



*Reluctant Press presents:*

# Dressing Game



**Charlotte Mayo**

---

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

---

*Copyright © 2012, Reluctant Press*

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet***

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

# ***THE DRESSING GAME***

**By Charlotte Mayo**

## **CHAPTER ONE**

I ran my hand down his back; his silky white cami-sole top felt smooth to my touch. He moved closer; pressed his body against mine. I could now feel his cock. Warm and hard and erect. It pressed against my womanhood through his red leather mini skirt and in an instant ruined any pretence that he was a real woman – not that anyone in La Mache’s nightclub would have been deceived.

The hems our leather skirts touched. It was so strange. So bizarre, there was I a 42-year-old business-woman dancing cheek-to-cheek, skirt-to-skirt with a transvestite who was probably as old as my daughter, Alison.

My mouth found his. His lipstick tasted so delicious. I could smell his perfume; the feminine deodorant on his body. I closed my eyes and let my tongue have its own private dance with his: they licked and darted and entwined.

It was strange – I had never fantasized about a lesbian relationship. Never. The only reason I was in a gay club with my daughter and friend, Susan, was because there was a lot less hassle there than in a straight club – especially for an attractive woman – and I knew I was attractive. But when I had seen him there, leaning against the railings, looking down at the dance floor with so much poise and elegance something came over me. I had never seen such a beautiful creature before and a powerful urge surged through me. A desire. I felt like a man must feel when he sees a gorgeous woman who has dressed up for the night for the sole purpose of attracting the opposite sex – I felt that power, the power to approach or not to approach - the ability to control. It had been Alison who had pointed him out to me...

“Mum, look at that transvestite... he’s got lovely legs... better than mine.”

He did too. They were bare and smooth and long and shapely. At one end were pointy black patent high heels with a 3” or 4” stiletto and at the other end a red leather mini, which curved over his slim backside and hips. There was no doubt that had there been a vagina concealed by the skirt rather than a penis “he” would have been considered very attractive. Stunning perhaps. Certainly women would have been jealous...

“He’s dressed like you,” my friend Susan had said.

He was, too. We had both chosen silky camisole tops – only his was white and mine was red; we both

wore leather miniskirts – only his was red and mine was black.

“Why don’t you have a dance with him?” Alison had said.

“I can’t... not with a guy... who... er... doesn’t look like a guy... they’re think I’m a lesbian.”

Alison and Susan laughed.

“It is a gay club, Justine! I think that’s the idea!” Susan had exclaimed.

It was too. Men and men. Women and women. What was wrong with Justine (straight) and transvestite (unknown).

“He’s probably gay,” I said. “I mean to dress that way he must be, right?”

“Wrong,” Alison said. “Not all transvestites are gay.”

So I was egged into approaching him. As I did so he turned and looked at me. Holding me with his deep blue eyes that stood out under the thatched blond of his wig. He was used to attention. Used to approaches from men and women, that much I could tell.

“Do you want a dance?” I asked.

He smiled. It wasn’t the question he was expecting. He told me later that most women asked him about his clothes or enquired if his breasts were real. It was strange to hear a deep male voice resonate from such a flawlessly feminine persona.

As the music played on I placed my hands on his leather clad hips and swayed. I loved the feel of his cock, through his skirt, pressing against my sex. Cleary it excited him as much as it did me. I rubbed my ele-

gant, well-manicured fingers along the cool red leather that encased his backside – gave his bum a little tweak, a pinch – I felt like a man, I felt in control. There was no adverse reaction so I let my hand wander to the hem of his skirt; I felt his smooth legs, which glistened with baby oil. He was a perfectionist and no mistake. So this was what men meant when they talked about first and second base and edging closer to a “feel” of a woman’s breasts or, the goal of a finger in a clitoris and a fiddle about as a prelude to a great lump of flesh being deposited in that most inner most sanctum, the vagina, was it?

