



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# A Good Catch

Marie Sweet



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRISTA HAIGHT

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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# A Good Catch

by Marie Sweet

## Chapter One

I stood looking out of my hotel window, savoring my tenth-story view of San Francisco at night. Sparkling lights on the Golden Gate Bridge amid a kaleidoscope of twinkling streetlamps; at 1:00 in the morning, the rooms in the hotel across from mine were mostly dark, its occupants sleeping. Or out on the town like any normal person would be, I thought. It's a Saturday night, damn it. Here I am in the City by the Bay and I might as well just go to sleep.

At twenty-three years old, I, Marvin Hardington, was in product marketing for a conglomerate headquartered near Boston. I had just graduated from Boston College with a degree in Business, and for the first time in my life, I was not only West of the Mississippi, I was in one of the magical places I had always dreamed of visiting.

And now here I was, except it sure didn't seem like it. I could have been at any hotel in any big city. Yesterday afternoon I had reluctantly accepted my local sales rep's offer to give me a 'tour of the city.' "You'll have a blast", he said. Yeah, right. The guy was nice enough, although a little obsequious, and Pier 39 was a good place for T-shirts, but what I really wanted to do was explore the city by myself.

*Tomorrow, I thought. It's all going to be different.* Everyone knows San Francisco is a Mecca for liberals like I supposed I was. I grabbed the Yellow Pages from my nightstand, flipped to 'clothing – women.' I studied the ads carefully, trying to discern those that would look favorably – or at least not unfavorably – on my desire to buy some women's clothing. I'd never had the courage to do it before; I was too afraid of what someone might say, or worse, that someone might recognize me. Despite all I had read and the statistical evidence of males with similar desires, I felt like I was a secret agent hiding behind enemy lines, hiding my true identity with the sickening paranoia of what might happen – would happen – if one were caught and exposed.

Over the years I had spent hours surfing the Web, looking at the pictures and fantasizing about what I wanted to buy and wear; I just never had the courage to order anything. I couldn't have anything shipped to me; the damn postman left all packages on the floor in my tenement's mailroom. All of the residents had to paw their way through the pile to figure out what was theirs. I dreaded what would happen if someone saw a Victoria's Secret or Frederick's of Hollywood box addressed to me.

Of course, I also daydreamed of finding a woman who would appreciate and support my predilections. Who would not only understand, but also *want* me to dress. For her and my own pleasure and fun. Occasionally, I had to remove a woman's wet clothing from the building's communal washer, and sometimes it was tantalizing lingerie, like a silky negligee with matching panties, a camisole top, or even a lacy body stocking. Although tempted, I resisted stealing anything; I was just too afraid of what might happen.

Now, my fingers ran through the directory's pages, jumping from 'lamps' to 'linens' and finally reaching another Nirvana, 'lingerie.' I wasn't interested in those one-liner ads, like "Betty and Barbara's Boutique." I wouldn't have the time tomorrow to explore them all, and it seemed likely that stores like these wouldn't be accommodating. My target was those larger ads, with pictures and descriptions of their products; I hoped I could read between the lines and find a friendly store. And there it was, right in front of me in the upper right corner: Anastasia's Attic, on Haight Street. Open from 12 to 4 on Sundays. I would finally be able to satisfy my need, which had started when I was a young boy wrapped up in my grandmother's satin comforter.

I was too excited to sleep; I couldn't wait until Anastasia's opened, couldn't stop thinking about it. For the thousandth time I reviewed my situation, the possibility of detection or even utter embarrassment if they laughed or looked weird at me. What if our sales rep happened to be strolling past the store when I was there? Maybe with his wife shopping for that 'special outfit?' Stop it, I said to myself, I've got to do it. I've waited too long to do this and so what if they think I'm a little odd. I'll never see any of them again and maybe I'll finally be able to have some fun in my hotel room.

The following morning, I prepared myself carefully. I wanted to look nice, but not *too* nice. One thing for sure, I didn't want to stand out a tourist. I threw on a pair of blue jeans and tucked in a striped button-down shirt. It looked a little chilly so I draped a royal blue sweater around my shoulders and headed for the lobby. Little did I know then how my life was about to irreversibly change.

