

Prologue: This is a story of complete fiction. Any resemblance to any person living, deceased or currently engaged in the conduct of the characters portrayed in this story would be remarkable.

CUCKOLDS REVENGE

Greg Evans was rightly suspicious. His longtime squeeze Melinda was into her fifth Thursday in a row of taking the afternoon off from her job. She had not mentioned a word about her midweek activity, nor had Greg asked. Indeed, Melinda was unaware that her man had even realized that she played hooky on Thursdays. Greg was not a particularly jealous individual and did not suspect Melinda of anything in particular, he was curious. Being self employed, Greg had some latitude in his daily activities, so he decided to investigate his lady's activities. He purchased a GPS tracking device from a local electronics specialty shop, planted it in the wall of his mistress's car's rear bumper to launch his amateur private investigator career. He had activated the transponder in Melinda's vehicle, turned on his receiver and from a hamburger stand's parking lot a mile away from the office that employed Melinda and munching a cheeseburger and sipping a diet coke, sat back to see what happened.

Sure enough, right at 12:05 PM, the transponder started to move. He gave it a half an hour as the slow progression of the transponder indicated that the car was navigating surface streets and not on the freeway. Finishing his lunch, Greg decided that it was time to start the pursuit. About five minutes after Greg had left the burger palaces lot, the transponder had apparently come to a stop. It was on the far south side of town, which puzzled Greg. That was an area of mixed use, light industrial, strip malls, auto dealership's and if he recalled correctly, a rather shabby collection of trailer parks. The transponder's GPS location produced a blank spot on the GPS map on his tablet.

'Hummmm,' thought Greg, a trailer park? 'Well, it's apparent that she not shopping for a new car,' he concluded.

Greg studied the GPS map and it became apparent that the map possessed insufficient information other than that Melinda's had parked in a cartographic black hole. Not knowing the layout of the landscape of where his now devious maiden is parked, Greg decided that stealth would be necessary for him to get to bottom of all of this.

When Greg drove on the street passed the transponder signal, he realized that it was indeed a trailer park and judging from the shabby collection of trailer's and marginally upkeep of the grounds, this particular park catered to transient clientele. He couldn't very well drive up and down the parks confined streets in his Lincoln Town car without attracting attention, so he drove on a d soon found an auto dealership that would rent vehicles on a daily basis.

Squeezing behind the wheel of his rental sedan, Greg, packing his electronic snooper along set off to investigate what his girl was doing here. It didn't take long to find Melinda's BMW angle parked next to a particularly run down forty foot house trailer.

'Now what?' wondered Greg.

He had never seen a detective show where the investigator dealt with such a low rent situation, they always breaking and entering mansions in Beverley Hills. He then noticed a UPS truck making deliveries and the light bulb lit. He squeezed his miniscule rental as close to the back of Melinda's BMW as possible. Going up the dangerously rickety steps to the equally imperiling porch he knocked loudly on the front porch and shouted, "UPS,".

He heard foot steps from inside the trailer and the door opened. A thin young man in jeans and tee shirt asked, "UPS?"

Greg, a good three quarters of a head taller and fifty pounds heavier, replied evenly, "I'd like to talk with Melinda."

The young man went whiter.

Greg then heard Melinda's voice call, "Ron honey, who is it?"

Greg answered, "Melinda honey, I would like to talk with you."

Greg then barged gently past the frightened youth at the door.

Standing in the living room, kitchen area, Greg surveyed the palace his love had chosen for her soiree's. Ron was still standing frozen at the front door.

Greg said, "Ron honey, close the door and sit down."

The demeaning order brought a trace of color back to the lads face as he complied. Melinda, crept into the kitchen, her clothes and make-up in disarray. Greg, more annoyed than angry. After all he was no saint when it came to women however, he did avoid married or engaged women like the plague, knowing that many men actually become distraught at infidelity. Greg looked at Melinda and then Ricky. He then waved an arm around in an encompassing gesture. It was the perfect mime, looking at the very attractive, when not tucking her blouse into her skirt, woman, the skinny kid and the shabby, but neat, surroundings.

'OK, What's wrong with this picture?' wondered Greg.

The message got through to the two culprits without a word said.

Melinda blurted, "Greg, dear.....Ron and I have been friends for some time now."

Greg's eyebrows raised and Ricky was trying to shrink at this statement.

"That is, Ron worked for the firm until a couple of months ago, when he was let go. I felt that his dismissal was unwarranted and Ron was broke and soon to be homeless, so I got this place for him as a temporary home until he got back on his feet," continued Malinda.

Greg put on his minor game face, and with a mild glare, to both of the miscreants said, "It appears that Ron hasn't quite made it to his feet yet."

'Ouch'was Melinda's expression. Ron was still trying desperately to shrink.

Greg then opened the refrigerator and was half surprised to see a twelve pack of beer, with some still left occupying the otherwise deserted appliance. Retrieving three cold cans, he tossed one to the surprised youth, gave another to his now shamed mistress and opened the third and took a long draught. Leaning back against the sink, Greg surveyed his conundrum. He looked at Ron, the slight frame, shoulder length light brown hair. The boys face was fairly gracile with no apparent Adam's apple, this could work he thought. Greg didn't swing this way, but Melinda was kinky enough to enjoy the shit out of it and Greg needed a office gofer and the little shit was readily available.

Finishing his beer with his next swig, Greg looked at the two totally cowed individual's and said, "OK, Ron, I'm going to offer you a job and a place to live. Melinda, you go to whoever runs this dump and close your account and gather up Ron's stuff and take him home. Ron, I need help at my business, in the office. No experience necessary. I will see at the house." Saying that, Greg walked out the door and left.

Greg made a stop at hardware store on the way home. 'I think our boy Ron is going to be one very surprised little turd by the end of the day.', laughed Greg silently.

Whistling, Greg pulled into the driveway of his rather spacious four bedroom home, designed and built by himself and his rather upscale residential construction company. Rationalizing to himself, he did need office help and his plan for Ron would deter, he hoped, Melinda from picking up strays in the future. A dark thought crept into his revelry, on the other hand, the kinky broad might just get into this.

Melinda and Ron were in one of the better guest rooms sorting out Ron's possessions and Greg paused and assessed the young man's physical proportions as compared to Melinda's. Beside the standard sexual dimorphism, they were an inch of being the same height and the muscular development was remarkably similar. "This could work quite well, considered Greg.

"Greg honey, thank you for being so understanding and generous", gushed Melinda somewhat defensively.

Greg smiled and waved her off. "Take Ronni and show him where the shower is, I think that we'll go out for dinner this evening," he smiled.

He turned and headed for his work shop in the basement. 'This will have to do until I get some more sophisticated material to work with,' grunted Greg. 'Now, to the fireworks.'

Ron was freshly scrubbed and shampooed, dressed in clean shorts and tee shirt. Not that it mattered. Melinda was standing next to Greg giving him a chaste kiss on the cheek while Ron was sitting on the bed, pulling on his sissy socks.

'Perfect,' realized Greg and he launched his muscular body into action. Two steps and he had both of Ron's wrists grasped by his left hand while his right pushed the surprised youth onto his back. Holding Ron down with his left knee, Greg retrieved a length of pre-looped cord from his right back pocket and looped both of Ricky's wrists and tied them to a bedpost above the boy's head.

While Ron struggled with his captured wrists, Greg swiftly tied each ankle to the bottom bed posts. Melinda stood there astonished. Greg had immobilized Ron within five seconds.

Melinda yelled, "Greg, what are you doing?"

Greg smiled down at the terrified boy and said, "Just getting our new housemate prepared for her proper role. Now, sweetheart, go and get your hair trimmers, razor and your scented foam lather, you have work to do."

While Melinda gathered the items ordered by Greg, our cuckold was cutting Ron's clothing off his body.

