



*Reluctant Press*

# Vacation Of Delight

Karen Williams



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ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. DIAMOND

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**A 'HER TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# VACATION OF DELIGHT

**By Karen Williams**

## **Chapter 1**

It was early afternoon when the young couple drove into the driveway of the ocean-side beach house and began unloading their bags. This was the beginning of the vacation the woman won as part of a company contest, and they were going to enjoy themselves.

The resort they'd been sent to was rather remote, but it did have miles of wonderful sandy beaches. The isolation appealed to them as well. They'd been having one or two problems with their forthcoming marriage, and had resolved to sort them out while they were away from the pressures and cares of the outside world.

Sandy opened the trunk, and Carol took her bag into the cabin, leaving him to bring in the remainder. This was normal behavior for her: sometimes she looked after herself before she thought about her fiancé or others. Some people would have considered her 'spoiled,' but Sandy had accepted her attitude with equanimity, since there was little he could do to change it. Besides, he'd been dating her for five years, and engaged to her for two, so he was used to her occasional impoliteness. He trudged inside the cabin with the bags, which he dropped on the floor with a *thud*.

The cabin was rather spacious, part a seaside resort that emphasized privacy and it was isolated. Carol had stressed how important peace and quiet would be to her if they were going to work out the problems their forthcoming marriage seemed to be encountering. But right now, all she wanted was a swim in the ocean, which was barely 100 yards from their doorstep.

Without waiting for her boyfriend, Carol stripped out of her sweaty clothes and wriggled her firm body into a skimpy bathing suit. Although he had been the one who wanted to see what the cabin was like before they stocked up on food, he seemed to be lagging behind. Carol called out for him to hurry. He dropped the bags he was carrying in the outer room, dashed into the bedroom where Carol's suitcase was lying open, and grabbed his bathing suit. The couple was soon frolicking in the warm waters of the Caribbean.

They swam and played, just as any couple does on the first day of a winter vacation in the warm waters of the Caribbean. But soon the fatigue of the flight caught up with them, and they decided to return to their rented beachside cabin.

Inside, they showered, and changed into shorts and T-shirts. They were just sitting down to enjoy a drink of duty-free rum, when the screen door burst open. Two male figures clad completely in black and wearing masks hiding their faces, burst into the room.

“Don’t try anything funny,” bellowed the apparent leader of the group. “This is loaded and I’ll use it if I have to.” He waved an a Colt .45 semi-automatic pistol under their noses... “Where’s the stuff!”

“What are you talking about?” demanded Sandy “We don’t know anything about any ‘stuff!’”

“Don’t give me that!” the masked man said. “You were muling cash for us! Now, where is it?”

“Look, we really don’t know what you’re talking about,” Sandy continued to protest. “We’re just tourists, here for a vacation!”

“Sure, and I’m Arnold Schwarzenegger,” sneered the masked intruder. “Now, where is it?”

Sandy continued to protest their innocence, but the masked intruders obviously didn’t believe them. “Honestly,” Sandy continued to protest, “we don’t know what you’re talking about!”

“We’ll see about that,” he snarled, waving the pistol in their direction. “Bubba, grab those bags. The cash is supposed to be in one of them.”

“Hey!” protested Sandy. “We’ve only got clothes in there!”

“Sure,” the intruder sneered.

“I’m going to call the cops,” Sandy warned.

“Not after we’re through with you,” the masked man seemed to gloat. His gloating countenance seemed to transform into a leer as he breathed, “why don’t the two of you take off those skimpy little outfits you’re wearing!”

If the young couple had any thoughts of refusing to obey the hood’s order, he quickly dispelled them by thrusting the barrel of his Colt .45 semiautomatic pistol under Sandy’s nose. Quivering with fear and outrage, Sandy slowly slipped out of his T-shirt and shorts, watching both the gunman and the gun with equal concern.

“Take off everything,” the hooded heavyweight demanded. “I want to see how tiny you are!”

Sandy wriggled out of his briefs, his average-size penis limp with fear. The gunman took one look and snorted, as if passing judgment on Sandy’s genitals.

“You too, bitch!” he growled at Carol. “I wanna see you bare-ass naked!”

Carol reluctantly took off her shorts and top, revealing that she wasn’t wearing a bra (“It’s too hot!” she’d said earlier). The thug grabbed the garments and threw them

out the open door. Then, while his partner watched, he roughly tore Carol's panties off her body.

The leering thug reached purposefully into his pocket and produced a length of rope. He gestured toward an old wooden chair. Sandy fearfully sat down, and was immediately roped into helplessness. The man in black then moved towards the cowering Carol, whose hands alternated between trying to cover her pubic mound and her prominent breasts.

Carol could feel the lust radiating from this evil person.

He was reaching towards one of her breasts when there was a beeping noise, and the thug reached down and took a pager off his belt, looked at it, and snarled with disgust.