The taxi dropped me at the corner of Haight and Ashbury. Funny, I thought. The intersection sure didn't look anything like what I had expected. Not that I had lived through the Sixties, but the pictures I had seen of long-haired hippies smoking joints and flashing peace signs were nowhere to be seen. Now I saw a slightly off-the-beaten-track shopping and eating district, featuring used clothing stores and various small restaurants serving almost everything exotic: from Mediterranean to Thai to Indian.

Foot traffic was light, I noticed, and I hoped this would translate into a slow day for Anastasia's. There it was, a half-block down the other side of the street. Two large windows on each side of the entrance displaying scantily-clad mannequins wearing corsets and stockings; one of them was wearing a pink baby doll nightie, another looked like a

dominatrix in her tall black boots and bustier. My first inclination was to walk by a couple of times but I summoned my courage and stepped right in, jumping at the sound of a bell that announced my arrival.

I headed to the left, looking around to see who else was in the store and where everything was located. The racks of dresses, skirts and tops were near the front and along the sides and in the rear were shoes, stockings and lingerie. It was everything I was looking for until my eyes passed over a collection of black Gothic dresses, striped tights, and piercing jewelry in the back. I took a deep breath and started trying to look casual while browsing through the dresses, luxuriating in the feel of the satin, silk, and, my favorite, velvet.

I was lost in my reveries, examining a chiffon dress's lining when I was startled by the approach of a tall woman. Tall, at least for me. At 5'4", most people tower over me and she was no exception. She looked to be in her early forties, trim, wearing black pants and a loose red blouse. I felt my blush starting and my mouth go dry.

"Is there anything I can help you with?" she asked.

For a moment I tried to read her mind. Was she taunting me? Or suspicious? I wondered what she'd say if she knew. No, she looked okay, actually relaxed and pleasant, like she was talking to any shopper.

I reached deeply in my memory for my cover story. "Yes, in fact," I said. "I'm looking for an outfit for my girlfriend. I want to surprise her with something pretty from San Francisco for her birthday and, you know, I really would appreciate your help."

"No problem, what's her size?"

"She's a size eight. About a hundred and ten pounds, five foot four." Like me, I thought.

I thought I saw her eyes widen a little like maybe she was already suspicious of me, but she said, "Let's look over here. I saw that you're looking at the dresses – the eights are over here," she said, and turned to start flipping through them. From time to time she asked for my opinion, but nothing looked right. With her back to me she said, "What kind of outfit are you looking for?"

"Something sexier. Like velvet, or something." I paused and decided to press my luck. "But, maybe it would help if you showed me things that you think are sexy. You know, as a woman and all."

We finally selected a sleeveless velvet 'little black dress.' I snuck a feel of its lining; it felt equally as marvelous as the velvet. It had a small sprinkle of rhinestones at the 'V' of the décolletage, and its skirt was short. I figured it would fall about six inches above my knees.

Just then the front door chimed and three teenage girls bubbled inside, all simultaneously laughing and talking. They started weaving through the racks, heading for the Gothic corner.

"Here," the saleslady said. "Hold this." She handed me the dress on its hanger. "I've got to keep an eye on them – I'll be back as soon as they leave." She took off to the rear of the store.

The girls stopped their chatter when they noticed me and gawked at me, holding my dress. If I could have melted into the carpeting or otherwise disappeared I would have done just that. *Remember*, I said to myself. *Tonight is going to be hot. I'll have room service bring dinner. And, why not? A nice bottle of zinfandel – I deserved it after this ordeal.*

I tried to keep busy, to look nonchalant while awkwardly carrying a dress – I didn't want to get it dirty or wrinkled – until the girls finally left about a half-hour later.

"Black is the color for the lingerie," the lady said as she approached. "Did you want a corset or a bra?"

"Uh, a bra, I guess," I said, trying desperately to regain the confidence I had had earlier.

"And, what size does she wear?"

Oh my God, I thought. I didn't think of that. "I don't know!" I blurted and stopped himself from continuing, trying to conceal my discomfort and worries of her reaction to all this. "What do you think a size eight would wear?"

"Well, let's see. Something around a thirty-two or thirty-four. She's about as old as you?" I nodded. "And, is she fairly big up here, or?" Her fingers pointed at her breasts.

I tried to recall an image of one of my past girlfriends to give me an idea of what to say. "She looks good. Not too big and not too small. You know, just right."

"Let's go with a 34B. At least it won't be too tight around her chest." She watched me like she was judging my reaction. I was sure she knew, but also, that it didn't matter to her.

