

Up in Flames



Audrey Taylor

An "Adult TV" Novel



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Up In Flames

By Audrey Taylor

Chapter 1: Into Freedom

Finally, that miserable job and company were history. I'd had my last Friday, and the after-hours going away party, and it was finally finished! No more eight to five unless I wanted to. I had paid my dues, quite heavily, I thought, and now it was *my* time!

It would take some getting used to. I'd spent over seventeen years in the production planning department, scheduling and maintaining the production equipment, and what did I have to show for it; a four-year-old Chevy (over 80,000 miles) and two suitcases of clothes, some books but only a few keepsakes from those years at the company. My greatest assets, however, were the upstate property that I'd finally paid off just last year and my investments, which would allow me to more or less retire, if I watched the funds carefully. Oh yes, another thing I had in my attache case was my beginnings; I had my set-up money with which I could start my new life as a "country gentleman" (if such a thing existed) upstate.

I felt relatively secure and free!

I was heading upstate now for a long awaited, though “enforced” vacation (yeah, I should have forced myself to quit long ago) where I could put my feet up and decide on a new direction for my future, should I want to. It felt exhilarating, speeding along the interstate with the windows wide open, the fresh air blowing through my long hair (what a change from inching along packed city streets through automobile exhaust smog). It was early May and the first hot spell had hit, temperatures soaring into the high eighties.

Leaving the old apartment hadn’t been easy; one gets accustomed to living in one place after such a long time. But I knew that leaving there would be final; the accumulated crap from all those years had taken me several trips to the town dump and Goodwill to unload. And I’d still left some large pieces of old furniture behind for the next tenants, things that I really didn’t want upstate but yet were too much bother to try to haul off on my own. Living alone with few close friends has its drawbacks. Anyway, the old house, my new home, was furnished pretty well. I’d seen to that on my last visit and with my starting cash, I could fill it with anything as I felt I needed it.

Still thinking about the shape the house was in, I spotted my exit coming up. I’ll have it looking like new in no time, I thought. I stopped for coffee and double checked my directions. It was over three years since I’d last been up here; things had changed quite a bit near the exit. The name was the same but it was more built-up.

Then I was off again. As I drove through the back roads, it started feeling familiar, especially that final turn and the 3 miles of narrow winding roadway leading to my property. It was isolated in the boon-docks, which was okay with me; I’d had enough of the teeming city life and wanted some solace, peace, and quiet.

Coming into “my” valley, however, I was slowed down by a rise to my right to study a new house

which hadn't been there on my last trip. An extended ranch, complete with front garden, a stretch of manicured lawn, and a large in-ground pool off to the side. A woman dove into the water just before I lost sight of it as the road curved to the right. I almost missed the turn.

New neighbors, less than a quarter-mile away. So much for isolation.

As I pulled up in my front yard, I was immediately aware of the differences between my house in sharp contrast to the newly constructed home I'd just passed. Mine seemed old and decrepit in comparison. Shingles were missing from my roof, the exterior was an eyesore in desperate need of a new paint job while the yard was overgrown with weeds that abounded everywhere. Its one saving grace was that it was mine; it and a good deal of the land around it.

But almost immediately my eyes focused, seeing only my magnificent challenge as I carried my bags in, listening to the squeak of the front door as it closed behind me. I wondered if I had any oil in the house. Putting my bags down at the foot of the stairs back in a corner where they would be out of the way, I looked around sensing something wasn't right.

Where's the television, I asked myself, *and the stereo's not on the shelf over there. The microwave's gone too.*

Looking around the kitchen, I spotted one of the window panels in my back door was broken and the door was slightly ajar. There was my answer on how the burglars had gotten in. My search upstairs added more missing things to my list of missing items. They had conveniently left my phone, but it was not hooked up.

I decided to meet my new neighbors and ask to borrow their phone to report the burglary.

I got back into my car and drove back down the road, pulling up in front of the house. Getting out, I could hear several people at the pool. I took the normal route and went to the door and pushed the door

bell, hearing it go off in the house. Getting no response, I took the walkaway around the house in the direction of the pool. Rounding the corner of the house, I found the pool and immediately saw three women relaxing in lounge chairs, oblivious to my presence.

