

## RICKY'S STORY

The young man sat in a deeply shaded corner of restaurant's patio. He was watching two young women intently and intimately converse and exchange quick kisses. He was sure that he recognized the brunette even though seven years had passed since he had seen her last, but the taller blond he didn't know. After about forty-five minutes the two women called for their check, paid it, rose and embraced tightly and engaged in a lingering passionate kiss. 'You don't see that everyday', thought the young man. He rose from his chair as the two women exited the patio for the adjacent parking lot. The brunette he was sure that he knew was dressed in a very well-cut dark gray business suit was already in her BMW and pulling out of the lot. That left the blond, who was tying on a blue headscarf while standing next to a bright red Mercedes-Benz convertible.

Sucking up his very taut gut and incidentally flagging courage, the young man approached the tall, very good-looking blond. "Pardon me" fumbled the young man, "was the lady you were with named Rebecca Worth?" The blonde turned and stared. "Jim Meyer?" she questioned with very wide eyes. "How did you.....do I know you?" stumbled Jim. The woman replied, "I've known you a very long time. You remember Rick Benson? I am, rather was Rick". Staggered, Jim could only mumble, "Wow, you really have....changed Rick." After the proverbial pregnant pause, Rick asked, "Jim do you have some time? We have some catching up to do." Jim nodded absently and vaguely waved towards the now nearly vacant dining patio.

Ricki turned and with a swirl of the hem of his sundress led the way to a shaded table on the empty patio. Hurrying to catch up, brushed by the girl (?) Inhaling Ricky's perfume in passing. Jim gallantly pulled out a chair and with a practiced sweep of his hand, Ricki positioned his dress hem to properly place his bottom with perfect femininity onto the seat of the chair.

Jim motioned a waiter over and asked for double single malt scotch whiskey on the rocks. Ricki paused and nodded for the same. Leaning over the small table to Jim, exposing the surprising fullness of his breasts, Ricky confided, "I am tired of that girly white wine for afternoon imbibing." Jim sat back in his chair, still in shock of the realization that this very attractive blond woman was his former somewhat greasy and geeky high-school friend.

After their drinks arrived, Ricki took a sip of his and sat back, eyeing Jim coyly and very directly asked, "So, where have you been keeping yourself?" Jim, somewhat shocked, replied, "I saw you the morning that I left for induction and basic training. I'm still in the Army, in fact I am posted to the training cadre for the Army ROTC at the university". Ricki raised a finely arched eyebrow and cooed, "That's wonderful, Jim. I am so looking forward to meeting your soldier friends". Jim choked slightly on his drink, quickly regaining his composure, he responded, "I think that you will make their day. So, why are you pissed at me?" "I'm not really pissed at you, but you do share in the responsibility for my current situation and I sincerely wish to thank you for that. But first, tell me about your Army adventures. You are the only soldier that I know....I am genuinely interested."

Relaxing, Jim shrugged and replied, "I'm sure that your history is much more interesting than mine, but here goes. I won't bore you with the details of my outstanding escapades in basic training. So I start out by telling you that I volunteered for Airborne training right after basic was completed and took my AIT, err, advanced individual training at Fort Benning, Georgia and went to jump school right after that. After earning my jump wings, I was assigned to the 82<sup>n</sup> Airborne Division. I soldiered with the 82<sup>nd</sup> for

two and a half years and applied for and was accepted for Ranger school. Being successful in getting my Ranger flash, I was assigned to the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger Regiment. I've done three tours in Afghanistan and other places that I am not at liberty to divulge. In conclusion, I am a Staff Sergeant and have assigned to instruct small arms and small unit tactics to the wannabe officer cadets at the university here. End of resume." Somewhat impressed, Ricki whispered, "We're you wounded or anything?" Jim replied nonchalantly, "A shrapnel scratch from a Taliban mortar on my second tour, just enough for a Purple Heart." "Thank God for that, it must have been terrifying," whispered Ricki. "More so for the Taliban," countered Jim. Sitting back in his chair, crossing his legs, showing off a shapely leg and thigh, Ricki's demeanor hardened and he said, "You know, I was very upset the day you left for the Army and in retrospect, very vulnerable. That was the day that I met Rebecca." "You probably did not realize this at the time, but I considered you my best friend. I didn't have many male friends in high school and no female friends," continued Ricki. "I was sitting at home playing a video game the morning that you left, feeling sorry for myself when your sister, Meg called and asked if she and a couple of her friends could come over. I was surprised at her call and said "Sure, I'm just hanging around." So, about an hour or so later, your sister showed up with her new girlfriend and Rebecca in tow. Meg introduced Rebecca, who I recognized, but really didn't know and her girlfriend, Beth. Meg got right down to business. She asked me if I would like to be Rebecca's date in a double date with her and this Beth girl. Then, she sweetened the pot by adding that it was a dinner date and alcohol would be involved. I was speechless, there I was sitting on the couch wearing old and somewhat dirty jeans, a tee shirt with holes in it and very cheap flip flops. Then Rebecca chimed in and insinuated that if I was a very good boy, that I may be asked to stay the night. I felt that I had won the lottery. I nodded a very horny boyish agreement. Meg smiled and then mentioned the caveat. I was too much in anticipated lust to pay much attention to what she said, but it did register that we would be involved in some sort of costume party and that they, the girls would make all of the arrangements. Meg then instructed me to be ready by nine AM the next day. That would be Saturday morning."

"Whoa," said Jim, holding up a hand. "I suspect that you are just getting started. This appears to be a thirsty affair, we're going to need some refills." Jim then signaled to the waiter for fresh refreshments. "I do have one question however, You know my sister, why on earth did you agree to anything that was not explicitly spelled out?" Ricki squirmed an answer, "Weelll, at the time I was feeling very blue and seeing Rebecca up close and being offered a date with her, just activated my hormone reserves and it didn't occur to me to refuse." "That's an honest answer I suppose, but dealing with my sister, especially as a male is extremely dangerous. But, I see now that you have paid some price for it ", observed Jim. "If you are implying that your sister somehow fucked me.....you have no idea just how correct you are," replied Ricki. "And quite frankly, I appreciate every thing Meg has done for me". Jim leaned forward over the table as asked quietly, "Just how did you manage this quite remarkable transition from your old froggy self into a butterfly?" "I was getting into that. As I said, Rebecca was going to pick me up for my 'costume' fitting at 9 AM that Saturday, so I aimed to impress her by being freshly showered and wearing a new shirt and cargo shorts. Silly me," confided Ricki.

Jim peered intently at Ricki's mouth, just noticing the gold stud bouncing near the tip of Ricki's tongue. "Pardon my interruption, but that is a very interesting item that you have bobbing on your tongue", commented Jim. Ricki giggled, "That's Rebecca claim marker." "Claim marker?", queried Jim. "Yes," replied Ricki. "Becky has a total, one hundred percent claim on the use of my tongue. No

exceptions.” Jim smiled and whispered, “Smart girl.” Ricki smiled slyly and finishing a sip of his drink, declared, “No more interruptions now. Where was I, yes, I was just picked up by Becky.”

“Becky motioned me to get in and told me that the costume fitting was going to take most of the day, but that it could be worthwhile. There was a one thousand dollar prize for the most convincing contestant. As you may remember, both of us had just graduated from high school. You ran off to the Army and I had no job and except some walking around money that my mom gave me, broke. A thousand dollars sounded like a king's ransom, so I steeled myself to cooperate to the utmost. We drove to a very upscale strip mall. Becky parked the rear of the mall we got out and Becky led the way door marked ‘Illusions’. Becky rang the buzzer next to the door and a few seconds later a tall, severely pretty woman in what I guessed to be in her mid thirties opened the door a smiled, ‘So, this is our project, eh Rebecca’. Becky nodded and said, ‘I need get the measurements so that I can collect the costume and the necessary adornments’. The tall lady motioned for us to follow her. The smell of the place hit me first, I thought that I had wandered into a toxic waste dump, all chemically. But, how would you know, I doubt that you have ever been in ladies beauty salon?

Five young women joined us and said that they were advanced students the salon's beauty school and that their instructors would join us as the day progressed. ‘We are going to preform our little miracles in this back area. It is away from business area in the front and our customers have not paid enough to be entertained by our activities’, smirked the tall woman. ‘Now young man’, she giggled, ‘please disrobe down to your undergarments.’ I was in a state of total shock and just stood there. ‘Now, young lady’, the tall woman snapped. ‘We don't have all day.’ I was beet red, stating to strip down in front of seven women. Eighteen year old boys are not emotionally geared for that sort of behavior. I totally ignored the fact that the tall woman had referred to me as ‘young lady’. In a few seconds, I was standing on the carpeted floor in just my jockey shorts. Becky was standing next to me, giggling, and taking notes as the five students called out my measurements stretched measuring tapes all over my body, including my feet. ‘This isn't going to be all that bad, I lied to myself’.