Melinda returned with the prescribed items and Greg issued his fateful order. "Sweet cheeks, I want you to remove every hair from Ronni's body from the eyebrows on down. If you refuse, you will be trussed up next to her."

Melinda mulled the threat over for a split second, thinking that this could fun, trussed up naked to the slender boy but, decided that she would be better served by obeying her master.

Eying Ron's naked body and absorbing her instructions, Melinda's innate kinkiness was boiling to the surface. "I'll need a bowl of water, some salves and tweezers," smiled the vixen. "Honey," called Melinda, "Ronni's butt has to be raised so I can get to it."

Greg knew instantly that Melinda was on board. While Melinda went about exfoliating Ronni, who had become very still as razors flashed around his body. Greg stood in the doorway, drinking a beer as he watched in fascination as Ronni's body was returned to its original state of absolute nakedness.

Melinda was slowly stroking Ronni's erection as she finished up around the boy's pubes. "Should I toss her off?" she asked Greg.

"Why not," answered Greg. 'It will give her something to remember after I lock her up,' he thought.

Ronni started to buck and Greg said, "Stop sweets, go get one of your toys, Ronni should experience what an orgasm is when properly filled."

Melinda smiled at the idea, I have just the thing."

Ronni was whining, "Why are you doing this to me?"

Greg thought for a second, "You fucked the wrong babe Ronni and anyway, I think that you have been miscast in life. In a month or two you will be wondering why you didn't think of this."

Just then Melinda returned and sitting on the with the appropriate item and with Ronni's remodeled bottom exposed, began to lubricate the rosebud. Greg watched in admiration as Melinda greased the

boys anal entrance and began penetrating the opening, first with a single digit, then two. All the while, Ronni was groaning in apparent pleasure as his engorged penis waving unattended in the bedroom air.

Once Melinda was satisfied with her handiwork, she removed a slender dildo vibrator from its ornate box and lubricated it thoroughly. Greg, entranced watched as Melinda worked the tip of the intruder past Ronni's sphincter and slowly to its full length, finally reaching the small indented ring that was instantly grasped by the tormented sphincter.

Greg, now on his third beer watched as Melinda slowly tickled the shaft and had a revelation. "Melinda, use your mouth and have her cum in your mouth and then kiss her," ordered Greg. "This will put them both on an equal footing," thought Greg.

Melinda did as ordered and Ronni received the best blow job of his life, enhanced by the dildo worming its way around in her rectum. After Ronni discharged into Melinda's mouth and reached another plateau when Melinda French kissed her and the recently spent semen slid into Ronni's mouth. Melinda sat back up and held the boys mouth shut until the 'new' girl swallowed her recent excitement.

Satisfied, Greg told Melinda to remove the dildo and get him a bag of ice. Greg now opened the heretofore, forgotten tool bag sitting on a chair next to the bed.

Melinda returned with the ice and Greg promptly placed it on Ronni's naked crotch. Melinda watched in fascination as the coldness of the ice efficiently went about its work. Ronni's somewhat above average boner was cowering in the frost zone above his balls. Greg seized the moment, measuring the widest spot of Ronni's shrunken tool, picked a rounded piece of plastic tubing and taking a length measurement, replaced the ice bag.

After cutting and sanding the plastic tube to his satisfaction, Greg lubricated the interior of the tube and removed the ice bag. Quickly lubing Ronni's penis, a first for Greg, he slid the tube over the near frozen member. The tube had a slight bend to it and a strip of Velcro glued to both sides. Now that Ronni was properly subdued, Greg wrapped a length of reinforced surgical tubing around Ricky's scrotum. Gluing the ends of the surgical tubing together, Greg ran the bottom strip of Velcro through the gap between the tubing and Ronni's body directly behind her balls and pressed the strips together.

Turning his attention to the topside, Greg did the same thing, but added a flat strip of plastic banding over the Velcro and using a single hole paper punch, made two holes in the plastic strips. Pulling the strips tightly together, installed a very small padlock, joining the two ends of the strip tightly together and unremoveable without the key.

Melinda was clapping her hands as she realized that her Ronni was sexually at the mercy of the key holder of which she assumed that she would be one.

Wrong.

Greg stood back admiring his handiwork, but quickly saw the flaw.

"Melinda, go get me your smallest butt plug and bring it here," said Greg.

Melinda obliged nearly instantly. Examining the device, Greg was happy to see that it had a small plastic loop attached to the outside of the anal explorer. He quickly glued a thin piece of plastic wire to body side of the underneath Velcro and running the wire through the loop on the plug and glued the excess together. Motioning Melinda over, he pointed at the plug and said, "You have the honors." Excitedly, Melinda spread a dab of lubricant over the plug and gently inserted it into Ronni's anal canal. She immediately saw that the wire attached to the tube and plug was short enough to pull the tube snugly back between Ronni's thighs.

Patting the 'new girl on her thigh, Melinda said, "Welcome to girlyhood, sweetie."

"OK, we have about four hours before we go to dinner. Melinda, I want you and Ronni to take a shower together and remove any remaining body hair and then you two can frolic in your bubble bath, together. Also, you will both take enemas, at least two apiece. Melinda, can you do something with Ronni's hair?" said Greg.

Melinda nodded, "At least good enough for tonight, but she will definitely need professional attention. And, I think that I have some decent clothes for her, but we may have to get shoes."

"OK," said Greg, "You get her presentable and while you two are engaged in feminizing, I am going to burn the former Rick's clothes. It's going to be a big shopping day for both of you Saturday."

Greg released the somewhat abused Ronni and as she stood naked, locked in chastity and with a small, but noticeable butt plug distracting her prostrate, she asked, "Why?"

Melinda, took her hand and said, "Because you are going to be a very pretty girl and there nothing better in the world than being a pretty girl. Now, come along sweetie, we have a lot of fun to take advantage of. We're going to take our enemas first. Be careful with enemas, they can become addictive."

Three hours later, Greg having used a guest bathroom, had shaved, showered and dressed for dinner. He was watching TV in the living room when the girls walked in. Melinda was her usual gorgeous self, but Ronni was a total piece of work.

She was in a mini LBD that revealed excellent long legs enhanced by the two and a half inch heels. Her hair had been completely worked over, soft waves nearly to her shoulders and color enhanced to a deep chestnut, with bangs shortening her face and two gold barrettes adding subtle dazzle to the effect.

Melinda had outdone herself in transforming the former skinny, fearful boy into a quite attractive young lady.

"Wonderful. Have you looked at yourself in a mirror?" asked Greg.

Ronni nodded, "I didn't recognize myself." Greg kissed Melinda, "Wonderful job, love. Let's have a drink to celebrate our newest swan."

Melinda sipping her scotch, said, "Ronni was very cooperative and my clothes and shoes fit her quite well. Shopping Saturday is going to be a blast."

Greg handed a rum and diet coke to Ronni and said, "I'm not going to take you into the office Monday, I'm going to have you run errands around town to let you get used to appearing in public enfemme. I want you to build your confidence and do some shopping on your own. Your voice is a touch deep, but I know a specialist that can take care of that, painlessly."

"Are you going to have me surgically changed?" wavered Ronni.

Greg smiled, "Why no, not unless you want to at a future date. Your job here is to explore the person you should be. You don't need a change in plumbing to accomplish that."

Ronni weakly raised a hand, "Where do I sleep?"

Melinda answered, "With us, silly. We have a very big bed, but cozy."

Ronni nodded, "I suppose that I'll be having, you know.....sex, too."

"You better hope so," quipped Melinda. "How did you enjoy getting your clittie pulled with your little friend up your hinder?"

Ronni flushed, "It was remarkable, I've never had an orgasm like that before."

Melinda giggled, "Wait until Greg tickles your prostrate, you'll climb walls. There's nothing in the world like being taken by a real man while wearing next to nothing. Except being bent over a piece of furniture and having the hem of your skirt laid over your back and your panties jerked down and being forcibly taken. Total humiliation, but very, very exciting. Your going to love being a girl, especially here."

