



Reluctant Press presents:

Lipstick Diaries

Cellissa Draylor



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Lipstick Diaries

By Cellissa Draylor

One

Outside, the darkness of night settled in, its invisible tentacles clinging to everything, embalming itself in a serene gothic beauty. The trees once full of leaves, now stripped naked, looked old and withered, their branches swaying in the cold northerly breeze, leaves on the ground no longer golden, vibrant colors replaced by a dank, damp blackness as they slowly begin to rot away. Nature was dying, the warmth of summer long gone, remembered only in the vaguest of memories. Autumn was here, though it felt more akin to the depths of winter.

The night sky was a blanket of blackness, interspersed by a full moon and a glittering array of stars that shone magnificent, like a studded tapestry of velvet. A thin veil of fog crept fully forwards, rolling inwards, consuming everything in its way. Life in the city had almost ground to a halt, few people braved the freezing temperatures, shops closed, locked tight for night, those few individuals brave enough were the hardened drinks looking for the next alcoholic venue in their quest to remember nothing of this night.

In this climate, I found myself outside, walking through the empty streets, my eyes glancing around, covering all directions, my body shivering, my mind and senses alert to all the problems and possibilities that my being out here may provoke. It was well-known that a girl like me wasn't safe around here, but tonight I had no choice. The city center is a place where alcoholics and tempers often embrace and results can be quite horrific.

Dressed in a long flowing false-fur coat, two-inch heeled boots that rose upward towards my knees, hidden from view, my legs clothed in black sheer seamed stockings, under a mid-calf black leather skirt. My upper body was embalmed in a stretched, tight-fitting spandex top which clung and adhered to the shape of my body. It was black in color and highlighted the pert fullness of womanly breasts. Around my waist, simply to add color, was a trim belt, its main color being gold. It was true you could say I felt

underdressed, near naked. A sense of vulnerability was never far away from my mind, yet this is what they had sought me to wear and this is what I would have to wear.

To me there was still something unnerving about this job, something which on nights like these didn't settle right within me. Perhaps that was came down to my lack of confidence or perhaps my heart wasn't really in this line of work. I was one of Cassandra's girls, one of the fortunate few. It's true, wherever we went, we always got attention, people looking at you through lustful eyes, wishing for what they couldn't have. I guess you could call girls like me high-class escorts, but we were more than that. We'd undergone many months of training, re-educating ourselves and learning to create the ultimate feminine fantasy.

It took work and effort, embracing new skills which didn't come naturally, understanding makeup, perfecting the art of applying it, blending it and learning to skillfully produce the result which both men and women desired. It perhaps wouldn't have been so hard except that some of the girls, like me, weren't genetic female. We were males, or as in my case, pre-op transsexuals.

Cassandra's Angels was a high-class escort service for men, women and couples who liked the company of special ladies who had that 'something extra.' To belong to Cassandra's, each of us had to learn everything to be able to create a sophisticated erotic environment that all her clients enjoyed and expected. We were always told that anyone could have sex, but very few could make erotic love. Porn and eroticism are poles apart. Porn is rushed and exaggerated, while eroticism comes from the soul and is born of true desire. Eroticism is about the kisses, the caresses, the way you hold, the way you look, how you look at a person, how you respect and enjoy them, not just their body but them as a person.

TWO

Through the narrow streets I walk, my arms wrapped around my shivering body, the heavy winter coat providing little protection against the biting wind. Every step I take is echoed by the clicking of my heels against the pavement, a beacon to any unsavory character who thinks a woman alone is an easy target. My nervousness grows as I approach the one section I thoroughly dislike; even in the daylight, this area is one to avoid. Tonight, though, I have go through it, enter its one hundred yards of utter darkness and filth. The tunnel looms ahead of me, its entrance like the jaws of a toothless devil. The flickering lights, graffiti-covered walls and the stench of human excrement is beyond repulsive.