Ricki leaned over the table whispered to Jim, “Please excuse me, I have to go to the ladies room. I would like to switch to a white wine, the house Chardonnay will do nicely.” Ricki then stood and very gracefully swished off to his destination. Jim sat there, his mouth blatantly agape watching the boy/girl float away, the hem of his short sundress bouncing elegantly off his bare thighs. ‘Wow, Ricky sure makes a good looking broad,’ thought Jim. He then called the waiter over and ordered a fresh scotch and a wine for Ricki. Jim was sipping his single malt when Ricki paraded back to the table, his breasts bouncing softly with every stride, totally mesmerizing Jim. Ricki floated back into his chair, sweeping the hem of his dress beneath him. Jim mentally kicked himself for not standing and offering the lady her chair. Ricki, if offended, did not indicate it, rather, he merely picked up his stemmed glass and offered Jim a ‘thank you’ toast. “Now, where was I?”, murmured Ricki. “Getting measured,” replied Jim.

“Oh, yes,” smiled Ricki. “I was standing there naked, save my jockey shorts. Becky, satisfied with the measurements, folded her notebook and just turned and left. Leaving me alone with those strange, smiling women. The tall woman pointed to what appeared to be a type of barber's chair and said, ‘Sit’. Obeying, I meekly complied. That was the dumbest thing that had ever done in my young life. As soon as I sat in that chair, the young women pounced. I hadn't noticed the straps hanging from numerous parts of the chair. Before I realized it, I was strapped very snugly to the chair. My wrists, elbows, thighs, ankles and even my head were completely immobilized. The girls then looked at tall lady and asked

what to do next. The tall woman carefully looked over my restrained carcass and told them to 'Completely defoliate this girl, I do not want to find a hair below her eyebrows.' That's when the pain began.

They began by cutting my jockey shorts off with a scissors. I was naked and immobilized. Worse yet, I was getting an erection. It may sound like a boast, but I am amply endowed. The ladies were all very impressed. The tall lady asked if any of the girls had a condom in their purse. Surprisingly, at least to me, three of them did. The tall lady then told them to get them out and put one on me. The girls were all giggling like mad by now and a very cute blonde expertly rolled one onto my stiffie. The tall women said that 'we can't have uncontained spurting distracting us from our work, can we ladies?' I was strapped down in that damn chair with a raging hard on with no relief in sight. After all of the women's hysterical laughing died down, the fiends got to work. I was introduced to waxing. It was quite the painful experience. Fortunately, I didn't have thick body hair, so aside from chest, face, legs, groin and even my asshole, boy, did that ever hurt. Don't ever let anyone wax your rectum, you will see stars. While I was being returned to infant status, hair wise, one the evil students rearranged my eyebrows."

"They did what? To your ass...err...bottom," queried Jim. "They waxed it." Replied Ricki, "That damned chair not only folded down, it could be adjusted vertically. I was strapped in horizontally and they parted the leg area, like spreading my legs and lifted the two separate leg pieces vertically, exposing my rosebud to their devious ministrations. There I was, my toes pointing toward the ceiling, my balls hanging down and my raging cock still begging for attention. Someone lifted my balls out of the way and pressed a strip of waxing cloth between my butt cheeks and ripped it off. The pain was unlike anything that I had ever experienced. Even my cock deflated.," replied Ricki matter of factly. "But my good friend between my legs quickly snapped back to attention. The tall lady then asked for a volunteer to take care of my woodie. The cute blonde who provided the condom quickly snapped on a rubber glove and smeared two of her gloved fingers with some sort of cream worked them up my rectum. It took about two minutes before my sphincter surrendered and her fingers slipped up into me and found my prostate gland and started massaging it. I had never had such a strange experience. There was the blonde standing between my strapped down legs, with her fingers tickling away at my prostate and grinning ear to ear. Suddenly, I started to cum, not like in a orgasm, but rather like someone had pulled a plug and I filled the tip of the condom with a generous samples of my finest. But, my ultimate humiliation was still to come."

Jim looked Ricki in almost disbelief. "So, was shacking with Rebecca was beginning to be a little too much trouble at this point?" he asked. "I haven't told you the half of it yet," said Ricki. "To continue, I was still strapped onto that chair and the tall lady said 'Now, Sharon, that was the blondes name, get her thing cleaned up. Mr. Bellows will be here in a few minutes to take care that thingy problem of Miss Ricki's'. Now that worried me. What was my 'thingy' problem they were referring to? I didn't have long to wait. A banging on to back door nearly stopped my heart. 'That must be Mr. Bellows, go let him, Sarah. We need to get over with before our specialists arrive.' My heat was pounding, 'What's going on,' I demanded. 'You be quiet, young lady,' snapped tall lady. Into the room walked a middle aged, beefy man. His muscular arms were completely sleeved in tattoos. In hand he was carrying a large toolbox. 'Is the sissy?' he asked the tall woman. She nodded in the affirmative. He walked over my immobilized self and set down his tool box and said to one of girls whose name I didn't know, 'Get me a bag of ice, sweetie'. Looking at me he said, 'That's a fairly impressive tool you've got there, Gurley. I

can see why your mistress wants that under control.' Under control??? Terrified, I yelled 'What are you going to do to me?' This Bellows fellow looked at the tall woman motioned with a finger pointed at his mouth. The tall lady nodded and she moved out of restricted field of vision. I heard a drawer open and she appeared behind and above me she then pinched my nostrils shut and when I opened my mouth to breathe, she shoved a penis gag into my mouth, very effectively shutting me up. There I was, trussed up, my feet pointing skyward, my legs spread and my genitals exposed and at the mercy of a stranger and unable to call for help.

By now, Jim's mouth was agape. "Don't tell me that they castrated you", declared Jim. Ricki giggled, "No, silly, it was much worse. This Bellows fellow, took a spool of plastic wire out of his toolbox, unrolled a short length it and wound it behind my ball sack and over my cock and then snip the wire to the correct length. After he had sized the wire, he ran it through surgical tubing. He then joined the wire loop with a chemical mastic and seal the tubing with a heated soldering iron. By this time, my pecker had recovered to it's previously ready for action state. Bellows expressed his continued respect for it all the while preparing to end my control over my most precious tool. Bellows explained to me that he used plastic wire for the loop and surgical tubing for cleanliness, but most of all, he said that the plastic would not trigger a signal in a metal detector. I did not immediately grasp the context of his explanation until later that day. Back to my story, Bellows then asked Sharon for an ice bag, which she promptly produced and laid it on my erection. The cold bag did it's job with remarkable efficiency. My cock was reduced to a shriveled freezing cocklet. Bellows, the ever efficient, quickly produced a length of bent plastic tubing and he filled it with what I soon discovered was a lubricant. He then slid the short end of the tube, nearest the slight bend and slid it over my regressed plaything, making a mark with pencil, retrieved it and began cutting to the apparent desired length and then added two strips of what appeared to be tape.

Bellow's then told the tall woman that he was done and handed the completed tube to her. She thanked him and Bellow's gathered up his tools and after patting my ass, left. The tall woman then told the girls to bring in a large mirror and more ice. By this time cock had regained some of it's former vigor and this was apparently not to be tolerated. Sharon was again the leader of this the final act of this demeaning drama. Ice was applied and again my manhood retreated. Sharon put down the ice pack and picked up the tube assembly and Sharon deftly slid the 'tape' piece and ran it through the loop encircling my cock and balls and just pressed it against the soon to be top of the tube next to my skin behind my balls. The fastening system was simple velcro. She then slid my now soft 'thingy' into the and ran other strip through ring on top of the tube. This strip had plastic button on it and it snapped onto a receiver glued to the tube. With a soft snap, I was effectively locked up. My cock was encased in the tub positioned between my thighs with the velcro strips firmly pressed between my balls and my body. Sharon was not done yet. What I did not notice at first was thin piece of plastic wire than was attached to the velcro strip. She then proceeded to generously fill my rectum with lubricant. Then, the piece de la resistance, she pushed a small butt plug up my ass and attached the plastic wire to the plug. I was sexually nullified. My cock was back between my thighs, pressing against my balls. That pressure against my balls buried the Velcro strip between my sack and body, making access to Velcro impossible. The thin wire was super glued to the outer base of the butt plug and I was successfully neutered.

