



Reluctant Press presents:

AN UNEXPECTED HUSBAND

Susan Avebury



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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AN UNEXPECTED HUSBAND

By Susan Avebury

CHAPTER ONE

Work had been generally good to me over the years. As a technical author I had branched into illustration and some graphic design and had been rewarded with a reasonably steady stream of contracts from my agency. My agent obviously thought highly of me as he regularly took me out to lunch and judging by his suits and the restaurants we frequented, he was raking in a fairly good percentage margin as well. What he didn't know about me was that I was a TV, a transvestite, a cross dresser, whatever you want to call me. It was something I'd kept quiet for many years and intended to keep quiet for a good many years to come.

I guess I'm a bit sensitive about it. Too many people either can't or won't understand the needs and desires of a TV. To tell the truth, I wasn't entirely sure why I was one. From an early age I had always had an interest in girls' clothes, although it wasn't something I had ever admitted. Life at school would have been very tough if any of the other boys had even suspected I was interested in such things. As with many cross dressers, I used to wait until my parents had gone out and would then try on my mother's clothes, even as a small child. As I had grown up and gone through puberty and my teenage years, I went through various phases ranging from guilty pleasure at wearing the clothes through to total disgust at myself for the same thing.

When I went to college I decided that was it. I would no longer dress in women's clothes. I might as well have tried to stop the waves on the beach. By denying myself the pleasure, I had hoped I would grow out of it. Instead I just made it all the more unbearable. Then, when I left college, I succumbed to a burning desire and bought some tights

from the supermarket, pretending they were for a girlfriend. Once again came the guilty pleasure and the confusion and the self-loathing. It was only after looking into the subject further that I finally sought some help from one of many groups around the country and discovered to my surprise and delight, that I was not alone.

Indeed, there were many more men than I had ever imagined who liked wearing women's clothes. No one could explain, however, why they did it, other than to say it was just one of those things they had to do. With that revelation, I began to accept more and more my own need to cross dress and started to buy my own clothes. The self-loathing faded as I accepted my own need to dress. I had various fantasies, some of which came as dreams in which oddly, I would have sex like a woman. As my self-acceptance grew, so I bought various toys to give me an outlet for those fantasies. Of course, this was an aspect of my life that remained a closely guarded secret.

Don't get me wrong, a few people are aware of what I am, but they are people I trust completely and without reservation. Friends who I have known for some time and who have earned my trust by being decent, open minded people. Friends, for example, like Chris and Vicky. I got to know Chris through another friend while at college and then he started going out with Vicky and I got to know her fairly well. By and by, we built up a deep friendship that saw us through college and beyond into our adult lives.

Chris is a computer man. He writes software systems and, like me, has his own company. More of a one-man band type company than a huge multi-national, but his own company all the same. He's a determined sort of chap, pretty intelligent and can solve most computer problems without tearing his hair out. Vicky is more of a steady employee, having been a PA/administrator at her current company for a number of years. Like Chris, she's determined, resourceful and pretty intelligent, not to mention just plain pretty.

We live a short way apart from each other. It's close enough so that we can get together at the weekends, but far enough so that we're not dropping round for coffee every day. Just recently Vicky had been suffering some nasty viral infection that had knocked her off her feet for a while. Although she was getting better, she still wasn't perfect so I was a little wary when she suggested I come down for one of our regular weekends together.

Despite my concern she assured me she was up to it and that Chris had a new game on the computer he wanted to show me. As it was still early in the year, the evenings got dark reasonably early and Vicky suggested I could drive down to them en femme. Now that would be fun, driving whilst dressed, albeit at night, to spend a weekend with understanding friends who would be happy for me to be dressed as often and for as long as I wanted. Driving out at night was okay and I'd done it a few times going to TV meetings in the area. I'd even walked out sometimes, late at night, when the chances of meeting people were remote. Daylight, at least for now, was a time when I remained in male mode. I guess that's true for many like me.

The trip down was fairly uneventful as usual. I had dressed in a fairly discreet outfit of an ivory coloured, high neck pullover, worn over a knee length plain black skirt. My underwear was matching white bra and knickers, with a barely black shade of tights underneath, helping keep bits of me tucked away. To drive in, I wore a low-heeled court shoe, with a nice pair of plain black leather court shoes tucked in the passenger foot well.

My makeup was plain and simple: A warm brown eyeshadow with black mascara, a warm orangey toned blusher and a dark reddish lipstick. My head sported an auburn wig, which hung in straight tresses to my shoulders, the fringe parted slightly and held in place with a light hair spray. All in all I looked pretty good and judging by the lack of attention I received, I must have passed inspection by other drivers. I arrived at their house mid-evening and changed into the higher heel court shoes as I got out of the car.

Walking up to the door, I rang the doorbell and waited until Chris appeared. He took in my appearance as I smiled up at him and said hello. His smile was warm and welcoming and he stepped out and down the steps to take one of my bags. I had packed two small cases, one with male clothes, one with female. I had found it best to cater for every opportunity. We could, after all, end up spending the afternoon in the city, or at the cinema and I really wasn't ready at the moment to go out during the day dressed in this way.

I locked the car and followed Chris into the house, case in hand.

"So how's it going?" I asked.

"Alright," he replied. "I've got a fairly major job on at the moment for a local company."

"Yeah, I remember you saying about it. Going okay?" I asked.

Chris turned and nodded, an assured look on his face. That was nice to know. As we walked down the hall, Vicky appeared at the doorway at the end of the hall.

"Hiya," I called. "How are things?"

Vicky gave a sigh and shrugged her shoulders.

"Still suffering from that virus?" I queried.

"I think I'm over the actual virus," she replied, "it's just what it did to me that's the problem."

I raised my eyebrows quizzically. This didn't sound good.

"She's on her second set of antibiotics," Chris commented. "The virus seems to have set up a secondary infection and for some reason, it's not responding well to the AB's."

"You should have said", I offered, "I could have come down another time."

"It's not that bad," Vicky replied. "I'm just a bit worn down, that's all. I think these new pills are doing something."

I nodded in reply as Vicky led us into the sitting room. I dropped my bag in the corner next to the other one and went over to the sofa and flopped down as femininely as possible, trying to remain decent as I did. Vicky's offer of tea was very welcome and she disappeared into the kitchen to boil the kettle as Chris and I sat down and made idle chat about the journey, work and all sorts of other minor things. Vicky called in from the kitchen asking whether I wanted pizza or a Chinese takeaway for dinner. I fancied pizza and Chris telephoned through our order.

Vicky returned to the sitting room with three mugs of tea and sat down. We chatted on about various bits and pieces until about twenty minutes later, there was a knock at the door. Chris jumped up to answer it. Minutes later he returned with three pizzas and a

small box of garlic bread. For a short while there was silence whilst we sorted out whose was whose and then settled down again. Chris picked up the television remote and turned the TV on, selecting one of the rock channels from the many music channels on offer.

“So anything lined up at the moment?” asked Vicky as we ate.

“Nah, not at the moment,” I replied. “My agent’s gone on some long holiday so I’m waiting to hear from anyone else who’s taken over from him for the duration.”

“I’ve got a job you can do,” said Chris, “if you fancy it.”

“Can you pay?” I joked. “I may be cheap, but my rates are high.”

They both laughed, knowing what I meant.

“Money is not a problem, even with your rates,” was Chris’s reply. “As you know, I have this largish system I’m developing for a company at the moment. They’re part of a multinational group, and there’s a good chance the other companies could be interested in it. What I need is someone to write the documentation. You know, user manual, installation guide, administrator’s guide and so on. Possibly some sales flyers for them to use internally.”

“Sounds good,” I agreed. “How long is it for?”

“I reckon around six months to start with. If the project goes further, then maybe longer,” he replied. “You can work at my office if you don’t mind the drive. Or you can split it between home and the office. I’ve got a machine all set up with the necessary software, I just need a good writer.”

“Cool,” I answered. My thoughts wandered slightly, wondering if I’d be able to do the work en femme. Chris must have read my thoughts.

“The office is pretty quiet, well, you know, you’ve seen it. If you wanted to come into the office dressed, you could probably get away with it.”

“Even better,” I replied. “Let’s have a look tomorrow and see what needs doing.”

“Tomorrow’s Saturday” replied Vicky, jumping in before Chris could answer. “I’m sure it can wait until Monday.”

“Good point,” Chris and I agreed, knowing full well we both wanted to have a look right there and then.

We continued to eat, watching the television as we did.

“So are you going to dress for the office?” asked Chris, after a short pause.

“I’d like to,” I replied, “so long as you’re sure it’s not going to cause any problems.”

Chris assured me it wouldn’t. Any meetings with the client were always carried out at the client site so there was very little chance of them meeting me. His office was one in a small office block of about four offices, the largest of which was occupied by the company who owned the lease on the building. They had rented out their spare office space at a very reasonable rate and Chris had grabbed one of the small upstairs offices as soon as he could. It certainly freed up space in the house and it was tax deductible, so it all made good sense.

“So what else is happening?” I asked.

“Not much,” replied Vicky. “As I mentioned, this virus and everything has really knocked me out for a while.”

“Yes,” Chris butted in. “Not so much as a good grope in two weeks.”

I looked up at Vicky to see her reaction. She looked at me, shrugged, tutted and sighed. I smiled, knowing what she meant.

“What?” Chris asked, playing the dumb fool for a moment.

Vicky and I both looked at him, then at each other with a smile. We both shrugged and sighed as Chris continued to protest his apparent ignorance of what he had said. The look on his face gave it all away, however, and his look of feigned innocence gave way to a gentle laugh.

“I’d offer,” I started, “but I guess it’s probably...” I tailed off.

Vicky looked at me.

“Don’t joke,” she said. “I might just take you up on that. He’s like a dog on heat.”

Chris gave his best injured look and Vicky and I joined in with a big ‘aaaahhhh’.

“Well, I’ve always wondered what it would be like,” I went on. “You know, having sex like this.”

“What, with a man or a woman?” asked Chris.

“As a woman, with a man,” I replied, feeling my face redden.

“Not sure,” replied Chris. “I’d offer, but I guess it’s probably...” he tailed off as Vicky and I both picked up on the joke.

“You probably would too,” retorted Vicky. “You really are like a dog on heat at the moment.”

“I can’t help it,” Chris replied, making his bottom lip stick out and tremble, like a small child that’s just been told off. Vicky leaned over and kissed him.

“Never mind sweetie,” she went on, “just as soon as I’m back on my feet again properly...”

“He’ll have you straight back on your back again,” I butted in.

Vicky looked at me with a smile. “Quite probably,” she replied.

With dinner over, Vicky cleared the plates away. I offered to help with the washing up, but she declined and insisted that Chris and I went up to play on the computer. We went on up to the study where Chris had a laptop computer and a couple of desktop computers networked together. It always amazed me just how much kit he had, and this was with all the others in his office as well. He powered up the machines and started telling me about this new game he’d bought. It sounded interesting and watching him demonstrate, it looked pretty good as well. I had a go as well and then suggested we try one of our favourite games, playing head to head on the two computers.

We usually ended up with a session like that – much more interesting than playing against the computer all the time. As we played, we discussed things in general, making idle chat as we stalked each other round a virtual landscape. We fell silent for a while as

things grew tenser in the game and then Chris surprised me by asking if I'd really meant what I had said earlier about having sex while en femme. I thought for a moment and said that it was something I wondered about. I'd already told him previously about my selection of toys that I used occasionally and I presumed he'd mentioned it to Vicky.

It was a curious thing. I didn't find men sexually attractive, although I could see what some women saw in certain men. Yet when I was dressed, I felt sensual and very sexy. Even then, I didn't actually find men particularly attractive, but it made me wonder what it would be like to act the female role. It was unlikely to happen. Such a thing would have to be with someone I knew and trusted completely and with whom the experience wouldn't create problems for the future. So really, the probability was very low as those two conditions were pretty well mutually exclusive. Chris listened, nodding gently as I explained.

Vicky appeared at the door again to tell us the late film was starting in a few minutes. Chris and I killed the game off and made our way back downstairs again. Vicky had arranged some snacks and opened a bottle of wine, the perfect way, we agreed, to round off a Friday night. Food, film and wine. Chris sat down on one of the two small sofas with Vicky curling up next to him, while I took the other one and stretched my legs out. My smooth surface of my tights glistened slightly in the half-light of the table lamps and I slipped off my shoes and tucked my legs up under me. It was a lovely feeling, sitting there with two good friends, just relaxing and watching the late film.

The film finished quite late and Vicky was having trouble keeping her eyes open. We shoed her off to bed first, leaving Chris and me to find the spare duvet and pillows for the spare bed. We made up my bed in silence and waited for Vicky to finish in the bathroom. I pulled a long satin nightdress out of one of cases and laid it out on the bed. Chris watched, slightly bemused as I then pulled out a matching satin robe and hung it on the hook on the door.

"You don't do things by halves then," he commented.

"Nice isn't it?" I replied. "Have a feel, it's really smooth and soft."

Chris leaned over and touched the nightdress.

"Very nice," he said. "Vicky has one similar to that, only a bit shorter."

I smiled. She had more to show off than I did. I sat down on the end of the bed and lay back, my legs over the end with my feet on the floor. My skirt rode up as I did so, revealing a large area of nylon-clad thigh. Chris sat down next to me, and I caught him casting a glance at my legs as he did so. I smiled to myself, finding it strange that I enjoyed the fact he found me worth looking at. The bathroom door opened and we heard the light click off. Chris looked at me.

"Go on, you go first. You'll take ages as usual."

I reached up with my arm and pulled myself up on his arm. I smiled, picked up my wash bag and wandered into the bathroom. The hair came off first, along with the wig cap. Underneath, my own hair stood up, mussed from wearing the wig all evening. Taking the cleanser from the bag, I cleaned the makeup off my face and then gave it a final cleansing, removing every last trace of foundation, before brushing my teeth. With everything done,

I went back into my room, calling good night to Vicky and Chris, getting a muffled reply through their door.

Closing the door, I sat down on the bed and slipped off my shoes. I crossed my legs, enjoying the feeling of the nylon rub against itself as I moved one leg against the other. I wondered if real women ever did the same. My jumper came off next followed by my skirt and I sat there in my underwear. Reaching over I took the nightdress and slipped it on over my head, standing to let it flow down over my body to the floor. With my bra still on, my silicones were still in place and they filled out the front quite nicely. Realising I had left my wig in the bathroom, I slipped the robe on as well, tying the belt round my waist as I went to get it. I bumped into Chris on his way to the bathroom as well. He cast an eye up and down me making me feel strangely vulnerable.

“Forgot my wig,” I said by way of explanation.

He nodded, eyebrows slightly raised, and let me past to collect my wig from the bathroom. I bid him goodnight again and went into my room, closing the door softly behind me. I shivered, not from cold, but from suddenly imaging the feeling of a pair of strong warm arms wrapping round me from behind. I smiled to myself. Chris would never do that and yet I almost wished he would, just to see what it was like. I shook my head and sat down on the bed. My tights came off, along with my bra and the silicones and I climbed into bed, feeling suddenly tired. There was something about a satin nightdress, clean crisp sheets and a good few glasses of wine and before long I was sleeping like a log.

The next morning was a typical March morning, bright and clear, but rather cold. I woke up around 8 o'clock and listened for sounds of movement from outside the room. There were none which meant Chris and Vicky were probably still asleep. I slipped out of bed, the nightdress picking up a load of static electricity and clinging to my body in all the right places.

I put on my robe and went to the bathroom for a wash and shave. Back in my room, I ran the electric razor over my legs and arms just to remove any little bits of hair that had appeared overnight, despite the previous attempts at waxing. Digging into my bag, I pulled out a pair of mule slippers, with a small heel. Just girly enough I thought. I figured I should put some underwear on first, just to hold everything in place and to fill out the top of the nightdress. I decided against the wig for the moment and made my way downstairs to the kitchen to get some tea and toast for breakfast.

