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## **Their Wonderful Breasts**



**Blind Ruth**

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# **THEIR WONDERFUL BREASTS!**

**By Blind Ruth**

## **BONGO BLOODY BONGO**

I suppose Bongo can take the blame if anyone can. Or am I kidding myself and it was my entire fault. Bongo was my best mate. I first met Bongo when I applied for a job on a building site as a carpenter which was my trade then. I was chasing big money and knew that because of finishing dates, there would be a lot of overtime night shifts, or ghosters as we called then in the trade. Ghosters were night shifts from 10 p.m. to 6

or 7 in the morning. The first day on the site I was partnered with Bongo and we hit it off right away, Bongo was a hard worker as I was too. I must say I never earned so much money in my life.

Hard worker Bongo was but when he was at play he was something else. If anybody knew all the low dives in town, it was Bongo, and boy could he find some low dives. He was always chasing after skirt. He liked Johnny Walker black label for some unknown reason. He had expensive taste.

We had worked about three weeks non-stop on this building site and had earned a day off (not paid by the company I might add) when he said to me, "Jim boy, let's do the town tonight" Jim Wilkinson, that is—or was—my name before... but let us not go there yet.

"Sure Bongo, what do you have in mind?" I was game for anything after such a long stretch at work. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

"Benny's disco. Plenty of skirt and they drop their drawers for a few drinks."

I was new to this town, a long way from home. If I had known better, I would never have gone to Benny's disco. But there we were all togged up in the dance hall, at the bar ordering drinks. Bongo downed his beer and Johnny Walker in no time and was lining up the next drink while looking around the dance hall for a piece of skirt. He found a lady and with a slap on my back, said, "See you around, Jim boy. I've my skirt for the night." Off he went to a table where two women were seated and started making conversation with them.

"Well, that's the last I shall see of Bongo tonight," I said to myself. He would no doubt have the drawers

off one of them or maybe both! Bongo and I shared the same bed and breakfast. Mrs. Andrews looked after us well, treated us like her own sons. I would be going home alone, I thought. I never had much luck with the woman, although I confess I looked round the disco for a pick-up. I did spy a nice little redhead and made my way towards her. She sat at a table on her own.

“You seem all alone, mind if I sit beside you?” I said by means of conversation. She looked up at me.

“Yes do please, you are more than welcome.”

Maybe we were getting somewhere, I thought. “What’s your name? I’m Jim?”

“Helen,” she answered

“Let’s get on the dance floor,” I said. That was what we exactly did. We seemed to getting along fine so I ordered some drinks. Maybe I would see this Helen back to her flat. Who knows what would transpire from there?

Then bloody Bongo spoiled it all. I might have known.

All I heard at first was a shout of “A fight!” I looked round as did many people and there was Bongo scragging with some other guy, rolling around on the disco floor. I wasn’t getting involved, Bongo could take care of himself. It seemed they were fighting over one of the dogs Bongo had visited at the tables. She was shouting encouragement to them to fight for her hand, although I don’t think it was that part of her body they were fighting over.

Then two of the other guy’s mates joined in with him. I still left Bongo, he was as strong as an ox with a brain the size of a pea. Then two more joined in on the other guy’s side. That’s it, I said to myself, you can’t let

your best mate down, can you? Soon I was slugging it out with Bongo and we weren't fighting by the Marquis of Queensbury rules. The cops arrived and slung us in the Paddy wagon. From there we were thrown in a cell overnight to cool down.

In the morning I felt my chin which was sore where some guy had slugged me. I looked at Bongo. "Some mate you are, just when I thought I was on a promise you get yourself in a fight over some skirt. It wouldn't have been so bad if she looked a dish but she was a right dog you picked up last night."

"Was she, Jim? You know when I have had a few, anything in a skirt will do."

"Anyway, it's all done now. What happens from here? You have been arrested before, I haven't."

"Up before the magistrate, I expect, fined a few hundred and told to be a good boy, and that's it."

"Is it?" I said like a fool, believing Bongo.

Just then, a big burly police sergeant looked through the cell bars and laughingly said, "What have we here, a couple of naughty boys. Old Gathers is in a foul mood this morning. I think you will be on the receiving end, boys." The sergeant left us in a jolly mood.

"What was all that about, Bongo?" I asked

"Nathaniel Gathercole is the magistrate this morning. I hope he does not remember me. I've been up before him in the past."

That conversation certainly did not fill me with hope. Just then the big sergeant came back. "Right lads, a wash, a shave and a tidy up before you see the beak." He led us to a wash basin where shaving brushes and

razor lay there. We washed and shaved and were ready to go to court.

“That’s better. Now you are all going back in the Black Maria and off to see old Gathers at court.”

There we were in court, waiting for our case to come up. “Right boys, you’re next,” said our friendly police officer. He of course had seen it all before.

“Case number five, breach of the peace and a fracas at Benny’s disco by James Wilkinson and Terrance Rattigan amongst others, my lord,” said the clerk of the court.

“How do you plead?” said the clerk.

“Guilty,” we both answered. I had been advised by Bongo to do so would be better for both of us.

At the mention of the name Rattigan, this grey-haired old man at the bench looked up at Bongo from the charge sheet in front of him.

“It’s you again, Bingo.”

“Bongo, sir.”

“Don’t interrupt me, Bingo, Banjo, Bongo or whatever they call you. I’m up to here with you. This town will not stand for such behaviour. And as for you, Mr Wilkinson, I haven’t seen you before but if you go around with this Bongo, it won’t be the last time. Now this is your last chance, Mr Rattigan. If you come before me again, you will be jailed. UNDERSTAND?”

