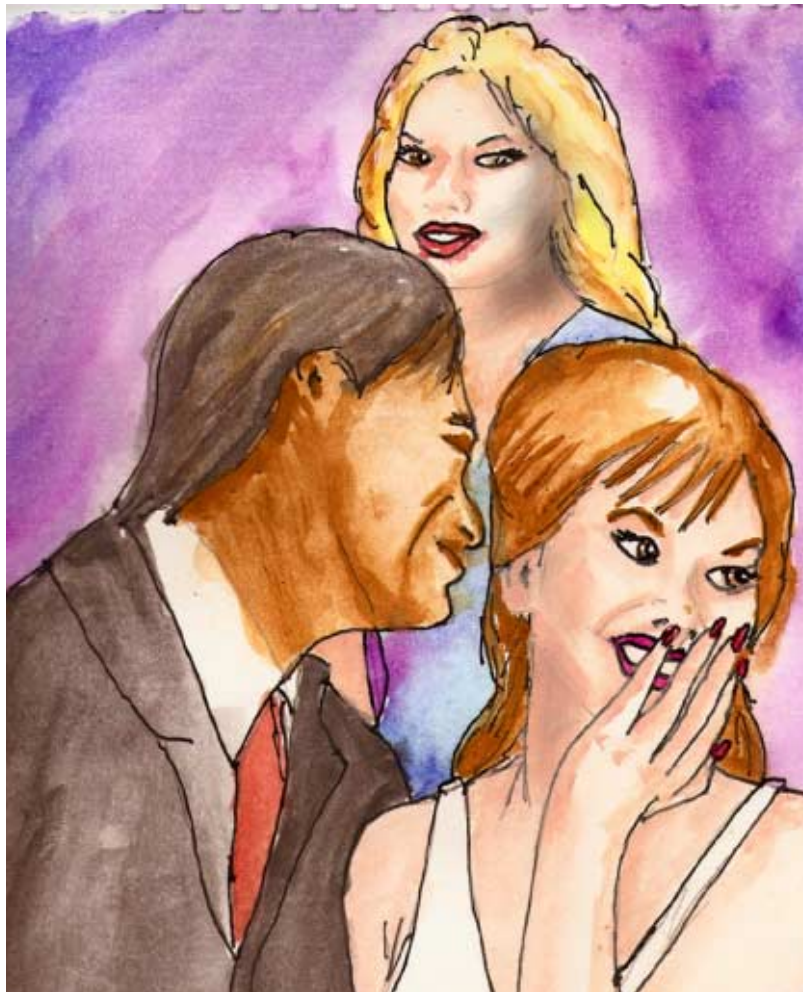




Reluctant Press presents:

An Unexpected Husband 2

Susan Avebury



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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AN UNEXPECTED HUSBAND

PART TWO

CHAPTER ONE

It was four weeks later when we all agreed to get together again at my place. Although Stuart and I had cleared the air over our little dalliance, I had still been a little apprehensive about being in the office again with him again. However, my fears proved ungrounded and everything had been easier than expected and I was able to relax quite easily. True to his word, Stuart never tried anything on with me, although he did, when requested, give me the odd shoulder or foot massage. There was the odd occasion as well when I caught him eyeing me up again which left me feeling very vulnerable, yet in a strange way, slightly excited again.

Lisa had got the wedding dress out for me and was bringing it over, picking Stuart up on the way. He had been a little apprehensive about coming over, but I said he would be okay. After all, even if he did get any urges, what could he do with everyone else there as well?

In anticipation, I had ordered a pair of white court shoes from a catalogue. They were quite cheap and I didn't feel too bad about buying them. Besides, I thought, even if the dress didn't fit and I didn't need to keep the shoes, I always had a 28 day money-back guarantee on them. A bit naughty perhaps, but it wasn't like they were going to be worn for going outside. They arrived on the Thursday beforehand and I tried them on, half expecting them to be a bad fit. As it was, they fitted very well, which was a pleasant change.

