

Witness Transitioning Program (c) Elaine and Mr D 2024

Gary Alexander Smith was a 27-year-old Caucasian male with dark hair and a fair complexion, and he was also the unfortunate witness to a horrendous murder. After just escaping the same fate as the woman he saw gunned down in that dark alley he survived but not quite in the same way he had hoped or had wanted. The only consolation he had was that he was still alive to talk about it.

As part of a huge medical transformation, he was turned without his full knowledge into a 53-year-old Italian woman. Gary gets the experience life but not as he knew it.

Please note that this story is set in the future where medical science has advanced enough to permit some of the scenarios presented. Please read the earlier parts of the story.

Part 5

Chapter 11 – Back to New York again

After packing Anna's suitcases with all her clothes, Gary went to bed early that night, after trying and succeeding to get the largest dilator into his manmade vagina as preparation if things got serious with Zosar.

As he went to sleep he wasn't sure how he would react to another man making love to him but there was only one way to find out and that was to try it.

The long flight back to America went quickly as he slept through most of it. He smiled to himself on the final approach to Kennedy as he'd remembered to pack Anna's yellow sundress because Zosar wanted to see Anna wearing it again.



Gary chose a pair of Anna's tight leather pants, black heels and red polo top with a beige coats. He carried presents for Zosar's two children of Italian chocolates.

Zosar was waiting to meet Anna at the airport. There was a warm loving greeting between the pair as Gary exited customs and immigration.

When they arrived at the Zosar's large town house he first helped Anna to get out of the car. Then Zosar went to the rear of the car to lift the cases out, while Gary just stood looking pretty knowing it wasn't his job anymore to lift the heavy suitcases out while a man was present.

Zosar easily pulled both cases up the steps to the front door and knocked using the brass door knocker.

As they waited on Ruth the nanny to open the door, Gary just wanted nothing more than to kick off Anna's heels. Despite not wearing them on the plane, he'd spent hours wearing them and he knew that his ordeal wasn't about to end anytime soon.

"Ruth please open the door and let us in! I'm here with our guest from Italy," he called into the front door letter box opening.

When the front door finally opened, Gary saw that Ruth was an attractive raven-haired woman who was probably in her mid-twenties. She was a couple of inches shorter than Anna and she was wearing a headscarf and a Star of David necklace.

“Ah, Mr Kamal, welcome back, I’m sorry I didn’t hear you as I was using the vacuum cleaner in Cal’s bedroom,” Ruth said warmly and opened the door wider as Zosar started pulling both cases inside. She spoke with what Gary took to be either a Russian or Polish accent. It seemed to Gary that she looked at Anna with a combination of both jealousy and relief. The woman’s eyes had glanced at Anna’s large heaving bosom nestling under her red sweater. In comparison Ruth possessed an hourglass figure though but with a modest sized bosom.

“Welcome Signora Raponi, I’m so pleased to finally meet you,” Ruth said sincerely. “Mr Kamal the guest bedroom is ready and the kids are outside playing in the rear garden.”

“Thank you, Ruth, could you take these bags up to her room please and then tell the kids to come in,” he ordered. “I’m going to give Anna a brief tour of the house before she meets my children.”

With one hand around Gary’s sculptured waist, Zosar led them around the deceptively large house. Gary saw the different rooms, each styled with gold and bold colours. As they went upstairs Gary felt Zosar’s large hand stray onto his ass.

“On this floor there is the master bedroom and the guest bedroom,” Zosar announced. “The guest bedroom has a small balcony and lots of wardrobe space for all your clothes.”

When they went into the master bedroom, Gary immediately noticed a framed photo that showed Zosar standing in the middle with what must have been his wife on his right-hand side. On the other was a man that was dressed in a dark grey suit. Gary saw that he had a smug smile, and his face was decorated by a dark beard that was greying in places. His dark brown eyes were looking directly at Zosar rather than at the camera.

“Where was this taken?” asked Gary.

“It was at a party we had at my office, about two years ago,” replied Zosar.

“Who is he?” asked Gary tapping the picture with a long fingernail.

“That’s my friend and business associate Omar Kabir,” said Zosar. “He’s about five years older than me but we grew up together when we moved into the same street in New York. Then we went separate ways when I joined the army, and he finished college. We reunited when we both applied for jobs with the same company here in New York.”

“You still seem close,” Gary observed. “I can feel it in your voice that you care for him.”

“We were always good friends. He came to the USA from Saudi Arabia with nothing, and he slowly but surely became wealthy through constant hard work,” said Zosar. “I had it easier because I had the money and chose to work for the sake of having control over something.”

“I can see that,” replied Gary.

“Let’s go downstairs and meet the kids,” Zosar said grabbing Anna’s hand to pull her away from the picture.

Going downstairs, Zosar's firm grip led Anna back into the living room. There sitting on the sofa were his two children. The eldest was a teenage girl with long dark hair styled just like the woman who was murdered. She had dark pupils that were like chocolate buttons while her oily face was covered in pimples. Lastly, she obviously chewed her nails as they were untidy and quite short. She sat quietly though with her hands clasped together in her lap.

The second child was a four year old boy. His hair was dark just like Zosar's and he had the same skin complexion as the woman in the photograph, but his bright eyes were obviously from his father. The boy stared up at Gary wondering if he was going to like this strange woman. He then looked over at Zosar.

"Kids this is Signora Anna Raponi from Italy who will be staying with us for the next two weeks, so please make her feel welcome," Zosar said introducing Anna.

"They look lovely Zosar," Gary said in faltering English.

"Anna, this is Sidra my daughter and Cal my son," he said pointing to them in turn even though that wasn't necessary.

"Papa is this lady going to be our new mom?" Cal asked naively looking directly at Gary's large bosom.

Gary almost lost his balance in shock at the sweet childlike comment from Cal, but Zosar just grinned in reply.

"She's just a very good friend," he replied in a friendly fatherly tone as he added. "Who knows though perhaps one day?"

At that Sidra stood up and walked over to Gary with her hand outstretched.

"I'm pleased to meet you Signora Raponi," she said. Already Gary could tell that Sidra was going to be a beautiful woman because of her pretty round face, her dark lips and her already developing bosom. "I feel I already know you well because my father speaks about you constantly."

