



Reluctant Press

A Vacation He'll Never Forget!

B. C.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THE VACATION HE'LL NEVER FORGET!

By B C

When you're a kid, and you think of all the things in life you could be, when you grow up, i.e. a Doctor, a fireman, a lawyer, a heavy equipment operator, a pilot, soldier or sea Captain. A policeman, or a professional athlete. The list is endless, as are the possibilities. You're filled with hope and excitement, for the success and wealth and power.

Well, I had all those dreams too. Yes, me David Allen Clark. I was a rather average, all American boy. A good upper middle class home and parents. I had friends and was somewhat popular in school, but, not once in all of my life or dreams did I ever consider or entertain the possibility that I could even remotely, end up as I appear today. Plus the worst part of all is I never had a choice or saw it coming. I'd better go back and start at the beginning.

I breezed through high school and college with ease. My degree in arts and science got me a great job in a new and aggressive company. It also got me the girl of my dreams. Katie was and still is one of the foxiest girls in our school. She could have had her pick of any one of the guys. Every big macho jock on the campus was after her. But, Katie chose me_. A 5'6", 135lb guy with drive ambition and high ideals and goals.

The truth be known, I was really bull shitting my way through life. I spread it on thick and painted a rosy picture, every time I could. (And I was good at it.) I was a born salesman. I dressed in top fashions, spoke intelligently, and made you believe I was a man who knew what he wanted and also knew he was going to get it, no matter what. That's how I landed both my job and my beautiful wife.

Katie, felt by marrying me, she'd find the security, she'd never seen in her own life. Her own Dad and uncles, always lived week to week, and were constantly changing jobs and moving every 6 months or so. She'd seen enough of that. She saw in me, not the flash and glitter and glamorous life she might get from some of the elite and wealthy boys of our school, rather she saw in me a young man with drive and hunger for success. She also saw someone who wouldn't overshadow her or leave her when she drove me to that success. Our friends all told her she was nuts! They told her she

could be in the lime light with any of the Jocks! Several of them did in fact end up as professional Athletes. One in particular, the star quarterback, who was constantly pursuing Katie, ended up in the NFL. A fact that she was later to throw in my face many times, when things got bad.

At my new job, I rose to the top quickly. When things were good, they were very good. The company grew fast; we won huge contracts for millions of dollars. I was just a victim of being in the right place at the right time. Two of my largest accounts just took off like rockets. I got promoted without really lifting a finger, for the growth that I really had very little to do with. Bonus checks seemed to come one after the other.

Katie decided to finish her degree. We were as happy as any young couple could ever be. New cars, big new home, great vacations. Everything fell into place for us. I was leading a truly charmed life. Katie was in love with me and did everything a guy could ever ask for from a wife and lover.

What friends I did have couldn't believe my good fortune. "How did you ever land a Katie Farmer? She's only the most popular, most beautiful and the smartest girl on Campus. We thought?" They would tease me.

Her friends and piers as well as some of our mutual friends constantly echoed that same sentiment in reverse to Katie. "Why David? Katie you're way out of his league. You're so much better, and he's really not nearly good enough for you!" they would constantly tell her.

I often found myself just sitting and looking at her beautiful face and body, unable to stop starrng. She was so very beautiful and feminine. So poised and graceful. Katie was a Goddess. She was slightly taller than I at 5'7 ½ was". She wore her beautiful chestnut brown hair styled somewhat short. With full bangs to the top of her eye brows and the rest curled under framing her lovely head and leaving her ears show completely. She wore gold hoops and a diamond stud in each ear. Her 36-24-35 shape was all her, and turned heads every place she went. It wasn't until just recently that Dana, one of our mutual friends, pointed out that with the exception of Katie's curves, we were built somewhat alike and almost the same size.

With my job, came a health club membership for me and my wife. But, because of my lack of desire or interest in working out, Katie used it more than me, and the results were beginning to be quite noticeable. She was getting firmer and stronger all the time. Plus, along with the weights and working out, the club offered a self-defense class for women, which she signed up for and completed.

One weekend, we decided on the spur of the moment to fly to a little known Mexican resort, for a short five-day get away! Everything was rushed. Katie had heard of this place from a friend, through her brand new job as a Jr. Executive with one of the largest cosmetic firms in the country. She told me she had taken care of all the arrangements and called and got plane tickets from one of only two airlines to service this little out of the way and unknown resort! We called a cab, packed our clothes and called our respective employers and were standing on the porch all in less than one hour, ready for a new adventure.