Chris must have smelt the toast as he soon appeared in his dressing gown. He cast an eye up and down me, shaking his head slightly. I guess a semi-transformed me was something that took a little getting used to. I went to the living room and sat down with my breakfast whilst Chris prepared his own toast and coffee. Before long he joined me, sitting on the other sofa. He eyed me in a way that was curious, almost sexual. It left me feeling a little vulnerable again, although I had to admit to feeling a little excited again all the same.

He picked up the remote control and switched the television on, turning the volume down as he did. The news was on and we watched the headlines in silence as we ate our breakfasts. It wasn't long before Vicky came down, the smell of toast obviously being a powerful call. Like Chris, she took in my appearance with mild amusement. She joined us with breakfast and suggested we go into town that day as there were several things she

needed, plus there was a good film on at the cinema. It all sounded good so with breakfast eaten, I went back upstairs to get dressed in male clothes.

We spent an enjoyable day in town and at the cinema, choosing to eat at a restaurant for dinner before returning. Still feeling the need, I changed into the clothes I had worn from the night before, applied a little makeup quite quickly and put my wig back on. Chris and I spent more time on the computers playing various games against each other as well as discussing in more detail what I would actually be doing for him. In the evening after dinner, we played a board game before retiring for the night. Then after a lazy Sunday morning, I left for home with Chris reminding me of my intention to work en femme on Monday, saying with a smile, he'd be disappointed if I didn't. I assured him I would, provided the drive in wouldn't be too difficult.

Monday dawned, a cloudy grey sky making it seem rather gloomy as I crawled out of bed. At least, I thought, it should be easier to get around while dressed in this light. I prepared my usual breakfast and watched the early morning news on television while I ate. The weather report was for a dull day all along so that meant the evening would be nice and dark as well. To say I was nervous about going out dressed in daylight was an understatement.

I knew from what Chris and Vicky had told me that I looked pretty good, but even so, I had an almost overwhelming fear about being spotted for who I really was. Still, nothing ventured, nothing gained and the joy at working the whole day, dressed, in an office, would be a huge reward for the short time I would be in the public eye. I took the safe option and chose a formal look for the first day.

I ran the electric razor over my legs, arms and body again just to get rid of a few hairs making themselves known and my body was nice and silky smooth. It began to feel good, despite the nerves making my stomach churn.

I went to get dressed, laying the clothes out first. The black skirt suit seemed right. It was a three-button jacket, with slash pockets on the side and a collar at the neck. The skirt ended just above the knee, straight cut and black like the jacket. Underneath, I decided I would wear an ivory coloured satin blouse that showed the lace pattern of my Gossard bra through where it touched. On my legs I would wear a dark, almost black pair of stockings, soft and smooth and high in Lycra to ensure they remained in shape. These would be held up by a plain white suspender belt and a nice pair of smooth, nylon/Lycra knickers completed the ensemble. I opted for a delicate silver necklace with a single (imitation) pearl and a nice pair of (imitation) pearl drop earrings just to finish it all off.

My nails, including my toes, I had painted the previous evening in a nice dark, venous blood red, which more or less matched the shade of lipstick I would use and I chose a nice neutral, but warm set of browns and black mascara for my eyes and a warm brownish blusher for my cheek bones. I packed a handbag, having to think about what I needed for the day. My trips to TV meetings had been fairly easy but this time I had to think a little more about what I might need during the day and whether or not it would fit in the handbag. As it happened, it all fitted quite well. A last minute thought was to pack a small bag with some male clothes, just in case I needed them.

The drive in was easier than expected and I enjoyed the thrill of being out in daylight for the first time as a woman. My low-heeled court shoes made it easy to drive and no one paid any attention to a suited female driving to work in the early hours. Even at the traffic lights, I didn't get a second glance. By the time I arrived at the office, I was on top of the world.

I noticed Chris's car already in the car park, which was nice as it meant I didn't have to wait around for him to come and open the office. Climbing out of the car, I changed my driving shoes for the nice plain black leather courts with a three-inch heel that I'd worn at the weekend. Taking my handbag, I walked across the car park, heart beating so loudly I could hear it myself. My heels tapped on the pavement, sounding like gunshots in the quiet of the morning.

I rang the entrance bell for Chris's office and his voice echoed through the speaker as he greeted me and pressed the button to release the door catch. I pushed the door open and made my way through the lobby to the stairs, the tapping from my shoes echoing in the stillness. Up the stairs I went and then down a small corridor to the office. Giving a small silent prayer of thanks that I had got this far without any problems, I pushed the door open and went through into the office. Chris looked up as I walked in.

"Hi," I greeted him, smiling.

"Well, hello," he replied, looking me up and down.

He cleared his throat. "What should I call you?" he asked. "Should I stick with your name or would you prefer something else?"

"Try 'Sue', if you need a femme name." I suggested, "That's the name I use at meetings, but here it's a little odd. I'm really not that worried, so long as it's clean."

"Not 'tart' then," he replied, smiling. "Could you work on the main user manual for me today please?" he went on.

"No problem," I replied and walked with what I thought was a slightly sexy wiggle over to a vacant desk, directly opposite his.

"This my desk?" I asked, trying to maintain an air of control, despite the fact I was still shaking from the excitement of having driven to the office, in daylight, dressed like any woman going to work. Chris confirmed it was and I sat down on the chair behind the desk, adjusting it to the right height for the keyboard. I dropped my handbag into a drawer, as I'd seen female colleagues do before. I powered the computer on and waited for it to warm up.

"You can make the coffee if you like," suggested Chris.

I laughed, realising I quite fancied a cup myself.

"Don't you go thinking you're going to take advantage of me all the time now," I replied, getting up and making my way over to the table in the corner where the kettle was. It had water in, so I switched it on and spooned the instant coffee into two clean mugs. No milk, but then he always drank it black and I was happy either way with coffee.

I turned slightly to see him, looking me up and down.

"I like the suit," he said, "very smart."

"Thanks," I replied. "It's a catalogue job, quite cheap, but it fits and looks okay. Plus it's machine washable."

Actually, I thought it looked pretty darned good. I always favoured suits or smart clothes and to me, a skirt suit was a very smart item for a woman to wear, even if the woman was a man. I caught sight of my reflection in the windows and yes, it looked okay to me.

The kettle boiled and I poured it into the mugs. The smell of coffee rose up, obscuring the musky scent of my body spray I had sprayed on myself earlier. I turned and carried one mug over to Chris's desk, trying to maintain a bit of a wiggle as I walked. He smiled in amusement.

"Tart," he said.

I just smiled and blew him a kiss, causing him to smile and shake his head in amusement. It wasn't an unfair comment. Even with smart clothes, I did tend towards the tartier end of the range, preferring a short skirt to a long skirt. I took a real pleasure in showing off my legs.

We worked solidly until lunchtime, when Chris suggested he go out for some sandwiches. That was a good idea as I hadn't even thought about lunch that morning. My excuse was that I had had other more pressing matters to think about, like what colour lipstick I should wear. Chris had liked that one. It sounded very plausible he said and rather like me.

He went out for sandwiches while I decided I needed to freshen up and visit the bathroom. This raised another small issue, so to speak. I wasn't entirely sure whether I should use the gents or the ladies. As it turned out, there was a set of toilets upstairs as well as downstairs in the building and as Chris was the sole occupier on this floor for the time being, I



could use either the ladies or gents without problem. To maintain the image, and because I had never been in one before, I decided to use the ladies toilet. I was interested to note the room was fitted with a vending machine that supplied two kinds of sanitary product. I wondered idly if the men's toilet had a similar machine. In retrospect, I thought, probably not. This was, after all, a place of work, not a nightclub.

Chris returned shortly with lunch and we ate and chatted about various things, including assorted sexual matters, as was usual. We finished off the lunch hour with another game on the computer, playing head to head over the network. It was a bit of a struggle dragging ourselves away from the game, but we had work to do. I made more coffee and on we went.

All in all the first day passed very well. Nobody came to the office and my being dressed didn't cause any problems. I managed to get a fair bit of work done and all the while felt very comfortable in my skirt, blouse and jacket. It was quite dark by the time we packed up for the evening and I felt pretty good about driving home. The walk down the stairs to the car park was the most worrying, in case anyone saw me. But then, as Chris reminded me, I looked more than reasonable and they would probably just ignore me. Nonetheless, he walked me down, for which I was grateful. In the car, I changed back into my low-heeled court shoes and drove back home. I was feeling pretty pleased with myself and quite excited, on a number of levels, about the whole day.

Once home, I changed into jeans and a sweatshirt, but kept the makeup and underwear on and replaced the driving shoes with a pair of nice ankle strap heels. I decided to take my wig off to avoid it picking up any smells when I was cooking. Unlike real hair, it couldn't be washed and blow dried very easily and took quite a while to dry. I wondered if perhaps now was the time to actually grow my own hair a little longer. Many companies I had been to as a contractor placed a great deal of emphasis on how professional the contractor looked. As a result, I had always kept my hair in a masculine style, albeit a medium length. Growing it to a sensible length more appropriate for a female shouldn't take too long I thought.

I prepared a quick meal and while I was eating, there was a telephone call from my friend Lisa. She was feeling down again, having been turned down for another job. Poor girl, I thought. She was bright, intelligent, friendly and good-looking. In fact, I tended to see her as a female role model. The big problem she faced at the moment was that she couldn't get a permanent job anywhere. The temp agency she was with thought she was great, but she didn't want to spend the rest of her life temping as an office junior or typist. On top of that, her fiancé had ditched her earlier in the year. She had, understandably, taken it very hard, finding out at almost the last minute that he had been sleeping with the receptionist from his office. I had spent many a night with her crying on my shoulder, unable to offer her anything but a cuddle and comfort her as best I could. I had been rather touched that she felt she could come to me for help like that. It was a friendship I didn't want to lose.

I suggested she come round for a chat and a glass of wine and explained to expect me in a semi-transformed mode. That was no problem for her she said and before long had made her way to my house. We chatted and drank through the evening as I tried to pick her spirits up. It was late before we both decided it was time for bed. As usual, when we

planned to have a chat over a bottle of wine, she had brought an overnight bag and retired to the spare room for the night, although I could have quite happily coped with her sharing with me. That was another of my little fantasies.

The next morning, I got up slightly earlier than usual to make sure Lisa was up and about as well. She had a job at the moment through the agency and I wanted to make sure she got there on time. There was a strange feeling that morning as we both got ready for work, both wearing stockings and heels. More than once we vied for space at the mirror, play fighting as we did. Unlike her, though, I was happy to walk around topless, or at least with just a bra on.

Lisa, thankfully for my blood pressure, maintained a little more decorum. She suggested I should wear a dress suit that day and selected a nice makeup set to go with it. The dress part of the suit was a mid-grey shift dress which was shaped slightly to give a decent shape and which ended just above the knee. Over that I wore the jacket that was a long line type, finishing just above the hem of the dress.

For underwear, I decided on a lacy black bra with matching knickers and a pair of barely black tights. I figured these would be better for holding me in as the dress was a little tighter than the previous day's skirt and more likely to show off embarrassing bulges. Lisa did my makeup for me, using a warm grey tone for my eyes and a brighter red for my lips than I had worn previously. We did both agree on the usual warm blusher and black mascara. With that sorted, she also helped me don my wig and set it in a style with the hairspray. When she was done, I looked in the mirror.

"Very nice," I said, "very nice indeed. You should do this more often."

She laughed gently and then suggested that perhaps I should consider growing my hair longer, seeing as how I was now working for Chris for what would probably be a decent amount of time.

"I was wondering the same," I replied.

"I can suggest a good hairdresser," Lisa commented. "She's reliable and open minded enough to do something for you - perhaps a longer style that could still be tidied up for when you're not a woman. Hey, maybe you should grow it really long and have a ponytail, like some rock star."

I laughed, imaging myself as some ageing rock star who was refusing to grow old gracefully. Still, she had a point. It would be a really nice idea to be able to have long girly hair that was my own, instead of a wig. I nodded slowly as I thought about it.

It was still quite dull when we went out to the cars and drove off to work. As before, I drove in low-heeled court shoes and changed once I'd arrived. Today, I had brought a pair of nice three-inch heeled ankle strap shoes, in black again, like most of my shoes. All changed, I tapped my way across the car park and in through the doors. Chris had remembered to give me the door access code this time so I didn't need to ring the bell. Just as well as it turned out. As I was halfway up the stairs, one of the men from the company downstairs came in through the doors and went to his office. I breathed a quiet sigh of relief and carried on up to the office.

Chris was at his desk again as I walked in. He looked up, taking in my appearance again. I stopped and struck a pose and then did a catwalk type walk over to my desk, stopping midway to give a twirl. He laughed.

“How many suits have you got?” he asked.

“Just the two,” I replied. “This one and the skirt suit you saw yesterday. I quite fancy getting some more in different colours and styles, but I could never really justify buying them.”

Chris nodded. “What are you going to wear the rest of the week? Are you staying with suits or going a little less formal? After all, it’s not like customers are coming in, so you don’t need to be all smarted up. Assuming of course you’ll be in all week.”

“I should be in for the first week at least, just to get to grips with everything and then I might spend some time working from home,” I replied, making some coffee for us both.

The day passed well enough again, with Chris trying to persuade me to go out for lunch this time. I declined, still not entirely convinced that I would pass as a woman. So once again he went out for sandwiches, which we ate in the office. Rather than playing games this time, however, we both spent the time browsing the Internet. Chris was looking for game related information and I ended up looking for anything TV related. I found a few sites of interest and browsed through their catalogues, wondering why TV’s seem to be charged a whole lot more than anyone else for their clothes.

The rest of the day, and indeed the rest of the week, passed quietly enough. The drive in and out of the office went without a hitch but I wondered if it would be as easy as we got further into spring, with its lighter mornings and evenings. A couple of weeks passed and I resorted to doing some of the work from home to cut down the travelling and save petrol money.

I tended to be semi-dressed for those times, there being no-one to appreciate the hair and make-up except for me. During one of my trips into the office, Chris said he had managed to land a possible contract to supply a company with a complete IT solution, including PC’s, software and training. The only thing was to determine how he could supply the systems along with everything else he was working on. Not one to be put off easily, he suggested a weekend of wine and food and some discussion. Naturally I agreed without any further persuasion.

I worked from home that Friday afternoon, waiting for the gas service man to arrive to carry out the annual check of the boiler. Needless to say I was in male mode for the day, which felt a little strange having almost as though I was cross-dressing anyway, having spent most of the previous weeks in female clothes. The gas engineer arrived mid-afternoon and did his safety check with no problems. Once he had departed, I dug out the epilator I had bought some time ago. More of a pain source than anything else; it did at least remove hairs at the root.

I braced myself and ran it over the bits I had missed on the waxing some days before. One of these days I would have to take Lisa up on an offer she had made to wax my entire body, rather than doing it myself. I ran a nice hot bath and had a long soapy soak in a delicate rose scented bubble bath. I dried off with a nice fluffy towel that I had left over the radiator so it was beautifully warm when I used it. Wrapped in its soft and sensual warmth,

I felt so decadent and relaxed that it was hard to drag myself away. But I did and applied a delicately scented body lotion all over to soften and smooth my skin – at least that’s what the label promised it would do. In any event, it smelt nice which was good enough.

I packed the bag for the weekend, including male clothes as well as something for dinner on the Saturday night. For driving, I chose a nice cotton jersey bodysuit with a high roll neck and a short fitted black skirt. Underneath I had plain, smooth white bra with barely black tights and a short tight bodyshaper waist slip, which smoothed the lines off in the skirt very nicely. A wide belt tidied up the waistline and the whole ensemble would be rounded off with a pair of plain court shoes.