"He does?" asked Gary in Italian, before he realised his mistake and repeated the question in accented English. "What does he say?"

"He mentioned on the phone yesterday to Uncle Omar that you're a knock-out," She replied laughing before turning to her dad and speaking in Arabic.

"You didn't say that she was so beautiful to this extent," Sidra said in fluent Arabic.



Cal looked up at Sidra and chuckled, “She is beautiful, and she looks like a nice older lady to be our new mom.”

“Cal, that isn’t a very nice to say,” scolded Ruth as she stood in the doorway. “She is what we call a mature woman.”

“But she has lots of wrinkles on her neck,” said Cal pointing at Anna. Gary was flustered at the youngster’s uncomplimentary comment as it reminded him that his previous tight perfect skin was prematurely aged while his tan has become fixed after months living in Italy.

“Okay, we’ll all have lunch together, and then you two can tell Anna about yourselves,” said Zosar.

When the long day had ended, Gary gave an excuse to have a bath where he thought about what had happened. Cal had spoken about his interests in bugs and while Sidra spoke about her passion for fashion. Gary cleaned his now familiar female body with the perfumed soap and then stepped out of the bath. He’d just wrapped a pink fluffy towel around his large breasts when there was a brief sudden knock at the door.



Gary wrapped the soft towel around his soft feminine body after the hot perfumed bath.

“Anna would you like to join me for a glass of wine on the terrace?” asked Zosar through the closed door.

“I would say yes but I’m very tired Zosar because it’s been a very long day,” Gary explained. “After such a long trip I really need some sleep. I’ll feel much more energetic tomorrow.”

Gary walked out of the bathroom and went to put Anna’s lace nightdress on. He had just pulled up Anna’s thong panties when the door just opened and Zosar rudely walked in. Gary had been topless but quickly pulled his nightdress straps up to cover his heaving large breasts. Even so he saw that Zosar was just staring at his bosom.

“If you are going to bed, I insist on letting you know that I plan on making you a special breakfast. Since you’re Italian I think that you like wild mushrooms,” he said enthusiastically.

“I do love mushrooms so I’ll look forward to the breakfast.” Gary said, trying to turn around, but Zosar held his shoulder and waist firmly and kissed him passionately on the lips. Gary felt Zosar’s beard scratch his face but relaxed into the kiss.



Gary quickly pulled up the shoulder straps on the night dress to cover up his bosom.

'What's wrong with me? Allowing a man to kiss me like this?' Gary thought to himself as Zosar's tongue invaded his mouth.

"Goodnight, if you weren't exhausted, I'd have suggested we stayed up and made passionate love but there's no rush," he said. "Sleep well Anna darling and I'll see you in the morning."

Gary climbed into bed in two minds about what had just happened. On the one hand he was annoyed that Zosar had seen his bare breasts and the other he'd allowed him to kiss him hard on the lips.

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The following morning, breakfast was omelettes stuffed with fried wild mushrooms, fried onion, red peppers and grated cheese. Sidra was dressed in her school uniform and Cal was still wearing his pyjamas. After pleasantries, they ate together and by the time breakfast was finished, Ruth had arrived to get Cal ready for nursery school.

"Dad, remember tomorrow, I'm going with my friends straight from school for a sleepover, you said it....," she stopped as Zosar interrupted her.

"Yes, Sidra, you're still going, so don't worry," he said. "I won't stop you from having fun with your friends."

Zosar smiled and then looked over at Gary who was still slowly eating.

"I have to attend a business meeting this morning, but I'll be back around 1pm when we should have the place to ourselves," said Zosar who got up and kissed Gary on the cheek after the children had left the kitchen. Sidra was picked up by a friend's parents who took her to school and Ruth drove Cal off to nursery school which he attended every morning. That left Zosar alone with Gary.

"There is a pool outside in the garden or there is the rooftop garden if you want to relax. I'll see you at around 1pm," he said and after another passionate kiss, Zosar left to go to work.

That left Gary alone in the large brownstone house so he removed his heels and tried to walk around barefoot but it was painful, and he had a fear his toe ring would catch on something. He put the heels back on and walked upstairs to the spare bedroom again to make the bed. He stepped out onto the terrace and felt the sun on his tanned skin.

"Just what am I doing here? I'm back in New York and staying with a man and he's really trying very hard to get me into his bed," Gary said out loud to himself in Italian. "I don't understand why it's so hard to speak English now. I must try to speak in English with Zosar."

He went back inside the bedroom and pulled out the vibrator he'd packed. He used it for an hour, as he massaged and rubbed what was left of his penis that now looked like any other clitoris.

He was just about to have an orgasm when he heard the ping of an email arrive on his cell phone. He opened the email app to see that it was a message from Giulia his mother-in-law.

'I went by your house to talk to you about the return of a family painting that I knew Maurizio had taken, but you weren't at home. While I was there though, I learned from your housekeeper that you've had a man staying with you at the villa and that he was an Arab. It seems that you've changed a lot since Maurizio died. You clearly aren't the same woman my

son married. I told you before that I was thinking of selling the villa well this is just to let you know that I've received a very good offer for it, and so I've decided to accept it.

So, now you have just two months to find a new place to live and to remove all your furniture and belongings."

Gary cursed and swore out loud, "The bitch!"

He decided to write a short reply.

'You allowed Mau and I to live in the villa as a wedding present. Now that he's dead you just want to kick me out on the streets?' he asked simply in reply.

A few moments later Giulia sent out a more vindictive email back.

'Oh, don't feel too aggrieved Anna. I know my son left you plenty of money, so I'm quite sure you can afford to buy or rent a nice smaller place nearby. I've decided that before you come back from New York you can call your housekeeper to start boxing up your belongings and I'll put them in storage because you won't be able to get in again. The door locks will all be changed,' his mother-in-law replied angrily.

"What a bloody vindictive woman!" he said angrily. He was shocked and disappointed that the villa had been sold and he wondered just where he could live now. Giulia was right that he had a healthy bank account and there was over 10,000 Euros in cash inside the wall safe. His US tourist visa was only valid for three months, so he'd have to return to Italy and then quickly have to find somewhere else to stay.

"Well, I'm here for at least two weeks so there's not much point worrying about it until I go back to Rome," he decided. He went to the top drawer and pulled out his one-piece bathing costume and decided that a swim might clear his head or give him ideas on what to do about Giulia's threats.