“Yes sir,” replied Bongo.

“Clerk, is there anyone from this Benny’s place here?”

“Yes sir, the owner is here as a witness in this case and others to follow if needed.” The clerk was pointing

to a man who sat in a row of seats in front of the magistrate.

The magistrate looked over the bench at the man and said, "Your liquor licence comes up for renewal soon. I would watch it, there's been too much disturbance coming from your establishment in recent months."

Then turning to Bongo and me, he said, "You, Terrance Rattigan, I am fining you 2,000 pounds. For you, Jim Wilkinson, 500 pounds. Don't let me see any you before me again otherwise you're heading for jail. Pay your fines before you leave court."

Where was I going to get 500 quid at this very moment, never mind Bongo's fine? Then Maggie Andrews, our landlady, turned up and paid the fine. Don't ask how she knew we were in court, she just did. We all piled into old Maggie's beat-up second-hand car. She kept turning to Bongo as she drove, giving him dirty looks.

Maggie Andrews was in her late fifties, a widow with a son and a daughter, both married. Her husband must have died over ten years ago. She opened a bed and breakfast just after that. The money was handy but mostly she liked the company of her boarders.

Maggie was a small woman of about five foot four and had what I can only describe as a motherly appearance. As soon as we arrived back her house, Bongo received a verbal lashing from her.

"You, you useless lump of manhood, aren't you ashamed of yourself leading young Jim into all sorts of trouble? And as for these bad women you go around with, they're only interested in a good time and spending your money. Find a nice girl, settle down and have

some kids. Bongo, if you had any brains, you'd be a half wit."

On and on it went, Maggie hardly stopping for a breath. Bongo, all six-foot-five of him, just stood there saying nothing and smiling at Maggie. If it had been a man, Bongo would not have taken all that flak but Ma Andrews could cut anyone down to size with her biting words. When she eventually finished, she said, "I've made a nice breakfast for you. I expect you're feeling hungry after all your exertion of last night."

"We'll pay you back as soon as we can, Ma," Bongo humbly said.

"Of course you will, but promise me you'll go out with a better type of woman. I'll even introduce you to some nice girls at the local working men's club."

No more was said as we sat down to a lovely English breakfast of fried eggs, bacon, brown hash-fried potatoes, scones with toast and marmalade, all served up by Maggie Andrews who kept giving Bongo dirty looks as she lay the meal before us. For all that, she only had our good at heart.

As soon as we finished the meal, Bongo said, "Right Jim boy, I suppose we better get off to work and earn some money to pay Ma what we owe her."

In a week we had earned the £2500 to repay Ma as we affectionately called Maggie Andrews.

As I said before Bongo and myself were bed and breakfast with Ma but sometimes when we were not working at night, she made an evening meal for us and never added it on the bill. She would even do our laundry for us, patch holes in our socks and do a lot of other things one would not expect from a landlady.

One morning at breakfast, Ma said to Bongo, "Saturday night get yourselves all smartened up, boys. I've some nice girls for you to meet as I promised at the working men's club down the road. Bongo, I want to hear of no funny business with you from any of the girls, understand?"

"Yes Ma, I will be the perfect gentleman."

"Well, see that you do. Peggy Munford's daughter Kathy will be there. Peggy is one of my best friends and I want to hear of no nonsense."

The conversation between Bongo and me all that week was about the coming Saturday night. I even bought some new gear for the coming night. I could well afford it with the money I was making.

"Let's see you boys before we depart for the club," said Ma Andrews. "Oh very nice, Jim," she said, straitening my yellow tie on my black shirt. I had Elvis-like sideburns, drainpipe trousers and wrinkle picker shoes, all the latest style then. "Oh yes, you'll be a knockout with the girls, Jim."

We left the house and walked to the club a few streets away in this working class district. We arrived at the club. On the front door, it said *Tamworth and District Working Men's Club*. Ma signed both of us in, she being a member. It didn't take Bongo long to find the bar. There he was, ordering up his usual: beer and a Johnny Walker Black along with a gin and tonic for Ma.

"Over there are some of my friends. I'll join them soon but before that I'll introduce you to Kathy Munford and her girlfriends. Follow me," which we did.

At a table sat Kathy Munford and three other girls, all about eighteen or nineteen except for Kathy herself

who seemed a few years older. I was to learn they all worked in the local woollen mill and that Kathy was their charge hand.

Ma introduced us to all. "This is Kathy, Babs, Debbie and Sandra. Don't none of you girls be fighting over my Jim," Ma laughed. Turning to Bongo and giving him a hard stare, she said, "Kathy, see that this man keeps his hands off you. Any nonsense, let me know and I'll deal with him."

"Sure will, Ma," she giggled.

Ma left us with the girls. "Well, what's your poison?" asked Bongo. We soon got the round of drinks in and were busy chatting to the girls. Kathy was about twenty-five years old, same as Bongo and myself. I was small in size to the giant of a man Bongo. I am just less than five-foot-six with a boyish face. My body was very trim as I worked out at the local gym and kept myself fit.

So there we were and bingo was about to start. We all bought cards. "I've got it! I've got it!" shouted Babs. She had a line-up worth £300. Of course we congratulated her. Babs rather fancied me and we got on well; when the disco started we were never off the floor. I was to see her home which was not all that far from the club we walked. Maybe my luck was changing with women and what was better, no Bongo to cramp my style.

