

Tristan's Journey



Alice Greenely



An "Adult TV" Novel



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TRISTAN'S JOURNEY

By Alice Greenely

Vivian Mellon had been sheltering her current ward, Tristan Thomas, for a little over a year now. She had developed a penchant for sweet young men. She gained satisfaction in taking them in and giving them shelter from life's social cruelties. On numerous occasions Vivian had been able to introduce them to what she regarded as a gentler and more diverse form of sex. She eschewed the swagger of macho heterosexual males because they were less interested in her needs than their own. She preferred partners who could adjust to her speed and accommodate her kinky practices.

Vivian liked sexual experimentation, stopping short of the more extreme elements of BD/SM. She sought out partners, both men and women, who appreciated round firm breasts such as hers with their pop-up nipples and a

good, tight, round ass. She was proud of her figure, especially her long legs and those insolent teats of hers. She took care of her body and was grateful that it could serve her in so many different encounters with multiple partners, sometimes several at once. Of course, they all had to be compliant in nature, malleable and open to her bisexual tastes.

She had high hopes for Tristan as soon as they met. She saw his daintiness as a sign that he was a possible candidate for transformation under the tutelage of her friend, Helen Joyce. If so, then both she and Helen would no doubt have a brand new plaything. Ever since they graduated from college, about six or seven years ago (she hoped she wasn't lying to herself), she and Helen had collaborated from time to time in instructing blossoming young lesbians and confused young crossdressers in the art of making love to one another, and, of course, with Vivian and Helen. It was a most satisfying and fulfilling time, not to mention sexually gratifying.

Vivian had in the past sent some of her young charges to Helen and was well acquainted with, and impressed by, her handling of latent sissy-boys. Vivian had been watching Tristan's development and had seen how he became confused and awkward in the presence of girls and women. Still, he seemed to prefer the company of women because they were less threatening to him and accepting of his foibles, so to speak. He seemed to want to learn from women and began adopting feminine attributes in his mannerisms, like talking expressively with his hands and taking mincing steps when he walked. In addition, he was keeping his fingernails longer and polished. His hair was growing longer by the day.

Her chauffeur, Brent McAfee, was taking an increasingly salacious interest in the young man. He had been expanding his wardrobe from chauffeur's outfits to black

leather trousers, silk shirts and neck bands, usually black, and a selection of leather jackets. He would intercept Tristan in the hallways or find some excuse to be with him in one of Vivian's drawing rooms. It was Brent who introduced Tristan to the erotic book section in the library. Standing close to Tristan, he would breathe on his throat, giving him light kisses on his neck. He would point out a juicy passage and let his hands wander over Tristan's body, caressing and squeezing his ass and thighs.



Tristan was quite flattered by the attention and aroused by the suggestive passages Brent read aloud. It wasn't long before Brent began taking extra liberties. He would let his hand cup Tristan's genitals through his trousers, giving his hardening penis a loving squeeze. Then, later on, Brent would reach into Tristan's trousers and free his stiff cock. One or two strokes with a silk handkerchief were always enough to provoke spurts of cum. *This is just a preview*, said Brent to himself; *it won't be long now*. And indeed it wasn't.

One day, Vivian went down to the servants' quarters on some errand and heard heavy breathing and groans coming from a room off the kitchen used as a resting room. She approached unheard and saw Tristan and Brent naked on the couch. Brent had Tristan's hard cock in his hand and was lying between his legs, which were raised high and wrapped around Brent's waist. Brent was breathing hard as his cock thrust in and out of Tristan's ass. Tristan was in passionate heat and moaning as he begged for more. "Oh God," he said, "I love it, I really do!"

Brent suddenly stiffened as his love juice shot into his paramour's anal cavity. Still holding Tristan's cock, Brent gave him an open-mouthed kiss, then moved down his body, kissing and licking his flesh. Brent settled on Tristan's nipples and sucked and gently chewed on them until Tristan started bucking in the throws of ecstasy. Brent didn't want him to cum just yet, so he moved down his body and waited a moment before enveloping his hot delicious cock in his mouth. He sucked and licked the sweet meat of the engorged head and kissed and licked his way down to the base.

