Vita perfume and then sat down at the dressing table to apply my makeup. To echo the colours of the dress, I decided on a dark golden metallic eyeshadow, with my eyelashes picked out with a couple of coats of mascara. I had a nice red lipstick that matched the red in the dress and I applied this to my lips, sealing it in with a coat of brush-on sealer. My cheeks were lightly brushed with my favourite orangey brown blusher, giving a warm but gentle glow that matched my eyeshadow. My nails were good, but not perfect, so I applied a thin coat of the same colour varnish over the existing coat, covering the small chips that normally occur through the day.

Then picking up the bra, I slipped my arms through and fastened it behind me. My silicones slipped in and were held snugly against my chest. The suspender belt followed and then I carefully opened the stockings Stuart had bought to go with the outfit. Gently, so as not to snag them, I eased them up and over my legs, clipping them onto the suspenders. The high lycra content meant they were fantastically close fitting, very sheer and slightly glossy to show off the shape of my leg. I stepped into my knickers and pulled them up. I would unfortunately either need to tuck or wear a bodyshaper for the evening.

The side split in the dress meant a waist slip was out of the question. By good fortune, some time ago I had bought some bodyshaping briefs. Designed for women who wanted to trim their tummy in to shape, they also worked very well on me, suppressing other unsightly bulges. With these on, I stepped into the dress, goosebumps appearing as I pulled the cool sensual satin up and over my body. Reaching round behind me, I pulled the zip up and stepped into my black strappy sandals which showed off my painted nails through the stocking’s sheer toe. I brushed my hair through and set it with a quick spray before checking myself in the mirror. A very smart and rather sexy young woman stared back at

me and I turned a couple of times, admiring myself, almost unable to believe just how good I looked and felt. Dragging myself away, I popped some essentials in my handbag and went downstairs to meet Stuart. He looked very smart in his Chinos and a smart black polo shirt and as I entered, he let out a low whistle and nodded approvingly.

“Very nice,” he said quietly. “Even better than when you tried it on before.”

I did a turn, showing off the whole dress, feeling like a million dollars. We left the house and walked down the lane towards the pub, Stuart with his arm round my waist and me with my hand in his back pocket as before. The walk was uneventful, although I did feel my face starting to glow in the warmth of the evening. Still, with the clear skies, the later part of the evening would be cooler and I would be glad of any extra warmth. As we approached the pub, I grew slightly apprehensive again, there being quite a few people around and me being dressed to kill.

Admittedly I had got through the previous day in daylight, but I put that mainly down to most people not noticing too much about other people. Here, however, I was dressed to be noticed. As far as Stuart was concerned, however, it was him and his wife going out for dinner. We walked in through the pub and over to the restaurant area where he gave his name to the waitress. I attracted a couple of admiring glances from some of the men there which made me suppress a smile. After a moment, the waitress returned and escorted us to a table, took an order from Stuart for two dry sherries and left us with a couple of menus.

I looked around, a little nervously, but no one was paying us any more attention. I felt a real thrill, sitting there dressed as I was, feeling as I did, knowing that no one had any idea of who I really was. I turned my attention back to the menu and tried to decide what to order. We discussed the options in low voices. I wasn't sure I would pass as female with my voice, not without some serious voice training, so we agreed that Stuart should do all the ordering. The waitress returned with our aperitifs and left again, seeing as we were still perusing the menu. In the end I selected the locally caught prawns done in garlic and white wine, followed by a cut of roast lamb.

“I suppose I'd better have the garlic mushrooms then,” commented Stuart, “otherwise all I'll smell is your garlic breath all night.”

“And how close to my breath were you planning on getting?” I asked, eyes open innocently.

He smirked and winked. I looked down, suppressing a grin and feeling slightly naughty, knowing he was planning on taking me again that night.

“Where are the toilets here?” I asked.

Stuart pointed over towards a door which sported a sign for both the men's and ladies toilets. Standing up, I took my bag and walked over to the door, pushing my way through. Ahead of me, the ladies was to the left, the men's to the right. I went left and found my self in a small, yet clean restroom with two cubicles. After attending to my immediate needs, I washed my hands and examined my face. The heat had certainly got to me and my face was starting to shine. Taking a piece of tissue, I gently pressed it all over my face, absorbing the worst of the shine, before applying some pressed powder over the obvious areas.

Turning to leave, I was surprised by the door opening and a middle aged older lady coming in.

"Sorry," she said, "didn't mean to startle you."