I called out "Hello," approaching the nearest lady. Her eyes popped open in surprise as she sat up suddenly, grabbing for a robe to cover her skimpy bikini. *I don't mind if you don't put on that robe*, I thought. I'd really startled her and her lushness had surprised me! *I hope my eyes weren't looking as wide and startled as hers! What a view!*

"Who are you?" she asked, pulling the robe over her, not really covering too much, for there was quite a lot to cover.

"Paul Monroe, from the house down the road. Well, I am going to live there. I quit my job 200 miles south of here and just got here to my house only to find it burgled."

I pointed back in the direction I had just come from.

"I was hoping I could use your phone. I've had a burglary and wanted to notify the police right away. My phone hasn't been connected yet."

She stood up, smiling somewhat nervously as she quickly donned the robe and tied it more securely about her. Coming almost to mid-thigh, it barely hid her voluptuous body.

"Hi, Paul, I'm Kathy Collins," she greeted, reaching up to pull her hair out of the robe before giving it a vigorous shaking out. "Gee, I'm sorry to hear you got ripped off. That's precisely why I'm thinking of getting some guard dogs."

She'd started walking toward the house and I followed.

"We've been hearing noises the last several nights and haven't been feeling too secure, even with our sophisticated alarm system." She turned back and

looked at me as she entered the living room through a large plate glass door. "I didn't know anyone was living in that old house. You must be upset. Here's the phone."

She handed a rather modern handset to me, and I immediately dialed the operator.

"The invasion of privacy is what's most disturbing," I explained while I admired the plush interior of her living room realizing the source of her nervousness; there was money living here.

"Can I help you?" a woman's voice came over the phone and I spent the next ten minutes explaining my problem. After answering several questions including from where I was calling and what the phone number there was, she told me a deputy would be out to get my statement, probably in the next hour or so, and that I should stay close to where I now was in case they had to call back.

I thanked her and hung up.

Looking at Kathy's concerned face which had been studying me throughout my conversation, I noted that she was relaxing a bit more now that I had obviously talked with the police and that the burglary had happened and was not an excuse that I had used to gain access to her house (and her?).

"Well, that's all I can do for the moment. They said that a deputy should be here within an hour. They want me to stay near this phone in case they have to call back. I'll go down to the main road and wait for him there. I really appreciate your help," I smiled at her. *God, what a lush, beautiful woman,* I thought, couldn't help but think.

She must have seen the strain on my face, for she smiled and asked, "Why don't you relax with us for a while by the pool until they get here? Driving for such a long way and then having to deal with this problem right off the bat can't be much fun. Take a break and we can also get to know each other since it looks like we are going to be next door neighbors."

She offered me a large glass of lemonade, insisting I join them. I definitely felt weary and the thought of relaxing at the pool was certainly appealing. I'd unpack later after I met with the police. They were going to come here anyway, so why not?

"Meet Sally Phillips, my interior decorator and close friend, and this is Monica Judson, my house guest for the weekend. Girls, this is Paul Monroe. You've already heard about his burglary. I've invited him to join us. He called the police and they said a deputy would be here in about an hour. Let's welcome our new neighbor."

"Hi," I said, momentarily stunned by their appearances in bikinis. Earlier I had only looked at Kathy as she had reacted to me. Now I looked at the other two women and found my breath almost stopped by what I saw. My new neighbors were a sight for sore eyes. Maybe I should take a part of my start-up and invest in a telescope!

"That's really terrible," Sally commiserated with me. "I hope you didn't lose too much of value."

I brought my gaze up to her face, reluctantly leaving her magnificent chest. Our eyes met and there was almost a *zap* of electricity. I could see it in her eyes too. She was no spring chicken as I wasn't a spring rooster, but that made no difference. I'm afraid I faltered a bit when I answered, "I, uh, er, uh, my stereo equipment and some appliances are gone, along with some personal property. I'm afraid it's all easy stuff for them to pawn for cash, uh, I guess." Her eyes were emerald set off by what looked like natural sandy red hair, and I felt lost gazing into their depths. *Damn! Kathy was gorgeous, but this woman has set my whole body almost to tingling and I even have a bit of stirring at the groin.* These thoughts were both nerve-wracking and beautiful at the same time.