Tristan came in such a torrent that Brent couldn't swallow it all; much of it ran out of his mouth covering his lower face and neck. Tristan sat up and the two kissed,

their lips sucking on one another's tongue and licking each other's face until they had swallowed all of the cum between them. They then collapsed on the couch, exhausted and drained, but satiated.

Vivian backed away without a sound but was getting in heat herself after witnessing such a performance. She realized that Helen should take over Tristan's development going forward and resolved to arrange for the transfer to be done as soon as possible.

But for now, she needed another session with her maid, Edith, a perky and cheeky young woman who enjoyed exploring all the byways of lesbian and heterosexual adventures that came her way. There were plenty as part of her service to Vivian which she enjoyed to the fullest. She had a small but tight and luscious body that gave Vivian many hours of athletic, lustful pleasures.

Vivian went into the library and rang for Edith, who quickly answered the call. "Close and lock the door please, Edith," said Vivian.

Edith knew immediately what Vivian had on her mind just from looking at her. She was glad she had just cleaned herself up on the bidet in her bathroom, washing and lubricating her delicate pussy with the right combination of scented soap, baby oil and a dollop of light perfume applied to her back door. She had answered the bell without putting her black satin panties back on. She stood before her mistress wearing a soft black satin maid's dress that ended above the knees. It was tight in the bodice so that it highlighted Edith's round firm breasts and stiff nipples. It fit her form snugly down to the hip line.

From there the skirt billowed out in folds of shimmering satin down to her knees. She had on a matching black satin garter belt attached to black silk stockings that were pulled high up her thighs. Over her dress she wore a

white satin pinafore edged in lace. Her maid's bonnet matched her pinafore and completed the outfit.

"My, don't you look lovely, my dear," said Vivian. "Come closer and let me see how your dress fits." Edith moved in close to her mistress. The feel of the material flowing across her legs, bare buttocks and stockings increased her arousal.

Vivian fussed unnecessarily with the neckline of the dress which permitted her hands to wander over Edith's body. She loosened the pinafore so she could better appreciate the curves of Edith's body, so tastefully shown off by the uniform. She began by massaging her breasts and tweaking her nipples through the satin. Her hands wandered around to caress Edith's back and they kissed in rising passion. Vivian felt up and down Edith's body, loosening the hooks and eyes that held the dress in place. When she reached her buttocks, her groping became more insistent. "What's this?" she asked, "No panties? Why, you naughty girl!" Edith feigned trepidation but didn't withdraw. Vivian sat down on a straight-backed chair and said, "Over my knees with you!"

Edith took up her position across Vivian's knees and felt her dress drawn slowly up her thighs and over her ass. She was further aroused by the feel of the satin against her thighs and ass cheeks as it was pushed over her waist. She was acutely aware of Vivian's hands stroking her bare flesh and insinuating themselves between her thighs and down under her cleft. She spread her legs to give Vivian free rein and felt Vivian's hand cup her pussy.

Vivian squeezed a couple of times and was rewarded with the damp emission of Edith's love juice. She withdrew her hand, licked her fingers and administered a series of sharp slaps to Edith's ass cheeks. The blows that fell served more as stimuli than as abuse or punishment and made Edith wiggle in abandonment.

Vivian led Edith to the couch and let her dress slide down to her ankles. Simultaneously, Vivian's silk dress and panties were discarded. She was not wearing a bra. The two naked women fell upon the couch, tit to tit, their legs entwined, each pussy heatedly rubbing against the other. From the drawer of a side table, Vivian withdrew a long double-headed dildo. She inserted one end into Edith's mouth and said, "That's right, my dear, suck it in and warm it up".

Vivian took the other end into her own mouth and did the same. Then Vivian brought Edith to a kneeling position facing her and inserted one end of the dildo in Edith's pussy and slid the other end into her own. Each held tightly onto the dildo as they rocked together, belly to belly, tit caressing tit, to a long, slow, delicious climax.