"S'okay," I managed to half squeak, half whisper in an impromptu female voice before making my way out. I breathed deeply as I walked back to the table, trying to calm the panic that had just been instilled in me. Stuart looked up as I arrived.

"I take it you didn't get rumbled by the woman who just went in?"

"Hope not," I replied. "She scared the living daylights out of me. If I'm going to be doing this regularly, then I need some voice training."

"If?" asked Stuart. "How regularly do think you do this now?"

He had a point, I had to admit. I would have to start investigating about my voice when we got home. At that point the waitress turned up to take our order. Stuart ordered for both of us, referring to me as his wife as he did so, causing a little flicker of excitement to run through me. His wife. That was a thought to hold onto. We chatted quietly until the starters arrived and then tucked in. At least, Stuart tucked in. I tried to maintain some decorum by eating as delicately as I could. The main course arrived with a rather nice bottle of red wine and again we ate slowly, enjoying the meal. As we did, I started to feel more and more relaxed, partly due to the alcohol, but also due to the fact that no-one was any the wiser as to who or what I really was. It seemed my theory was right. Unless I did something to attract undue attention to myself I would be fine. As we finished, I ran my tip of my shoe up the inside of Stuart's leg. He looked up.

"Thank you," I said softly. "I have really enjoyed myself so far. Six months ago, I would never have believed this was possible, but, well...obviously I just needed the right guidance."

Stuart dipped his head in a semi bow.

"My pleasure," he replied. "I've thoroughly enjoyed this as well. Which is odd considering what we discussed after that time in the office."

I thought back to that first encounter in the office, with me bent over the table.

"Hmm, just goes to show doesn't it?" I mused. "You never can tell what life will serve you up."

"Dessert menu?"

The waitress appeared at the table, making me jump. She held out a couple of smaller menus which we each took. As she stood there, waiting while we made our choices, I looked up at Stuart through my lashes. He was watching me and saw me glance at the waitress.

"Can we have a few minutes please?" he asked.

"Sure," she replied and walked off.

"Thanks," I breathed out.

"I had a feeling that might happen," said Stuart. "As soon as she didn't move, I figured it might make it a little awkward. Anyway, what do you fancy?"

I decided to go for the orange cheesecake while Stuart went for the 'death by chocolate'. After they had been served, eaten and cleared away, he also ordered coffee for us both, a port for me and a whiskey for himself, which we sat and sipped quietly. I glanced at Stuart's watch. It was now after 9 o'clock, although the sky, visible through the window behind Stuart, still retained some light. Red and gold streaks shot through a darkening blue.

"Fancy another one?" he asked, dragging me from my thoughts.

"Mmm, yes please. That was rather nice."

"Let's find a more comfortable spot then."

Stuart spied the waitress, catching her eye. Seeing we were ready to leave, she brought the bill, which Stuart paid for on his credit card. Then he stood and came to move my chair for me, allowing me to stand. With his hand on my back, just at the top of my bum, he ushered me out of the restaurant and into the bar area where we spotted a quiet table in the corner. I made my way over to it while Stuart went to the bar for a couple more drinks. He joined me in the corner, moving his stool around until it was next to mine. I looked at him, not knowing quite what to say now. As I glanced down at my shoes, he leaned over and kissed me gently behind my left ear, sending tingles all through me. I leaned over to him.

"Steady now," I whispered in his ear. "I can't go getting all excited in here can I?"

He leaned over to me.

"Want to go outside then?" he whispered back.

I squirmed slightly in my seat. If we carried on like this then I would most definitely need to either go outside, or at least need something to take my mind of the situation before I embarrassed myself. There was only so much the bodyshaper could hold back.

"Go on then." I winked at him, feeling deliciously naughty.

Standing up, I carried my handbag in front of me to hide any lumps as Stuart escorted me out through the bar to the garden area where we had sat previously. There were a few people out there, couples making the most of the quiet. We found a table away from the others and moved our chairs closer together.

"Now then," murmured Stuart. "Where was I?"

So saying, he leaned over again and nuzzled my neck, just by my left ear, before running the tip of his tongue up to my earlobe, which he nibbled gently. I squirmed in my seat, a small groan of delight escaping my lips. His right hand came round my shoulders and his left hand settled on my knee, the dress having slipped up slightly to expose the nylon stocking. His fingers gently caressed the inside of my knee and ran up my thigh as he played with me.

"You do smell nice," he murmured between caresses on my ear and neck.