We kissed and cuddled on her front porch till her father came and told her to get in the house. Then he looked at me "What's your name, young man?" I told him. "I'll remember that, son." I have no idea by what he meant by that but it wasn't said in a friendly tone of voice.

I wanted to date Babs again but wasn't too sure what kind of reception I would receive from her father so it never went any further.

Bongo dated Kathy, much to Ma's delight. For a month or two they went out together. then it stopped. I asked Bongo what was wrong. "Never got past first base with her . Boy can she give a heavy slap on the face!" I laughed. Well, that was one piece of skirt who was not going to drop her drawers for Bongo.

Ma said to me, "There's plenty more fish in the sea, Jim. Babs' father was a wrestler at one time. He doesn't like anyone with his daughter." I had a close call there, I could have had my face rearranged by Babs' father!

Things returned to normal on the building site and the girls Ma introduced us were soon forgotten, more's the pity.

One day when we knocked off for lunch as we sat munching our tomato and beef sandwiches, I read this local scandal newspaper, all sensational stuff. I read an article about some navy having a sex change operation, his wife supporting him and both of them living as two women together.

"Bongo, have you read this about some man having one of those sex change things?"

"Let me see."

I handed the paper to him and he read over the article. Then Bongo made this wise pronouncement, as he thought. "They are all poofs, bum boys."

"Who is, Bongo?" I queried.

"All these blokes who dress up in women's clothes. All they want is a dick up their ass."

“But look at the photo. How could you tell that is not a woman?”

“Old Bongo can tell, you’ll never catch me with one of these poofs, That’s why they dress in woman’s clothes, to get a prick up their bum.”

I looked at the photo again. Whoever this man dressed as a woman was, she looked ten times better than some of the dogs Bongo picked up in the past.

Later the same day I mentioned this transsexual, Bongo said to me, “Do you fancy going to a disco dance Saturday night, Jim boy?”

Before answering, I thought carefully. I knew the kind of dives Bongo went to from past experiences. “What kind of place is it, Bongo?”

“Oh you will be all right there, Jim boy. It’s a posh do the Royal Oak Country Club, dinner and dance, tux and all that.”

“I remember last time you managed to get me in a fight and we ended up in court.”

“Not this time. We’ll be all right here. It’s all rich bitches gagging for it and looking for a bit of rough.”

Like a fool again I was persuaded. We would be driving there in Bongo car which in retrospect was not a good thing as he was bound to have a drink or two. This place was miles from anywhere out in the country.

We hired tuxes for the night and drove to this Royal Oak Country Club place. How Bongo knew about this place I’ll never know. The tickets were not cheap.

It didn’t take me long to see this was upper class by the way the women dressed in expensive designer clothes with all the men in their dickey bows with their Oxbridge accents.

"I'll get the drinks, Bongo. The usual?"

"Sure Jim, there's a table over in the corner. Bring them there," he said with an amused smile.

It was when I ordered the drinks that I realised why he was smiling. The barman looked at me. "Shall I put them on your bill? What is your room number, sir?"

"I'm not staying here. I'll pay for them now."

"I see, sir," he said, giving me a look that said I was inferior to him, then told me the bill. When I received it, I almost fell through the floor. No wonder bloody Bongo let me pay for it; he knew what the cost would be. I was not short of money, we had worked plenty of overtime. It had surprised me but I should have expected it in a high class joint like this.

"Did you have to burst your piggy bank, Jim boy?" Bongo roared with laughter.

"That's not funny, Bongo, you should have warned me before hand." Bongo was too busy looking round for high-class skirt to hear me. Soon, he found one. Off he went, leaving me on my own.

I sat there, feeling sullen, for a few minutes. The a female voice said to me, "All alone?"

I turned around. There sitting beside me was one of the most beautiful blonde-haired women I had ever seen in my life.

"Yes, I don't know anyone here."

"Damned boring bunch, a lot of jumped-up people who think their important because they have high positions in the business world. Hello, I'm Sylvia Barton. Pleased to meet you. I haven't seen you here before."

## WHO IS SYLVIA AND WHAT IS SHE?

This Sylvia seemed different from the rest. The first thing I saw were her breasts and what breasts they were. From where I sat, I was looking straight down a deep valley between her breasts which heaved as she breathed.

Sylvia Barton had been born into money but never bothered that much with it. She inherited her father's brains; after university she made her own way in life, worked her way up and soon owned several companies.

"They are nice, aren't they? I got them especially designed by my surgeon. I always say if you have the money, you may as well spend it."

"I'm sorry, I did not mean to be rude staring at them... I mean your breasts," I said

"That's all right. I'm rather proud of them. It would have been a waste of money if nobody looked at them. That's why I had the implants put in."

What a funny conversation I was having with a woman I had never met before. Because of looking at her breasts, I hadn't noticed her shimmering dress. Now as it caught my attention, it was actually changing colour as I looked at it. It went from black to white to red, blue and any other colour you can think of.

"You like the dress? It's electronic."

"Oh yes?" I said in ignorance.

"It is made of a lot of little LED's. I don't understand it myself but it cost over £2000. It can be switched off at the hem to any colour you wish. Maybe you would wish to help me find the switch," Sylvia sexily giggled.

Maybe tonight was not going to be as boring as I had feared.

The drinks we got freed my tongue; Sylvia soon knew my life story which amounted to nothing. I found out she was about my own age and lived by herself but that was only half the story, as I was to find out later.

"I'd like to see you home but I came here with Bongo, my mate."