Vicky and Chris arrived on the Saturday morning. Previously made family arrangements for the Sunday meant they wouldn't be staying for the weekend, but they would be

up for the afternoon and evening. I spent the morning in town doing various shopping related things, returning home in the early afternoon for a late lunch, just in time for Vicky and Chris. As a result I stayed in my male clothes, it being the easier option. It was around 7pm that Lisa arrived with Stuart. Lisa came in carrying the wedding dress, wrapped in a plastic cover, over her arm. In her other hand, she had a small bag. A small ripple ran through my stomach. Stuart just looked at me, slightly surprised that I was in male mode. He held up a couple of other bags.

“Anyone for a Chinese takeaway?”

“Plates and trays in the kitchen,” I prompted him. White wine in the fridge, along with beer for anyone who prefers it.”

I turned to Lisa, who was still holding the dress.

“Shall we put those in the dressing room?” I suggested.

She nodded and went upstairs. I followed her up, feeling more than a little excited. She put the small bag down, slipped the gown out of the plastic cover and held it up against herself, showing the line of it to me. It was a very nice gown I had to admit. Made of white satin, it had a high front and a high, round lace collar. The lace descended into a ‘V’ shape at the front, not quite deep enough to show off a cleavage, but enough so as to hint at what was underneath. The sleeves were lace and covered the entire arm, ending in a point with a little loop to hook over the wearer’s middle finger. The rest of the bodice looked fairly close fitting and the material continued into a floor length skirt, which spread out in a smooth flowing way as she moved it around. I longed to try it on, to feel the tightness of the bodice on my body, the weight of the skirt as it moved and flowed as I walked. Lisa opened the bag she had brought with her and took out a veil and a pack of stockings. Silk stockings no less!

“The stockings are spare,” she offered. “I’m unlikely to wear them in the near future so you can use them, no problem.”

“Are you sure?” I asked. “I mean, I know what happened and if it’s going to be difficult then...” I tailed off seeing her shake her head.

“Really,” she replied, “it’s no big deal. I just get a bit annoyed when I think of how he was carrying on behind my back all the time while we were planning our wedding. Actually, in one way, it seems almost right that you should wear it.”

I smiled inwardly at the irony. Carrying on behind her back she had said, yet here I was having let Stuart have his way with me over the desk in the office, not telling a soul and about to wear her wedding dress. Leaving the dress and other items in the dressing room, we both went back down for dinner. Lisa and Chris, both being the drivers for the day, stuck to a single glass of wine, while Stuart, Vicky and myself finished off the remainder of one bottle and then made very good progress on another. With dinner out of the way, I made coffee and sat down, only to find myself being shooed upstairs to get dressed, this being the main reason everyone was there. I went upstairs and into the dressing room, closing the door gently behind me.

First of all I took my top off and put a dressing gown on while I did my makeup. Being as I was supposed to be an innocent blushing bride, I opted for a neutral set of tones on

my eyes, a warm set of pale browns. The blusher was a pale pink, lightly applied and my lipstick was a deep pink with a slight shimmer to it. Slipping the dressing gown off, I gave myself a quick spray over with a light perfume and then picked up my basque, undid the back and slipped my arms through the straps. Doing it up was never easy, but as I closed each hook and eye on the back, it grew tighter on my body, bringing its own sense of pleasure. My false breasts slipped into the cups where they were held firmly against my body, the silicone warming rapidly to my own body temperature. Then, I opened the stockings and slid them gently up my legs, enjoying the sensation of smooth silk against my smooth skin. They clipped onto the suspenders on the basque and then I slipped on a pair of lacy white knickers. I looked in the mirror to admire the effect and found myself getting quite excited at the look. Taking the underskirt, I stepped into it and pulled it up to my waist where the elastic held it firmly against my skin. I swished it around and then looked at the wedding dress. I found and undid the small pearl buttons down the back and stepped into the gown, tucking the underskirt in and pulling the gown up my body. The lace was incredibly soft and smooth as I slid my arms into the sleeves, hooking my middle finger into the loops. Reaching round behind was a little hard, but I managed eventually to do up the buttons down my back. By some superb luck that I couldn't believe, it fitted beautifully. Reaching over to the dressing table, I picked up my wig and fitted it to my head, using a small nylon wig cap to hold my own hair back out of the way. A little bit of spray just to hold the fringe in place and it looked nearly perfect. I picked up the veil and fitted it onto my head, clipping it into place on the wig with the small attached clips. Finally, I slipped my feet into the white court shoes and with the butterflies beating a tattoo in my stomach, I stepped out of the room and went downstairs where I was met with raised eyebrows and low whistles of surprise. Stuart raised his eyebrows and nodded gently.