He stripped off and inched the tight dark blue one piece bathing costume up his still hairless legs and hips. After he had pulled the straps over his collar bones, he stood and looked in the full-length mirror at his reflection. Through his long doe like eyelashes, he could only see a beautiful mature woman staring back. There was no sign of who he once was. There was no tell tale bulge between his legs only the impression of his new sex while up on his chest he exposed deep cleavage from the massive breasts he now possessed.

He had good intentions of going for a swim in the heated outdoor pool but the sun was warm and he lay back in the lounger. He dozed off briefly before he heard a window being closed or opened nearby and he felt that he was being watched.

He crossed his legs and sat upright but the tight costume gripped his new body tightly between his legs suddenly cutting into his wider hips and crotch. It made him acutely aware of the nothingness between his legs while the straps cut into his collarbones.



He spent had hoped to spend more time outside but all the time he had the feeling he was being watched. He dipped his now highly arched feet into the water admiring his painted cherry red toenails. He decided that his toe nails needed another coat of polish when he got inside the house.



Red toe nails and highly arched feet meant even they always looked feminine in appearance.

He sat on the sun lounger after cooling his feet in the pool and started to re-apply his make-up using the same well rehearsed methods of foundation, eye make-up, and lipstick. On a good day he found he could apply the cosmetics in 10 minutes. He found that not wearing the make-up just wasn't an option as his face look softer and more feminine wearing it.

His make-up all done, he decided to make a strong coffee having noticed two jars of Egyptian coffee in the kitchen cupboard. He walked indoors and then downstairs to the kitchen to prepare a drink. He sat on a high chair next to the coffee maker with the sun lounger towel wrapped around his shoulders waiting for the hot liquid to fall into his cup. Just as it had finished, he got up to return to the bedroom to get dressed. Just as he started to move, Zosar arrived back home earlier than expected to find Gary in the kitchen wearing only the blue swimming costume and bath towel.

"Ah have you been for a swim?" Zosar said eagerly putting his hands around Gary's narrow waist. "I hope the water was warm."

"Thanks yes the water was warm but I didn't feel like a swim," Gary replied who was still carrying the cup of coffee. "I've just made myself a coffee would you like a cup?"

"I see, well yes darling, I'd love one," Zosar replied. "It's been a hectic morning."

"You take mine then and I'll make myself another," he said handing the cup to Zosar perhaps as a way to get him to stop massaging his breasts that he'd started doing.

Gary went back to the coffee maker and switched it back on. "It was nice to relax and clear my mind in the sunshine but I felt that I was being watched."

"Ah yes I forgot to mention Mrs Jones. She likes to keep an eye on my house and the neighbourhood even when I ask her not to," Zosar replied after sipping his hot coffee. "Would you like a sandwich for lunch?"

"Yes please," said Gary sitting on the stool again to get off his feet.

“What was troubling you that you needed to clear your mind?” Zosar enquired spreading pieces of roast beef onto the bread. “Can I have another cup of coffee please?”

“It was nothing important,” Gary replied pouring more of the dark liquid into two cups. “I’ll tell you about it later. Would you like milk or cream this time?”

“Leave it black please,” Zosar commanded who put the two finished sandwiches onto two plates.

“Thanks,” said Gary taking his plate. “I was really exhausted last night.”

“I know it was a bit thoughtless of me to ask you to go for a drink,” he said sheepishly. He sat himself beside Gary. “Perhaps we can find something mutually enjoyable to do after lunch that will completely take your mind off things.”

As the two had lunch, Gary enquired, “How did your meeting go?”

“It was all right,” he replied. “It was just about the latest company business plan. But I was only half listening, I know I was meant to pay full attention, but my mind was elsewhere.”

“Where was your mind?” Gary asked, but based on where Zosar’s hand was currently located, he already had an idea of the answer. His left hand was stroking Gary’s thigh.

“My mind was in my bedroom making passionate love with you. My gorgeous woman,” Zosar admitted easily.

Gary felt embarrassed at his comment, as Zosar stood up and put his empty cup and plate into the dishwasher.

“Anna, I don’t believe I showed you the view from my roof terrace,” he said turning to face Gary and taking his long-nailed hand he ordered, “Pick a bottle of wine from the rack and then let’s go up for a nice drink.”

Zosar grabbed a corkscrew and two wine glasses as Gary picked the only red wine available.

They entered the master bedroom and on opening the sliding windows they stepped out onto the terrace. Gary was still conscious that he was practically naked under the large towel as they looked over the city skyline in the distance. They both stood as Zosar pointed out famous buildings that Gary pretended not to know.

“It’s a beautiful view.” Gary said, forcing himself to speak English.

“What I see in you is very beautiful too.” Zosar replied and Gary turned to see that Zosar was staring directly at him. “You are my idea of the perfect woman and I just cannot wait any longer so let’s go inside and make passionate love.”

The unopened bottle and glasses were left on the table outside, as Zosar grabbed Gary’s slim feminine hand and just easily pulled him back inside the bedroom with a jerk. The jerk though caused the bath towel to undo and it suddenly dropped to the floor, leaving Gary standing in the swimming costume and the 4-inch mules on his feet as Zosar slowly pulled Gary towards the bed.

"Zosar, I am... can we...?" Gary was struggling for the right words as Zosar quickly dropped his pants and briefs to the floor reveal his magnificent and fully erect penis.

"I've been waiting for this moment ever since the first time we met," declared Zosar who eagerly moved closer towards the gorgeous woman he saw in front of him. "Do you see what you've done to me Anna?"

Gary though stubbornly kept his legs closed and just stared at his erect cock before speaking, "Why don't we do something different this time? How long has it been since you had a mouth sucking on your penis?" Gary asked wondering why he'd asked that stupid question. Was he actually volunteering to suck another man's penis?

Zosar looked surprised before smirking. "It's been a very long time, darling Anna."

"Then that's what I'll do." Gary said as he slowly dropped down onto his knees. He felt Zosar's hands on his shoulders also pushing him down so that his face was level with that hard cock that stuck out obscenely from his hard body. Gary gulped and wondered if he was really going to go through with this submissive act.