She broke the spell, finally taking in my appearance, "You look like you could use a dip in the pool. It's quite refreshing."

“That’s a super idea,” I felt grimy all over. “I’ll just get my suit,” standing up to leave.

“Let me save you a trip. I’m sure I have something you can use,” Sally stated emphatically as she headed towards the house with me meekly in tow, admiring her swaying hips and full cheeks. Bikinis hide so little.

We went to her large bedroom, deeply carpeted and dominated by a spacious queen-sized bed. “Here, try these,” she tossed a bikini suit bottom to me which I caught in one hand. I glanced at the suit. It was light blue and seemed okay, maybe a bit skimpy, but everyone was dressed that way. I went to her bathroom and changed enjoying the feel of the lycra material as it tightly compressed my male equipment; nothing showed or squirted out the side if I folded my genitalia back between my legs. It was definitely not my usual loose-fitting trunks. The cut felt strange, kind of oddly open in the back yet super snug in front, but the mirror showed nothing unusual other than a flatter than usual groin, so I joined her in the bedroom, putting my clothes on her bed.

“That fits you well and looks good,” she said with approval. “Perfect for a quick dip. Come on, let’s get some sun before the police get here and force you back to reality.”

She smiled a smile that would have melted my microwave, I’m sure, and gently took my hand as she gazed with those emerald eyes into mine. Again there was almost a spark that jumped between us.

I almost thought it was a real spark from me after dragging my feet on the rug and building up a charge, but it wasn’t that, I was sure. *Wow, I’ve heard of such instant appeal but never thought I’d feel it!*

The other women took no overt notice of me or my suit as I dove into the water, swam around and enjoyed the cool refreshing feeling. She had been right; it was what I needed, and the road grime and fatigue seemed to just melt away. Ten minutes later I was

stretching out next to Sally on a chaise lounge, letting the sun penetrate my weary muscles.

Chapter 2: The Police Come to Investigate

I must've dozed off, for the next thing I knew, Kathy was shaking my shoulder.

"Paul, the officer is here. Why don't you go change while I get him a glass of lemonade?"

I shook my head and sat up, trying to shake away the cobwebs. Sally walked me back to her bedroom where I grabbed my clothes as she handed me a towel and some fresh underwear.

"These should do fine temporarily," she offered as I closed the bathroom door, still half in a fog. After I pulled down the suit and checked out my clothes, I noticed my own underwear was gone. Instead, all I had was a soft pink nylon camisole with lace trim and a pair of fairly lacy pink lady's panties in my hand where Sally had thrust them just before I came in. *Well, that's great! What am I going to wear now? I can't wear these, can I?*

The officer was waiting, so I put them on, realizing my pants would effectively hide any trace of those luscious feminine panties of hers. Who would know besides Sally and myself? Besides, it gave me a warm kind of thrill to be wearing her underwear. She was such a beautiful woman; I just couldn't explain that "extra" thrill, but it was enhanced as I drew those soft lovelies up my legs, feeling the sensation of nylon on my legs for the first time.

The nylon camisole she'd also given me had to take the place of my undershirt, so I pulled it over my head and felt the nylon slither over my nascent nipples and belly, coming to rest comfortably at my hips. I quickly rubbed my belly; it was a strange sensation that felt really kind of nice. My shirt covered the cam-

isole easily and I laced up my Reeboks over the black, thin nylon knee-highs she'd placed in them; my socks had disappeared too. Funny how the sneakers almost felt loose as my feet kind of slid around in them.

Re-entering the bedroom after carefully checking that nothing showed, I found no one there but quickly located Sally when I poked my head out the bedroom door. Again she smiled warmly at me, immediately came over and led me to the living room, mentioning nothing about my apparel. The policeman was sitting on the couch, holding his half-finished lemonade and conversing with Kathy.

