

The Viral Woman



Annie Warren



A "New Woman" Novel



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The Viral Woman

by Annie Warren

CHAPTER 1: Telling on June

O'Keefe's was not really what you would call an intimate restaurant. But, at times, it was a heck of a good spot to go women watching, or even possibly to pick up an interesting date. The fact that I was married did not make any difference to me, and, as often as not, it didn't to them.

On that evening when things began to change, I had spotted this really nice woman with a great figure that was shown off to perfection in a dress that was cut just for that display. Her cleavage was deep, framed by the gown and accentuated by a pendant on a thin chain of gold that formed a secondary 'V' that shuddered enticingly with her every move.

She was obviously alone and in need of some companionship, mine.

Mary, my wife, had thrown me out of the house again on some flimsy pretext or other, and so I was off “sulking”. (Or should I say skulking?)

Instead, I wished I could have been home alone, with her out of the house, so that I could dress. But, tonight she ruled our roost, or so I thought. Meanwhile, there was this gorgeous women to be considered...

I had noticed her early on and now had her attention. Well, she was well aware that I was there and doing some not discrete staring, mostly at her marvelous display of excellent cleavage. We had both paid our bills and she almost seemed to be waiting, or so I thought. Just as I was about to make my move, something happened that would change the whole course of events.

Within the range of my vision was the front door. I had been interrupted several times by the entry of new patrons.

But, just then, as I was steeling myself to make my move, who should come in but Mary and June. She had not stayed home after all, but had gone out with June, of all people.

I don't know how many times I had told June that he just could not pass in public, but he had ignored me more than once. So, here he was again, an extremely poor image of a woman. So obviously a man dressed up in ill-fitting dress, makeup and wig. He stood out like a sore thumb. Now, to make things worse, he was with MY wife.

The fact that I was about to make a move on another woman did not alter that fact; however, I couldn't make a move with them there to possibly interfere. There was one easy way to handle it; though I

felt like a rat in blabbing on a close friend on a TV venture out.

I simply signaled the waiter and told him that there was a man dressed as a woman sitting at a table in his restaurant. He would eventually have seen June, but might not have acted unless another patron complained. I didn't complain, but my attention was tantamount to a complaint, and so he acted.

When I looked again at my conquest, it was plain that she had heard my report, for she was now staring at me with a somewhat startled, if not angry, look on her face.

Meanwhile, the waiter went to the table where June and Mary were sitting and told them to leave in not too friendly, nor quiet tones.

They stood up and, although I tried to disappear, I did not duck fast enough, as they both saw me. June even pointed at me. There was no question about their knowing that I had blown the whistle on them.

To make matters worse, my conquest got up, having paid already, and headed for the door just as they did. Worse yet, she caught up with them near the door and talked to them with brief glances in my direction as they exited together, now a trio instead of a couple.

After this episode, I knew that not only would Mary be even more angry, but I had also alienated Jack, a good friend (now a former friend?). Then again, I had my own question to answer for myself of what was she doing with him and what was she doing with him out in public dressed as he was. Although I did not have too many legs to stand on, I had some. Besides, I had warned him many times about his poor image.

Even in the company of Mary he was a poor excuse for a woman.

Well, my set up to watch and maybe pick up a night's entertainment was shot and the fact that I was spotted by them did not help further thoughts of conquest. Also, my date-to-be had probably spilt the beans about my ogling and probable preparation for making a move on her. So I took a quick option and went home, hoping I'd get there before she did. No doubt, they'd go off and lick wounds and sip alcoholic liquids to boot. So, I went home to a quiet house and, knowing what would happen if I did otherwise, went into the guest room and went to bed, early as it was.

I awoke the next morning to the smell of coffee. All seemed to be normal.

She had not come in and screamed at me, as she had on some of my other "nights out", (forced out or otherwise).

I got up and cautiously tested the waters finding them to be quite amicable. So I sat down to my "usual breakfast" and small talk. I did not ask about her and June and she did not ask about my would-be conquest that I know she had been told about, albeit probably speculatively. The conversation was light, but avoided what we probably really had on mind.

Don't get me wrong! I love Mary and wouldn't leave her, but there are times when I need to get out and do something "different". And so, there was now an uneasy truce and things went on "as usual". I even got back into our bedroom that evening and evenings to come.

Mary wanted a child in the worst way, but I refused. Was she with Jack in relation to that question? It was another question to ponder, but neither of us mentioned the events of that evening and things seemed to get back to normal.