Makeup again was plain and simple, relying on warm tones, orangey brown around the eyes and a deep red lipstick. Having spent the day in male mode, it felt nice to be getting dressed again. Looking at what I had packed for the weekend, I also decided to paint my nails. The toes I could paint easily enough as even in male mode, no one ever saw them. Fingernails were a little harder though so I had purchased several packets of false nails at the local market, with Lisa along with me so as not to raise too many eyebrows. A local department store also sold double-sided sticky tabs specifically for false nails and I was pleasantly surprised to find how well they worked. I decided not to wear them on the drive down but packed them for Saturday night instead. As I did, I pondered the idea of having a manicure and painting my nails anyway. During the week I was mostly in femme mode and it was an easy enough task to take off the nail varnish if needed. I made a mental note to grow my nails a little longer and get them tidied up. When my toenails had dried, I pulled my tights and bodyshaper back on, enjoying the feel of the nylon sliding up my legs and then the tightness of the bodyshaper holding everything in. A few tucks and I was comfortable and reasonably discreet.

I waited until it was dusk and went out to the car. Thankfully it was quiet and I was able to set off without being seen. Some of my neighbours could be a little nosy at times and a strange female coming out of my house could start some unwelcome gossip. For a Friday evening, the traffic was unusually light and I made good time, arriving just after darkness had fallen. Once parked up on the driveway, I changed into my decent shoes and tapped my way up to the door, trying not to look too ungainly in high heels while carrying two overnight bags. There was a short delay before Vicky appeared at the door and she ushered me in with a warm smile. As I walked into the living room, Chris looked up, taking in my appearance.

“I’m sure you were a tart in a former life,” he said, grinning.

I just smiled and carried on up the stairs to the spare room to drop my bags off and pay a quick visit to the bathroom before returning downstairs. Vicky had prepared one of her casseroles for dinner, which we devoured along with a bottle of good red wine before rounding off the evening with a film and more wine.

The next day I woke later than usual, to the smell of toast and fresh coffee wafting up the stairs. Hopping out of bed, I pulled my satin robe on over the satin pyjamas I was wearing and ducked into the bathroom before heading downstairs for breakfast. Vicky was in the kitchen and looked up as I went in. She was wearing a short satin wrap over a matching nightdress.

“Very nice,” she said, looking me over. “Don’t you get hot in them during the night?”

“Sometimes,” I admitted, “but every luxury has its price. I just like the feel too much. Anyway, you can talk! You’re obviously feeling a lot better.”

She laughed and offered me a mug of fresh coffee and pointed me in the direction of the bread.

“Cut some more if you want some toast,” she said and disappeared into the living room with hers.

I joined her a few minutes later and we sat and watched the news together. Chris came down shortly afterwards and looked bemused at the pair of us, both in slinky satin night-wear, curled up on a sofa each, with a mug of tea watching the television. He shook his head slightly and went to the kitchen, adjusting himself as he went. I looked at Vicky. She sniggered silently, as did I, knowing what was probably going through Chris’s mind at that moment. Chris reappeared with his breakfast and looked for a place to sit. Vicky and I both shuffled up to make room for him, echoing each other’s movements. Chris stood looking slightly perplexed for a moment and then sat down next to Vicky.

“Anything to do in town today?” he asked.

Vicky said she had a few bits and pieces to pick up but I had no need to go in. So after breakfast, Vicky and I both got ourselves dressed, me in the skirt and bodysuit from the previous night and her in jeans and sweatshirt. It was an interesting comparison, looking at the pair of us.

Chris and I spent the morning exploring ideas and suggestions of how we could satisfy his new contract to supply an entire IT system. By lunchtime we had a working solution, although costs would still need to be determined. We stopped for lunch and dialled for a pizza. Just as it arrived Vicky returned from town. We worked through the pizza, explaining our ideas to her. She nodded and agreed with most of it and made a few other suggestions as well, some of which we incorporated into our plans.

Mid afternoon, Chris and I had had enough and resorted back to games on the computer while Vicky, bless her, laboured in the kitchen preparing a chicken for the oven. About a half-hour before it was ready, I figured I ought to dress for dinner and left Chris to his own devices.

Once in the guestroom, I looked over what I had brought with me. I had the perfect little dinner dress. A polo neck dress in a deep red, crushed velvet with long sleeves and which ended just above the knee. It was fairly close fitting, so I chose to wear some plain black underwear underneath, with a pair of tights to help keep me restrained. A quick change of makeup to suit the evening and I slipped on a pair of black strappy sandals to go with the dress just as Vicky knocked on the door to tell me dinner was just about ready. She paused a moment to look me over and raised her eyebrows appreciatively before heading back downstairs again. I followed on behind.

Dinner over, Chris went into the kitchen to load the dishwasher and prepare coffee. Vicky looked at me in a funny kind of way.

“You know,” she said, “you do look good in that dress.”

“Thank you,” I replied.

"Judging by the way Chris's walking, I think he finds you a little too sexy as well," she added.

"I can change if you'd rather," I offered, but Vicky shook her head.

"No, it's quite fun to watch," she smiled.

"Just so long as he doesn't try anything?" I ventured, thankful I could remain as I was. Vicky looked at me.

"I don't think that's likely," she replied. "Not that you don't look good and you're obviously having an effect on him, but, well, you're you, if you know what I mean."

I smiled and nodded, knowing what she meant.

"Anyway," she went on, "if he started on you, I'd be jealous."

I smiled. "I gather he was starting to get a little, tense, if that's the word?" I answered.

Vicky giggled at the word 'tense', understanding full well the implication behind the word. I found it quite flattering that Chris should find me attractive to look at. I felt sexy, more feminine.

Chris returned from the kitchen with three mugs of tea and flopped down on the sofa next to Vicky.

"I've had an idea," I said, "about this contract."

I suggested the names of a couple of friends, Stuart and Lisa. Chris and Vicky had met them at my house a few times and had got on pretty well with them. There again, you'd have to be a complete oddity not to get on with Chris and Vicky. Chris looked at me. He explained he'd wondered about them but hadn't actually approached me about either of them yet. As I knew them rather better, he wanted my opinion and the fact I suggested them as well was probably a good indicator ... plus there was the fact that Stuart had just been made redundant so a few months of work to see him over until the next job would suit him nicely. Lisa was an obvious choice with her background and desire for a more challenging job. Chris nodded as I explained, taking in what I was saying. When I finished, he handed me the telephone and suggested I call them.

Each of them was in when I called and both were rather interested by the jobs. Lisa was a little reluctant at first, until I explained that with her record, the agency would be more than happy to have her back if it didn't work out in the end. We agreed that we should all meet up at my house the following weekend to discuss it in more detail.

The week passed fairly easily again. I spent four days in the office, partly because I needed to discuss various ideas with Chris but mainly because I got a real thrill from driving in dressed. I stayed at home on the Friday to get ready for the weekend. Chris and Vicky would stay over whilst Stuart would pick up Lisa and drive over. Seeing as we all knew each other, at least to some extent, I had decided I could get away with being dressed. I had decided on a knee length denim skirt and an ivory coloured roll neck pullover.

Underneath, the lace pattern on my white bra was just visible through the pullover while on the bottom half, I wore a pair of honey coloured body shaping tights. These were designed to be worn without underwear and I figured as I was at home; I could probably

get away without knickers. The colour was not one that most people would have gone for, but I'm not most people and anyway, I happen to think they make my legs look pretty good.

I toyed with the idea of a white slip underneath, but with the heating on, the house was warm enough so I decided against it. A pair of black knee length boots with a 3-inch heel finished it all off quite nicely. I figured I might as well go the whole hog and put on some makeup as well, selecting a warm brown eyeshadow, a dark red lipstick and for a change, a pinkish blusher. With wig in place, I looked really quite good.

Stuart and Lisa arrived shortly after Chris and Vicky. Stuart was a little shocked to see me fully dressed. Although he knew I was a TV, he had only ever seen a few pictures, never the real thing.

"Not bad. Not bad at all," he said, nodding and smiling as he took in my appearance.

I smiled as sweetly as I could. It was always nice to receive a compliment.

I showed everyone in to the living room and went back to the kitchen to make tea and coffee. By consensus, pizza and garlic bread was the choice for the evening and I put the oven on to heat up. Back in the living room, we discussed the idea of Stuart and Lisa working with Chris and me over our tea and coffee. They were both very interested once they heard the plans and we came to a very good agreement quite rapidly.

To keep it all legal, Chris had prepared some contracts and other paperwork and with these duly signed, the business part of the evening was over. Stuart started the conversation, asking me about my cross-dressing and I explained as much as I could about the why and how long and all sorts of other things. Stopping only to serve up dinner, we carried on chatting through the evening, sharing a couple of bottles of wine as well which Stuart declined as he was driving that evening.

"So any little secret desires or fantasies?" asked Stuart, pushing the conversation further.

"Well," I said, "I've always wanted to be the blushing bride. Trouble is, it's a little extravagant to buy a dress like that for a one-off. Plus where would I go to get one sorted?"

Lisa looked up. "Easy," she said. "You can use my dress."

I looked up, a little surprised. By the time, she'd split with her fiancé, she'd already had the dress made and paid for. Why she never threw it out I never did find out, but I was suddenly glad she hadn't.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"No problem," she replied. "I'm not likely to use it now, especially as he paid for it. You might as well have it. I'll dig it out for you and bring it over sometime."

"Thanks," I said, slightly taken aback by the offer and the very pointed use of the word 'he'.

"Neat," nodded Stuart. "I'd like to see that!"

Vicky and Chris both nodded their agreement as well, Vicky even offering to bring a camera to record the moment for posterity. I even wondered briefly if there was a conven-

ient church in the area we could use for the pictures. That would be something special however impractical.

As we chatted through the evening, I noticed Stuart paying subtle attention to me, looking at my legs. At one point it seemed he was trying to see up my skirt as I sat on the sofa. I wasn't sure if anyone else noticed it or not, but I certainly did. He did have the decency to look slightly embarrassed at one point when he saw me watching him, watching me.

Again, I had that strange fluttery feeling of excitement, knowing that someone was admiring me in my femme mode. I got up and offered tea or coffee. Four teas was the order so I went out to the kitchen to boil the kettle. Stuart got up and followed me out, offering to help. *Interesting*, I thought. As I stood waiting for the kettle to boil, I noticed him watching me again and just looked at him, eyebrows raised slightly. He just smiled back, looking all-innocent.

As I made the tea, I felt him standing close to me, without touching me at all. I decided to call his bluff and moved to reach for the milk, bumping into him, pretending I hadn't known he was standing there. His arm came up to catch and steady me and I steadied myself against him, leaving the contact a second longer than I would normally. He apologised for standing in the way, his face reddening slightly. He knew I'd spotted him watching me and I think he figured out the bumping into him wasn't an accident. He followed me back into the living room, carrying two of the mugs, neither of us saying a word. No one noticed anything untoward, and we joined in again with the chat. I watched him for a short while, but he seemed to stop observing me. I smiled inwardly, feeling in control.

It was quite late when Stuart and Lisa left. As they walked to the car, Stuart turned to say goodbye and gave me a look. It wasn't a look I could describe. It was just a look. But it was a look that summed up everything that had gone on that evening, unnoticed by everyone else. I just looked straight back him, defiantly, but with a cocky self-assured smile. Working with him was going to be interesting I thought.

CHAPTER TWO

The first few weeks with Stuart and Lisa in the office went quite well. I spent more time in the office than previously, at one point even spending the entire week there. I enjoyed the attention, albeit very subtle and understated, that I got from Stuart. One day, when I was feeling particularly mischievous, I wore a short skirt with stockings and a tight little jersey top with a roll neck. Plain 4-inch court shoes gave me the edge and I looked quite tarty whilst remaining reasonably decent. The stocking tops were only visible if I bent or knelt down.

Naturally, I dropped a pen once or twice, just to make sure Stuart got an eyeful, and also to make sure he knew just who was in charge. Perhaps I was being a little bit evil that day, but it was fun. It was so obvious to me he was taking in great eyefuls of my legs, clad

in the smooth, dark nylon with the stocking top just visible on occasion. The skirt was closely cut and with my male bits tucked in a short, tight bodyshaper, nothing untoward showed at the front whilst my bum filled out the rear in a nice smooth curve. I'm not sure if Lisa and Chris noticed those subtle flashes, but if they did, then they certainly didn't say anything.

As the day progressed into late afternoon, the sun shot arrows of pink, orange and red across the sky as it set. It was really beautiful and I felt compelled to take my cup of coffee and stand at the window, watching the display of colour.

As I stood there, I felt Stuart stand behind me, close enough to feel his warmth without actually touching. I glanced from the corner of my eye over my left shoulder to see him. Glancing around I saw that Lisa and Chris weren't in the room. Obviously sensing my apprehension, Stuart commented that they had both just gone to the toilets. Aware that there would be only a couple of minutes before they returned, I relaxed gently backwards until our bodies touched. His left arm automatically came up and round my waist in a gentle hold. I leaned my head back to touch his chest.

"You smell nice," he said, slightly nervous again.

"Thank you," I replied and pressed myself ever so gently further back into his body, my bum now touching his groin. He arched slightly away and I brought my right hand up, to hold his hand and wrist, still across my stomach, which by now was quivering like every butterfly in the county was living there. Despite his arching away, I thought I felt a slight pressure at the top of my buttocks. I could only guess what was going on in his trousers. I brought my left hand up now and placed it on his upper arm, effectively pinning, albeit gently, his arm to my body, and me to him. The pressure behind grew.

He cleared his throat, obviously unsure what to say.

"Nice sunset," I ventured.

"Yes," he agreed, drawing the word out in a manner that suggested he was trying to take in what was happening.

"You alright?" I asked, knowing full well he wasn't really.

"Er, yeah," he replied uncertainly.

I released his arm and pulled forward again, drawing away from him and allowing him to relax. That had been fun. God, I could be a bitch at times!

I picked up my coffee and turned to watch him walk back to his desk. He sat down and looked up, seeing me watching him. I smiled and walked back to my desk, resuming my place in front of the computer.

"How's it coming?" he asked.

I shot him a look, full of innuendo.

"The manual you tart!" he added with amused desperation, clearly understanding my raised eyebrows. I was obviously in control here.

"Coming along fine," I smiled back at him as Lisa and Chris came back into the office, totally oblivious to what had been going on. We carried on working until about 6pm when

by consensus we decided enough was enough. Stuart offered to cook dinner for us, but Chris and Lisa both declined. I accepted and agreed to follow Stuart home in my car.

The drive to Stuart's was easy enough and I parked up outside his house. I clicked my way up the driveway and went inside. Stuart ushered me in to the living room and offered me a drink. I was about to decline as I had to drive home later, but then figured, even with one glass of wine, by the time we had eaten dinner, I should be clear enough. Stuart came back with a glass of red wine and retired back to the kitchen.

"Anything I can do to help?" I called.

"If you like," he replied, so I went into the kitchen to see what I could do. He was chopping up a couple of chicken breasts as I went in.

"Stir fry okay?" he asked.

"Sounds good," I replied and he set to work chopping up some vegetables and then measuring out the rice. We left the rice simmering and returned to the living room. I slumped back into the sofa, Stuart surprising me by slumping down right next to me. I stretched out, noticing Stuart eyeing up my legs as I did.

"Do you feet ever get sore in those shoes?" he asked.

"Sometimes," I replied. "Why? Are you planning on giving me a foot massage?"

He smiled and gestured for me to put my feet up across his legs, shuffling a bit further down the sofa as he did. He gently pulled my shoes off and set about a gentle massage of my feet, through my stocking clad foot. He certainly knew how to hit the spot and I found it very relaxing indeed. Half closing my eyes, I could see him flicking more than the occasional glance up my legs to see as far up my skirt as he could. I allowed my legs to relax and part just slightly, allowing the stocking tops to become just visible, knowing with guilty pleasure that he wouldn't be able to avoid peeking. After about ten minutes he stopped.

"How was that?"

"Mmmmm," I replied, "very nice thank you," and left my feet lying on his lap. He smiled and got up to turn on the television, lowering my feet to the floor gently. As he got up, I saw his hand make a quick adjustment at the front of his trousers. I had to bite my tongue to hold back my laugh. He was actually getting turned on. I couldn't believe it; I was actually turning him on. When he came back to sit down again he lifted my feet up again and sat down in the same position as before, resting my feet in his lap with his right hand resting on my ankle. We watched the news, waiting for the rice to cook, while he left his hand on my leg. After a few moments, he turned to ask if I was all right.