We headed further into the store to explore its most secret treasures. From a wall display, she selected a couple of bra and panty sets that she spread out on a glass counter for me. I decided to go for the garter belt; a lacy thing that I hoped would snug my waist into a more girlish shape.

By this time it was past four – I couldn't believe it had taken so long to get this far. She told me to wait for her while she locked the door. She made a quick phone call and we started looking through packages of stockings.

The door at the back of the shop opened and in walked a woman, but not just *any* woman. She was a mutt: built like an East German Olympic swimmer, with a linebacker's neck and a crew cut, with lips and forehead only a Cro-Magnon might have found lustful.

She walked right over to me and laid an arm around my shoulders, like we were old friends. She smelled of cigarettes and sweat, and I tried to slide out from her arm, but she held me steady against her side. "This the one?" she asked.

The saleslady nodded. "I'll put your things in a bag, Marvin, and bring them right out."

The Amazon said, "I'll be your cab driver tonight, honey. Let's go." She rushed me through the back of the store, through the stock room and into a dark alley. A rat ran across the road through dirty water for refuge behind a garbage can. There wasn't a cab in

sight. There was only a white panel truck with its rear door rolled open. A dim bulb showed that its interior was empty but for a small satchel.

It had all happened so quickly. I didn't have time to think and she wasn't going to give me any. She twisted my arm up behind my back to keep me moving. At the back of the truck, she waited for a moment, her arm still holding me tightly. The saleslady appeared out the back of the store with an Anastasia's Attic shopping bag in her hand. As she handed it to me, she grabbed my wrist, pulled my arm straight, and plunged a syringe into my upper arm.

I started to yell but Amazon Woman clamped her disgusting hand on my mouth. I started to push against her while spinning forward to the ground to get out from under her arm, but I didn't have the strength to fight. Soon she was holding me up under my armpits preventing me from collapsing on the ground.

The drug immobilized all of the muscles in my body; I couldn't move anything except my eyes and lids. It was like I was a paralyzed accident victim, unable to move but screaming for help inside my head.

"There, there now, baby," the Amazon said. "It's gonna be okay." She lifted me up into the truck and laid me down on its floor. The saleslady handed her something, which Amazon held up for me to see. A pair of silver scissors. More like heavy-duty shears. "Ever seen 'Silence of the Lambs'?" she asked. When I didn't respond, she said, "Maybe I'm gonna make me a Marvin suit. That would be funny, wouldn't it? Man, it'd take a lot of youse to make a big enough suit for me." My eyes darted between her face, the shears, and her bloodshot eyes.

She took off my shoes and socks and started cutting my jeans up the leg. When she reached the top, she unclasped my belt and went down the other side. She did the same with my underwear, leaving me naked lying on my ruined clothing. She jerked them out from under me and started working on my shirt. All the while she was humming "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" as if she were happily doing her job, pleasantly keeping herself occupied.

Moments later I was stripped naked, laying on the anti-slip texture of the floor of the truck. I was cold and quickly became painfully aware of rivets and metal edges digging into my back.

Saleslady started spreading something made out of pink fabric on the floor beside me. She unrolled it like a sleeping bag and pulled a long zipper from the top all the way to its bottom. Like moving a patient off a gurney, she and the Amazon transferred me onto it. At least it was thick enough to provide a little relief from the bare floor.

Amazon guided my hands and arms into some stretchy inner sleeves, distributing the fabric smoothly from my hand to its end under my armpit. "A hell of a lot better than the last one," she said. Once my arms were secure, she held my chin and turned my head back and forth. "Nice skin, too. Look at his complexion! Like a girl's it is."

Saleslady said, "Look, you'd better get out of here. You've got a long drive ahead and anyway, the longer we're out here, the bigger the chance someone's gonna see."

Back at my feet, the Amazon pulled the taut fabric around my ankles, then began moving a zipper up my legs. "Yeah, he's a good catch, he is," she said. Gradually, she worked her way up my legs, drawing the sides together, holding and zipping. Just before she reached my crotch, she stopped and felt between my legs, pulling it a little, hefting its weight and size. "I see what you mean," she said. "He is pretty small." She continued working the zipper up to my chest. "What does she do with 'em anyway?"