Well, things weren't exactly normal.

Mary seemed to have something that she was not talking about, that concerned me, and was mixed up with that evening, or something. Was she pregnant or worse? Was she going to run away with Jack?

After a week, I decided to call Jack and see if I could patch things up with him. Enough time should have passed that he would be over his anger, or at least it would be to a level that we could talk and reason. After all, I HAD warned him before! So I called him at work.

When the phone was picked up, I immediately said, "Jack?" There was no immediate response; the phone appeared to be dead except for some background noise that said I had connection.

"Hello? Are you there? Jack?"

"Yeah. What do you want?" There was a definite edge on his voice. For sure, he had recognized my voice.

I had expected the edge and now had to try and soften it.

"Hey, man, I thought we could get together and talk this thing out."

"What's to talk about? You got me thrown out of *O'keefe's*. Didn't even give me a chance."

“Jack, old man.” *Oops! that’s a term he doesn’t like.* “If June could have passed in any way, then the waiter would not have been so loud and positive. Look, girl,” *That’s it, try to soften him up a bit, play up to him.* “So far, you just do not have a passable public image. You don’t make the concessions that that image demands!”

“I suppose you do? I didn’t see YOU dressed that night.”

I wanted to keep Mary out of it if I could. Especially over the phone where there was no easy give and take. Biting that bullet, I replied, “OK, so I wasn’t dressed. It wasn’t a free night. If you ever get married, then you’ll know what I mean.”

There was a prolonged pause.

“Well, I’ll face that bridge when I cross it. Okay, I guess I’ll see you. But I am starting a three weeks’ vacation tomorrow. You kind of devastated me that night, whether you know it or not. I’ll pass and make it yet, you know.”

“If you try it again, Jack, then be careful. It could get you into a lot of trouble.”

There was a soft laugh, then “We’ll see.” There was a long pause. “Tell you what. How about three weeks from, say, the night before last, in the same restaurant. How about at seven. But, be patient, I may be a bit late.”

“Sounds great. Okay. See you then?”

“Yeah, see you then.”

There was a click.

He would talk, but I'd have to wait until he had had most of his vacation first. *Okay, if that's the way he wanted it, that's the way it would be.*

I didn't want to lose his friendship despite his total inability to pass as a woman in public coupled with his even stronger desires to do just that!

I'd just have to bide my time.

CHAPTER 2: June's surprise

A week later, Mary went to visit a friend of her's and stayed over.

That meant a night of dressing. Not enough to really go out, for she did not give me a chance to prepare, only told me that night. But with the chance of a full night, I could and did go all the way, digging out my whole wardrobe, wig, cosmetics, the whole bit.

By the time I was dressed to the nines, knowing that I looked every inch a woman, it was too late to do anything about it.

I wish I had been able to tell Mary so I could do it openly, but any approaches to the subject had been scotched by her. That was one of the reasons I was so puzzled by her being with June.

He could do it and she went along, but I could not even bring up the subject. Perhaps it was because she was married to me and not him?

Anyway, it was a fun night even if I was alone.

And yet? She had been with June.

Had he told her of my clandestine dressing up, perhaps in revenge for my telling on him? If so, she

had not said anything. There was no attitude change. Yet, she seemed to be “holding something” out of my sight. If she had wanted to catch me dressed, she only had to come home early if it had been a bogus date with her friend. But, she did not come home early and the night was mine, though I did not know what was on her mind.

This was a puzzle, and I was uneasy with it. But I could not force it. I had no answers, wasn’t even sure of the questions.

She had gone out with him dressed as a woman, but I couldn’t even broach the subject?

It was strange, but I had no choice. To try and broach the subject of dressing, now, could be dangerous to my marriage.

I had even thought of trading. My dressing for her having a child. But, had rejected it as I just didn’t want a child, not at this time in my life.

I wanted more freedom.

I kept quiet. I had to play it cool until I found out more of what was going on, or at least found out how to find out.

Finally, the night came when I was to meet Jack.

I went to the restaurant early and placed myself for girl watching as well as watching the door to see when Jack came in, so that I could signal him as to where I was.

When I had mentioned to Mary that I was going to see Jack, she simply said OK and that was that. After all, I had done it often enough before, only she didn’t know that we would often dress on our meetings.

Jack just didn't seem to learn how to do it well enough to pass.

When I arrived, there was already a number of lovely women. But, as usual, most of them were with male escorts.

