

Special TV EROTICA
PART I

THE PETERSON'S BRIDE



By
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PART I

CHAPTER I

The Petersons Meet Sara Devlin

The interview had been a surprise. Ms. Devlin had been expecting something quite different than the attractive young couple that had arrived for the afternoon appointment. The conclusion of the conversation had been somewhat shocking, even to the very worldly Ms. Devlin. An astonishing statement considering that Sara was a Madam who ran a first class call girl service catering to a wide variety of tastes.

Sara Devlin's specialty was kinky sex, she kept a file of people, who would perform special services for a fee. In her fifteen years of work in the *oldest profession*, she had accumulated a long list of contacts, both those offering services and those wishing to buy love. It was a call from a regular client who was a friend of the Peterson's that had gotten them in the door.

While Sara, on occasion, allowed clients to use the various well-appointed and interestingly equipped rooms of her large home, she thought of herself mainly as a broker of sex rather than as a Madam. From time to time she would take on a date rather than farm it out. Generally, although still quite attractive at thirty-three, she preferred to enjoy rather than profit from her sex life.

Her terms were fifteen percent for the contact and twenty if the parties wished to use her house. Sara herself was an old fashioned girl who preferred the feel of a man's body against hers. She was tolerant and indulgent of the tastes of others. While it was true that for enough money she would do just about anything, the Peterson's request was a new one.

The Petersons themselves were different from her normal clients. First they had come as a couple. Second they were very clean-cut looking, *Real YUP's* she said to herself as they came through the door. Their request was not for a single night, or weekend encounter, but for a partner in a permanent relationship.

Jeffrey Peterson had been dressed in a dark blue flannel suit cut to fit his medium height and lean build. Its styling was conservative, perfectly appropriate for the young stock broker on his way up the career ladder. His blond clean shaven face had the assurance that Sara felt could only come from training in the very best prep-school and Ivy League college. His wife Mary Roberts- Peterson,

as she introduced herself, had been dressed in a severe gray tweed suit and pink silk blouse. She looked even more businesslike than her husband. Her long blonde hair was in a tight bun, adding to the severity of her look, as did the one inch black kid pumps she wore. Early in the conversation she had explained that she was in Advertising.

The Petersons were in their late-twenties, attractive, successful and Sara realized, extremely hard working. They talked about themselves, their careers, their home but seemed unable to bring up the subject of their visit. Sara's curiosity was aroused and finally she asked.

"This is all very interesting but what do you want me to do for you?"

After they looked at each other for a moment Mary replied.

"You see, we've decided we want a family. Children. But neither of us is willing to give up our career. I'm willing to take a short leave of absence to actually have the babies but I'm not willing to stay home with them. Jeffrey feels the same way. We've talked about nurses, governess, and day care but we both grew up that way. We feel it is very important that someone permanently a part of the family be home to handle child rearing and housekeeping. In our experience, and that of our friends, domestics are unreliable, tend to make the children feel insecure, and the household unstable. In short we have decided that we need a housewife," she concluded.

"For the both of you?" Sara asked.

"Yes," began Jeffrey. "You see we want someone who will stay at home, care for the children, and keep the house a home," here he squeezed Mary's hand. "We want a third partner in our marriage, someone who will make a life long commitment to us and who will be part of our family."

"I see, and you plan to share your bed with this person?" asked the surprised Ms. Devlin.

"It seems best," Jeffrey continued. "If not, the person would have to look outside the home for their sex life. We are sexually active and believe anyone we are compatible with would also be. We also prefer someone younger than we are. Mary particularly thinks that someone who will be her wife must be a much younger person, maybe even a teenager. Also because of our concern about the 'disease' we prefer someone without broad sexual experience."

Sara Devlin again interrupted, "And which of you is the homosexual?"

Mary answered, “You see that is the problem that brings us to you. Neither of us is gay, in fact we find the idea unattractive. While I have grave reservations about another wife for Jeffrey he has similar concerns and feelings about another husband for me. Perhaps, Sara, you can help us find someone who is not so strongly masculine as to repulse Jeffrey yet adequately equipped to take a male role in sexual dealings with me.”