"No problem," I replied, noting that although he looked me in the eye, there was a quick flick down to my legs and skirt again. No doubt, he really was quite interested. But in me, or the imagery or what I portrayed? That was the question.

"Nice stockings," he commented.

"Aristoc," I replied. "10 denier."

He nodded. "Very smooth," he added, running his hand up my leg to my knee.

"Just like you?" I asked, raising my eyebrows at his very forward behaviour.

He laughed gently and just then the timer pinged in the kitchen to say the rice was cooked. I lifted my feet off his lap and sat up, putting my shoes back on as Stuart went out to the kitchen.

“Be a honey and lay the table,” he called from the kitchen.

I raised my eyebrows at the ‘honey’ part of that but let it ride. I found some tablemats and went into the kitchen for some cutlery. He had started on the frying and the food was sizzling nicely in the wok. Back in the main room, I laid the table and went back to the kitchen door just to see Stuart serving up dinner. He picked up the plates and followed me back to the table where we sat and ate, talking about little bits and pieces. With dinner over, we had some coffee and sat on the sofa with the television on in the background, talking about this and that.

Eventually I decided I had to leave otherwise I would never get home at a reasonable time. Stuart asked if I wanted to stay the night in the spare room. I declined. I had no toothbrush, no makeup remover, or makeup for the next day and besides, whatever would people think if I went into work with the same clothes on as the day before. He laughed and nodded and showed me to the door.

“No goodnight kiss then?” he asked mischievously as I went out the door. I turned back to look at him and then, ‘mwah, mwah’ airkissed him on each cheek. He shook his head and laughed.

“Nighty night,” he said and as I drove off into the night, I saw him watching from the door until I disappeared from view.

The next day, I awoke having had some very strange dreams the night before. Not that I could remember them particularly well, but I knew they had been odd and strangely erotic. Pushing them to the back of my mind, I got washed and shaved and had breakfast whilst I thought about what to wear. Today, I thought, could be a formal day.

Back upstairs, I pulled out the dress suit I had worn before. The day was looking slightly warmer, so I opted just for bra, knickers and a pair of tights underneath, with no slip. For a change, I went with some pink underwear I had found in a local cheap shop on one of my shopping trips with Lisa. Unusually, for something so cheap, it was quite good quality, not too harsh and it fitted really well. It was mainly transparent mesh, with little black velveteen spots.

The bra had a little black bow in the middle and the knickers matched. I always preferred matching underwear, even though it was a pain sometimes. I chose a ‘barely there’ nude shade of tights this time - again, from Aristoc and again 10 denier. They were probably my favourite range of hosiery, even though they weren’t that cheap. I thought about a half-slip to keep my lower half under control, but figured, what the hell, I would have to tuck and spend the day not getting excited.

That said, as I slipped the dress on, I shivered a little, partly with the coldness of the lining and partly because it was just a really nice feeling as it slipped up over my body. Despite my best efforts to banish the thoughts, I just felt very, very sexy and sure enough, the bulge appeared in the front of the dress. There was no real alternative. Unless I took care of that now, it would be popping up all day long. I reached down, running my hands over the dress, brushing the smooth nylon lining over my body, feeling it slide over my

tights. As my left hand played with that, I ran my right hand further down to touch my thigh, clad in tight silky smooth nylon. I sat down and slid down in the chair slightly, allowing the dress to ride slightly, exposing my thighs to the light.

I closed my eyes and imagined some gorgeous woman, running her lips up the inside of my thigh. I reached further down and touched the crotch of my knickers, touching myself, right underneath in the delicate little area just behind the balls. I worked myself up slowly until I pulled my gently throbbing erection out and massaged it, the end glistening gently.

As I massaged, a small drop of clear stickiness emerged from the end and I lifted it off with my finger and touched it to my lips, tasting the sweetness. All of a sudden, the gorgeous female in my mind wasn't female anymore and I could imagine myself being taken by a man. The excitement built until I could hold it no more and I orgasmed powerfully, the intensity making me bring my knees up into a semi foetal sitting position, my hand gripped around the end trying to catch everything. As I did so, the imaginary person in my head became Stuart.

I sat there for a few minutes, slumped in the chair, the blood pounding in my ears before making my way to the bathroom to clean up. As I did so, I mused to myself what my mind was doing to me. That was interesting. Soon enough, I was decent again, although to be sure to avoid any last drips making a mess, I pulled out a panty liner from my 'feminisation' drawer and placed it in my knickers to catch any last dribbles. It didn't take long and after a couple of minutes, I had finished dressing, slipping into my plain black court shoes to finish off the ensemble. Makeup went up quite quickly as I was quite used to applying it now. Warm shades around the eyes, warm blusher and a light pinkish red lipstick.

Despite my dallying, I was only a few minutes late arriving at the office and bluffed away the questions with some rubbish about slow traffic. They didn't need to know the details, particularly Stuart. God only knows how he would have taken it, knowing he'd been in my mind at the point of orgasm. Again, I pushed the whole matter to the back of my mind and poured myself a cup of coffee. Mug in hand, I returned to my desk and sat down to carry on with the job in hand.

After about half an hour, a message appeared in my email inbox. It was Stuart asking me how my feet were. I suppressed a broad grin and emailed back that they were fine. A few minutes later, another email arrived.

"I can massage other bits as well," it said.

"I'm sure you can," I typed back. "What did you have in mind?"

There was a pause and then the reply.

"Whatever needs doing. Neck, back, legs. Whatever you want."

"I'll let you know," I replied.

There were no more messages after that. From time to time I got the feeling I was being watched, but when I looked up, all I saw was everyone engrossed in their work. By lunchtime, I was pretty famished and was thankful to Lisa for saying she would go out for

some sandwiches. Chris decided he would go out with her leaving Stuart and me in the office.

"Be good," called Lisa as they left.

"Aren't I always?" I called after them.

Stuart wandered over with two mugs of coffee and put them down on my desk. He sat on the corner and I pushed myself back from the desk, crossing my legs as I did. The dress, already short enough, rode up slightly, exposing the lower half of my thighs, the Lycra in the tights causing them to shine in the light. I saw Stuart glance down quickly and then back up again.

"So, no aches or pains then?" he asked, after a short silence.

I shook my head.

"Nope. I feel just fine."

He nodded. Inwardly, I could sense that he wanted to get his hands on my legs again. Last night he had obviously enjoyed massaging my feet and running his hand up my legs. That much had been obvious. Perhaps less obvious was the degree to which I had enjoyed it as well, although I was a little reluctant to admit it. The feelings made me feel very vulnerable in a pleasurable sort of way.

"So did you enjoy dinner?" he asked after another pause.

"Very good," I replied.

"Shame you had to go really. We could have made an evening of it."

I looked up, slightly surprised. What did he mean by that?

"In what way?" I asked, my brows furrowed.

"Well, you know. Have a laugh, watch a film, and get drunk. Whatever."

I raised my eyebrows gently.

"Have a laugh and get drunk? Are you trying to have your wicked way with me then?"

"No," Stuart protested, "it's just, well, you're a fun person to be with and, well, you know..."

"Er, I'm not entirely sure I do," I replied.

"Well," he continued, obviously struggling to find the right words, "I just enjoyed being with you last night and massaging your feet and everything."

I nodded.

"Well it was very nice for me as well, thank you," I replied.

"I mean," he went on, his face full of expression as he struggled to find the right words, "you weren't running screaming for the door. Most girls wouldn't have been as relaxed as you were. It just felt right."

The 'most girls' caught me by surprise. It wasn't unwelcome, but it was a surprise.

"Oh," was about all I could say, "That's probably because I felt relaxed and I didn't feel threatened by you. I suppose someone who didn't know you quite so well might find it a bit much. I mean, you were getting quite personal with your hand at one point."

He had the good grace to look sheepish and to colour up slightly.

"Not that it worried me," I went on, before he could reply. "Like I say, it was actually quite a relaxing evening. You do a good foot massage as well." I smiled up at him deliberately avoiding saying anything about how I had enjoyed his hand running up my leg as well.

He smiled back, clearly relieved by what I was saying.

"So do you want another massage sometime then?" he asked.

"Maybe," I answered.

"How about tonight?" he asked.

I looked at him with eyes raised. That was rather up front and straight to the point I thought.

"Bit eager aren't you?"

He shrugged and smiled.

"Let's wait until Friday, then we don't have to be up for work in the morning. Then we can make an evening of it, as you put it earlier," I suggested.

He nodded, with a smile.

"Sounds good. What do you want for dinner?"

"Whatever you fancy cooking," I suggested. "Red wine preferably and a decent film. You did mention watching a film earlier on after all."

He nodded again, a bigger smile on his face.

"Okay, it's a date."

I bit my tongue. First I was compared to 'most girls' and now we had a date. Whatever next I wondered. He slipped off the desk and wandered back over to the kettle.

"More coffee?" he called over.

"Please," I replied, realising I was watching him as he walked away from me. He was actually quite a good-looking chap when all was said and done. Not overly muscled, but cleanly defined, definitely not overweight. To tell the truth, in a strange sort of way, I did find him attractive. As he wandered back with the coffees, he noticed me watching him.

"What?" he asked.

"I was just curious," I said. "You're a good looking bloke, yet you never seem to have a girlfriend."

"Just one of those things," he shrugged back. "I just don't seem to get on with most girls."

There was a pause.

"What do you mean, 'good looking'," he asked.

“Well, you’re not fat, you obviously look after yourself and well, you’re not ugly.”

He raised his eyebrows, nodding slowly as he took what I said.

“Much appreciated, thank you. And for the record, you’re not bad looking yourself.”

“Oh?” I queried.

“Nice legs, quite slim, sexy without being too tarty. Nice bum too.”

I smiled and we both laughed together.

“Okay, enough of the mutual admiration. It’s getting embarrassing,” I said.

We sat there for a moment or two, sipping coffee. A noise from outside the office caught my attention and I turned to see what it was. I could see Lisa and Chris coming up the stairs with some paper bags, hopefully with lunch inside. I turned back to Stuart to catch him eyeing up my legs again. He looked up and caught my eye. I smiled knowingly and he coloured up again.

“Lunch is here,” I said. “Better do some more coffees for Chris and Lisa.”

He nodded and slipped off the desk again and walked back over to the kettle, surreptitiously adjusting himself just as Chris and Lisa came into the office.

“Everything alright?” asked Lisa.

“Of course,” I said smiling.

Seemingly oblivious to the fact that Stuart was still in some form of discomfort, Lisa opened up the bags and spread the sandwiches on some paper plates. She dragged a small coffee table over to the middle of the room and put the plates on there.

“Let’s be sociable for once,” she said.

We all wheeled our chairs over to the table, which being a low style coffee table, meant we all had to lower the seats. I was a little more careful this time not to flash too much leg. I didn’t want Stuart choking on his sandwiches after all. So I sat, a little more demurely, legs crossed at the ankle, knees to one side and helped myself to the food. We chatted and ate for some time before realising that we had spent over an hour on lunch.

So back to work it was and we ploughed on through our various jobs in hand until the clock reminded us that it was going home time. I packed my bits and pieces away into my desk and pulled out my handbag. Checking my face in my compact, I noticed my lipstick was wearing a little thin.

“Back in a minute,” I called and disappeared out to the toilets, followed by Lisa as well. I was about to go into the ladies, when I thought it prudent to ask her if she minded me going in there as well. She paused briefly.

“Well, dressed like that, you might get a few funny looks going into the gents.”

She had a point, but as I reminded her, we were the only people who used the toilets on this floor and if she preferred I could always use the gents or wait for her to finish, but she told me not to worry. After all, she reminded me, she thought of me as one of the girls now anyway. I smiled, that being the second time I had heard that today.

Allowing her to go in first, we both made our way to separate cubicles. As I sat there, I was surprised to here Lisa asking me if I preferred to sit or stand. I started to laugh. The whole situation seeming rather incongruous. Through what became a fit of the giggles, I told her I preferred to sit. She was giggling too. Once done, we washed our hands and she gave me a quick girly peck on the cheek before bidding me good night. I turned to the mirror and started to touch up my lipstick, when I heard the door open again.

"Forgotten something?" I called, expecting it be Lisa.

"No," came Stuart's voice. "Just wanted to check you were alright."

"Come in for goodness sake," I said. "There's only me in here."

As Stuart came in, he looked a little uncomfortable, which was reasonable I supposed.

"Why wouldn't I be alright?" I asked.

"Dunno," he replied. "I saw Lisa giggling as she left, and I thought maybe she had been saying something or maybe you had said something."

I shook my head and sighed.

"Not a thing," I replied. "She was giggling at something else entirely different."

He did look relieved.

"Now go on and get away with you," I remonstrated. "A man in a ladies toilet. Whatever next?"

He laughed and backed out of the door again leaving me to finish my lipstick. As I emerged from the toilets, Stuart was waiting for me.

"Thought you might like an escort to the car," he suggested, holding my coat open for me to put on. Then he offered me his arm and after a brief pause I thought, why not and hooked my arm through his and walked down to the car park.

"I take it everyone else has gone?" I asked.

Stuart nodded.

"I did a check first to make sure you had everything and grabbed your coat for you and said I'd wait so Chris could lock up the office."

"Thanks," I said. "Very gentlemanly of you."

"The age of chivalry is not yet dead," he replied. "Ladies should always be taken care of."

Arriving at my car, he waited while I found my keys and opened the door. He held the door while I sat down to change my shoes for driving, watching with interest. I explained why I was changing my shoes and he nodded in understanding.

"Friday night then?" he asked as I swung my legs into the car.

"Yes, Friday night," I replied, slightly exasperated by his persistence.

He smiled and closed the door gently and went to his own car, leaving me to start up and drive home.

The next couple of days were straightforward enough, although I was beginning to wonder what Stuart was planning for the Friday night.

On Friday morning I woke feeling slightly special, looking forward to being treated that night. I pondered for a while about what to wear, figuring, I would want a change of clothes for the evening. After all, if I were about to be treated to a special evening, it would be only the right thing to dress up properly. Besides, how many times did I get all dressed up like it mattered? With that in mind, I decided on something nice, but not too fancy for the daytime, and a little something special for the evening. Whilst I was deciding what to wear, I decided I should repaint my nails as well.

Fortunately by now, my fingernails were in very good condition and I was able to paint them in a nice deep blood red colour, without needing to resort to false nails. My toenails were painted in the same deep red and I padded around in my nightdress having breakfast whilst they dried. Checking through my wardrobe for inspiration, I decided on a cream coloured, cotton jersey fabric bodysuit. It was polo necked and sufficiently close fitting to show off any nice underwear underneath. I had a short red skirt that would go very nicely with it, teamed with a deep red elasticised belt. The whole ensemble could be finished off with a pair of knee length boots. Slightly tarty perhaps, but not so much that it would look out of place in an office.

I found a nice white bra, with a little bit of lace around the edges and slipped it on. Then I put on a nice plain white suspender belt to hold up a pair of my favourite Aristoc 10 denier stockings. At first I couldn't decide on the colour, but eventually settled for a warm golden brown colour. I drew the bodysuit over my head and fastened it at the crotch, tucking every-



thing into place. The red skirt and the red belt followed this. Looking in the mirror, I was rather pleased by the image, even before I had put my makeup on.

I was struck by how long my hair was becoming. Before long it would be just right and I could pay a visit to the hairdresser Lisa had mentioned. For now, though, I would stick with wearing a wig. Returning my attention to my makeup, I selected natural colours, warm browns and a pinkish blusher to try and match the colours I was wearing. With the daytime clothes sorted, I turned my attention to what I should wear for the evening. Seeing as I was being going to be treated to dinner, I thought it only appropriate to dress for the occasion.