"The boss wants us back in his office," he said with disappointment. But it didn't stop him from tying Carol to a chair, arms behind her back, breasts thrust forward temptingly. He grabbed one and squeezed, almost drooling on her soft flesh.

"Hey! No time for fun," the other hood said. "When the boss calls us, we'd better move. Throw those bags into the car and let's get outta here!"

Reluctantly, the hooded robber stepped back from Carol, grabbed what suitcases were visible, and took them outside. The other thug watched both his partner and the roped young couple.

"If you'd given us the cash in the first place, we wouldn't have to bother you," he said blithely. "Hope you have fun wandering around the island without your clothes!"

He left, leaving Carol and Sandy naked and helpless, the car scattering gravel in the driveway as it took off.

When silence had returned, and it appeared the crooks weren't coming back, Carol started shuffling her chair towards her boy friend. In true spy movie fashion, they wriggled their chairs back to back, and fumbled with the loose knots on the rope. It took about five minutes, but the ropes tumbled to the floor.

"What the hell was that all about?" Carol moaned, standing and rubbing her wrists where the rope had produced a slight chafing.

"I don't have a goddamn clue," Sandy panted, unconcerned with his nakedness in front of his girl friend. "I don't know what the hell they were talking about."

"Hey!" The sudden gravity of the situation hit Sandy, "what are we going to do for clothes? *They took our bags!*"

"They missed one of mine," Carol said - she was starting to calm down now. "I stuck it into the closet before we went swimming. I just had this feeling that it'd be safer in there."

"Well, at least *you've* got some clothes," Sandy said morosely. "Everything *I* brought was in the bags they took!"

"We should report this to the cops," Carol said. "After all, innocent tourists shouldn't get their baggage ripped off, not if this resort wants to have a good tourism industry."

“Yeah, sure. And how are we going to tell the cops? They ripped the phone out of the wall, so we can’t call them.”

“When we were driving in, I saw an estate or something a couple of miles from here,” Carol replied. “Lemme get dressed and I’ll drive there and see if they can help us.”

Carol retrieved her suitcase from the closet, and opened it. Her entire holiday wardrobe seemed to be packed inside. Quickly, she fished out panties and bra, and slipped them on. A wrinkled cotton summer dress followed, and a pair of flats. When she was decent, she went grabbed her handbag and went outside, only to return immediately.

“The car’s gone!” Carol said hysterically. “They must’ve taken it when they got our keys!”

“Geez -it was a rental!” Sandy protested. “What are they going to do with it?”

“They’ll take it to a chop shop, just like back home,” Carol replied. “It’s probably being stripped as we talk. But in the meantime, how are we going to get some help?”

Just then, there was a roaring, and their rented car sped past, leaving a cloud of dust. Through the window of their cabin, they saw one of the thieves wave, then the car was gone.

“We could walk to that estate,” Carol suggested as the dust settled. “Given that these guys are still around, I don’t think either of us should be here alone. I know I sure don’t want to be!”

“That’s okay for you, *you’ve got clothes*. But what about *me*? I can’t go prancing down the road naked as a jaybird! How would that look to whoever owns that estate?”

“Well, you could wear some of my things,” Carol suggested somewhat hesitantly.

Sandy was sometimes unreasonably “macho” in his behavior. That’s one of the attitudes that had bothered Carol when she thought about marriage or a more permanent arrangement.

“Sure, I can strut down the road in a skirt!” Sandy said almost contemptuously.

“You’ll have to! What’s the alternative? Walking down the road, swinging your balls in the air for everyone to see? You’d be arrested for indecent exposure, and we’d never get our luggage back!” Carol retorted.

Sandy started mumbling to himself, a sure sign that he knew he’d lost the argument, and he would be following Carol’s suggested course of action. Carol recognized the signs, and wisely kept quiet until he announced his decision.

“Have you got something in your suitcase I can cover myself with?” Sandy asked hesitantly.

“Look. Just so you know, I packed the clothes I thought you’d like me to wear,” Carol replied. “A lot of the stuff I brought are things you bought for me.”

Sandy, who earned good money as a department manager in a wholesale distributing firm, had a penchant for sexy woman’s clothing—when women wore the finery, of course. Sales agents from a number of leading clothing companies often gave him ‘sa-

mples' of their latest creations. Some of them he kept to give to Carol, the others were distributed among the staff.

Over the years, he had given Carol dozens of intimate items, ranging from frilly panties to an alluring suit for the office where she worked, at The Lawson Group. He'd figured a classically elegant-yet-sexy business suit would help Carol's career. Sexy women get promoted before plain-janes, he reasoned, and her winning this trip proved to him that his investment was paying off.

He also had a chance to see Carol in the sexiest of lingerie. Some of the things he'd given her were downright scandalous! Normally Carol wore comfortable panties, but he'd equipped her with daring bikinis, as well as garter belts, stockings and breast-exposing bras.