When I saw the plane I wasn't very sure I wanted to go. It was old and very small. Even more of a surprise, there was another couple about our same age going to the same place on the same little plane. The plane only could seat four people plus the pilot. I don't mind telling you I was actually afraid to get on this odd looking little flying machine! I'm not really a good flier anyway, even on the big commercial planes.

So here we were taxing down the runway, with Katie holding me like a little boy, traveling with his Mommy, as we rose into the sky. I did eventually relax a little. Pam, the other lady on the plane said. "Your son doesn't like flying, I guess?" she said to Katie. Katie laughed out loud. "This is my husband, and NO, he's scarred to death to fly. I almost had to threaten to divorce him to get him to agree to come with me. Then I still had to literally drag him onto the plane!" she told the new acquaintance.

"Oh my goodness, please forgive me, I'm sorry, he was slumped down and looking so small, I mistook him for a boy of about 17 or so. I hope I haven't offended you or your husband." Pam said to Katie.

"Oh please, don't worry about it, actually I find the whole thing very funny," she mused. Then to David she said, "See David now don't you fell foolish. People, thousands of people fly all over the entire world, every single day. Pam's right, you looked like a child. Now sit up and relax and act your age, or maybe I'll start treating you like my little child." She winked at Pam and smiled.

The flight was calm and uneventful, though several hours latter the landing almost made him wet his pants, from fear. The plane rolled to a stop and the pilot opened the door himself. They climbed out and looked around them at the beautiful landscape. "Wow, this is like really wilderness, is this the whole resort?" David asked. "Yes sir, this is it, isn't it the most romantic place you've ever seen. It's so natural and untouched by big business and commercialism. Every thing you need to relax is right here. Food, drink, entertainment and peace and quiet to relax and enjoy each other in a tropical setting, with romance and erotic nights, and the warm salt air breeze. The main lodge is there." He pointed to the largest building in sight for miles around. "The 36 private hutches are spread all over." He told them. They really were, too! They were at least a football field apart, mixed in the tropical palms, all along the oceanfront. It looked like the only vehicles were, fancy decorated golf carts. Moving people back and forth.

One such cart pulled up to pick them up. They got in and the pilot said, "Please folks you go with Maria here. She'll get you signed in and get you to your hut, and show you where everything is. I'll get your luggage sent right to your hut. It will be there waiting for you." He told them.

Dave helped Katie into the back seat, then as he stepped up and tried to get in himself, his foot slipped and he fell. As he fell his back pants pocket caught on an object attached to the cart. It tore the seat right out of his pants completely, from pocket all the way to the back of the knee. Plus it tore his boxer underwear almost in two. Maria jumped out and helped him up. "Are you OK, sir?" She asked.

“Yes I think so.” David said suddenly realizing the condition of his clothes. Both he and Maria blushed, as he realized he was all, but completely exposed, both front and rear, from the waist down. Maria, reached into the cart and pulled out a grass skirt and without asking wrapped it around his waist. Katie stood laughing until she thought she'd fall over or pee her panties. “Are you OK, honey?” she asked. Dave just looked up embarrassed.

“Yes, nothing but, my pride and my pants are really hurting.” He said shyly.

They got checked in and were taken to their hut. It really was primitive, beautiful and romantic here. Katie, began teasing David playfully on the ride to the hut, by rubbing his thigh and she kept moving her hand higher and higher towards his groin and whispering naughty things she planned to do to him back in their cabin, into his ear.

Well now, David wasn't largely endowed down there. But, what he did have was causing him great concern and embarrassment, as it had never been harder than it was right now. And with only a grass skirt covering his naked body. The little guy was poking through the grass and out into the sunlight.

As soon as they parked he jumped out, hiding himself with his hands and ran into the hut, looking for his suitcase to get some new clothes to put on. With Katie laughing out loud at his modesty and comical behavior. She thought the whole affair was very funny.

Maria smiled at Katie. “Please enjoy yourself and have a great stay here with us,” she said and drove away.

David began looking all over the small hut, but could not find his suitcase anywhere. It looked like both of Katie's suitcases were sitting right at the foot of her bed. “Oh NO!” he said “Please don't tell me they lost my suitcase.” He told Katie. “NO silly are you blind or something, it's right there next to mine.” She pointed to the two bags, in front of them. “That's not mine, I have that big red tag with my name on mine.” He replied “Well it's not mine either. I only brought one suitcase with me.” She said to David.