I couldn't speak, but tilted my head to allow him greater access to my neck. He obliged, running his lips gently over the exposed skin sending me into quiet paroxysms of delight. The knowledge that we were doing this in full view of everyone else made my stomach churn with wanton delight. I could feel a dampness in my knickers and prayed it wouldn't

come through to the dress. Before we got too carried away, Stuart pulled back, leaving his hand still on my leg. He looked at me with a mischievous look and I had to look away. I took a sip of my port. There was no way I would be able to walk back through the pub to go home for a good few minutes. The bodyshaper was good, but not that good. Thankfully, sitting down, my embarrassment could be concealed quite easily. I realised then just how much I wanted to have Stuart take me to bed. The thought that now I actually wanted it, craved it even hit me like a tidal wave. I felt exhilarated, like I was flying. The revelation that I was actually able to admit to myself that I wanted him to take me was almost overpowering. We sat and sipped our drinks and as we did, an idea sparked in my mind. As I sat there, mulling it over, Stuart leaned over and whispered again in my ear.

“Penny for your thoughts?”

“You’ll find out later,” I replied, leaning over and whispering in his ear.

He sat and looked back at me, one eyebrow raised quizzically. I just smiled back and finished my port.

“Shall we?” I asked, standing up.

Stuart tossed back the rest of his whiskey and stood up, collecting both glasses. As we walked back to the pub, I dangled my handbag in front of me again to help hide any obvious signs of my excitement. Once inside, Stuart left me briefly to return the glasses to the bar and then opened the door for me and escorted me outside. His arm came round my waist again and I slipped my hand back into his rear pocket. The night was warmer than expected despite the clear skies and we strolled leisurely back along the lane to the house, fooling with each other as we did. As we walked I thought back and found myself getting more and more excited by the events of the whole evening.

“Do you fancy anything else to drink?” asked Stuart as he opened the front door for me.

“Glass of water please,” I replied, “just as soon as I’ve been upstairs for a minute.”

I went upstairs and quickly slipped off my bodyshaper brief. The fettered pleasure that came from wearing that tight restrictive garment gave way to a different feeling of liberated pleasure. I went to the bathroom and cleaned myself up before making my way back downstairs again. A glass of water stood on the worktop and I consumed it with relish, the warmth of the evening and the alcohol having made me quite thirsty. Stuart was out on the patio gazing up at the stars and I stepped out to join him. As I did, he wrapped his arm around me again and pulled me gently round so that I stood with my back against his front, his other arm also wrapping round me and holding me tight.

“Now then,” he murmured in my ear, “where were we?”

I felt his warm breath and tongue tickle the side of my neck again. My breath became shallow as I let the sensation envelope me. I became conscious of every little nuance that was happening, the sensation of the stockings on my legs, the pressure on my feet from the shoes, the feeling of the bra straps against my skin, the rub of the satin on my bare skin and over my satin knickers and behind me his erection growing and pressing into me, making me feel even more submissive to his caresses.

My pulse ran wild, the blood pounding in my head, my mouth dry with the excitement. A wild desire came over me and I turned in his arms to face him and kissed him full on the lips, my tongue seeking his in wild abandon. He hesitated momentarily, my sudden passion obviously catching him unawares and then I felt him respond in kind. We stayed like that for what seemed like ages before I pulled away, allowing him to again run his lips and tongue over my neck and throat. I returned to a full deep kiss on his mouth and then pulled back. As we separated, he looked at me, an expression of mild surprise on his face.

"Come on," I said, taking his hand and leading him inside and upstairs to his bedroom. Turning, I pushed him back onto the bed and climbed up, straddling him. The feeling that had started in the pub now came to a head and I leant forward and starting kissing his lips and his neck. I undid his shirt buttons, my fingers trembling and fumbling as I did and

then ran my lips and tongue over his chest and nipples, bringing them to hardness. My hands went to his waist and undid his belt and trousers. I lifted myself up and dragged them down over his legs, removing his underwear, socks and shoes as well in the process so that he lay naked in front of me, his erection proud and hard, lying against his stomach, the end glistening with his excitement. I lowered my head and kissed, caressed and gently sucked on it, until I sensed he was becoming too excited.

Then I made my way back up to his chest and transferred the attention to his nipples, before returning to his lips again. Then, standing up, I quickly slipped off my dress, leaving me clad only in the pearl grey satin underwear and my stockings and shoes. I climbed back on the bed and carried on from where I had stopped. His hands ran up and down over my body, running over the smooth satin that encased my buttocks, over the smooth nylon on my legs and then to my bra, where after a quick feel, he removed my sili-



cones. Then he stroked my own nipples through the satin of the bra, bringing them to firm hard points, the sensation overwhelming me. He pulled me up towards him so he could tease my nipples through the satin with his lips and tongue. The pleasure coursed through me like electricity. God, how I wanted real breasts at that point. Full, real soft breasts that he could play with, tease and suckle on. I wanted them so much it ached.

