

Executive Secretary

Part 2



Deborah Leigh Johnson

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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EXECUTIVE SECRETARY 2

By Deborah Leigh Johnson

Chapter Five

I saw Kenny for half an hour on that first day back at work. He treated me the same as he had always treated me. I was thankful that our personal relationship was not going to be carried over into the office.

He asked me to start copying the paper files and doing backups of the computer files. He even had a photocopying machine moved into my office. He told me that he had to leave for three weeks; he had a big role to play in overseeing a new acquisition that the plastics company was about to make.

I started to copy the paper files. I could only do about five hundred pages a day as some of them were quite large. Besides that, I could only get ten or fifteen files into my briefcase to smuggle them out of the office at one time.

It took me the whole of two weeks just to get the copies of the paper files done. Then I started on the backups. This was far easier as I could let the computer do all the work. It still took me a few days though, as the files were very extensive. They were so big that I could only do them one branch office at a time.

By the time Kenny got back, I had bought, installed and filled about ten three-drawer file cabinets in my basement. He called me the morning of the day he came back.

He told me that he called his wife and told her that he would be getting in about 3:00 in the morning. He told *me* that he would be getting in around 9:00 the evening before. He asked me if he could come over to my house to see what I had been able to do while he was gone.

Just as I was going to hang up, I heard his last words, "Tell Debi to wear something pretty for me, okay?"

I knew that he would want to have sex with me. I also knew that I was primed and ready. I would probably never confess it to anyone, but I had been thinking about sucking his cock so much that it had become like an obsession to me. I hoped he would let me do it when he got me alone and I was all prettied up for him.

I felt deliciously naughty, knowing that Kenny wanted to see me before he went home to see his wife. I tried not to, but I could not help it.

I left the office early and went home to get myself all pretty and girlified up for 'my man'. I tingled every time I thought of myself as having a boyfriend. I had always wanted a boyfriend but had always been too

chicken to admit it to myself. Now I wasn't chicken any more. Now, I had become "the other woman."

I decided to wear all white. I wore a white bra, white panties and a matching white silk slip, white shoes, a white skirt and a white blouse. I felt like a virgin and I did not want to be one any longer. I added a lacy red bow tie.

I also made a light salad and some tuna sandwiches with chilled white wine. I hoped he would be hungry. Then at long last, I heard Kenny ring the door bell.

I opened the door for him. He walked in, a grin on his face. I felt so ashamed of myself for the careless way in which I threw myself into his arms and hungrily received his kisses. I was acting like a love-starved teenybopper. I felt so free to be able to act like this with a man. I loved being free to act like a woman, to act the way I had always wanted.

After a brief tour of all the work I had been doing, Kenny was very pleased with me. He was also delighted to see the light lunch I prepared. We sat at the table out on the back patio and ate as he talked away about his trip. He kept reaching over to lightly caress the back of my right hand as we talked.

He asked me how much money the firm was paying me. I told him I was earning \$28,500 a year. He told me that he'd signed a lease for a legal office, and that the office would be able to open in about two more months. He would give me a starting salary of \$35,000.

Needless to say, I was quite pleased with that figure.

With the glow of this friendship, the white wine, and the praise for all that I had accomplished, I was more than primed for him when he made his move. While I was putting the dirty dishes into the dishwasher, Kenny had gone into the living room and stretched his lanky frame out on the couch.

I came in and smiled to see him so relaxed in my living room. He was all man. He spotted me and sat up. He patted the couch beside him to indicate where he wanted me to sit. I walked over to him. I started to sit down but he pulled gently at my arm and it forced me to sit on his lap. I flung my arms around his neck and sought out his lips. I was voracious in my hunger for his kisses.

We kissed like that for a few minutes and I became aware that he had an erection for me and was pushing up at my bum with it.

"It feels like little Kenny wants some attention, eh?" I teased.

"You got that right, Babe. I thought about you almost all the time that I was away, Debi."

"Oh? And what did you think about me, handsome sir?"

"You want the truth?"

"Of course, nothing less."

"Well, I kept thinking about what it would feel like to have you kneeling in front of me, and... and sucking my cock."

"Oh?"

“Uh... My having those kinds of thoughts about you... That does not upset you?”

“Well, I guess it would be kind of expected in a natural relationship, wouldn't it? I mean, wouldn't you expect any other girlfriend to do that for you?”