“Oh great. Now what am I supposed to do for clothes?” he asked as he opened the odd suitcase and found nothing but, very feminine articles of clothing in the case. Along with make up, sandals, swim suits, curling iron and rollers, there were feminine panties, bra's, shorts, tops and all in hot pinks, yellows, purples, or reds, or florescent green.

“Relax honey, obviously they mixed up the suitcases at the airport. That looks like Pam's stuff. We'll just walk down to their hut, and switch them back. She's obviously got your case by mistake.” Katie told him.

“I can't even walk down there like this. I keep poking through the grass,” he complained. “That's easy to fix. Here, put these on until we retrieve your suitcase.” Katie said tossing him a pair of her own soft pink silk panties. He started to look at her and complain. “Don't even start. Now that's just being silly. Hey, it's those or go naked? Your choice!” she said.

He reluctantly pulled them on. But was embarrassed. They started walking to the hut. Pam and Bill were in. he noted how soft and slippery the panties were on his skin, and really the fit wasn't all that bad.

When they got to Pam & Bill's hut, the knocked and called out their names. "Just a minute." Someone called back and then they could hear a lot of scrambling around in there. Pam finally came to the door. Her hair was all messed up, leaving little doubt what they had just interrupted!

David said. "We're really sorry to bother you so soon, but, I believe they mixed up our suitcases, I think that this one must be yours, and that you probably have mine?"

"No, no that's not mine, and I don't have yours either, as we have already been into both of our suitcases to unpack and they are our correct bags. They contain only our own possessions, I'm sorry, but, there is no mistake here." Pam told him, just then they heard and then turned to see the plane flying overhead and out over the sea, heading back to the states. "They must have mixed them at the airport and there goes the plane. I heard Maria, tell someone that they were taking people back today and the plane would not return until the end of the week some six or seven days from now." Pam said.

Katie just smiled a knowing smile and gave a quick giggle. "Well Daphne, we'll just have to get by the best we can this next week. Just us two girls on this romantic Mexican island," he said.

"That's not funny Katie, I won't be able to leave the hut all week, without something to wear," David said, dejected.

"Oh, for crying out loud, don't be such a macho jerk David. Loosen up some. It's not like we're back in the big city or around your business piers! You'll just have to make the best of the situation. Laugh at yourself and have some fun with it. After all it would appear that there is very little if anything we can do about it.

"I'm telling you, we have earned this vacation, and I intend to have fun, with or without you. So don't take yourself so seriously! Because no body on this island cares one little tiny bit or probably even notices what you're wearing or not wearing. They are all here to relax and enjoy and make merry. They came to get away from the every day grind of worries and cares and the world of big bus, and rules and dress codes and the like. So lighten up and go with the flow." She warned him.

"Well that's really easy for you to say, seeing how it's not your clothes that are missing. It's rather embarrassing for a guy to have to run around in grass skirts and women's clothes." Dave said

"David Allen Clark, you had better get over it, I didn't lose you clothes and I'm getting tired of hearing you wine about it. Don't ruin this vacation for both of us." Katie told him.

They did get a hold of Maria and, NO, there were no other suitcases, and besides David and Katie, Pam and Bill were the only other new arrivals today. Unless, the bags

got mixed up with the people's who were leaving? But, that would do any good until the plane returns next week.

By dinner that night, David was starving, as he wouldn't go to the main lodge to eat lunch, as he was embarrassed and wouldn't be seen in the only clothes available to him. Katie did go to the lodge and inquire for him, about purchasing some male clothes, but, being such a new resort, they didn't have clothing set up for sale yet she was told.

Katie was quickly becoming impatient with his complaining and whining. As the evening meal grew closer, she told him. "I'm not going to spend my whole vacation in this beautiful and romantic resort, listening to you cry and complain about something completely out of our control. Now... put these on and let's go eat or you'll be sleeping on the sand of the beach tonight, and every night until we leave here." Then she added. "Now move.

Don't make me put them on you and drag you like a little girl." She warned him.

David was completely shocked. He'd never, before heard her speak to him in that tone. It put him off, but, he made up his mind, she couldn't speak to him that way. After all he was the MAN of their house. "Katie, I don't appreciate your tone of voice or having you talk to me that way. I'm your husband, not some subordinate at work that you boss around." He said with authority.