The hour came and no Jack. Half an hour later, a couple came in that piqued my curiosity. Both the man and the woman looked familiar, but I could not quite place them.

They scanned the room and then took a table adjacent to mine in line with where I was facing, almost as if to tease me and my memory.

Try as I might, I could not recall their faces though both were so familiar.

He was taller than she was with strong masculine lines.

She, on the other hand was a sort of petite woman with a dynamite figure that was well shown by the semi-tight dress and the well-turned cleavage that lay, unfortunately or fortunately, as the case may be, in my line of sight.

I did a good bit of ogling while they sipped their drinks.

After another half an hour of waiting for Jack, I was getting impatient and this couple was noticing my staring; which was, at times, far from discreet!

Finally, I decided that he was not going to show and I stood up to go.

At that point, the man stood up and came over to me.

“I say there, would you care to join us? We noticed your interest and feel that we have something that may be of interest to you.”

“Uh, well, I was expecting to meet someone here, but he didn’t show. I really must be going.”

“This won’t take but a couple of minutes. I’ll buy you a drink, if you want to wait a bit longer.”

A free drink? Well, why not.

Maybe Jack would still come in. It sure would beat sitting alone. I went with him to the table where he ordered me a drink from the waiter as I sat down.

“First off, may I present my companion, whom you have been watching most of the evening with a very unguarded interest. It’s a name that you may well be familiar with. Her name is June.”

This was followed by what can really be called a pregnant pause as I did what can only be called a colossal double take as I looked again at this vision of loveliness.

The lips? Well could be but he had never been able to achieve that fullness, even with some chemicals. The eyes? Yes, there was that look now colored widely by an inner mirth that caused them to twinkle like his had never done, but was it him, or her?

Now I knew why she had looked familiar.

But the hair was longer and looked to be obviously all her’s (his?) and not a wig. It was also obviously permed and had been dyed, if that was indeed Jack under all of that. Her ears were double pierced; Jack had never done that, or had he?

Looking downwards I came to THE stumbling block, or should I say, a set of stumbling blocks. This woman was shorter than Jack, by a whole bunch of inches. That could be a trick of perspective, or how she was sitting; but, on her chest were the incontestable breasts of a woman!

There was no hair. Jack had steadfastly refused to shave his chest, arms or legs. But there was the texture of the skin that I could observe from her shoulder well into her swelling cleavage and even some on the side.

The dress was thin enough to show the lace of her bra and slip and still have the unmistakable lump where a full nipple had to be. If they were pads, they were the most cleverly constructed and convincing pads I had ever seen. When she moved, they moved with her in all the right ways.

I know, I have stared and “studied” enough to spot even the best falsies now on the market. My only conclusion was that they were real, but... on Jack?

All of this wasn't making too much, or any sense.

When she spoke, there was the soft lilt of a soprano, the unmistakable tones of a woman's voice. Jack could never get those tones as his voice was too low.

“So, you're not convinced. I can see it in your eyes. This is Larry, my companion for the evening. He came so that I would not have to be in this restaurant alone with you here, in case you wanted to blow the whistle on me again. Sorry I was late.”

She smiled at me and took a sip of her drink. The hand holding the stem of her glass was slender with long red painted nails. Jack could never get fake



nails on for more than 15 minutes before he managed to knock them off. And, on the third finger left hand were two rings, one plain the other with a good sized stone.

Was he married? Was Larry his/her husband?

It couldn't be! I knew he was somewhat bi, closer to being a frustrated transsexual, but I don't think he could have done such a move. No way could surgery be done that quickly that completely! He must be using the rings as a prop, or was he?

"June? Jack?" I finally got my tongue back but was unsure what to ship to it. "Is that really you?"

She smiled another warm smile at me, another action that I felt that Jack had been incapable of doing. It always came out looking somewhat ludicrous coming from the man who was obviously dressed as a woman. But, now the smile was warm and totally feminine. If the woman I had seen the night I had turned June in had smiled that smile, I could well have ignored June when he came in and made my moves anyway. Worst of all, I was reacting sexually to this person, who was oozing femininity.

How had he done it in less than three weeks?

"Of course it's me. Oh, I do look a bit different, and have learned from Larry a whole new set of actions on how to move, talk and project. Not bad, eh? And you said that I'd never be able to pass?"

I gulped my drink and stared at her cleavage. No, I could not say his cleavage, as this was not even in the ballpark for description.