“What’s your name?” I whispered through his blonde wig.

“Caroline,” he said. “And yours?”

“Justine.”

As I replied I let my hand progress upwards feeling out the base of that hard shape that was his manhood.

The music came to an end. We still held each other in an embrace. I breathed in his hair spray; his expensive scent – and the delicious smell of his ripe, young body. I was conscious that my daughter was watching me: that Alison was wondering how far her mother would take it. There was no way I was going to give up now. I had never had sex with a transvestite, never had sex with a lad young enough to be my son: but both things were going to happen that night. A sodden pussy demanded some input from a large male cock – and the thought of one that was so beautifully decorated really turned me on.

I nibbled at his ear through his blond wig and asked him if he wanted to come home with me.

“Do what?”

I laughed. "Pardon, ladies say pardon."

"Pardon," he said.

I nibbled again.

This time he must have heard me for he said, "Yeh, sure," without a moment's hesitation.

"A lady should not be so forward – a lady should play hard to get. A lady should refuse first off and then let the man chase..."

"Alright, no then."

His mock reluctance came too late; I already had him by the hand and was leading him from the dance floor. His transvestite friend, Natasha was standing on his own drinking a canned drink with a straw. He was wearing a pale blue dress and five and a half inch heels – when Caroline passed he looked on jealously.

I released Caroline's hand.

"Wait here," I ordered. Caroline stood still like a sentry on duty, not even bothering to say a few words to Natasha. I sort out Alison.

"I'm taking him back to my place," I told her.

"MOTHER!"

It was like a parental reversal. I smiled. "You were the one who urged me to chat him up and have a dance with him."

"We thought a dance...just for a laugh... no sex... I mean... do you fancy him?"

"He's not my normal Alpha Male type I must admit but after Aslam and all the others I've had, I think a man who's well and truly drenched in his feminine side is just what the doctor ordered."

“But you’re not... going to... I mean... not with... surely...”

“Why not?”

I saw Alison look at him. Standing there. Like a woman awaiting her man. Patient. Not daring to move. I sensed she felt sorry for him. He was about her age after all. She knew what I knew. I was in charge. I was dictating this one. After Aslam. After the smacks and the male dominated paternal married life I had led where the woman was secondary (despite the fact I had my own businesses and earned more than him) I was now in control.

I said farewell to Alison and Susan and collected Caroline from the spot he had remained rooted to.

“I thought you were going to leave me... go back to your friends,” he said like an insecure female. I collected my coat from the cloakroom and we made our way out into the cold September morning. I hailed a cab and we scrambled into the back – the driver took side long glances at Caroline... and at me ... in his rear view to confirm that the blond in the red leather mini and silky white camisole top and four inch heels was in fact a man – and the lady with long brown hair and slim figure was in fact a lady. It was gone 2am and I could see that Caroline’s five o’clock stubble was showing though his thick foundation. Suddenly, I felt an urge to embarrass and humiliate him... and the nosey taxi driver.

“I’ve near fucked a transvestite before,” I said.

The driver grinned at the rear view and then turned his gaze to the well-lit road ahead – it was a pub story – Caroline blushed a deep crimson.



“What do you say that for?” he said, his voice immediately confirming his masculinity.

I patted his arm. Motherly. “I’m just saying, dear, I’ve never...”

Before I could say any more his hand went up and he tried to block my mouth. It was an act of defiance that shocked me. Instantly I felt inferior. I looked at the driver who was smiling – doubtless he had seen plenty of back seat lovers’ tiffs in his time but never one quite like this. So Caroline, the transvestite, was a spunky little minx, was “she”? I suppose, through her veins, male blood ran and male blood was “superior blood”.

We didn’t speak any more. I was annoyed. Angry. Caroline was going to be taught a lesson whether he liked it or not. Oh, just let him hobble down to the nearest police station at 4am in the morning in his heels and leather mini and accuse me of mistreating him, I didn’t care, he would be taught a lesson.