Somewhat reluctantly Gary opened his plump lips and acting like Zosar's erect cock was a large skin-flavoured lolly pop, he less than eagerly wrapped his lips around the head of his warm fully erect rod. Gary was so confused because he didn't feel revolted as he started to suck harder, and he choked slightly as Zosar suddenly pulled Gary's face towards his groin. He was surprised he could fit most of it inside his mouth before choking.

He sucked and moved back and forth, allowing the throbbing member to touch the back of his throat and stimulating his gag reflex again and again. Gary lost track of time as he focused on his task, and he listened to the moans Zosar was making.

Gary looked up at Zosar's face and fluttered his long eyelashes giving him a come hither look as Zosar briefly looked down at him. Then Gary felt that Zosar's cock was threatening to erupt in his mouth, and he tried to pull back. Zosar though had other ideas and held Gary's head firmly in his strong hands.

"You can't pull out now!" Zosar ordered and he held Gary's head so firmly that when his load finally squirted out, it gushed into Gary's mouth. Gary had no choice but to taste the salty-sweet sticky mass as it slid down the back of his throat. Sated Zosar finally let go of Gary's head and stepped back with cum still leaking out of the tip.

"That felt incredible Anna," said Zosar. "It must be over 10 years since my late wife did that to me. That was truly amazing. Now I guess I'll need to return the favour and prepare you for the main event while I recharge my battery."

Zosar helped Anna back up onto her feet and had her sit on the edge of the bed and with his broad hands he helped to remove the swimming costume. With it out of the way he just spread Anna's wide thighs and stared happily at the moist vagina in front of him.

"I've been longing to taste your juices since we were at your house in Rome, so you will make no more excuses Anna," he ordered. "You have a very beautiful vulva. It's just as I imagined it would be. I can't wait to put my large cock deeply inside it and make you truly my woman."

"Thank you," was all Gary could think of saying using Anna's timid voice. Gary's mind was racing and in turmoil. Right at that moment as Zosar bent to lick his pussy it seemed that he was no longer Gary but Anna. There was no avoiding the reality of the situation that poor

Gary was physically dead. Only this 53 year old big breasted woman called Anna existed. Only Anna had sucked on his cock and only Anna would feel him suck on the labia.

When Zosar's tongue started to lick and then he began to suck on his labia, Gary gasped and moaned in sheer delight. In all his life he'd never experienced such pleasure from the ministrations of someone else's mouth. Zosar sucked the folds of skin surrounding Gary's vagina deeply into his mouth extracting the juices while at the same time he pulled back the skin over his clitoris and started to rub on it gently. Then a hand would reach up and rub Gary's pendulous breasts in turn causing his nipples to harden.

Gary's feminine body shivered as he found waves of pleasure erupting through his mind. This was a completely new experience and all he could do was lie back and take Zosar's pleasurable mouth. He was for some strange reason much more turned on than ever before. For so long he'd denied himself this situation and now it was a reality. Gary suddenly allowed his body to float free and shuddered as he came hard as he suddenly remembered Harmony's phrase. *'Please try to have fun with your body!'*

"It's now the right time we were joined properly as a man and woman should, just let me put on some protection," Zosar said as he walked over to the bedside cabinet to pick up a condom.

As Zosar returned, he casually handed the rubber to Gary who then started to panic. Receiving Zosar's tongue and mouth was one thing, but now it was going to be the real deal. Was Zosar really going to do this? After ripping open the wrapper with his teeth, Gary struggled to put on the rubber over his hardening cock because of his long nails.

That amused Zosar greatly, but he laughed "I do love your long nails, Anna. I want you to have them much longer still because I want you to dig them into my back every time I make love to you."

Zosar then kissed the tips of Gary's already long nails now that Zosar's penis was sheathed in thin latex. Gary in turn started to feel more comfortable and was strangely attracted to the sight of Zosar's erection more than he thought he would be.

"Now lie on your back Anna." Zosar demanded and he spread Gary's plump legs wider. Gary closed his eyes briefly and then stared up at the ceiling when suddenly there was the unwelcome sound of the front door opening and then closing downstairs.

"Mr Kamal are you home?" called out Ruth. "Cal wasn't feeling too well so he needed to come home early. I called you but you didn't answer your phone!"

"Damn!" Zosar exclaimed exasperated. "Who would have children!?"

He reluctantly stepped back and quickly pulled up his pants but left his briefs on the ground as he looked down at his woman spread out on the bed.

"Stay there, I'll be right back," he said as he rushed out to see what the problem was with his young son.

Gary though grabbed the towel and rather than stay put he headed for the spare bedroom to get dressed. He put on the sundress and matching yellow heels again. He decided that his legs were feeling cold, so he'd just started to put on a pair of sheer pantyhose as Zosar suddenly opened the spare room door.

"I'm sorry but it seems that my son ate something he shouldn't at nursery school. He's been sick and Ruth had to bring him home. He's in bed and now I need to pick up Sidra from school soon. Ruth will look after Cal while I fetch Sidra. You can come with me if you'd like?"

Gary nodded and dutifully followed Zosar downstairs to the car. As they drove to Sidra's high school, Gary stared out of the window at the crowded New York streets while Zosar's hand was rubbing suggestively on his upper thigh. They arrived at the school just before 3:00pm and they waited a few minutes for Sidra to emerge. When she saw her father's car, she eagerly ran towards them leaving her friends behind.

Sidra was about to get into the front seat as usual, but when she saw Anna sitting there, she climbed into the back instead.

"How was school today?" Zosar asked impatiently putting the car into gear as she put on her seat belt.

"Great, though I got an essay to write for homework from Miss Rodriguez our English teacher, she replied. "I have to write essay about a poem of my choosing in 500 words or more."

"That doesn't sound like a lot of fun," Zosar replied sympathetically.

"Yes, all my friends agreed that we should write it at Olivia's sleepover tomorrow," said Sidra. "All my friends are all excited about going tomorrow."

"That's good, unfortunately your little brother is at home sick, so Ruth is looking after him," he explained. "Anna wanted to come with me to pick you up from school."

"It's nice to see you here Mrs Raponi." Sidra said happily.

"It's nice to see you too and it's good to know that you have so many nice friends at school," Gary replied and looked at Zosar, who busy driving them on the short journey back home.