“Have you been thinking about doing it too? I know that you have never been with a guy before and I was wondering if you had ever thought about doing it to me?”

“I would be lying to say that I hadn't, Kenny. It's... it's what girls like me do, isn't it? I mean, to me, it just seems to be a natural and normal thing to do for a guy that I like very much. I think that most girls think like that at some time in their lives.”

“Yeah... I guess you are right. I don't know because I've never had a girl like you before. So you think that you might want to try it?”

I was dangerously close to crossing that line I could never withdraw from. I could feel his excitement growing as we talked. I could hardly believe that I was talking to a virile man about my sucking his cock for him in such a causal way, as though I'd been doing this sort of thing all of my life.

I was very glad that I had remembered to put a condom on before I'd put my panties on.

“Well, I have thought about it. I'd be lying if I said that I had not thought about it.”

“Do you think that you want to do it, Debi? Would it turn you on, do you think?”

“Let me ask you this, kind sir. Do you want me to do it for you, Kenny?”

“You got that right. My wife won’t even talk about it, let alone do it for me. I love getting blow jobs. But she is so damned straight that she thinks that a woman giving a blow job is demeaning to her, or something like that. Do you think that too, Debi?”

“No, I don’t. The few girls that I ever got to know well, they all talked about it as if they had really liked doing it. For me, it would be just one more way in which I could experience the differences between what I am and what a real man is. So, okay, I will try to do it, if you want me to, but you have to wear a condom.”

“Geeze... Debi, I don’t have any.”

“I... I bought some for you...” I blushed as I made the revealing confession. I got off of his knees and went into the bathroom to get it for him.

When I came back into the living room, Kenny had doffed his pants, his shirt and his underwear. He sat on the edge of the couch, his legs sprawled out in front of him, the nape of his neck resting on the back of the couch. His cock was at attention and waiting for me.

I did not know what to do now. I had no experience in these things. If I was really going to suck it, I would have to kneel in front of him in order to do it. I went over and stood in front of him for a moment, then I slowly sank to my knees.

The thing was huge. It was the first one that my eyes had ever been so close to. It was so big, and so ugly; it utterly fascinated me.

I admired it. I reached out with the fingertips of my right hand and I gently touched it. It was so satiny

smooth, with an almost iron hardness under the surface. It was hot to my touch.

I opened the condom and took it out. I slowly reached up and I placed it on the tip of his cock, then carefully rolled it down. I could hardly believe that I was really doing this. This was something that was common place for girls to do, but not for guys. Certainly Kenny had never let a guy touch him like this.

I licked my lips and looked up at him. My elbows were resting lightly on his furry knees. My forearms lay on the tops of his thighs. My hand rested at the crotch, scarce inches away from the cock that I was going to suck. But somehow, it did not seem to be weird. It seemed to be normal.

I knew that the girl in me was getting stronger every day and now she had a chance to prove how strong she really was. Still looking up and into his eyes, I moved my head forward till I could feel the tip of his cock on my lips.

I turned my head sideways and I felt it moving across my cheek. This was so sexy. I loved the smell of him. I moved my head back and let the head of his cock rest against my lips. I watched his eyes flash as he watched my pink lips begin to move on him, nibbling and kissing him.

“Oh, Debi. You are such a cock tease. You are driving me crazy. Come on girl... get to sucking it, eh, before you drive me over the edge.”

I opened my mouth wide, pulled his cock forward with my right hand, and lowered my head onto it. It would not go in. It was too big and too dry. I had a moment of panic. I felt a Moment of unbelievable disappointment, as I realized that I might not be able to get to suck his cock after all.

I almost cried. I wanted so much to be able to look in the mirror the next morning, and know that I was looking at a cock sucker. I had endured this degree of humiliation and I might not be able to realize my dream. I did not know what to do.

I kept kissing the head and up and down the shaft. It occurred to me that it might fit, if it was lubricated. I went back up to the head of it and I began to gently lick it, just like it was a lollipop. I licked all over the head and all over the shaft, from the head to the base, and all around it. I hoped that this was going to work.

Kenny had his eyes closed now. He was moaning and pushing his hips up in the air, poking me in my face. He wanted something to fuck and he wanted for it to be my mouth.