"Very nice," he said. "Very nice indeed."

The others agreed and I did a gentle twirl, showing the dress off and enjoying the way it flowed and swayed around me.

"So who's the lucky man then?" asked Chris, a mischievous smile on his face.

I looked at him, rather surprised, not quite sure of what to say. My immediate thought was that he knew what had happened in the office. Before I could say anything though, Stuart went down on one knee, took my hand and looked up at me.

"Oh please let it be me. Make me so happy," he gushed.

I felt myself going slightly red as they all laughed at the strange scene. I laughed too, but rather nervously.

"I'll be the best man," suggested Chris, "or I can give you away. Lisa can be the priest and Vicky can take the pictures."

I looked up and smiled as Vicky produced a small digital camera from her handbag. I should have known she would come prepared. Lisa jumped up, assuming the position of a waiting priest. Chris took me by the arm and led me to the back of the room while Stuart stood at the other end, facing Lisa. Vicky started humming the wedding march and Chris led me gently down the room to face Lisa. Trying desperately to keep a straight face, she recounted as much of the wedding ceremony as she could remember, eliciting responses

from Stuart and me through clenched teeth as we tried desperately not to laugh. Then she looked and announced, "I now pronounce you man and, er, wife."

There was a small round of applause and a gentle cheer. I wasn't prepared for the next stage.

"Okay, now I think you should kiss the bride," said Vicky.

Stuart and I just looked at her not believing what she had just said.

"Alright," she went on, "just make it look as though you are. After all, what would it look like in the wedding album if we didn't have one like that?"