After a pause Mary continued, “I’m able to cope with a much more feminine type male than Jeffrey is able to take the idea of a pure homosexual relationship. But since I’m the one who actually has to sacrifice part of my career to have the babies I insist, and Jeffrey has agreed, that this person have functioning male equipment. If Jeff is going to be making love to our wife he must know that I also will be doing so.”

“So what you want me to do is find some sort of half-male half-female, with a functioning male tool who would be attractive to you both and is willing to make an exclusive lifetime commitment to the relationship?” asked Sara.

“Yes! That’s it exactly!” They both spoke at once.

“An interesting problem. I’ve several transvestites, and female impersonators in my files but none who are close to you in age and quite experienced sexually. Also nearly all of them are primarily interested in relations with men, not women. Most are already involved in one or more sexual relationships. By the time they make it into my file they are normally over twenty and committed to other people. What you want seems impossible, unless...,” Sara paused.

“There may be a way,” she continued. “But what you want is much more than simply matching you up with someone I know. The cost will be quite high—how much can you afford.”

“Well,” Jeffrey answered, “we both have good incomes. It had been our hope to pay you a few thousand dollars and simply offer the right person a share of our future earnings. On hand I guess we can raise maybe ten thousand dollars”.

Sara picked up a pen and note pad and began writing down and adding up columns of figures. Finally she shook her head slowly from side to side.

Then she asked, “Can you set aside a couple of thousand a month for a while?”

“Why yes, I guess so, if we are careful,” answered Mary. “Then it might

work. Jeff and Mary, how does this sound, you will give me fifteen hundred a month for six months. At the end of the six months I will deliver to you your new wife. You will then give me twenty thousand, in cash. I'll also need some security during the six months that I will return with the bride."

Both her guests looked shocked.

Jeffrey spoke up after a long silence, "That's a great deal of money. What are you going to do? Please tell us more before asking us to make a decision. As for security, we just don't have anything that is of such value as to assure our final payment."

Sara smiled at them as she replied. "Only a small percentage of the total is for me. About ten percent plus expenses. I'd charge more but I think this is going to be fun. I expect my expenses to be high. The biggest cost will be paying the boy's parents off, and doing it well enough so that they stay bought off". "The boy? What boy?" Mary asked.

"I haven't picked him out yet, but I'll tell you what I have in mind. I've a file of young virgins submitted to me by their parents. They are available for deflowering, or if the price is right for sale. Both girls and boys. I will go through these and interview both the parents and the boys looking for a feminine appearing boy who I think would be compatible with you two. Then, if terms can be agreed on, I'll start the boy on an intensive program of hormonal treatments and feminine conditioning to produce a very presentable young lady but with functioning male equipment. It will have to be done gently and slowly, otherwise our young pupil may just run away from me or you at the first opportunity.

"I don't think two thousand is an unreasonable fee for me. I'm sure the parents will demand at least twelve. The cost for drugs, clothes, and hair removal will be high. As for security, I'll need something stronger than money. You are both very attractive people and respectable professionally. Allow me to add your names to my files. We will film your first "job," then pull your name. When you deliver the final payment I'll return the film, negatives and all prints to you. What do you say?"

"Well," Mary began, but Jeffrey interrupted her.

"Excuse me but what is our guarantee that you will keep up your end of this deal?"

"Good Question," Sara replied. "Nothing but my reputation as an honest whore. What we are talking about, so casually here in my living room, is slavery. To do this I've got to be breaking the law in dozens of ways. Ways that could

lead to hard time in prison. This is a very serious crime and I need to be assured that my interests are your interests. I can deal with this hypothetical boy's parents—if I couldn't, they wouldn't be in my file. But if you chicken out, or get moral or stupid about who you tell I'm dead.

“If you want to commission me to go ahead you must trust me. I don't have to trust you and I'm not going to. Either you agree to my terms for security or leave a twenty thousand dollar deposit with me right now, or walk out of here and never come back. I'll give you fifteen minutes to decide.”