“Where are the, er,” I started to say, but Stuart beat me to it. He rolled slightly to one side and pulled open the top drawer in the bedside cabinet. Inside lay a tube of lubricant and a packet of condoms. Before he could do anything else, I pushed him back on the bed and carried on kissing him, lying full length on him, feeling the firm muscled body move beneath me. Stuart still had no idea of what I had been thinking about before. This would be the surprise. The ultimate that I could do for him. Standing up again, I slipped off my knickers and rolled a condom over my own very firm erection. Then I took the lubricant out of the drawer and applied a liberal squeeze over Stuart’s large and throbbing erection. He looked up at me with a questioning look on his face.

“Err...” he began, realising only I was wearing a condom.

His voice faltered slightly as I straddled him again, took him in one hand and lifting myself up, positioned myself with my arse right on the tip of his erection. His eyes opened wide in disbelief and then I lowered myself slowly and deliberately on to him, the lubricant removing all friction so that I took him inside me in one smooth and fluid movement. He let go a long slow groan and closed his eyes. Then, I started to move up and down, front and back, feeling him tremble beneath me. His hands came up onto my waist and I leaned forward slightly to play with his nipples.

He reciprocated, his fingers teasing my nipples again through the soft satin of my bra. Then he opened his eyes, his hands hooking through my arms and behind my shoulders and pulling me down, tight against him, my body rubbing against his. I straightened my legs allowing him to roll us over so he was on top, between my legs. Then he started his own slow deep thrusts. In my mind I became a real woman, powerless to resist this man as he penetrated me, thrusting deep inside and playing with my own full breasts. I raised my legs slightly to ease his passage and found myself wrapping my own arms around him, our passion building and building until with a passionate groan, he came, emptying himself into me. I felt the jerking thrust of him coming and with the vision in my mind I too came in a mad pulsing, mind blowing rush, letting go a long cry of pleasure as I did.

We lay for a long time as he softened, his head resting on the pillow beside me, his breathing slowing back to normal. I stroked his hair, smelling the heady combination of his aftershave and my perfume. Squinting through my lower lashes, I looked down my body, absorbing the sight. My bra, with my nipples, still erect, poking through the material. My legs still hooked around him, I could see my foot, sandal still on and clad in nylon, which glistened in the half light, my painted toes just visible through the sheer toe. And all the while, Stuart lying spent on top of me, his cock still buried in my arse. I savoured the moment, trying to commit it to memory so I would never forget the night I became his, totally and completely.

After several more minutes, he lifted up slightly, reaching for a box of tissues on the bedside cabinet. Pulling a few out, he withdrew, making sure we didn’t dribble on the bedclothes. Then, with tissue pressed to my bum, I made my way to the bathroom where I

cleaned myself up, enjoying the strange sticky yet slippery feeling around my arse. As a precaution, once I had cleaned up, I slipped a tampon inside me and then went briefly to my own room to remove my makeup. Slipping into my short satin nightdress, I went back to Stuart's room and climbed under the sheet while he was in the bathroom.

"I don't think there are any taboos between us any more," I said when he returned.

He climbed under the sheet with me and embraced me from behind.

"Thank you," he whispered in my ear and held me until we both drifted off to sleep.

## CHAPTER FIVE

The next morning, as I drifted into consciousness it took a moment to for me orientate myself before I realised I was in Stuart's bed. Memories flooded back from the night before bringing a flood of emotions. The passion, the joy and the liberation I had experienced competed with the actual realisation of what I become. I had acted like a complete whore. I remembered the feelings I had in the pub, of desperately wanting him, of the carefree abandon and then the kissing. I had actually started the kissing and with some passion as well. It went against everything I had ever thought of as being me. I just didn't kiss men. But then, six months ago, I had only ever had fantasies about sex with a man and now here I was, happy and willing for Stuart to screw me like a woman. Like the woman I perhaps wanted to be? Was that it?