Looking through my wardrobe again for inspiration, I came across my 'little black dress'. I had bought it because it reminded me of one I had seen in a photograph being worn by Audrey Hepburn. Although close fitting, the bottom half was sufficiently loose to allow me to go untucked, although it was advisable to wear a waist shaper just to hold everything in. That way, nothing would show, unless I got excited. For underwear I chose my black basque and a pair of black knickers that left little to the imagination. They were quite sheer at the front with a lacy overlaid pattern and the back was almost transparent.

Some black 10 denier Aristoc stockings, with their sheer toes teamed with a lovely pair of black ankle strap sandals with four-inch heels would round it off nicely and show off my newly painted toenails. As a final thought, I looked in the drawer and found my long black satin gloves. Another impulse buy, they hadn't seen much use. They wouldn't be very practical for eating dinner but I could at least start off with them on. I contemplated jewellery as well.

Not being a great jewellery wearer, my collection was rather small, but I seemed to recall pearl necklaces went well with little black dresses. Fortunately, on one of my previous shopping trips with Lisa, I had found a pearl necklace. They were imitation pearls, but even so, the looked pretty good to me. I had a pair of pearl drop earrings which, being quite plain, also went quite well with this necklace.

With that sorted, I also packed an overnight bag, as I couldn't see myself wanting to drive home after dinner, wine and a film with Stuart. I also sorted out a simple cream satin blouse and a plain white bra with matching knickers that I could use the next day to wear for the trip home. I figured, with it being the weekend, I could wear jeans with them and not look too out of place.

A pair of hold up stockings could go underneath to make it easier to wear my shoes. Then, a small bag containing the cleanser and fresh makeup for the evening and next day and I was just about ready. As a final precaution, I packed some extra male clothes in a separate bag, just in case. It was one of my major fears, being stuck with a broken down car waiting for a rescue truck and dressed as a woman.

Despite the assurances from everyone about my looks, as soon as I opened my mouth, my true nature would become painfully apparent. The hassle would be avoided more easily just by packing some more practical clothes. With everything packed, I looked more like I was of on a major expedition rather than an overnight stay. Still, one had to account for various eventualities.

I was the last to arrive at work, my packing having taken longer than planned. Chris looked up and smiled as I arrived.

"I was beginning to think something had happened to you," he said.

I smiled back.

"No, not this time. Just a bit slow this morning, sorry."

Chris shook his head.

"No worries."

I wandered over to make a cup of tea. Stuart looked up and I caught his eye. He raised his eyebrows slightly in a silent question. I looked him straight back and gave a long slow wink. He smiled and hid his face in the depths of the machine he was building. I suppressed a chuckle and made my way back to my desk.

"You're looking very nice today," Lisa complemented me.

"Why thank you," I answered. "I thought as it was Friday, I'd make a special effort."

"You mean you don't normally?" commented Stuart from behind his desk.

"Well, this is extra special. I just felt like being pretty today."

"You always look pretty to me," said Stuart.

Unsure of how to handle that, I was relieved by Chris's remark that Stuart would find anything in a skirt pretty to look at. That broke the moment and got a chuckle from everyone, Stuart included. As I put my head down to work, I cast a glance up at Stuart, but he was busy with his machine. Part way through the morning, I stopped for a coffee, offering to make a round for everyone. Lisa went out to the ladies while I made it, leaving me with Chris and Stuart. It was patently obvious at that point that Stuart was burning to ask a question. About what I could guess, but with Chris there, he was obviously holding himself back. With coffees made and Lisa back in the office, I emailed Stuart from my desk.

"You're obviously bursting to say something," I typed.

"Just wanted to see if you were still on for tonight," came the reply.

"Yes, of course." I typed back. "What's for dinner?"

"Fillet steak," came the reply, "with a nice Cabernet Sauvignon to wash it down."

"Sounds good," I typed back.

A few minutes went by and then,

"I've made the spare room up for you."

"Thanks. I brought an overnight bag. Can't drink and drive can I?"

"Is it all in the car?"

"Yes. Now let me get on with my work."

I looked up and saw Stuart cast a glance in my direction. He smiled, the exchange going unnoticed by the others. Lunchtime came round and Stuart volunteered to get lunch this time. He went off with Chris, who always liked to get out of the office at lunchtime, if just to take a break. Lisa and I sat back with a cup of tea and looked at each other.

"I know I said it before, but you do look really nice today," she said.

"Thanks," I replied. "I've decided to go with the idea of growing my hair long as well so I can get away without wearing a wig all the time."

She nodded.

"Makes sense I suppose, seeing as you're working here at the moment. What will you do if this falls through and you need to go through your agency again?"

"Get a haircut and dig out my suits again I suppose," I answered glumly. "I actually really enjoy this. It is so nice to be able to get dressed like this every day and work in an office where no-one minds."

"I've been doing it for years," Lisa replied, smiling.

I laughed.

"You do have a slight advantage over me," I replied.

She smiled back and I was struck by just how pretty she was.

"You're a pretty good role model," I said.

"Oh get away," she retorted.

"No really, I mean it," I replied. "If I could look half as good as you, I'd be very happy."

"What makes you think you don't? Perhaps you need to listen to Stuart a bit more," she replied. "He obviously finds you rather attractive, from what I can see."

I put on my best surprised expression.

"Do you really think so?" I asked.

"Oh please!" replied Lisa. "It's obvious, to me at any rate. He does find you attractive."

"Oh," was about all I could manage in reply.

"Typical I suppose," she went on. "I work in an office with three men, one's married and of the other two, one's a cross dresser who the third one fancies. What hope have I got?"

I was stuck for words.

"Well, I think you're attractive," I said.

"Yes, but you're my buddy," she replied. "It's different between us."

I wasn't quite sure what to say after that. We'd always been buddies, as she put it, but that was a definite put down in terms of any further relationship. Oh well, that's life I suppose. With that, she got up and went out of the office.

"Back in a few minutes," she called as she left.

I watched out of the window as she walked down to the ladies toilets, so elegant and feminine. She really was a good role model. As soon as the door closed I got up and practised walking as she had done. With a little change to my usual already feminised walk, I was able to wiggle my bottom like Lisa did. Except of course, she did it a little more naturally. The technique made my thighs slide together a little more than usual and I kept

practising, enjoying the feeling of my stockings rubbing against each other. I was still practising when she came back into the office.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Trying to get a proper walk and wiggle,” I replied, feeling rather embarrassed that I had been caught.

“Well go on then, show me,” she instructed.

I repeated my walk for her up and down the office a few times.

“Not bad,” she said. “If you wear a tighter skirt, you’ll find it will come more naturally. Say, a below the knee pencil skirt with little or no kick pleat in the rear. Otherwise, not bad. Remember to stick your bum out as well. That should help hide anything at the front as well.”

I was somewhat taken aback by Lisa’s attempts to help me behave in a more feminine way, but before I could say anything, we were interrupted by Chris and Stuart returning with lunch. I hurried over to make some drinks, remembering to wiggle as before. As I boiled the kettle, I cast an eye towards Lisa, who simply smiled and mouthed the word “tart” at me. I smiled and looked away before I blushed and gave myself away. I made the drinks and with bum stuck out and wiggling, I took them to the others. As I suspected he would, Stuart noticed and nodded appreciatively.

“Very sexy,” he whispered as I put the coffee mug on his desk.

I flicked my eyebrows up and smiled back, before returning to my desk. I pulled a book out of my drawer. I had brought it in a few days before as a way of spending the odd lunchtime, when everyone else was doing something. I sat back, lowered the chair and stretched my legs out, and settled down for a good read. As always, office chairs proved to be the less than perfect place to sit and read and after a while I had to bring my legs back in and cross them at the knee to stop myself sliding off the chair. Stuart, on his way past to go to the toilet did notice my position and gave a smile, commenting quietly as he did so. I realised at that point, having slipped slightly in the chair, he could see my stocking tops and quite possibly, even further up my skirt. I sat back upright and turned to rest on the desk, tucking my legs underneath and pulling my skirt back down to a more decent position.

On his return, Stuart cast me a glance and winked. I felt myself blush and buried my face in the book to hide my obvious embarrassment. After a few moments, I looked up and saw Stuart watching me. He smiled a mischievous smile and feeling myself colour up again, I buried my head in the book again. I resolved not to look up again until the end of lunch and sure enough, by then, the situation seemed normal again. Or at least, what qualified as normal in my life at the moment.

We ploughed on through the afternoon, a little conversation flowing between us as we stopped for the occasional break and to stretch out cramped muscles. I made another round of coffees, more so I could practise my wiggle than anything else. It wasn’t as difficult as I had thought and I felt I was beginning to get the hang of it. Judging by the way that Stuart’s eyes were following me, I seemed to be doing something right. Despite the somewhat eager anticipation of having dinner cooked for me again and the promise of an-

other massage, the rest of the afternoon passed surprisingly quickly. As the day drew to a close, I had another email from Stuart saying he would wait for me so that I could follow him home. That way, neither Chris nor Lisa would see the two of us departing in the same direction. A practical measure I thought.

As we packed up to go home, I was half expecting either Lisa or Chris to suggest we got together that evening for a meal, such would be the perversity of life. Thankfully though, there was no such suggestion. I waited until the very end to pack up, giving Lisa time to go the toilet and get her things together. Then, when Chris was ready to go, I packed up my stuff and made my way to the ladies toilet as usual. I spent a few minutes checking my makeup and trying to calm the nerves that had suddenly appeared. For some reason, I was feeling a little apprehensive about this 'date', as Stuart had called it. As I emerged from the toilet, Stuart was waiting for me.

"I waited in the gents toilets until I heard Chris and Lisa go," he explained. "I think they've gone by now."

So saying, he extended his arm again as he had before and walked me downstairs to my car. He waited until I had changed into my driving shoes and then said,

"I'll lead, you follow on. You know the way anyway, so if we do get separated, at least I'll be there to open the door for you."

"No problems," I agreed and started the engine as he closed the door for me. He really could be a gentleman at times.

I waited until he had started his own car and then followed him out of the car park. Despite the rush hour traffic, I managed to stay with him for most of the way, only getting separated at a particularly busy junction. When I finally arrived at Stuart's house, he was already there and greeted me at the door as I pulled up on his driveway. I opened the boot to get my bags out, but Stuart reached in and lifted them out for me.

"Planning on staying for the weekend?" he asked, seeing I had two bags.

"Not quite," I replied. "One's for tonight and tomorrow morning and the small one is the emergency bag, in case I get stuck on the side of the road waiting for the rescue truck."

He nodded in understanding.

"If that ever happens, just feel free to give me a call though," he said. "I'll be more than willing to come out and give you a hand."

I nodded my thanks and made my way inside, Stuart following behind with my bags. He took them upstairs and then came down again, saying he'd left them in the spare room for me. He rubbed his hands together.

"Right then. How about a drink?"

"Gin and tonic would be nice thanks, if you've got one."

"Certainly have," he replied and disappeared into the kitchen, before re-appearing with two ice-cold gin and tonics.

We raised our glasses to each other and sat down on the sofa. It was a strange atmosphere.

“So what film are we watching then?” I asked.

Stuart passed me a rental DVD case from the coffee table. It was an oldie, ‘Some Like It Hot’ with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon. I chuckled. Stuart shrugged,

“It seemed appropriate,” he said. “If you’d prefer something different, it’s not too late for me to go and change it.”

I shook my head and told him it was fine. Actually, it was a film I quite enjoyed.

“It seems somehow appropriate,” I joked.

Stuart agreed and said that was why he had rented it. Dropping it back on the coffee table, he asked me if I wanted to freshen up at all. I said I would appreciate a shower before I dressed for dinner, which caused him to raise his eyebrows.

“Dress for dinner? I am honoured.”

“Well why not?” I asked. “After all, you’re treating me to dinner so I figured I should at least make an effort.”

“Why don’t I have a shower first,” Stuart suggested, “and then you can have yours and get all dressed up while I start dinner.”

“Sounds like a good idea,” I agreed.

He told me to make myself comfortable and I turned on the television, flicking through the channels until I found the early evening news. After about fifteen minutes, Stuart came back downstairs again, hair damp from the shower and dressed in beige Chinos and a black polo shirt.

“I thought I’d make an effort as well,” he explained.

“Very smart,” I replied. “I hope I match up to the standard.”

“I’m sure you will,” he said. “Even as you are, you look pretty good to me. Anyway, the bathroom’s all yours now. I’ve left clean towels up there for you.”

Taking my drink, I went upstairs to the spare room, conscious of Stuart watching me wiggle my way up the stairs. Taking my robe and toiletries bag, I went into the bathroom to have a shower. Off came my wig first, followed by my makeup.

Almost immediately, I started to feel not as special as I had been feeling. Still, I carried on and peeled off my clothes and climbed into the shower. The water was hot and I shampooed my hair and washed myself down, emerging after a few minutes, pink and glistening. I took some scented body lotion and applied it all over my body, enjoying the musky scent brought out by the heat of my body. With everything done, I slipped on my robe and picked everything else up and went back to the spare room. I extracted all the clothes for the evening from the bag and laid them out on the bed.

Picking up the basque, I slipped my arms through the straps and reached round to do it up behind me. It was a bit of a struggle, but with each hook fastening, it grew tighter and more sensual on my body. Then I took the stockings and rolled each one up my leg, carefully to avoid snagging them, and then clipped them on to the basque’s suspenders.

The cups filled out nicely with my silicones and then I decided to apply my makeup. With no mirror in the bedroom, I made my way back into the bathroom and stood in front

of the bathroom cabinet to put my makeup on. Foundation and powder were simple enough. For my eyes, I went for a dark pearlescent grey, almost gunmetal, eyeshadow. Mascara lengthened my lashes and then I chose a deep pink blusher for my cheeks.

A light brushing gave me just the right measure of warmth, without being too vivid. My lipstick was chosen to match my nails and was a nice deep red. Blotting my lips on some tissue, I then applied a coat of lip sealer to stop the colour bleeding or coming off. I checked the final effect in the mirror and was pleased by what I saw. I went back into the bedroom and pulled on my waist shaper. This one was slightly different from most in that it had a zip up the front as well to help pull it all tight. With the zip done up, there was only the slightest of bulges in front.

Unzipping the dress, I stepped into it and slid it up my body, reached round to do the zip back up. Sure enough, the front of the dress was flat and smooth. Now came my wig, brushed out first to remove any tangles. A quick trip back to the bathroom to make sure it was straight, a light styling with the brush and a quick spray to hold the style in place. Back to the bedroom and on with my shoes. Last of all, I fastened the necklace round my neck, clipped the earrings onto my ears and pulled my gloves on, pulling them up and over my elbow to my upper arms. A quick check over and I went downstairs to the living room.

As I went in, Stuart came in from the kitchen and pursed his lips in a silent whistle.

"You like?" I asked, turning slightly to show off the outfit.

"I like," he said. "I definitely like."

I smiled, pleased that I looked as good as I felt.

"Another gin?" asked Stuart, seeing my glass was empty. "Or would you rather wait until dinner for some wine? It should be ready in about twenty minutes. The potatoes are just cooking at the moment."

I thought for a moment. I didn't have to go anywhere or do anything so I opted for another gin, even though the first one was starting to have an effect already. Stuart disappeared and came back with another drink for each of us. I sat down on the sofa and leaned back against the cushions. Stuart came and sat at the other end of the sofa. We chatted for a while until the timer started pinging in the kitchen and Stuart went out to attend to dinner. Not wanting to just sit there, I wandered out as well, and stood at the doorway as he put the steaks under the grill.

We continued to chat as he finished off dinner. Then, just as everything was almost ready, he shooed me out of the kitchen and into the dining room where he had laid the table already. Tablecloth, tablemats, napkins and even candles all made it look more like a five star restaurant. I sat down where Stuart had shown me and watched as he lit the candles and dimmed the lights.

"Very nice," I complimented him. "All this just for me?"

"Of course," he answered, "and why not? I did say we could make an evening of it after all and it's not often I entertain people. Anyway, with you all dressed up, I'm glad I made the effort. Not that you had to dress up like that of course, but well, seeing as you did, it makes it all the more worthwhile."