"Time to get going," announced Greg. "Our reservation is at eight."

They walked outside to the Town Car and Ronni immediately noticed the slight breeze invading his silk clad nether regions with subtle sexuality. It was a most peculiar and exciting experience.

"I feel naked," remarked Ronni.

"You nearly are," replied Greg, "and it becomes you."

Greg held the rear door and watched Melinda seductively enter and slide across the bench seat. Ronni, to her credit, had watched Melinda and duplicated the maneuver, less the slid. Settled into the drivers seat, Greg received his first instructions of the day.

"To the bistro, Jeeves," giggled Melinda.

A valet opened the rear door and Ronni, purse in hand, exited the vehicle perfectly followed by Melinda. Greg let himself out and handed the keys to the valet, who had been admiring the female flesh he had just served. Ronni saw Melinda place her left arm in the crook of Greg's right and she took Greg's left arm.

Comment [SB1]:

They sat at the bar awaiting their call to a table and Melinda leaned across Greg and whispered to Ronni, "Knee's together, girl. Always knee's together."

Dinner, New York strip, went smoothly with Melinda whispering instructions to Ronnj. "Small pieces, eat slowly, put your napkin in your lap, etcetera, etcetera," nagged Melinda.

Finishing eating, Melinda grabbed Ronni's hand and said, "Let's go to the Ladies Room, dear." Thus, the new 'girl' was successfully introduced to feminine dining out.

Arriving back at Greg's mini mansion, Melinda kicked off her shoes to and Ronni gratefully followed suit.

Greg went to the home bar and asked, "Nightcap, anyone?"

Ronni nodded yes and sat on the couch in a state of mild confusion. He/she could not get over what a nice experience it was to be admired and catered to. This being a girl business could become quite enjoyable. Melinda grabbed a small cushion from the couch and motioned for Ronni to do the same. Ronni filled Melinda over to where Greg was leaning on the bar and laid her cushion down in front of Greg.

Motioning for Ronni to do the same, Melinda looked the new girl and Melinda said, "Sweetie, it's time to tip the driver."

Melinda got down her knee's, her tight dress riding up her thighs and again motioned for Ronni to do the same. The two girls, now shoulder to shoulder, facing a quite Greg's crotch. Melinda reached up and unbuckled Greg's belt and unzipped his fly.

As Greg's trousers slid down his legs, Ronni was thinking, 'Oh no.'

As Melinda lowered Greg's boxer short's the man's penis began to thicken. Melinda leaned forward and took the partially flaccid member into her mouth and began to generate saliva, lubricating the stiffening weapon. Once Melinda was satisfied with her prep work, she slid the now stiff cock between her lips and out of her mouth.

Grasping the rigid tool, Melinda pointed it directly at Ronni. Knowing that there was no escape, leaned forward and took Greg's cock into her mouth and firmly embracing its considerable girth with lips, Ronni began bobbing her head.

After a few seconds of diligent enterprise, Ronni felt a light tap on her shoulder, "Look at me," ordered Greg.

Leaning her head back, still servicing the object in her mouth, Ronni was looking into Greg's eyes. Ronni felt somewhat humiliated.

That morning he/she was looking forward to a pleasant tryst with the woman on her knee's next to her and now she was on her knee's with a stranger's cock filling her mouth while the cocks owner was standing over her, sipping scotch whiskey while observing her oral techniques.

Ronni was positive that this would be a regular routine. Melinda sat on knees, motionless grinning at Ronni's efforts waiting for Greg to stiffen slightly, signaling eminent discharge. She was not

disappointed. Ronni's eyes widened as the spurts of hot goo splashed against the back of her throat. Greg put a hand behind Ronni's head, preventing her from pulling her mouth off of his ejaculating member.

"Swallow, girl," whispered Melinda, "and when you think that he has stopped cumming, do a quick jack off of his cock and gently squeeze his balls. When you've swallowed it all, lick his cock clean and when that's done, kiss the tip."

"That's a wonderful job you've done there Ronni, sweetheart," said Greg. "I think that you are a keeper."

Melinda giggled and leaned over to Ronni, who was still dealing with the residue in her mouth, and was surprised at Melinda's French kiss.

Pulling back from Ronni, Melinda said, "You know dear, there is no such thing as a bad blow job, some are just better than others. With practice, you will be among the best."

'Thanks,' thought Ronni, 'I've found my calling in life'.

Greg helped the two ladies to their feet and handed them their drinks and said matter of factly, "I don't think that Ronni is ready for full participation in bed. Melinda darling, I am putting you in charge of preparing Miss Ronni for full insertion by next week. Why don't you get your strap on fitted with a smaller intruder for tonight and gradually increase the size until you think that Ronni can accommodate my attentions."

Melinda smiled, "That will be my pleasure, dear."

Greg wrapped an arm around Ronni's shoulders and said, "You know what is special about you, sweetheart? You don't have periods."

"Lucky girl," remarked Melinda.

They sat around the bar mostly discussing Ronni's pending deflowering. After an hour or so, Melinda excused Ronni and herself so that they could prepare for bed.

"We have to get all of this wonderful gunk off of our faces," advised Melinda.

Cramped together on the small bench in front of the mirrored vanity, Melinda instructed Ronni in the removal of his make up and moisturizing procedures that would become a part of his new life. Once prepared, Melinda told Ronnie to strip. Initially embarrassed, Ronni cupped his hands over his crotch. Melinda giggled and pulled the naked boy/girl over to the full length mirror and pulled his hands down to his sides.

"What do you see?" asked Melinda. "Do you see a man? Or, do you see a rather flat chested girl?"

Ronni peered at his image in the mirror and found no evidence of his 'package', just as Melinda had prophesied, a flat chested girl.

Melinda's image joined Ronni's in the mirror, "See what I mean?" said Melinda. "You are quite pretty and once we get some curves on you, Greg will have two knockout playmates."

Grabbing Ronni's hand, Melinda sat the boi down on the bed and started rummaging through drawers in the chest next to the vanity, finally pulling a handful of dark pink gauze from drawer. "This should do," she said, and held up a nearly transparent jacket of a fly away baby doll nightie. She held the near nothing panty on her index finger. "Put the top on, we'll get you into the party after we douche and lube."

"Lube?" questioned Ronni.

"Oh yes," answered Melinda, "I'm going to fuck you tonight while Greg watches. Or maybe, he'll have his cock in your pretty mouth while I explore your rear end with my strap on. We'll see how it goes."

Melinda led the half naked boi into the bathroom where he introduced to anal penetration and thorough bowel cleansing. Now cleaned, Melinda began packing Ronni's anal canal with lubricant and when satisfied, reinserted the smallish butt plug up the now overwhelmed boi's wazoo, securing Ronni's 'package' firmly between his thighs.

"Now, go put your panties on and try on those slippers next to the bed, then come back and you can do me," commanded Melinda.

Ronni slid the sheer, transparent panty up his legs and stepped into the slippers, a reasonable fit and returned to the waiting Melinda. He noticed immediately that walking in the two inch wedgie slippers caused a slight shift in his center of balance and in synchronization with the butt plug, gave him wiggle that slightly forced his thighs apart, making more room between his thighs for his imprisoned sex.

Ronni assisted Melinda with night time 'toilette', strangely enjoying himself. Lubing the handsome woman's derriere was the best part, his well greased middle and index fingers roaming around in woman's bottom, eliciting moans and jerks and rolls was a totally new experience.

"You are very good at this," moaned Melinda as Ronni slid a small butt plug past her sphincter. "I think that you are going to like it here."

Melinda then tiptoe into the bedroom and donned her night time scanties and then from the top left drawer of the vanity withdrew a foot long six inch wide ornate wooden box. Sitting next to Ronni on the bed, she opened it. There were three dildo's in the box. The smallest being about and inch wide and six inches long.