"Oh, he disappeared with Felicity Davenport a long time ago. I expect he'll be shacking up with her for the night, the trollop."

I had not expected to hear such language from Sylvia but as I was to learn, Sylvia sometimes used very plain and outspoken language.

"But he can't be. He was going to run me back home."

"Don't worry, Jim," Sylvia said, opening her purse and taking a cell phone out. She punched out a few numbers. "Hello Frank, please bring the Bentley down to the Royal Oak. See you in about ten minutes." Shutting the phone up and putting it back in her purse, she said, "Well that's settled, Jim."

"What's settled, Sylvia?"

"Why, you're going back to my home. We are going to have fun finding that switch in the hem of my dress," Sylvia giggled.

In the back of Sylvia's Bentley, she lost no time in kissing and cuddling and I wasn't objecting. In no time, her house was reached and what a house. It was more like one of these country manors, with rooms all over the place.

When I said she lived alone, that wasn't strictly correct; she did stay on her own in the manor but her servants and chauffeur cum handyman Frank lived in a nearby cottage with his girlfriend Daisy who acted as cook and maid.

Frank dropped us off at the manor and went to garage the car. Sylvia took my hand and we went through passages and passages till at last Sylvia opened a large door leading into her bedroom. It was a large room, nicely done up in a modern style.

Sylvia stood in the middle of the room, her legs apart, having thrown her coat off as she entered.

"Well come and get it, lover boy. Let's not play games, find the switch."

I needed no second telling and soon we were wrestling on the bed. I didn't find the switch but soon zipped her dress down and threw it on a chair. I laughed as her dress lay on the chair, changing colours all on its own. Having disposed of the dress, the next thing I noticed was that her bra and panties were also changing colours.

Sylvia grinned and giggled. "You're the first man to have seen my electronic underwear, Jim darling."

Sylvia put her hand on my penis and was rubbing the foreskin up and down. I was trying not to come but could not.

"Oh dear, I expect the excitement was too much for you, Jim. Never mind, have a suck on one of my big beautiful breasts." I just did that and in no time I had an erection again. Sylvia looked at it "It's up again, I suppose it needs some more of this." Her hand was doing overtime with the erection with the same result as before.

“Oh Jim, never mind, here have a suck on the other tit.” For some unknown reason she stopped short of the full sex act, but her breasts were giving me plenty of pleasure for now.

I awoke about 6:30 the following morning, I looked to see if Sylvia was there beside but there was no sign of her. “Sylvia?” I called.

“Yes dear, I will be with you in a sec.”

She emerged from the adjoining bathroom, wrapped in a big fluffy pink towel. “I’ve ordered breakfast. Daisy will bring it here soon. I’ll have to leave you, I have a plane to catch at Heathrow in three hours. Don’t worry about getting back to Ma, Frank is coming back to take you there.”

How did she know about Ma? I never mentioned anything about where I lived. Sylvia had removed the towel; she stood there naked, starting to put her clothes on. I admired her young body; although her breasts were large, they were firm. She rolled her black nylon lacy hold-up stockings up her legs which gripped them tightly. A pair of black silk panties were fitted next; then she lifted a black brassiere, put her arms through the shoulder straps and came over to me as I lay under the pink satin sheets.

“Jim, be a dear and fix my bra at the back.”

I put my hands up to do this then before I knew it, they had gone round to cup her breasts.

Sylvia seemed to purr. “Hmmm, nice aren’t they? Worth the £2000 I paid for them. It’s so nice the way you’re working them, so sexy.”

I was rubbing them and feeling them and I was in heaven. I kissed Sylvia’s back as I felt her large breasts. Just then there was a knock at the bedroom door.

“Come in, Daisy.” I quickly removed my hands from Sylvia’s breasts.

“What are you doing that for? I never told you to stop!” Sylvia said, most annoyed.

“But your maid, she’ll see us, Sylvia.”

“Who the hell cares? It’s my house and I’ll do as I damn well please. Just carry on doing what you’re doing and be quick about it.”

I was most embarrassed when Daisy came in carrying a tray with breakfast for two. Daisy wasn’t embarrassed but she did look surprised. She said nothing, placed the tray on the bedside table and left.

“Now see what you’ve done. I’ve lost the mood. Fix the bra and let’s get on with the breakfast.”

I did as she bid. Sylvia quickly slipped a beautiful blue satin dress over her body and sat down on a chair beside the bedside table.

“I won’t be around for a week or two. I have so much business to attend to here and abroad, board meetings and that sort of thing. I do want to see you again. I’ll just get my planner.”

“In ten days’ time I’ll be back from the Far East but I’ll be suffering from jet lag. Next day, I’ve got a board meeting. The following day is a free day. What say you we have a date that night? The meal is on me. All right that’s it, fixed.”

All this time I never managed to get a word in. Sylvia was a very well-organised woman with a great business head.

“Don’t worry darling, I’ll be in touch with you every day I’m away. Just give me your phone and cell phone number. I have to hurry now.”

I lay back in bed after she was gone. Just what had I landed myself in?

I got up from bed, showered and felt refreshed. I put my clothes on and then there came a knock at the door. It was Frank. "Whenever you're ready, sir, I'll take you back home."

"Do you know the way?"

"Yes sir, the mistress told me how to get back to your home."

"But how did she know?"

"Sir you would be surprised what the mistress knows. But be warned, once you're in her power, strange things can happen I've said too much."

"Like what, Frank?" But not another word could I get out of him.