Voices linger in the air; it's the first time I have really noticed them. They drift uneasily in the breeze, causing me to glance backwards momentarily. The street is empty, yet my nerves grow; fear and trepidation grow inside me, a silent invading army infecting and playing with my mind.

A wolf whistle in the distance echoes, it comes from inside the tunnel. Ahead of me, shadows dance, representing life forms of some kind. My heels make more and more noise, signaling both my apparent gender and that I'm getting closer. My heart races, my body shudders and shakes, my throat is dry, my hands delve into my pockets, I can feel the cylinder of my pepper spray, the only safeguard I have. Pigeons flap above my head, their wings suddenly loud and menacing in this hell hole. I can see the end of the tunnel ahead of me. In the distance are two lights, white, bright, getting closer, a car passing by, I see no other sign of life. My steps are now longer, the clicking of my heels is faster. I'm in a rush to leave, to exit into the fresh air, where I can breathe without fear of inhaling.

I'm out, the air is getting colder, but at least it's fresh. I feel more vulnerable now than ever before, I am acutely aware of who I am for the first time in months, self-conscious of my appearance, no longer the confident woman. I just want to get to where I am supposed to be, then perhaps I can relax, I regret that I didn't come by taxi now. Ahead of me looms my destination, a building of exclusive apartments. Lights illuminate the block, the porch is glass, two burly figures dressed in black stand inside it; security guards, keeping the uninvited out and the residents safe. Behind me, back towards the city center, I can hear the wailing of sirens. Trouble has again broken out, drunks no doubt, I tell myself with a twinge of relief that I am nowhere near them. I walk more slowly, my poise is coming back. I sigh, I can feel my breasts pushing against the tight black top. My nipples are erect, not with delight but with cold, my whole body still shaking as I approach the two burly figures.

The door opens. Both of them look at me, step forward, refusing me access until they are sure of me. This is crazy, I think to myself. Half a mile from here is probably the nicest part of town and they decided to build houses for the affluent few in the biggest dump this place has to offer.

"Who you looking for, miss?" one says, his eyes dancing over my freezing body.

"Langley," I say in a voice which fails to hide just how stressed and cold I am.

"Your name?"

"Angelica." Again my voice stutters. The breeze picks up, its invisible fingers caress me, slipping under my coat, penetrating through to the flesh, forcing me to shudder. The second figure offers me entrance but only as far as the second door. The first man has vanished behind a desk. The door I have just come through closes and locks; I hear the mechanical motor turn and catch fall into place. The first man is on the phone. I can only presume he is checking with the people who hired me. There is a moment of nothing, of silence which lasts a couple of minutes.

The buzzer sounds and a second pair of doors opens slightly. I push the glass door and am met by the two figures. "Sorry, we have to check," the first one says, his face appearing to be concerned about my health. I smile and assure him I'm OK.

He was a tall gent, about six foot one in height, his face chubby, his hair close cropped to his head. His face was rugged, the features looking as though chiseled from harsh granite. His extra broad chest and rippling muscles gave him an intimidation factor that was quite unique. I guessed from his rigid stance and the way his back was straight, with hands like oaken beams, that he was ex-forces now supplementing his income with an

easy job like this. His legs were stumps of solid iron, their flesh sheer rippling muscle. You could almost imagine them stomping the ground, the tremor reverberating over a considerable distance. This was a man who was built like a war machine, a man who could and would pummel anyone that got lippy or defiant with him, someone who enjoyed the life the force had given him, so much that he stuck with regulation and strict routine, well into civilian life.

Finally, after checking details, he nodded slightly, asking me to follow. He escorted me to the lift, telling me the floor I required. Behind us was the second figure. He just stood there, his eyes feasting upon the rear of my body, his gaze strong and powerful, eyes full of wanton lust and desire. I could feel his eyes as they checked out my form, trying to conjure up the underclothing I must be wearing beneath this heavy warm coat, frustrated by not been able to view what he had developed in his mind.