She removed it, handing to Ronni saying, "Suck on this for a while. This is your new friend and you are going to be very intimate with this fellow and the other two in the box here. When you are comfortable with 'Big Charlie' here, then you will be comfortable with 'Big' Greg. So girl, you and I sleep with Greg. Greg is the 'fucker' and we are the 'fuckee's' and the 'suckee's' too, for that matter."

Ronni was sliding the smaller dildo between his lips as Melinda droned on about their sexual duties. Finally, Melinda went the closet and flinging two short robes, handing one to Ronni and said, "Come on girl, we have to announce that we are ready for action. Oh, and lipstick, we need a little lipstick, Greg kind'a likes a ring around his cock."

Greg was mesmerized as the nearly naked women swiveled up to the bar. Ronni sat down on the backed stool and started sipping his Pina Colada. Looking around the well stocked basement room, Ronni couldn't help but wonder at his predicament. He peeked at the man whose wife that he had, until very recently, been carrying on an illicit affair. In a matter of hours, his fortunes had changed, albeit at great cost. He had forcibly, but not violently, had his station in life reversed. Tugging the hem of the very short silk robe over his thighs, he was torn between dread and anticipation about the coming sleep over.

Melinda was babbling on to Greg about what a pretty girl Ronni made and well he took his enema. Obviously, Melinda was prepping Greg for future exploration of Ronni's charms. As Ronni shifted on his bar stool, the small butt plug infiltrating his bottom greased his prostrate and sent tingles through his body. Small droplets of precum were leaking from his tightly restricted cock and dampening the negligible fabric that passed for his panties.

'Oh, my God,' thought Ronni. 'What is this? What's going to happen when Greg sticks his meat up there?'

Ronni snapped out of his dismay to catch Melinda petitioning Greg for a new, larger vanity.

"My current vanity is too small for both Ronni and I to comfortably use and when we stock Ronni up on the necessary cosmetics, the clutter will be unmanageable," she said. "I'm going to take the day off tomorrow and that will give me two days to get the new girl sorted out for dinner, Saturday."

Greg nodded, "Pick out what you want for a new vanity and I'll leave a credit card for you two to abuse." Ronni's saw his last hope for retaining his masculinity fade as Melinda describe what Melinda had in store for him. Melinda was still presenting her plan for Ronni when he refocused on the conversation, ".....and I am going to call Dr. Milford to see if he can work Ronni in for voice modification and to get his tongue pierced, like mine."

Melinda then stuck out her tongue at Ronni. Ronni was shocked and mesmerized at the gold ball bouncing on the woman's tongue, he had never noticed it before.

"Isn't I cute, sweetie. Dr. Milford pierces the tongue and inserts a very small piece of surgical tubing into the wound. The hole in your tongue heals around the tubing, but allows for easy removal of the bar bell," gushed Melinda. The girl continued, "Greg doesn't think that it is ladylike to walk around advertising what a good cock sucker you are. Also, the stud costs about three thousand dollars and he considers your tongue is his private property. It takes about a month for wound around the tubing to heal properly, so you will be excused from oral duties for that time."

Ronni paled at what was in store for him. Later that evening, Ronni's aft aperture was expertly expanded by Melinda's menstruation's, all the while she described her several lesbian encounters in college. Ronni found it difficult to engage in the conversation as his mouth was busy learning It's way around Greg's well endowed penis.

When Melinda tired from pumping Ronni's bottom, Greg gave her the key to hapless Ronni's chastity and gave the new girl a demonstration of the enhanced tongue on the male member.

Locking Ronni's cock back into It's chastity and reinserting the small butt plug anchor, Melinda then scooted up to Ronni's ear and whispered, "I can't wait to have your new tongue stud messaging my clit."

She then slid onto the top of Greg and wiggled his freshly cleaned manhood into her and slowly rocking, came in a shuddering orgasm. The next morning, Ronni was awakened by Greg lubricating his now empty anus and felt himself being turned over onto his stomach.

Ronni, still in his chastity, felt Greg's knees forcing his legs apart and Greg lifted Ronni's hips and Melinda slid two pillows under his emasculated groin.

Ronni then felt a large pressure at his anal ring and Melinda whispering, "Relax, baby, relax."

As the pressure increased, the pain followed suit. Ronni pressed against the pressure and felt his sphincter expand as the head of Greg's cock forced It's way past the barrier. As Greg's member slowly inched past Ronni's sphincter, the boi's fate was sealed. Melinda was prepared, lying on her side, intently watching Greg gently work his erection back and forth inside Ronni's anus. With the small butt plug anchor attached to Ronni's chastity now hanging freely from It's short cable, the exposed cock head was also in good position for Melinda to capture what emission's that it may expel. Sure enough, Ronni's prostate responded with healthy spurts from It's interaction with Greg's penis.

Catching the discharges in a handful of tissues, Melinda was satisfied that Ronni was now exposed to the female experience of a less than satisfactory orgasm. At Melinda's signal, Greg slowly withdrew from Ronni's now compliant bottom and turning the unsatisfied boi around and pinching the boi's nostrils gave Ronni a demonstration of why anal hygiene was important in this household. Wide eyed, Ronni received his third dose of Greg's semen that night with the ever encouraging Melinda whispering, "Swallow it all sweetie." Greg felt that he had earned a shower and kissing both of his bed mates, excused himself for his day ahead.

After Greg left for work, Melinda and Ronni sat at the kitchen table drinking coffee as Melinda outlined their activities for the day ahead. Ronni watched as Melinda made a couple of phone calls to make possible appointments to further Ronni's transformation. They then showered together, much to their mutual enjoyment and Melinda spent an hour choosing outfits for each of them for the much anticipated [by Malinda], shopping trip and whatever else that could be arranged.

Opting for light makeup, Melinda coached Ronni through the process with acceptable results. Amazingly, Melinda's preferred salon called back and had a chair open at nine AM. Melinda accepted the reservation immediately and assisting Ronni into the short skirt and blouse she chosen, the two women, properly dressed and adorned left for the salon.

Arriving at the salon, Ronni was at first repelled by the chemical smell, but he was quickly hustled into a chair, bibbed and intimidated while Melinda read off a litany of procedures that she wanted performed upon Ronni. With the staff and Melinda on the same page, Melinda went off to start the necessary shopping.

Three hours later, Melinda returned to view the finished product. She was quite pleased, bordering upon astonishment at Ronni's new persona. Ronni's new doo was a longish pageboy, with the former brunette now a full bodied chestnut with auburn and blonde highlights, very chic. The two small diamond ear studs were installed in the freshly pierced earlobe's. Makeup was outstanding, especially the around the lips which did everything short of a flashing sign inviting onlookers to insert here.

Ronni stood in front of the full length mirror and was amazed at his transformation. He noticed immediately about how dowdy the skirt and blouse he was wearing looked in contrast to his new head.

"Wonderful, you look wonderful," murmured Melinda as she passed Greg's credit card to the cashier. "Now, let's have lunch and plan how we are going to spend more of Greg's money."

Fourteen thousand dollars later, Melinda's phone rang and it was Dr. Milford's office. "Doc Milford can see you at three thirty. It will take about an hour and I will call Greg and tell him that we will be late." Dr. Milford took Ronni into a small examination room and started his examination with an ultrasound of

Ronni was vocalizing the musical scales as the results were being recorded in a computer.

Ten minutes later, the good doctor told Ronni, "This will take about a minute, try not to swallow. What I am going to do is glue a very small section of your voice box together, it will raise the natural pitch of your voice about an octave. The glue is a surgical super glue and is permanent. You may have a slightly sore throat for a couple of days, if it persists for more forty eight hours, call me immediately."

Following the procedure, Dr. Milford asked, "How does your throat feel, Ronni?" Ronni was startled at his reply, his voice sounded higher and more surprised as his voice was played back to him.