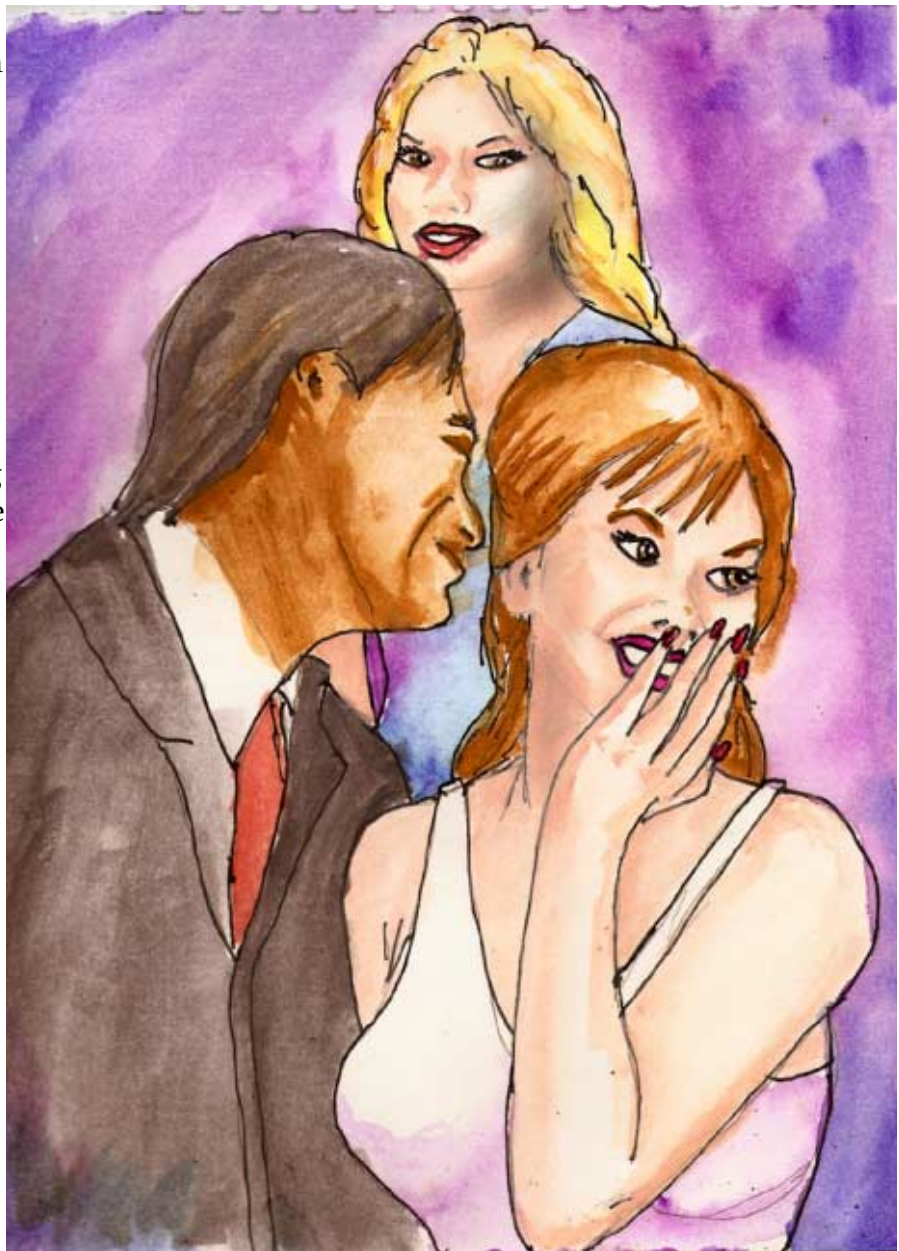
Stuart's expression was a picture, but he was game, as was I for some reason. Probably down to the alcohol in retrospect. He leaned over and puckered his lips gently, as did I. Our lips met very gently and the camera went click. Vicky checked the result on the little screen on the back of the camera and showed it to us.

"Way too artificial," she commented. "Put more effort into it."

Stuart and I exchanged glances. He leaned over again, lips puckered and met my lips again, pressing a little harder this time. The camera clicked again.

"Much better," said Vicky checking the camera screen. "Now once more with passion."

Stuart was obviously getting a little flustered. This was an area we hadn't planned on getting into. As he leaned over this time, our lips met with quite a force. His left hand came up round the back of my head whilst his right hand came up round behind me, supporting my back as he pulled me into him. Eyes closed, I sensed the camera flash go off and then, to



some degree of shock, I felt his tongue probing my lips and forcing them apart. In the shock, I didn't know what to do except stand there and take it. This was something I had definitely not planned. But here, in this wedding dress, all made up and feeling slightly drunk, I was open to all sorts of ideas, despite better judgement. I sensed the flash fire again as his tongue probed my mouth, touching mine and he held me in what was a real passionate embrace for what seemed like ever. Then, he pulled away slowly, letting me stand back upright. I felt my face glowing red as I wondered for a minute whether I was going to pass out. The blood was pounding and my stomach was churning with all sorts of emotions.

"How was that?" he asked Vicky. "Passionate enough for you?"

"Er, yes," she replied, open mouthed, lost for words.

They looked at me. I looked back at them, mouth gaping with shock, totally at a loss for words. I swallowed.

"You alright?" asked Vicky.

"I think so," I replied. "It was just a little more than I was expecting."

"Well she said be passionate," answered Stuart, "so I was."

I became very aware of movement in my knickers. Fortunately, the dress was big enough to hide any bulge and my already red face hid any other embarrassment. Chris started laughing, which broke the moment superbly. I was able to join in, easing the tension, but not removing the strange sensation I now felt. I would never have done this before. This wasn't even part of any fantasy, but here and now, I felt surprising sexy and, I hardly dared admit it to myself, turned on.