CHAPTER 2

Vivian phoned her good friend, Helen Joyce, the next morning. "Helen darling, I need your help again, this time with my new ward, Tristan. He is a very pretty boy, but shy and unschooled. He can hardly talk to girls and women, but seems to admire them and emulate their airs. The other day I saw him in a gay encounter with my chauffeur. I was hoping that maybe you could learn his true desires and work to bring them out. There is so much more to life than mere homosexuality."

Helen was only too pleased to receive Vivian's call. Helen's vocation had become one of probing the psyches of suitable young males for their feminine proclivities and thereby opening them up to a new, rich means of sexual expression. She felt a sense of achievement and relished her feelings of sexual domination when she dressed them in silks and satin. She particularly enjoyed taking the lead in various physical exploits with them, controlling all aspects of their sex together and having them service her

needs before she brought them to orgasm. Thus she would introduce them to new and exhilarating sexual experiences unique to their own urges. Helen showed them that there is true fulfillment in submissiveness.

"I'd be glad to evaluate him, Darling," said Helen. "Why don't you bring him over next week, say

Thursday. Give me his measurements so we can get some introductory clothes that will fit him."

"Splendid, Darling. I'll see you Thursday. Would 4 p.m. do? And by the way, might I bring my maid, Edith? She could be useful".

"But of course, Dear. Good idea."

Vivian found Tristan in the library. He flushed as soon as she came in, suddenly embarrassed by the crossdressing novel he held. Vivian took no notice. She fully accepted such inclinations. He felt a measure of relief alongside his shame.

"My Dear," said Vivian, "I've arranged for you to spend a few weeks with my friend Helen Joyce. She is in a position to work with you to bring out your personality and develop your inner desires so that you may express them freely, without reservation or shame." He felt a tingling anticipation but didn't really know why.

Tristan was a good-looking but small young man, shy, awkward and socially unsure of himself. Even at almost 20 years of age, he was still in transition from boyhood to adulthood, emotionally speaking, and was struggling with his conflicting sexual urges. So slight of build was he that he wasn't able to compete in any form of masculine activity; he consequently felt himself cast adrift. He was happy that he was going to be taken in by Ms. Helen because he had heard so much about her from Vivian. Still, he was sorry to leave the chauffeur, Brent, behind. He hoped it wasn't a permanent separation. Brent had pro-

voked his sexuality and given him satisfaction. Even so, while his sexual appetite was well fed during his trysts with Brent, he felt there was something missing, leaving him with vague yet strong longings. He was at a loss to explain his yearnings. Perhaps Ms. Helen would give him space to find himself.

Only a few minutes late, Vivian, accompanied by Tristan and Edith, knocked on the door to Helen's house, a large but comfortable two-story abode. They were met by Helen's maid, Lilly.

"Good afternoon," said Vivian. "I'm Vivian Mellon. Is Ms. Joyce in? I believe we are expected."

"Yes of course, Madame. I certainly remember you. It's nice to see you again." Lilly gave a pretty curtsy. Indeed, Lilly remembered Vivian well from a previous visit the year before during which she had introduced Lilly to two new forms of lesbian lovemaking in a single evening.

This afternoon, Lilly was wearing a dark blue silk dress with a tight tapered skirt that fell straight down almost to her ankles. It restricted her steps and put her entire body on display as she walked. Underneath she wore a white silk bra and panties set. The bra left the nipples uncovered to allow Lilly's sensitive tits to present themselves and push out against the silk of her dress. The tight shimmering of the dress emphasized the curves of her body and kept her nipples in a state of sexual awareness, if not arousal. Her satin garter belt pulled her stockings high up and tight against her legs. She liked the swishing sound and the feel of the dress as it brushed against her body and her stockings. Vivian and Helen noticed and felt the beginnings of the glow of sexual anticipation.

Edith and Lilly exchanged knowing glances, raising the temperature of the sexual tension between them.