“Yes, June, you sure have changed. How did you do it? I’d like to do some of those things myself if I could.”

“We just may let you. I’m afraid that this meeting is a bit of revenge for your telling on me. I want you to know and to see what I CAN do when I put my mind and, uh, body to it. We’re not going to tell you how just yet. But tell you what. You meet us here 3 days from now, same time.

“Be sure to take at least a three week vacation and also be sure to leave Mary behind. If you want, you can say that you and I are going fishing. I can’t promise you success, but I’m pretty sure you will do okay.”

Since they had already finished their drinks and paid, they stood up and I saw that indeed she did appear to be many inches shorter!

How could she ever have accomplished that?

She was right!

I was intrigued, puzzled and knew that I would be there to see how she had done those things, made those changes and if and/or how she was going to change back!

They left the restaurant, with her on his arm.

He had spoken to me initially and then hadn’t said another word.

She swished in her short dress as Jack had never done. Her high heels helped, I’m sure. But, everything about her from a fatter, more feminine butt to the obvious breasts that had swayed enticingly when she moved had all spelled woman.

No! It had to be spelled WOMAN!

She had incredibly high heels, for Jack. Yet, she was still short and I could detect no bend of knee or other tricks. The puzzle deepened.

I knew I would spend 3 days on pins and needles, waiting to find out just what her secret was.

CHAPTER 3: A Meeting and A Tease

Mary gave me a particularly hard time about going off on a vacation without her. It didn't matter that she worked too and did not really want to delve into her vacation time for a "fishy trip".

But I did manage to get the time off, really no problem.

The way they treated my request for the vacation, in fact, implied that they were even having a hard time thinking about my coming back to work.

There is nothing like job security...I wish I had some!

And so I was there, when June came into the restaurant. Alone, as promised.

Damn! And how she came in.

Her dress was almost off the shoulder. It was obvious she did not have a bra on, unless it was strapless. The dress was black to give a contrast with her pale breasts. Her 4 inch heels clicked loudly in my ears as she undulated over to me, very sexily.

A lot of the men got an eyeful of those jiggling orbs, wishing no doubt that she would hold her hands up so that they could pop out.

Her makeup was flawless if a bit on the heavy side, though she had always gone for heavy makeup (rarely put on correctly!).

She came over to my table and ordered a drink.

I renewed mine, it was almost empty anyway.

After some small talk that avoided the burning question in my mind, the drinks came. I was about to take a sip of mine, when her hand went to my wrist stopping me.

“Do you really want to try this kind of transformation?”

I looked again at her bulging chest that rose so obviously above the neckline of her dress and at the deep cleavage that seemed almost to go from nipple to nipple.

Not only had she a marvelous body now, but she was flaunting it for all she was worth before my drooling eyes, drooling figuratively for both the possession of that body in sex AND for being able to “wear” what she had on.

Damn! I had an erection from what I was seeing and from a desire to be able to emulate it myself. It was a terrible mix. I really wanted her in bed in spite of the fact that I knew it must still be Jack in there somewhere.

To her question, however, there was no doubt.

“You know I do. It’s not all I want, but it will do to start.”

When I said this, there was a definite twinkle in her eye!

She reached into her purse and pulled out a small jar about the size of a baby foods jar. She put it on the table. In it was a liquid that was apparently somewhat viscous and greenish, like a thin lime drink.

“To prepare yourself, you have to drink this. It isn’t poison, but does not taste too good. Simply stated, if you don’t drink, you don’t get to try anything.”

My ogle had returned to her chest, so she added, “and I do mean ANYTHING.”

I thought she was reading my mind.

But, she knew what I was thinking without any ESP, by just looking at my face. She had seen that expression often enough when we were out on male forays (i.e. woman hunting while dressed as men).

I picked up the bottle and unscrewed the cap and put it to my nose. Probably a mistake. But I was curious. It did smell bad in an undeniable way.

“You sure this is not a put-on, a furthering of your revenge?”

“Most assuredly.”

She interlaced her fingers and put her chin on them with her elbows on the table.

I had noticed how long and how red her finger nails were, but in this proximity to her lips I saw how garishly red they were too. Perhaps Jack was prodding me more since he knew how much of a turn on these were to me both sexually and in the wearing. All of my own lipsticks and finger nail polishes were red-reds, bright and vibrant; just like she was wearing.

Oh yes, they were turn-ons, and come-ons.

