



Reluctant Press

A Secret Desire

Raymond Steele



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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A Secret Desire

By Raymond Steele

Introduction

Everyone wants to be loved, it's what makes us so human. To be a part of something so special, a union of love, serenity and eroticism is a common bond that we all share. No matter who or what we are, we all strive to be accepted for the real us, the true person behind the facade.

I'm no different, for years I struggled against my own personal ghosts, fighting pitched battles in my head, resisting my true nature. I incurred much pain, much heartache, always living the lie, becoming embroiled in things that weren't me. Throughout this time, I often found myself secretly wishing for the things I was denying myself, the bliss which would make me happy and whole. One day, I would find the strength and courage to shed the lies, and the deceit and blossom into the perfect vision of what my mind had envisioned.

First off, let me start by confirming exactly what I am, so there is no misunderstanding. I am a bisexual male, in his early thirties. By bisexual, I mean that I do not seek love from just either gender; I don't have a preference, both are equal and so sensually captivating. Also, I am a transvestite.

To explain, for over two decades, I have endured this romance with clothes of a gender I do not belong to. It's not as many would think, it's not just sexual, it's more than that to me. It's something deep and profound, something my personality and character crave.

I am a person who likes my masculinity. That I wouldn't change, yet I am also a person who desires the flexibility to explore and feel his feminine side, which we all do have. To wear clothes of the female gender is an opportunity to escape my life, to slip into an alternative world where I can view things differently. It's like finding a small piece of bliss, euphoria and solace, all in one. I love the feeling of

soft satin, silk or nylon, the arousal of panties, bras and hose. To hear my feminine name trip off my lover's tongue as they gently, seductively, call my feminine name is heaven. I adore and am fascinated by the use of cosmetics, the skill by which it is applied and by the transformation from male to female in my life.

I am not a slave, though by nature I am slightly submissive, quiet and relaxed. I am passionate, loving, understanding and respectful of everyone around me, whatever their own persuasions may be. My life is uncomplicated these days; I am in love and adore my partners very much. I am as loyal to them as they are to me and the trust between us goes far beyond anything a conventional couple could ever understand or comprehend.

I live in a house with my partners, a married couple, husband and wife. We are a threesome devoted to each other and no one else. I cannot explain how this makes me feel, to be a part of something so unique, to know that my love is respected and not taken for granted. It is a feeling which is mind-blowing, a joyous and elating sensation for which I am truly grateful.

For as long as I can remember, this has been my greatest wish, it's what I have desired ever since I was a young child. To live my life as myself without the pretenses, lies or betrayal, to boldly adventure into the world of mutual love and journey into sensual paradox of love and sex, whilst remaining there safely within the unit of my partners is what I love.

This is my story, a tale of profound lust, deep eroticism, mutual respect and devotion to those whom I love so dearly and who in turn love and cherish me.

Life can be so truly wonderful!

Chapter One

I dry my body, as the last remnants of water gurgle down out of the bath. My body is silky-smooth, fleshly cleansed. Sparkling moisturizer soaks slowly into its surface, adding a brief shine to its appearance. I breathe deeply, my eyes look with delight at the sumptuous attire that soon shall grace my body. A brief smile of indulgence washes over my face, my body glows internally at the prospect of feeling them. I feel radiant and unbelievably good. The thought of black fishnet panties, utterly transparent, smothering my groin, of pantyhose enveloping my lower body, does, still after all these years, make me feel profoundly special.

My heart beats with joy, delight tingles through my body like tiny pulses of electricity, buzzing and heightening the pleasure I shall soon feel. In my fingers, I hold the black transparent panties that are so sexy, the ones which Annabel bought me only last week. It feels strange to be so happy! That may sound stupid, but it is truthful. Never before have I felt such elation as I do now. I feel at home, wanted and cared for.

Stepping into them, I draw the panties up my slender, long, feminine legs. Inching towards my groin, I feel the thin band of elastic hug my body as the crotch presses against my manhood. I swallow, I can feel my body reacting, the

muscles relaxing, the harshness of my masculine nature fading out already as the softness of femininity embraces me.