Now I realized what my arm sleeves were for. They were sewn inside the mummy bag to keep them restrained, no matter what. At least, I thought, if they're taking this much trouble, I might actually wake up from this nightmare some day.

"Hell if I know and hell if I care what she does with them," Saleslady replied with an exaggerated drawl. "All I know is I hook 'em, you bag 'em and deliver 'em."

Amazon pinched my nose and pulled my jaw open to push a ball between my teeth. She fed its straps over and around my head, buckling them in place. The ball had a breathing hole in it that whistled with my anxious gasps. She finished zipping me up over my head, leaving me snug and unmoving, in darkness.

I heard them scramble out of the truck, roll down the door and lock the release. The engine started and I was on – what I would later learn– the ride of my life.

## Chapter Two

"Wake up, sleepyhead. Come on now, open your eyes."

Groggy, I found myself lying in bed, peering at an attractive thirty-something blond, seated beside me, stroking my hair. Her hair was cut in a short choppy shag, in a way that made it stylish even with some strands tucked behind her ears.

Suddenly I remembered Anastasia's, the Amazon, and my paralysis. I flinched and started pushing against her to get up. She held my shoulders in place and cupped my cheek in her palm.

As if she knew the question I wanted to ask, she said, "You're safe, Marvin. Don't worry. You're staying with me for a day or two. Or more if you wish. You can leave anytime you want."

"What in the hell is going on?" I yelled, when I finally found my voice. "Where am I? Who are you?" I leaned forward momentarily before falling back on the pillow after catching a glance of the lacy top of a nightgown on my chest.

"You're with me, on my estate," she said, quietly, like she was talking to a small child, "and my name is Victoria North." Despite my fears, I started to relax into the softness of the bed, her attentions, the peacefulness of the room lulling me into a state of tranquility. She continued, "It can get lonely here, and I've found that I need companionship and some help. And yes, I've had others. But they've left and now I'm delighted to have the opportunity to get to know you."

"Look," I said, "I don't know what you're doing or what you want, but I'm outta here." I shoved her off me and dashed for the door, wondering if she really was going to let me go, or if I was suddenly going to feel the searing pain of a bullet or knife plunging into my



back. The hallway was plush, its plank floor covered in a silk Persian carpet that led to a sweeping stairway down to the foyer. I leaned against the marble balustrade to keep my balance, not paying attention to the fact that I was wearing only a baby doll nightie and panties. I was on a mission to get out of there.

I threw open the massive front door and ran down the marble steps to a gravel driveway that circled around a fountain in front of the house. From my vantage point, I saw only plants, trees, and lawn. No neighbors, houses, or anything that looked like civilization or anyone I could run to for help. I started sprinting down the driveway, and almost immediately I felt the jagged edges of the stones tearing at the soles of my bare feet. I had to stop after running only halfway around the circle.

"Yes, that's the way," Victoria yelled, from the front porch. "Head down the driveway about a half-mile. At its end I'll open the gate for you, and then it's only another mile or so on a dirt road that'll lead you to the highway."

I looked around to see if there was a better alternative. On the left was a manicured lawn surrounded by tall bushes. A redwood tree stood off to the side, casting a long shadow across the grass as the afternoon was turning to evening.

"That's not a good way for you either," she said. "There's a fast stream running along the bottom of the valley, and even if you get past that, it's a good five miles to the next town."

I turned around and found rolling brown hills, stretching for miles beyond a terrace that wrapped around behind the house.

She walked up behind me. "That won't work either," she said. I turned to look at her and noted that she was at least a head taller than me. Her jeans, silk blouse and boots gave her the look of one comfortable out in the woods by herself. "Really, Marvin, the only exit is the driveway. It's too late to go tonight, but if you want I'll take you back tomorrow."

Only then did I fully realize my situation. I looked down at myself, my nightie billowing out from my waist in the evening breeze. No clothing, no shoes, no identification. Nothing like I'd need to get back to San Francisco. I imagined for a moment walking through my hotel lobby dressed like this. Not a good idea. I turned and looked at her. Victoria smiled, and I followed her back to the house.

"I've got some dinner in the oven," she said. "Tell you what, let's get you a robe and we can talk over a nice dinner and a bottle of wine."

Suddenly, all I could think about was food as I caught a whiff of whatever was in the oven. God, I was hungry. It felt like I hadn't eaten in days. In my room, she handed me a satiny lavender robe, with white lace running along its hems.