Frank drove me back home and returned to his cottage at the manor.

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I reached home just before lunch. Ma was not too happy at me having spent the night away but said nothing. I never heard Bongo come in and it was next morning at breakfast before I saw him.

Ma laid right into him as soon as he appeared at the table. "And what time did you crawl in last night? been whoring around with these bad women again, no doubt."

"She wasn't that bad, in fact she was rather good in bed," he joked.

“Don’t make fun of me, Bongo. You only want a woman for one thing. I heard all about you and Kathy Munford from her mother, Peggy. She would still come out with you if you behaved yourself with her,” Ma said hopefully.

We soon left for work and at lunch the topic of conversation between Bongo and me was Saturday night.

“How did you get on, Jim boy?” asked Bongo. I told him my story.

“I told you these rich bitches are all gagging for it. They need real men like us, Jim boy.”

“But Bongo there were plenty of other men there as well as us.”

“Yes but not real men, a lot of Nancy boys, fairies. They wouldn’t know where to put it, not like you and me.”

I asked him how he had faired.

“That Felicity dame couldn’t get enough and old Bongo was giving her plenty. Seems she is separated from her husband because he cheated on her. She probably hasn’t been near a man for ages. It certainly seemed like that because she kept me at it all night. Here, what do you think of that?”

Bongo handed me a Rolex watch which must have cost a cool thousand or two. “Wow!” I exclaimed, “where did you get that?”

“Felicity gave me it. Says it’s her husband’s. Anything I see of his I can take; she is not the least bit concerned, I brought a few pairs of pearl stud cuff links back. They must be worth a few thou.”

“You’ve landed on your feet there Bongo. Better than some of the scrubbers you’ve had in the past.”

“Sure have and it’s not ending there either. I could be going on a Mediterranean cruise with her soon. Daddy bought her a yacht and it is berthed at the yacht station in Monte Carlo. Oh yes, old Bongo here is just going to lie back on that cruise and fuck the living day-lights out of Felicity. That’s what she wants. I mean a woman without nooky for that length of time needs it, doesn’t she?”

At first I thought Bongo was boasting but the watch and cufflinks made me doubt it. I would ask Sylvia; she would know about Felicity Davenport. But what did I care, it was none of my business. Sylvia seemed to be running all over the place and hardly had any time to see me. For some strange reason I was becoming fascinated, excited, by her every day she was away from me.

One night about two or three in the morning, there was a knock on my bedroom door. I opened it and there stood Ma in her nightdress “There’s a phone call for you from some woman.”

I went down to the living room and picked up the phone.

“Yes?” I said.

“Is that you, Jim darling? It’s Sylvia here.”

“Is there anything wrong?” I queried

“No, just wanted to hear your voice. Aren’t you glad to hear from me, sweetheart? How have you been since we last met?”

“Sylvia, do you know what time it is?”

“It’s about eight o clock in the evening. Why?”

“Where are you phoning from?”

“Bangkok, my darling, why?”

“It’s three in the morning here, Sylvia. I don’t think Ma appreciated your call.”

The conversation went on and on non-stop; it must have been three hours later when she hung up. I looked at my watch. It was time to get washed and shaved and have breakfast.

During the time Sylvia was away, she phoned me every night and I wasn’t getting much sleep. I was worn out with all these early morning calls.

The last conversation I had with Sylvia before she returned home ended something like this:

“Jim, tomorrow morning I’m flying into Heathrow. You *will* be there, to meet me, won’t you? I’ve missed you so much.”

“Yes of course, what time is your flight arriving?”

“Four in the morning. I’m just dying to see you again. Bye.” She hung up before I could answer her. Four in the morning! I could always borrow Bongo’s Jag, I supposed. I asked him and told him what it was for.

“Sure, Jim boy, she’ll have her knickers off in no time. Going without a man for that length of time, she’ll need it bad.” I said nothing and took his car keys.

I waited at the arrival terminal and saw her waiting at the luggage carousel as she took a small case off it. She walked towards me in her black business suit, white button-up blouse, black skirt, black stockings and black low-heel pump shoes. She was carrying a brief case. I stepped out and took the small case off her. “Oh Jim!” she squealed with delight. “I’ve missed you so much,” she said as her hand squeezed mine.

"I've got the car parked outside .I'll put your case in the trunk."

"No need to, darling. I phoned Frank to bring the car here but it was so sweet of you to come and meet me." As she said this, Frank stepped forward, took the small case off me and put it in the trunk of the Bentley.

"Don't forget our meeting in two days' time." So saying, she stepped into the passenger seat of the Bentley and before I could say a word, she was gone. Had I really stood there just to see her go through the arrival lounge then disappear? Then it dawned on me, Sylvia had me running all over the place at her beck and call and like a fool, I was doing just that.

The following night, I got a call from her. "Oh, just phoned you to say I'm coming to pick you up at seven. See you, sweetheart." Then she hung up.

This time there was no Frank. She had brought a Jensen Interceptor I didn't know they made them anymore. "This one was custom-built to my specifications," Sylvia informed me. She took me to some high class restaurant where all the waiters seemed to know her and she received the best of attention.

"Wine, waiter." She snapped her fingers and the man came running over to our table

"Yes, madam?"

"We will have the best of the red wine in the house, then we will order."

The waiter brought the bottle of wine over, poured a small amount in a fluted wine glass and handed it to Sylvia. She swilled the wine round in the glass, held it below her nose, sniffed it and took a sip. after a moment, she exclaimed, "Excellent. What do you think, Jim?"