Tristan was confused and blushed. He was unused to so much raw female sex appeal around him.

Lilly recovered from appraising and being appraised by Edith and said, "Please come in. Madame is in the library."

"Come in, come in, my Dears!" said Helen, rising to greet them. "It's so nice to see you all! And you must be Tristan! How perfectly lovely! I do hope you will be comfortable here and enjoy your stay. Lilly, why don't you take his case up to the green room and then rejoin us?" Lilly smiled. She knew what was in store for Tristan in the green room - an introduction to all things feminine and she would be on hand to help Helen in his transformation. She was already looking forward to teaching him sex in silk. She left the room with his suitcase and returned after she had unpacked his things. But first she put his stuff, as it could only be described, in the closet on a high shelf. Then she chose a selection of items for him to wear for dinner.

Downstairs in the library, Helen took both of Tristan's hands in hers and was pleased that his palms were very soft and his delicate fingers were long and hairless. *A good start*, she thought to herself. His clothes were haphazard at best, showing no sense of quality or style. He was dressed for now in a white shirt, plain sport jacket, khakis, white socks and loafers.

Tristan was happy at the warmth of Helen's greeting and took an immediate liking to her. He felt she was going to be his friend, so whatever lay in store for him here was bound to be good. He had no idea just how good.

"Now," said Helen, "let's sit down for a chat and get to know one another better. You must all stay for dinner. I insist. Sherry, anyone?"

Edith remained standing until Helen signaled her to sit in a chair. As everyone moved about to fill a glass and find an appropriate seat, Helen let her eyes rove over Edith's body. Edith noticed and welcomed the attention. Her blood quickened at the thought of what might go down tonight. She turned about subtly to show her body in its best light. It was a good body, she knew. Edith sported solid breasts that thrust out from her torso without any droop or apology. She chose bras that would accentuate their shape and size. Her tits were prominent, pointing cheekily out at the world. She liked to wear dresses and uniforms that let them show in outline. She enjoyed the hungry stares of men and those women of such lascivious tastes.

After a period of general conversation, the talk divided between the two ladies and their maids. Tristan sat as a silent adjunct to the talk of Helen and Vivian, listening politely but unsure about how to participate. He grew self-conscious and started slowly wringing his hands, unsure of what to do with them. When he was sufficiently flustered, Helen reached out and put her hand on the inside of his thigh above the knee. She could almost feel the electricity that raced through him.

She looked right through him, almost motherly and smiled reassuringly, patting his thigh in a possessive manner. Helen turned to Lilly and said, "Lilly Dear, why don't you take Tristan up to his suite and help him get ready for dinner?"

"Certainly Madame, I'd be glad to." Lilly gestured toward the door and Tristan got up and followed her upstairs.

Tristan was impressed with his room. It was very well-lighted and decorated in pastel colors. The dominate shade was a soft pink. There was a wide bed covered by a baby blue silk quilt. Two chairs with side tables, a chaise

lounge and two chests of drawers completed the furnishings. The bathroom was equipped with a bidet, but no shower, just a bathtub. The cabinets were filled with an array of soaps, sprays of some kind and other unfamiliar cosmetics. There were also some strange looking straps with clasps and a few short, blunt tubular objects made of rubber.

CHAPTER 3

"I'll run your bath for you, Master Tristan, so you can soak for a while in a nice hot tub. Then I'll help you with your dressing for dinner."

"Thank you very much, Lilly," said Tristan. He sat on the bed to wait for Lilly to finish and leave. He found the silk-covered quilt quite thrilling for some reason and surreptitiously rubbed his face in it. He looked around and saw the décor was very feminine. He wondered why.

"Your bath is ready, Master Tristan. I shall go in the next room and lay out your things."