But for him to wear some of the things he'd bought his girlfriend was ridiculous! He just couldn't do it!

"As far as I can figure," Carol said, interrupting Sandy's mental tirade, "wearing some of my clothes is the only way you're going to be able to leave the cabin. They even took your bathing suit! There's not a scrap of clothing for you to wear, except what's in my suitcase!

"And I'm getting hungry," she continued. "If you're going to come with me, then you'll have to wear whatever I give you. Take it or leave it! I'm going to walk to that mansion we saw!"

## Chapter 2

Somewhat angry at Sandy's apparent inability to recognize that he was in a fix and there was only way out, Carol stomped into the bedroom and started pulling clothes from her suitcase. As she did so, she idly wondered how the thugs had missed it.

She found her panties, and pulled two pair out, just in case Sandy changed his mind. Then, gleefully recalling all the uncomfortable outfits she'd worn to please Sandy and his sexual appetite, she dug out two bras, two garter belts and two pairs of stockings. It was a good thing their itinerary had included evenings at a resort hotel, with its dance floor. Carol had brought a fairly large selection of stimulating clothing, for she had planned to seduce Sandy, to see if she was still attracted to men.

Her strange feelings about women had grown in recent months. She and her boss at work, Trisha Foster, had this strange attraction for each other. For the first while, Ms. Foster had seemed remote and removed. Then one day, Carol had been asked into her office to review some architectural drawings—Carol was a drafts person in the Lawson Group's architectural and design division.

That first day, when Ms. Foster had asked her opinion, had been thrilling and exciting. The attraction between the two had been almost a physical force in the office air. She hadn't been able to stop herself from telling her boss how attractive she was. Ms. Foster had smiled, then slipped her arm around Carol's waist. The kiss that had followed had surprised her as much as it had thrilled her.

Trisha Foster hadn't let that first flirtation go to waste. Slowly and carefully, Trisha had seduced Carol. First, the casual arm around her waist would drop down and brush over her fulsome buttocks. The first time that had happened, Carol had nearly creamed her panties!

The next encounter, the following day, Ms. Foster had suggested Carol's blouse could be made more attractive, just by undoing a button or two. Which Ms. Foster had done for her, although it had seemed strange that adjusting the blouse had also included soft touches on the tops of Carol's breasts. That had made her nipples hard and erect, and for the rest of the day (Ms. Foster always seemed to have afternoon meetings outside the office), she felt her skin glowing where the other woman's fingers had touched her.

The seduction had gone swiftly after that, especially when Carol showed she didn't object to the sexual flirtations from the woman who was her boss. After a week, a routine developed. Carol's phone rang, and Ms. Foster invited her into her office, "to go over some drawings." When she first walked in, they glanced at the sketches, but their attention was really on each other.

It was during the second week that the situation changed. She was called into Ms. Foster's office, as usual, but as she walked in, her boss ran her coral tongue over her lips. Then Ms. Foster took the lead, and ran her slender fingers up and down Carol's spine, cupping her bottom cheeks and squeezing them firmly. That got Carol's juices flowing, for Ms. Foster seemed to have a special way of massaging her bottom globes



and sending ripples of excitement through her body, ripples that ended with a warm moistness between her legs.

They kissed long and passionately, all thoughts of blueprints lost in growing lust. Trisha—Ms. Foster—hiked the secretary's skirt up the backs of her legs, and stroked her fingers up and down her pantyhose.

"You *must* wear a garter belt and stockings, darling!" Trisha had exclaimed, the first day this happened. From that day forward, Carol wore stockings and a garter belt, and she was amply rewarded. Her wardrobe of sexy lingerie grew over the weeks, much to her boyfriend's delight.

When Trisha felt the soft flesh above those taut stockings, she felt a thrill tingle through her own body! I hardly know her, she thought, yet I seem to have so much control over her! She didn't let the moment pass, though, but made sure Carol's thighs were burning with lust when she left. After repairing her lipstick, of course. Trisha's lips had been hot and heavy, and had—quite literally—made the young girl want to swoon!

It took two weeks of quiet seduction before Carol succumbed. Not that she hadn't wanted to before. But Trisha was clever. She knew that unrequited lust was a powerful emotional tool. Carol had been ready for a passionate encounter with her female boss for a week, but her boss hadn't responded to her allures. Then one day she did!

Carol found herself draped over Trisha's desk within five minutes of entering the office. Trisha's lips had been hot and moist, her tongue particularly active inside the young woman's mouth. Her hands seemed to have a mind of their own, as they grabbed at the tender flesh above Carol's dark-colored stockings.

Carol was a little startled when a finger slipped under the elastic at the waist of her panties, and began touching the firm flesh of her ass cheeks. They massaged and squeezed, and Carol couldn't help pressing her pelvis hard against her boss's crotch. It seemed so right!