THREE

The elevator door slid slowly open. The narrow, well-carpeted, corridor loomed ahead. Stepping out, I could once more feel the swell of nerves consume me. My body shuddered, my flesh tingled, my heart raced, I could feel beads of cold sweat form upon my brow as I gazed at each of the doors, looking for the number which belonged to the Langleys.

I realized that each step I took brought me closer to the moment I had been dreading and waiting for, the moment which signaled what I had become and the choices I made. Had things in my life really gotten so bad that I had been reduced to this? I was a high-class hooker, no matter how much gloss Cassandra put on it.

I stood at the door of Number Fifty-three, my eyes closed. I breathed deeply, trying to compose myself. My body trembled and quivered, not with the cold but yet another surge of nerves that traversed throughout my entire body. This was the moment Cassandra had tutored me for, the time when money was made but my morals were broken. In my heart, I knew I had no choice. There was no other way at this to put food on the table and pay my bills. I needed to concentrate, to banish the thoughts that haunted me, to accept what life had thrown at me and to move on, to rebuild in any way I could.

I loosened my coat, unfastening the buttons which held it in place, revealing the black lycra stretch top. Its tightness held, pressed, uplifted my breasts, enhancing their shape and size, clearly displaying the outline of my erect nipples. I breathed deeply once again, straightened my clothing, ran my fingers through my hair, checked the lustrous red lip gloss which enhanced my full lips before finally knocking on the door.

For a moment my heart staggered and beat like never before, sending it into palpitations. I caught my breath, my body quaked with nerves, my throat was dry, feeling like sandpaper as I tried to gulp down what little saliva I had left. From behind the door I could hear noises, voices, then the sound of a lock being unfastened, a bolt sliding across and, finally, the door opening.

My body grew more and more nervous, pearls of sweat formed upon my brow, my body shivered, then boiled, as hot and cold flushes swept through me. I suddenly felt claustrophobic, air was in short supply as I struggled for breath. I felt as though any second now, I was going to collapse, to pass out and not wake up.

I wasn't sure whether it was relief or horror which gripped me as the door slowly opened. My emotions swooned and mixed together in an explosive cocktail. Nerves, fear and anticipation all swirled together, ravaging and consuming me as I gradually began to focus on a tall slender, exquisite young woman, someone I hadn't expected. Her smiling face was intense, relaxing and beautiful, her flesh sun-kissed and soft. Her eyes were brown in color, matching her shoulder-length hair. In her ears she had large silver hooped earrings; around her neck sparkled a diamond and silver neck choker. Her face had few cosmetics on its surface, just enough to embellish and dramatize her natural gorgeous beauty. Her lips were a soft sensuous brown color, full-bodied but not glossy. Her cheekbones highlighted and complimented the overall look of this fascinating woman.

She was dressed in a black silk, boned bustier-type top, the halter neck of which was designed to display and accentuate the rounded swell of her succulent, well-formed breasts. Her legs were clothed in leather wet-look black leggings; around her waist was a diamond encrusted leather belt, which hung loosely around her. Her feet stood in three-inch heels with opened toes. She stood perhaps five foot three, considerably smaller than myself at five foot ten.

"You must be Amanda, one of Cassandra's girls?" she said, in a soft seductive voice, her face illuminated with delight. I softly nodded.

"Please come in. Let me take your coat", she said, opening the door wider. She placed her hands upon my collar, drawing the coat from my body.

I helped ease the coat away, closing my eyes as a shudder once again echoed throughout my form. Goose pimples covered my body, sending a curious sensation surging throughout me. I breathed deeply, feeling my chest inflate, my breasts pressing against the top. I realized that doing that only made my nipples stand out more.