He was starting to stumble over his words. Either the gin was having an effect on him as well, or he was getting flustered. He excused himself and went back into the kitchen to get our dinner. As I removed my gloves, he emerged from the kitchen with two plates, filled with food. Setting both plates down, he sat down and spreading our napkins on our laps, we started. The dinner was every bit as delicious as he had promised and the red wine complimented the beef perfectly.

"I have another bottle if we finish this one," Stuart commented between mouthfuls.

"I do hope you're not trying to get me drunk," I replied. "I mean, I'm not that type of girl."

"So what type of girl are you then?" he asked.

"A unique type," I replied.

Stuart tried not to choke on his food as he started to laugh.

"You're certainly unique," he said. "Not to mention damn good looking."

"Stop it. Flattery will get you nowhere," I chastised him.

"Worth a try though," he replied.

I looked at him and stuck my tongue out.

"Oooh, promises," he retorted.

Now it was my turn to laugh. I told him not to get his hopes up. After all, as I reminded him again, I wasn't that kind of girl. We carried on bantering through dinner, during which time he continued to complement me on my looks and appearance. Maybe it was the wine or the ambience, or perhaps something else, but I began to feel very special and really quite flattered.

As we finished dinner, he cleared the plates away and offered me blackcurrant cheesecake for dessert, apologising for the fact that it wasn't home made but from the supermarket. It was rather nice nonetheless. Clearing the dishes away afterwards, Stuart told me to go and sit down in the living room. I asked if he wanted help with the washing up, but he declined and said he would deal with it. Unable to just sit there, I had to go and stand at the doorway and watch and talk as he washed the dishes.

"More wine?" he asked.

I thought for a moment. By now I'd had two gins and a half bottle of wine and despite the big dinner, I was starting to feel the effects.

"Only if you want me to fall asleep," I replied.

"Coffee then," he replied and set the coffee maker going before ushering me back into the living room.

Opening a cupboard, he took out a bottle of port and a bottle of brandy and brandished them. I selected the brandy and he poured a couple of glasses for us, before joining me on the sofa.

"So what about this massage then?" I asked, lifting my feet off the floor and dropping them on his lap. He looked at me and, placing his brandy down, proceeded to unbuckle my shoes and drop them on the floor before starting to massage my feet. I closed my eyes

and groaned deeply as his fingers and thumbs worked their way over my feet and toes sending little shivers up my spine. After several minutes, he stopped and leaving me with my feet on the sofa, told me to wait. I heard him go upstairs and then come down again. Opening my eyes, I saw him spread out a large fluffy bath towel on the floor and place a small bottle of massage oil beside it.

“Lie down on that, while I make the coffee,” he ordered.

I did as I was told and lay on my front, stretched out on the towel. Stuart came back in with the coffee and placed one cup by my head and the other to one side.

“Ah,” he said. “You’ll probably want to take your dress off as well.”

I wasn’t sure I actually wanted to take my dress off, but I could see how it might get in the way. Standing up again, I reached round to the zip, when Stuart jumped up.

“Allow me,” he said and gently pulled the zip all the way down. I felt a little shiver of excitement ran down my spine as I pulled the dress off my shoulders, slipped it down and stepped out of it. Stuart took it from me and laid it over the back of the sofa.

“Should I take the shaper off as well?” I asked.

“Er, yes, might be easier,” he replied. I unzipped the shaper and kept my back to him as I slid it off and tossed it on to the sofa as well.

Wow,” he said, “nice underwear.”

I lay back down again on the towel.

“Do you trust me?” he asked.

“That depends on what you’re going to do,” I replied.

“Not half as much as I’d like,” I heard him say.

“Behave!” I ordered him.

With that, he asked if he could remove my stockings as the nylon would be a little difficult to work through. I started to kneel up again so I could remove them, but he told me to stay where I was. He unclipped the stockings from the basque and gently slid them gently down my legs and off over my feet. Then picking up the oil, he poured a little into his palms and started to work on my legs. He certainly had a good firm touch and I lay there, enjoying the slow firm strokes up my legs. His hands worked further up, his thumbs starting to hit the bottom of my buttocks.

“Nice knickers,” he commented.

“Thank you,” I replied, unsure of what else to say. I felt ever so vulnerable, lying there with a very provocative pair of knickers the only thing between us. In spite of myself, I found myself becoming turned on by the whole thing and had to try and turn my thoughts to less erotic things.

After short while longer, he stopped and asked if I wanted to put my stockings back on before he did my back. That would be interesting I thought, picking myself off the floor. Taking my stockings, I sat on the floor and slipped them back on, standing only to pull them all the way up and reattach them to the suspenders on my basque. I was very conscious that Stuart was watching me every inch of the way and I kept my back to him to

avoid him seeing the bulge in my knickers, painfully obvious through the sheer material. I left the waist shaper off for the moment and lay back down again.

"Ready when you are," I said.

With that, he knelt back down again on the floor, this time straddling me, a knee each side of my hips. Then he started to unclip the hooks on the back of my basque.

"Not making it easy for me are you?" he commented.

"Sorry," I replied. "I didn't think about that."

"No worry," he replied. "It's a bit like Christmas really. Half the fun is the unwrapping."

"I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed, raising myself up on my elbows. "Half the fun is the unwrapping?"

"Figure of speech," he replied, his hand between my shoulders pressing me down gently. "Lie down again or I can't do anything."

I lay back down on my front, having taken a few mouthfuls of coffee first. With my basque undone and my back exposed, Stuart's oiled hands worked over my lower back, in little circles and then sweeping up towards my shoulders, easing all the little kinks out. I allowed myself to relax totally, allowing the pressure to force the air out of my lungs on the upward stroke.

Irrespective of suspicions I might have of his motives, I had to admit he was very good at this. Actually, he was damned good. As he worked his way up my back, I became aware that as he leaned over me, his body was also very close to mine. I could feel the heat from his front on my naked back. Again, despite myself, I began to feel very turned on, feeling quite helpless in the position I was in. I began to wonder about his earlier comments and found my thoughts drifting towards him dominating and penetrating me like a woman there and then.

It was good I was lying on my front as this time - I couldn't control the images in my mind and the erection that was now pressing into the floor. When Stuart finally stopped, I was more relaxed than I had been in a long time. I lay there contemplating how to make myself decent again, still sporting a semi erection. As I thought, I felt Stuart start to close the hooks on my basque again. This seemed to bring a conclusion to it and it broke my line of thought nicely, resulting in a good reduction in my erection.

"I'll give you one thing," he said. "You have a nice line in underwear. Very sexy."

"Thank you," I said, again unsure of what else to say.

With my basque fastened again, I knelt up and shuffled over to the sofa and picked up my shaper. Looking over my shoulder, I saw Stuart was still kneeling behind me and I stood up, back towards him and slipped the shaper on and drew it up. As I fastened it, the remaining bulge diminished further, although the slight damp patch that had appeared spread slightly underneath in my knickers. I stepped sideways to the sofa and picked my dress up. Stepping into it, I reached round to zip it up but before I could, Stuart was there, pulling it up for me. I sat back on the sofa, careful to avoid the slight bulge in the front of my dress becoming too obvious.

"Thank you," I said. "That was very nice."

"You did seem to enjoy it," Stuart commented, his eyes obviously picking out the slight bulge in the front of my dress, despite my best efforts.

I felt myself blush to my roots and looked down embarrassed. As I did, I noticed only too plainly an unnaturally large bulge in the front of Stuart's Chinos.

"Well, you can talk!" I exclaimed.

Stuart looked down and up again, an embarrassed smile on his face.

"Can't help it," he said. "I'm a man."

I looked him straight in the eye and he shrugged his shoulders.

"You can't help how you feel about things," he said.

I had to concede he had a point, struggling as I did for the right words. He got up and picked the cups off the floor.

"I'll get some more coffee," he said. "Do you want to set up the DVD?"

I turned on the television and put the DVD in the player just as Stuart came back in with two more coffees. He took the brandy and topped up our glasses again. As we caught each other's eye, we started to laugh.

"I must admit, it was the best massage I've ever had," I said.

"Likewise," replied Stuart and flicked the button on the remote to start the film. Feeling less awkward, I lifted my feet up again and placed them on his lap. Casting a glance at me, Stuart shuffled down the sofa towards me slightly so my calves were resting on his thighs and left his hands resting on my legs. Like that, we watched the film, with Stuart's hands occasionally straying up my legs to just above my knees.

As the final credits rolled up the screen, he stood up to take the disc out, turning on the stereo instead. He selected some light classical and came back to the sofa, putting my legs back on his lap. We sat and looked at each other. A thought flashed into my mind and I realised that more than anything, he wanted to screw me there and then. To take off my waist shaper, drop my knickers and take me over the sofa. A flash of insight or my own fantasy? All of a sudden, I couldn't tell.

"Penny for your thoughts?" he asked, breaking my reverie.

"Cost you more than that," I replied. "Much more. What about yours?"

He pursed his lips ruefully.

"I'm not sure you would want to know."

"I can probably guess," I replied, matter of factly. "Something involving ripping my kickers off?"

Stuart struggled for an answer.

"Something like that," he finally replied.

A short pause.

"I can't help it," he said, sighing somewhat dejectedly. "I'm sorry. I've probably ruined the entire evening for you now."

"Not really, no," I answered. "You weren't the only one getting excited. That was a very nice massage after all. And dinner was all you promised it would be and more besides. I've had a lovely evening thank you."

"Really?" he asked, surprise and hope in his voice.

"Yes, really," I told him.

I sat up and moved next to him, putting my arm round his shoulders in a friendly way.

"Don't think you've done anything wrong. If you had, I'd have told you."

I got a sheepish smile out of him.

"Okay," he said.

I hugged him, my arm still round his shoulder and his arm came up and round to my shoulder to join in.

"Thank you," he said.

We sat there together for a few minutes before he dropped his arm down and I took my arm from around his shoulders.

"You do smell nice," he commented.

"White musk body lotion," I replied by way of explanation. "I quite like it as well. Makes me feel more feminine."

"Well it certainly does something for me," he replied and leaned in to me, his nose up by my ear as he gently smelled the lotion. Then he nuzzled his nose in and I squirmed and squealed as it tickled. I pushed him away and playfully slapped his leg.

"Behave for goodness sake," I scolded him gently. "What would the neighbours think?"

"To hell with the neighbours," he replied. "It doesn't concern them."

He sat back away from me again and I dropped my feet back on his lap again. He took them in his hands and gently toyed with them.

"I like your nails as well," he said.

There was a short pause as we listened to the music and sipped our brandy. Then he asked me an unexpected question.

"Would you actually sleep with a bloke then?"

I paused to think how to word my answer.

"I suppose I might, under the right circumstances, if I was dressed and I trusted him and liked him a lot," I replied. "I mean, I would have to feel really comfortable with him before that happened and I would have to be dressed. Why?"

"I was just wondering," he replied. "Is there anyone you might sleep with then?"

He was really pushing this I thought.

"I've never really stopped to think about it," I answered, being as vague as I could.

“Oh,” he said. “I was just wondering.”

Now, it was becoming painfully obvious that he had designs on me. To tell the truth, of all my friends, Stuart was one that might actually make the grade. The question was, would I ever have the nerve to do it? It was one of my secret fantasies to be treated totally like a woman and I did enjoy playing with some of my toys at home, but to allow another man to actually penetrate me, well, that was another much larger step. I suppose, realistically, the ideal man would have been a clone of me, but that was of course impossible.

One thing was for certain, the more I thought about it, the more turned on I became. I wondered just how far this could go. We talked some more various things, without going back onto the subject of sex again. After some time, I started having trouble keeping my eyes open and found myself dozing off to the music in the background. Stuart moved my feet back onto the floor.

“Come on sleepyhead,” he said standing up.

He reached out his hand to help me up. As he pulled me up to my feet, I found myself stepping in to him so we were face to face. Actually, without my shoes on, I was a couple of inches shorter. He put his arms on my waist and looked down at me.

“Time for bed I think, before you fall asleep on the sofa.”

“Mmm,” I agreed, blinking up at him.

We stood for a moment and then, on a whim, I put my arms round his waist and hugged him, my cheek pressed to his shoulder. It was only a second’s delay before he responded in kind and we stood embraced for several seconds. Before either of us could get excited again, I pulled back slightly and then, on a wild impulse, reached up on tiptoe to give him a kiss on the cheek. He looked slightly taken aback as I did.

“Thanks for a really nice evening,” I said. “I really enjoyed it.”

“You’re very welcome,” he replied, the words not coming easily. Clearly the kiss had been somewhat unexpected and had wrong footed him.

With that, I turned and picked up my shoes and with my bum stuck out, did my best wiggle up the stairs. I heard Stuart turn off the lights and follow me up. As I reached the top, he caught me up. His hand caught my waist again and he steered me towards the spare room.

“That’s the spare room,” he said. “Now go to bed before I get carried away.”

Wiggling my way into the room, I flicked a look over my shoulder and closed the door behind me. I sat on the bed and dropped my shoes on the floor, contemplating the best way to get ready for bed. In the end, I just took my wig off, picked up my wash bag and, checking it was all clear, padded across to the bathroom. Once in there, I spent a few minutes removing my makeup and brushing my teeth before returning to the spare room.

As I closed the door, I heard Stuart’s bedroom door open and close as he went to the bathroom as well. I lay back on the bed and closed my eyes, thinking back to the events of the evening. Almost immediately, I started getting aroused, and rolled onto my side, curling into a semi foetal position, the nylon on my legs rubbing together and producing a most delicious sensation.

Reaching down and raising the hem of my dress, I felt my own erection grow and pulse with each thought of the evening's activity. I could imagine quite clearly being bent over the arm of the sofa, my knickers being pulled down and a warm hard cock being pushed into me.

I groaned to myself at the thought of it and buried my face in the quilt as I masturbated, catching the emission at the last minute by sealing the foreskin over the end to form a pouch.

The initial orgasm was followed almost immediately by a second, smaller one. When I had finished, I sat up and listened at the door, my hand still holding my foreskin together. There was no noise and I cracked the door open slightly. The bathroom door was open and the light was off. Quickly, I scurried across to the bathroom to clean myself up before returning to my room. I undressed slowly and carefully, enjoying the feeling before slipping my satin pyjamas on, climbing into bed and very quickly falling asleep.

As I drifted into consciousness the next morning, I became aware of Stuart standing at the door in his dressing gown.

"You are awake then?" he enquired. "I wondered if you wanted some breakfast."

I struggled to open my eyes fully, lifting myself up on my elbows as I did. As I moved, I felt the satin slide over my body, sending little waves of delight coursing through me.

"Mmm, please," I replied, after a moment or two as I managed to separate my eyelids properly and sat up.

"Wait there," said Stuart. "I'll bring it up to you."

With that, he left the door and went downstairs, leaving me feeling quite honoured that I was getting breakfast in bed as well. Realisation dawned on me that I needed to go to the bathroom. For some reason, the pressure of a full bladder first thing in the morning always left me with an erection and this combined with the feeling of the satin pyjamas and the memory of the previous night left me in a very excited state.

I slid out of bed and quickly made my way to the bathroom, hoping desperately to get back into bed before Stuart came up with breakfast. Luckily I just managed to get back in time and was just sliding back under the sheets as he came up the stairs with a bowl of cereal and a cup of tea on a tray. He set them down on the bedside table and perched on the side of the bed as I ate and drank.

"And how are you feeling this morning?" he asked.

"Very well indeed thanks," I replied. "Very relaxed. I slept like a log last night."

He grinned and nodded.

"Glad to hear it."

He watched me finish my cereal and then cleared the bowl away.

"What plans have you got today then?"

"Not a whole lot," I replied. "Why?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't have much to do. I was wondering whether you were stopping here for a while or disappearing home quite soon."

"Hadn't really thought about it," I replied. "I guess I was planning on scooting off this morning, unless of course you've got something else planned."