After their evening meal a few hours later, Zosar asked Gary to talk to Sidra while he checked on his son.

"I've left a bottle of Italian red wine to breathe for when we get back here," he said pointing to the dining table.

"That should make me feel at home," Gary replied smiling as he walked towards Sidra's room.

Sidra was getting changed into her pyjamas, when Gary knocked on her room door. "Hi Sidra, it's me. Can I come in?"

"You can come in if you like," said Sidra from the other side of the door. Gary opened it and was surprised to find her standing only in her pyjama bottoms. Her naked torso revealed her small bare breasts that were perfect and perky.

"Your father wanted me to chat with you," said Gary closing the door behind him. "Is tomorrow night going to be your first sleep over?"

"Yes, I'm going to be with my best friends from school so it should be fun," said Sidra pulling on her pyjama top. "Olivia's mum is the best for allowing us to have the sleepover."

Gary looked at Sidra and it seemed that she was just a younger version of the woman, he watched die in that alley. He felt sad that Sidra had lost her mother so cruelly that night.

"I heard from your dad the terrible thing that happened to your mother," Gary said trying to be sympathetic. "I'm not here to replace her. I could never hope to do that but I hope in time we can become good friends because your father seems to really like me."

"I know," she replied. "He had to employ Ruth full time because he was always so busy working. But he always tries hard to be a good dad."

"From the short time I've been here, I can see that," Gary said.

"I don't want my dad to worry about me, so I try to show him that I'm responsible," Sidra said getting into bed. She switched on her bedside light. "Can you switch out the room light please? The switch is by the door."

That done Gary knelt and tucked Sidra into bed.

"My mum used to do that to me every night," she said yawning. "You're the first to do that since her."

Sidra sat up briefly and hugged Gary warmly, "I like you being here Mrs Raponi. My dad seems to be so much happier when you're around."

"Call me Anna when it's just us two alone OK?" Gary asked. "I hope you sleep well but I better go and see your dad now."

"Thanks Anna, you do make my dad happy, so that's good. Goodnight," Sidra said as Gary walked back towards the door with his heels clicking on the bare floorboards.

"Good night, Sidra," said Gary. "Sweet dreams."

Gary finally joined Zosar on the terrace where they had a glass or two of the red wine.

"How was Sidra?" he asked.

"Honestly, I think she's fine. She's just a perfectly lovely young girl. She really appreciated me wishing her good night," Gary replied after sipping more of his wine. "This wine is very fruity and good."

"I want to taste it from your mouth," said Zosar suddenly surprising Gary as he leant in towards Gary. "Take another sip of wine but don't swallow and then pass it into my mouth as we kiss."

So Zosar kissed Gary and the wine then literally flowed between them.

"I've never ever done that before," laughed Gary.

"Now it's my turn," said Zosar taking some wine into his mouth.

As they kissed Gary's apprehension disappeared as this time, he drank from Zosar's mouth. Then he felt Zosar's tongue invading deep right into his mouth making his heavy eyelashes open wide.

"I think it's time we finished what we'd started earlier," said Zosar pulling Gary up onto his heels. "Follow me."

Once inside the bedroom, Zosar locked the bedroom door and put the key on the dressing table.

“Let’s get our clothes off Anna. I want to see your wonderful curvy body again,” he suggested but Gary locked inside the bedroom knew that the only way he was going to get out now was after Zosar had mounted his cock into his wet pussy and cum inside him.

Zosar helped to remove the sundress and started eagerly nibbling on Gary’s hard nipples when suddenly they suddenly heard Cal crying outside the bedroom door.

Zosar cursed in Arabic and reluctantly got up to see what was wrong with his son. He opened the door and picked up Cal and gently carried him back to his own bedroom. Now on his own, Gary found himself falling asleep in the large bed.

Gary woke up a few hours later still wearing his panties, pantyhose and just one of his yellow heels. He was still in Zosar’s bedroom and for a moment he realised that nothing had happened the night before, so Gary allowed himself a welcome sigh of relief. However, that relief was short lived as Zosar was lying next to him, his erect member was pressing into his rear. Gary felt a hand around his waist and then heard the mutterings of a sleeping Zosar.

“You are a priceless jewel; I can’t wait to make you shine.”

Gary carefully got out of bed and found his clothes and went onto the terrace, he took a deep breath of New York air and then headed for the kitchen.

Zosar looked a combination of annoyed and concerned when he noticed the bed was empty beside him but that changed when he saw Anna in the kitchen. His face lit up and a smile appeared.

“There you are. Listen, after I read him a couple of *Thomas the Tank Engine* books, Cal fell asleep. Ruth has the day off so I’m taking him to my late wife’s parents so they can look after him for a few days and please let me know if anything is wrong. I asked Sidra to get a lift to school with Olivia, so she can return to her house for their sleepover. I’ll be back in about 60 minutes and just leave the bed. I’m going to need it when I get back,” he said stealing a drink of Anna’s coffee.

Gary finished the coffee, after Zosar left and was nonchalantly walking around the house looking at pictures and books in the bookcase when, Sidra came down to have her breakfast. She had a change of clothes and her school bag with her as she gave Gary a hug before heading out. Home alone, Gary returned to the spare room and looked at the wedding and engagement rings on his left hand.



'I know what I'm selling this Saturday.' Gary thought and he then tried to remove the rings from his finger but couldn't get them past his broad knuckles. He washed his hands and then used hand lotion and after much painful coaxing the rings were worked free only for one ring to fly across the room. Cursing he found it and put the rings in Anna's jewellery box. Looking in the mirror he then discovered he was missing a gold earring from his left ear. He was worried about it, so he returned to Zosar's bedroom and was looking under the bed on both his hands and knees when he heard a cough.

"I'm back," Zosar whistled looking at Gary down on his hands and knees with his wide ass sticking up in the air.

"So, I see, I was looking for my earring," Gary said, standing up and struggling to balance on his stilettos, he eagerly wrapped his arms around Zosar's neck. "How's Cal?"

"Do you mean this?" asked Zosar pulling the gold hoop from his pocket. "I found it earlier and just popped it in my pocket for safe keeping. Let me put it back into your ear."

"Thanks but there's no backing clip though," Gary said. "It will just fall out again."