The lady then came over to my side with mirror and let me view my imprisoned tool. Enjoying my speechless response, she told the other fiends to release me. With all of the restraints to the and the chair repositioned, I was allowed to stand up. Naked and hairless, save my head and eyebrows, the tall

lady handed me a pair of women's bikini panties. "No need for you to stand around naked, girl. Put these on. We have one more thing to do before we break for lunch. Now put the panties on and sit back down". One of the girls produced a medium sized box, opening it, I was face to face with nipples with very impressive boobs attached. The tall woman now said, "These are prostheses. They are quite expensive, so follow my instructions to the letter. We going to apply adhesive to the prosthesis' and your chest. Once we get them properly positioned, you will cup them in your hands and hold them place for about ten minutes. The mastic will be effective for about three days, then they will loosen and can be removed. Once your boobs are firmly in place, we will fit you with a bra. A girls first bra is a big deal, so don't you dare fuck this up."

"So, you have silicon breasts?, queried Jim. Ricki giggled, "No, no, no. My boobs are home grown, with hormones, silly." Amazed, Jim asked, "And the rest of you, ah, hips, waist, err, vagina are a result of hormones?" "Vagina? What makes you think I have a vagina. Becky would **shit** a brick if I came home with a clit and slit. I am a married man and Becky is quite fond of my tool," replied Ricki, waving his wedding band under Jim's nose. "So, you and Rebecca are married. I sorry I missed the wedding," mused Jim. "I would have invited you, but I didn't know how to contact you. You ass hole, it was the most important day of my life and all I knew was that you were gallivanting around the globe with your Army pal's," said Ricki with a semi snarl. "Please accept my apologies for not trying to keep in touch with you, but I did try. I wrote a letter to your mom, but never received a reply," muttered Jim. Ricki giggled again and said, "I know you did, mom told me about your letter, but I was just starting my transformation and she felt that you might not understand what was going on with me." Thoughtfully, Jim replied, "Your mom might have been right. My first couple of years in the Army were stressful and I was deployed once to Afghanistan with a combat team of the 82<sup>nd</sup>. Trying to understand why my best friend was transitioning to the opposite sex would have been distracting." Ricki smiled, "I guessed that. You can't imagine the number of letter's that I started to you, but couldn't finish because I couldn't put into coherent terms of how my life changed and why. So, let's have another drink and let me finish my story and thank you for being my best friend." Ricki then gave Jim an air smooch from across the table.

"Where was I, oh yes, I was being fitted for my first bra," beamed Ricki. "I was standing there in that torture chamber holding my new tits, do you have any idea how much boobs weigh? They are heavy enough that they change your posture and a bra is a must. So, now I am in big girl territory, panties and bra, but nothing else. One evil handmaiden hands a piece plastic like cloth, powder blue with yellow daisies. It was shift, my first. Another girl gave me pair of what I learned, we're mules, a kind of sandal that gravity kept them on your feet. Total presentable, I was led I to the main business area. There at a half dozen other victims being tormented in various stages of disarray. I was led to smallish alcove where a light lunch had been prepared. It was disconcerting eating in a room that smelled as though it was next to a hazardous waste dump. Lunch was thing called a Cob Salad, a single strip of grilled chicken breast along with miscellaneous garden vegetables and thin, tart dressing and small glass of white wine.

Once lunch was finished, my cadre of villains sat me down in a chair along side of the other victims and began their evil ministrations. My hair was washed, rinsed, tugged, clipped, with the process repeated and finally rolled in tin foil and plastic rollers. While all of this was being inflicted upon my defenseless hair, two Asian women went to work on my hands, feet, fingers and toenails and constantly reminding me 'you no move now.' After about three eternity filled hours of this buffing, sanding, clipping, wiring and drying in a wind tunnel while glancing through women's magazine's, the cosmetic

artist went to work. One saving grace though, I had had my ears pierced a few months beforehand. At about six PM, I was pronounced ready for decorating. Becky had returned about an hour beforehand and left my 'costume' for my ultimate unveiling. The girls spirited me again into the back room, where I was stripped and the final pieces of the puzzle were assembled. I was given new underwear, black panties and bra, which had to be fitted properly and new device, a black waist nipper corset was ratcheted to my body. The final touches, a device called a garter belt was wrapped around my waist and I was given a pair dark nylon stocking and instructed in how to roll them up my legs and how fasten them to the belt. Next were the shoes, black pumps with two and a half inch heels. Now, ready for main event, I stood in my heels, garter belt, merry widow, panties and bra awaiting 'the garment'. A box was carefully opened and a small black thing almost floated out of the box. The tall lady gingerly held it out in front of her, nodded approvingly, held it in front me and said, 'Now girl, very carefully step I to the dress and run your arms through the openings.' Following her instructions to the letter. I found myself encased in weightless piece fluff. The tall lady then made a few, probably, unnecessary adjustments and then carefully, zipped the dress up. She then wrapped a black silk choker around my neck and closed the clasps. A gold bracelet, ankle chain and a few bangles followed, and finally dangling gold earrings finished the adornments. She then led me to a full length mirror and I nearly fell over. Looking back at me was a tall, slender blonde with big boobs dressed in a short, black chiffon dress that literally floated around her thighs. My chastity device pinched me as I tried uselessly to muster an erection. The tall lady brought me back to reality saying as she spritzed me with a flowery scent, 'here is your purse Cinderella, your mistress is waiting for in the front. I took a few laps around the room to get the feeling of the heels. I didn't stagger, trip or break an ankle and was pronounced fit to be displayed to the waiting critic's.

As I went though the doorway into to the main salon, the old Kim Carnes song 'Bette Davis Eye's' was playing, "Her hair was hollow gold....." There was stunned silence for the assembled. The tall lady broke the shocked silence, "Well, are we good or what!" Meg and girlfriend Beth were standing, open mouthed, the customers started applauding while Rebecca just nodded her head and smiling like she had just found a winning lottery ticket in her purse. Rebecca motioned for me to come over by her. When I minced over to her, she put her hand behind my head and pulled me I to her face for a very intimate kiss. At that moment, I fell in love with my feminine side. I then realized that even in my heels, Becky was as tall as I was. The tall lady then asked the four of us to pose for a photo. Beth and I were side by side in the middle with Becky next me and Meg next to Beth. I looked the photo on the tall lady's phone and was struck by the image, Beth and I were in short black dresses, both of us wearing black chokers with a gold colored metal ring at the throat and both Meg and Becky wore black spandex catsuit's, which they filled out quite nicely. It seems that both Beth and I appreciated good looking women.

Meg's SUV was parked in small lot next to the salon. We all got in, Beth and I in the back, naturally and our Mistresses in front. Becky did compliment me upon backing into the seat and sweeping the miniscule hem beneath me and keeping my knees together. Becky turned around to me and told me that we were going to a place called 'Butch's' and that it was a very upscale lesbian bar/restaurant. She continued that while men were allowed in, they all had to be in chastity devices while on the premises. Butch's was located a few miles out of town and my first impression was Butch's was quite a bit more than a bar/restaurant. It had two three story hotel wings with Butch's being the hub and I found out later that it also had small airstrip that could accommodate smaller private jets. When we arrived, a

very athletic looking pretty boy took Meg's car keys. It was apparent that all parking was valet only. Anyway, back to the valet. The boy was dressed in yellow, satin hot pants and a black camisole. Double taking, I could see the bulge and the outline of a chastity tube in the crotch of his hot pants, but no boobs and his body appeared quite toned. Also, you could make out the outline of the round base of a butt plug showing through his hot pants. The girls and I looked at each other in amazement. What kind of place was this.

Entering Butch's, we were met by the mait're de, who asked if either Beth or I was a sissy and if so, to confirm that the sissy was in chastity and plugged. Becky pointed to me and the female mait're de reached under the hem of my dress and felt crotch and smiled. She then motioned for me to turn and she felt my ass for my plug. Pleased with herself, she motioned and a very pretty girl in a very tasteful and short turquoise shift led us to our table. The 'girl' gave a menu to both Meg and Becky she pulled out chairs for us and then our waitress appeared and asked Meg and Becky what refreshments we might require before ordering. The waitress was tall and quite attractive. She was dressed in a French maid costume and wore it superbly. Meg looked at me and remarked that the hostess and waitress were both males. I was stunned.