He stood up when I approached, towering over me. "You must be Paul Monroe." He had to be at least 6'6" tall, making my 5'6" seem puny; he was quite intimidating. "I'm Patrolman Caruthers. We can fill out my report here if you like, then go over and examine the premises."

I looked at Kathy who smiled and nodded her assent.

"That'll be fine," I answered. *She's been so accommodating, and we've only just met.*

As I gave him the details of the burglary, I noticed Sally watching me closely, almost studying me like I was a work of art. I felt a definite tautness building up in her borrowed nylon panties caressing my maleness. I smiled to myself as I realized I was sitting there explaining this whole thing to this big, hulking police officer while I was clad entirely in Sally's delicate, feminine underwear.

Soon we headed over to my place with Sally tagging along on my arm, wanting to get a peek at the inside of my house. We walked all through the house as I told him of all the missing items.

Patrolman Caruthers was very thorough, carefully examining the kitchen door and broken window, dusting for fingerprints, finding none clear enough to collect other than my own, then walking around the outside property, trying to determine the direction

the burglars had gone and looking for further clues. He suggested I talk to my insurance company immediately, get the window fixed, and change all the door locks.

After I signed the statement, he left, saying he'd be in contact, hopefully with some leads to the perpetrators. He did caution me that burglars will frequently hit a place more than once, especially if their first visit was a success. He made me promise to call him immediately if anything unusual occurred, anything at all. He smiled warmly as he shook my hand before parting.

Oh great. Now I have to worry about them returning, and it's definitely too late to fix the window today.

Sally sat across from me at the kitchen table, asking if she could help. As I thought how nice she was, it suddenly hit me that I was still wearing her underwear. I looked down at my lap and stuck my hand inside my shirt. I rose to go change, but she seemed to realize from my actions what I was about to do and stood as I tried to pass and grabbed my arm, saying softly that I could return her things tomorrow. *That would certainly be soon enough.* So I sat back down, trying to plan my next step. Yes, contact my insurance company.

When I sat, she walked around behind me and ran her fingers gently through my long hair, "Mmmmm," she almost purred, "This could certainly use a washing and styling. Do you wear it long like this all the time?"

She'd caught me unawares and I blushed, "I've been meaning to get a haircut for the past several months. But, with quitting my job and then moving up here and all, I just haven't had a chance." *Or took the time,* I thought the real answer to myself.

"Why don't you come back to our place for the rest of the afternoon? I could wash and style it for you properly. You can leave this unpleasant business for tomorrow. You can't fix the window or change the

locks today anyway, and we've got this extra guest room you can use. I'm sure it will be fine with Kathy."

Hmmmm, and where is Monica sleeping? popped into my head.

"You don't think she'll mind?" I asked, finding it difficult to say no to this lovely lady. Besides I needed the telephone again and didn't mind spending some more time in their beautiful home.

"Absolutely not. Come on, close the back door, and let's get out of here." She moved towards the front while I closed and locked the door even as I felt the wind come through the broken window pane.

I took a moment to tape a piece of cardboard in place over the opening. I felt that it would suffice until I got some replacement glass tomorrow to fix it. I'd also get some new door locks and install them at the same time.

Sally called me from the front wondering what was holding me up, so I put any further thoughts aside and went to join her.

Chapter 3: Back to Kathy's House

We drove back to her house as she explained how she and Kathy sort of shared the house while she was deciding what to do next with her life. She'd helped Kathy design the house from top to bottom, handling the interior decorating free of charge because of their close friendship. They'd only moved in three months ago. Monica was Kathy's current romance (*aah, now it started to make sense*), who had to return to the city tomorrow. She'd come for a long weekend, taking Friday off, to unwind from her hectic loan officer position at one of the larger savings banks.

As we entered the house it suddenly dawned on me that I hadn't brought a change of clothes, having left my bags well out of the way at the foot of the stairs where I'd originally dropped them. I'd have to go back later and unpack. I found myself examining the entry

foyer and living room more closely knowing that Sally had designed them; they had been beautifully and tastefully designed. We joined the other women who were sitting on pillows in the middle of the living room floor, escaping the hot sun for awhile.