The taxi stopped outside my large detached house. Caroline instantly got out of the cab without offering to pay. I was beginning to suspect that Caroline was a somewhat self-obsessed, narcissistic individual who still thought he would come back to mine and have sex and kiss me good bye in the morning having had all his desires satisfied and hearty breakfast to boot – unfortunately life was not like that.

He pushed through the front gate ahead of me and started to walk along the loose chippings that formed my driveway.

“It’s difficult to walk on this in high heels,” he said as he stumbled and nearly fell. “Why don’t you get it tarmacked?”

Just for him, no doubt!

“My ex laid it and every time I drive over it I think of him,” I said.

“You don’t get on with your ex, then?” he asked rather stupidly.

“No. He’s a dickhead.”

“What’s he do?”

“Runs a restaurant.”

“So, at least he was a good cook.”

I ignored the inane remark. The conversation was getting tedious. I was bored. Clearly Caroline thought nothing of the attempted intrusion in the cab – not doubt, when dressed as a man he had done much the same to his girlfriends.

I unlocked my big white front door and ushered him in. Since Aslam had moved out I had taken to buying nude sculptures and prints. Caroline seemed oblivious to the surroundings – I could see him thinking “money” though. People always thought that. I walked to the cloakroom at the end of the hall and hung up my coat.

“Tea or coffee?” I asked. Well, I may as well start civilised, I thought.

“Coffee,” he said. “Black with one.”

“Go through.” I pointed to the lounge. “Make yourself at home.”

A few minutes later I brought the coffee in on a tray. Caroline was sitting on my tan coloured leather sofa. His stance was actually quite impressively feminine – he leaned forward with his knees together – he was “perched” more than lounging or sitting as a man might do and he had his hands neatly clasped together

on his lap. Obviously, he had spent a fair amount of time studying and modelling female behaviour.

I plopped into the arm chair opposite.

“What do you do for a living, Caroline?”

“Insurance. I work in an office.”

I laughed. I had had a preconceived idea that he would work in some field that would allow him to dress – a barmaid perhaps – in a gay club. I couldn't picture him in a suit, walking to the office with his brolly and rolled up newspaper - mind you, that was probably stereotype too.

“It's boring,” he said. “I live for weekends... when I can go out as Caroline. Me and Natasha – that's my mate you saw standing by the bar - we love it, we do, every Saturday we're down La Mache. They all know us, like. The manager and everyone. Like the guy who gave you your coat is called Bastion after Camp Bastion in Afghanistan because he is a fantasist and he says he's been out there like, with the army, but he's been nowhere.... I never drink when I'm dressed... only softs... that's why I'm sober now... it's dangerous to drink when you dressed... you wouldn't believe the approaches you get but believe it or not I'm straight.”

Caroline could certainly chatter away like a woman and he clearly loved the idea that he was so popular in the gay club though it meant nothing to me. I reached over and took out a packet of More cigarettes. Without offering one to Caroline I unwrapped a panatela and picked up a lighter, in the shape of two copulating nudes, and which stood on the coffee table. Aslam would have hated it. I lit the cigar. Aslam would have hated that too. I drew in smoke and, as I did so, I took in Caroline's long smooth legs - he wasn't wearing

tights or stockings which were impressive. The red leather mini was short – barely as long as the dick it concealed. The breasts looked (and felt) life-like and I could even see little nipples through his lacy white bra. I knew he wore a waist clincher as I had felt it when I had placed my hands around his thin waist but overall I was impressed with his minimalist approach to foundation garments.

We sat and drank our coffee in silence for a while. I wanted to ask him about his male life but did not want to spoil the fantasy. Caroline had clearly put in a lot of hard work and spent a fair bit of money to look as good as he did. His make-up was well applied and his fingernails were nicely painted if a bit on the short side. I noted that he even had pierced ears and wore little gold hooped earrings - he was a professional this one and no mistake.