The waitress returned with our order, rather, Meg's order, white wine all around. Beth and I looking around the large dining room amazed at the variety of guests. All of the diners appeared to be female to greater or lesser degree. A few of the obvious sissies were kneeling on cushions next to their domestic tables. Jim broke in, "Dom's? What are Dom's?" Ricki smiled and leered at Jim, "Dom's are dominators and sub's are subsequently submissive's. I am a submissive. Hence, my attire". "If all submissive's look like you, I'll have to get one", smiled Jim. "Well, most don't, now back to my story", replied Ricki. "As I was saying, the clientele appeared to be very well, if not strangely dressed. We continued chatting and sipping while Meg studied the menus when a middle aged, but quite attractive woman dressed in a leather cat suit and knee high boots, with what appeared to be a riding crop stuck into her right boot top approached our table. 'Good evening, I'm Butch and I very pleased that you are gracing my establishment this evening. You must be Megan and you must be Rebecca'. Forgive me, but the tall woman at 'Creative Illusions', the salon that created the fabulous Miss Ricki here was a former sub of mine. Rose is her name, it was formerly David, but I put a stop to that years ago. Anyway, she called and told me that you were planning on coming here. I must admit, she did not oversell her product.' She looked at me and continued, 'Gurl, you are the loveliest sissy to walk in here that I have ever seen'. Then looking at Beth, Butch's continued, 'Young lady, you are quite lovely also, but you are real girl and don't require heavy duty modifying. You all make such beautiful couples and I will have a refill of wines sent to you for illuminating Butch's tonight. If you doubt that, just look around. Every table and the bar is eyeing your table'. Mistress Rebecca, with your permission, I would like a word in private with you'. Becky had a look of terrified eagerness on her face as she instantly got to her feet. Fortunately, the very attentive sissy busboy had quickly pulled her chair back, verifying her newly established status. Meg and Beth looked at each other in astonishment and then staring at me, Meg's said, 'Ricki, sweetie, I'll bet that Butch's conversation is going to be about you'.

About twenty minutes later, Becky returned and gushed about her meeting with Butch's, all the time looking at me. She said that she wanted to hire me to work as a waitress at Butch's. She told Butch that this was our first date and that she would have to talk with me. That's when I knew that I had decided that I had found my true identity. "Your true identity?", queried Jim. "Yes", replied Ricki. "You and I were neighbors all of our lives. We've been best friends ever since, forever. I've always been in awe of



you. You have always had my back, always. I've never been teased or bullied because I am so slight of build and decidedly none athletic. My ace buddy Jim was always by my side and you are most unbulliable person that I have ever known. I remember that your greatest ambition was to be a soldier like your uncle Bill. When you joined the Army and left right after we graduated from high school, I was devastated. All my life I reveled in your shadow, it was a protective cloak, an impenetrable shield that keep me from harm. That very day that you left, I was rescued by your sister Meg". This persona that I now have was handed to me by Meg.

Jim eyed Ricki with heart-felt sympathy. "I never realized, or more correctly, noticed. I always considered you more of a brother. The one that I never had. Meg is a great sister, but that's just it, an older sister and no one was going to mess with my brother." Ricki smiled and replied, "I realize that now. But, that afternoon, I was inattentively playing a video game, feeling very sorry for my self. As you know, after my dad passed, mom and I were not in good financial shape. Dad's life insurance covered the house mortgage and that was about it. Mom had always been a stay at home wife, so she had almost no job skills and I was in sixth grade and not of any financial help at all. I was sitting at the computer, which, incidentally your folks provided, wondering how good a burger flipper I could become. College was out of the question. I was a god student, but not scholarship good. Mom made enough for food, utilities and taxes. You remember my school wardrobe, courtesy of secondhand shops. So, when Meg and Becky offered a weekend of sex and alcohol, what was a destitute eighteen year old going to do? I jumped in without looking and here I am, a very well to do girlie boy and I love it. How does a skinny, marginally manly teenager with absolutely less than ten dollars in total assets come to marry into one of the financially elite families town? That is the interesting and kinky side of my story".

"In retrospect the best thing that happened to me was you joining the Army. You were my crutch, my shield from reality." Ricki took a long sip of his wine and tipped his glass in salute to his friend. Jim, sat back blinking tears from his eyes, "I didn't realize. I honestly didn't realize your dependence in our 'relationship', he whispered. Ricki reached across the table, grasping Jim's hand, "Sweetie, it was the best thing that ever happened to me. If you had stayed around and gotten a local job or gone on to college, I would have clung to you as my life raft in this merciless sea of life and would have accomplished nothing". Leaning over the table, gripping Ricki's immaculately manicured hand, Jim asked, So, how did a massive and I must add, highly successful makeover turn into financial and marital success?" "You are inquiring into the intimate details of the happiest years of my life. As you are my dearest male friend, I will tell you my innermost secrets. The whole truth and nothing but the truth," giggled Ricki.

"As I said, prior to our sidetrack into erasing our mutual presumed guilt's, Becky had just returned from her interview with Butch telling her that Butch wanted me to work for her, I was literally speechless," started Ricki. "So much had happened that Saturday that I was having a hard time keeping up with it. Gathering what sense I had, just nodded and Becky motioned the busboy over and asked him to tell Butch that 'her sub was interested'. Meg was the most excited person at our table. 'You are interviewing with Butch. This is the most exclusive female gay bar in the world and all of the help aside from the kitchen staff are sissies. Extremely well compensated sissies as I understand," she gushed. Just as Meg calmed down from her excitement, Butch reappeared at our table. She had pulled her quirt from her boot and rested it under my chin. "My luscious sissy, your mistress has granted me permission to discuss with you, your possible employment at my establishment." With that statement, Butch looked at Becky and Becky nodded her assent. Butch then applied upward pressure to her quirt that

was firmly embedded under my chin and lifted. Following my chin, I rose to my feet and when fully erect, Butch looked me into my eyes and said, "Come with me gurl." Butch led me around the table with her quirt under my chin accompanied by raucous hooting, whistling and cat calls from this exotic crowd.

Butch herded me into what I was later to discover was the servers dressing room. "Stand up straight gurl", commanded Butch. Butch circled me like a vulture, lifting the hem of my dress and tapping my ass and groin with her quirt. Apparently satisfied that I was butt plugged and in chastity, she maneuvered behind me and unzipped my dress and let it fall to the floor. She circled me again, me in only my bra and panty hose. Unnoticed by me, a bus boy had entered the room. Butch snapped to him "Boi, get a waitress uniform, size 10, long". Almost instantly the bus boy reappeared with a French maids costume identical to what the servers were wearing in the dining hall. Butch had me step into the dress. She tugged, pulled and fussed until she was satisfied and with apparent satisfaction, zipped me up. Butch turned me around and I looked into a full length mirror and I unsuccessfully tried to get hard in my chastity device. It pinched me unmercifully, but I was one hot bitch. Butch circled me a few more times and said, "You'll do."

Butch led me back into the dining room, and I was met with pandemonium, whistling and hooting with the Bulls at the bar bucking their hips. Applause followed me all the way back to our table where I was met with amazement from Meg, Beth and Becky. Butch had me twirl before Becky, showing my undergarments beneath the short skirt and stiff petticoat of my uniform/costume. "Well, Rebecca, what and told him do you think?" smirked Butch. Becky sat there, her mouth agape. Butch stood behind me, her hands on my waist where the French maids costume skirt flared out. She told me to look around the large room. Every eye was on me. I had never felt so naked in my life. "Look at your audience", Butch whispered, "every one of them could get twenty years for just fantasizing about what they would like to do to you. I'll guarantee you a thousand a week to start, if you come to work for me". Before I could answer, Butch put a finger on my lips. She said, "Talk this over with your mistress and then call me tomorrow". Butch then gave her card to Becky and smiled, "My private number". Butch motioned to the busboy and told him to escort me back to the dressing room so that I could change back into my LBD.

We spent another couple of hours at Butch's drinking and dinner all the babbling and giggling like school girls. Our waitress told us that evening was on the house, but Meg left a fifty for the bus boy and Becky left a C-Note for the waitress. We giggled and gabbed all the way back to Becky and Meg's apartment, where I had both of my cherries popped. "Both of your cherries?", smiled Jim. "Yes, both. You know very well that I was a virgin the day you left for the Army. Well, I hadn't considered the alternate access," replied Ricki. "Sounds like you had a very interesting evening," smirked Jim. "When we arrived back to the apartment, I was becoming very sad, kinda like Cinderella watching her coachmen return to being mice. But, Meg again raised my spirits, she commanded, 'Alright girls, let's get ready for bed and then we will have a nightcap or five'. Becky grabbed my hand and towed me into her bedroom," gushed Ricki.

