

DRESSED FOR SEX

By Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATED BY T. F. MORGAN

TWO 'ADULT TV' STORIES

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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SUTTON'S FAMILY TREASURES

By Patricia Smith

CHAPTER 1

I have to thank my wife for a lot of things. As my story will show you, she was doing things for me long before we ever got married. But I'm getting ahead of myself here. This story starts years after she passed away.

I had been doing a slow change for the past few years and felt it was time to speed things up a bit. The female hormones I were on had given me small but real breasts and I felt much more confident now with living full time as a woman. I now wore a size A cup bra and could fill the cups without any padding although I longed for the day I could wear a size D cup, also without any padding.

My oldest friend at that time, a judge, had helped me to legally change my name and sexual designation before he passed away. The judge helped me with a lot of things in the few short years I had known him. I was medically still a male with the working parts of a male but was legally a female. I lived totally as a female all the time.

Another long time friend and my personal beautician, Connie, had been doing a lot of work with me for the past few years. I didn't like to have any body hair showing anytime or anywhere and shaving all the time was too much of a bother. Having started life as a male, I had a lot of body hair other women didn't have. Connie worked at the harder hair with electrolysis and got the rest with waxing to keep me hair free and feeling great.

I started the process off by wearing a bikini bathing suit and having her wax around it. Soon after that I got a new thong bikini and more hair showed so she took that off too.

As time passed and Connie and I became better acquainted and good friends I didn't wear anything at all and let her take all of the pubic hair off completely as well. Then I rolled over and had her remove all the hair from my bum too. From the neck down not a single hair existed anywhere on my body, and that's the way I preferred it.

Connie removed for me every single hair that dared to grow as my beard and mustache. Here, for sure, she used her extensive knowledge of electrolysis. When I first went to her she used her waxing tools to shape my eyebrows for me as well. Later she made the arches completely permanent with the electrolysis treatments as well.

As a beautician Connie was expert at choosing the proper colors and shades for her various clients' needs. She picked out eye shadow, eye liner, mascara, blush, lip liner and lipstick for me. And she showed me different ways of applying it all for some really different effects. The different effects were needed for different times of the day and the events I was going to.

She brought in a hair-stylist and between the two of them were able to come up with a new style for me that did look a lot better than the long and straight hair I was used to. Now I had wave and curl and bangs and body. She also did my manicures and made my hands look so much more feminine than they had been. She did my pedicures for me as well and I kept the toenails painted the same color as was used on my fingernails.

As a man being helped with my total feminization by a woman friend I didn't have the problem that usually occurs. Men were what turned me on, not women.

We were well into October now and Connie wanted to see what I was going to wear for Halloween so, with all the work she had done for me, I agreed to show her if she came to my house. She agreed and arrived on a Saturday afternoon, after her work was done. I made us coffee, then led the way to my dressing room to change. She wanted to watch so I let her, after all, she saw me naked quiet often anyway and I considered her as my best girlfriend and girlfriends didn't have a problem changing in front of each other, did they?

She sat in a chair and watched as I slipped out of my silk dressing gown and hung it up. I was completely naked except for the mules on my feet. I kicked them off as I picked up my black lace garter belt, wrapped it around my waist and did it up easily behind my back. I rolled up a sheer beige stocking and balancing on my left foot put it onto my right foot. I let it unroll as I pulled my hands up my leg, then smoothed the nylon all the way up and made sure the back seam was straight. Only then did I attach it to the garters. I did my left leg the same way only balancing myself on the right one. Sure, I could have sat down to put on my stockings but doing it standing up was more fun for me.

I stepped into a pair of black lace bikini panties and pulled them up my nylon clad legs slowly. I liked the feeling of this most intimate of feminine garments sliding along the nylon, plus the idea that Connie was watching my every move. I guess I had always been a bit of an exhibitionist though this was the first time since the death of my wife that I had enjoyed doing any cross dressing in front of a woman. Actually though, it was no longer cross dressing since I was legally a woman.

I turned to show her my front as the panty slowly slipped into place about my hips covering my small male parts. A little bit of tucking and arranging and they were completely invisible to a casual observer.

Next I picked up my black lacy Miracle Bra. I put my arms in, placed the cups over my chest and reached behind my back to fasten the straps with the ease that only comes from a lot of practice. I liked the Miracle Bra because it gave the illusion that I had larger breasts than I really did have. I then arranged my skin within the confining cups, pulling up and together my small breasts.