"I can't wear this!" I said.

"Honestly, it's all I have, Marvin. I'm sorry, but they took your clothes in San Francisco, remember? But, it's just you and me, so who cares?"

Yeah, who cares, I thought. Who cared when I went to Anastasia's? The place I figured was perfectly safe turned out to be the most treacherous and possibly the most dangerous. I slid into the robe and tied its sash around my waist.

\* \* \*

Her dining room table was walnut, with seating for twelve. The walls were painted a shade of burgundy with mahogany wainscoting; one wall was covered with a trompe l'oeil painting of a pastoral scene of lavender growing in the rolling hills of Provence. The crystal glasses glistened in the faceted light from a chandelier centered over the table. I mentioned that I thought her name fit her well, given the surroundings and her demeanor.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Please, don't get me wrong. It's just that 'Victoria' sounds so elegant, as if for royalty. And you must admit, you are queen of an impressive kingdom."

She smiled pleasantly while she was uncorking a bottle of wine. "I bought this place a couple of years ago," she said, as she poured the wine. "It's over five hundred acres of rolling hills and the house is really huge, too big for me." She took a sip of her wine. "I have to admit, I was very, very lucky. I started a dot-com with an associate, and before I knew it, I had made a couple of hundred million dollars in our IPO." She took a bite of the roast beef and washed it down with more wine. "But I got sick of life in the Valley. It wasn't a life, really. Go, go, go, cell phone in one ear and employees, shareholders, and our board yelling in the other. I got very depressed and almost suicidal; I decided to drop out, and here I am."

I couldn't imagine her ever being that sad, she looked so calm and secure now. Between mouthfuls, I asked, "What's to stop me from telling the authorities? I mean, if you let me go tomorrow."

"We'll deliver you right back to San Francisco. You don't know where you are, and for obvious reasons, you won't be seeing much on the return trip. Really, I feel pretty safe." She shrugged and smiled at me as if to say, *See how simple it is?*

As the evening wore on I started to enjoy her company. We stayed up late that night, drinking cognac in front of a fire, talking and laughing like we were old friends.

\* \* \*

The following morning I awoke just after dawn, the sun warming me through the room's gauzy curtains. I got up, stretched, and parted the shades to have a look. My goodness it was beautiful. My view was of the backyard, although that term certainly didn't apply here. A tiled patio wrapped around an infinity swimming pool, next to a thatched cabana. Beyond, a white gazebo was at the edge of a cliff that fell away to a valley.

"You like?" she asked, peeking her head past my door.

"Who wouldn't?" I replied. "It's magnificent."

"I'll show you around after breakfast. But first," she said while dramatically holding her nose. "You need a bath!"

The shower felt wonderful, cleaning and relaxing my body, restoring my sense of well-being. Naturally, the subject of what I was to wear came up when I finished. All she had in the closet were dresses and skirts. With her help, I chose a sleeveless denim dress with brightly colored ladybug buttons on its front. After I figured out how to work buttons on the 'feminine side,' I pulled the dress's ties around to my back and tied them into a ribbon. Fresh panties and a pair of sandals completed my outfit. It felt kind of weird, especially since she seemed to only wear jeans and shirts, which were way too big for me. I guessed that was just what she found comfortable, and it was her estate after all, so she wore whatever she wanted.

After a couple of days of this, I knew I wouldn't leave. In many ways, my lifelong fantasy was fulfilled although Victoria and I were still only friends. I wondered if our relationship might grow into something deeper but satisfied myself with simply living the life I had often dreamed of.

Our daily routine consisted of breakfast, followed by a hike around her property, although we never reached its extents, at least as far as I could tell. Sometimes we would bring a picnic lunch and play cards or just talk; other times we'd have a swim in the pool and take a nap in the shade of an umbrella. By the, I was getting used to only wearing dresses and bikinis, and regularly shaved off what little hair remained on my legs and arms. She started calling me 'Melissa' and I felt so happy when she told me how nice I looked.

On a spring day in April we set up a picnic by a stream and fell asleep for a while in the shade of a redwood tree. She woke me up and led me by the hand to watch the water flow down the river. I was watching a frog when she turned to me and bent down to kiss my lips. It seemed so natural that my arms floated above her shoulders with hers around my waist. We stayed like that for a minute, our kisses becoming harder. She pushed her tongue into my mouth where I sucked on it and teased it with my own. Through my thin dress, I felt the roughness of her pants against my skin, her knee pushing up between my legs.