"Well, well, listen to you. You've been sitting around since this trip began, complaining and crying about everything, like a little girl. Now I'm to treat you like my big Man? Just get those clothes on Daphne darling, it's time to go to dinner." She ordered him.

"Don't make me get mad or keep pushing me on this Katie!" David replied.

"Or what? What are you going to do about it? Now you've pissed ME off and are ruining our first vacation. You get those clothes on, and let's go eat or I'll put them on you and add make up and style your hair too!" she warned him again.

"Then you can just go without me. I'm not wearing those clothes or leaving this hut!" he said defiantly. He had already missed lunch that day and was very hungry.

Katie walked quickly to him. He jumped and tried to pull away from her grasp. "Stop it Katie right now, I'm not playing around anymore. I don't want to hurt you but, there's now way that I'm going to..." He never finished the sentence. She pulled him up, spun him around forcing his arm up hard behind his back. He doubled over to relieve the pain. She pulled his arm harder bending him over completely. She sat down, pulled him over her knee, keeping pressure on his arm.

She spread the grass skirt, exposing his pantied ass and began spanking him. Here he was a 24-year old man bent over his beautiful and very feminine wife's knee getting a spanking like a little girl! She didn't stop either. He soon felt like a fire was starting on his ass. He refused to give in or break down. Katie grabbed a wooden spoon, by the handle and continued until he could take no more. He finally broke and the tears flowed and he cried out loud like a small child.

“I’ll ask you one time, are you going to put on the clothes I gave you or do you need more convincing that I’m not playing around anymore, plus you can go to bed hungry every meal until we leave here, but, you can’t live without food. Well___ what’s it going to be? Are you going to get dressed?” she asked.

He couldn’t take anymore. Never in his whole life did he ever remember a spanking like this. Not even as a small child, and he remembered his Mother spanking him. His ass was so hot and so sore. “OK... OK... I’ll do what ever you say. Just stop.

Please!” he begged her. Right then at that very moment, The most thrilling feeling of power and control swept through Katie’s body. She never felt anything like this before ever. It was an indescribable high. She immediately loved this feeling of control.

She gave him one more paddle, hard. “Are you going to stop arguing with me, and do as I tell you to do?” she asked him. “Yes Katie, I promise, please stop now!” he begged.

He picked up the hot pink shorts and pulled them on. He couldn’t button them himself as the button was on the left side and was very awkward for him. Katie helped him, by first buttoning up the button and then having him hold his stomach in while she pulled the zipper up. Then she handed him a matching pink sleeveless blouse top, which tied into a knot below the nonexistent breasts and just over his belly button. “Take those shoes off as they hardly go with your outfit!” she ordered pointing to his black men’s dress shoes. She then went through the mystery suitcase and came out with a pair of white leather strap sandals with an ankle buckle and open toes. David slowly put them on. “Stand up” Katie ordered. As he did she pulled the rubber band out of his ponytail. “My God, I hadn’t even realized, your hair is twice as long as mine! Well that’s convenient, as it will go with your temporary outfits! But, your leg hair will never do... That’s got to go. It looks gross with Hot pants, or short shorts! Come on, you still have half an hour until dinner is ready. Pull your pants down and remove your cute little sandals.” She demanded. “Katie, Please honey, what’s gotten into you. Please don’t make me do this!” he pleaded softly, not wanting to get her mad again.

“Don’t start again, I’m still upset with you, I’m sure you don’t want another spanking so soon, do you?” she warned. “You made this a big deal all on your own. So now I’ll just make the decisions.” She said firmly. He did as he was ordered to do. She pulled him into the shower and helped him lather up and shave from his waist on down, leaving not one single hair. Then she had him get dressed again. As they stepped out side the evening breeze made him feel positively naked. The night air blew right up the leg openings of the shorts, giving him goose bumps.

Tina was just pulling up in one of the Golf carts to take them to dinner. Dave wanted to just run out into the ocean and drown himself as Pam and Bill and another couple, Sue and Greg Thomas looked him over and tried not to smile or laugh.

Katie told them “He not like this normally, they lost his suitcase and there was nothing else the dear boy could wear.” She smiled.

“Tough break old boy.” Grey said. “Man I really feel for you. I’ll say this though. You’ve really got a tough set of balls, coming out here dressed like that. Hell, I’m sure

Bill here or myself would lend you something to wear, but, you're so small, our clothes would look like a dress on you, so I guess that wouldn't help any?" Greg told David.