The narrow passageway of their home was furnished with luxurious deep carpets which made you feel as though you were walking on a sea of air. There was an antique mahogany telephone table and stool, complete with brass lamp. It stood almost regally and took pride of place. A small but significant crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling, its light twinkling, casting wonderful images that danced over the peach walls, where two gilt-framed oil paintings hung.

We walked into a small but compact room. The furnishings were of impeccable quality, everything glossed and glimmering, from the bureau to the large flat screen television which hung against the wall. The wealth this couple had was unashamedly on display. The two white leather sofas sat adjacent to each other, separated by a table.

I looked around the room. I was standing in a room that with its furnishings must have been worth over a quarter of a million.

"Please take a seat. Would you like a drink?"

"Thank you. I'd love a hot a black coffee if that's no trouble", I replied, my voice barely above a whisper, displaying the shock I found myself in.

"Of course, you must be frozen. You didn't walk, did you?" she said looking at me.

I smiled and shrugged my shoulders. "A bad choice, I know. I thought the exercise would do me good", I lied. She shook her head and walked into the adjoining kitchen.

"I'll have to apologize," she said without turning to face me, switching on the kettle and gathering two cups, before turning around. "When I called Cassandra, I said there would be my husband and me. Sadly, he's had to go back into London for the night, so its just me. I hope that's not a problem?" she said. It was more of blessing but I couldn't tell her that.

"No, that's fine. It's just that..." I stumbled.

"I understand. Cassandra did say she'd have to charge for a couple, as that's what the booking said. No problem, its his money," she laughed, as she poured the two drinks and slowly began to return towards me.

After placing the drinks on the table, her hands smoothed out the leggings that so seductively clung to her lower body before she sat down beside me.

"I have to admit I like what you're wearing", I found myself saying. I found it extremely hard to look at anything but her. She smiled, her hand touched my knee.

"Thank you. My husband likes me to look, well, shall we tantalizing for him and his guests. My dear, you look absolutely wonderful. I know Cassandra said you did, I just wasn't expecting such a radiant model to walk through the door. You must have given the door staff something to talk about" she mused. Her eyes glistened, her smile broadened at the thought of what they must have said to one another as I vanished into the elevator.

"There are times when it's good to show people what they cant have," I answered cheekily, much to her amusement.

"Now that I totally agree with!" she laughed, her hand lightly patting the top of my right knee.

"Mind, you have to be careful. Well, a girl like me anyway. When they realize what I am, they can get quite aggressive. Thankfully, men like that are few and far between."

"I hope so. In my humble opinion, those men are ignorant and don't appreciate the finer things in life. No matter where you go in life, you will always come across those brain dead ignoramuses who have nothing better to do than pretend they are perfect. I've known so many of that type in the past few years", she concluded with a sigh, which surprised me slightly.

"I find that surprising. You wouldn't expect people with money to be like that."

She laughed. "Oh please. Sweetie, trust me, the more money they have, the worse they become, especially those that inherit it. The ones who have never worked, have had everything handed to them on a platter, nothing has any meaning to them. They know very little but pretend to know everything. So tell me, how long have you been in this line of work, if its okay to ask."

I looked at her, swallowing discreetly. I sighed quietly. "The truth is, not long. You're my first client"

Her eyes lit up, she smiled almost gleefully, her hands pressed against my knee.

"Wow, I am honored, especially by the honesty. I know most girls don't like that question."

"I don't mind. The client is paying so I see no problem with honesty, I suppose I'm just not happy with deceit, it doesn't seem right or fair."

Her hand moved from my knee. Fingers opening, it drifted towards my own hand. Once more, I felt the onslaught of nerves ravage my body. My heart thundered, pounding solidly against my chest, its echoes again reverberating throughout my body, as shivers and cold sweat cascaded over me. She smiled brightly, her eyes glistening like tiny jewels, her face was sensuous and soft as her hand entwined itself into mine.

Her grip was gentle, her fingers light, her touch akin to silk and sati. Her eyes were fixed on mine, sparkling, drawing me into her hypnotic gaze. In my own eyes was not so much fear but a nervous excitement. Here was a beautiful woman who was paying me for my company.