Looking out the large picture windows, I again admired that Sally had really done a beautiful job as the interior was also in tune with the view. I also looked around appreciating each of their lovely figures as much as I could without being too obvious. I felt deliciously cozy there with them. I think it was Kathy who first suggested we play mahjong, an idea the others enthusiastically seconded.

They pulled me along, poo-pooing my not having played. "You'll pick it up in no time".

For the next several hours, fortified with sandwiches and lemonade for nourishment, I concentrated on digesting all the rules of mahjong. I grew steadily more weary of their banter and almost leaped at the idea when Sally suggested a shower.

Sitting so close to these three attractive and interesting (and arousing) women all afternoon was probably a major contributor to my exhaustion. My own troubles had literally disappeared as I frequently caught myself staring first at one then the other of the ladies as their robes continually fell open, *probably assisted by my thoughts which wanted more show... and got it.*

Sally, however, even without a robe, seemed to consistently draw more of my attention than the others. When she smiled, I seemed to melt a bit, taking a while to recover. With her suggestion, however, we left the others to go to the guest room.

Sally showed me to it saying that I'd be using it and could use the adjoining shower before dinner. What a design! Three bedrooms and three fully equipped bathrooms! Showing me the shower, she reminded me of her promise made earlier about my hair. I was also shocked by how lovely the room was, almost identical to her own.

I could get used to such luxury real easily!

After showering and washing my hair with shampoo and conditioner per Sally's instructions, I wrapped it in a towel and returned to the bedroom to be greeted by a fresh set of clothes laid out on the bed. My own clothes, to include her borrowed underthings, were nowhere in sight, so I donned the fresh panties, another camisole, this one with even more lace trimming, and then some stretch pants and a white silk blouse which fit surprisingly well except, of course, where the darts left room in front.

I hope my appearance won't be too comical! I thought. With damp hair neatly turbaned away, I walked to her bedroom, wearing the fluffy slippers she'd left by the bed.

She was apparently just coming out of the shower herself and asked me to turn around until she was decent.

I apologized for barging in on her and dutifully turned around, expecting her to get fully dressed.

She replied with a, "No problem," put on some clothing, and walked over to me to remove my head towel. As usual, my freshly washed hair was "kinky." I had no choice but to let my curls hang down lightly over my shoulders.

"Let's see what we can do before dinner." She studied me a while as the mirror reflected her curvaceous body clad only in panties and bra, causing an instant arousal in my own panties.

How can she do that to me? Doesn't she know what she's doing to me?

To add to it she was wearing a vibrant red lipstick that she must have just put on and that was also most sensuous!

Mmmmm, I thought, Speak of kissable lips! Wow!

"You don't think I look idiotic in these things, do you?" I asked, motioning to my body clothed in what were apparently her clothes. I was concerned and was also trying to distract my mind from her beauty

and overt sexuality. “I appreciate your letting me use them, but I could just as easily duck over to my own house for a minute and pick up a more suitable outfit, don’t you think?”

“Don’t be silly, Paul. You look fine and I’m sure the other girls won’t mind at all. I do want to get to your hair while it’s still damp and before we eat. Here, put this on,” she handed me a pink smock.

Following her instructions, I first removed my blouse, feeling a bit embarrassed by being seen in her lacy camisole. I quickly tied the wrap-around smock around me before sitting down at her vanity. I couldn’t help but notice that it was translucent enough to clearly show the lacy straps of her camisole.

She easily combed my hair into a pageboy style, but I have to admit I wasn’t watching what she was doing. My feints had failed and I was having a good deal of difficulty taking my eyes off of her translucent, nude underwear and their contents that it hardly even started to cover.

Somewhere along the way, she picked up a pair of scissors as she continued talking to me softly. She thought I was handling a difficult situation quite well. I thought she was talking about the house being burgled, but no, she was impressed with my being so flexible about wearing her things.