"Nothing in particular," Stuart replied. "A load of washing and ironing as usual and I need to sort through some old papers, but nothing major. I was just wondering if you had any plans."

"Well, how about I get up and dressed and we take it from there?"

"Sounds good to me," said Stuart. "What are you planning to wear today? Male or female?"

"Blouse and jeans," I replied.

He nodded. I think if I'd said I was going to wear male clothes, he would have been quite disappointed. I sat there in bed and drank my tea as we idly chatted. As I drained my cup, he took it and stood up.

"I'll leave you to get dressed in peace," he said and left the room, pulling the door gently closed behind him.

I slipped out of bed again and picking up my wash bag and makeup bag, made my way to the bathroom. I succumbed again to the lure of a hot shower and climbed out several minutes later, feeling thoroughly refreshed. Sadly I still needed a shave. Perhaps I should start considering electrolysis I thought. Wet shaving as usual left my face beautifully smooth and without any shadow.

Drying off, I massaged a moisturising balm into my face and set about applying some makeup. Warm colours I thought for today. A warm golden brown eyeshadow, a warm orange blusher and, for a slight contrast, some bright red lipstick. I looked in the mirror.

With the clothes I had planned, that would look okay. I slipped my pyjamas back on and as I emerged to go back to the spare room, Stuart came out of his room, raising his eyebrows as he saw me. I obviously met with his approval. I began to wish my hair would hurry up and grow. Then it would look nicer and more feminine and I wouldn't have to worry about a wig and what I looked like without it. Back in my room, I pulled out the white bra and knickers and slipped them on, the silicones filling out the bra. I rolled a pair of barely black hold up stockings up my legs and then slipped the cream satin blouse on. I pulled the jeans out of my 'male' bag and slipped them on as well.

They were a little looser than a woman would normally wear, but at least they hid any obvious signs of maleness. Tucking the blouse in, I slipped my court shoes on from the previous day and then picked up my wig. After brushing it through, it went on and a light spray held it in place again. I went back into the bathroom to take a quick look at myself. As a last touch, I thought, the pearls from last night would finish it off nicely, giving me a refined look. All in all, I was rather pleased with the effect. I packed all my other bits and pieces away in my bags and made my way downstairs where Stuart was leafing through a large stack of papers in the living room. As I entered, he looked up and nodded.

"Very nice," he said.

“What are you up to?” I asked.

He gestured at the pile.

“I haven’t had a clear out in ages. I’ve got receipts and guarantees here from ten years ago. If I sort them out, can you put them through the shredder for me?”

“Sure,” I replied, looking around. “Where’s your shredder?”

He got up and pulled it out from under a desk in the corner of the room. We went through the papers with him passing me what he no longer needed and me extracting staples and putting the unwanted paper through the shredder. As we finished, I inspected my nails. A couple were chipped at the tips where I had pulled some staples out by hand.

“So what now?” I asked, getting up and going in to the kitchen to make more tea.

“Ironing?” came the hopeful reply.

I raised my eyebrows. I knew he hated ironing and I figured this was only fair after the special treatment I had last night.

“Okay,” I called back. “You get the iron and ironing board out and I’ll do some ironing.”

I wandered back into the living room with two mugs of tea to see Stuart putting the board up and plugging the iron in for me. He dragged a basket of clean clothes out and I set about sorting them into piles. Stuart went upstairs to find some hangers for his shirts. For the next hour or so, I stood there ironing his shirts and trousers. As I finished the last one, he came up behind me and put his arms round me and gave me a gentle hug, his face next to mine.

“Thanks sweetie,” he said.

I had to smile.

“No problem,” I said, patting his arm.

He held me for a moment, just long enough for me to be aware that this time he wasn’t pulling away from me and his front was very much up against my back. Then he let me go and as I turned, I saw him adjusting himself again, surreptitiously. I wondered just what kind of effect I was having on him.

“Lunch?” he asked.

“Go on then,” I replied, “and then I really must get home.”

We sat and had a light lunch and then, about 2pm, I decided I really ought to leave. Stuart fetched my bags down for me and helped me out to the car with them. Closing the boot, I turned to face him.

“Shame you can’t stay for the night again,” he asked.

“I’d love to,” I replied, “but there are a few bits and pieces I need to do at some point this weekend.”

He nodded and then, without any warning, stepped forward and wrapped me up in a big hug. I responded, slightly hesitantly at first, but accepted the embrace.

“Thanks for a wonderful evening,” I said.

“My pleasure,” he replied, still hugging me.

We stood there, for what seemed like a long time. I could feel the heat of his body and even the beat of his heart. I was surprised at just how nice it was. Eventually, though, he released me and then gave me a peck on the cheek, which caught me unawares.

“See you on Monday,” he said and helped me into the car. He waved me off and as I drove down the road, I could see him watching from the door again until I disappeared from his sight.

CHAPTER THREE

The couple of weeks that followed that night were quite interesting, in terms of Stuart’s attitude towards me. Whether or not it was my imagination, I couldn’t say, but he did seem to pay me a lot more personal attention. Nothing overt that would attract attention in the office, but little things, such as making me more cups of coffee than usual, walking me down to the car in the evenings, paying me compliments on how I looked.

Actually, I was quite flattered by the attention and I think it’s fair to say, the friendship we already had, became a lot closer and more intimate in many ways. There were the odd times when we were the only ones in the office, Chris and Lisa either having gone out to get lunch or having to pay a visit to the client for one of their regular progress meetings. At this time, Stuart would often come over and sit with me at my desk for lunch. Sometimes he would gently massage my shoulders, which was rather nice and not too intimate.

Another time he massaged my ankles and feet again, which was a little unusual in the office. Of course, that was the day when I was wearing one of my shorter skirts, so he was casting little glances up my legs trying to see my stocking tops. Not that either of us said anything, but I think he knew that I knew he was looking. It was like a little game.

These little moments were often quite short and snatched as the opportunity arose. All the while, I felt more and more comfortable with the way I was. In fact, it was getting to the point that I dreaded the day that the work with Chris ended and I had to go back to being the male me and working in another office. I was discussing this with Stuart one lunchtime, standing at his desk when he beckoned me round to him. As I stood there, he leaned forward and with one hand drew me forward to sit me on his lap, saying he was dreading that day as well.

I was a little surprised at ending up on his lap, but thought nothing of it. I wasn’t too surprised either when he stroked my knee as well while talking about the day when we would all eventually go off to other jobs. What caught me slightly by surprise though was a strange firmness that grew beneath me as I sat there. There was no need to ask what that might be. There was only one thing it could be. Unsure what to say, I said nothing, but sat there feeling rather turned on myself by the whole feeling. As I adjusted my position slightly, Stuart apologised and asked if I was alright. He moved his hands to let me down but I said not to worry and stayed where I was.

His hand came back onto my lap and it became obvious to him as well that I was a little bit excited as well. Although the skirt hid obvious visual signs, his hand happened on an area where I couldn't hide the physical signs. He simply looked up at me briefly and then looked away. It was now very clear how he felt about me and I imagine he knew from my response that I really didn't mind.

The moment was interrupted by the sounds of Chris and Lisa coming back up the stairs to the office and I jumped off Stuart's lap and shot back to my desk as quickly as I could before they came in. All through the rest of the day, I was heavily preoccupied with what had gone on. I felt nervous, excited even, the same as when one takes a major step in life. Even in the evening, when Stuart walked me down to the car again, I was in much the same state of mind. We walked, my arm through his as usual, but my heart was beating so hard I could hear it. I felt slightly faint with the rush.

The next day I awoke much calmer than I had been the day before. It was only as I started to get ready for work that I felt a little nervous again and had to really concentrate on trying to choose something to wear. The weather forecast was for a cooler day and we had air conditioning in the office, so I opted for a dark blue-green long sleeved, high-necked pullover and a black knee length skirt. Underneath, I wanted something to stop the pullover becoming itchy, which meant a slip. I had a nice dark blue one that would do nicely, and under that, I decided on black underwear with stockings instead of tights. A nice pair of really sheer, high Lycra stockings just on the brown side of barely black in colour. Shoes would be a pair of black strappy sandals. I just knew Stuart liked them and they did show off my painted toenails rather nicely.

I went to the bathroom and took a shower, using a nice soft lathering shower gel and an exfoliating sponge. The lather dripped and ran off my body smoothly, leaving my skin feeling soft and clean. After towelling dry with a nice clean and fluffy towel, I ran my hands over my body, checking for any reappearing hairs. Only a few and these were taken care of with a disposable razor, its work made easier by the use of some body lotion. That done, I applied the body lotion all over, it's smooth formula leaving my skin feeling cool, soft and smooth. My fingernails still looked good, thankfully, as I doubted I had time to repair any damage at the moment. A shave to make my face as smooth as the rest of me and I was ready to get dressed.

I went into the spare room, which served as my study and dressing room and sat down at the desk, pulling the mirror towards me. First the concealer to cover any shadows, blemishes and so on. Then the foundation and powder and then, hmmm, what colours to use today. Thinking of what I was going to wear, I decided on plain dark greys for my eyes. My usual black mascara, and the nice warm blusher I liked followed that. It looked the most natural, despite having orange base tones. For lipstick I chose a deep red with a hint of purple in it. A coat of sealer over the top meant keeping my mouth open for a few minutes while it dried, but it made sure the colour didn't slide off my lips and over everything I touched with them. A quick spritz with body spray and I was ready for clothes.

First, the black underwear. The smooth satiny bra today with plain smooth black knickers and an equally plain smooth black suspender belt. The silicone breast forms went in, filling my bra and giving a firm soft fleshy feel to it. Then the stockings, drawn up over my legs and gripping them tightly, changing their appearance and making them look

longer and slightly sleeker. I clipped them into the suspender belt and stood up, checking my profile in the mirror in the hallway. Apart from the obvious bulge in my knickers, which I tucked out of the way, it looked rather good.

Back in my dressing room, I pulled my slip on over my head, being very careful not to smudge my makeup. Then I stepped into the skirt and pulled it up, zipping it at the rear. I wouldn't need a belt to finish it off as the pullover would cover the waistband nicely. Darn it, I'd forgotten to put the pullover on first before doing makeup. I slid the pullover over my head, pulling the neck wide to clear my face. I pulled out the sandals and fastened them on. They were not shoes for walking on, but for sitting around looking pretty and in today's case, working at a desk. They were also what you might call a come-on shoe or, as Stuart would say, a 'fuck-me' shoe. I chuckled to myself as I considered that. I almost changed them for something else, but thought, 'to hell with it' and put them on.

Finally came my wig, which by now was starting to get quite tight over my own ever-longer hair. I also selected a nice simple pair of silver earrings, which dangled from my ears, catching the light as they moved. All done, I picked up my handbag and stuffed various essentials in it. Lipstick, powder, purse and on a whim, I opened one of the drawers in the desk, my 'feminisation' drawer. In the drawer lay a packet of tampons, some sanitary towels, condoms, Femidoms (a large condom designed to be worn by women) and various toys. These had all been bought at various times as much out of curiosity as anything else. I picked up a Femidom and a tampon, pondered for a moment, a strange feeling in my stomach. There was no reason to need them, but even so, I popped them into my handbag along with a sanitary towel. You just never knew when you might need them and knowing they were there gave me a little thrill.

I went downstairs, my skirt rustling on my slip and making me feel ever so slightly sexy. Breakfast was my usual cereal and tea in front of the television to catch the breakfast news. Then I slipped on a light jacket to keep me warm and changed my shoes again into my low-heeled driving shoes. What was wrong with me today? My mind was all of a dither.

The trip to the office was easy enough. As usual other drivers paid very little attention to me, which was nice. Even after all this time, although I knew I could pass when I was driving, I still had twinges of nervousness about going outside, fully dressed in daylight. I parked in the usual spot at the end of the row in the car park and changed my shoes again, leaving the driving shoes in the passenger foot well. Locking the car, I walked up the car park to the door, just as a man came out of the door and walked down to his car. He worked for one of the other small companies in the building.

"Morning," he said as he approached.

"Hi," I half smiled and half whispered as he passed.

Heart pounding and feeling sick with nerves, I realised I had got away with it. I went into the building and climbed the stairs to the office. I was still shaking by the time I reached the door and went in. I must have looked as though something had happened as Stuart and Chris immediately asked what was wrong. I explained the encounter in the car park and Stuart smiled and just said I looked better than I thought I did.

"Really?" I asked.

"Really," he replied. "You do actually look quite good, especially in that outfit."

"Oh, well, thank you," I replied, not entirely sure what to say.

"Perhaps he fancies you," Stuart joked.

"Hmm," I said, "not sure I fancy him."

"Why not?"

I just looked at him as he chuckled.

"You never know, you could get lucky," Stuart continued. "I can have a word with him if you like."

"Don't you dare," I growled at him, in a most unladylike fashion and walked off over to the kettle. "I need tea," I continued. "You want coffee?"

"Go on then," he replied, getting up and coming over to the kettle with me. He put his arm around my shoulders and hugged me, grinning. I just looked up at him, through long black eyelashes.

"It's easy for you," I complained in mock indignation.

"True," he replied, still grinning and then he slapped my bum and walked back to his desk.

I stood there slightly shocked, before continuing, "Think you can handle someone like me do you?"

He looked up, a smug smile on his face. "Don't see why not."

I walked over to his desk with the mug of coffee and placed it down. He looked up as I lowered my face to his level. I licked my top lip in a suggestive, come on way and just said, "Prove it." I flicked my eyebrows up quickly, suggestively and then stood up and wiggled my way back to my desk, collecting my tea on the way. Sitting down, I looked over and saw him sitting there looking at me, his lips pursed as he suppressed a grin.

"Don't tempt me," he said.

The banter continued through the morning as we worked, stopping only when Chris came across a particularly hard bit of code he had to write. Before long it was lunchtime and we all sat back in our chairs, stretching the kinks out of our slightly cramped muscles.

"Pub lunch?" asked Stuart.

"What? Dressed like this? You must be joking." I replied. "I can't go into some pub in town like this. They'll read me like a book."

"Bloke in the car park didn't," he replied. "Plus I've found a really nice pub a little way out that does good food and they have a garden so you can sit outside away from everyone else. Trust me. You'll be fine. You can always wear your sunglasses to hide your face."

I looked at him uncertainly.

"Trust me," he said again. "You won't have a problem. Anyway, who's going to say anything while I'm there?"

Chris looked up. "He's got a point," he said. "You can probably get away with it. I'd join you, except Lisa and I are going over to the client for lunch and a chat about a few plans."

I sighed. "Go on then, let's give it a shot."

"Good girl," said Stuart and got up. "I'm just going to the loo, back in a moment."

"I'll need to go as well," I said. "You go first."

While he was in the toilet, I considered what I was about to do. It gave me butterflies all over again. I looked around the desk and picked up my glasses. I really only needed them for distance work, driving, watching a film at the cinema and so on, but being a round shape, they had the effect of softening my face slightly so I put them on, seeing as I didn't have sunglasses with me.

Stuart returned from the toilet and I went in to the ladies. When I had done my business, I checked my makeup and rearranged myself, making sure I was comfortable and decent and went back to the office, feeling queasier all the time. Stuart was waiting.

"Got everything?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied weakly and stepped out to let him lock the office door. Chris and Lisa walked downstairs with us to the main door and into the car park. There were a few people moving around and a van was selling hot food in one corner.

"See you later this afternoon," called Chris as he and Lisa went over to his car. "Try to stay reasonably sober."

I could only smile weakly in reply, feeling as nervous as I did. Lisa watched briefly, a slight air of concern visible on her face. We walked over to Stuart's car, my heart pound-



ing. I tried to remember to walk daintily, one foot in front of the other like a woman, instead of striding out like a man. We reached the car and I eased myself into the passenger seat, my skirt sliding up slightly, showing the lower part of my thighs, the nylon glistening slightly in the light. Stuart looked over at me and quickly glanced at my legs. I suddenly realised how naked I felt, out in public like this, despite all the clothing. I put my seat belt on, the strap pressing the satin slip close to my chest and slipping between my breasts, throwing them into sharper relief. Stuart started the car and we drove out of the car park, past the hot food van and the short queue of people, two of whom glanced up briefly, but took no further notice of us. I relaxed slightly.