Black nylon pantyhose stare at me alluringly, their presence one of torment, silently pleading with me to put them on and feel their seductive charms against my person. How they react with my body has never changed; the feelings they invoke never have faded away, and like an addiction, it grows within, commanding—if not compelling—me to get my fix more and more regularly.

To hold them in my hand, to feel the dark sumptuous material in my fingers, stroking and teasing them, I bask in the sensual bliss they provide. Momentarily, I pause, my mind races with pleasure. I can feel the masculine character of James slipping away rapidly, whilst Jennifer grows steadily within me. Two personalities occupy the same space. Each has its very own feelings, yet inextricably they are joined together.

Gathering the first leg up in my hand, my body craves for this moment. The tension within me is electric, nerves begin to stimulate, pleasure and joy wait patiently, desiring the chance to grow and be unleashed. My foot enters the soft, erotic jaws. I can feel the material clinging to its outline, enveloping the naked flesh, starting to torment the nerves within me. Slowly, I inch them upwards, allowing the majestic bliss to rise within me. My second leg is now embraced into their delicate jaws, my body is wild, my mind feverish in its appreciation.

Drawing the pantyhose up, I feel the delight; like tiny pulses of erotic pleasures, they dance around the flesh which lays smothered beneath the sensuous material. Further and further upwards I draw them, allowing them to caress more flesh. I feel them lay seductively across my rump, holding and enticing the flesh so marvelously. A small breeze like a blast of cool air circulates my body, as if trapped between pantyhose and flesh. I can feel it wrapping itself around my ankles, moving slowly, teasingly upwards, skimming my legs until finally it reaches my groin and buttocks. There it lingers only briefly before fading away.

Closing my eyes, I breathe deeply; my body is alive, pulsing with the pleasures of joy. Femininity now holds my lower half. I turn towards the mirror, admiring the sight of what is pure indulgence upon my part. My hands run over my rounded, tight rump, feeling the curving form. Fingers stroking seductively at the luxurious material that acts so profoundly upon my body, I bask in awe, revel in the delight of how it feels and looks. The sensualness and eroticisms which now flow through me with such magnificence is astounding.

My thoughts are dramatic, my mind alive with the pleasures that these clothes bestow upon me. If I could ever capture a moment, a feeling forever, then this would be it, a time of pure exhilaration and utter contentment. My fingers continue to stroke, to feel the majesty of it all, moving over my rump, stroking my rounded clad thighs immersed in renewed sensualism, which in itself is dramatic, erotic and addictive.

My eyes glance down toward the quarter-cup bra, transparent in its material, front-fastening in its design. Bras have been a thing of great interest for years; as a kid I often wondered how such wonderful items could be the source of so many complaints from their wearers. Growing up, I'd seen or heard of females fidgeting with the straps, complaining about them digging into their flesh.

I smile at the thought of those days, times of mixed pleasure, of discovering who and what I was, on the verge of discovering things that would set me apart from the other people I knew. Holding the flimsy piece of material in my hands, looking at its design, I allow my mind to explore how it would adorn a true, female's body. I see its cups tenderly hold their swell, nestling in the embrace of luscious dark transparent material, cupping each bosom so gently, allowing the sensitive nipple to press against its delectable material. How much pleasure does it bring unto a woman, when a man touches that erect nub of her feminine chest, or to feel his tongue dance over the peak which lays beneath an item such as this?

Allowing it to embrace my chest, to feel the clasps close securely, entrapping me in its wondrous domain, I breathe more deeply, more pronounced as the power of femininity begins to increase within me. My whole body has a certain ache, a deep-seated yearning that borders upon the blissful. For as long as I can remember, it has been the same, this feeling, the overwhelming sensation of total relaxation, confidence and joy that has proved so damned addictive. Nothing has ever come close to challenging the satisfaction it grants me.

I can feel the enthrallment surging through my body, pulsing through my veins, which once ran with blood. Touching and invoking every inch of me, from the top of my head to the nails on my toes, my body is vibrantly alive, stimulated with a shimmering, tingling sensation that grows ever more potent.