I wanted to please him in this way. I could not believe how strong my desire was to suck him and make him have pleasure. I wanted to be his woman.

I once again positioned my mouth at his cock head and I opened as wide as I could without showing my teeth and lowered my head. I was amazed and delighted to feel the head of his cock slowly pass over my lips, then the shaft was moving across my lips.

I felt so proud of myself. I had all the courage that it had taken to throw off all the taboos and now, for the first time in my life, I actually was feeling a cock filling my mouth.

But I knew that I was not yet a cock sucker because I had not sucked it yet. I listened to Kenny moan and encourage me to suck it for him. I lowered my head as far as I could go. He was almost making me gag. I locked my lips around him, licked at him,

and started to raise my head very slowly, all the while sucking his cock very hard.

I hoped that I was doing it right. I lowered my head again and again, over and over. Each time, I locked my lips around his shaft and sucked hard as I raised my head again.

My jaws, shoulders, and neck were getting sore. I was sucking him too hard. I had to make myself relax and enjoy my sucking. I did not like the pain.

I took it out of my mouth and contented myself for a while, just kissing and masturbating him, till I felt no more pain. Then I returned it to my mouth and moved my head up and down on him, but not locking my lips nearly as tight as I had before. This was the right way. I knew that I should be enjoying sucking him, and now I *was* enjoying it.

“Oh, Debi, you give the best head, girl. You are the best, Babe. You are a class ‘A’ cock sucker, girl. Ahhh yes... suck me some more. That’s my girl... Oh, man... you are so hot. You are the best, Babe.”

I loved hearing his words describing what he was feeling, as I gave those feelings to him. I knew that I liked sucking cock now. I liked feeling like a girl. I liked doing to Kenny the same things that only girls had ever done to him before. I loved the way his word reminded me of my utterly feminized state. I felt so completely free and womanly as I teased and sucked at him. I wanted for him to come but I also wanted for him to *not* come, because I wanted to be able to suck him for a long, long time. I reached down and gently rubbed myself through the front of my skirt. It was deliriously nice.

He suddenly swelled, tensed up like a board, and let out a low soft moan. As I licked and sucked at his

cock, I felt him releasing into the condom, filling up a big bulge in it end of it with his cum. I wished that I could taste it, but I knew that only high risk would be my reward for that.

I almost bit the end of the condom so that I could taste it, but that was a stupid idea. I wanted to taste it, and to feel my mouth full of it. He'd only given his cum to real the girls before and now he'd given it to me, just like he'd given it to them.

I felt so flattered that I could make a rich powerful man like this be so helpless and controlled by me, in this way. Men may carry the big sticks but it's the ladies in the skirts who control the men. I sucked at him till he started to get soft in my mouth. I just loved the feel of his erection passing over my lips as I sucked him.

I was pleased to have pleased him this way. I was pleased to have been brave enough to cast off the taboos and really be what I had always wanted to be, a lover of men. I kissed his cock and knew that it would not be the last time that he would let me suck it for him. I would suck it whenever he wanted me to.

When Kenny got himself dressed, I was still seated on the floor, with my back against the couch. He came over and sat beside me. He gently took me into his arms. He whispered in my ear that he knew how much it must have cost me to do that for him and that he was very thankful that I did it.

We rolled around on the floor a bit as he kissed and cuddled me. At one point, I was flat on my back looking up at him. He was lying on me. I loved the feel of his weight on me.

He was kissing me. Then he began to kiss his way down my front. He kissed my neck, then down fur-

ther and kissed my breasts. I wished all over again that they were real, so that I could feel his beard stubble on my nipples.

Then he kissed even lower. Soon his mouth was right on top of my erection. I could feel the hot moistness of his breath on it. He lowered his head and gently bit me, right through my skirt, slip and panties.

It was too much for me. I uttered a deep moan, arched my back up at him, And I felt the ejaculation as his teeth gripped me. I felt his tongue licking the front of my skirt.

“Ohhh, I love you so much, Kenny. You make a real woman of me.”

I was startled to hear such feminine words coming from my own mouth, but I was delighted to know that I was capable of feeling such deep feminine feelings for such a masculine man.

Then I fell away into a blissful swoon. It was delightful.

When I came back to my senses, Kenny had already left.

Chapter Six

By the time the interior work had been done on the new office, I had a complete duplicate set of files all ready. I had the backups of the data bases for the different subsidiaries as well.