“Most men are so macho, they probably would have even refused to wear my suit bottom, just out of hand. Your self-confidence shines through where most men would have cringed under the circumstances. I think you’re terrific.”

That definitely made me feel kind of special.

She smiled as her snipping and combing continued. Her body made contact whenever she leaned over me intent with her labors. She seemed oblivious as my pulsating erection caused an ever increasing tent effect in my stretch pants under my robe which my hands covered as I squirmed restlessly about.

How much more could I take?

“How do you like the camisoles you’ve worn today? Aren’t they kind of fun? I wear them frequently when I’m in bed or just lazing around my apartment in the city. They’re so comfy but much too revealing for mixed company.”

“Uh . . . Uh . . .” I had trouble finding a response, not wanting to turn her off, yet I didn’t want to appear like I was enjoying it too much. *Wait, wasn’t I mixed company? Well, with her showing me what I saw, I wasn’t going to argue.*

“They’re not bad. I think I understand why you like them.” *Like I had even a vague idea?.* But I had to add, “Knowing they’re yours and you’ve previously worn them, makes them more appealing to me.” *Where was I going with this?* “You know what I mean. Makes me feel close to you.”

“You look like you’d like to wear one my bras too,” she smiled, “you’ve been ogling my breasts all afternoon.” *Oh no! She’d noticed.* “I’ll bet you wouldn’t mind feeling close to them right now, would you?” *She not only noticed, but had read my mind! Boy, would I like to get ‘next to them’!*

Then she did a remarkable thing.

As I watched through the mirror she reached behind her back, unfastened the snaps to her bra, causing my mouth to gape open as she pulled it off and openly exposed her full breasts to my view. I sat dumb struck as she opened my robe, removed both it and my camisole and inserted my arms into her still warm bra. My arms went through the motions guided by her hands, but my eyes never left her magnificent breastworks.

As she did this simple weaving job, I could feel her naked breasts against my upper arm and back as she closed the back snap and straightened her bra out on me before she put the smock back on me.

My eyes never left her beautiful breasts, marveling in their movement as she reached up and let the camisole slip down her body, being more than adequately pushed out by her breasts.

“That’s better. See how these barely hide a thing?” She turned towards me displaying her beauties in the smoky nylon material. “Now you can feel close to every part of my body.” She was smiling again as her scissors were once more cutting my hair like nothing was amiss.

I was almost crazy with desire. My panties felt wet and stretched out after I’d adjusted myself when she’d turned away a moment. And yet I sat still beneath her working hands, afraid to interrupt, trying to prepare for the next contact from her burning body. The straps of her brassiere cut into my shoulders ever so slightly and the cups were strangely stimulating against my chest, although quite empty.

What would it feel like if I filled them out like Sally?

Was this really happening to me? Of all the women I’d known, this had never happened before, in particular never so fast. *Where was this going?* I wondered as my eyes closed and I tried to relax from my tense state.

“Hi guys!” I heard Kathy’s voice, feeling instant concern about her seeing me in Sally’s bra. “Dinner’s almost ready so you’d better get done soon or you’ll miss Monica’s specialty. Should be another five minutes.”

My eyes opened and focused through the mirror on Kathy who was studying my new hairdo.

“This should only take another minute and we’ll be right there. We’ll do the clean-up afterwards since you guys did all the slaving over the hot stove. Paul really needed this haircut. Presto! What do you think?”

For the first time I looked at my “new” hair in the mirror, stunned.

“What an improvement!” was Kathy’s exuberant comment.

Was she kidding?

My auburn hair floated down the side of my head almost to my shoulders and then curved outward



while bangs hung right above my eyes. I looked like a woman especially in the bra, the lines of which were almost painfully noticeable through the thin nylon smock. These weren't the broad straps of the cami-sole but the narrow straps of a *bra*, and I was wearing it!

I turned around and beseechingly demanded an explanation from Sally.

"Calm down, Paul," she said soothingly. She looked at the tent in my pants, causing me to shrink away with embarrassment.