Looking down at my breasts, their emptiness is profound, the cups sag hopelessly, the void where flesh should be depressing. I look amongst the attire, searching for the prostheses that shall add much-needed shape to my bosom. Slipping them into their rightful place, immediately I am aware of the change. I now have a thirty-four inch bust. My chest is transformed, and it has that sexiness, that shape of a true, natural, woman. It is a bosom which, when completely finished, would appear to be nothing but believable. Just having them there makes me feel so good; to look at my reflection, see my own breasts on my body, is dramatic and wonderful.

My fingers travels downward, it encircles the bulge of my sex, which has been pushed down between my legs and discreetly hidden away, forced to resemble that of a true woman's shape. Feeling the finger pressing against both the pantyhose and panties, lightly roaming the hidden masculinity of my sex, instills delight. My body aches more and more; the longer my finger lingers, the more the feelings within me grow. I love the feel of nylon as it wraps around a person's body, hugging their form so tightly, enveloping and instilling bliss into them.

I could right now close my eyes and abandon myself to the sensual images that race through my mind, imagining my lovers here, this instant. Feeling their hands stroking my attired body, of lips pressing so tenderly against my crotch, a tongue lapping at the bulge as a deep, sensual and profound kiss echoes through my body, alighting my body and taking it to new heights of blissful pleasure.

I could almost imagine hands holding my rounded thighs, skimming their sculptured design, the gentle feel of soft caresses and the teasing of my body they would provide. The intimacy that we share, a love so powerful, is so unique that we are free to express it liberally. All this and so much more I could have imagined, but for the realization that time is ticking away, running against me; soon Annabel and Charles will be in and I want to please them after what will have been a hectic day at the office.

Next came the black lace, long-sleeved body suit. This had to be my favorite piece, certainly the most valuable in sentiment anyway. It was bought for me by Charles himself, for my arrival. His broad masculine face shone radiantly, kindness exuberated from every inch of his face as he passed this item to me. I sat upon the bath's rim for a moment, pausing, my fingers held the body so tightly, my mind flooded back, allowing those tense moments of my embrace into this family. It was and always shall be the perfect situation and the place of my ideal happiness.

It was with great nerves and considerable shyness that I stood before him, my slender body quivering, my mind silently pleading that everything would work out. Charles was a broad man, standing above six feet in height, his body frame akin to that of the old Sergeant Major. His face was fresh, youthful in its pristine glory, his auburn eyes portraying the considerate, loving nature that he had.

He looked at me and smiled. I could see the desire, the pleasure of actually having me here, reflected in his face. For so long I had craved understanding and love, craved being in an environment where lovers embrace with warmth, passion and equality, heartfelt and genuine. He was as nervous as me. I couldn't help but smile as I stepped towards him, moving so close that our bodies were almost touching.

His right hand moved up to my face, where he cradled my chin, his thumb stroking my flesh with all the softness of a true lover. He moved towards me, his mouth opening. We kissed passionately, his tongue making broad sweeps within my mouth. Instinct took over us; within seconds our arms were wrapped around each other's body, drawing one another deeper into the embrace of sensualism.

Groin pressed against groin, hands touched each other's body as our embrace grew ever more feverish. Mouths entwined, lost in the abyss of passion and lust. Dedicated French kisses flowed with utmost desire, so intense that we both were briefly lost in the moment of delight. Finally drawing away, his hands began to unbutton my shirt, exposing a slim, naked chest that lacked any trace of mascu-

line hair. Drawing it from my shoulders, he bent down and applied his mouth to place small but significant kisses upon my tiny, manly, breasts.

The kisses were intense, his lips pressed against the darkened flesh, his tongue swirled back and forth, around and over the pathetic little nipple. I felt his large hands tenderly hold my back, pressing lightly, drawing me closer towards him. Sharing his devotion to both breasts, he repeated his actions with boundless desire, his erotic touches sending shivers of utter delight throughout my body.