"The slight squeakiness will pass with use, otherwise you have a very pleasant and feminine voice," remarked the obviously pleased medico. "Now, let's get onto that tongue enhancement."

In less than forty-five minutes, Ronni left Dr. Milford's office with low soprano lisp caused by the pain blocker used while piercing his tongue and inserting the tubing sleeve and the gold barbell.

"Oh, honey. All you need to do is flash that stud and you could make a thousand dollars an hour," giggled Melinda. "Let's go show Greg."

Saying that, Melinda fished a small jewelry box out of her bag and quickly inserted her gold barbell and the two sluts raised blood pressures and erections all through the clinic's parking lot.

Arriving at the house, Melinda went in and dragged Greg away from his work to help bring in the multiple bags, boxes, hangers and general stuff that she and Ronni had accumulated throughout the day.

Passing Ronni on the way out, Greg stopped dead in his tracks as the tall, immaculately groomed women strode by him carrying a load of packages.

"Ronni?" said Greg. A squeaky, feminine voice replied, accented by a flash of gold in the mouth.

Greg turned to Melinda who was hard on his heels and gave a very approving look. After all of the various treasures had been brought in, Greg motioned the two girls downstairs to the bar.

Looking at Ronni, Greg asked, "Any pain?"

Ronni shook his head and gave a squeaky, "No, just a little in the tongue."

"Whiskey?" asked Greg. Both women nodded.

"You look wonderful," complimented Greg, "how much did this cost me?" Melinda answered, "Only a little over twenty two thousand," answered Melinda. "Well spent too, I think."

Greg suppressed a blanché and continued, "Does that include Doc Milford?"

Melinda nodded, "But not a new vanity and we have more small items to get. After all, Ronni had nothing, so if you are going to outfit a beautiful woman from scratch, it's going to cost you."

Greg sat back on his bar stool and surveyed the two very attractive women, both of which were flashing three thousand dollar tongue studs and he felt his cock twitch in agreement with Melinda.

"I called the GCA [General Contractors Assn.] and added Ronni to the guest list for tomorrow night and I have no doubt that you two will be centers of attention. Remember, no tongue studs." said Greg, "Ronni, what kind of education have you had?"

Ronni, not expecting that question, coughed, "I have a two year technical college degree in heating, ventilation and air conditioning."

Greg's eyebrows raised and he asked, "Do you have field or design experience?"

Ronni shook his head, no.

"No matter," said Greg, "Monday, I will start you off as our contact person with the architectural firms we deal with and the way you look, those geeky little cartoonists will bend over backwards explaining their brilliance to you."

Melinda looked quite pleased with herself at the way things were developing. "By the way, Ronni," added Greg, "I went over to your rental trailer and had a couple of my guy's clean it out. I have what I guessed were personal item's and put them in the garage. Your clothes were burned and by the looks of things, that was the correct thing to do."

With that final mooring line loosened, Ronni sagged slightly as his ship was now officially at sea. Where port would be was unknown, but he guessed that he would be well dressed when he arrived.

Sunday afternoon found Greg and the girls sitting in the gazebo in the large, well shaded backyard. Greg was broiling steaks and drinking a local craft beer while the girls chatted.

"Ronni dear," asked Melinda, "a penny for your thoughts."

Ronni smiled, "This is my fourth day of my new life. I'm sitting here dressed in very short denim shorts, wearing a fifty dollar silk tee shirt and draped in bangles and jewelry. Not to mention the gold stud in my mouth and talking to you in a new voice."

Melinda giggled, "Being a girl, especially a hot number like you, requires a high level of maintenance. Are you unhappy?"

Ronni shook his head, still slightly surprised as the light ear baubles he was wearing bounced off his cheeks. "It's like being at a perpetual costume party. I am going to need your help in pulling this charade off. Being around men at construction sites is not a problem, they look at tit's, face and ass and if everything is in it's proper place, then all's right with the world. Women on the other hand, actually look at you with a very critical eye."

Comment [2]:

Melinda smiled, touching Ronni's knee, she said, "Well, as far as boobs go, those glue on falsies will catch their eye for sure. They're not big, but they fit your frame perfectly. As far as face goes, I'm jealous, but your butt could use some enhancement. Let's run down to the boutique in the little strip mall down the road and get you some padded panties. That should work, for the time being."

Melinda told Greg that we were going on a quick shopping trip and that we would be back in about an hour. Greg just shook his head and pulled the steaks off of the heat and opened another beer and sat down listening to a baseball game.

The shopping trip was quick and successful. Ronni changed into his new panties and found that his shorts fit better and tighter. Greg just nodded his approval.

Greg was reading the paper and drinking coffee when Melinda presented Ronni for inspection. Greg eyed Ronni with instant approval. The boy was dressed in a dark blue suit, highlighted by the mid thigh hem of the pencil skirt, light yellow blouse, neck scarf, hose and two inch heels.. Ronni's hair and makeup were perfect and he had a leather shoulder and computer bag.

"Very professional," judged Greg. "One thing I forgot to ask. Do you have a valid drivers license?" Ronni nodded. "OK, let's get some coffee to go and we'll stop for breakfast."

Greg gave Melinda a goodbye peck on the cheek and ushered Ronni out to the garage. It was Ronni's first time with Greg alone and enfemme to boot. Greg, even the perfect gentleman, swiftly put Ronni into his feminine mode. Fortunately, Ronni's voice was considerably less squeaky and that alone relaxed him considerably.

"After we eat, we are going to stop by my main office and get your employment paperwork out of the way and then we will tour our active projects and introduce you to the crews. I have no doubt that you will make their day," said Greg on the way to the restaurant. "Also, after we finish the tour, which will take most of the day, we will stop at the auto dealership that I do business with and get you a lease vehicle with GPS."

Ronni was curious, but didn't ask about whether or not he was going to be paid for his services.

At the firm's main office, Ronni was introduced to the mostly female office staff and the three engineers employed to work the design and build projects. Ronni was introduced as the contact person for the staff to the project owners and architect's. Ronni's familiarity with HVAC was greeted with approval by the engineering staff.

The payroll clerk asked Greg about Ronni's salary and he responded that as Ronni was new to actual construction projects, he and Ronni had agreed to a thousand a week and that Ronni was new to the area, he/she was to be paid by check until Ronni had set up a bank account and then by direct deposit.

Ronni left the main office with his head spinning. Greg's company must be quite sizable to support the office staff that he had. On the way to the first jobsite to visited, Greg stopped at large auto dealership and was greeted as visiting royalty. The salesman that handled Greg's account scurried over and Greg introduced Ronni and he told the salesman what was needed. Forty-five minutes later, with the vehicle picked out, the papers signed and the promise of the car being ready to be picked up by three thirty that afternoon, Ronni and Greg headed for the first jobsite.

Never have been on an active construction site before, Ronni was instantly intimidated by how busy and dangerous they could be. A multitude of men and the occasional woman, all dressed in yellow or orange tee shirts, wearing hard hats and avoiding the constant movement of equipment and large trucks was bewildering to Ronni.

Going up the makeshift stairs to the construction trailer, Ronni had a Deja vu moment. The overall shabbiness of the field office complex was a reminder of his own life a short five days previous. Following Greg into the trailer, Ronni saw a large plywood table dominating a large, largely barren open space.

The table was covered by rolls of paper construction drawings. A small group of men, mostly in denim jeans and yellow tee shirts with the company logo over the left breast area and white, logo centered hard hats. They all turned and greeted Greg and peered at Ronni.

"Gentlemen," began Greg, "I want to introduce our new construction contact officer. Miss Ronni these gentlemen are brains of our little endeavor here."

Greg then pointed out the Project Manager, Construction Superintendent, Surveyor and Site Engineer.