We hurried to throw the picnic into its basket and ran back to the house, hand in hand. Once inside, she led me into her room. It was much larger than mine, with a king-size bed, a white coverlet, and lavender walls with intricate white molding at the ceiling. She held me against her body, kissing my lips and then my neck. Her hands found my dress's zipper, which she pulled down and helped me remove by sliding its straps off my shoulders.

She started to undo my bra clasp, hesitated, and stood back from me. "Let's savor this, Melissa," she said. I followed her into the bathroom. She pushed one of the wall tiles and the door to a hidden room opened. Within it was a medical chair in its center and a Formica-topped counter and sink along the back wall. "Take off your panties and hop up here."

She started fiddling with something in the sink while I slid the panties down to my ankles and stepped out of them. The leather seat felt cold against my skin. She turned to me, holding a rubber bag and a hose. She hung these on a stand, lowered the back of the chair and pulled out some rests for my feet.

She pressed some clear gel onto her fingers, spread it on a thin plastic nozzle, and glided it into my rear passage. Slowly, the sudsy water entered me, filling my bowels in a warmth I had never felt before. When it was finished, she told me to hold the plug and go to the toilet.

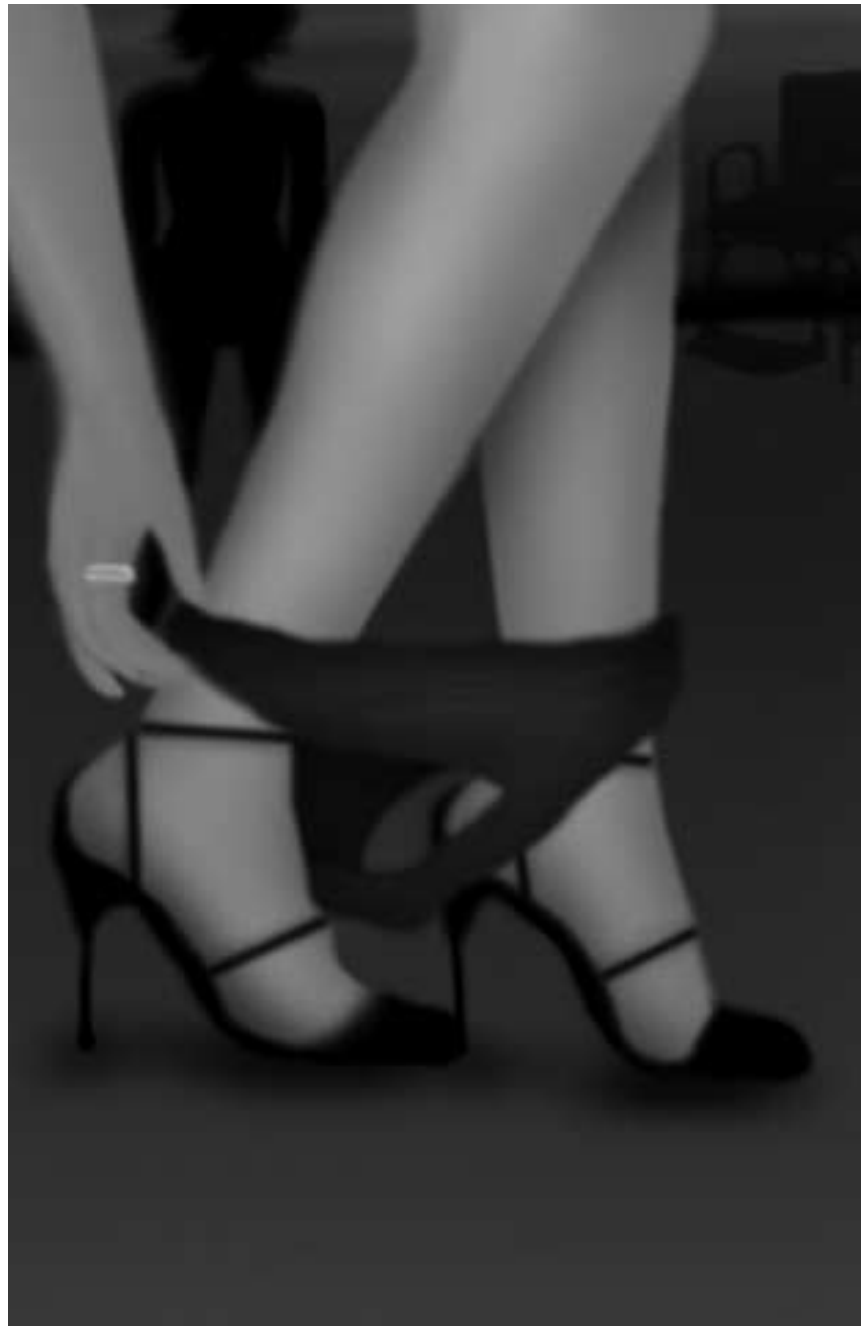
We repeated the process and when I was thoroughly clean inside, she squirted more of the gel into me. When I stepped out of the shower, she wrapped a towel around my body and led me into the bedroom. Spread out on the bed was a sleeveless white satin gown with flirty, feminine pleats and an empire waist, and satin panties.