For so long my body had been nothing but a barren ghost, numb to all feeling except mental pain and denial. Now, though, the sleeping emotion of pleasure was beginning to awaken, stirred from the depths of its slumber. His lips descended, kissing every inch of naked flesh, his tongue glancing and skimming the surface awakened by his majestic crowning oral caresses.

Unfastening my trousers, letting them fall around my ankles, his fingers slipped under the waistband of my boxers. Our eyes stared at each other, locked into a stare that was hypnotic and powerful, a vision dedicated to love neither of us could explain. I felt the shorts being drawn downwards until they landed on top of my trousers. My sex was erect; I could feel the blood pumping through it, arousing and engorging it like never before.

We kissed lavishly as one of his hands slipped between my open legs and slowly began to massage my groin. My reaction was intense, passion overflowed, surging through me like a tidal wave, desiring to be unleashed at the same time. My mouth consumed his with a frenzied lust; tongues and mouths entwined, devouring one another as slow, teasing fingers worked my sullen sac.

We stepped back, retreating towards the luscious soft black leather sofa, its velvety folds appealing and sumptuous. The comfortable loose fit made it have the appearance of something almost heaven-like. Rummaging through a white plastic carrier, he drew out a black long-sleeved lace body, its high-thigh cut revealing, with a simple fastening at the crotch. Charles beckoned me forwards. I smiled intently.

“You like it, Jennifer?” he said referring to my new feminine name. I smiled and nodded as his free hand now held my masculine sex. Leaning forwards, he kissed me so softly, so erotically, that he felt every pulse of pleasure which traveled through my body.

“I love it Charles, thank you.” I returned the kiss. Briefly he blushed with pride before passing the item to me and releasing my myself, allowing me to step into the enticing and delectable beauty.

It was figure tight, hugging my form dramatically. He held my waist whilst his eyes roamed my body with delight, turning me ‘round so as to view the thonged rear also. I felt each buttock gently being kissed, the soft, mellow and welcoming passion of his tender lips pressing against the naked fleshy cheeks, illuminating my body, delivering yet more stirring of rapid enjoyment throughout my form.

“Thank you,” he mumbled, drawing me towards his body, his arms wrapping themselves around my waist, his fingers pressing lightly against my covered sex.

My rump was brought backwards, drawn into his crotch. “Thank you, Jennifer, for being here. Our lives are now complete, my darling. I hope you feel the same also.”

I smiled at the recollection. I could still smell the odor of his light aftershave, as if it circulated the room right now, so vivid was that memory.

“Jennifer, you alright my sweet?” a voice lightly sounded, disturbing my thoughts. I turned towards its source. Standing at the door and smiling gleefully was the vision of beauty that was Annabel. Her large blue eyes inquisitively scanned my body, her face was elated and welcoming, her expression one of love, admiration and kindness.

“Yes I'm fine, I was just thinking about something,” I said. Her eyes looked at the body. She smiled, knowing immediately what my thoughts had been about.

Her hourglass body was perfect, a true vision of the feminine figure. I saw her rounded subtle hips, long slender legs and gorgeously rounded breasts that were hidden beneath the blouse she wore. She moved forwards towards me, linking her arm around my neck, kissing me briefly upon the cheek. Like I had done that day when first arriving here, to her husband.

“We're so very proud to have you here, to be a part of our family. You are special to us, my darling,” she said softly, smiling as if her mind was busy preparing images that would soon flash before her own eyes. Towards the end of her words, her voice began to fade, another indication of her mind wandering, I looked at her. Continuing to smile, I asked her what she was thinking about. Radiantly, she smiled back, flashing those deep blue oceanic eyes at me, in the way that only she could.

“I was just thinking how delicious you look with that on and hoping that perhaps, with a little make-up, you'd stay like that. Charles and I *love* to see that body.”

We both smiled eagerly; silently, it had been agreed, words were not needed and soon that black lace body adorned me. Annabel helped with make-up: glistening red lips, light eye shadow, mascara and blusher adorned my face, highlighting the natural lady look that she often said I had. The whole thing was finished off by a long shoulder-length, straight auburn wig, dark in color and combed neatly to perfection.