"Miss Ronni will be the go between from you to the owners people and the Architect's office. Miss Ronni does not have any previous jobsite experience, so she has no bad habits. If need to send documents or other items that need face to face interaction, Miss Ronni will take care of those," said Greg.

The men all nodded and shook hands with Ronni.

'I'm a well paid gofer,' thought Ronni.

The Project Manager winked at Ronni and said, "I'm glad to see you, Miss. Your more than a gofer, you save us all hours of travel and bickering. Your main job will be keeping the self important big shots off of this jobsite."

Greg laughed, "That's why I hired the best looking girl I could find for the job. She does have a tech college degree in HVAC, however and that may come in handy when we get to that phase."

The men, mildly impressed, agreed with Greg's assessment.

The Construction Superintendent then asked Ronni, "Miss, may I suggest that you put a pair of flats and five buckle galoshes in your vehicle, these jobsite turn into mud holes at the suggestion of rain."

“Good point Bill,” said Greg. “I leased her a Jeep Grand Cherokee this morning and do you have a new hard hat she could have?”

Bill answered, “That, I do.”

After Ronni received his head gear from the Superintendent Greg added, “Miss Ronni is going to start her rounds tomorrow and she will leave a stack of business cards with her cell phone number for you all and the foremen.”

Ronni then said his parting salutations and left with Greg for the next jobsite.

Greg pulled into the garage and saw that Melinda was just arriving home.

“Where's Ronni?” she asked as Greg stood, waiting for her.

Greg smirked, “There was an accident, Ronni was standing on a skid of concrete block and mason's tender driving the fork lift didn't see her and she hoisted up to the third floor. She wasn't hurt, but wouldn't come down ladder because the eight masons holding the ladder could look up her skirt. So she said that she would wait until dark and take a cab home.”

Melinda was buying Greg's story until he got to the eight masons. Just as Melinda was getting started with her retort, Ronni showed up driving his new Grand Cherokee.

“Waiting until dark to come the ladder....you ass hole,” said Melinda.

Ronni stopped the jeep in the driveway with a wide smile, stepped out of the vehicle and rushing to Greg, through his arms around the large man's neck and kissed him deeply and femininely, with one leg bent at the knee. Melinda was standing there astonished at the sight. Greg was mildly surprised, for he knew that Ronni would pay for his good fortune in more ways than he could imagine.

Melinda was inspecting the jeep with admiration, noticing the hard hat sitting in the passenger seat and Ronni's hand and computer bags under it. She glanced at Ronni grinding his body into Greg and had a small rush of jealousy circle her mind. ‘The boi certainly fills out that suit nicely,’ she had to admit to herself.

She also knew that something of Greg's was going fill out that cute bottom tonight.

“OK, go to neutral corners, you guys,” said Melinda. “Let's have a drink and Ronni can tell me about her first day on the job.”

“She made quite the impression,” said Greg. “The work crews were highly impressed. I don't know if it was the boobs or the face, but definitely the legs.”

Melinda had to agree about the legs, that short, pencil skirt aided by some strategic padding was definitely an eye catcher. Ronni had released his clutch of Greg and was now leaning into him with his hand massaging his bottom. Greg gave Ronni a light slap on his asset and agreed with Melinda about the beverages.

Sliding into bed in his new sleep chemise, Ronni laid parallel to Melinda as she was wrapped around Greg, arms and legs encompassing the man's body as he thrust into her. Ronni's chastity was pinching him unmercifully watching Melinda's body jerk and grind against their man. After Melinda had three orgasmic releases, Greg with a kiss retreated from the woman's body. Greg was still stiff as he had yet to climax and turned his attention to Ronni. He gently slid between Ronni's legs and forcing his knees beneath the boy's thighs, raised the well lube rosebud into perfect position.

Melinda, determined not to be ignored, had grabbed the tube of lubricant from the night stand and began to coat Greg's member. Satisfied with the mutual body positions, she removed the small anchor ball from Ronni's bottom and guided Greg to his target. The near virgin anal ring offered up its futile resistance and with some pain, Ronni felt the invading shaft slowly fill his rear aperture. When Greg's balls were resting against Ronni's lower cheeks, he leaned back and removed the thin, gold chain that held Ronni's chastity key. Handing the key to Melinda, he waited until the girl had freed the boy's aching member from its confinement.

The cool air signaled Ronni's cock/clit that it was free to expand. Melinda began to tug on the much smaller member when she felt Greg's hand force her wrist still. Greg's cock was pressing against Ronni's prostate, but not moving, yet. Ronni's body began to unwillingly thrust up against the intruder and simultaneously began gaining friction against Melinda's unmoving fingers. Melinda was enjoying this little drama immensely.

The boy, lying on his back, legs spread and knees elevated was forced to work for his ejaculation. Bouncing his butt against Greg's thighs, Ronni was in effect, giving his full compliance at his being so unmanly violated. Melinda, an expert at calculating pending male emissions, was prepared with a handful of tissues in preparation. Ronni, having been in chastity for three days, did not disappoint. The combination of thrusting against Melinda's fingers and Greg's cock rubbing his tender prostate, Ronni quickly, perhaps too quickly, achieved his goal.

Ronni reached for his now free tool and his hand was smartly slapped by Melinda. "You do not touch, without permission," she whispered.

Greg had yet to cum and had decided upon a three way maneuver. Without exiting Ronni's bottom, Greg adroitly turned Ronni over onto his stomach. Ronni gasped at the sensation of the large penis revolving in his ass as he was moved a hundred and eighty degrees. The repositioning of Ronni's body been completed, Greg put his hands on the boy's waist and lifted Ronni to his knees and refilled the partially vacated anal canal to the fullest.

He then looked at Melinda and said, "Time for you to go to work, babe."

Melinda giggled and rolled onto her back as Greg lifted Ronni by arms to a near erect position as Melinda moved into sixty nine position with the boy. Melinda was inspecting the stretched anal ring encompassing Greg's now buried cock as she positioned Ronni's now stiffening clit against her lips. Ronni was lowered down with his face in Melinda's groin.

"Work my clit, girl," murmured Melinda as she engulfed Ronni's member. Ronni was sucking Melinda's clit as his hands were pinned behind his back by Greg and with his cocklet firmly encompasses by Melinda's lips, he began to rock his hips. Greg began to thrust in concert with Ronni's rocking and a pleasing harmony of depravity was achieved.

Greg came, Ronni came and Melinda came [several times]. When Greg extracted himself from Ronni's bottom, he turned the boi around and presented his member to the boi's face and said, "Miss, tip the man and then get some tissues and clean it."

While Ronni was busy with Greg's cock, Melinda was reinstalling Ronni's chastity. It took a little while for Ronni's butt to drain Greg's semen and his anal ring to contract so that chastity's anchor ball would stay in place.

Ronni was pleasantly thrilled by the evening's activities and was agreeable to post coitus cocktails on the back patio. Greg sat back in his robe on a padded lounge chair as Melinda and Ronni mixed drinks.

Melinda, only in her transparent baby doll and Ronni in his new silk chemise sat thigh to thigh on a small bench beholding their master.

Ronni whispered to Melinda, "This weekend, after I get paid, I have to go and see my mother. I want to give her some money, she has a shitty job and needs some financial help. The reason that I would like for you to come along is that I don't think that she will recognize me and I will need help in explaining this."

With that, Ronni lifted and flapped the hem of his chemise.

Melinda giggled and hugging Ronni replied, "Of course I will come along. I wouldn't miss the look on your mom's face for anything."

Greg looked at his small harem and asked, "What are you two plotting?"

Melinda told him and he nodded, saying, "It's a noble thing, looking after your parents. What about your father?"

Downcast, Ronni told him that his father died of a cerebral hemorrhage before he was born.

"I'll see to it that your check is ready Friday afternoon," replied Greg. "If you need more money, let me know."