"Daph... I mean David will be just fine. Who's ever suitcase he ended up with, packed enough stuff for two people, and we'll just have to make due. Plus I'll tell you two big fellas, if you insist on continuing to tease David, I'm sure between all of us wives here, we could help you join him or make you, otherwise sorry as hell you ever laid eyes on David. I know you know what I'm talking about!" Katie told them. Immediately both men looked away and put their arms around their wives. Each wife in turn got a smile across her lips. They rode to the main lodge with all sorts of new ideas bouncing around in their heads.

Dinner was unbelievable; Katie had to stop David from making up for lost time and the dinner table. "If you're going to wear those kind of clothes, you'll certainly have to watch your weight. Have more salad if you're still hungry. Maybe next time it's mealtime you won't give me a hard time about what you will or will not wear. He was so hungry, that at least for the time being filling his growling stomach was an even greater priority than how he was dressed. Throughout the meal, he became more aware that most people were paying absolutely NO, attention to him at all. So as time passed that evening, even though he felt odd and self-conscious, he realized the clothes were rather comfortable in the warm evening breeze.

They walked back to their hut along the beach. The smell of the fresh salt breeze and the sound of the tide crashing in on the beach were so refreshing and relaxing. The moonlight was bright and made Katie glow. The 40-minute walk made Dave forget about the awful day he'd just endured, and Katie's beauty, started another hunger of a different kind within him.

When they got inside the hut. Dave attempted to hug Katie and tried kissing her neck and ears. She pulled back. "Not so fast there, my love. You really made me mad and pissed me off all morning and most of the day, arguing and complaining. Until I'm forced to treat you as a Mother would a spoiled little girl who didn't get her own way. Then I had to spank you to get you to dress in the only clothes available to you at this time. For no fault of my own, and now you want me to make Love, like none of this ever happened." She said with a stern look on her face. "I don't think so. You're going to have to make up for getting me all upset before you climb back into my bed." She told the confused and now bewildered man.

"Katie, honey... I'm sorry baby. I was just so embarrassed I mean what kind of a man would go out in public wearing women's clothing. I'm your husband for God's sake; don't you want to be proud of me? I can't believe you'd want to be seen in public with your husband dressed in feminine clothes." He said.

Katie loved the new power she'd felt earlier having complete control over him. The power had been like an aphrodisiac to her. She sure didn't want to allow him to regain his balance. She knew he was on the brink and she didn't want him to regain self-confidence. "You call yourself a man? That's a laugh, you looked better in those little girly shorts and top than anything you own, and you're whining and complaining prove only that you are not confident in your own masculinity. I don't know if you no-

ticed or not, but, once we got to the main lodge, no one even raised an eyebrow towards you. Which only proves, that they all thought you were a lovely little lady. Just like you appear to be. A real man wouldn't worry about this situation. He'd be secure enough in his own masculinity to make the best of the situation. Just go with the flow and laugh at the whole thing. But, then again, your body is so small and petite, that the women's and little girls clothes are the only ones you can fit into properly." She said with a smirk.

"That's not funny Katie. That was humiliating, having to be seen in public wearing clothes that no one could mistake for anything but, ultra feminine, and yet looking like a male in all other aspects," he said.

"Well if that's all that's bothering you sweetie, we'll add make up and accessories and fix you up completely. That way you won't be humiliated or embarrassed by feeling like you're half and half!" Katie grinned from ear to ear.

"Come on Katie. Stop it, I'm not seeing the humor in all of this, that you seem to be having at my expense. Can't we find some male clothes for me to wear?" he begged.

"NO... there aren't any, anywhere here on this island that will fit your little petite body. Get it in your head, THESE ARE YOUR CLOTHES, until we get home next week!" said Katie, holding up items out of the suitcase full of feminine things.

"Come on Katie, I don't feel comfortable dressed this way." He tried telling her again.

"You know what, Daphne, I've heard all I want to hear about your sorry, pitiful problems. It seems you don't feel feminine so you can't wear girls clothes_ Is that it? Well, let's just take care of that and make you look more feminine, which will make you feel more feminine, and then you can quit crying over wearing your pretty little feminine outfits. Because you'll look, smell, and be FEMININE!" she said. "You might just as well get used to it right now! There's no choice sweetie, there is nothing else for you to wear, and if you even think of complaining, I'll spank you like a little girl until you can't sit down. Do I make myself perfectly clear?" she asked.