Once Lilly had left, Tristan stripped and stepped into the bath. The scented soap smelled nice and there was a mildly sharp sensation all over his body. He soaked for a while, got out and toweled himself dry. His body was soft and pink. All his body hair had been stripped off in the tub. He felt more than nude. It was a new feeling, but good, he decided. In the other room, he found the items laid out for him by Lilly. He put on the silk briefs which felt arousing to his bare skin. The silk shirt sizzled as he drew it up his arms and began buttoning it. His cock took on a life of its own. He stood there with his hand on his growing extension. He couldn't help but squeeze it, sending delicious thrills all over his body.

Lilly chose to come back in at that moment. Tristan froze, aghast with shame. His proud staff betrayed an excitement he did not yet understand, making him even

more ashamed at his lack of control. Lilly took decisive charge. "Tut tut, Master Tristan. There's no need to be upset. Come and sit beside me here."

She sat on a chaise lounge and Tristan could do nothing but comply. He sat next to her. Lilly turned toward him and finished buttoning his shirt. Tristan's organ got even hotter and harder. It was aching for relief. He had never before experienced such a hunger in his loins. Lilly rose, lifted her skirt, and stripped off her silk panties. Tristan gasped at the sight. He had never witnessed such a display of pure eroticism. He gaped at Lilly in helpless heat as she reached into his briefs and freed his hot cock. Holding it lightly in one hand, she draped the panties over the head. He had been circumcised, she noted thankfully. That would make fellatio that much easier for her. The slither of the silk and the grip of her tightening hand on his rock hard cock sent Tristan into spasms of delight. He was gasping for breath. He could scarcely believe what was happening to him.

"Lie back, Master Tristan," whispered Lilly. "Relax and let go." She massaged his tool with her silk panties until he let loose a torrent of hot cream. "There now, isn't that better?"

Dumfounded and temporarily spent, Tristan could only nod and say weakly, "Yes thank you, Lilly."

Lilly wiped him clean and put her panties in the laundry hamper. "Let's get you dressed for dinner."

She made him change his shorts, which brought forth another deep blush. He felt his shirt clasp him tightly around the chest. New emotions flooded through him. The shirt had blue ruffles running the length of it on both side of the buttons. The sleeves were overly large and billowed out from under his shoulders to the wrists. He liked the feel of the silk on his skin and its hold on his nip-

ples and wrists. Lilly knelt down so he could slip his feet into the trouser legs. They were made of the softest lamb's leather and were tapered to the ankles. The smooth ride of the leather up against his legs aroused a new excitement in him. He was in heaven. His outfit was completed with the addition of a matching leather bolero, a silk cravat tied around his neck, white silk socks and leather pumps.

"I shall go next door and quickly change myself," said Lilly. "Then we'll go downstairs together."

"Yes, Lilly," said Tristan compliantly. He wandered over to the bookcase and started leafing through a couple of exotic volumes he saw. He became aware of his cock imprisoned by his silk shorts and tight pants. It was hard to think of anything else. He was surprised that Lilly had been able to bring him so easily to the peak of an ecstasy he had never before known. He wanted even more of her ministrations.

Lilly returned to the room. She had changed into a light grey satin dress with long sleeves cuffed at the wrist. It had a V-neck and swirls of drapery around her neck and down her cleavage. A pearl necklace adorned her throat. Underneath she wore a nylon half-bra that lifted her breasts and thrust her plump tits up to point forward, letting them show clearly in outline through the material. Her shiny stockings were held up by a satin garter belt. She wore no panties. She enjoyed the feel of the dress against her buttocks and her naked, shaved pussy.

"Let's go," she said.

Lilly followed Tristan downstairs. As he descended, Tristan was aroused again by the pressure of the tight pants rubbing against his penis. By the time he came back into the library, his erection was held outlined down his thigh by the leather pants. He became flustered again but Lilly brought him into the library with his hard cock

clearly showing. He stood there trying to look in control of himself. Everyone knew he was not.

CHAPTER 4

Vivian stared, Edith licked her lips and Helen took no special notice.

"Tristan, my Dear," said Helen, "You look positively scrumptious!" Tristan smiled weakly, thinking that might not be a compliment outside this room. But here he certainly seemed welcome.