Greg then mixed another round and said, "This is the nightcap, tomorrow is a work day and Ronni's first stop is no later than eight thirty and traffic will be a bitch."

Ronni got out of bed at six and shortly thereafter, Melinda joined him in the shower. The two girls lathered each other to a chorus of giggles and just before they were done, Melinda told Ronni to lean against the stall's wall and spread his legs. Confused, but compliant Ronni obeyed. Melinda, soaping her hands, stepped behind Ronni and removed the chastity's anchoring ball and slid one, then two fingers up past his sphincter and found Ronni's prostate and started to massage it. Ronni started stand erect, but Melinda held him in place and following gasps and moans from Ronni, a series of semen spurts shot out from the boi's captive penis.

"Success," said Melinda, "now go into the big guest room and douche, twice. When your finished, come back and get into your undies and we'll work on your makeup."

Following a light breakfast, Ronni grabbed his bags and made for his jeep. Properly sweeping the hem of the A Line skirt he was wearing, beneath him and sliding into the drivers seat butt first and adjusting his heeled sandals to the gas and break pedals, Ronni checked his face in the rear view mirror and satisfied, started the jeep up. He turned the GPS on, it had been preprogrammed to the locations of the five construction sites he was to visit. Driving down the street, Ronni's thoughts dwelled upon how rapidly he had accepted he new feminine persona. It all felt so natural, except for the damn chastity.

His trip yesterday to the various construction sites confirmed his expectations of the men at the job sites, tit's, face and ass, no problem he thought. He then thought of Melinda in the shower and the 'milking'. He decided that along with the sneakers and galoshes, a nice vibrator would be a must to carry in his bags.

At his first stop, Ronnie discovered that there was a lot more than just being a delivery girl to this job. From the very start of his route, he was loaded down with sketches and documents about proposed changes to the job drawings and specifications. Paying close attention to what was said and making sure that the right documents were separated into the right pile for the right recipient. Maybe a thousand a week was a little light for her responsibilities.

Payday came and the week held no disasters.

The payroll clerk, a middle-aged woman asked Ronni to come into her office. "Ronni,. I have a question for you. It appears that your social security number indicates that you are a Ronald. Is that correct?"

Ronni reddened brightly and nodded in conformation.

"That's not a problem, dear. I will issue your paychecks to 'Ronni' and your withholding taxes to Ronald. When you file your taxes, be sure that you do not use direct deposit. Any tax refunds you can bring to the office here and just endorse the check and I will issue you a company check in the same amount to 'Ronni'. By the way, you make a very attractive girl. You have us all of us in the office fooled and your secret is safe. If it's fine with Mr. Greg, it's fine with us."

Ronni thanked the woman for her understanding and was about to leave when the clerk said, "One more thing, most of the billings for purchases made with Mr. Greg's credit cards come through this office for payment. Miss Melinda has been a busy girl in the past week. Please advise her that we know all."

Ronni reddened again and said that he would inform Melinda. Ronni spent the rest of the afternoon setting up his new banking account. He deposited all of his check, save one hundred dollars for walking around money. Arriving back Greg's home, Ronni was informed that Greg wanted to eat out and that he was expected to dress casually. He went into the basement bar and found Greg having a scotch.

"I've had some very good reports about you, sweetie," said Greg as he mixed Ronni a scotch and soda. The managing staff are impressed with your quick grasp of your duties and want to expand on them. The crews are equally impressed.....with your tit's, ass and leg's. They apparently haven't noticed your face yet."

Melinda walked in, toting her brief case and winking at Ronni. "I heard that the crews also thought that sweets here, is generally overdressed for construction work," she said, while waiting for her scotch.

Ronni thought for a second and asked Melinda what did they expect him to wear? "Apparently, a bikini was the favored choice," smirked Melinda.

Greg laughed and Ronni choked on his drink.

Handing Melinda her drink, Greg said, "Boy's will be Boy's, but I personally think that you dress exactly what your position requires. In fact, I am amazed at your speedy transformation. You really have dived into your feminine façade."

Ronni looked at Greg and said, "I don't understand why I am so comfortable in the female appearance, but you and Melinda tossed me into this pit and for some reason, it fits. My acceptance of this position is twofold, I think. Firstly, I truly regret my affair with Melinda. It was unjustified and I truly thought that you were going to do me great bodily harm. In other words, I don't understand why you didn't kill me or at least hospitalize me."

Greg snorted, "I wasn't pissed at you Ronni, I was pissed at Melinda. Thank God you have a few beers in your refrigerator. It gave me time to cool off and assess the situation."

The next morning, Ronni and Melinda prepared for springing the big surprise on Ronni's mother. "What should I wear?" asked Ronni.

Melinda paused in her makeup applications, "Now, that's a very good question. Almost anything not slutty will work. How does your mother dress? Just don't dress like her," answered Melinda.

Ronni was not encouraged, he settled on a not too short A Line skirt, sleeveless blouse, sandals and what little jewelry he possessed. The girls took Ronni's SUV, as he knew where they going. Driving through a rather decrepit neighborhood, they arrived at an older eight plex apartment building.

"Mom lives upstairs," said Ronni, "she works two part time jobs and doesn't make much money. I lived at the trailer park, primarily because Mom has only a one bedroom place and I was too embarrassed to 'fess up about losing my job at the lawyer's office."

Melinda hugged him, "Well honey, you've got a good job, a car and a place to live. Your mom will understand that you spread your legs and drop to your knees to maintain a 'certain' lifestyle."

Ronni gave Melinda a morose look and said, "The bad part of it is that I enjoy it, the job, the car and even the sex."

Melinda laughed, "That a girl, you do just fine in this world."

Ronni pressed the buzzer to his mother's apartment and the familiar voice answered, "Yes, who is it? "Mom, it's me. Ronni."

"Ronnie? My Ronnie's a boy. Who is this?" the voice demanded.

Melinda butted in, Mrs. Haines, my name Melinda Frank, I am Ronni's attorney and Ronni has been in an 'accident'. I would much like to talk with you."

The security door latch clicked and Ronni led the way into the building. Standing in foyer/hallway was thinish, early middle aged woman.

Ronni blurted, Hi mom, it's me Ronnie."

The woman stared for a moment, "Who are you?" she demanded.

Melinda, again, barged in. "Mrs. Haines, Ronni's accident was my fault and the girl here, is in reality your son, Ronald."

Dawn Haines started to fall in a dead faint. Ronni, caught his mother before she sprawled onto the hallway floor and helped her into the tiny apartment and to a well worn couch. Melinda, gratified that Ronni' mom was going to survive, took a look around the apartment. It was dismal.

"Why are you dressed like that?" questioned a recovering Mrs. Haines.

Melinda took the lead again and reiterated that Ronni's current condition was entirely her fault. "Look, Mrs. Haines, this is a long and somewhat complicated story, best told over lunch. Would you consider joining us. Nothing fancy, just a casual restaurant."

Dawn eyeing Ronni with total suspicion, finally agreed. The three women took Ronni's SUV to an inexpensive but, edible Italian restaurant Melinda knew. With the preluncheon wine being served, Dawn Haines asked about 'the accident'.

Melinda decided to cut to the chase. "Ronni and I were having an affair."

A statement Dawn Haines was having trouble with as she examined her 'son'.

"We'll my boyfriend, discovered u," added Malinda.

Dawn asked Melinda, "Was he dressed like that?"

A question that struck Melinda as hilarious and produced an infectious round of giggles.

"No," wheezed Melinda, "In fact he was in his boxer shorts, a good thing for him, really."

Curious now, Dawn asked, "I take it that your boyfriend is not the physical type?"

"Au contraire", said Melinda. "He runs a large construction company and just about fears nothing. Particularly, skinny boy's in boxer shorts."

Dawn was not satisfied with that explanation and said "Accident, what accident?"