I put on a navy blue camisole and skimpy little half slip which clung to my curves and felt deliciously smooth on my remaining bare skin.

I put on my white cowgirl blouse which was trimmed with fringes and covered with bright embroidery. I did up the buttons and the ones on the cuffs as well. Then I put on my blue denim mini skirt. It buttoned and zippered up behind my back. I put on a wide brown leather belt with a large buckle showing a bronc rider, a blue denim vest,

my cowgirl cream and brown leather boots, a cream colored scarf around my neck, touched up my make-up, brushed my hair back into its style and put on my white cowgirl Stetson hat.

I turned to Connie and said, "So, how do I look?"

"Like a Cowgirl," she replied. "Just one thing is missing though."

"What's that?" I asked looking to my reflection in the full length mirror on my closet door and not seeing what could be amiss.

"A Cowboy!" she said with glee.

"Oh that! I thought I might find one of them at the dance," I told her. "I've never been to a gay bar before so Halloween is the perfect chance to go find myself a man."

"It would look better if you went with one, Joanne," she suggested, as if I didn't know that.

"And where do you think I can find a cowboy to take me to a dance? I used to go out only at night and needed a dimly lit room just to get a man to dance with me."

"No you don't! I know lots of guys who would love to take you to the dance, probably to bed too," she giggled.

"So introduce me to them then. Heck, I'm not a virgin."

Connie laughed and said, "You look great as a cowgirl, but for now get changed into something more yourself, like that black mini dress you wore the other day with the black T-straps. I'll introduce you to a guy all right."

She left me there in my dressing room hurriedly getting changed into the outfit she had just suggested. I stripped down to my lacy underwear and put on the black mini slip first, then the mini dress and shoes. I checked my make-up and did a quick touchup on my lips. After the hat I had to rearrange my hair and use a bit more hair spray to hold it in place. I put on some of my real gold jewelry too.

Then I went down to the kitchen where I found Connie talking on the telephone. She pursed her lips for a silent mock wolf whistle when she saw me and raised her eyebrows a few times in obvious approval and appreciation of my appearance.

She hung up and said to me, "Grab your purse and a sweater girl, we are going to meet a guy I know named Steve for dinner."

"Fine, but then I'd better change my shoes too don't you think?" I asked her.

"NO! WHY?" she wanted to know and almost shouted at me.

"Come on Connie. I'm 6' tall barefoot. Do I really need to wear shoes with three inch spike heels?"

"You got some with higher heels?" Her question threw me a bit.

"Are you kidding? I tower over most guys as it is."

"Not Steve you won't. He is 6'-8" tall barefoot."

"I have a pair of boots with six inch heels," I offered. "I can walk pretty well in them but seldom have I had the chance to wear them except here at home."

Connie laughed and pushed me towards the door. "We can be late, woman's prerogative, but not too late. Let's go girl!"

CHAPTER 2

We had to stop at Connie's place so she could change into a more suitable outfit for the restaurant we were going to. But her place was on the way and it didn't take her long to change. She called her boyfriend Dave and told him to meet us there too so we could have two couples.

Needless to say, I was a bit nervous. First of all, going anywhere with Connie made me feel a bit like Mutt and Jeff. I was so tall and she was so short at only 5'-1" and even her high heels didn't get her anywhere near to my height. Also, to meet a man who was supposed to be even taller than I was had to be hard on the nervous system as well.

Steve was every inch the man Connie said he was. He was clean and neat, well groomed and well dressed and what is even rarer these days, he was a perfect gentleman. He stood for the introductions when we arrived at his table, held my chair for me, and spoke politely without ever raising his voice.

Connie's boyfriend Dave arrived and the four of us had a wonderful dinner and a beautiful evening. Connie was leaving me there so she could take Dave home with her. Steve promised to make sure I got home all right. But first Connie and I visited the ladies room together.

"So how do you like him Joanne?" she asked me. "Cute huh?"

"He is great Connie, so far," I replied.

"Take him home with you then. I know he likes to fuck, he told me so on several occasions. And I know you're just the kind of girl he likes to get his dick into."

"Do you have to be so crude about it Connie? Ladies don't say fuck all the time like you do."