Just then, Cook came into the room to announce that dinner was ready. "The rain has started," she said, "and it's coming down pretty hard too."

"Oh dear," said Helen, not at all upset. "You can't go out in this dreadful weather. You must all spend the night."

They went in to dinner together. Lilly and Edith were no longer occupying the lesser role of servant; they were, at least for now, guests. They all enjoyed a fine meal by candlelight and lively conversation. The absence of electric lights made the room softer. The candlelight flickered uncertainly, making the shadows larger and darker. Helen sat at the head of the table, close to the left side. Vivian sat close in to her left around the corner. Their knees would touch often. Edith and Lilly sat together to Helen's right around the corner. Tristan sat opposite them to Vivian's left. In the middle of one of the courses, Helen slipped her left hand under the table and surreptitiously stroked Vivian's right thigh. She eased Vivian's dress higher up her leg, steadily moving her hand higher and higher. Vivian's breathing became more labored and she eased herself forward in her chair to allow that burning hand access to its goal. Vivian's panties were already wet when Helen's fingers reached her pussy and began a series of slow deliberate strokes through the silk.

Meanwhile, Lilly and Edith had caught on to the higher pitch of sexual awareness in the room. Edith's right hand cautiously went below the table and came to rest on Lilly's thigh. The two women had to work together to raise the hem above her knees because Lilly's dress was so long and tight. It was a labor of love. Edith slowly pulled Lilly's leg toward her as her dress was drawn ever higher. Lilly gave her a sly smile and shifted subtly in her chair to get closer. She spread her legs as wide as she could to let Edith's hot hand find its way to her naked pussy. Lilly almost shouted out loud when Edith found her mound and deftly stroked her cleft.

Tristan ate in silence to the end, unaware of the crackling atmosphere around him.

Suddenly, Helen, without ceasing her attentions to Vivian's hungry pussy, said, "Lilly my Dear, please take Tristan up to his room and get him ready for bed."

Although frustrated, Lilly replied in an even tone. "Yes Madame, of course." Actually, she was rather looking forward to this next chore. Tristan had already shown that he was willing to submit to many of Lilly's whims.

She came around the table to Tristan, who got up and said to Helen, "Thank you for the dinner, Ms. Joyce." Helen smiled and Lilly led him upstairs to his room.

"You wash up, Master Tristan, while I lay out your night clothes for you."

Tristan stripped in the bathroom and washed up. "I'm ready now, Lilly. Will you hand me my pajamas?" He stood naked behind the open door with his hand out. Instead, Lilly walked in with a flowing light yellow silk nightgown over her arm. Tristan was aghast and tried to cover his genitals with his arms and hands. "Oh Lilly," he said, "I, uh, that is, you shouldn't be... I mean, uh, I

shouldn't, that is, I can't wear something like that, surely?"

His meek uncertainty pleased Lilly and led her on to be more casually insistent. She knew she needn't force him, merely persuade him that she knew what was for the best here. "Master Tristan," she said, "here in this house of women, what do you expect? Besides, this is perfectly normal and nothing to be embarrassed about. Lots of pretty young men like you wear silky nightgowns like this all the time."

She shook out the soft folds of the nightgown for him to see. His cock started its instinctive response. Tristan thought, *a man shouldn't be caught dead in something like that*. He acknowledged his stiffening penis and was ashamed by it. He realized at the same time that he wanted to try on the shimmering, silky garment. It seemed as if his rising cock knew him better than he did. *Well*, he thought, *it's only for tonight. Besides, who will know?* He was also thinking of the wonderful things Lilly could do to him and didn't want to displease her in any way. Furthermore, he could no longer deny that he was actually aroused at the thought of sexy silk encasing his body.

His life was about to change. Lilly placed the garment over his head and smoothed the silk down his body. He couldn't believe the electric thrill provoked by the material. He ran his hands up to his breasts, caressed and gently pulled on his nipples, then grasped his hard cock through the silk and almost fainted.