"See, it didn't hurt, did it?" she said in voice that flowed with elegance, its tones rich and excitable. It was a voice designed to instill pleasure and promise, to be reassuring and erotic at the same time. My eyes still locked onto hers, I smiled for a moment. My gaze descended to where our hands laid.

"No", I mumbled in return. My voice was low, not as flowing or silky as hers, but at least it didn't display the palpitations which still afflicted my thundering heart.

"You should be proud of what you have achieved. You're a beautiful young lady. Your radiance shines through and shows you to be a person of distinction. Your gorgeous body is just the icing on a very beautiful cake."

Her voice became softer, more seductive, elegantly drifting into my ears, floating within my head.

"Furthermore, I can prove it to you," she said. She slowly drew herself up from the sofa, her hand never releasing mine, her grip still light, still subtle. A gentle tug of my hand indicated that she wanted me to follow her, to walk with her, my lover for the night.

FOUR

She lead the way, heading back towards the front door but pausing and meandering into the toilet where she flicked the light on. To our left was the shower. On the wall was a mosaic of two dolphins playfully leaping from the water. Ahead of me stood a majestic full-length gilt-edged mirror, its craftsmanship utterly flawless. My lover positioned me in front of it, her eyes once again turning to focus their attention upon me. She smiled warmly, her eyes expressive, her face delighted as she moved behind me.

She stood behind me, her hands lifting up my hair, her face to my right-hand side. The difference in height between us became obvious. Her small slender body, delicious and succulent, was a feast of femininity that deserved to be eaten slowly, every inch of her devoured and worshipped.

"Look," she whispered, "look at what you have become. A woman of beauty whose slender legs rise upward so sensually. Look at their shape, trimness, the firmness of the muscles."

As she spoke, her hands felt my legs, sliding up their nylon surface. Her touch was light, erotic, leaving behind a wake of tingling, aching desire that rippled throughout my body.

"Look at how they rise upwards, their shape maturing as they disappear from view behind that glorious, tight-fitting leather skirt. They are worthy of a goddess, suitable for a skirt of any length, long or short. Actually, the shorter, the better," she laughed.

Her hands paused at the hem of my skirt, her fingers tracing where the nylon ended and the leather began. They felt the two types of material, sliding around, skimming over them, touching, teasing, caressing the flesh beneath. The tips of her long manicured nails lightly dragged themselves over the nylon, careful not to tear their surface. I could feel pleasure boiling within me. Her touch created a tantalizing erotic sensation.

Her hands finally slipped under the skirt, stretching it tighter.

"Legs of silk," she continued, "flesh so subtle, so soft, that to feel it behind the mask of nylon is beyond divine. Your thighs are strong but beautifully developed, their shape sculptured to the highest standard."

Her hands slowly elevated my skirt, displaying more of my nylon-covered legs.

"Look at their beauty and intensity, how they are so beautifully shaped, so delightful to view. They should never be hidden from view. That would be a crime. You have legs that are potently erotic, legs that a submissive would and should worship for hours.

"Could you imagine one or two people worshipping them, feeling them, holding your feet in their warm trembling hands, bringing their head down to meet the toes, placing deep, passion-filled kisses upon their surface, letting their tongue stroke and caress each toe in turn, before opening their mouth and finally being allowed to embrace them, to place deep unbridled kisses that flow through your body, embraces designed to instill passion and to flood your mind with potent desires. Imagine hands that touch, skim, search and caress your legs, hands that will be replaced with adoring lips and tongues as the desire grows."

I watched as her hands began to inch up my skirt, drawing it carefully upwards, exposing more of my nyloned legs. Her words sank softly into my mind, teasing and tormenting my imagination.