“There's my sweet princess, the perfect adorable and radiant woman,” she said kissing me softly upon the cheek. I blushed crimson, she laughed and shook her head. “Oh, my sweet Jennifer, how we do love you. Now go on down stairs. I'm sure Charles is dying to see also. I'll be down in few moments, I just want to change and get refreshed.”

Charles was sitting in the main living room, his body relaxed, his legs outstretched upon the reclining chair that he loved. On the table next to him sat three steaming mugs of white coffee. Looking towards the room door, his eyes fell upon me as I slowly entered. Glistening with delight and sparkling with pure pleasure, he moved slightly to gain a better view.

“Jennifer, my sweet love, you look amazing,” he said, his voice full of joyous celebration, echoed by the expression of his face.

Sitting upright, he asked if I wanted to sit upon his lap. I smiled broadly, nodding deliriously. I always loved sitting upon his lap, well either of my lovers’ laps really. It was an intensely proud moment filled with love and affection. To feel my body cradled in their loving care, to know and be the recipient of such devoted emotion was so amorous.

I sat down, immediately his strong hands held me, drawing me close towards him. We embraced with deep-seated tenderness, passion flowed between our mouths, indicating the sensualism we shared. The moistness of my lipstick-covered lips pressed against his, Charles was able to taste their odor and smell the lingering odor of my subtle wild rose-scented perfume, which I knew to be amongst his favorites.

“You look enchanting, my sweetie,” he said, interspersed by brief but sensual kisses.

“Thank you,” I said, as my arms tenderly slipped around his broad neck. I could feel his manhood becoming stimulated, its length obscured beneath the clothes he wore, forced to become erect, pressing against my buttocks which delighted in the sensations.

His hands fell upon the dark nylon of my covered legs. There his fingers slowly began to stroke, feeling both material and soft flesh that lay beneath. He smiled broadly as my own hands moved down slightly, pressing against his chest, straying towards the buttons.

“I’ve missed you today, my darling. It’s been such a long hard day and I’ve thought many times of us being back at home together.”

“Me too, I hate the times we’re not together. Annabel and you are such a wonderful part of my life, I couldn’t imagine any other way of living now.”

He smiled, his hand journeyed up towards my thighs, his fingers beginning to feel the contour of body.

“I remember when I bought you this. Damn, was I nervous.” He smiled as the recollection flashed through his mind. “You still look as good in it as you did back then.” He kissed me. “I remember how we sat, together kissing and touching, you and I, arm in arm, beginning to get acquainted with each other.” His smile broadened, his eyes moved slowly across to the sofa as his mind played back the images

of that moment. His hands now pressed firmly against my crotch, feeling the masculine swell beneath the soft feminine attire.

Removing his hand from my sex, I stood up, drawing him to his feet. Moving across towards the sofa, I sought to recreate that day, the bliss and delight, the euphoria and sexual tenderness, all of it, perhaps without the nerves and in trepidation we both had back then. It seemed so right to enact it, to joyously celebrate that moment in one's life when suddenly, unexpectedly, everything becomes bathed in pure brilliant sunshine and you know that your existence has become a hundredfold better.

Holding me close, as we stood by the sofa's edge, his hands gently squeezed my buttocks, drawing me in towards him. Our groins touched, lips pressed, mouths entwined, devouring each other's zest and vigor. My body sparkled, pulsing with passion, my flesh ached with a tenderness, a yearning to be touched and to touch.

Silently, we stood there, joined at the mouth, lavishly worshipping each other as our bodies screamed with exhilaration. Every sweep his mouth made, every caress of his tongue, his fingers so passionately holding my rump, feeling, caused us to delight in the euphoria which surged so dramatically through each other.

My body was like a conductor of electricity, which rampantly spread its aphrodisiacal delights throughout my body. My flesh shimmered unbelievably, every ripple that it made forced another part of me to caress the alluring sensual feminine material which I wore. My heart pounded with delight, thumping away with the pleasure of total contentment, as our mouths continued their devoted oral worship and magnificent dance.