Dave was speechless and very embarrassed. He now had no doubt she could do as she said. But, the tiniest bit of male pride or ego that he had left made its last stand. "I want to go home. Now, Katie. I don't want to look or smell or be feminine. You've gone too far Katie. I really do love you, but this is way too much. You surprised me and caught me off guard last time, but don't try that again."

"Oh . . . Is that so? My little bitty husband wants to be a man now and take charge and be in control. You want to be a big macho grownup now? Well it's too late my little pet. I'm not willing to give you control, as a matter of fact. I've discovered that I like being in control. We've entered a new level in our relationship and our marriage. I think that from now on, I'll be making the decisions for me- for you - and for our marriage. You never were any good at making a decision on any issue. Well now you won't have to worry your pretty little head about it... I'll decide for you, and that will avoid all your problems and heartaches. I intend to start taking care of everything. You... Your going to finally learn to take orders and do as you're supposed to, or you're going to get

really tired of getting that cute little ass of yours warmed. No you won't be leaving and you won't be doing whatever you damned well please anymore. I am in charge now. You fight me and I promise you'll not only lose, but, I might just start you out as a little girl, dress you and treat you like my daughter. Wouldn't that be fun? She said, scaring the hell out him.

He got up and tried to get past her and out the door. Katie grabbed his arm, gave it a yank and pulled him completely around. Before he even knew what was happening, he felt the burn in his cheek, as she slapped his face hard. Then pulled him over her lap, and quickly began to spank his still very sore ass. He never knew what hit him. But, he realized almost immediately, he couldn't take much more of this. His ass began to burn with pain fast. Katie kept it up until once again she reduced him to tears. David broke down fast and his will to fight left him, he began to cry out of control.

When she finally stopped, Katie told him "From now on, you will do as I tell you. No more back talk, no arguing. Is this clear?"

"Yes, mmmmm..." he mumbled, barely audible.

"Speak up Daphne, I can't hear you, and we need to get this straight, right now. I do not want there to be any misunderstandings. So I'll ask again. IS THIS CLEAR? Or if you want to test me further, we can resume right where we just left off. I don't intend to have to yell and spank you everyday or every time I give you an order. You're going to learn very soon, that I, Katie Farmer, am in complete charge. And yes, that's right, I'm taking my maiden name back. ...Well what have you to say?"

"YES Katie," he said louder.

"Yes what sweetie?" She goaded him on.

"Yes, it's clear," he said, wiping tears from his eyes.

"What's clear, Daphne? Tell me, honey, so I know you truly understand."

"You're in charge and I'm to do what ever you say, without argument. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

"Don't go getting an attitude now, missy!" Katie warned. "It's really quite simple, you're really just not man enough to be in charge or make important decisions concerning your own life let alone mine or ours together. You couldn't even physically defend yourself against a little woman like me. So I'll be making the decisions for not only our lives but I'll decide what's best for you also until I think you can do it for yourself. Now I want no more whining and crying about your clothes. We'll just have to get by and do the best we can for the remainder of the vacation. Although I will say this, these clothes actually look better on you than most of the things you pick out to wear on a daily bases. ...Now let's get ready for bed. You may take those things off and I'll meet you in the bathroom. We might just as well get the remainder of that unsightly hair off of you. There's no sense in going around looking half man and half woman.

Dave was mentally beaten and for the first time in his adult life, he was physically afraid. He absolutely hated to admit this, even to himself but, Katie had hurt him physically and without hardly any effort. She'd made him believe she could and would hurt him physically, even more if he didn't do as she ordered him. So he thought he'd better just do as told until he could figure a way out of this nightmare. Katie rubbed a depilatory cream all over his small body, from the chin on down, sparing nothing and covering every inch of his body. He stood silently until the cream had done its job and was starting to burn a little. After stepping into the scented bath and whipping off the cream, along with every single hair on his body, Katie added some softening body oils to the water and had him just soak for a while.

She provided a lovely soft blue, silky nightgown for him to put on, after drying and powdering his now soft and completely hairless body. Goose bumps ran up and down his spine as the slippery material made contact with his smooth skin.