Jim thought nothing. What would I know about wines? Not to show my ignorance, I took the glass and followed what I had seen her do. "Oh yes, excellent choice, Sylvia."

The meal was excellent although I must admit I wasn't really familiar with some of the food. It certainly tasted as expensive as I'm sure it was. When we finished, she said.

"Here darling, I bought this with you in mind." Sylvia handed me a small box. Inside was a watch, not the same as Bongo's watch, this one was smaller, more of a lady's watch, but an expensive one in a gold case which was diamond encrusted.

"Sylvia, you shouldn't have. I've nothing to give you and this is so expensive."

"Don't worry dear, you're worth it. All I want is you and tonight I'm going to have you."

She was playing the part I should have been playing, the male role and I seemed to be cast as the female. As time went on, Sylvia was to give me gifts that were more female than male, like a set of dainty lace trimmed handkerchiefs and things like that. I said nothing to her; I was falling under her spell.

At the cloak room, I helped Sylvia into her long mink fur stole. She wore a pure white satin dress with spaghetti-like shoulder straps and a plunging neckline. Once again I could see down the deep valley between her heaving mammaries. To make matters more interesting, she wasn't wearing a bra tonight!

When we reached the bedroom in her magnificent manor, she lifted the ivory phone handle. "Daisy, bring me a nice bottle of white chilled wine from the cellar to my room and hurry."

"Come on darling, help me take this dress off. I want you to feed on my tits. Hurry."

*God, I thought, that maid is going to see me playing with her big boobs again* but the temptation was so

strong, to get these big bouncers in my hands once more. Her dress was now lying on the fitted rose pattern carpeted floor and there she stood in her black nylon stockings which were firmly attached to the white lacy garter belt, over which was a flimsy pair of black nylon see-through knickers. I, in my innocence, had never seem such a vision before. I threw her on the silk sheet-covered bed and my mouth was immediately descending on one of her extending nipples, feeding on it like some hungry baby.

When I finished, she released me from her bosom. She asked, "Did you like that, Jim, because you can do that to me anytime."

"I'm just going to the bathroom to freshen up. Then we'll have that drink and more fun, fun, fun," Sylvia said.

When she left the bathroom, Sylvia, with her back to me, was at her bureau lifting the two glasses of white wine. I couldn't see that she had slipped a knock-out drop in my drink. She came over and handed me a glass. She was naked and my eyes were fixed on her and her breasts.

"Let's drink to us and the future." As I drank, I felt woozy and things were becoming blurred. Then I was out for the count.

The next thing I felt was a lady-like slap on my face. I opened my eyes to see Sylvia's lovely breasts hanging above my face. She was in a black lacy negligee which was open.

"I thought there was something wrong, you just went out like a light last night. Are you feeling well?"

"Yes Sylvia, what's the time?"

"One o'clock in the afternoon, Jim my darling."

“I don’t usually sleep as long as this, sweetheart.”

As I saw her firm breasts above me, I could not but help to grab one, put the teat into my mouth and suck it.

“Jim, you’re a naughty boy! You’ve not to do that.” By now I knew her mammoth tits were her weak spot. You could do anything with them once you started touching them and she wasn’t putting up any resistance.

After a while I ceased and Sylvia seemed happy. Then she lifted the baby doll nighty lying on the bed.

“Jim, do you love me?” Sylvia asked.

“Of course I do, Sylvia.”

“Then put this baby doll on for me.”

“Why?”

“You can have another feel of my breasts if you do,” she kindly offered.

Well, how can you refuse an offer as tempting as that? I felt like a fool as she helped me into her baby doll; the top of it was so big and loose because it had to accommodate her massive boobs. She had had this garment especially made for her in the finest of silk.

Sylvia giggled as she said, “Don’t you look so cute, Jim,” and slammed her big breasted body against mine. Through the silk material of the baby doll, I could feel the hard protruding nipples press tightly against me.

“Feel them, Jim” she hoarsely croaked. Once more my hands were wandering all over her mammoth breasts and once more didn’t Daisy come in and catch me in the middle of sucking one of Sylvia teats? I was

getting used to being caught in these embarrassing positions by now.

Daisy had come with the lunch Sylvia had ordered before we started on our lovemaking. I had gotten so involved with Sylvia I never realised it at the time I had missed a day's work. It wasn't to be the last time with her that I missed a day's work.

Frank ran me once more back to Ma who gave me hell for missing a day's work. Even though Ma was no relation to me, she worried about me.

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As I went out with Sylvia more and more, she would buy tickets for expensive seats at some classical music concerts or the ballet. Classical music bores me, I would rather go to a Snow Patrol or Arctic Monkeys concert but she would vigourously clap her hands and say, "That was very good, wasn't it, Jim?" I of course I had to agree. As for the ballet the women were all right doing their pirouettes in their tutus; as for the men, all I could see was that they were pouncing about in women's tights. If Bongo had seen then he would have called them a bunch of poofs.

I was falling under Sylvia's spell. It got so bad that whatever she told me to do, I would do it. One day she said to me, "Jim, I'm going to buy you a little present. You will wear it for me, won't you?"

"Yes of course, Sylvia love. What is it?"

"You'll see. It's a surprise. We will take my Jensen to the shop."

We drove to a large shopping mall and parked. With her hand on my arm, she led me to a very expen-

sive jewellers shop. The flunkey behind the counter snapped to attention "Madam, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Charles, we are here to see earrings, gold ones."