Vicky lifted the camera up for us to see the pictures she had taken. As she had said, the first one had looked very staid, very posed. The second one looked a lot better and the rest, well, let's just say the passion was obvious. My lipstick, smudged across Stuart's lips was also fairly obvious and he quickly rubbed it off. Fortunately, our heads had been turned away from the camera slightly and the fact that Stuart had had his tongue in my mouth wasn't obvious.

Lisa stood and watched us. The expression on her face was one I couldn't work out. She looked almost disturbed by the whole process. Almost as though she was jealous, but I couldn't see how. We'd never been a couple and as far as I was aware, she wasn't that interested in me. Perhaps, I thought, it was bringing back some memories and thoughts. I asked if she was alright and her expression changed, her face breaking into a smile.

"No worries," she replied. "I was just a little surprised. I couldn't tell who was enjoying it more."

I looked at her, unsure of what to say.

"Tell you what," she went on, "why don't you hang on to the dress. I can't see me using it."

"Really?" I asked. "Are you sure?"

She nodded, shrugging her shoulders.

"Hey it's late," said Chris glancing at his watch. "We need to be going fairly soon."

"Me too," said Lisa looking at her watch as well. "I have some bits to sort out at my mum's place."

"Tell you what," said Stuart, looking at me. "I'll give you a hand clearing up. It's the least I can do, considering. I can get a taxi later."

"Thanks," I replied, "I'll go and get changed."

"Shouldn't worry if I was you," replied Stuart. "Put your feet up and I'll sort it out. Not too much to do I reckon."

I looked up at him. Chris, Vicky and Lisa were out of earshot, getting their things together. I felt a strange feeling in my stomach again, hordes of butterflies fluttering around.

"Okay," I agreed. "Do you want to let Lisa know?"

Stuart nodded and wandered off to see the others who were collecting coats from the hall. Lisa came in and put her arm through mine.

"What?" I asked, seeing her brow, furrowed in what seemed to be concern.

She shook her head gently. "I don't know," she said, "maybe I'm just a bit jealous. I mean, you look really good in that dress and..." she tailed off.

She looked me straight in the eye.

"Oh, you know," she started. "It's Stuart. I just find him a bit intense sometimes. I mean, all that just now. I swear he was enjoying it."

I raised my eyebrows.

"Do you think so?" I asked, knowing full well that he had.

"Oh I don't know," she replied shaking her head. "Maybe it's just me being silly."

I gave her a hug and told her not to worry, I didn't think she was being silly and it was really nice of her to look out for me. She hugged back and said she was fine really and then gave me a kiss on the cheek, before heading back into the hallway. I stood for a moment, gently gnawing the inside of my lip, contemplating the whole thing. Noises from the hall shook me from my thoughts and I picked my way out there, skirts held up to avoid tripping over them. Chris and Vicky were just about to leave and said their goodbyes. Stuart was by the kitchen door and gave Lisa a peck on the cheek, said goodbye and went back into the kitchen. I followed on to the front door, waiting until Chris, Vicky and Lisa had left and then went back into the kitchen, where Stuart was finishing the washing up.

"Thanks," I said. "Did you fancy a coffee before you go?"

"Sure," he replied, "or something stronger if you've got it."

I looked at him sideways.

"Seeing as you're not driving?" I queried.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Something like that", he replied. "I'll try and arrange the taxi later, unless you're okay with me sleeping on the sofa."

"Fine by me," I said, "although the spare bed is probably a lot more comfortable."

He just smiled and nodded.

I went into the kitchen and filled the kettle. As I stood waiting for it to boil, I heard Stuart enter the kitchen and felt, rather than heard him, come over to stand right behind me. I waited, not saying anything, not sure even what to say. Seconds passed, feeling like hours. I looked over my shoulder.

“Something on your mind?” I asked, feeling very vulnerable and more than a bit nervous.