"Oh dear," said Lilly. "We can't let you go to bed like that. Sit on that chair." Tristan floated over to it and sat. Lilly placed a large cushion on the floor and knelt in front of him. As she raised his nightgown up over his knees, she spread his legs. She ran her hands up his thighs to his hairless crotch. His prick was as hard as a rock and turn-

ing purple. She took hold of his tool, put the bulb in her mouth and began to lick and suck. Tristan was out of control and in no time came, shooting jets of hot cream down Lilly's throat. Lilly was pleased with herself. *It won't be long before he's fully into femininity, trained in silk and satin bras, garters and panties and maybe even given treatments by Dr. Gordon. He'll then be ready to be introduced to sissy sex; and who better to do this than Lilly?* Ms. Helen, her mistress, would no doubt want to take the lead, but Lilly felt she had earned a prominent place in the process.

Tristan, exhausted, emptied and completely satiated, staggered to the bed. He fell in and tucking the folds of the silk gown down between his legs, fell asleep. Lilly busied herself tidying up and putting away the clothes worn that day. She selected the next day's outfit which would be more effeminate than the previous day's. This would continue until Tristan developed an unbreakable attachment to his silk and satin panties, bras and dresses.

CHAPTER 5

When Helen and her two guests, Vivian and Edith, finished their meal, Helen led them from the dining room to the 'expression' room, as she called it. Vivian smiled in anticipation while Edith was overawed at what was displayed there. All the paintings were of an erotic nature. They depicted beautiful young men and women in an array of sexual acts with one another, men on men, women on women and both men and women in different positions of heterosexual dominancy.

One painting depicted a man wearing only a black leather mask and a stiff circumcised erection. The mask had apertures for the ears, eyes, nose and mouth. It fit so closely over his head that it was obviously custom-made for him. A chain was fastened tightly around his waist with handcuffs holding his wrists prisoner. He was on his

knees before his mistress, who was herself naked but for black leather boots laced up to the middle of her thighs. She had one hand around the back of his head and the other under his chin, guiding his open mouth to her shaven pussy.

Other paintings depicted one or more voluptuous women in the act of dressing young, hairless males with evident erections in panties, bras and other feminine undergarments. There was one of a braless woman placing panties over the face of a man while she gripped his stiff, curved penis. There were sculptures of women sharing a dildo; one of a man on his knees servicing a woman with his tongue while she leaned back on a couch with her legs apart to receive his devotion; and one of two women, each with her mouth on the other's pussy.

In the corner there was a statue of man standing on a pedestal. He presented a relaxed, upright posture with an erection thrust proudly outward. It was accurate in every detail, presenting a circumcised cock of five inches. The pedestal put that marble hard-on level with the viewer's face, so that it served as an arrogant dare or an ongoing invitation to any who approached. There was also a figure of a young man reclining in an armchair while his male lover kneeled before him with his hands holding his thighs wide apart, his open mouth about to engulf his upright member.

There were satin-covered couches placed about the room and three armchairs upholstered in velvet. The fronts of the arms were hinged so that they could be raised to support and separate the legs of the occupant whenever it became desirable to do so. The levers got a lot of use.

Helen was pleased by her guests' reaction. She led them to a couch upholstered in soft brown suede leather. Vivian sat while Helen turned her attentions to Edith.

“That’s a beautiful dress you have on, Edith,” said Helen. She put an arm around Edith’s waist, drew her close and felt the material with her other hand. She smoothed the dress over her stomach and cupped Edith’s breasts, first one, then the other, and worried her tits with her thumb and forefinger. She deftly undid the buttons up the front. “And let’s see what we have on underneath.”

Edith’s dress slipped from her shoulders, revealing a pale pink silk bra nicely filled out by her sturdy breasts. Edith’s impudent nipples stood out in strong relief as if attempting to escape from her bra. Helen excited them by rolling them about in her palms and fingers. Helen leaned forward to take one of those purple cherries into her mouth and suck on it. Edith’s dress was now on the floor and her damp panties brought Helen to her knees. The panties matched her bra and clearly outlined her vagina, showing off her cleft. Helen put her face to the panties and gave Edith’s pussy an open-mouthed sucking kiss. Edith put a hand on the back of Helen’s head and started to thrust gently back and forth in time with Helen’s tongue. Helen stripped off the panties and set them aside. Edith fell back into one of the chairs so Helen could raise the leg rests and spread them wide. Both were breathing heavily in their passion.