As Sara concluded she stood and walked out of the room. When she returned fifteen minutes later, almost to the second, the Petersons were standing waiting for her. Jeffrey spoke for them.

“We've talked it over and will agree to your terms provided you agree to find a boy with certain additional characteristics.”

“You see,” blurted in Mary. “If we're investing this much money we want to be sure to get someone compatible and attractive.”

“Of course, since were continuing with the project we will need to talk at great length so that I fully understand your needs and desires and can find just the right person,” Sara smiled back at them.

They talked for hours, all through the afternoon and well into the evening. They discussed the need for intelligence, creativity, looks, hair color and even music. When they were done Sara felt that she had a clear idea of just what their perfect *wife* would be like. As Mary gave her a check for the first payment Ms. Devlin was already thinking about who she would call.

When Jeff and Mary Peterson left, she smiled and reassured them, “This is going to be lots of fun. I'll call you as soon as I find a likely candidate.”

It wasn't the first call, or even the second, or third that produced results. At the end of the next day Sara had identified six families that had eighteen year old boys they might be willing to sell. Sara made appointments to visit all of them over the next few days. The next days were no fun for the Madam. The six families were scattered all over the metropolitan area. Additionally, although she new she was no better, Sara couldn't help feeling disgusted by people who would discuss, quietly over coffee and cookies, the sale of their children.

The first visit was a waste of time. One look at the six foot monster they called a boy ended the discussion. Her second prospect wasn't much better, although the height and weight were all-right the child had the intelligence of a

low grade snow-ball, and very masculine features. As she drove on to her third prospect she was discouraged and realized she had really been looking forward to the challenge of transforming a normal teenage boy into a an ultra-feminine teenage transvestite bisexual.

“Better than years of therapy for getting even with men for all the pain and grief they have caused me,” she said to herself.

Her next two stops were no better. As she pulled up in front of her fifth and next to last stop she shuddered. It was a lonely house in the country. The air reeked of avarice. She had almost not called these people. Two years earlier she had set up their eighteen year old daughter Anne with a party of three out of town salesman. The men had kept the girl all weekend using her continually. When Sara had gone to pick the girl up she had found her nude on the bed sobbing. Her thighs were covered with blood both from her lost maidenhead and from the intense sodomization she had experienced. Across her back the men had written “whore” in her own blood. When she got Anne home the girl’s father had struck her and berated the child for not getting a good tip in addition to the five hundred the men had paid Sara.

Anne’s father was named Glen, he was a former small time hood who now made a living as a pimp from the whoring of his wife and daughter. From the money they brought in from street walking he had all the best things in life. Sara occasionally could get work for Anne or her mother Debbie because they were willing to do anything if the price was right. Neither of the women were beautiful enough to make good money whoring for straight sex. But they did well on the bazaar. Sara hated Glen. She hated all pimps.

Glen answered the door dressed in a golf outfit. A gold cigarette case glistened from the top of his shirt pocket and in his hand was an ivory cigarette holder that held a noxious smelling cigarette he was smoking.

“Oh it’s you Sara. Debbie its Sara, come to talk about the boy.”

When Sara entered she noted that the house was even more stuffed with expensive masculine toys than it had been the last time she was there. It burned her up to see the style his wife and daughter kept him in. As she sat in one of the expensive overstuffed chairs, Glen offered her a drink.

“No thanks Glen I’ve come to talk business.”

“Ya. Right, well what do you have in mind for the boy?” he inquired as Debbie came in and took a seat.

Sara hadn't told them anything very specific when she had made the appointment. Only that she was looking for a teenage boy and that a great deal of money was involved. Sara decided to come right to the point.

"First things first," she began. "I'll need to see him to find out if he might do. If he is not right I don't need to bother you further."

"Well where is he?" Glen asked Debbie.

"In his room. As usual, I'll go get him," replied his mother.

"Don't bother," Glen replied and then yelled "Patrick! Get your butt in here! Now!"

A moment later a thin boy entered the room. Sara Devlin knew the second she saw him that he was perfect for her project. She was careful not to show her interest to Glen. She was positive but didn't want to appear eager.