I needed to get up. Leaving Stuart still sleeping, I slid out of bed made my way to the bathroom. The tampon had done its job overnight and there had been no leakage. I took a shower, letting the hot water flood over me as if I was trying to wash away more than just sweat and old perfume. In my mind was stuck the image of my nipples poking through my bra, of my painted toenails shining through the stocking and of Stuart lying on me still buried in my arse. That oddly didn't worry me at all. In fact, in many ways I found it pleasurable to recall. No, what still bothered me was the kissing. I had enjoyed it. I had, perhaps oddly, always considered that to be a more intimate action than letting him penetrate me. Yet, whilst it bothered me, I no longer had the same feelings of, well, almost revulsion when Stuart had kissed me previously when I had worn the wedding dress. Perhaps I was bothered because I was no longer bothered by it, strange as it sounded.

I stepped out of the shower and dried off, before having a shave. Whore or not, I thought, a beard would not go well with makeup and a dress. With a now smooth face I recovered my clothes from the floor of Stuart's room and went back to my own room. As I sat and wondered what to wear for the day, I heard Stuart getting up and making his way to the bathroom. After he had showered and shaved, he came and joined me on the bed.

"Are you alright?" he asked, seeing what must have a dazed look on my face.

"I think so," I replied. "Just recovering after last night."

He nodded.

"That was really something else," he said. "You were like a woman possessed."

A woman possessed. That was a good description.

"I'm just trying to get my head round the fact I had my tongue in your mouth," I explained. "And I enjoyed it."

He looked slightly bemused.

"What's the problem with that?"

"I've never been into kissing men," I replied. "Then again, until all this started I would never have actually slept with a man anyway. It would have stayed as a fantasy."

"So it's my fault then?" he asked.

"No, not at all," I replied, trying to find the right words. "It's just that kissing is, well, so intimate."

He looked at me with eyebrows raised in surprise.

"And sex isn't?"

"Well of course it is," I replied, "but for some reason I've always had this hang up about kissing."

"Had a hang up or have a hang up?" asked Stuart.

I paused for a moment's thought and looked at him, realising he was right. I used to have a hang up. Now, with him, it wasn't a hang up anymore. Specifically with him, it was a hang up anymore.

"Your issue is that you have no longer got an issue, when you think you should have one because of who you are," Stuart expounded. "You've fulfilled your deepest darkest fantasy and now it's brought a whole new you to the surface. One which you probably didn't know existed, or at least if you did, you weren't prepared to admit it."

I had to admit, it sounded very plausible. I was about the only way it all made sense.

"I'd be willing to bet you wouldn't feel the same way with another man as you do with me," Stuart went on. "I'm not trying to boast, but what you're saying tells me that you are not a complete and total slut willing to screw any man who comes along."

I nodded. He had a point. As I'd already said before to him and Chris, it would have to be a very special person before I'd consider sleeping with them. I leaned and rested my head on his shoulder.

"I think you're probably right," I replied, feeling a little more relaxed, comforted as well in the knowledge that I wasn't a complete slut. It helped me to make some sense of it all. That very special person I had thought about in my fantasies had turned out to be Stuart. By treating me the way he did, he made me feel like I did in my fantasy. That was it.

Stuart nodded at the wardrobe.

"What are you wearing today? Bearing in mind we've got to drive home."

"Not rubber," I said, laughing. "Definitely not rubber."

I got up and opened the wardrobe. Inside I found a knee length dress that we had found in the catalogue before. It was made from a dark metallic grey silk and promised to be cool and comfortable for the journey. It opened at the neck and had a small belt in the same material which could be tied at the back to pull the waist in or at the front. Stuart

nodded his approval. From my drawers I extracted a lacy black bra with matching knickers and on a whim, a lacy black suspender belt. I had a pair of fine skin tone stockings which would go with it and my strappy black sandals would finish it off quite nicely.

“Let’s have breakfast first,” said Stuart taking my hand and helping me up from the bed. Patting me on the bum, he led the way downstairs where we made some breakfast. Stuart opened the back door and we went out onto the patio. Early as it was, the air was already warm and we were comfortable with him in his dressing gown, tied loosely at the waist and me just in my nightdress. As we ate, he watched me.

“God you look hot just in that,” he said.

I almost choked on my toast.

“Do you think of anything else?” I asked, laughing, feeling secretly special that he still looked at me like that.

As I looked at him, I could see his lower half, barely covered by the dressing gown. I could barely drag my eyes away, knowing full well what was up there and wanting to see it again, despite my earlier misgivings. As I finished eating, I got up and went to sit on his lap, putting my arms around his neck, hugging him.

“Sorry for that earlier,” I said. “I really have enjoyed myself this weekend. It was just that last night was probably the final barrier to cross. I don’t really regret it. I just shocked myself a bit, that’s all.”