In the living room, tears filled his eyes as Katie, plucked his eye brows into high thin arches and then filed, shaped and painted not only his toes, but finger nails as well. Strawberry delight, was the color she chose, and it was very bright. Then she applied a matching lipstick and some gloss, which made his lips look creamy and rich, and oh so kissable. Something strange was taking place within Katie. She never thought about being attracted to another woman, but, she was suddenly aware of just how wet she now felt between her legs. Was it the feeling of power and control, or was it seeing her feminine little husband, looking so really pretty and soft and _ Well, Feminine, and womanly.

"How about a little snack before bed darling?" Katie asked.

"I guess," he answered without much conviction.

"Good. Come here and get on your knees." She ordered. Now in the past Dave had all but, refused to perform oral sex on Katie. He wouldn't have any thing to do with it. He looked up to Katie with pleading eyes. "Please Katie, you know how I feel about this, please don't make me do this." He said knowing full well what is was she was expecting him to do for her. "NO.

I guess I don't. Now I know David was a prude and a selfish macho jerk about eating at the Y. but, I intend to make sure that Daphne learns her proper place and duty to her mistress! She's even going to eventually learn to please her male escorts and dates but, that will all come later." She said.

"Now lick me, right here!" she ordered pointing to the hard little bud at the top of her vagina, hiding behind it's little hood. "Put some feeling into it Missy, you'd better start licking and sucking like it's the most important thing in this whole world to you, to make me HAPPY! Because if you don't make my pussy real happy. I swear to you. I'll go over and borrow both Bill and Greg and bring them back here and have one take care of you from each end, and then have them switch ends, until you get them off a couple of times each." She threatened.

He shuttered at the thought. Swallowed hard to get down the feeling of loosing his resent dinner, and really went to work with his inexperienced tongue and pretty red

lips. Katie had to keep pointing out how and what she wanted from him, but even she could not fault his effort. He poured a lot of energy into the task at hand. Her alternative warning scarred the living shit out of him.

Finally Katie got caught up in the throws of ecstasy and began to twitch and convulse. Her thighs involuntarily clamped down on his head, causing not only pain but, making it hard to breath. Finally totally spent from an absolutely wonderful orgasm. Katie relaxed and collapsed back on the couch. It was as much from the feelings of power and control, as the delicious, tingling feelings of physical pleasure, that thrilled her and took her over the top, to the most intense orgasms she'd ever had.

After putting herself back together, she told David to go wash-up for bed. She helped him remove the make up and cleanse his face properly. He lay there for a long time before falling asleep.

The next morning he woke only to find out it wasn't a bad dream and the nightmare continued. As he swung his legs out of the bed, his bright red toenails were the first things he noticed. Then as he started to rub the sleep from his eyes, he noted his bright shinny Red fingernails as well.

Just then Katie walked in. "Well good morning_. Sleepy head. Glad to see you're finally up and ready to join the living again. Hurry up and jump in the shower, we've only got an hour if you want to catch breakfast. I'm sure you remember yesterday, and how hungry you can get if you miss these wonderful tropical meals." She reminded him.

His ass still hurt as he scooted off the edge of the bed. A very real reminder of the spankings he'd endured yesterday. So he hurried into the bathroom to shower, not wanting to provoke Katie into a repeat of that awful experience. He still couldn't believe in his heart she'd handled him so easily, but, the pain in his ass, was knowledge enough to not test her again at this time. Katie had planted the seeds of fear in his mind.

Katie helped him dry off and then powdered his whole body with a fragrant floral powder. "This is going to be such a fun day. One I think I shall always remember. This is turning out to be the best vacation in my whole entire life." She said smiling from ear to ear. "We've got to get a move on though. First breakfast at the lodge, and then at 9:30 I was able with some fancy talking and finagling to get you an appointment at the salon. We've just got to do something with your hair." She said lifting some hair in her hand. David started to say something and Katie cut him off...

"Tut. . . . tut_not now we don't have time." As she handed him some silky pink panties, followed by some bright pink hot pants that barely pulled up over his hips! They had a shiny two inch white leather belt with a big silver buckle. Then she surprised him. "Hold still, Daphne honey. You aren't going to believe what I've found. One of the native girls had these left to her by her Mother. A little asking and snooping around and voila!" she said, holding up two very real looking breasts. They were mastectomy forms.

“These are going to be so great. Now all of your pretty little clothes will fit you perfectly and look so very natural on you, that you won’t have a thing to worry about even your own Mother wouldn’t recognize you,” she smiled.

“Katie...” He started to say.

“Don’t thank me, honey. I could tell you felt awkward yesterday, looking half and half, but, today that all changes,” she said, spreading something on the inside of the breast form, in her hand. Before he could move, she pressed the breast right over his own and onto his chest.