"Pat this is our friend Ms. Devlin. She may have a job for you but she needs to see you to tell if you are right. Go over to the light and let her get a good look at you," his mother conceded.

As the boy stood before her Sara saw that her first impression had been right. Patrick was about five feet four and lightly boned, his features were soft, almost feminine and he still seemed to be in puberty. The boy's skin was a pleasant olive tone and his longish dark brown hair set off his oval face nicely. Sara judged that as a man he would always be a bit too pretty to be comfortable. As a woman those high cheek bones and long lashes were a definite plus. What cinched it was not how he looked or the potential for femininity she saw in his slight body, but the sketch book in the boy's hand. The top sheet was open and on it was an excellent pastel drawing of his sister Anne.

"*Creative too!*" Sara thought to herself. She wanted to see more. She also needed to hear him talk before making up her mind.

"You know who I am?" Sara asked the boy.

"Yes. You set up dates for mom and Anne sometimes."

Sara loved the voice, it hadn't changed much. Patrick's voice was still high in pitch for a boy eighteen. Trying to maintain an appearance of being calm Sara went on.

"Yes, and I think I have a job for you. Not just a date but something ongoing. It has good prospects for a long future working with people who will be

kind to you and look out for your interests.” As Sara spoke she saw a happy light in the boy’s eyes.

“But to be positive you’re right for the job, I’ll have to see you naked. Please take off all your clothes, shoes and socks included.”

Patrick blushed deeply and took a step back.

“Do as she says!” His father commanded.

Quickly the boy set down his drawing tools, pulled off his shoes and sock, pants, and T-shirt. He hesitated before taking off his jockey shorts.

“Those too.” Sara coached, “I’ve seen lots of men and boys in the altogether. I promise not to be shocked,” she teased.

“Well, all-right,” Patrick consented and slipped out of the final garment.

He sort of liked this attractive lady with the soft voice and manner.

Sara walked slowly around him, noting his thin hairless legs, the well-shaped butt, and smooth chest. After completely circling Patrick she stooped down and gently took the boys cock and balls in her warm hand. As she examined them closely she felt a stirring in the member as it moved toward hardness. She bent over and kissed it softly, then let it go and stood up.

“You might do fine Patrick.”

“When do I start Ms. Devlin?” The boy answered.

“After I’ve discussed terms with your parents, and if we can agree, after a few months of training. This isn’t a job you can do without preparing—although you will not find the training difficult—it will require some time. You may get dressed now and go back to your room”.

After Patrick had left Sara sat down, braced herself for some difficult negotiating with Glen and began.

“Patrick may do very well for my clients. I’m prepared to make you a generous offer based on several conditions—”

She was interrupted by Glen, “Wait a minute! First tell me how much and for what. Then we can get to your ‘conditions’.”

“Should the boy successfully complete a six month training course, which

I will personally oversee, I'm talking about total sale. My clients will pay ten thousand in cash but that is the last you will ever see of the boy. He seems so young—are you sure he is eighteen?"

Glen replied to her question, "Yea, he is eighteen all-right. Just that last week. In fact he is still going to high school. He thinks he will be graduating this June."

Debbie began to softly cry when she heard this. She knew that Glen would jump on a chance to get his hands on that much money. She also knew that Pat really did want to finish high school. Sara decided to tell them a bit more to comfort the grieving mother.

"My clients wish me to train and provide them with a boy to act as a transvestite servant to work in their home, sexually service them and their guests. They are fine people who will be very kind to Patrick and provide for his future."

Again Glen interrupted, "Cut the crap. So you know some rich weirdoes who want to buy a sex slave and dress him as a maid. I thought that sort of thing went out with the fifties. Shit, you can do whatever you want with the boy but ten grand ain't enough!"

"Well Glen, how much do you think is 'enough'?" Sara angrily replied.

"Let's say fifteen for the sale and another five for the training. Twenties a nice round figure," the man replied.

"That's more than my clients will go and you know very well it's more than the market rate. Besides it's the training that creates the value and I'll be doing that. You should pay me for the training, not I paying you. Ten is a very good price, even generous," Sara concluded.