I sat upon the sofa, feeling the soft sensual leather mold itself to shimmering, yearning body. My legs were apart with Charles kneeling between them. His glorious, elated face moved towards my feminine swell which lay beneath the black bodysuit he had bought me.

Whilst his hand swept back the shoulder-length auburn hair, his mouth lavishly caressed and lovingly kissed the naked flesh of my neck. Diligently kissing every inch of its exposed surface, he worked tirelessly downwards towards the very edges of my black bodysuit. Moving across, he peppered my shoulder with petite but wildly sensual embraces, slowly and methodically. Pausing as he reached the hidden straps of my bra, his mouth placed lingering kisses upon its thin strips of material and then slowly descended, following the shape of it until he reached my feminine breasts.

His kisses were radiant and magnificent, slow and precise, lingering and expertly placed, his lips curling around the mounds of feminine pleasure, his tongue stroking the erect nipple of my bosom. I purred with gratitude, my mind convincing me that they were real, that I could indeed feel the sensual bliss and abandonment of his mouth. My chest rose majestically, as his aching mouth launched its exuberant and soulful embraces, stoking and bringing the flames of passion once more to a simmering crescendo within me.

I could feel his body pressed against mine, feel the throbbing of his girth con-torting within his trousers, just like he felt the echoes of my passion. Every move-ment was dramatic, mine rubbing against Charles's, while his pressed and rubbed against the crotch of my bodysuit and black panties. His embraces contin-ued downwards, lingering over my navel, his tongue swirling, rubbing the lace of my bodysuit against the nylon of my pantyhose and my flesh.

Drawing back up to my face, his expression was one of tenderness and love, of being utterly committed to the intimate act that was about to unfold. Lavishly, we embraced, our mouths molding together again in blissful delight. Charles moved, his hand pressing against my crotch, slowly rubbing itself against the feminine wears that smothered it.

My sex throbbed with delight, feeling his warm masculine touch, his caressing of my aching sex. Nylon and lace effortlessly rubbed themselves against the head of my engorged tool, its sensitive state plunging me into a state of euphoria. Barely could I contain the pleasure that swarmed through my body, the feelings that ravaged me as my lover touched and fondled a body that yearned to feel his sensualness.

The three of us sat to-gether on the sofa. Anna-bel was dressed only in a loose-fitting silken floral robe that hid her sensual, naked form. She was lo-cated between Charles and I as we watched, in silence, the late night movie. It was a familiar routine, a time when we as a threesome of inti-mate knowledge would huddle up together, safe in the extraordinary con-fines of our own unusual love.

It was a time of solemn thinking, of being close to the very people who un-derstood me the best. A time also for reflection, to let quiet memories play out and to dwell upon the past. Charles and Anna-



bel knew all that had happened to me: the trails, tribulations agony and occasional joy before my joining with them.

My past was a checkerboard of pain and denial, of being unable or unwilling to accept who and what I was. Moments of true happiness, loyal and confident friendships were not my reality, trust not once having been established. I was misunderstood, challenged, and expectations weighed heavily upon my shoulders, all things that I did not need. I lived the way others demanded, never really happy, always having to watch my words and what I did. The real person within me lived in fear, in a nightmare world where there were few real occasions to explore the person behind the myth that others had built up.

Finally at the age of eighteen, friends were made, good ones, ones I thought I could trust. It was a late December night, snow had fallen deeply outside, the roads becoming impassable. I knew the chances of returning home were remote and that staying at Mark and Elizabeth's home was the only viable option. After having phoned my parents, telling them where I was and that I'd return probably tomorrow, the three of us settled down to a small alcohol-fueled party. As time progressed and the beer began to flow, a state of drunkenness swept over us. We weren't paralytic, perhaps a little merry, jovial and happy, but relaxed enough to let inhibitions fly. I began to open up, to express that which had tormented me for years. My secret nature which no one, not even my family, knew about began to slip out.

Soon things began to advance. I found myself desiring once more to indulge my feminine side, to wear the clothes which had so tempted me over the years. Just the thought entering my mind produced a bitter war between the two opposing sides of my character. I remember how Mark stretched over; placing his tender kiss upon my then-virginal mouth inflamed passions and thoughts on both sides of the characters that raged within my head.