"No they don't. They just do it. Okay Ms. Prissie, let me know if he's a good lover will you? I arranged this meeting so I want details of what you two do."

"Sure, if I get to find out. When most men leave me, it's screaming and on the run."

Steve and I stayed for a while and talked about different things we liked and some of the things we didn't like too. We had a few dances, all of them waltzes where he could hold me in his arms and I could put my head on his shoulder. Then we walked out to his car which was a big old Cadillac. He opened the passenger door for me first and once I was in I reached across to unlock his door for him.

Steve drove me out to lookout point where we watched the stars above and the traffic below.

I sat beside him and let him put his hand on my leg. He put his right arm around my shoulders and pulled me to him for a kiss. I could feel his other hand moving up my leg and under the hem of my dress. That is when I stopped him.

"What's wrong?" he asked me.

“Nothing really,” I said. “I just don't want to get all hot and involved in a car. Why don't we go back to my place? We can have a drink, relax and do things right.”

“Sounds okay to me Joanne.”

Steve drove us to my house. I had to give him directions and even then he made a couple of wrong turns. Just anxious I suppose, but we got there all right. I made us each a drink and we settled onto the couch to enjoy them with a little soft music.

“So what did Connie tell you about me?” he asked.

“Not too much. She did say you were taller than me which I find rare these days and she told the truth too, you are taller.”

“Did she tell you that I was Gay?” he asked.

“NO, are you?” Connie didn't say Gay. She just said that I was the kind of girl he liked.

“I like girls too, once in a while. Tall girls. Mostly I find I like men though.”

“So what is it about men that you can't do with a woman?” I asked him.

“Women usually don't like to get it in the bunghole. They like to have their orgasms with their vaginas being massaged. I can only do that once in a while. I like assholes better.”

“Do you like to kiss too?” I asked him. \

He did so we did.

I put our drinks on the coffee table and took his large hands in mine. I placed his left hand over my right breast and leaned forward to kiss him on the mouth.

He kissed me back and massaged my breast while running the fingers of his right hand through my hair. I used my free hands to undo the buttons of his shirt, and his pants. He had taken off his tie while in his car and his jacket before sitting on the couch.

After the kiss I pulled my legs up to undo my shoes and kick them off. Then I opened his shirt and rubbed his hairy chest. I eased the shirt over his shoulders and he took it off. I kissed the nipples on his chest and ran my tongue over them in little circles.

“Women don't usually make me this horny Joanne,” he said.

I didn't say a word. I reached down and grabbed the hem of my dress and lifted it up and over my head. My dress was off.

Steve took the hint and did the same with my full slip. He put his face into the valley between my breasts and kissed me while his hands fumbled with the catch to my bra. Miracle Bra off he played with my small chest, kissing, licking and sucking on my nipples making them hard and erect. And my nipples weren't the only thing that was hard and erect.

I pulled us both to our feet and Steve's pants fell to the floor. He stepped out of them as he slipped out of his shoes. Wearing only his socks and jockey shorts he

picked me up in his strong arms and carried me to my bedroom where he laid me on the bed so he could remove the rest of his clothing.

His cock was long and hard and I reached out and grabbed it as he stood naked before me. I felt the length and weight of it and ran my long red painted nails over the taut skin and down to his scrotum containing his balls. For a tall man he was proportionately built, which I was glad to see. His penis was about ten inches long while hard and had the girth to match. I was moving into position to take the head of it into my mouth for a little oral action when he stopped me.

“I need your ass Joanne,” he said to me. He looked so very serious about it.

“I have a surprise for you,” I told him. I pushed him back till he sat on the bed, then I stood in front of him facing away and removed my panties.

“Can you leave the garter belt and stockings on please?” he asked. “They turn me on too when I’m with such a beautiful young woman.”

I did as he asked and left them on. Then I turned around and let him see my naked, hairless pubic area. There, where a woman would have her vagina, I had a penis. It was small but erect and ready for whatever action I could find for it. My small sack and balls were barely visible between my legs and never got in the way when I put the exaggerated swing into my walk like I did then.

Steve's double-take was as real as his surprise and obvious joy as he let out a single laugh. “That's a pretty big clitoris you have there lady,” he said to me. “And I like your cleanly shaved pussy too.”