"In the first place, your hair was a total mess. Secondly, among my other talents, I just happen to be a specialist in ladies styles, and since you're temporarily kind of dressed like a woman and since your hair was so long, I thought it might be fun to see how you would look in a feminine hairdo. I must say a lot of women would appreciate having lovely hair like yours.

"You really look attractive," she added in a soft whisper in my ear. Pulling me to my feet and wrapping her arms around me tightly, she surprised me even further by kissing me full and long, directly on my (I'm sure quivering) lips. She tasted delicious as I responded to her soft lips, lifting up towards her, loving the feeling of her tongue licking my lips.

My anger dissipated into thin air.

Chapter 4: Dressing for Dinner

When Sally finally pulled away from me, I noticed that Kathy had left, leaving me standing there breathless against Sally's soft body. After a moment she fully released me and removed the pink smock I wore before she helped me to put back on the sheer white silk blouse and replaced my stretch pants with a full black skirt. Sally then lifted the shimmering silken skirt to place a white satin garter belt about my waist while she showed me how to roll on a pair of smoke-colored nylons. While I stepped into a pair of

black pumps, she put on a white silk blouse and a black silk skirt similar to mine before touching up her own hair.

I looked in the mirror, slightly appalled! My lips were now a dark shade of red, the same vibrant red I had earlier noted on her lips, and the bra straps were way too easily seen through the silk blouse I had put back on. In front, the lace of the cups played a scene of unmitigated femininity under that thin, almost transparent cloth.

She grabbed my arm, hugging me to her while guiding me to the dining room.

I had no idea how to escape, so I gulped down my apprehension and tried desperately to relax and enjoy this crazy experience. As I walked by her side I could feel the soft flowing silken skirt as it caressed my nylons; for some strange reason I thought that I really should have shaved my legs to complete the sensuous feelings.

Was I going nuts over all of this sudden femininity?

“There you are,” Monica said as we entered. “The shrimp are almost cold and the escargot will lose its flavor if you don’t get to them quickly. Pauline, you look great. You’re a magician, Sally.”

“Thanks, Monica,” Sally responded. “It’s nice to know I haven’t lost my touch, although he did have some good growth to work with. Now all he needs are breast implants to reach perfection,” she smiled at Monica and then me.

This conversation is unreal. Who’s Pauline and what’s this breast implant idea? These women are totally wacko.

All during dinner I couldn’t help glancing at Sally’s breasts. Since I was wearing her bra, they were hanging loosely under her blouse with frequent jelly-like jiggles and bounces with her dynamite nipples tenting the cloth deliciously. All through the meal I was almost painfully fully aware of the fact that her bra was resting firmly around my chest with the tight

straps lightly cutting into my shoulders, just enough to keep their presence obvious to me.

Until she had put it on me not too long ago, those beauties of hers had occupied my bra cups, resting heavily in each cup, again causing me to wonder how *would that feel? Probably awesome.*

My attention eventually moved on to the other women (well, it was split among them all, but I noted the others' clothing and lovely appearances). Both wore dresses with plunging necklines and were constantly flirting with each other, displaying their interest openly. Sally paid close attention to me, her kiss still lingering on my lips, her compelling eyes frequently drawing me to her.

We were dressed so similar, except I wore a bra and she didn't. *Marvelous. How did we get that wrong?* I absent-mindedly rubbed the front of the bra cup against my nipple, experiencing a pleasant stimulation.

After dinner the other two went for a walk, hardly containing their desire to be alone with each other while Sally and I cleaned up.

She offered me an apron to protect my blouse and skirt while I washed the dishes, her hug easily convincing me of its need. She cleared the table and dried, straightening out the whole area.

"Paul, how about some air? I can show you around the property, if you like."

"That sounds great."

I felt I could follow her anywhere. I was hooked; all she had to do was reel in the line. No woman had ever affected me this way. On the other hand, no woman had ever done *this* to me.

"Let's get some sweaters, it's usually chilly at this hour." She led the way to her bedroom. After selecting two long-sleeved cashmere styles she took some panties from another drawer and approached me with a smile.