Elizabeth giggled, her twenty-one year-old face enchanting me, captivating me beyond anything I had experienced before. Offering me her warmth, she smiled laboriously, kissing my palm before pressing it against her breast. Silence fell around us, the air seemed charged with tension. Her eyes looked towards Mark, hoping that he would offer some reassurance to me, so that things could move on. He pressed his hand flat against my groin, squeezing against the length of my sex.

My heart pounded, my body trembled. These were friends, good friends at that, people who knew my family. I wanted to say no, to hide in the shadows and pretend that I wasn't like that. The only problem was, I *was* like that and I needed to feel the closeness and intimacy of something so erotic. Elizabeth leaned forwards, her lustrous face intently alive, buzzing vibrantly and so confidently. She kissed me soulfully and passionately, while Mark's fingers began to draw the zipper of my pants down.

I felt his fingers stray into the domain of my underwear, slipping beneath them and wrapping around my length. Slowly he began to masturbate me, drawing the flesh back and forth, feeling it pulse within his hand. Elizabeth returned to my hand, drawing it down her body, quietly slipping it beneath her pink tight skirt.

My palm lay across the gusset of her panties. I could feel the warmth of her sex, the throbbing of her clit, as Mark continued his slow, arousal upon my length.

Her smile was gorgeous, her kiss enveloped my mouth, filling my body with pleasure, as finally the pair withdrew. Both offered me their hands. Drawing me to my feet, we headed slowly upstairs, towards the confines of their bedroom. Every step we took filled me fear, fear at being able to express myself like this, to allow a side of me that had for over a decade been hidden and denied. I struggled with thoughts that raged, the fear of unleashing something I couldn't control. Each step brought me nearer to the moment. There was a real fight going on now, a war that echoed within my head, a pulsing headache that stung like no other. Yet I continued to ascend.

The bedroom we now stood in; my body was transformed into a quaking wreck, every part of me ached, my flesh was hypersensitive, my eyes diligently scanned the surroundings. I watched as Mark stepped towards the dresser, his hands pulled at the top drawer, his eyes looked towards his girlfriend who smiled beautifully. My vision was fixed on Elizabeth who slowly, teasingly began to strip the outer clothes off her body, revealing naked flesh and daring lingerie that was purely erotic. Mark however was searching through a drawer, looking for something, his face finally producing a broad smile as his fingers withdrew a pair of white silken panties, transparent in places.

I was paralyzed. Suddenly their attention was turned to me. I was the one who was expected to wear them. It was decision time, a last chance to run away and hide from the thoughts and emotions that for years had been denied. I looked at the two, Mark and Elizabeth. Did I trust them? I couldn't make my mind up. I should have stepped back, away from it all, but I couldn't, the prospect of what lay in store was so alluring. My body craved the feel the lingerie, it desired the wearing of another gender's clothes, stronger than ever before.

Elizabeth stepped forward. She wore white thong panties and no bra, her rounded pert breasts free for my perusal. Perhaps it was part of the seduction, to allow me to focus on them whilst she began to undress my body. I watched as Mark stepped forwards, Elizabeth retreated a few yards, once my nakedness was complete. My chest rose deeply, my heart pounded furiously and my skin cringed, signs of nerves and not repulsion. Still, part of me wanted to step back, to gather my clothes and run, but that was fading fast, overpowered by the part of me which had laid dormant for many years.

Mark's smile was captivating, his hand held the alluring underwear which brushed against my aroused manhood as he spoke softly to me, telling me to put them on. Stepping into them was a moment I shall never forget, a moment when all the denial I had amassed finally broke free. My body ached with joy, my blood boiled. My face illuminated at the joy of feeling knickers press against my manhood which swelled and engorged itself with delight at the soft sensual touch. Mark smiled deliriously, he stepped forwards, his hand pressed against my crotch, rubbed itself back and forth, so that the material caressed my length. Then we kissed passionately, our mouths and tongues moved in unison, acting as one, devouring each other with true intensity.