"But of course, Madam. I'll just get the trays out the safe, then you can take your pick."

"They're not for me, Charles, they're for my boyfriend, Jim. We are not really looking for a pair, just one at present. Isn't that right, Jim?" Sylvia giggled.

"Oh yes, Sylvia sweetheart," I absentmindedly answered.

The flunky brought out a number of trays with gold earrings, very expensive ones, I might add.

Sylvia would hold one earring up to me and ask what I thought of it. Stupid me, thinking they were for her. I hadn't been listening to her as she spoke to the flunky. Then I saw what I thought was a really nice pair of feminine earrings, thinking they would look nice on her.

"That's a nice pair, Sylvia."

"Oh, I do so agree. You seem to have a good head for these things. We'll take them, Charles. Now do you do ear piercing here?"

"But of course Madam, just come this way." He led us through a blue velvet curtain into a passageway that led to a room. He knocked and a woman opened the door. "Lucy, attend to Madam," he said. Then he handed her the pair of earrings and left us with this middle-aged woman.

"And what can I do for Madam?"

“Oh, it’s not for me, it’s for my boyfriend. He needs his ear pierced, don’t you, Jim?”

“Eh?” I answered, not believing what Sylvia said.

“You did say you liked these earrings. Well, you’ll have to have your ear pierced to wear one of them,” Sylvia answered, a bit annoyed at me.

What could I do? I was under her power and meekly obeyed her will.

“That’s better, Jim.” Turning to the woman, Sylvia said, “I think it best you pierce the right ear only at present but we will keep the pair.”

“Very well, Madam. Now if your boyfriend will sit down. I’ll get the gun he won’t feel a thing and it will be all over in a flash.”

I sat on the chair, the woman rubbed some antiseptic on my earlobe, then held the gun to it. Bang! I never felt a thing the ear was pierced. The woman now fitted the earring in the lobe.

“What do you think of that, sir?” she said, holding a mirror in front of me.

Before I could answer, Sylvia cut in. “It’s delightful. You know it’s all the fashion nowadays. You’re so with it, Jim.”

I wasn’t so sure as I observed myself in the mirror. Me with a gold dropper earring dangling from my right ear! I said nothing but if Sylvia liked it, then it must be all right

“Now Jim, I want to see you wearing this earring all the time. You do love me, don’t you?”

“Of course I do, Sylvia.”

"Then to prove it, you must wear my present to you all the time. Won't you please? Say you will, please."

I promised her I would.

The first time Ma saw it, she said, "What is that monstrosity hanging from your ear, Jim?"

"It's an earring, Ma."

"I know that, I'm not stupid. It makes you look like a gay boy."

"It's pure gold, my girlfriend bought it for me."

"Is that the snotty bitch who phoned you in the middle of the night from somewhere in the Far East?"

"Yes, Ma."

"The one who came a week or so ago in that fancy car and had big boobs? I could see them from where I was sitting in the living room."

Yes Ma but they're implants," I informed her.

"Why? What God gave her wasn't not good enough for her? I don't like her, she's up to no good. Mark my words, Jim, you'd be better off without her."

"But Ma, I love her." No more was said.

When Bongo spotted the earring at work the next day, he laughed. "Going with the gay boys now, Jim?"

"It's a present from Sylvia, pure gold."

"See? She's getting it stiff from you and she's paying you back. You see these rich bitches have oodles of money they have to spend it on their gigolos and give them these poofy presents." This was Bongo's wise considered philosophy.

"But I'm not a gigolo or a poof, Bongo."

“Of course you’re not, Jim boy. but that’s just the funny ways of these rich bitches. I wouldn’t worry, let her give you all the poofy gifts she wants. You’ll be worth a fortune. This Felicity dame for instance, she takes me to this posh restaurant and splashes out on champagne and caviar. Oh and she took me to this high class tailor and got me a made-to-measure captain’s outfit; skip cap, black blazer and white trousers. She said, ‘When we go on the yachting trip, I want you to look like the captain of my yacht.’

“I figure as long as I keep giving her my dick, she is happy.”

I just looked on, listening to his amazing and very explicit graphic narrative. Well the best of luck to him, I say.

## **THE PLOT BECOMES A LITTLE CLEARER**

The large buxom woman sat in the well-cushioned seat filing her nails in the exclusive Paris restaurant that catered for women only.

“Zandra darling!” exclaimed the big breasted woman.

“Sylvia darling!” exclaimed the plump woman.

The women wrapped their hands round each other and kissed each other on the cheek, then sat at the table set for two.

“You look divine, darling,” exclaimed Zandra.

“You are so exquisite, darling,” Sylvia said.

Sylvia had placed her fur wrap in the cloak room and was now sitting in a black sequinned dress with a plunging neckline revealing her heaving breasts.

"Oh I do so like your dress, Sylvia It shows your greatest assets to their best advantage."

"I had it specially made for just that purpose. It's not easy getting clothes anymore with these," Sylvia said, touching her breasts.

"I have the same problem with my big backside. You must tell me who made it, darling."

"Yes, will do before you depart Tomorrow morning, isn't it, Zandra?"

"Yes, I'm booked in for the 11am flight to New York."

"Let's not talk about that for now. Are we booked in at the Hilton tonight, dear?"

"Yes, I booked the penthouse. I've suite been staying there for the last two nights. Business, you know."

"More's the pity, I hardly see much of you nowadays. Normally I would have caught the early morning flight from Heathrow and come back the same day but knowing you were here changed my plans. And how is Alice?"