"That's easily fixed," Zosar replied going to his late wife's jewellery box and removing the clip from one of her gold studs. "There that should keep it securely in place now."

"Thank you Zosar," Gary replied feeling that he was complete.

"My late wife had five holes in each of her ears," he said. "You should get more done and you can then wear all her lovely earrings."

"So, Cal is still with your wife's parents?" Gary asked changing the subject.

"Oh, yes he's fine because he loves being with his grandmother," he replied. "Now where we?"

"I think that you wanted to use the bed again," laughed Gary.

Zosar reached into the bedside drawer and pulled out another condom. Before Gary could react, Zosar handed the packet to him so he could put it onto his erect penis.

"I love when you put these on me," he said as Gary faced his erect monster with a certain amount of envy.

"There your cock is all ready for action," Gary said pulling the rubber down to the base with his fingers.

"Tell me what you want?" Zosar then asked. "Tell me what you are?"

Zosar's hands found their way onto Gary's large mounds and he massaged them until he felt his nipples firmed up fully erect.

"I want you inside me and that I'm your woman," Gary replied who was already moist between the legs. Gary saw Zosar's determination and heard Harmony's voice in his ears, *'have fun with your body!'* Gary realised then that he needed this much more than some inanimate vibrator.

Gary whispered, "I want to feel you deep inside me. So, take me."

"I want to feel your insides," Zosar replied and then ordered. "Spread your long shapely legs and slip off your panties."

Zosar started playing with Gary's large breasts again this time rubbing them together.

"Before I fill your pussy with my manhood, I want to do this," said Zosar who knelt either side of Gary and he put his cock between his breasts. "Now push your breasts together trapping me between them."

Gary did so, not fully understanding why until Zosar pushed his cock between his mammaries. His cock then rammed in and out of the tight space that Gary had created.

"That looks and feels amazing," said Zosar and while Gary felt it was demeaning, he couldn't see any way to stop it until Zosar tired of it. "Now your time has come!"

Gary submissively opened his legs wider as Zosar moved down the bed so that his cock was at the opening waiting.

“What are you waiting for darling?” Gary asked.

“The best part of the journey is just before you start it,” Zosar said. “I’m just imagining what it will feel like to finally take you.”

Gary wanted to feel him inside but realised that Zosar was in complete control now. In his position he wasn’t able to do anything but wait.

“I love that your large breasts are so natural,” Zosar said eagerly sucking on each nipple. “Now I’m going to explore your naked pussy with my cock,” Zosar declared confidently. “You once filled my stomach with your excellent cooking now I’m going to fill your vagina with my excellent hard cock. Then I am going to make passionate love to you for hours.”

Gary opened his legs even wider not knowing what to expect and as he looked up, Zosar’s face descended to kiss him passionately on the lips. At the same time Zosar pushed his cock deep into Gary’s juicy opening. Even if he wanted the lovemaking to stop, he knew that wouldn’t happen as Zosar’s body was now pinning him onto the bed while his tongue and cock were penetrating his body.

“You’re so wet my darling,” he said pulling back and pushing inside again and again. “What do you think when you feel my cock deep inside your vagina Anna?”

“I feel wonderful each time you push inside me,” Gary replied honestly. “You make me feel complete as your woman every time you thrust into me.” He didn’t know where that positive feeling had suddenly come from.

Gary put a hand down and could feel Zosar’s hard cock go deep inside him over and over. “You are so huge!”

“I’m going to make love to you all day. Now kneel for me on all fours,” Zosar ordered, and Gary turned over and dutifully went onto his hands and knees. Zosar stood on the floor and then he just pushed his cock deeply into Gary’s gaping lubricated pussy. Gary gasped out loud and gave a small cry as it pushed in all the way inside and hit the entry to his implanted uterus.

Zosar started to move in and out of Gary’s pussy. Gary looked over his shoulder at the first man to ever take him sexually. After a few minutes though Zosar unloaded the contents of his testicles deep into the condom as his penis danced inside Gary’s slick pussy.

“You were so tight Anna,” he cried. “Now it’s your turn to cum.”

“My turn?” Gary asked as Zosar turned him over onto his back, spread his legs slightly and he then moved in to suck on his clitoris again. That made Gary cum within minutes, and he shuddered to a halt sated.

“Oh, that was incredible. You made me cum so hard,” Gary said satisfied. He was beginning to think that perhaps he had somehow had always been Anna Raponi as no true blooded man would have enjoyed the sexual adventure with Zosar as he had just done.

“You did the same to me,” Zosar said going back up towards Gary’s face. He inserted his tongue deep into Gary’s mouth again and he had little option but to just allow him full access.

No one had ever kissed him with such passion as Zosar had just done. No one had ever made love to him the way that Zosar had done. Then he had learnt Zosar was dominating everything that had happened and he could either break it off or acquiesce to Zosar’s sexual

demands. There was one undeniable truth that he now realised and that in this relationship he was expected to be the submissive female, while Zosar was the dominant alpha male.

The passion didn't stop and it went on for hours as Zosar would recover and then make love again and again over the rest of the afternoon.

The sun was low in the sky by the time the two were in the kitchen and as Gary made something to eat for them both, he knew that now that they'd finally had sex together, it wouldn't be the last time.

"With no children here tonight, how about you and I have another adventure but this time, let's not use a condom; if necessary you can use some of my late wife's birth control pills," he suggested. "I want to feel you directly on my hard cock!"

Chapter 12 – Zosar and Anna

The following morning Gary found himself moving on autopilot, after waking up in Zosar's bed. After getting out from under Zosar's arms, Gary thought about the previous night of lovemaking. The events replayed in his mind and his aching body was still sore where it mattered. As he headed for the ensuite bathroom to pee he could still feel Zosar's hard body pressing down on him and each step on tip toe was slow since his legs were still feeling shaky. He stepped onto the cold tiles and the balls of his feet ached. He wished that he could wear flat sensible shoes but realised that Zosar wouldn't permit that to happen. After squatting to pee, he turned on both taps of the bath and adjusted the temperature. He added some foam bath and as he looked down he noticed the many love bite marks on his massive mounds of flesh. He shuddered at the memory of Zosar's insatiable passion.