Saying nothing, his hands reached up to my shoulders, his thumbs resting at the base of my neck, making small massaging circles against the skin through the fabric of the dress. Tensing initially, relaxed and tilted my head forward slightly, enjoying the massage. I felt his lips nuzzle against the side of my neck and I tensed again automatically, the sensation causing my entire body to shiver involuntarily. Then his nose and his breath tickled my ear sending tingles up and down my spine. We weren't supposed to be going down this route again. Yet somehow, I felt helpless to resist. I felt his lips move round to the back of my neck, his tongue playing gently over my skin, making me tense and shiver again. His teeth moved gently over the skin in a mock bite, and then he took the skin in his teeth, gently, his tongue stroking the skin. I let out a breath, half sigh, half groan. The feeling was electric. He moved his mouth round to the side of my neck, still caressing the skin with his tongue. His hands, by now, had slipped down to my waist, one arm moving round to pull me in towards him. I relaxed, giving in to the sensations I was feeling, the wine I had drunk earlier helping me to relax more and more.

“Did you want to get out of this dress?” The question woke me from my reverie.

“Do you think I should?” I whispered, not entirely sure that was the correct response and not entirely sure I wanted to hear the answer.

“I think so. It's not one you want to mess up,” he whispered in my ear.

The lips left my neck and the arm moved from my stomach. I half turned, seeing him still standing beside me. He reached out his hand and took my elbow, ushering me out of the kitchen towards the hall and the stairs. I raised my skirts slightly at the front, displaying a flash of stocking clad ankle and felt Stuart pick up the rear of the dress, stopping it dragging on the floor. We went upstairs to my dressing room, Stuart close behind me. We went in and I reached round to unbutton the dress.

Before I could start, I felt his hands at the top of my back, undoing a couple of the buttons before he returned to kissing and caressing the back and side of my neck again, working down to the tops of my shoulders. My hands fell to my sides and I stood there, breathing deeply, knowing full well this shouldn't be happening, yet all the while, enjoying it immensely. I wanted to stop him, to remind him we had agreed it had been a one off event before, but the words wouldn't come. I felt the buttons coming loose, slowly, one at a time until he had reached the last one at the small of my back.

Both hands reached inside, pushing the dress open and forward, off my shoulders. His hands slid up over my basque to my shoulders, the light touch making me shiver and tremble, despite the warm room. Softly he pushed the sleeves down my arms and over my hands. With nothing to hold it up, the dress slid down, over my underskirt to a crumpled

heap on the floor. Then, two thumbs hooked into the waistband of my underskirt and lifted it over my hips, allowing it to fall to the floor as well.

Now, his arms wrapped round me from behind, and he held me close as he kissed and caressed my neck, a familiar firmness pressing into me from behind. I felt weak, unable to stop him. His hands ran gently but firmly over my hips and stomach, causing it to flutter uncontrollably. Then one hand slipped down to the crease of my groin and down to the suspender of my basque. Further down to the stocking top, where it toyed and lingered for a short while before working back up again, round to my bum. The soft nylon of my knickers was massaged gently over one cheek before the hand returned to its starting point on my hip. I was so turned on I couldn't do anything but accept what was happening.

Then his left hand slipped to mine and he escorted me gently from the room, pushing me ahead slightly, his hand on my hip. We reached the bedroom, where he continued from where he had left off, the kisses becoming more and more exciting and intense. Then, his hand took the back of my neck and he turned me to face him, kissing me full on the lips again, his tongue immediately seeking mine, forcing its way between my lips.

My initial instinct, was to pull away, but his hands held me close and I found myself unable to resist, responding in kind this time. I felt dizzy, almost sick, with the tension and excitement. His hands, behind me, pulled me in tight to his body and I felt his erection pushing hard against me. His hands moved to the sides of my chest and he pushed me gently back towards the bed, until it met the back of my knees and I sat down. He leaned forward, pushing me back to lie down, again seeking my lips with his. After a moment or two it became too much and I moved my head to one side, allowing him to kiss my neck and throat again. We rolled slightly to one side and his hand reached down to my leg.