He put his arms round me and hugged me back.

“That’s quite alright,” he said. “I’m glad you’ve had a good time. I certainly did, especially last night. I mean, well...it was awesome.”

“If somewhat messy,” I replied.

We both laughed at that.

“Yes, we’ll have to work on that,” he replied. “What about that thing you used the first time?”

“What, the Femidom? Well we could do I guess. It’s a bit hard to fit, hardly a spontaneous thing,” I said.

He shrugged.

“Oh well. Play it by ear then.”

I contemplated what to do next. Then, seeing as we had a long journey ahead, I slipped off his knee and took the plates into the kitchen before going upstairs to get dressed. I slipped into my underwear first and pulled on my stockings, the nail varnish shining through the sheer toes quite nicely. I pulled the dress on over my head and fastened the buttons at the neck, leaving the top one undone. Instead of tying the belt at the front, I tied it at the back, which pulled the waist in closely, meaning I needed a bodyshaper. The briefs I had used last night were mucky from all the excitement so I resorted to a waist slip which had the same effect. Although it would be warm, it would be nowhere as warm as the rubber I wore on the way down.

I applied my makeup using metallic greys for my eyes with black mascara, the orangey brown blusher and a deep red lipstick on my lips. I gave my hair a little attention and slipped on my shoes. It took a short while to pack all my clothes and shoes and when I was done, I left the case on the bed, before going to find Stuart.

He still wasn't dressed but was packing, having spent a while downstairs listening to the radio for the traffic reports. I sat on the bed and watched him pack, his dressing gown swinging open from time to time and giving me full view of his body. I found myself drawn inexorably towards his groin, finding myself being turned on knowing that last night, that now soft piece of flesh had been rock hard and buried in me. Stuart, oblivious to my thoughts and glances, continued to sort his clothes out, glancing up at me occasionally. Eventually he was packed apart from the clothes he was going to wear that day and I watched him as he took off his dressing gown and got dressed. When he was done, he took his bag and mine downstairs to the hallway before going back up and stripping the bedclothes from the beds and bundling them into a separate bag.

We ran a quick check through the house to make sure we hadn't left anything behind and then took the bags out to the car. Stuart opened the door for me and I slipped into the passenger seat and watched as he locked up the house. Then, climbing into the car himself, he started the engine and we set off on our journey home.

It was an easy journey. Even our lunch stop at the motorway service station was easy. After my success over the weekend, I succumbed to gentle pressure from Stuart and we both went into the service area for lunch. Finding a secluded spot was impossible, but thankfully the background chatter meant we could converse quite easily without being overheard.

Again, no-one seemed to be in the slightest bit interested in us which pleased me immensely. After lunch, we started back on the road again and managed to get to my house by late afternoon, a little later than planned, but then, we had set off rather later than before. Stuart pulled his car up on the driveway and hopped out and round to open the door for me. I was really starting to enjoy this being treated like a lady. He helped me out and then carried my bags from the car to my living room.

"Tea?" I asked?

"Please," he replied and closed the door behind him.

"Feels like we've been away for ages doesn't it?" I remarked.

Stuart agreed. It had only been four days in total, but it felt like four weeks.

"A lot happened," he replied, wrapping his arms around me from behind as I stood making the tea.

He let go of me as I turned to face him, handing him a cup of tea as I did. He paused, seemingly unsure of how to go on. I nodded in agreement.

"The question is, how do we go from here?" he asked, echoing my own thoughts.

I didn't answer but indicated that we should go into the living room where we could sit.

"Perhaps we should just go with it and see where it takes us?" I suggested after several minutes silence.

"Mmm, might be the best way," he replied after a long pause. "Will you tell anyone?"

I stopped to think. That was something that I really didn't know. What would people think? How would Lisa take it? How would Chris and Vicky take it?

"Not yet at any rate," I replied. "I'm not sure how anyone would take it."

Stuart moved over on to the sofa with me and put his arm round my shoulders. I relaxed into him and we finished our tea in silence. After a while, he stood up.

"Best get myself back home and make sure I'm ready for tomorrow."

He helped me up and I walked him to the door. He stood and looked at me and then put his arms round me, pulling me close in and kissed me full on the lips. I responded the same way and we held the embrace. This time I felt no guilt, just a warm feeling. We separated and he walked out to his car and climbed in. He drove off with a wave and I watched him briefly before making my way back to tackle the mundane chores like the washing.

"Life," I said to myself, "is about to get a good deal more interesting."

###