Ricki continued, "On the bed were two boxes. Becky told me to strip, take off everything. Your night clothes are in the boxes. When I got down to my panties, Becky told me to get out of them and bend over. Naked and embarrassed, I complied. Spread your legs she commanded. Standing behind me, Becky reached between my legs and fondled my plastic encased cock and slowly pulled the butt plug out of my ass. It was starting get to irritate me by then and I was glad to be rid of it. She then placed a

finger, then two on my rosebud and work a gel onto the crack of my ass and then into my rectum. I started moaning and she laughed telling me what a slut I was. She then told me to open the boxes. Inside were a flyaway baby doll nightie, transparent g string panty, garter belt, thigh high sheer stocking, silk choker, two wrist cuffs and wedgie bedroom slippers. She got changed and then she stripped and changed into silk pajamas. I changed into the flimsies and there I was standing next to her bed, dressed for complete violation and stupidly eager for the humiliations to start.

“Not yet gurl, we have makeup to remove,” smirked Becky. She then forced me into the bent over position and reinserted the butt plug. We sat side by side and Becky instructed me in the somewhat elaborate makeup removal ritual. Becky then stripped off and stepped into a silk pajamas night outfit. Back to the living room where Meg and Beth were waiting. They whistled when I reappeared in my nightie and stockings. “Very fuckable,” leered Meg. Ignoring Meg’s comment, I sat on a cushion on the floor next to Becky while Beth brought in our wine.

Sipping her wine, Meg looked at me and said, “Little gurl, you have had a very exciting day. I have never been a huge fan of Hans Christian Anderson’s work, but you are the ugly duckling that transformed into the elegant swan.” I blushed and Becky came to my defense. “In all fairness, Ricki has been a very good sport about today’s activities. Nobody expected the results and they were breathtaking. We had a fabulous evening at Butch’s. We also found, I hope, a new girlfriend and I for one intend to seal the deal tonight.” Ooooh, nodded Meg and Beth in unison. Then Beth piped in adding an extremely observant question. “Ricki, you had more than a makeover today, I think something very important happened to you. Do you feel that?”

“Did you have an epiphany?” quired, Jim. “It seems to me that you became somebody, you became Ricki, the envy of the bar. The object of everyone’s desire. For you, a totally new experience.” Ricki sat back in his chair and confessed, “Yes, and I believe that you are probably the only person that I can explain it to. You realize, Jimmy, that I have no male friends, at least none that don’t wear dresses. After all of the embarrassment and discomfort and downright pain of the makeover, when I looked at myself in the mirror after I had stepped into the little black dress, I had a Oh My God moment. I realized that I was looking at the real Ricki.” Jim nodded, “You are different person, obviously, but just makeup and a dress don’t give you the confidence to make the extreme changes that you obviously have managed.” Ricki looked at Jim, replying he said, “Jimmy, the day you left, I was devastated, today, seven years later, I am a successful person. Married, father and property owner and I accomplished all of this in skirts. I want to finish my story, but I am working tonight and need go home and get ready. Can we get together here, tomorrow? Let’s have lunch. Becky is out of town and I will have all afternoon to finish my story. Jim stood and replied, “I accept and am looking forward to it.”

Jim escorted Ricki to his car. Ricki turned and embraced Jim, finding no resistance, kissed him on the cheek. “Tomorrow then, I’ll be here, brother.” Jim watched as Ricki maneuvered his Mercedes convertible out of the parking lot and decided that it would be a good evening for the company of a bottle of single malt ten year old Bushmills Irish whiskey. ‘This puts to rest the old soldiers saying, ‘go home after a few years and twenty minutes after you get home it’s the same as when you left.

Jim Meyer let out a small whistle of relief as the red Mercedes-Benz convertible rolled smartly into the restaurant’s parking lot. Meyer eyed the statuesque blonde, today dressed tan linen, cuffed shorts,

sleeveless yellow silk top, tan head band and dressy wedged sandals. Standing, Jim pulled a chair for Ricki, who thanked Jim for his courtesy with a quick peck on his cheek. "I must say that you clean up very well", commented Jim. Ricki giggled, "Thank you very much for that left handed complement, Sargent Meyer. All I thought about last night at work was you and lunch today." "Likewise," returned Jim, "I conquered a complete 750 ml bottle of Irish whiskey contemplating you and merely ended up in a draw. The bottle was vanquished and I was drunk." Ricki smiled slyly, "I made an impression on you, did I?" "Yesterday, I sat here in absolute awe of you. Not one man in a thousand would have the balls to take your path. There was one thing that you didn't elaborate on. You said that you were a father. Please elaborate," said Jim. Ricki immediately began digging into his handbag. Placing his wallet on the table, he rummaged through his bag and found a small photo album. Flipping it open, he proudly displayed a small photo of a young girl. "This is my pride and joy, Sophia. She is two...and a half. I think that she is counting the days until she seriously break hearts", gushed Ricki. Jim, viewing the photo with mild disinterest, complimented, "A very pretty and obviously elegant young lady." Ricki smiled, "Thank you for the compliment sweetheart. Parents are a very parochial bunch. Their kids could be two headed lepers, but their offspring are the beautiful and accomplished little yard apes on the face of the planet." Jim acknowledged the remark and then asked, "Tell me about your job that pays so very well."

Blushing, Ricki took a deep breath, "As I mentioned yesterday, Butch's is a very high end lesbian bar with a very heavy dose of feminine domination. First, though, I have to tell you how Becky and I decided that working for Butch would have immediate short term benefits. You recall that after my debut at Butch's that Saturday that you left for the Army, I went to the girls apartment. After we arrived and I was told prepare for bed, I endured an hour of inane chatter and wine sipping with three very attractive women in their night clothes. My tube imprisoned cock was screaming at me 'let's get on with the program.' Finally, Becky announced that it was late and that she had work to do. I didn't catch on to the insinuated that the work was me. Becky stood up and grabbing my arm told me to come with her. To make a very private story short and to the point, Becky fucked my brains out. The next morning, Becky fucked me more and then while cuddling, Becky asked me to move in with her and Meg and Beth. I was, in truth, flabbergasted. I quickly agreed before I heard the conditions. Becky said that Ricky with a 'y' had to go and that I would have to live 'in femme' full time and she added that since I had responded to anal penetration so enthusiastically, that she would call Butch that day and get my economic future under way. I then mentioned that I would have to tell my mother what was going on. Hearing that, Becky grinned ear to ear. "I've already called her we will see her this morning, I know a great place for brunch", she superiorly intoned.

Grinning, Jim asked, "I was wondering how you broke your new social profile to your mother"? "I jumped in with both feet, without looking of course", smiled Ricki. "Becky decided that we should shower together that morning, where I was sexually molested again, to my utter enjoyment", continued **Ricki**. "After we showered, Becky and I sat side by side at the vanity in our panties where Becky began my first of many lessons into the mysteries of feminine war paint. Fortunately, light makeup was the order of the day. I had been introduced to the ritual of rinsing one's undergarments the previous evening and was so prayed. Becky, who is similar in size to me, provided me with a pair of shorts, very short shorts and a quite girly tee shirt. That is, of course with no sleeves, lace trim and an embroidered 'you go girl' in rhinestones across that front. Bare legged was derigour with this outfit and the fancy sandals from the night before, were OK. Dressed like a sixteen year old wannabe slut, light makeup, hoop earrings and a floppy cotton hat, Becky also lent me a few rings, which surprisingly fit and a quite

nice gold chain necklace. So costumed, I stepped out into the bright sunlight of everyday femininity.” “You go in whole hog, I would have loved to see that. “You know....I am very proud of you”, remarked Jim with genuine affection. “I always kinda worried about you. But, I see that you have found your way. I would have never seen this, but like we say in the Rangers, never take the easy route, that's where the landmines are. So, how did your mother receive your transition ?” “I was just getting to that,” replied Ricki, “and thank you for your vote of confidence.””