I reached into the night table drawer and pulled out a handful of condoms. I picked one that should fit Steve and he let me put it on him. Then I reached in and took out my bottle of lubricating cream and put some over the condom.

I pushed Steve backwards till he was lying on his back and I was straddling him. I reached behind me and guided his huge latex clad cock to my waiting bunghole. I smiled at him as I lowered myself onto his rigid pole and felt his length sliding into me. I took all of him all the way in and loved it just as much as he did. I had gotten past the point of feeling any pain with a huge penis inside of me years ago and learned to enjoy only the pleasure it gave me, and with Steve, it was a lot of pleasure.

Bouncing up and down on him I made him cum in record time. After all, he did say he was really horny. Too horny to last for very long on his first entry. There would be more tonight for sure since I wasn't about to let this stud go without a fight.

I leaned forward to kiss Steve on the mouth and felt his relaxed penis slide out of me, condom and all. Later, after the kiss, he rolled me to one side and sat up to remove the used condom. He tied a knot in it and dropped it into the wastebasket beside the bed. He took a few tissues to wipe off his limp member and tossed them there too. Then he turned his attentions back to me.

He started kissing me on the mouth and face, then moved down to kiss my neck and shoulders. He slowly made it to my chest and my firmly erect nipples where he took his time licking my large aureole, sucking and kissing the nipples. His hands

worked their way down my body first, followed by his lips constantly working at my unblemished flesh.

Steve fondled my nether region with his right hand first, being careful when he squeezed so as not to hurt me too much. My hairlessness excited him and prompted him to get down there faster than planned, to lick and kiss my pleasure organ. I gave him a condom to put on me but he brushed it aside as he took me into his mouth, all at once. I was small enough that he had room in his mouth to suck in my scrotum and testicles too. He was sucking and blowing and licking all at the same time and it felt wonderful. I gave him a tap on the head to let him know I was going to cum so he could let go but he hung on, continuing to provide me with oral stimulation while running his hands over my nylon clad thighs. I tapped him again as I held back the best I could but still he refused to let me out of his mouth.

I had no other choice and shot a few dribbles of my hot cum into his waiting and ready mouth. He drank it up without missing a single drop, milked me for every drop he could get, and licked me clean and slowly let my limp member slide out of his mouth. He kissed his way back up to my mouth where he stuck his tongue in and tried to lick my tonsils. No other man had ever done this much for me before. I loved it!

We kissed and fondled each other for a while, then Steve had to have a cigarette and got up to get one. I used that time to take off my garter belt and stockings. He brought his smokes to the bedroom and commented on my large house.

"I've never seen a house this big before Joanne. How did you find it?"

"I had it custom built for me," I replied.

"In normal houses I have to duck to go through doorways. Here I don't have to."

"The ceilings are all 10 feet high, the doorways are all 8 feet high and 4 feet wide. As you may have noticed, my bed is a super king-size. Just wait till you see the bathroom."

"Why, what's in there?"

"Let's go have a shower and you'll see."

He agreed and I led him into my private bathroom. I had always hoped to find a man like Steve and designed things with that in mind, and the fact that I was a lot taller than the average woman. The toilet was higher up than a normal one was. There was a separate urinal too for the men though to my knowledge, it had never been used. The bathtub was big enough to hold him and me at the same time and a ton of water. There was a separate shower stall with sliding doors and mirrored walls and was big enough for a whole baseball team to fit in. The four spouts were set into the walls opposing each other and 8 feet up. Ducking and dancing wasn't needed just to get wet.

We took a shower together. I washed him, he washed me. He soaped up his penis and when I turned my back he started pushing it into my bunghole again.

"I'm not into STD's, Steve," I told him turning around.

"Neither am I babe," he replied.

“Safe sex protects us both. AIDS is everywhere.”

“I am not even HIV POSITIVE. I hate wearing a condom.”

“So do I. Even the small ones are big and loose on me. But we have to till my doctor tells me you're okay. I'm clean and my doctor will testify to that right now.”

“I'm clean too. My doctor is Dr. Chester. I'll call him tomorrow and authorize him to let you have any information you want about me and my health, now or in the future.”

“He's my doctor too. He is the only gay doctor in town. I haven't been in a steady relationship yet. There have been a few one night stands with guys smaller than me and I made sure condoms were always used. I don't do drugs and I don't have sex with women, even though I was married to one once.”