Vivian decided to intervene. She had shed her own clothes except for her boned satin garter belt and stockings. She had a six-inch dildo strapped snugly to her hips. Vivian stepped in between Helen and Edith and leaned down, holding her dildo. Edith gasped in anticipation. Her pussy had just been well-lubricated so the dildo slid in easily. Both Edith and Vivian pumped together for a long sweet orgasm.

Helen sat down in another armchair. Edith came over and raised the leg rests. She knelt between Helen’s legs,

stroked them and lifted first one, then the other, onto the rests. Edith's mouth watered at the sight of Helen's shaven and circumcised pussy. The sweet meat of her pudenda was rosy pink and damp with arousal. Edith licked her thighs above the stockings and worked her way up to her ultimate goal. She began a long, slow sucking action followed by her tongue exploring the hidden treasure beneath.

Helen lifted her pelvis to beg for more and she pressed Edith's head to her cunt so Edith could focus her efforts on her clit. Edith took her time bringing Helen to a delectable climax.

Lilly came in only to find everyone in her own state of sexual disarray, albeit amply satisfied. "Ah, Lilly," said Helen. "Please take Vivian and Edith to their rooms and then come to mine to help get me ready for bed."

"Certainly Madame," said Lilly. She was the only one that evening who had not yet been given the opportunity to achieve orgasm. She felt she had been left out of the evening's festivities. Helen saw the frustration on Lilly's face. She leaned in close to her and said softly, "You're neither forgotten nor neglected, my Dear. Come to me when you've seen to our guests." Lilly began looking forward to the rest of the night with high expectations.

Once Vivian and Edith were settled in their room, Lilly proceeded down the corridor to Helen's quarters. She knew the layout well enough for she had enjoyed many trysts there. The bedroom dominated the suite. The bed was a super king-size that could accommodate two or more couples. The walls were full of erotic oil paintings, the dominant theme being lesbian sex. There were a couple of comfortable wide couches and armchairs with embedded lifts for leg support. The fabrics used to cover the various pieces were taffeta, silk and satin. The color scheme was again all done in pastel shades meant to

soothe the occupants so that they could concentrate on their passions.

The adjoining room was done in much the same décor, but there was added a swing type of hammock where the occupant could lie back. There was a split in the hammock that could allow a partner to fine-tune just how widely to spread their legs. The hammock itself was made of supple mattress-like material covered in velvet. The height was also adjustable so the occupant of the swing could be serviced by a cock, a dildo, or a mouth. Padded blocks and crossbars, some with handcuffs already chained to them, were available for punishment and fun. The bathroom was very large, equipped with a shower for two, a hot tub, a bidet, the usual toilet and a long vanity with lighted mirrors. The cabinets held an extensive assortment of colognes, perfumes, powders and lotions of one kind or another. The drawers had a wide selection of condoms, dildos, vaginal stimulators and anal plugs, neatly arranged by size and use. Lilly was well-acquainted with the whole lot.

Helen waited for Lilly in the bedroom. She was wearing a green silk bra with cutouts for her tits. The bra had stays strategically placed for a firm hold on her flesh, so her breasts were thrust out and up in haughty display. She had no panties on. Her naked, shaved pussy radiated a soft pink glow. Her silk garter belt used six garters to tether her shiny green stockings tightly to her long smooth legs. She was holding a belt of rubber with sturdy spandex straps dangling down. It had a suede leather strap in the middle with a two-inch hole in the center. Her outerwear was a white satin cape thrown around her shoulders. It had a clasp just below her throat so that when closed, the cape would drape decorously over her nipples, gently agitating them.