When he told me that it was time to resign, I quickly wrote out my resignation letter and left it with Sheila. She was very surprised to see that I was

quitting. She was equally surprised to see that Kenny had written a memo to the other partners, to ask for a meeting to discuss the terms of his resignation from the legal partnership.

There would have to be some kind of settlement arranged in order to compensate him for his part of the company's assets. He anticipated that the bargaining would take the better part of the week. He told me to just go on home. He gave me copies of the keys to the new office and told me to go over there and have my files transferred to the new office.

I loved working in the brand new offices, all alone. It took me about a week to get my office completely set up the way I wanted everything to be.

Two weeks later, we opened our doors officially for the first time. Kenny and his wife spent a lot of time there in the first few days, as she was helping with the decor decisions. I got to know her and I felt guilty because she was a really sweet spirited lady and I should not be having sex with her husband. Of course, she knew all about some of his exploits, but she would never even dream that he would be getting it on with the male research clerk in his office.

I had to admit it. Kenny had been right about that. I was glad that I had acquiesced to his decision that I should wear male-looking clothes around the office.

He did tell me, though, that his wife thought that I was a "sweet" boy. We alone knew how sweet I really was, and we giggled about it.

The pace was hectic. I had to do a lot of mundane stuff while Kenny interviewed for a receptionist. He finally decided on a very attractive, almost regal looking woman, Helen Bancroft, who was in her late fifties.

She had been recently widowed and had gone back to school to take the legal secretary training program. We soon learned that Helen was a very intelligent woman. She really knew her stuff. It made my job somewhat easier.

Kenny did a great deal of traveling over the next three months and that left Helen and I alone.

I grew to really like her.

She seemed to like me too.

I did notice that she tended to relate to me more like she would relate to another female though. I appreciated that in her. I did not know if it was a conscious decision on her part or not, but I liked it. For example, if she bought a new dress, she just had to show it to me and ask me what I thought of it. It seemed that she really appreciated my sense of good taste. I learned a few things from Helen also.

We were never short of work to do. Sometimes, just for a break from the tedium of the researching, I would go to the outer office and help Helen with some of her stuff. She liked that and we grew to be fast friends. We even went out for supper a couple of times, together.

Just before Kenny returned, he called me on my private line in my office. He did not want Helen to know he had called for me. He told me that he was scheduled to be back on the following Thursday morning, but he thought he could get back by 8:00 P.M. that Wednesday. He wanted to know if I would like him to spend the night with me.

My heart raced. My hands started to shake and my voice almost cracked. I could not believe the excitement I was feeling at the prospect of actually sleeping

in his arms and of waking up the next morning, in his arms, just like a real woman might.

I tried desperately to hide the excitement I felt. I told him that I would prepare a light supper for us, so that he could just relax. Kenny told me he thought I was a very thoughtful young woman, and he appreciated it.

I could hardly contain myself for the next three days, as I waited for the time to drag on past. I must admit that I actually masturbated three or four times a day, I was so turned on about the whole idea.

Finally, Wednesday night came. I told Helen to leave half an hour early and I locked up the offices. I hurried home and into a long soaking bath. I luxuriated in the softening oils of the bath solution. I did not need it but I shaved my entire body three times.

Once I got out of the bath, I could not decide whether to get all dolled up or just wear some pretty sleepwear. The idea of having Kenny's hand moving down my back as he would lower the zipper of my dress won out though. I would dress up very prettily for him. I wanted him to know that I was willing to take pains to look good for him.

I started by donning a sky blue corset that laced up the front. I pulled it tighter than I had ever worn it before, because I wanted to look petite and delicate, more so than I usually did. To its garter straps I attached sheer pale blue hose. I loved the feeling that wearing a taut pair of nylons gave me on soft hairless skin.

Then came the lingerie. I chose blue satin panties that had a lovely delicate white lace for trimming along the leg holes and the panty waist. I had a

matching bra, camisole, and half slip that I hurried into as well.

I stepped into a pair of blue satin heels that had three and a half-inch heels. They were so pretty. I luxuriated in the way the high instep pushed up at my arches and I felt delicate. I also loved the way the high heels made my legs look so beautifully curvaceous.