“Finished?” I asked, pointing at the coffee cup.

He nodded his wigged head.

I got up and walked towards him, my high heels dug into the thick rich carpet. I took Caroline’s cup and walked out to the kitchen. Alison has often said I’ve got OCD and I love to keep the place tidy but the reason I wanted to go to the kitchen was I wanted time on my own. Space. I wanted to plan. Think through what I was going to say when I went back into the living room. What I was going to *do* more importantly.

When I came back into the room I was once again looking at Caroline’s back. Perfect. He had got up and was standing by the mirror over the fireplace looking at his reflection. No doubt reflecting on the five o’clock shadow that had appeared at gone two in the morning. I took in his neat mini skirt, the small zip – the stud press popper – it really was just like mine and so, so

easy to release. He brushed a hand through his wig. In his hand was a lip stick – he had even re-applied his make-up! He really was such a girl!

His lovely blue eyes followed me in the mirror as I walked into the room. I came up behind him and placed my hands around his waist, felt his slim hips. I ran my hands down the smooth front of the short skirt. No sign of his manhood now but I knew if I kept my healing hands there it would re-appear like a snake charmer's snake. But I had no intention of doing that.

"Caroline," I said softly, maternally. "In the taxi I was annoyed with you when you tried to place your hand over my mouth."

I could see from Caroline's reflection he could barely remember the incident. It was nothing. Just as Aslam slapping me had been nothing. A quick slap for being disobedient and then forgotten – maybe a necklace or a salwar kameez to make up... or some money to buy other clothes or jewellery.

"Sorry," he said at last. He didn't mean it. Men never meant it. In his case he could not even remember it. He placed the lipstick on the fireplace. It was Rimmel. He turned. "It was a joke."

"Not a very funny one, I'm afraid."

He turned back and looked at himself in the mirror. Oblivious. I smelt the gentle scent of his expensive perfume that he had re-applied. I took hold of his arm. Tightly.

"What's going on?" he said. "I thought we would have sex and that would be that."

So mannish. So basic.

""Fraid not. Not just yet anyway."

I moved to his left. I was watching his face in the mirror, a hint of apprehension spread across his eyes. I dug my long, well maintained nails into his bare arm.

"That hurts," he said.

"So will this!"

Suddenly I brought the palm of my right hand down on his leather-clad backside. It made an almighty smack. Caroline lurched forward but my strong left hand kept him steady.

"What was that for?" he said indignantly.

"You know."

Again my right hand smacked his bottom. I felt a not unpleasant stinging sensation in my palm. I felt powerful. The third smack was the hardest.

"Ouch!" Caroline said. "That hurt!" He tried to rub his bottom with his free hand. I moved it out the way and smacked him again and again. The mirror didn't lie. His face looked indignant but the reflection also told of a snake that was emerging from its "basket" and was starting to push out against the narrow confines of his skirt. Caroline was enjoying my sadism. I gave him three more hard whacks and then moved behind him.

I advanced my hands up over his camisole top and squeezed and pressed his chicken fillet breasts, kneading them and playing with them.

"You liked that," I said.

There was no need for a response. I ran my hands back down his silky camisole top and back to his waist.

I kissed his wig. "I find it quite a turn on. A boy in drag... kinda does something for me..."

I felt the press stud on his skirt and eased it open. I edged down the zip. It fell around his ankles.

"You've got lovely legs," I said. "And a great body."

"Thanks," he replied self-consciously.

I took his hand and led him to the sofa.

"Lie down," I ordered.

He did as he was told. I took my own skirt off and sat astride him. His cock was ram rod stiff and had popped out of his silky red knickers. I undone the Velcro of the waist clincher and pulled it off in one sharp tug as if it were a plaster.