“The girls and I had coffee, while Becky informed Meg and Beth that I was moving in with them. Meg chortled about how nice it would be to have a ‘man’ around the house. Before leaving the apartment, Becky gave a final inspection and retrieving my purse from our bedroom, pronounced ready to face the world. Going out to her car, Becky, gave me a pat on the ass to confirm that I had installed my butt plug. She said my wiggle was much improved with one in place.” “Do you have one in place now?” asked Jim. Ricki giggled and nodded his head, “Always. Now, back to my story. Becky and I arrived at my mom’s and instead of just walking in, we rang the doorbell. When mom answered the door, she gave us a puzzled look. She obviously did not expect two young women to be calling on a Sunday morning. ‘Can I help you?’ She asked and I replied, ‘Hi, mom, it’s me, Ricky.’ She looked at me for a few seconds and began to crumple up in the doorway. Becky and I caught her and maneuvered her to the couch.

‘Why are you dressed like that?’ She demanded. Becky quickly responded, ‘Mrs. Benson, my name is Rebecca Worth and I am responsible for Ricki’s appearance. Meg Meyer, your former neighbors daughter asked Ricki to join us for a dinner date last evening. We dined at a place called ‘Butch’s’ and it was also sort of a costume party. Ricki makes a very pretty girl and was so impressive that a woman named Butch, also the owner of the establishment, offered Ricki a job at her restaurant. With an impressive starting salary, I might add.’

“Mom looked at me and told me to stand up,” continued Ricki. ‘Stand up an turn around,’ demanded Mrs. Benson. ‘Ms. Ward is correct about you making a presentable young lady, although I am not impressed with your outfit. Rebecca, may I call you Rebecca?’ ‘Please call me Becky, Mrs. Benson,” replied Becky. ‘Alright then, Becky, what does this ‘job’ involve. Does it also require that my son perform his tasks in drag?’ asked my mom. Becky took a deep breath and replied that it was a waitress position and yes, that I was required to dressed in a female uniform, but that Ms. Butch guaranteed a minimum of one thousand dollars a week in compensation. After a short gasp, my mom looked a me and asked me if I was OK with working dressed as a woman. I replied that it was fine by me and countered that no one else has offered me a thousand a week dressed as anything else. Mom nodded and continued her inspection of me, ‘Where did you get your boobs, they’re not falsies and your waist is trimmer and you seem to have hips. But, you also have great legs, also nicely shaved. Are your underarms also hairless?’ Becky jumped into the conversation, telling mom about my makeover at Illusions. Mom looked at me and asked, ‘Are you planning go infem full time, you may not realize how much it’s going to cost to outfit yourself from scratch?’ Becky butted in again and said that she could help and that Butch had brought up the same question when Becky has talked with her. My mom then agreed that I made a much more impressive young woman than I did a teenage boy. ‘There is one more thing, Mrs. Benson,’ interjected Becky, ‘There are three young ladies, including myself, that share an apartment. Meg Meyer and her girlfriend Elizabeth share a bedroom and I would very much like Ricki to move in with me.’ My mom looked askance at Becky and replied, ‘I am aware of Meg’s sexually preferences, but having a single male, even one in a dress, living with three women, is that a good idea?’ Becky laughed and said, ‘I have Ricki’s libido under strict control, there will be no unsupervised hanky

panky.’ ‘What kind of control?’ asked my mom. Becky took the locket from around her neck, opened it and my showed mom the key to my chastity device. ‘What is that?’, asked mom. Becky explained that it was the key to my chastity device and that was the only key and it stayed around her neck, 24/7. ‘Chastity device”, squealed my mother, ‘Let me see it.’ I was mortified, there I sat as my beautiful dom explained my penile imprisonment to mother, who absolutely fascinated. ‘Show me your device, Ricky. I want to see what got yourself into.’ demanded my grinning mother. This the most embarrassing moment of my life, forced to drop my shorts and panties so that my mother could inspect my confined manhood. Oogling my tubing, mother was laughing so hard I thought that she would have an accident in her panties. ‘I see what you mean, Becky’, said my mom, ‘also, I didn’t realize how well endowed my new daughter is. Having that tool under lock and key is a sign of considerable foresight on your part, young lady.’ After I thought that my ultimate humiliation was over and I was about to pull my panties up from around my thighs, my mom spotted the sanitary pad in my panties. ‘Ricki dear, why do you have a sanitary pad in your panties?’ The ever helpful Becky replied, ‘Oh, you must see this Mrs. B.. Turn around and bend over sweetest and show mumsy your toy.’ ‘Yes Ricki, show your mother your new toy’, giggled my mom. Mortified, I did as I was told. I bent over exposing the flange of my butt plug to ever more excited mother who gasped, ‘Is that what I thin it is?’ ‘Yes it is,’ snickered Becky, ‘and it works wonderfully, Ricki has the most sexiest walk that you have ever seen. The pad is there to catch accidents caused by the plug occasionally rubbing against his prostate gland causing little squirties in his panties. We can’t have our little girl walking around with soggy panties, can we.’ My mother was roaring by now.

Jim Meyer was laughing hard as Ricki related his first in femme meeting with his mother. “All I have to say is that you are a braver man than I to go through what you endured on your first weekend as a girl.” Ricki just smiled, “No one who never done it can imagine the degradation that women will inflict upon effeminate men who are prettier than they are.” Jim smiled and retorted, “Well, Rebecca is right, you do swing your ass quit smartly when you walk.” Ricki smiled at the compliment, “My sexy ass is worth a fancy price at Butch’s, but I will get to that later. I’m starving, let’s order lunch.”

Ricki fiddled with stem of his after lunch wine, “This was first place that I was taken to that first Sunday. Becky invited my mother to join us along with Meg and Beth for brunch, right here on this patio. After we ate, we were getting quite....mellow on Bloody Mary’s, Becky announced that since everybody present was in favor of me going to work Butch, that she call Butch and confirm my appointment. Becky dug into her purse, found Butch’s card and proceeded with call. She got to Butch right away, made all of the necessary commitments ending the call with all of the customary salutations and looked me and said, ‘You’re in kid, be at the back door of Butch’s by nine AM tomorrow. By the way, she has check for a thousand dollars for you. You won the grand prize for being the prettiest sub in the contest at Butch’s Saturday night, congratulations. And also by the way, you owe Meg and I thirteen hundred for the makeover and clothing. Just kidding, you will need that money to start your troussaue.” Meg came around the table and gave me a big hug followed by Beth and my mom. Becky then said we were going shopping that afternoon. She implied that I needed a few more wardrobe items than shorts and a tee shirt to start my career. That afternoon, we spent another eight hundred dollars on a couple of dresses, more presentable shorts, tops, two pairs of shoes, cosmetics and a purse. It is expensive to be a girl. I never envisioned that shopping could be so exhausting. Just go shopping with four women and you will discover what an ordeal really is. That night, it was early to bed, but that didn’t deter Becky

from plowing my ass with a passion. I just enjoyed it, but I came to realize that it was also a training session.

One more thing, I just recalled that Meg called Becky while we were shopping and said that your dad wanted to talk with me, she didn't say what about, but said I should see him that day and that it was important. So, after we had spent a ton of money starting my girlie ensembles, Becky drove me over to your folks house. Fortunately, I had dad the good sense to change into a newer and somewhat more presentable pair of shorts and more conservative top. When I rang the doorbell I was shaking. What were the Meyer's going to think when this girl was at the Door? Your mom answered the door, gasped, staring at me and just said 'Ricky?'. I just dumbly nodded and mother started gushing, 'Meg said that you had had a makeover, but my god, girl you are beautiful. Bill, Bill come here right now, Ricky's here.' Your dad came to door and stopped dead in his tracks. He undressed with eyes right there at the doorstep. In his defense, the whole of the clientele at Butch's did that the night before. Welcome aboard sir. After your dad finished with his leering, he coughed, mumbled something about Meg being somewhat sparse in her description. He then went on about you leaving for the Army and said he and Mrs. Meyer were moving to property they owned in the Ozark's and he wanted to know if I would take care of your car while you away. I was stunned, your dad talked like you were going to be back in a month or so. I really wanted your car, now being suddenly employed and still basically destitute, it would solve a major problem. I halfheartedly tried to decline, but your dad forced the keys into my hand along with folder. 'The title and a bill of sale are in the folder, don't worry about payment, Jim would want you to have it,' he told me. Your mom then stepped forward and hugged me, kissing me on the cheek, she whispered, 'Welcome aboard, girl.' Your dad stuck out a hand as if to shake mine, he quickly withdrew it and hugged me and said, 'Good luck, Rick. You certainly know how to make an impression.' So, I left your house with your car, which I drove for two years. I still have it in storage."