The dress was one that I loved. I had very few occasions to date to wear it. It was pale blue with ruffles going from the chin to the waist of blue chiffon. The sleeves were a very sheer chiffon that was in all of its extra material that ended in massive ruffles of chiffon and tiny elastic cuffs. I loved how the soft material felt on my arms.

The skirt part was a blue satin underslip with a frothy layer of chiffon for an overskirt. The dress flared out around my legs with every little movement. The hem went down to about an inch above my knees. It also had a three-inch wide blue satin belt for the waist which really emphasized the smallness of my corseted waist line. The dress was a very delicate and feminine garment and I felt like a pretty princess in it. I hoped Kenny would think that I looked like a delicate little princess.

I put two porterhouse steaks on the barbecue and chilled a bottle of Chablis. I went out into the garden, walking very carefully so as to not get dirt all over my heels, I managed to pick a pleasant array of flowers for the table's centerpiece.

Then I went into the kitchen, tied an apron around my waist, and set about to make us a garden salad. Before I was quite finished with the salad, I heard the doorbell.

Wiping my hands on my apron, I walked over to the door, and swung it open. There stood my man lover, in all of his masculine glory. I could not believe how wonderful it felt to me, to see him again after nearly three and a half weeks.

His arms went out and grasped me around the waist, lifting me off the floor, and he planted a warm and welcome series of kisses all over my face and lips and throat. I giggled in girlish glee as I welcomed his kisses. He held me with one arm and his other arm loosened its grasp so that he could run his hand down over my bum, and playfully grab a handful.

“God, it;s so good to see you, Debi. I’ve really missed you... a lot.”

“Well, sir, with talk like that, you will no doubt ingratiate me to your services.”

“Ha. I love it when you talk dirty like that... I got you a little something. Wait here, I’ll be right back.”

I watched him as he walked out to the car, reached into the back seat, and pulled out a large pink box with pale blue ribbons on it. It was obviously a gift for a lady. I wondered what it was.

Kenny sat on the couch and watched me as I sat on an easy chair, then gently removed the pretty ribbons. Once I got the box open and had opened the delicate tissue paper, I found that the box contained a lovely pale green silk nightgown with matching peignoir. It was beautiful. As I held it up, I found that there was also a bra and satin panties in the box. Under that, was a pair of high-heeled green satin mules. It was lovely. I knew that it was very expensive.

“Oh, Kenny, it’s lovely... simply lovely...”

“So, you like my taste in lady’s underwear, Debi?”

“You show that you have excellent taste. I can hardly wait for the chance to get it on and see what it feels like.”

“Well, time enough for that. You said you would have supper ready for me?”

“Yes. The steaks are all ready. Perhaps you could get them from the barbecue? The salad is almost done as well. I’ll pour the wine.”

I turned the lights off and lit the candles on the table. Then I turned the stereo on to a soft rock station. By the time I got the salad ready, Kenny had brought in the steaks. He sat down and smiled as he looked around at the romantic atmosphere I had tried to create for him.

“I must say, Debi, for a girl who is as inexperienced as you are, you certainly know how to treat a man right.”

“Well, thank you, kind sir. From my lack of experience, I also know that you know how to treat a lady.”

We ate slowly and finished the whole bottle of wine as he told me of the long hours he had to put in while he was gone.

Then he stunned me. He told me that something just did not feel right and he asked me if I would mind looking into the acquisition of the property for the waste disposal site again.

I asked Kenny what he was thinking. He told me that he would rather not have me looking for anything specific. He just wanted me to look for anything that did not seem right. He reassured me that it

should be all right; he just had an uneasy feeling about it.

He helped me pick up the dirty dishes and pile them in the sink. I turned around and found that he was standing right behind me. His hands went to my waist and he picked me straight up, as though I weighed almost nothing. Once again, I marveled at how strong Kenny was. It thrilled me to be treated in such a manner.

He pulled me to him so that he could kiss me and I found that he already had a big hard-on for me. I smiled, pleased that I was able to turn him on so easily. He carried me into the living room and sat on the couch.

I was seated facing him on his lap with one leg on each side of his waist. Both of my arms were up and around his big bull neck and my fingers were playing with the short hair on the back of his neck.

I could feel his big erection pressing against the front of my panties. It was a terribly erotic feeling. He began to move his pelvis and I felt his erection as it moved against my panties. I was glad that I had put on a condom. I sure did not want to ruin this dress and lingerie. It was too expensive to ruin.