The top of his cock was moist and slimy. I pulled off my own top and unclipped my bra and let it fall on the floor. I dangled my breasts over him, my nipples tempting his lips. Then I manoeuvred his large bone into my moist sex. His cock stood up with a greater rigidity than I had ever seen in any man's cock before. Straight and hard... I lowered myself onto his rod, letting his member into me inch by beautiful inch. Slowly, I lowered myself down until his cock was like a piece of dowel holding us together. That's when I started to work him. Back and forth I rode him; my long brown hair falling about his face. I wanted to snap his rigid cock in two. God, I rode him.

"You dirty fucking transvestite," I moaned. "I bet you stole your mother's cloths, you dirty little cross dresser."

My aggression seemed to arouse him, his cock pushed onward and upward inside of me as I rode him back and forth, up and down. I had never experienced anything like it. Never.

"I'm going to fuck you, you dirty fucker," I groaned. "I'm going to fuck you good and hard and if you don't do as you're told I'm going to spank that pert little leather clad arse of yours again and again until you do as I say and then you'll really see who's in charge of you filthy little trannie."

The walls of my clit pressed and covered and coaxed his cock. Faster and faster. Faster and faster. Like a steam train I heaved and sighed and pushed and panted. Then he exploded. In me. Like a rocket on a launch pad his boner took off. Erupted. I felt my super moist chasm tighten against the inferno that was erupting inside me as my vagina tightened onto his pole. He groaned and whined and swore and told me he loved me and I fell on him and engaged his mouth. Full on. A long hard snog. His skin was dripping with sweat. The camisole top was damp and perspiration seeped through his heavy foundation. In an effort to cool down he pulled off his wig and let it fall to the floor.

"I love you, Justine," he lied. "I've always wanted sex when dressed and that was the best ever."

I smiled and got off my mount.

"Let's get in you in the shower," I said.

When we got upstairs I provided him with makeup and nail varnish remover and cotton wool. Then I went to my bedroom's en suite and did my own ablutions. I could still hear the hiss of the shower as I got into bed. The electric alarm indicated it was 3.36 am. Caroline entered the room in a towel dressing gown I had lent him. He was well and truly back in the male.

"Now it's your turn to be in charge," I said. "Fuck me like a man."



He took off the dressing gown and slipped into the inviting sheets.

"My, you shave all over," I said feeling his smooth, soft skin.

"Being a trannie means a lot of hard work," he said.

"Well, you're a man now, so take me." I said. "By the way, what's your real name?"

"Connor," he said. "Connor Hart."

I smiled again. I preferred "Caroline".

He placed a hand on my silky, rose pink nightdress and I rubbed my hand along his bare, hairless chest; my red nails tracing out the lines of his small pecs. His cock rose once more. He scrambled on top of me and pushed up my nightie. I was passive, submissive. I let him find my moist sex with his finger first: after a few minutes of pleasuring me he slipped his cock inside. He pushed and crushed my breasts much as I had done to his artificial ones. I groped and squeezed at his body. I withered and whined as he pushed and panted. Soon his cock was discharging inside me for a second time after which, typical male, he rolled over and fell into a deep coma like sleep.

When I woke up I worked on his cock until it was erect and then I pushed myself down onto the stiff mast. God, I felt sore. I moved back and forth, back and forth rocking his penis in my cavity. I preferred it that way. There wasn't quiet the intensity of the night before; how could there have been? But it did not take long for both of us to climax for a third time. I knew I would see him again, even if I knew he thought I was probably only a one night stand.

## Chapter Two

“Well, did you fuck the transvestite?”

Connor/Caroline was sitting eating the bacon sandwich I had cooked him and was wearing a rather fetching pink silk negligee that I had lent him (it actually matched the nightdress I had been wearing) when Alison phoned. Caroline was right next to me and Alison’s voice was quiet loud. I smiled and looked at my prey: knowing full well he had heard every single word my daughter had said.

“Yes,” I said. “I think we can safely say I fucked him. Though whether I fucked him safely is another matter.”

“Will you see him again?” Alison asked.