I eyed the bottle suspiciously; then her, just as suspiciously. But. I saw no way around it. If I wanted to find out I would have to do as she said. I took the bottle in my right hand, my drink in my left, and then threw the vile liquid down my throat. following it quickly with a generous portion of my drink to kill the taste. It was almost quick enough, but I still gagged a bit on the foul tasting stuff. I could still taste it and so, more or less, swilled my drink in my mouth and swallowed several times to get it out, or at least to bring it to a less than nauseous level.

“There, you did it. Now, did that hurt?”

“I don’t know yet, my system is still evaluating it. What was it?”

“I’ll tell you later. It was necessary, however, before anything else could happen.” She looked at her watch, an elegant, slim lined, woman’s watch. “Let’s eat; I’m a bit hungry.”

And so, I ordered a new drink and some food.

We ate but she fended off all questions.

Watching her, I knew that it was Jack. He looked so feminine. Had learned how to move femininely. But, there were those little things that still spelled “Jack”. He had learned much, but still ate like a man. Of course, in that lush body, who would notice?

We then had some more drinks, that we lingered over.

She told me of some of the escapades that she had been enjoying. She was teasing and taunting me. She told of her visit to the beauty parlor, something that I had never done. There they had given her the works to include piercing her ears. She told of shopping for

her new body, from the lingerie boutiques to the dress shops to the shoe stores to get high heels. She had become enamored of high heels.

Of course, she punctuated these tales by raising a dainty foot to show the height of the heel, or wiggling her shoulders when describing dropping her new assets into a slinky, silky bra and feeling the tautness of the support as she clipped it in back and adjusted the bra straps. Of course, this would set her tits to wobbling and there was no doubt from her description that they were real.

She was systematically turning me on and she knew it.

I had an erection that was almost painful.

She smiled, winked and brushed my hands, or arms.

Where had she learned these things?

Jack would never have touched me.

I knew of his bisexual nature and he knew my state, and so he had never touched me before.

On the other hand it was not that much that she was doing, just a few “tricks” with a lot of repetition, but it was very effective. She would occasionally look at the minuscule watch on her wrist. When she saw me looking at her looking at it, she explained that it was a gift from Larry.

It was getting late.

We had been in that restaurant 3 hours and the waiters were looking daggers at us even though we continued to order drinks and occasional snacks.

Finally, she suggested that we leave to go to her place where she would give me more information and maybe even a demonstration. When I stood up she remarked with a crooked smile, looking down at my bulging crotch suggestively, that I should perhaps go to the rest room first to relieve my “problem”.

I looked down and saw how much my pants were tented and did as she suggested, even though I thought she would run out on me.

But, she was waiting when I returned, somewhat but not totally relieved. She picked up her purse and very femininely put her arm on my elbow in a very femininely submissive way.

With such a pretty creature at my side, I could only bend my elbow to take her hand and we left. From my vantage point above her, since she was shorter than I was, this illusion still held. I could easily look down into her cleavage and watch those tits wobble and shake. Again I knew there was no way that they could be fake.

How was he going to go back to work in a couple of days? Or had he quit his job and taken on another one? Was I to be one of her “clients”?

The way she was acting and turning me on I was beginning to think that that was perhaps what had happened.

And so we went out into the night.

I know I was the envy of many of the men there!

CHAPTER 4: Seduction?

As we left *O'Keefe's*, she was clutching my arm tighter than Mary ever did. Then again, there was that jiggling that I could see even in the darkness outside the restaurant and that I could also almost feel.

The longer this game went on, the more I wanted to know the secret. But also, I was having some very carnal ideas about her. I was wondering how deep the changes went. If they went “all the way”, then that was where I was planning on going too... all the way.

And, I even had the answer to the “your place or mine” question!

She said that we would have to take my car as she could not drive in her “condition”. She didn't have a license for the new image. She said that Larry had dropped her off. As we walked towards my car, I had to keep reminding myself; *This is Jack, not June, this is Jack not June.*

As we drove, she played havoc with my already aroused state by tickling my ear, running a long red fingernail up and down my leg, and more.

I had to repeat to myself again... *This is Jack NOT June...* But, my conviction was flagging. If he'd been a woman, I would not have gotten to her place. But, would have pulled over and screwed her then and there. Then again, I could probably not know how she, or he, did what she did.

If it makes her that horny, maybe I shouldn't go through with it? This is a quandary!