“Well, little lady, are you ready to go and show me what you look like in your new outfit?”

“Oh. Am I ready? I’ve missed you so much, Kenny. Can you undo my zipper first?”

I felt his hand go up my back to my neck and he found the zipper tab. He slowly pulled it down to my waist.

“Uh, Kenny, do you want to watch me undress?”



“No. I want you to stand on a chair and let me undress you.”

I crawled off of his lap. I reached out for his hand and led him into my bedroom. He looked around it and whistled. He told me he'd never been in such a feminine room before, and he kind of liked it. He told me that it was obvious that this was a lady's boudoir. I smiled as I led him over to the middle of the room. I had an ottoman there and I stepped up onto it. I still had to look up to see into his eyes though.

He reached out and gently undid my belt. He tossed it over onto a chair. He checked to see that the zipper was all the way down, then he put his hands on my shoulders and began to draw my dress bodice down. Then he extricated my wrists from the elastic cuffs.

When my dress was off, it followed the belt. He placed his hands on my hips and gently caressed me through the satin underwear. I felt his hands begin to lift the hem of my camisole. He pulled it up over my head, then tossed it onto the dress. He pushed my slip down, and I stepped out of it as well.

I stood there, in just my corset, hose and heels, and wearing my panties and my bra. He stepped back and allowed his eyes to move very slowly from my head to my feet. His eyes paused when he saw the bulge in the front of my panties, then went on down to my feet.

“Debi, I have undressed hundreds of women but not a lot of them were as feminine and delicately appointed as you are, my dear. I know that you are an anatomical male, but even seeing this,” he gently fondled my penis, “and seeing your flat chest, you are still so delicate and feminine that I really do find it hard to believe that I am holding a cock.”

I flushed with pride as I heard his words.

Then he reached over again and gently caressed the bulge in my panties for a long moment, before pushing my panties down to my ankles. He helped me step out of them. He then unsnapped the garter tabs and rolled my nylons down my legs and removed them with my shoes. He then removed my bra. I felt so utterly strange standing in front of him, clad only in a tightly laced corset, with a flat boyish chest.

He smiled and gently began to caress my nipples with his fingertips, making them very hard and sensitive.

Then he did something that I would never have expected him to do. He sank to his knees in front of me. He opened his mouth and he took my cockette into his mouth.

I was stunned. It felt so wonderful but I had never dreamed that he would ever want to do that. I felt his tongue on me, as he slowly moved his head back and forth as he sucked at me. He sucked me for about two minutes, then got back to his feet.

“Well, ever since I have met you, I have wanted to see what doing that was like. I really thought that I would hate it but you are so feminine that I find it hard to think of it as a cock. I guess that I will refer to it as a large clitoris, okay?”

“You can call it anything you want to, Kenny. I must admit that I was surprised that you wanted to do that though.”

He grinned as he stood and leaned over to plant little kisses on my flat chest. Then he began to tweak my nipples gently as he spoke to me again.

“Well, Debi, you may want to work on building these up a little, honey. I like to have a mouthful but not much more, if you know what I mean. I want you to leave that corset on. Now, let me watch you get dressed.”

I felt his eyes on me as he helped me to step down from the ottoman. I went over to the bed where the boxed gift was. I took out the bra and put it on. I walked across the room to retrieve my false breasts from the other bra. Once they were in, I went back to the bed. I was acutely aware of his eyes watching me as I bent over to pull the new panties on. They fit very well.

I stepped into the mules, then raised the gown over my head and heard the delicate whisper as it slithered down my body, in a delightful caress of silk. I slipped the peignoir up my arms and tied the little ribbons into a bow under my chin.

“You, Debi, are simply ravishing. You are so beautiful that I still cannot believe my own eyes when I see you naked.”

“It is lovely, Kenny. I feel... I feel like a princess...”

“Well, princess, it is time to satisfy your king.”

“I’ve been waiting for you, Master Kenneth.” With that, I gave a deep and graceful curtsy. I could tell by the look in his eyes that I had done the perfect thing to get him cranked up.

I removed the box and tissues from the bed, then rolled the top covers back to reveal my pink satin sheets. Then I walked over to him.

“Wouldst my sire wish for me to undress his royal personage?” I asked with a new deep curtsy.