'Was it always going to be like this? I can't believe that finally happened, I'm not only filled with his cum but it's smeared all over my face and breasts,' thought Gary as he stepped into the bath and felt the warm soapy water play on his soft skin. He grabbed the perfumed soap to wash his torso clear of the dried cum on his breasts. Gary had his back to the bathroom door so that he didn't hear Zosar approach. Gary was still scrubbing his breasts and belly when a hand was felt on his shoulder.

"You got up early," said Zosar. "Come and join me in the shower."

Zosar turned on the pulsing water and Gary got out of the tub and walked over. Once inside, the water washed the suds from his back before Gary felt Zosar's body press hard against his back and felt something against his own wobbly bottom. Unbelievably Zosar was warm and hard again and his cock was pressing up hard against Gary's ass. Zosar forcefully turned Gary around and he was then pushed against the cold tiled wall of the shower. As the hot shower water pulsed on them both, Zosar's hands groped the giant globes he prized so much and he traced Gary's curves.

"Last night was perfect, but I want to enjoy you here again now," Zosar declared as he then kissed Gary passionately again only this time he felt his rough unshaven stubble on his face. Zosar's hands went around his back and grabbed his ass to pull Gary closer until he felt Zosar's manhood up against his labia again.

"Are you ready?" he asked but before he received an answer he just thrust his naked cock deep into Gary's vagina yet again.

"Oh God," Gary cried as the shower water rained down on them.

Zosar continued thrusting until he came a few minutes later. Gary unable to resist the new sense of pleasure let out a soft moan. Gary hoped that Zosar was finally sated with this latest release into his vagina which was now feeling sore from the pounding it had taken.

They emerged from the shower soaking wet and Gary could feel Zosar's cum leaking out of his opening and down his leg as they walked back into the bedroom.

"I forgot to tell you Anna, I never threw out my late wife's clothes and shoes so you are free to wear what you like from her wardrobe. She was a fashionista and you must be close to her sizes, so perhaps something of hers might fit," he said as they sat on the bed wearing bathrobes. "That pink bathrobe you're wearing was hers."

"Did you have any particular favourites of hers?" Gary asked.

"Yes, I loved when she wore her lingerie. It's all in those dressing table drawers. You can use her cosmetics too. I would like you to style your hair more like hers and I can show you her regular beauty salon," he said. "In time you can dye your hair to have her dark hair colour too."

"It seems that you want me to replace your late wife?" Gary asked.

"I want you to marry me," he declared. "Will you?"

"Marry you? I will need to think about that," Gary declared. "I need to think what it will mean moving here from Italy."

Gary sat on the bed just wearing the towelled bathrobe and heels looking at the huge wardrobe filled of Zosar's late wife's clothes. Gary had already found a cherry-red lingerie set in her lingerie drawer. It was lacy and he felt excited like he'd done he first wore his mother's clothes as he slowly laid them out on the bed.

Zosar's late wife was a 40F in her bra size but he tried on the bra to find that it was a good fit. That was a shock, as he realised that his bosom had grown a little more since the transplanted ovaries were obviously still working.

He found the rest of the lingerie fitted perfectly before pulling a packet of sheer seamed stockings out of the drawer. Clipping the stockings onto the suspender belt was challenging because of his nails but he finally managed it enjoying the feeling of the smooth stockings on his legs. He rubbed his legs together relishing the electric feel of them. He was disappointed to see that her shoes were a size too small but thought perhaps her heeled sandals might fit.

Strapping them on he stood up and he finally stepped into a dark red wine-coloured knee length dress and pulled it up over his wide hips. The skirt was tight and pressed his thighs tightly together. The dress had short sleeves and he could see his tanned but saggy arm muscles. He checked his nails and saw they were still perfect with no chips. He sat at the vanity and applied the cosmetics onto his face. It reminded him of his younger days when he sat at his mother's vanity and played with her cosmetics. Satisfied with his heavy make-up he walked out.

"My mother in-law just called to say Cal is feeling better, but I think I should still have him checked over so I'm going to take him to our doctor. I don't know when I'll be back and I've asked Sidra to have Olivia's mum drop her off here."

"See you soon then my love," Gary said moving over to pour himself another coffee. Zosar pulled on his coat and took another passionate kiss on the lips from Gary. So left in the

house alone again, Gary spent the rest of the day, reading some old women's magazines that he'd found under the coffee table in the living room. He kept himself occupied by starting dinner and it was after three in the afternoon when Sidra opened the door to the kitchen and walked in.

"Is my Dad home?" she asked.

"No Sidra, it's just me here," Gary replied.

"Anna is there any word from my dad?" she asked.

"He sent me a text an hour ago that they were just waiting to see the doctor. So hopefully they'll come back home soon and thanks for remembering to call me Anna," replied Gary.

Sidra hugged Gary and looked up at his womanly face and figure. "I hope Cal's all right."

"I'm sure he is. Your dad just wanted to make sure. How was your sleepover with the girls? I hope you had a nice time," Gary asked.

Sidra looked away and headed for her room ignoring Gary's question.

"Sidra?" he asked.

"It was lovely, we told stories, did each other's hair, we played a game, I don't want to talk about it right now," She replied.

Gary didn't want to push her but the less than enthusiastic response worried Gary.

"So, nothing bad happened?" he asked.

"No, we just had fun and we did some silly things," She replied.

"That's good that you had fun," Gary said. He watched her go towards her bedroom and he decided to follow her. He cursed his noisy heels on the tiles so he kicked them off and walked on tip toes until he was standing outside her room. He put his ear to the door and heard Sidra speak to someone on the phone.

"My dad's not home so I can't ask him yet but you have permission, right? I can't believe he said yes."

There was a brief pause.

"What was I thinking?" she asked.

Gary wondered what was up having only heard half of the conversation but he returned to the kitchen to continue preparing dinner when the kitchen door suddenly swung open again five minutes later.

"Anna, I'm back! Cal's fine, he just needed something to settle his stomach. Is Sidra home?" he asked.

"Yes, she's in her room. She was looking for you when she got home."

"I'll go and talk to her. Can you give Cal a wash? His face is dirty."

While Zosar was busy speaking to Sidra, Gary took Cal to the bathroom where he washed the boy's face.

"I'm a big boy, I don't need help to wash," he claimed.

"You'll do what your father wants so don't move while I scrub your mucky face," Gary replied. "Put your shirt back on."