"Maybe in most cases it's generous, but you want to make a boy look like a girl. You will have to look for a long time to find someone better than our Pat. Why I've always said that he looked more like a girl than a boy. Sara, how about fifteen and I'll throw in the training. Remember I'll have to house, clothe and feed him for six months, until you get him *ripe* for your *clients*." Glen responded.

"Well Glen," Sara continued, "you may be right about Patrick being exceptionally apt for the part but I've only just started looking. My clients would want me to check further before I agree to fifteen. Why don't we save us both a lot of time and settle on twelve thousand, if you agree with all my conditions."

Both Sara and Glen knew that they had a deal. Only the details remained

to be worked out.

“Let’s hear your conditions first,” Glen replied. “I don’t want a pig in a poke.”

“Then listen,” Sara went on. “For the next six months you are to treat Patrick as I tell you to. This will mean responding well to and reinforcing the program of feminizing I will be putting him through. You will not buy or lend him any clothing or personal items. You are not to strike or hurt him physically in any way. You must see to it that he dresses at all times as I instruct, and that includes his hair and personal appearance. You will not make fun of his increasingly girlish looks and dress. Most important you will see to it that he is left sexually alone. I will be instructing him in sexual matters. Agreed?”

“That’s a long list. You mean that if some stud wants the boy for a night or weekend I can’t deliver,” Glen replied.

Sara shook her head, “Yes Glen, that is exactly what I mean.”

“Well that will cost you extra,” Glen went on. “Let’s say the twelve plus two hundred a month.”

“Twelve and one hundred each month.” Sara replied. “Done!” Glen concluded the deal and he and Sara shook hands.

Sara gave some final instructions to Glen and Debbie. “Have the boy come to my house right after school tomorrow and every school day thereafter. Also on weekends and holidays have him at my house each day at 1:00 PM sharp. From time to time he will be spending the night with me. I’ll let you know when. Should we have a drink on it?”

They did and half an hour later Sara Devlin was on her way out the door. At the threshold she turned and added. “One last thing, tell Patrick that he is to obey me implicitly, no matter what I want him to do or what I do to him.”

“Don’t worry, he will do whatever you tell him. I’ll personally make positive he understands,” Glen assured Sara.

The woman didn’t like the look in Glen’s eye as he spoke but she felt that his word on this point was good. As Sara got in her car she felt both pangs of guilt and pity for Patrick. She also found she looked forward immensely to molding the boy into a pretty teenage girl.

“Why I should by rights have to pay the Petersons for getting to do

this,” Sara thought. “At least I know that what I’m going to do to the boy won’t be as bad for him as what would have happened otherwise.”

Sara had seen far too many male prostitutes to have much doubt about Patrick’s fate once Glen pushed him into working the streets.

On arriving home Sara called the Petersons and told them that she had found their future housewife. They seemed very pleased by her description of Patrick and particularly were excited about his artistic talent. They asked her to take photos of Patrick and to keep them informed of his progress in the training program.

“I’ll do better than that,” Sara had told them. “I’ll see to it that you both get to meet the boy early on and form a relationship with him as he goes through the training.”

The next day when Patrick arrived at Sara’s house she was ready to begin. The first thing she did was have the scared boy sit down for a talk.

“Gentle him to it, don’t break him,” Sara told herself.

“Patrick I want you to know that what I said yesterday about your going to live with nice people is absolutely true,” She began.

“Yes Ms. Devlin,” Patrick replied.

“Let’s get better acquainted, how old are you Patrick?”

“I’m eighteen, I just turned eighteen last week, on January thirty Ms. Devlin.”

“This job requires about six months of training. By the time your training is done we will be good friends. We will be seeing each other almost every day. Please call me Sara or Aunt Sara if you like. I’m not a very formal person and our relationship will be intimate. Did your parents tell you why you were to come here?”

“Yes Ms. Devlin, I mean Aunt Sara. Dad told me you were going to teach me how to act like a girl. He also said that if you don’t think I’m cooperative enough he will beat the living daylights out of me.”

“Oh my!” Cried Sara. “Well we wouldn’t want that to happen now would we?”