“Put those on and wait for me in bed,” she whispered in my ear, “while I get ready. I’ll be right back.”

She gave me a squeeze and returned to the bathroom. I pulled the silky panties up my smooth legs and up to my waist. The waist and leg openings were trimmed in a delicate lace whose whiteness was in sharp contrast to my tanned skin. I gathered the gown and dropped it over my head. It floated down my body until stopped by the thin straps resting on my shoulders. I pulled back the covers of her bed and carefully got in to wait, spreading the skirt of my gown around me.

When she came out of the bathroom, the first thing I noticed was a black phal-lus, held to her crotch with straps that reached around her waist and between her legs. She dimmed the lights, casting the room into shadows and joined me in bed.

We kissed, urgently pressing our lips together and exploring each other’s mouth with our tongues. She began kissing my neck, and then she pulled down



one of my shoulder straps, and began nibbling on my breast. I held her head tightly against me like I was in heat. I was consumed with her and wanted nothing but to be with her like this forever.

She gathered and pushed my gown up to my belly and took hold of the waistband of my panties. I arched my back to help her ease them off. She stroked me while we looked into each other's eyes. After a moment, she smiled at me reassuringly and edged my knees apart, knelt between my legs, raised my ankles until they rested on her shoulders. And then, with one hand guiding her dildo, she leaned into me.

At first I resisted, my body reacting to her invasion. She kept a firm pressure on my opening, until slowly she entered me until her belly was pressed against mine, her phallus deep inside. She rested for only a moment, then began rocking back and forth, pulling out and pushing in. We both were flushed, breathing heavily. She looked deep into my eyes, then I closed them, releasing myself to fully experience every moment.

I felt her body start shuddering and then she fell on top of me into my arms, where I held her as her climax subsided. It was then that I freed myself for my own release, the feeling of her penetration and our passions exploding within every nerve of my body.

## Chapter Three

For weeks afterward, I continued refining my feminine appearance, manner, and dress. As the cool breezes of winter approached, I found that I needed opaque stockings or tights to keep my legs warm when we strolled around her property. She taught me the intricacies of make-up, which I applied daily for practice and to enhance my appearance, and she styled my hair, leaving me with pretty bangs on my forehead and tresses that draped to my breasts.

I was most often the one who prepared our meals and took care of all of the household duties, while Victoria worked in her office or left the estate to attend to her business or shop in the town. I still had no idea of my location, but I didn't care. The only thing that mattered was our relationship and how I might support her by being my best as her partner and lover. In the evenings, after the dishes were done and we grew sleepy, I slipped upstairs to change into something sexy or sweet; whatever I thought would give her the most pleasure.

Like a lightning strike, it all changed.

On the afternoon of an overcast, drizzly day, she parked her car alongside the kitchen entrance, and I stepped outside to help her unload the groceries.

"I'm having a friend over for dinner tomorrow evening, Melissa," she said. "It'll be fun for you to get to know her." She walked over, carrying a large brown bag. "I want you to look your prettiest tomorrow night." I blushed when she said, "I'm so proud of you, Melissa."

She kissed me on the cheek and continued into the kitchen, while I stood there dumbfounded. I had never been seen by anyone but her. "I, I'm not sure, Victoria. I'm scared. I don't know if I can do that."