Again I looked at him. “Yes, I think so.”

“So, what’s he or she like?” Alison was obviously oblivious to Caroline’s presence – I acted as if I was too...

“Well, his real name is Connor. He’s 24. He lives in a rented, ground flat which makes it easier for his comings and goings though he has a lot of neighbours. He has no significant other. He was brought up on a council estate by his mother and older sister and his older sister was the first person who thought he would look good in a dress and used to dress him up. Now he lives for Saturday’s when his transvestite friend, Natasha, comes to collect him and they go to La Mache nightclub – wearing drag.”

I knew Connor hated the word - “drag” – he was not a “drag queen” but a “cross-dresser” even though the buzz phrase was “transgender”. The term he preferred was “female impersonator” (though no one had

ever actually called him that) and he did not really like the word “transvestite” which had been the word Alison had used to describe him (though he didn’t mind “trannie” or “TV”) – I had made a mental note to call him a “transvestite” whenever possible – he had explained all about the different words used to describe men who dress in the clothes of the opposite sex to me in the kitchen when I had been cooking his bacon. He certainly liked to go on... significantly he had asked me very little about myself which was how I preferred things.

When Alison had finished probing me for Caroline’s vital stats I turned off my phone.

I leaned across the table and looked at him; he certainly looked rough in the morning; nothing like the glamorous she-male who had first attracted my attention at La Mache’s. It was all rather disappointing. I wondered if this was how men felt when they had “pulled” on a night out when they were wearing “beer goggles” only to find the Elle McPherson look alike they had just slept with was in fact closer to Miss Whale than Miss World.

“So will you?” he asked. Insecure and perhaps a tad nervous about my possible answer. It was all rather girlish.

“What?”

“See me again?”

“Of course,” I said. “You have lovely blue eyes and such feminine features – I could really do a lot for you in terms of making you look like a woman.”

“Thanks”

“Did I mention that I own a bridal shop – amongst other things?” I teased. I knew any self-respecting tran-

nie would love to be let loose in a bridal shop. All those frilly, flouncy dresses – I didn't know a lot about the world of "Tranny-dome" but knew enough to know that trannies went wild for full skirted satin numbers with tight bodices. I wasn't disappointed.

"Do you?" he asked. His voice full of wonderment. He sounded like a speculator who had struck gold.

I didn't need to be a psychic to know that there would now be stirrings in his loins beneath the pink negligee.

"I'll take you there and we'll make you up – you'll look even more beautiful than you did last night. Why don't you book Friday off work and I'll come and collect you and you can try a few dresses on?"

"I'd like that," he said coyly.

I continued. "What are you going to wear today? You can't wear a leather mini-skirt during the day but you're in luck – I used to be your size - a size 14 – and still have a load of clothes you can borrow... I might even let you keep some....I lost a lot of weight when my ex ran off with a younger model – having accused me of having an affair. I was thinking we could go for Sunday lunch at a pub..."

Connor was peevish and petulant. "Sundays are my tranny day off. Haven't you got any male gear?"

"Sorry, Connor, I'm afraid it'll have to be my clothes. I've got one or two bits of Aslam's clothes but they wouldn't fit you – you're better sticking to female garb. Don't you want another day dressed?"

"Yeh sure, it's just that dressing is normally reserved for Saturday nights unless there is a meeting at someone's house during the week in which case I'd select a casual little number for the outing," he said.

"I see," I said, though in truth I couldn't see why he so was reluctant to dress again.

"Trannies are like vampires, they only come out at night," he continued.

"Make an exception. Come out during the day for once."

Connor finished his last mouthful of sandwich. "Justine, I can't. I have never been out during the day. I'd be really nervous. I want to go out dressed but I'm just not up to it at the moment."

I could see he was genuinely scared. The comments. The looks. La Mache was safe – they all knew he was a transvestite and, as he had explained at great length the night before, in the main the gays liked him and his side kick Natasha; except the drag queens who, insisted Connor, were jealous - a Sunday lunch in a pub full of kids was a daunting prospect.