Those slender fingers found the juncture of Carol's thighs, then wriggled around her hips until they entwined in her blond pubic hair. They played briefly with the soft bush, then moved towards Carol's growing moistness. A finger ran up and down her slit, encouraging it to open and reveal its secrets. It worked its way inside her hot cunt, delving into her moistness. It moved



in and out of her channel, urging her towards an explosion that would fill her belly with that delicious warmth.

Carol gasped at what was happening to her. Her boss was fingering her cunt! And she wanted it! She loved that slender finger, no, now it was two fingers, tingling her insides. Her arms rose, and circled her boss' neck, drawing those lush female lips to hers. They kissed passionately, their tongues intertwining, fencing, and sparring, as the heat between them grew.

Her boss cleared her desk with a sweep of an arm. 'How masculine!' Carol thought, but only briefly. Her blouse was being opened, and fingers were seeking the soft flesh of her breasts. She gasped around a tongue, but made it easy for an arm to reach around her back and unfasten the restraining clasp of her brassiere.

Her breasts sprang free, and a nipple was immediately engulfed by Trisha's hot lips. Between her legs, Trisha's secret was hard and long. She wanted so much to sink her rampant shaft inside that hot tunnel, but knew that no, she couldn't, not yet! Carol had to be prepared for the unveiling to come! Meanwhile, it was delicious enough just to nibble delicately on those delicious nubbins.

Besides, Carol was getting hot enough from the stimulation of Trisha's talented fingers! Two had now slipped beneath her panties and inside that clasping tunnel, and they slid back and forth, in and out, causing Carol's hips to writhe with anxiety. She humped against those questing digits, trying to lure them deeper into her heat. At the same time, she tried to push her breast deeper inside Trisha's sucking mouth, to have her engulf her entire mammary, while she was being finger-fucked.

Carol couldn't last, the stimulation was just too great! This was her adorable boss frigging her cunt! She let out an agonized groan from deep inside her throat as she came! And, astoundingly, came again! Trisha didn't stop with the young woman's first climax, but built on it to give Carol even more satisfaction. And to bind her more firmly to her own desires.

Trisha knew what she was doing. But Carol had no idea that beneath those silk dresses and delicate panties, a hard cock throbbed, for Trisha Foster was actually a male!

Trisha had been lured into cross-dressing by his wife, known in the office as Cindy Snow, the vice president of marketing, who shared the corner executive suite. The other office was occupied by Fred Lawson, the president of the company. The talk amongst the staff was that something was going on between the three executives, but no one had been able to discover anything.

Behind closed doors, the three executives did lead a private life, in which they were joined by Alexis Godiva, the owner of a very exclusive clothing boutique which specialized in 'kinky' clothing for both men and women. In fact, Alexis loved in bringing out the femininity in men, sometimes using her powerful hypnotic skills—as she had with Trisha, in the beginning.

Both Trisha and her wife, Cindy, had been prime candidates to be lured into the world of kinky sex. Trisha, formerly a fully heterosexual male, had been converted into a bisexual cross-dresser. Cindy too had been hypnotically lured down the road to

kinky sex. Fred had been the first, and he'd discovered the young couple when he was remodeling his office and searching for a new marketing program. Trisha was the interior designer, Cindy was the marketer. Both proved to be as excellent in bed as they were in their professions, and had been given plum jobs in the corner office suite.

When Trisha had developed a passion for Carol, and the other executives approved of her choice, a plot had been hatched. That's why Carol and Sandy had won their trip: it was all part of an elaborate scheme.

Carol recalled her first encounter with Ms. Foster wistfully. But it hadn't been the last. And it had expanded her contact with the top brass, which she knew wouldn't hurt her chances for promotion. After one encounter, when she and Trisha had tidied their clothes and makeup, the vice president for advertising and promotion had walked into Ms. Foster's office.

"Ah, Ms. Snow," Ms. Foster had said. "You know Carol Handy from the steno pool, don't you?"

"Certainly! Who could miss such an attractive woman," Ms. Snow had replied, and Carol felt herself blushing at the compliment. Especially as Ms. Foster had just made her cum!

Ms. Snow seemed to have taken a shine to her too. But her interest wasn't sexual. She quickly became a friend and advisor, and Carol felt she could visit her office almost any time in the morning.

They went out for lunch once or twice, and it was Ms. Snow who had suggested Carol enter the company contest, which eventually meant Carol and Sandy could have a wonderful vacation.

At least, that had been the plan until those two hoods had broken into their beach house and stolen almost all their possessions. Carol was comfortable with the clothing that remained, but Sandy sure wasn't happy at the thought of wearing a dress and heels! But it was either that or go stark naked, and Carol sure wasn't going to wait around until Sandy made a decision. Besides, she was getting hungry!