We arrived at Jack's place. She got her key out of her purse and we went in. In it were some of Jack's clothes, barely visible under the mounds of women's clothing on chairs, tables, on the floor, draped here, there everywhere. It was an extensive wardrobe considering the temporariness of his state, whatever that may be. She closed the door and faced me, body practically quivering with sexual excitement.

"Okay. What do you think? Am I real or what?"

I looked over at her.

She had the look of a hot, wanton woman.

I'd seen enough of them and he knew it. It is one of those looks that would be hard to fake. What with her teasing, I would say she was hot to trot. But I'm a guy and she's a guy, or?

"Yes, June, for once you look real."

She slunk towards me.

"You're about to find out how much. And yes, it is a part of finding out how I did it."

She was up to me, looking up into my eyes. She pursed her lips and reached up and pulled my head down to her's and kissed me long and deep.

I had the urge to pull away, but in her current body and all, I was kissing a hot woman and could only respond in kind.

Finally she broke it and smiled up at me.

"You really do want to know what I did, don't you?"

Again, a smile and a twinkle in the eye.

“Let me get some drinks and then we can go into the bedroom for the next step.”

She went to a cabinet, undraped it and pulled out some bottles and went into the kitchen, where she mixed some drinks and put ice in them and gave me mine. She then drew me into the bedroom. There were more dresses, skirts, blouses, plus tons of lingerie. But, there were no falsies, no padded girdles, none of the accouterments that one would expect of a crossdresser.

She put her drink on the bedside table and then came over and took mine and put it next to her's. Oddly enough, she pulled off her rings and put them on the table too.

I could see that they had made an impression in her fingers.

She had been wearing them for some time. She returned to me and kissed me again. This time, when she broke, her hands began undoing my clothing.

“You're going to have to get a lot more comfortable to really find out.”

When I started to bat her hands away she persisted saying, “You can do mine, if you want to.”

It was strange. This was Jack undoing my male clothing while I started undoing his, or was it hers? It had to be hers that I was undoing. The zip came easily down the dress and it was an easy pull to let it drop, with her help, to the floor. I was entranced!

She was wearing a strapless demibra for the low cut of the neck line, but it was black with almost half lace cups. There was no mistaking the dark shadow of the large aureole around the pert, nipples that

were standing at attention. I was staring at them as she pulled my shirt off and dropped it unceremoniously on the floor.

As soon as my arms were free, I reached around her, nipping her on the side of the neck as I did, and unhooked the bra letting it drop to the floor soundlessly.

Damn! Either these were the most perfect pads ever perfected or they were what they obviously seemed — real breasts!

She smiled and then bent a bit and kissed and nibbled one of my male nipples.

I couldn't pass up an invitation like that and so, both of us bare to the waist, I bent down and did the same. The feel, the taste and the reaction in that lithe body all spelled the same.

These were no pads! These were the real thing! But how? Now I really had to know!

She undid my pants and they dropped to the floor.

Breaking a delightful hold on her nipple I looked down and noted a smooth contour where there should have been a lump.

But, this was a common type of "hide the goodies" that most clever cross dressers have long since mastered.

Only Jack had not been clever and had sometimes gone out with that lump showing to some degree.

I had to know and so hooked the thumbs and pulled her black pantyhose and lacy black panties down. As I did, I bent down and examined the crotch,

more out of curiosity than desire, but then the desire raged forth.

HER crotch was just that! The triangular patch of hair holding the obvious lips and whatall of a vaginal opening. When I got too close she quickly pulled my head into her crotch and it crashed amid that familiar odor and feeling.

What HAD SHE done!?! No surgery could ever do this and heal so quickly! This was an indubitable SHE, for all that my experience could tell me!

“Now you can guess why I’ve brought you here. I’ll tell you the secret, but first we have to do some satisfying...”

She released me and I stood up and looked into her eyes. There was a lust there that I had seen before in women, but not in men!

We then quickly skinned out of our shoes and socks (hose) and she pulled down my shorts as my erection was threatening to tear a hole in them!

She tickled it just a bit with her long nails and I almost blew my wad then and there, but her caresses were brief and only strengthened my erection. She easily pulled me over to the bed and we fell easily into it and I rolled over on top of her. Her legs immediately separated and I easily slipped into position. With her hands doing a bit of guiding we had a fantastic bout of sex with me emptying a tremendous amount into her moist, warm, inviting vagina.

God it felt good! She felt good!

I began to think some alien had taken over Jack’s mind and put it into this woman’s body!