“You want to be honest huh? Okay. I had a relationship with a woman once. But that was about four years ago. I had a semi steady relationship with a man once too but he couldn't understand my need to be with a woman once in a while. I don't touch drugs and have been tested for AIDS and other STDs on a regular basis through work.”

“Where do you work Steve?” I asked him.

“I'm a cop. A homicide detective. What do you do?”

“I'm a retired stock broker and investor.”

“Retired? You're too young to retire aren't you?”

“Young, yes. Too young, never. I made my share of money already and am constantly making more on investments I have all over the world. The only work I do now is to make myself prettier and more attractive to the opposite sex.”

“You want to be attractive to women?”

“No silly. I am a woman. I want to be attractive to men.”

“I can't blame you for wanting me to wear a condom now but I like to have oral intercourse with a girl, like you, without having to taste a rubber. I'm willing to take my chances. I'll wear a condom every time if that's what you want.”

“Thanks Steve. I appreciate this.”

And there, in the shower, Steve got down on his knees to do me again. With the hot water coming down on us he kissed, licked and sucked to make me erect again and gave my little love organ another of his wonderful blow jobs.

After we towed off we raced to the bed where Steve donned another of the extra large condoms. But he wasn't in such a big hurry this time. He rolled me onto my stomach and pulled me to my hands and knees so that he could kiss my back and give me a gentle massage. I felt his hands massaging my buttocks, then spreading the cheeks apart. I was surprised to feel his lips kissing the cheeks of my bum and his tongue sliding into the crack. His hot tongue came out to lick and caress my bunghole almost driving me up a wall with semi orgasmic delight. I squirmed on the satin sheets like I never had before as his tongue actually entered my bunghole. I had heard of rimming before but this was my first experience with it. It was felt even better than I'd heard it was.

Then he was done and kissing his way back up to my neck where he paused long enough to nibble on my ear and push his tongue in there too. I was liking everything Steve was doing to me when he pushed his penis inside my body again.

Steve started off gently, just getting his length inside of me. Then he was moving himself back and forth, out and in and I was wishing the intense feelings could last forever. Steve picked up the tempo and the intensity grew in proportion. He held my hips as he thrust and withdrew and thrust again. He could no longer speak or use his mouth to give me pleasure. All of his concentration was in his penis and in my ass.

I was pushing back as he thrust and pulling forward as he withdrew. We were covered with perspiration and for the very first time in my life I was groaning with pure pleasure and wild abandon. Sex with this man was heaven on earth.

And then he came. It was an enormous event for both of us as we were exhausted from the rutting pleasures. I knew he was cumming because he had thrust one last time and held his cock all the way inside of me. The condom was filling up as he gasped from the exertion.

Then the unexpected happened. The condom broke and I felt the heat of Steve's cum as the love-juice invaded my body. But we were both still in the throes of passion so nothing was done about it till it was too late. Steve remained inside of me and continued shooting his juices. Tears of joy streaked my face as the swells of pleasure subsided. Steve collapsed on me and I fell to the bed.

We stayed that way for sometime, then Steve pulled out with the broken condom. He squeezed my buns in his hands, then rolled me over to kiss my face.

“Was it good for you too?” he asked wiping away my tears.

“The best ever,” I replied honestly.

That love making session with Steve lasted for hours. And it was the best sex I had ever had. We fell asleep together but I awoke first.

CHAPTER 3

I showered alone, then slipped into a sheer nylon nightie that made me feel pretty and sexy. No panties since my little button of a penis was so small and lifeless without stimulation. I picked up my things from the night before and tossed them into the laundry hamper. I got Steve's things too and since he had nothing else to wear I gave his suit a good brushing and hung it up. His shirt, shorts and socks I quickly washed and dried while he was asleep. Then I ironed his shirt for him. I moved his shoes over to the door.

I made a pot of coffee and defrosted a pound of bacon. I had lots of eggs and juice in the fridge. I had finished frying the bacon and was getting ready to do some eggs when I saw him standing in the doorway wearing my terry cloth bath robe. It looked terribly small on him.

Steve came over to me and kissed me on the mouth. “You’re a multitalented lady I see,” he said pointing to his cleaned clothes hanging in the dining room.

“How do you like your eggs?” I asked happily.