"OK," I said. "I'll give you some of my clothes anyway - as that's all I've got and I'll run you home."

Connor seemed fine with the arrangement.

I don't know why but I had a great desire to see Connor back in female clothes – *en femme* as he called it. I think it was the feeling of power it gave me. I knew that when he was "dressed" he was neutered – that I was in control and could dictate – that was how it had felt the night before – as if I was a man who had taken home a mini-skirt wearing slut I had picked up in a night club. When he was in male guise he was just like any other surly 24 year old but as Caroline he was submissive.

Whilst he was in the shower I went into my bedroom and got some clothes and lingerie out for him: a pale pink bra and pantie set, stockings, suspenders, a

black knee length pencil skirt and a cream-coloured polo neck jumper.

“Smart but casual.” I said when he came back into the room. Connor took off my negligee, which I could see he was getting quite attached to, and I helped him get dressed. I clasped the bra clip together and added his chicken fillet breast forms and knickers. I then helped him shave and applied foundation, perfume and body-spray. Then it was a slip, the skirt and polo neck jumper. By the time I had applied Caroline’s make-up and put some life back into his wig he looked like a woman again.

“It’ll be better on Friday,” I told him. “I’ll get you some more clothes and do your make-up properly. My daughter, Alison, who you saw last night, will be there and she can help.”

“I’ll look forward to it,” he said. “It’ll be a great adventure.”

“What size feet are you?”

“Seven”.

“Damn. You’ll have to wear your own shoes though they’re a bit high. I’ll bag up the rest of your clothes so you can take them home.”

Half an hour later, with one of my black hand bags over his shoulder instead of the glittery sliver evening bag he had used the night before; Connor was transformed back into his alter-ego Caroline and was ready to leave the house. Fortunately, my house was surrounded by a large wall and big gates which made it very private. I locked the front door and followed Caroline across the drive to my silver, top of the range, Mercedes. I slipped into the driver’s seat.

The streets were empty and a few minutes later we were back outside Caroline's flat which was in a Victorian terrace. There was a short front garden and communal front door. I guessed all his neighbours were aware of his dressing exploits as it would have been difficult to come and go without anyone seeing you. Caroline looked a bit uneasy about getting out the car as a male neighbour was unloading shopping. Caroline sat watching him; they both held Tesco carriers in their hands only Caroline's one contained his clothes from the night before rather than milk or bread.

"Aren't you going to invite me in?" I asked.

"Do ya want to?"

"Of course."

"OK then."

"Well, you had better get out of the car," I told him. "Don't worry about what people think."

"It's alright for you, you don't live here," he asserted.

"Why, do people make comments?" I asked.

"Sometimes," he said. "I think they all know."

I got annoyed. "Well, what's the problem then? Face them down. Get on with it. We can't sit here all day."

He sighed and released the door handle. In a rather ungainly manner he clambered out of the car and stood on the pavement. He was right – the neighbour had stopped unloading his shopping and was giving him a hard stare. I pushed the central locking and followed Caroline down the short drive to his front door. I knew the neighbour was watching us both but hoped he was just admiring my derriere in my tight blue

jeans. The communal front door came open and Caroline walked a few short steps to his door which he unlocked. I could see it was not the best placed flat in the world for a cross dresser - the stairs lead to further flats on floors two and three and anyone could come down at any time and see him leaving or arriving. Caroline said he didn't know anyone in the flats above his.

"Spacious," I said as I entered the flat. There was a room on the right which was the living room, then a bedroom on the left; next to which was a narrow kitchen which, Caroline explained, had a bathroom attached at the back. I could see he kept the place clean and tidy. I was impressed.

"At least I know where to come on Friday," I said. We were still standing in the small hall; I was waiting to be invited into the front room.