"You still have it, why?" asked Jim. "You must have seen the bill of sale and that I had signed the title, the car was yours, clear and legal." "I know, after I got home, back to the apartment, Becky went over the documents and said that I would have to register the car and pay the sales tax. I remember that your bill of sale said one hundred dollars. I sat at the table with Becky and had my first girly cry. Thinking of you with tears rolling down my cheeks, along with my mascara, I wondered how could you be so thoughtful and generous?" "You can thank my uncle Bill, my mother's brother," said Jim, he told me that if I go in the service, to go in clean. Take nothing but military with you. The service is like nothing that you have ever experienced, take no baggage with you. If you want a car, buy one while in service, it'll be your Army car, not your high school car. He was absolutely correct. I did ask you why did you keep my car? That Mercedes-Benz convertible out in the parking lot, I think that it is your Butch's car." Ricki's eyes were glistening, "I kept your car, hoping that I would see you again and then I would be able to show you what good care I took of it," sniveled Ricki.

Jim sat silent for a few minutes, pushing aside his wine and ordering a whiskey on the rocks. "You have kept my old Ford all of these years?" Jim smiled, "Then I was right about giving it to you. I told dad that if anyone could put that beater to good use it would be Ricky." Ricki brightened, "You told your dad that? Well, it did. It took me to work and around town and helped the girls at the apartment constantly. We all called it Jim's car. We all drove it." Jim nodded and said, "Case closed, now tell me

about Butch's." "Okay, okay," said Ricki. "But, tell me how are your parents doing?" "I called them last night, telling them about meeting you," replied Jim. "They were very excited about our 'reunion' and asked how is Ricky doing? I told them that you were married, had a young daughter and were doing financially very well. Also, I mentioned that you are very beautiful." Blushing, Ricki retorted, "I asked you, how are they doing?" "They are doing very well, thank you. They both in good health and have embedded them self's as upstanding Hill Williams in their community," said Jim. "Hill Williams? What the hell are Hill Williams?" demanded Ricki. "Sophisticated Hill Biillies," smirked Jim. "Now, let' get back to Butch's."

Ricki took a large sip of his wine and began, "I was very nervous and excited. After all, I was taking 'Jim's' car to the first day of my first job. Terrified, would be a better description, I had a driver's license, but had very little actual driving experience. Also, I was wearing my first dress. The first one that I had bought with my own money. A pull over or accident could have proven quite embarrassing. I successfully maneuvered my way to Butch's and the place is quite different in the daylight. There was a gate guard that I didn't remember. He stopped me and asked my name and after checking his list he smiled, told me to follow the signs to the employee parking lot and waved me through. The place was huge. Butch's itself is like a very large two story antebellum mansion flanked two, three story hotel wings also in antebellum architecture. A tall masonry wall surrounds the buildings proper with a wire fence, skillfully interlaced along a double row of maple trees surrounding the entire property.

I found the employee lot and made my way to back door that was emblazoned with 'Employee Entrance'. I assumed that this is my way inside. The activity going on inside was hectic. I just stood there for a moment until a waitress in his French Maids costume stopped and asked me if I was Ricki? I just nodded and he, a very pretty 'he' I might add, motioned for me to follow him. Following the waitress, I was struck about how completely feminine the way he walked was." "You should watch yourself walk sometime," commented Jim taking a sip of his single malt. Ricki smiled at the compliment, "You are sweet, but I'm getting to the good part of my story. The waitress stopped at a door that was labeled 'Office', imagine that, and said that this was Butch's office. I knocked on the door and the usual 'come in' muffled it's way through the door. 'Ricki sweetie, you're a little early, but that's good. We have a few things go over before you start your shift,' said Butch. 'So, if you are ready, let's start. Follow me, please.'

Talking over her shoulder, Butch said, 'We are going to the wait staff locker room, this is where you will start your shifts. I expect all of my gurls to be presentable when they show up for work. Dresses, skirts and shorts are acceptable, slacks and jeans are not acceptable. I expect my wait staff to exude their femininity.' Arriving in the locker room, most the gurls in my shift were already there and Butch introduced me to them. Butch then maneuvered me to what was my personal locker. It is actually a double sized, wood panel lined and with ample shelving, storage space. One wall had vanities and wash basins and full length mirrors. As I gazed around the room, Butch whispered, 'I expect everyone to look their best at all times. You notice that every locker has two fresh uniforms in it. That gives you a clean spare if an unfortunate accident occurs. This room is secured at all times, so you can leave your purse and personal items here without worry. You are going to work with Rhonda to start the day. When he feels that you are ready, you will take over your tables by yourself. Of course, a bus boi will assigned to your station and he will explain his duties to you. Also, your bus boi gets ten percent of your tips. Your shift is from ten AM to six PM. So get ready for work, Rhonda will collect you and when you pass his inspection you will get started.' So, that is how my first day started. I changed into my French Maids



costume and with a little makeup freshening, costume adjusting and various other tweakings, I took the floor with Rhonda.”

Jim nodded, “Sounds like a typical OTJ start, did you have any problems?” “Well,” started Ricki, “I was throughly bewildered to start but after following Rhonda’s lead for ten or fifteen minutes, I figured out that this was quite a simple job, all it basically was about is paying attention to the wants and needs of the guests, and smile, smiled, smile.” “How long did it take before Rhonda cut you loose?” questioned Jim. “Only about an hour and a half,” replied Ricki. “My boi was a big help. He knew exactly when the guests were done with the table and whispered to me to ask them if they wanted to go to the bar or the veranda. Also, my boi told me to bend over when serving at least once every course served. Flashing panty was much appreciated by the guests.” “Did you make good tips on your first day?” queried Jim. “Absolutely,” gushed Ricki, “I made three hundred and fifty dollars in eight hours and had at least fifteen butt fondles and a couple of dozen pinches and three phone numbers.” Jim laughed, “I have no doubt that you were a smash as a server. But, only three phone numbers? Girl, you must have realized that your come on needed work.” Ricki laughed, “That’s exactly what my boi said.” Jim looked Ricki and smiled, “What did you enjoy the most, the butt fondles or the pinches?” Blushing, Ricki confessed, “The butt fondles, because they would rub the flange of my butt plug and the tip of the plug would occasionally rub against my prostate and a little cummy would squirt into my maxi pad.”

Jim sat back in his chair with a look of wonder, “So sex is the big seller at Butch’s. Did you know that fondling would be the main money maker for you at Butch’s?” Coyly, Ricki continued, “Fondling is very small potatoes at Butch’s. The next morning when I got to work, Butch called me into her office and asked me how things went the first day. She knew very well how things went, but she asked me if I wanted to make BIG money. Being cautious, I asked her what BIG money entails. ‘Your Mistress Rebecca has agreed to what I am going to propose, but only if you agree to it,’ said Butch. ‘How do you like anal intercourse?’ continued Butch. I was flabbergasted, it was very last question that I expected. But, being the naive little shit that I was, I asked Butch what was she suggesting? Butch smiled and said that the night shift gurls could have sexually contact, for a price, with the guests. I pondered this for a few seconds and finally admitted that I was quite fond of being poked in the ass, especially since I was confined in chastity, it was a more satisfying cum than having my prostate massaged. Butch laughed and told me to come with her.

Butch led me to a small room just off the main dining room. The room was about eight by ten foot in size and had wash basin and cabinet at one end and an oddly shaped bench at the other.” “Sex and money, two nouns that go hand in hand,” remarked Jim. Ricki responded, “Absolutely, sweetheart. Being a very poor, but suddenly, a very desirable piece of merchandise, I jumped in with both feet.” “Smart girl. Physical desirability is a very fleeting commodity,” replied Jim. “My thought precisely,” answered Ricki. He continued, “As long as it was OK with Becky, and I have to confess, I did love getting fucked, I thought letting some unknown lesbians penetrate my poop shute for big bucks would be a very profitable, if not manly endeavour. After all, how manly do I appear to you?” Jim laughed, “Perhaps not manly, but very desirable. Ricki, you are incredibly beautiful, but I have to ask and I think I know the answer, is it worth it?” “Yes,” replied Ricki.