His hand ran gently up and down against the smooth nylon, making its way over the bare strip of skin up to my knickers where he gently stroked my bum, the slight friction pulling the nylon slightly tighter into my crotch and bum. He hitched me further up on to the bed and ran his lips down over my arms, across the satin of my basque and down towards my legs, his tongue flicking in and out, making me tremble. His hands kept caressing my legs and I became very aware of my own excited state, my knickers bulging fit to burst.

Stuart stood up and stripped off quickly and easily, except for his boxer briefs, which bulged significantly. I couldn't believe I was doing this again. Wanting to look away, I instead found myself drawn inexorably towards his boxers. Reaching down into his trousers, Stuart extracted a small shiny packet and turned away as he opened it. I saw him pulling down his briefs and fiddling with something in front of him.

Then he turned back, showing me his erection, firm and proud with a condom now in place. He reached down and drew my knickers down my legs. I was starting to gasp, wanting to say no, yet all the while, a part of me saying to lie there still, to let him do what he wanted. I closed my eyes and lay back. I was powerless to resist. Then, hooking his arms under my knees, he raised my legs up, exposing my bum and leaving me helpless. He rubbed himself gently against my bum, the feeling making me twitch and tense. Then, lifting my legs up into a vertical position, either side of his head, he spread my buttocks and guided himself in to me.

My automatic reaction was to tense up, but his hands gently pulled my buttocks apart and he worked his way in gradually, gently pushing and pulling, gaining ground with every gentle thrust. I closed my eyes, feeling the huge stiff warmth of his erection working its way inside me. His hands slid to my thighs and ran gently up and down my stockings as he held me close into him. I half opened my eyes and saw him standing there, my calves framing his face, eyes closed, as he moved gently, rhythmically, the full feeling in my bum moving in time with him.

He tensed, his breaths becoming shorter and then a strong tension as he ejaculated. I felt him pulse inside me, his thrusts, suddenly becoming shorter and more urgent and in the excitement I came myself. I just caught myself in time, both hands, gripping the end, the warm fluid oozing out between my fingers and dripping onto my stomach, just missing my basque. He tensed again and then once more, before slipping my legs down to his sides. I wrapped them round his waist loosely as we both caught our breath. After a few moments, he gently withdrew from me. He stood and looked at me, his face flushed, his breathing deep.

"Toilet roll?" I suggested, the blood still pounding in my head, half dazed with the adrenaline rush.

He nodded and went to the bathroom, returning a minute later, without his condom but thankfully with a toilet roll. Seeing I only had one free hand, he tore off a couple of sheets and handed them to me to wipe myself off. Then he extended his hand and helped me to my feet. Picking up my knickers, I walked on wobbly legs to the bathroom and sat there cleaning myself up, my mind a whirl.

"Do you still want that coffee?" he called, dragging me from my reverie.

"Tea, please," I called back, not quite believing the strangeness of the moment. Offering me coffee as if nothing had happened. Whatever next?

I was finishing off in the bathroom when Stuart came back upstairs with the drinks. He had put on my dressing gown, the male one. I sat there in my underwear, trembling slightly. Stuart reached behind the door and took down my satin robe.

"Put this on," he said. "You look cold."

I wasn't cold as such, but I just nodded and slipped it on. As I sat back down on the bed, Stuart sat down beside me. He leaned towards me slightly, his arm just behind me, supporting his weight, touching my back. I relaxed against it slightly.

"This is becoming a habit," he said.

I nodded, not sure of what to say. What could I say? I sipped my tea, my mind a blur as all sorts of feelings and emotions competed for attention. I looked sideways at Stuart. He sat there, head down slightly, looking as lost as I felt. We drank our tea in silence, neither of us entirely sure what to say.

"How's your arse?" asked Stuart eventually.

I half laughed. "A bit tender," I replied. He nodded.

"Understandable I suppose," he mused.