"So you really will come around for me and we'll go to the bridal shop and I can dress up in a bride's gown?" he asked enthusiastically.

"Of course."

"That'll be so cool. Natasha will be sooo jealous when I text her."

I laughed. "Maybe you both could come to the shop at some point and dress up."

We stood in the small confines of the hallway, Caroline with his back to me, he dropped his bag, he didn't seem to know what to do - I guessed he didn't have many visitors. He was quite coy; I doubted if even when he was in male clothes (or "in in the male", as Caroline said) he made the first move with partners - then again I doubted he had had many partners. I placed my hands on his waist and moved my palms over his borrowed black skirt. I started to feel for his



concealed his member. I let my hands rub over the skirt, felt his buttocks. He was standing by the telephone table – behind him, on the wall, was a small mirror – it was just like Saturday night. But this time it was different. Caroline was not expecting sex. Sex, like dressing, was limited to Saturday nights with the lights out. He really had thought I would drop him off and go. Maybe I would come back on Friday to take him to the bridal shop... maybe I wouldn't...



“Caroline you are a sexy woman,” I said. Kissing my own brand lipstick off his lips. “I don’t know what it is about a transvestite – but the thought that there is a cock under that skirt really turns me on.”

Caroline’s penis started to rise. It began to press against my hand through the thin covering of his skirt. My hands kneaded his backside and I played with his bra strap through the thin polo neck jumper – my bra strap – it was so odd – a man wearing my clothes; I felt his false breasts. I felt like a man must feel pushing his luck – awaiting the negative response from his partner - which would mean my pleasure was over – I certainly enjoyed taking the lead. He opened his mouth and we engaged in a long hard snog. As our hands grappled with each other’s bodies we fell onto the wall and joggled the phone table. My hands were rubbing him all over now: my breath shortened into quick fire staccato pants. I could feel his lipstick on my mouth, taste my expensive perfume on his skin and feel the softness of his wigged hair...

“Caroline,” I breathed. “I’m going to fuck you, Sweetheart. Whether you like it or not, I’m going to fuck you. Do you understand me?”

“Yes,” he gulped. “If that’s what you want.”

“It is what I want and it’s what’s going to happen, OK?”

Again he gulped an affirmative.

I took him by the wrist and pulled him through the open door into his bedroom – the sunlight beamed through the large sash window and blanketed the double bed, which dominated the small room, in a warm orange glow. I pushed him onto the bed. Roughly. Aggressively. He lay on the bed watching me. Bewildered.

Unable to take in how forward I was. I pulled off my T-shirt and loosened my designer jeans, pushing them down to reveal my G string. Then, I fell on top of him and clawed at his clothes - my clothes - I ripped off his skirt and tore off the pull over - I didn't care that I had ruined them - they were too big for the new, slim, sexy me. Caroline almost made a cry for me to stop when he heard the ripping of material - then he broke off realising the clothes were mine. Clearly, he could not bear for any female garments to be ruined.

Soon I was on top of him - Caroline's member was rigid and hard and ready. My fingers probed my moist clit; working myself up more... really it was a job for Caroline but I didn't trust him sexually knowing he was very much an innocent.

All the while Caroline lay on the bed impassive, waiting for me to do something with his trunk - I felt like a prostitute with a virgin client - Caroline would never take the lead. Never. I would always have to be in charge.

When I had pleased myself I eased myself down on top of his penis - just as I had done the night before. His stiff cock felt so pleasurable inside me - pushing up into my cavity, probing my inner most sanctum - I let my long brown hair fall about his face, swung my head back and forth so it whipped him gently.

I let Caroline's cock stay in me. Waiting, waiting the moment when I would work it. I took some deep breaths and then slowly I started to rock back and forth, back and forth building up a head of steam, I could feel Caroline's cock in my moist slot: it grew harder and longer as I rocked. Back and forth. Back and forth.

"It feels good, doesn't it?" I asked.