After dinner Cal was put to bed by Zosar, while Gary continued reading his fashion magazines in the lounge.

"Sidra wants to spend time with her friends on the day of the auction, I've arranged for Ruth to be here to look after Cal. The plan is for you and I to leave early on Saturday for the auction. Have you decided if you have anything to sell?"

Gary nodded and said, "Yes, I have some rings that are worth a lot of money."

"I saw that you removed your wedding rings," he said. "Can I ask why?"

"They don't mean that much now," Gary explained. "My husband died almost a year ago."

"I did the same after my wife died," he declared.

Chapter 13 - The Auction

As Zosar drove Gary to the nearby auction venue, Gary held his leather clutch purse which contained several thousand dollars worth of jewellery including Anna's old wedding and engagement rings.

After saying goodbye to Sidra, who was preparing to go out, and Ruth who was looking after Cal, Gary was wearing a body-hugging silver gown that went to the floor that almost hid the sky-high stilettos on his feet. The dress and shoes had belonged to Zosar's late wife which made him feel strange knowing he was wearing the dead woman's clothes.

"How do I look?" He'd asked Zosar as they walked from the car into auction house.

"Perfect, just perfect darling," Zosar said reacting positively.

When they reached reception, they both had to register their names with one of the three girls dealing with that process.

"What's your interest in the auction?" asked Samantha who wore a name badge on her jacket lapel. She looked to be in her late twenties with long blonde hair that had the roots showing while her inflated breasts provided deep cleavage.

"We're interested in both buying and selling," said Zosar handing over a list of the items for sale and the items were all labelled and numbered. "My girlfriend wants to sell these items of jewellery and we'll be bidding too hopefully."

"There are two kinds of auction happening today. First, we have the traditional open auction; where you bid openly against everyone in the hall for each item through the auctioneer. Each item is given a starting bid and it's for paintings, ornaments and items of clothing. Then second, we have a silent auction, for those who wish to sell their items without knowing who wins. This auction is for items such as former gifts, estates items and jewellery. For this kind

you'll need a bidding number. You write that number along with your bid on the bidding sheet in front of each item."

Gary looked at Zosar who nodded.

"I will take a panel and also have a silent bidding number just in case."

"Right then please take a panel which you show to the auctioneer each time when you bid," she explained handing him a small board with the number 53. Samantha also passed Zosar a slip of paper with his bidding number. "If you win a silent auction, you will be told at the end of day."

After that was done, they walked into the auction room which was already filled with well dressed people who were adorned with expensive watches, bracelets or rings.

Gary walked with his arm inside Zosar's who held his hand in place. They walked around the room looking at the lots for sale. Zosar brought them to a multi strand pearl necklace with what looked like a gold clasp at the rear. There was a guide price of 1500 dollars beside the item and a piece of paper with several bidders already; Zosar took out his pen and wrote his number and price for the item.

"Let's see what else is here," he said nonchalantly. He led Gary towards other lots on display when suddenly Zosar laughed. "Look who is finally back from Dubai. Anna, come and meet Omar my old business associate."

With Zosar holding his hand tightly, Gary was dragged towards Omar who he recognised from the picture in the house. The only difference was that Omar's beard was now longer.

"Omar, my good friend," declared Zosar happily as the two men embraced warmly. "I'd like you to meet my girlfriend, Anna. Anna this is Omar Kabir."

Omar looked at Gary and licked his lips before extending his arms and the pair hugged.

"It's a pleasure to finally meet you Anna," Omar said. "I've heard a lot about you already from Zosar."



There was something about Omar that Gary didn't like. Perhaps it was the way that he stared at his cleavage?

Omar shook Gary's dainty and effeminate hand and Gary noticed that Omar just stared into his cleavage.

"Zosar has also talked highly of you too Omar. It's an honour to finally meet you in person," Gary said taking his hand back.

"Let's go and check that they have labelled your items correctly Anna," said Zosar pointing to the display cabinet where they had been installed on display.

"Nice pieces," said Omar admiring them and reading the descriptions.

"Thanks," said Gary who approved of the display and the guide prices.

"Are you bidding on anything Anna?" asked Omar.

"Perhaps, but so far I haven't seen anything that catches my eye," Gary replied honestly.

Omar looked at Gary closely before turning to Zosar. "Can I have a word with you?"

Zosar nodded and asked, "Honey why don't you look and see if there's any items that you want to bid on?"

Annoyed that he was being cut out of the conversation, Gary moved around the display cabinets in turn looking for something that Zosar might approve. He passed a painting of a naked woman, with a guide price of 1200 dollars. Gary saw Samantha standing near a man with salt and pepper hair, wearing a dark suit. After circling the large hallway, Gary returned to Zosar and shook his head that he hadn't seen anything he liked.

The two men had already finished their conversation leading Gary to wonder what it had been about. Then there was an announcement that the auction was due to begin and they should take their seats.

Omar bid for and won a small ivory statue of a woman carrying a storage jar on her shoulder in the open auction.

Then Zosar was delighted to learn that he had successfully bid for the pearls despite the bidding cost of 7,000 dollars. Lastly it was time for Gary's items to fall under the hammer and he was amazed when the total exceeded several thousand more than the guide prices. Coming from a famous jeweller in Rome apparently had helped to increase their value.

Zosar went to pay for and collect the necklace, while he also received a much larger sum of money for all of Anna's jewellery. He put the cash into his pocket and then went back to Anna who was still fending off Omar's comments.

Zosar was delighted and proceeded to attach the pearls around Gary's neck.

"Stand still for me a moment. There that's perfect darling," Zosar said kissing the back of Gary's neck. "Do you like them?"

"Like them? I love them," replied Gary fingering the pearls that decorated his neck and shoulders.

"I'm sure that they'll go with many of your dresses and outfits," replied Zosar happily.



Gary was delighted to wear the pearl necklace home after the auction. The silver dress barely contained his breasts.

On the way home Gary looked at Zosar, who had clearly fallen in love with him as Anna. With no way back to either Rome or his former life, Gary remembered Zosar's remark during their lovemaking and finally accepted the idea of being married to Zosar. He'd decided that if this was his only way to have a family life married to another man then he could see little alternative. He just hoped his own fondness for the man could translate into love eventually.

More of the story will be posted in a few days.