"Your brother is keeping fine. She sends her love for you, but misses being with me."

"I'm so sorry, Zandra, I had to send her out to the Middle East. Although Alice was working for some biscuit company as head engineer, I bought her contract out and put her on the pay roll of United Oil Conglomerates. I assigned her to be in charge of getting the oil pipe lines over the desert down to the terminals at the Red Sea. It wasn't a case of nepotism in giving my

brother. She is one of the top engineers in the country and if anyone could get that contract finished in time, it was Alice."

"I know, darling, you're a hard hearted business woman just like me and I think she understands but is missing her dresses and skirts. She daren't wear anything like that out there in some of these countries; if she was caught wearing a frock, she could get her hand chopped off or some other important part of her body. We phone every night and I tell her I'm buying beautiful skirts and dresses for her when she comes home. Then we can go out dressed together."

"Tell Alice I'm sorry but the good news is the project is ahead of schedule and she may be home very soon. That is if some of these country's don't start another desert war. I'll buy her some beautiful exclusive and designer dresses myself."

"Good, she has decided to have a boob job when she gets back and go feminine full-time. She already started on hormones at my suggestion before she left for the Middle East. I'm booking her into the Regency clinic. That was where you had your implants put in, wasn't it?"

"Yes. It's a good place, better than the first clinic I went to. Mr. Armstrong made a good job of mine. Every time I or anyone else touches them, they feel *so* sexy."

"I'm thinking of getting implants there myself after seeing yours, sweetheart."

"But you already had 38 double Ds put in, darling, and they suit you well."

"That didn't stop you from getting a bigger pair put in, did it?"

"Yes, I suppose you're right."

"Now tell me, Sylvia, what other scandal have you heard?"

"Did you hear about Felicity Davenport?"

"No. Wasn't she the one whose husband caught her in bed with the handyman? What has she been up to now?"

"Jim's mate Bongo has been banging Felicity. What's more, she is taking him with her to Monte Carlo and to her yacht."

"Now me who is this Jim? You're not going heterosexual, are you?"

"How could you ever think such a thing, Zandra. You should know by now you're my one and only lover."

"Yes, how stupid of me and you know I have only eyes for you too."

"Now that we have sorted that out, what are we going to do about Women's Night at the Royal Oak club this year? Last year I said I'd bet you that in a year's time I'd have some man in women's dresses and she would win first prize at the Women's Night. We bet that bean canning factory I own against that brewery you own."

"Yes, I remember that bet well. So, have you found a man who will dress in women's clothes, Sylvia?"

"Of course I have"

"Oh and how does he look in a skirt?"

"He's not in one *yet*. He doesn't even know he is going to wear one but he will, Zandra my pet." His name is Jim Wilkinson. This man who probably has never

worn women's clothes in his life in one short year is going to be permanently dressed in them!"

"You mean just for the Woman's Night, Sylvia dear?" interrupted Zandra.

"No dear, forever, for always, for life!"

"And just what is your cunning plan to get this poor unfortunate man into a pair of knickers?" Zandra gave a horse-laugh at that thought.

"Oh, it's not really all that complicated. I've been stringing the poor man along, teasing him with my big titties. Before he knew what hit him, I was helping him into a baby doll. Next, I fooled him into having his ears pierced, but only one for now. You know, the way the gay boys have one pierced. He must have looked a right moron to those who knew him."

"Where are you going from here, darling Sylvia? What plans have you for this Jim?"

Sylvia chuckled. "I'm getting married to this Jim Wilkinson. Would you like to be a bridesmaid, Zandra?"

"I never thought I'd hear you say you were going to marry a man in my whole life."

"That's just it, he won't be a man for long. Very soon after the wedding, he'll have breast implants, then the full operation. Before long, he will be called Krystiana. He will never have intercourse with me but as a woman, things between us will be different. Once in the frocks, she will never leave them. It's going to be just like my brother Alice. Krystiana is going to just love being surrounded by feminine finery I'll have her pleading for more and more satin and lace."

“When you say that it really sounds exciting. I wish I could take part in it, darling.”

“You may well be part in it at a later date. Do you love me even if I am marrying a man who soon will be a woman?”

“Of course I do; you’re always in my thoughts.”

“I always knew you cared for me, beloved and I am so very touched.” Sylvia stretched her hand over the table and squeezed Zandra hand who reciprocated.

## **JIM’S SLOW ENTRY INTO FINERY**

Sylvia returned back home after her meeting with Zandra. It was time to get in touch with Jim Wilkinson. “Hello Jim sweetheart, have you been missing me” she said into the ivory coloured handset of her phone. “We simply must see each other very quickly. I do hope you have not been seeing anyone since I have been away. I’m a very jealous woman. You must come and tell me how much you love me. I just adore hearing those words from you.”

It was arranged that Jim would be picked up on the Saturday morning so he and Sylvia could spend the weekend together at the manor.

When he mentioned this to Bongo, he received the usual from him. “You must be beefing her something rotten. When these rich bitches have a man with a big dick in bed with them, they can’t get enough of it. Felicity knows my dick is giving her what she longs for. Tomorrow we are off on that cruise for a few weeks.”

Sylvia was not going to waste any time this weekend. By Monday she wanted the wedding date set!

Sylvia arrived at Ma's house in her Jensen Interceptor and peeped the car horn impatiently. When Jim he heard it, he quickly made out the house door. Once he was inside the car, Sylvia kissed him and at the same time pressed her massive breasts against Jim.