“Put your hand right here and hold it firm without moving it!” she ordered, and went about preparing the second breast. Then she positioned it on his chest so the pair looked as natural as if they had grown there on their own. The adhesive she was using was guaranteed not to come off, without the special dissolving agent. Katie took the powder puff and patted some powder around the edges and you couldn’t tell that the perfectly shaped breasts were not the real things. She helped him put on a pink halter top, which really showed off his new curves and plenty of cleavage. Next she had him sit on the stool at her vanity. She brushed his rather long brown hair back and put a full hair band over it and pushed it into place to hold his hair back from hanging in his face.

Then she added a quick but light makeover to his feminine looking face. His newly shaped, and thin, and highly arched eyebrows, truly changed any resemblance of masculinity to a very soft and feminine looking face. She added lipstick and touch of gloss, then handed him the white strap sandals from yesterday!

Just then Maria pulled up with the golf cart. Katie pulled Daphne to his feet and out side to their waiting ride. Pam and Bill and Greg and Sue, were waiting open mouthed and wide eyed, as Katie and Daphne approached. “OH MY GOD, Man what have you let her do to you?” Bill said, laughing. Pam poked him as hard as she could in the ribs.

Katie looked right into Bills eyes. “Do you remember what I told you yesterday, William?”

“Yes I do, but, Hell would freeze, before I’d stand still and let you do that to me!” he said boldly and confidently.

“Don’t bet the farm on it honey. You don’t have a clue!” Katie warned.

Pam jumped in.

“One more word Bill and you’ll be sleeping on the beach the rest of this trip.” She grabbed her husbands cock and balls and squeezed. “Do I make myself perfectly clear?”

“Yes honey, I’m sorry, Ma'am.” Then he sat back down and put his arm around Pam and just kept quiet.

Katie only let Daphne have a little breakfast, telling him he needed to lose a few lbs. He had only just finished his orange juice when Katie told him they had to go.

They walked from the lodge to the salon. David thought it very strange that this big, beautiful romantic resort island would have a beauty salon, two very well stocked boutiques, a jewelry store and souvenir shops galore, yet not have a place he could buy men's clothes that would fit him and thus end the most embarrassing ordeal of his life.

Plus, worse yet, now that this whole situation has arisen. He could see the change that came over Katie, almost from the first minute, he was made to put on, the very first feminine articles of clothing. He prayed with all his might this would all end with the close of their vacation. It had to. Surely to God, she'd come to her senses. She had to know he couldn't keep this up and go into work this way? Especially being in management. He was expected to dress and behave in a certain way with class and dignity.

But, deep in the back of his mind, worry and doubt were building up. Katie, had gotten a taste of this power and control, and had turned into someone he didn't even know or recognize! She'd gone MAD with this control thing. Plus she'd demonstrated a physical strength that both surprised and scared the hell out of him. She'd made him believe she could take him, anyway she wanted to and with considerable ease.

His thoughts were broken as Katie took him into the salon and ordered him to sit, while she spoke to the owner of the shop. She returned to Daphne and told him, "Don't speak unless you're spoken to. I left specific instructions for your treatment. Don't give them any trouble or back talk, because if I get any complaints at all on my return. Trust me... you'll regret it for a long time, to come. Just sit back and enjoy the pampering attention, they are going to shower you with, and I'll be back to get you in a hour or so."

He just looked up at her eyes!

"Do you understand?" Katie demanded an answer.

He shook his head yes. Katie reached down and took his chin in the palm of her hand like you would a child. She lifted his head up so their eyes met. She raised her one eyebrow. He got her silent message.

"Yes Katie, there will be no trouble or problems."

"Good," she said and kissed him on the forehead and turned and winked at Connie, as she walked out.

He was laid back and his hair was washed and rinsed. Then he was sat up and Connie began applying other smelly creams and then put plastic on his head and pulled several strands of hair through the small holes. Next she brushed a different smelly cream on with what looked like a toothbrush. This took quite a bit of time to complete.

After an hour passed, he was moved under a big hair drier for 20 minutes. Then she washed and rinsed his hair again. Then Evon, one of the stylists, came over and combed all of his hair out. She parted it down the middle and then scribed a line across the top and front, combing this hair straight forward. Then she began to trim. She cut across his forehead, just about eyebrow level, creating perfect bangs.