Melinda cast a conspiracal eye towards Dawn and replied, "Ronni was lucky enough to be screwing the wrong woman at the right time. My boyfriend, Greg, saw something that I never realized and decided on the spot to take his revenge."

Dawn was mystified, "Is your boyfriend a little.....different?"

More giggles came from Melinda as she ordered another round of drinks. "Greg deals with men, men's men on a daily basis. It's me that's a little.....different. Greg is built like a football linebacker, which

incidentally, was in college. He also knows that I have a, shall we say, kinky streak in me. I don't know how he came up with his 'cuckold's' punishment but, all three of us are happy with the results."

Ronni spoke for the first time, "Melinda's right mom, I thought that I was going to die when I first saw Mr. Greg. I was initially appalled at his demands but, now I really like it. He hired me to work for his company and provided me with the SUV that we rode in. I like the job and I like the clothes. I've never felt more comfortable in my life."

Dawn looked at her son in amazement, "You never showed any sissy signs as a child. And, how did you get that voice?"

Melinda whispered, "Isn't it just great. Ronni just had it done last week. Greg knows a surgeon who does a lot of work for his LGTB patients and voice modification is one of his specialties. He used 'super glue' to shorten Ronni's vocal cords."

Dawn, continuing with her check list, "Is that padding under your blouse, which I like very much, by the way, or are they some sort of medical miracle?"

"Glue on's," admitted Ronni.

"And, I want to know, who does your hair...and nails," pressed Dawn.

"All in good time, mother. Our food is here," said Ronni.

Melinda was warming very much to Dawn and an idea was under going germination in her mind. The waitress, ever showing her plastic smile, was also blessed with exceptional hearing. She, also wanted to know who did Ronni's hair.

After lunch, Ronni looked at his mother and taking her hand in his, pressed an envelope into it. "I want you to have this, Mom, It's not much but, thanks to Mr. Greg, I've got a got a good paying job and want to help you out."

Never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, Dawn kissed Ronni's powdered cheek, thanking him, stashed the envelope in her purse.

Watching the passing of the envelope, 'this woman needs some financial help, badly', decided Melinda.

Following lunch, more wine and some much needed cash, Dawn decided that Ronni did indeed fare better as a woman than he could possibly as a man. Once Ronni surrendered the name of his hair salon, Dawn gave her not so reluctant blessing to his new façade. Melinda wheedled Dawn's phone number out of her by playing the next of kin card and lunch was declared successful.

The waitress, ever attentive, also got the salon's name. After dropping Dawn off at her apartment, Melinda asked Ronni if his mother would come to work for Greg as the housekeeper.

"All of us work," pointed out Melinda. "And, this is a big house and It gets more than a little dusty at times and this business of calling a cleaning service to clean things up after we can't stand it any more is getting old."

Greg, once again defeated by logic, surrendered. "Alright, enough," he said. Looking at Ronni, "Girl, do you think your mom would interested?"

Ronni, ill at ease at being called upon to arbitrate a discussion between Greg and Melinda, replied, "I think that she would jump at the chance, sir."

Greg, ever ready to twist a knife asked, "Would she be unduly upset at being in the same house with a man who was corn holing her newly minted daughter?"

Melinda laughed, "I rather think that she would enjoy the idea.

Ronni went pale at the thought. Greg was warming to the idea but, he did have reservations about it. He was quite pleased with Ronni as an employee. The boy(?) did a rather difficult job well. He knew something of the management side of construction and as a girl, he didn't get the bullshit that a green young man would get.

Greg had to agree with Melinda that the occasional cleaning service was a poor substitute for the housekeeping the place required, "so let's give the Mother a try," he said to Melinda. "Ronnie, give me your Mom's address and I'll interview her," continued Greg.

"Mrs. Dawn Haines? My name is Greg Evans. I am your.....daughters employer," said Greg into his cell phone. "I am calling to ask if you would be interested in a position that I have open."

Open mouthed, Dawn Haines was defending into her dilapidated sofa. "Well, I am certainly interested in listening," replied the stunned woman.

"Excellent, I will be by at 11:30 this morning if that is convenient and we can discuss my offer over lunch," continued Greg.

"I'll be ready and thank you for thinking of me," replied Dawn, wondering what this was all about. 'Did he say that he was my daughter's employer'?

Greg rang Mrs. Haines apartment buzzer precisely at 11:30 and the thin woman was waiting in the hallway watching the entry foyer. The man ringing het buzzer matched the brief description given by Ron and that lawyer woman he wad with. Dawn was having a hard time digesting Ron's transformation a and at the same time proud of what an attractive, professional woman he appeared to be. 'Maybe this Evans fellow can sort it out for me', she thought.

Opening the foyer door, Dawn asked, "You must be Mr. Evans?"

Greg smiled, "That I am. May I call you Dawn?"

Dawn nodded, "Of course you may, Mr. Evans. Am I dressed appropriately for lunch?"

"Your fine," said Greg. As he was dressed in slacks, a polo shirt and work boots.

They dined at a small restaurant in a nearby suburb and Greg had maneuvered Dawn into doing most of the talking. Taking stock of the woman, Greg decided that Dawn had two things going for her, a mother's typical concern for the welfare of her child and the desperate need to elevate her current financial situation. Her

Ordering after dinner drinks, Greg came to the point of his interview.

"Mrs. Haines, your former son and I use that term as respectfully as I can, is proving to be a valuable asset to my company. I understand that you have had a conversation with my mistress, Melinda and have been out with Ronni in his new image. Melinda suggested to me that you might just be the person that we need to run our household. As you may be aware, there are currently three occupants in my home and all three have busy working schedules. We are in desperate need of a responsible housekeeper. This is not a maid position I am proposing, rather a person responsible for grocery shopping, overseeing the general maintenance of the home and general conscious of the inmates. This is a live in position, with an SUV of your choice for transportation and hiring and firing authority over all vendors. The salary is one thousand dollars a week, plus of course the room and board described the vehicle is for your use but, will maintained and insured by the household. You would also have a company credit card to use to cover household expenses. Would you be interested in such a position?" asked Greg.

Dawn, astounded at the offer, had one important question, "Mr. Evans, I am on the verge of gratefully accepting your offer. There is one thing that I must know before I do. I suspect that my.....s....daughter is engaged in sexual activities with you and Ms. Melinda, is that not correct?"

"Without changing expression, Greg replied, "That is correct and I must report that your daughter makes a fine courtesan. Is this a problem?"

"I take it that Ron...ni earned his present position in your bed, is that not so?" Questioned Dawn.

"That is not so," replied Greg emphatically. "Ronni was offered and is performing his job on her merits. Ronni found her way into my bed as a result of, how shall we say, Cuckholds Revenge."

"Why the feminine disguise?" asked Dawn.

Greg ordered another round of drinks and after they arrived continued, "When I first met Ronni, he was in the process of seducing my mistress. Perhaps it was the other way around but, no matter. I realized that the situation was vague enough that physical retribution would be uncalled for and anyway, I have engaged in physical violence in my past and while it occasionally solves problems, this sniffing around my oversexed Melinda, was not a confrontational situation. I decided that a little shaming was in order. In the process of that shaming, which incidentally, has cost me some twenty four thousand dollars to date. Everyone involved, discovered Ronni, the beautiful young lady previously hiding in soiled jeans and torn tee shirts. What is your assessment of Ronni?"

"The same yours, Mr. Evans, the very same," whispered Dawn.

Greg went on, "So, this is the household situation. Melinda and Ronni share my bed. By choice, mind you. They are working girls but, live a life well beyond their incomes. I would like you to oversee their activities and keep informed of any said undo activities."

"You want me to spy on them, is that your meaning?" Questioned Dawn.

"Of course I want you to spy on them. Isn't that the main responsibility of the mansions housekeeper, to keep the master informed?" replied Greg.

A slow smile wound it's way across Dawn's mouth. "When do I start?" she asked.

END