The skirt drew level with my buttocks. She paused, carefully withdrawing her hands from behind, sliding them across and around, applying slight pressure to the insides of my thighs, assisting me to move them just an inch or so apart. Lowering herself into a crouching position so that her face was level with my fleshy thighs, she glanced up at me and smiled.

"Legs of a goddess," she whispered, her eyes intently gleaming, her face beaming, her body pulsing as thoughts traversed through her mind. I stood there rigid, feeling my whole body prepare itself for something I knew was coming, but I didn't know exactly what it is. I felt both her hands hold the outside of my nylon legs, her fingers teasing, caressing, stroking, inflaming the passion within. I watched as her head glided forwards, her mouth opening, the tip of her tongue extending, swirling around, leaving behind a trail of saliva.

Nerve ends became vibrant and alive, each one adding to the sensations which flooded over me. My eyesight became misty as I glanced down at her, seeing her crouching, her hands tenderly caressing my round thighs.

She began to stand up, moving up my body as she drew herself to her feet. Her hands wound themselves around my waist, her face drew level with the rounded swell of my breasts, their nipples now blatantly erect, displaying my arousal beneath their thin Lycra prison. At the same time, I could feel the swelling of my member, the last remaining vestige of my hated, forsaken gender. The shaft engorged itself beneath the panties that covered it.

"You liked that, I see," she said with a pleasing whisper. Within my body was the urge to cradle her, to hold her and feel her lips pressing against mine. I wanted to kiss her softly, erotically. I struggled against the compulsion, not sure exactly what was expected of me, knowing that this really wasn't about the desires that raged within me.

"You, my dear, have the best of both world, the grace and body, the emotions and sensations of a female and the pleasure tool of a male."

For a split second, I could feel myself cringe, my face became red and flustered. I had always struggled with the knowledge that my body was



male. Having it noticed made it feel worse. As my body recovered and her hands once more returned to mine, my eyes returned to hers. Her gaze was potent, drawing me into her delightful illusion, soothing the worries and feelings which had begun to infect me.

“Kiss me,” she whispered.

I lowered myself down to meet her mouth, to feel her full lips pressing against the glossy surface of my own.

The embrace when it came was initially tentative, lips pressing against lips, lipsticks blending for an instant, the two of us feeling the silkiness of each other’s mouth.

Her hand relinquished mine, moving up my body rapidly. She angled her head, drew me down towards her, her mouth open. We embraced in a delectably slow but passionate kiss, our lips meshing together, our tongues teasing, our hands searching each other out.

The swell of arousal surged through me. I could feel it ache within me like a boiling vat of water. My hunger was an addiction. I wanted to kiss and embrace every inch of her curving body and its beauty.

Finally she pulled away, her hands slipped down to my thighs, her face pulsing with life and pleasure. Her eyes was angelic, beguiling to look at.

“Come,” she said in a voice soft and erotic. She lead the way, walking slowly ahead of me. Her hips swayed seductively as she turned into the plush surroundings of her bedroom.

FIVE

The room was breathtaking, looking like something straight out of a glossy magazine. The fine lace curtains hung from a spectacular dark mahogany four-poster bed, its surface intricately depicting tasteful scenes of couples locked in the throws of passion. The bedding was of the finest satin sheets. The second imposing piece was the huge matching mahogany tall-boy, a wardrobe that looked antique, completed in the same style and wood as the bed. Atop it was a full-length mirror.

Soft peach lighting and warm colors on the wall made the room an almost dream-like vision, where one could relax free from clutter.

Tying the exquisite lace curtains to the posts of the bed, she glanced at my astounded face. As she sat on the bed’s edge, she beckoned me to walk to her, to join her, which I did. The bed itself was as spectacular as it looked, its mattress perfectly soft.

“You like?” she said with a wry, amusing smile. My eyes danced around the gorgeous room before finally resting upon this woman who had replaced her hand upon my slender leg.

“Its absolutely stunning,” I exclaimed, at a loss for words.