The trip to the pub was about 15 minutes or so and we listened to a CD of light rock, the conversation between us easy and trivial. I sensed Stuart trying to relax me and to a degree, it worked. The pub was a nice old building, in a quiet area. I started to feel better again. We parked in the pub's car park, right at the end, away from the other cars and I got out. Stuart gestured to a table in the garden and said he would bring the menu out. I asked for a glass of white wine and made my way over to the table. A few minutes later, Stuart reappeared with a small beer for him and a glass of wine for me, along with two menus. We sat and read the menu, sipping our drinks. Actually, I was that nervous, I was taking rather large sips, but in the end we made our choices and Stuart went back to the bar to place the order. He was gone a few minutes and returned with another glass of wine for me.

"Food will be out in a few minutes. I figured you might want another one of these," he said, placing the wine on the table next to my already empty glass.

"Thanks," I replied. "Are you trying to get me drunk and have your wicked way with me?"

"Maybe," he replied, smiling. He sat down and then added, "There again, you do look pretty good." He sat there, teasing me with his smile. I felt my face colour up and hoped it wasn't too obvious through the makeup.

We made small talk until the food arrived, with me turning away to look in my handbag as the waitress placed the food on the table. The sandwich I had ordered was huge. Chicken salad with mayonnaise on Italian ciabatta. I raised my glass to Stuart and complimented him on his choice of pub. We chatted through lunch and eventually decided that we had to get back to the office. I pulled a compact mirror out of my handbag and checked my face.

My lipstick had worn with all the eating and drinking and bits of my face were starting to look a little too shiny again. I pressed a clean tissue over the shiny spots to absorb the oil from the skin and then applied a little powder. The lipstick was easy enough to apply, although I regretted not having any sealer with me to make it stay on a little longer. I packed the bits away in my bag and stood up, and almost sat down again. The wine was slightly stronger than I had anticipated, and the first glass on a basically empty stomach had affected my balance a bit, so I was glad of Stuart's supporting arm as we made our way over to the car. I eased myself back into the passenger seat, my skirt sliding up again to show the lower part of my thighs. I closed my eyes and allowed myself to sink a bit further down the seat, the skirt riding higher until I felt the hem at the bottom start to catch on my

suspenders. That should just expose the stocking tops, I thought, feeling deliciously naughty and hellishly nervous as I did so.

“You alright?” asked Stuart.

I half opened my eyes and turned my head to look at him.

“Much better than I was,” I said. “Nicely relaxed.”

Actually, that wasn't quite true. My stomach felt tight which could have been to do with the wine or more likely, the nerves at going out for lunch, in public, in daylight. The fact I had got away with it made me feel a lot better. Stuart nodded slightly and started the car. As we drove back, I kept my eyes half open as I watched him while we chatted casually again. I could see him every now and again steal a quick look at my legs, stretched out in the foot well, the nylon shining in the afternoon light and my stocking tops just exposed. I felt so decadent and naughty and certain parts of me threatened to expose my feeling.

As we pulled into the office car park, I sat back up straight and eased my skirt down again. We parked and got out and made our way back to the office, Stuart offering his arm again for support. I was glad to lean on it, even though I was feeling a bit better. Back in the office, he made coffee for us as we returned back to our tasks at hand.

Around two o'clock, I wanted to check with him on something I was writing in the user manual. Rather than open the document on the network, he got up, walked over and leaned over my shoulder to see what I was writing. I couldn't clarify the exact processes that would happen, so we went to his machine and I leaned over his shoulder while he demonstrated that part of the software to me. As he worked, I lowered my chin so it was resting on his shoulder, my excuse being that it was easier to read the screen. I pointed to something on the screen and asked a question.

My left hand came up onto his left shoulder to steady myself as I leaned forward to point. My chest pushed into his back, squashing my breast forms against him and I could smell my body spray rising through my jumper, competing with the faint but pleasant aroma of his aftershave.

Once I was clear on what was happening, I eased myself back upright and went back to the desk and sat down and continued working. However, standing up had made me realise I needed to visit the toilet, so I took my handbag and went to the ladies again. In there, I found myself trembling slightly, for some unknown reason. As I sat there I realised that this was it, the day and time that if anything might happen, it would. We were alone in the office, I was slightly tipsy and Stuart, I knew, had the strong feelings for me. I pondered for a moment and then, stomach churning with nerves, took the Femidom out of my handbag. A precaution, just in case 'it' did actually happen. They're not easy to insert, not on me anyway, and it was a few minutes before I had it inserted fully and correctly. I left the stall, washed my hands thoroughly and made my way back into the office and continued working. Stuart glanced up as I entered, checking I still looked okay. I smiled back at him and he went back to work.

Eventually, I had to print one page since I couldn't decide which was the best out of about three layouts. Desktop publishing is great, but sometimes, you just need to see the printed page. I sent them to the printer and walked over to see how they looked. Taking

them off the printer, I spread them out side by side on the table and leaned forward, resting my elbows on the table and my chin on my hands, poking my bum out.

"Stuart," I queried. "Which one of these layouts works best for you?"

He walked over and stood beside me, leaning over on the table, his right thigh just touching my left thigh. I shuffled the papers over so he could see better. He leaned forward, resting on the desk with his left hand, and resting his right arm over my left shoulder.

"That one," he said pointing the right hand page.

I nodded. "I thought so as well, but I wasn't completely sure."

I moved my head round, stretching my neck; feeling little clicks as I eased the knots out of the muscles.

"Stiff?" asked Stuart.

"Mmmm, a bit," I replied, "just around my shoulders and neck. Been hunched in front of the screen too long."

His right hand moved across my back to my right shoulder and his left hand came up from the desk to my left shoulder. He began to massage my shoulders very gently as I turned my head and stretched my neck, giving a little "Oooh" of pleasure as I did so. He shifted position so that he was standing behind me and continued the massage. He was now leaning forward slightly so that his groin was just touching my bum. I could feel something growing and I pushed my bum back another inch. He moved back initially, then responded in kind, easing himself forward so that there was firm contact between us. I could feel the bulge in his trousers now, very firm and very definite. I continued to move my head and stretch my neck as he continued to work on my shoulders and then I started to move my hips, ever so gently, stroking my bum across his groin, feeling his erection, sliding over my buttocks.

I felt him lean over me, his weight pressing me down. I bent my knees slightly and braced myself against the desktop. He nosed the hair away from the back of my neck and bit gently, his teeth either side of my neck, like a mother cat would grip a kitten. Tremors ran the length of my body, my toes tingled and the butterflies took flight again in my stomach. His tongue and lips played gently with the back of my neck, all the while, my knees threatening to give way completely. His teeth played around the back of my neck and I felt a movement in my knickers as I hardened. I continued to move my hips, feeling the continual pressure from behind.

His hands left my shoulders and worked their way down my sides to my hips, where they stopped and gripped and held me in the swaying motion I had started. His thumbs described small circles on my back and then his left hand crept underneath to my stomach and under the pullover where it encountered the silky smooth slip. I felt him twitch and harden further as he gently massaged my stomach, his hand moving easily over the smooth satin, the satin caressing my skin and sending tingles up and down my body.

The hands moved again, down away from my hips to my thighs as he stood upright again. Slowly he raised my skirt, exposing the dark blue silky smooth nylon slip underneath. Then, that too was raised, exposing my buttocks, clad only in tight, smooth, black

knickers and the straps from my suspender belt. My breathing became shallower and I felt and heard the blood pounding on my head. My mouth was dry. I hardly dared believe what was happening. I heard a zip noise, and a few rustles, followed by the sound of trousers falling to the floor.

My knickers were gently lowered, exposing my behind, complete with the ring of the Femidom I had taken care to insert earlier, just as a precaution and partly for my own enjoyment. Fingers at first and then a firm and warm object toyed with my bum, sliding between my buttocks, rubbing gently to start with and then increasing in its vigour, slowly and surely. I could feel the air, cold on an unfamiliar wetness at the base of my spine and then, suddenly, a warm stiff object being inserted into me slowly but surely. I gasped with the shock of it, that this was happening, that I was letting it happen.



I leaned forward a bit further over the desk, easing the passage as he pushed himself slowly but firmly up inside me, the heavy lubricant of the Femidom easing the passage in. The tightness and sheer excitement took my breath away and then I trembled as he began to move in and out, gently but firmly, seemingly enjoying the tightness. I became aware that my own erection was now pulsing heavily, the blood pressure seemingly threatening to make it explode.

The blood in my head was pounding and my mouth was bone dry. Then, a small whimper and long exhalation from behind as he peaked and emptied himself into me. I felt him pump and pump again and again until it gradually died in its intensity and I heard him breathe again. After a minute or two, the stiffness started to fade, changing to a warm gentle softness, still filling me, but less aggres-

sively. I tightened my muscles on him and he twitched, giving one last pulse and I came as well, my hand reaching down instinctively to grab the end and hold my own ejaculation in, my foreskin filling in pulses. Slowly he withdrew as I clenched, holding the Femidom in place and heightening his sensations. He breathed deeply, as did I.

I asked for a tissue and Stuart fetched the box from my desk. Taking one, I released the captured contents of my own ejaculation into it and then took another to gently mop up the rest and wipe my hand clean. I stood there for a moment and then asked Stuart to pass me my handbag. He did so and I rummaged around quickly inside, locating a tampon which I then inserted into the Femidom, still in my back passage, to stop any leakage. That done, I was able to clean myself up a bit more as Stuart did the same, his back to me so I couldn't see his face, or anything else for that matter. Once I was a little less soggy, I pulled up my knickers and pulled my slip and skirt down to make myself decent. As I turned, Stuart pulled up his trousers, turning to look at me as he did.

"Hmm," he said, his face flushed red, "that was a little unexpected".

"Yes," I nodded, not sure of what else to say. "You okay?" I asked.

"Erm, yes," he said, "I think so. I mean it wasn't quite what I had planned, but, erm....yes...."

He tailed off as I watched him.

"What did you have planned then?" I asked, to break the silence.

He shrugged his shoulders, seemingly stuck for words and then cleared his throat and walked to the door.

"Back in a minute," he said as he walked out and over to where the toilets were.

I went back to my desk and sat down, somewhat dazed. For want of anything else to do and because I could feel my face burning with the heat of blushing, I checked my makeup in my compact mirror. Not too bad, a little oily in patches and the lipstick wearing again. With hands shaking slightly and a strangely detached feeling I patched it up. I sat there, feeling suddenly weak as the adrenaline started to fade. I was having trouble believing what I had just done, or let be done to me. Part of me could not believe I had actually done it, achieved something I had fantasised about previously, whilst part of me felt slightly repulsed at the depravity of my behaviour. Okay, it had been a fantasy, but like most fantasies, it was just that, something in my mind, something just to dream about. Fantasies didn't come real like that. Did they?

I wondered if I should go and see if Stuart was okay. Difficult, I thought. He too was obviously trying to get his head round what we had just been up to. As I pondered what to do, he returned, a little less red than when he left.

"Feeling better?" I asked, looking up from the desk.

"A bit," he conceded. "You?"

"I'm...fine," I answered, having to think just how I felt at that particular moment.

"Did you want to go and clean up a bit?" he asked.

Of course I wanted to. More than anything I wanted to go and take my makeup off jump into a shower and scrub myself clean. But that wasn't practical, not at the moment.

The tampon was doing a fine job at that moment but I figured I should go and at least clean up. A leakage could prove embarrassing, especially in front of anyone else. I stood, knees trembling slightly and walked uncertainly out to the toilets. The ladies toilet was comfortably cool and I sat in the cubicle and relaxed.

The Femidom came out easily enough and I pondered what to do with it. In the end, I wrapped it in tissue paper and put it in one of the sanitary bags provided and dropped it in the bin provided. I sat for a few moments longer, the coolness of the place refreshing me. For the sake of comfort, I took a panty liner out of my bag and put it in place in my knickers, just to make sure. When I felt calmer and more settled, left and returned to the office, determined to carry on, head held high. As I walked in, Stuart looked at me. He raised his eyebrows quizzically and I just nodded. I was fine.

The situation was cool, I was in control. Stuart put the kettle on again and we both sat at our desks. Eventually, after a large mug of tea each, we managed to reapply ourselves to our work, although it was a little hard to focus clearly on the job in hand.

It was a little later on that Chris and Lisa returned from their visit to the client. It provided a welcome break from the strange silence that had cropped up between Stuart and me. I'm not sure that Chris realised there was a strange atmosphere in the office, but I'm pretty sure Lisa did. As Chris talked about the visit, I noticed Lisa looking at Stuart and me, almost it seemed, as if she was trying to fathom out if something had happened. I tried to look as though nothing had happened and listened to Chris talking about the client and the project and all sorts of things that had come up during the meeting. I seem to recall agreeing with several ideas that would involve more work for me, but my mind really wasn't with it.

The drive home was unspectacular, thankfully, and I kind of drifted through the evening in a bit of daze, not entirely coming to terms with the events of the day. Eventually, however, I went to bed and slept soundly through the night.

The next day was the weekend and Stuart turning up in the afternoon, unannounced, surprised me. I invited him in and made coffee.

"So to what do I owe this unexpected pleasure then?" I asked.

"I wanted to talk," he replied.

I nodded gently. We sat sipping our coffee in silence.

"I'm not quite sure what came over me," he said after a few moments. "I mean, I do fancy you like you wouldn't believe and I guess I wanted to sleep with you, but I never thought it would happen. I mean, I'm not actually gay, as far as I know..."

He half laughed as he tailed off.

"Well, that makes two of us," I replied. "I'm not entirely sure why I let you do it. Okay, the alcohol probably helped and granted, it's been a sort of fantasy of mine for a while, but, well, you never think it'll really happen do you? I mean, finding someone who's right and all that."

Stuart smiled. "Very true," he said. "I've always wanted to find a sexy secretary I could shag senseless over lunch but like you say, it's a fantasy. Okay, so you're not a secretary and I've never gone for a man before, but I have to say, you did look damned sexy in that

skirt and top. Plus you have good legs." He paused. "I do like legs. Long legs, with stockings and high heels. Gets me every time."

"Well, I kind of figured you enjoying looking," I said, "hence the somewhat short skirt and stockings and heels. Didn't quite think we'd get it to that stage, although I have to admit, when I sat on your lap the other day, I had an inkling."

He nodded.

We paused again and then I asked him, "Was I a good shag then?"

He laughed gently, unsure how to answer. I looked at him.

"Well, was I?"

"Not bad at all", he answered, nodding. "Very tight. I meant to ask though, why did you have that thing up your arse anyway?"

"Just one of those things," I replied. "We all have little fetishes and such like. Plus it was, well, almost as though I wanted my fantasy to come true. I was tipsy, turned on and well, you know. You were there."

We talked more about the whole affair and I found myself explaining more about my secret desires and fantasies. I was hesitant at first as it revealed more than I would ever have discussed with anyone else but Stuart listened and to his credit, appeared to understand and accept it more than I would have expected. Stuart in turn, talked about how he had always appreciated my company, although he had never been consciously attracted to me to that extent.

It was only seeing me as Sue that he began to find my sexually attractive and realise that perhaps he had deeper feelings for me. As we talked, we developed a deeper understanding of each other and even though the outcome had been mutually enjoyable, for the sake of our future friendship, it might be better to refrain from such activities, especially if we were going to spend our time working together.

Stuart asked me, almost begged me, not to stop coming in dressed. It would be strange, he said, if I stopped suddenly. We both agreed that this had been one of those funny little things that sometimes happen in life. We had both felt the urge, the need and the desire and now we could carry on as normal, having satisfied that deep, dark fantasy. Of course, we could never forget or deny what had happened, but it would remain our little secret. By the time that Stuart left later that afternoon, we were on as good, if not better, terms than we had ever been.

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