“As I was saying,” said Ricki, “Butch had led me into this small room and looking me in the eye, said, ‘This is the money room. There are four of these as there are eight gurls on duty and they only allowed three Jills each, every shift. There are two back up waitresses every shift and they will take over the gurls

stations that are vacated by those gurls who are entertaining a guest. The back up waitress will get one half of the tips that station she works generates for that forty five minutes. About once every three weeks you will work as the backup. Now, back to business. When you bring a guest in to be 'entertained' your bus boi will be with you, he will help the guest with the strap on. You will assume your position on the fucking table. All that you will do is bend over the table and wait to be penetrated. The bus boi get the guest ready and if required by the guest, lubricate your entry. Usually, the guest prefers to do this herself. The guest will then flip the hem of you maids skirt onto the small of your back, pull down your panties and after pressing dildo's start button the vibratory will start, then the fun starts. The guest gets a half an hour to rummage about your bottom, then the boi will announce 'times up' and you will pull up your panties, straighten your dress and get back to work. There you go, it's a straight forward slam, bam, thank you ma'am, fuck. About the money, you will get two hundred fifty dollars for the fucking. However, the real money is in the bidding process. As our gurls are only allowed three sessions per shift, there is bidding among the guests for the 'privilege' of poking one of our gurls. The bidding for your services is open, that is anybody at any table, private room or the bar may bid on paying for the services of gurl who designated available for that time period. There is no limit on the amount of money that can be bid. The gurl who services are bid for, keeps all of the bid money. We can be talking several hundreds of dollars. Remember, the bus boi at those stations gets ten percent. Now, we are talking serious and by the way, tax free Income because this activity is illegal in this state. There is no need to worry about the law. I am a very generous donator to the various law enforcement agencies' favorite charities, usually themselves.' She then told me to bend over the fucking bench. I assumed incorrectly, that she was going to continue her instructions session. A bus boi came into the room and I listened as clothing was rearranged and then my surprise, I felt the hem of my maids costume lifted and placed over the small of my back. My panties were pulled down to lower thighs and my butt plug removed. Then, strangely, I felt fingers sliding something over the exposed tip of my chastity bound cock. I then felt a finger, then two started packing lubricant into my bottom hole. I tried turn my head, but the boi gently, but firmly prevented me from trying get see over my shoulder. Butch was laughing softly and she told me that all of her gurls were speared by her first and I felt the penetration and gasped audibly when the vibratory was turned on. It was wonderful. Butch is a master of the strap on. I came and came. After Butch pulled out of me, I felt whatever was placed over my chastity being removed. Butch told me to stand up and pull up my panties. Look what you did and turning around I saw Butch holding a condom that had a considerable deposit of my male seed it. She whistled softly and told me that I would make a fortune in the fucking rooms."

Jim ordered another scotch and looking at Ricki in amazement exclaimed, "So, your path to economic success was by becoming a hooker? "Astonishing, isn't it," replied Ricki. "If you were facing burger flipping and someone tricked you into being what you were destined to be and you enjoyed your hidden destiny, what would you do?" "I agree with your point and I would love to see in your maid uniform", smiled Jim. "But, I doubt that I would get by Butch's security". "Your right", replied Ricki, "but I can satisfy your curiosity. Jim watched while Ricki dug around in his tote bag and finally retrieved a tablet. Further jabbing, swiping and muttered cursing allowed Ricki to retrieve his cache of photographs. Smiling, Ricki passed the tablet to Jim and viewed a series of photos showing Ricki at work at Butch's serving the tables. "My God", muttered Jim. "Your stunning. How many fondles and pinches do you get a shift?" Ricki laughed, "Too many. Right after I started the night shift, I ordered butt enhancers from a TG site on the net and I now possess five sets. They cover my bottom underneath my panties and have reduced the bruising to almost nothing. I haven't solved the crotch fondling yet, though." Jim snorted,

"I would think that you would some sort of hazardous duty pay for coping with all those inquisitive fingers." "Believe me Jimmy, I am well compensated and it is a major turn on for our customers". Jim leaned over table and looked Ricki in the eye and with an exaggerated leered asked, "I imagine that you have a books worth of obscene tales from the fucking room?" "Oh love, I have an encyclopedia of stories", giggled Ricki. "What's your favorite?" asked Jim.

Ricki took a deep breath and replied, "Actually, I have two favorites. The first is about my first night on the night shift. I was very nervous and felt like I was cheating on Becky, but she said that as long as she had sole possession of the key to my chastity, she was fine with me sharing my rear end with other women, for a fee." Jim nodded, so you were living full time with Rebecca by this time?" "And Meg and Beth. The three girls were all still in college and I contributed to the lion's share of household upkeep. Believe me these women were not cheap to have around," replied Ricki. "Now, back to my stories. When I got to work and hit floor in my maids costume, the place was jammed and as I made my appearance, applause, whistling and a few swooning screams greeted me. It seems that Butch had sent out email's to long time customers and a lot of them showed up, in full heat, I might add. My bus boi was beaming when I strutted to my station. He had already gone around to all of the tables and one private room assigned to me and told that I would not be available until eight o'clock, but the bidding would commence immediately. I started my waitress duties and fortunately I had my panty butt shields by then, I noticed that all of Dom's had their cell phones out and watching the screens intently. My bus boi told me that is how the bidding was done. He said each waitress was assigned a code number and times that he would be available for special entertainment were listed. Every bidder was also assigned a code number when they logged on to bid and the high bid for the special entertainment was constantly updated. Remember now, the high bidder was the one that had the privilege of paying for the waitresses special service. By eight o'clock the bid for me was seventeen hundred dollars. The high bidder was a Dom renting the private room I was serving. It was time for my first professional appearance.

My bus boi collected me and escorted me to the available fucking room were I met my first Jill. She was a severely attractive middle aged woman, dressed in an impeccably tailored cat suit and knee high boots. She had diamond studs on her ears and a ruby encrusted, heavy gold bracelet and a gold capped riding crop shoved into the top of her right boot. Also, she was not alone. With her was a young girl (?), dressed in crinoline and silk red party dress, very short hemline and matching pumps. The girl(?) was draped in expensive jewelry and had red silk choker the same color as the dress with small gold ring sewn into the front of it. The bus boi asked the Dom if she would pose for a photo with me as she would the first at Butch's to take my professional cherry. The photo would be displayed in a large anteroom to the Dom's only restroom. Following the photo shoot, the bus boi escorted us into the fucking room and retrieved a plastic packaged strap on from a cabinet, handed it to the Dom and retreated from the room.

The Dom looked me, ordered me to twirl around for her approval and the quietly told me to assume my position. It was obviously not her first trip to this room. When I was properly positioned, the Dom called her Sub over to us and said, 'Billi Jean, you know the drill, get on with it girl'. Billi Jean came over by me, raised the short hem of my maids costume and carefully laid onto the small of my back. (S)he then slowly pulled my panties down to top of my thighs and extracted the butt plug from my ass and put it into her mouth. At this the Dom tapped me on my butt and asked, 'Boy, did you douch before you started work tonight?' I replied that I did three times. The Dom said, 'Very good, Billi Jean doesn't care

for the chunky stuff when he is sucking on a freshly extracted plug. Alright now Billi Jean, help me get into this contraption and then put a condom over the tip of our maids properly restrained man part'. I was kneeling over bench, but could listen to the unbuttoning of the Dom's catsuit and slight moan from Dom as Billi Jean affixed the strap on to the Dom's vaginal area. 'Get the lube, Billi Jean and get my very expensive piece of ass ready for a good fucking from an expert', barked the Dom. I then felt fingers packing lube into bottom followed by the dildo's head precisely positioned on my rosebud. Billi Jean came around to my face, wiping the remaining lubricant from his fingers. He knelt down in front of me, with my butt plug stuffed into his mouth. He pulled up the hem of his party dress, exposing a very expensive pair of silk and lace panties that covered a small, but noticeable bulge. His thigh high stockings were attached to straps that ran under his panties. I didn't notice a garter belt so they were apparently attached to a corset. Billie Jean then grasped both of my hands and back over my shoulder to the Dom and nodded. He then pulled my left hand down to his crotch and I the familiar rigidity of a chastity tube. Billi Jean smiled with his perfectly made-up eyes, as his equally perfectly made-up lips were busy sucking on the stem of my butt plug. I was so engrossed in observing Billi Jean's face that I only barely noticed the slight pain of the Dom's dildo sliding past my sphincter and didn't get down to business until she switched the vibrator on."

"You really like the vibration, don't you", remarked Jim wryly. "That's the best part", beamed Ricki. "When the Dom hit the switch, I bucked and shook my ass for all I was worth, but she rode me like a rodeo cowboy. I just came and came. Finally, after she had about a hundred orgasms, she pulled out of my ass and Billie Jean let go of my hands and went around to my backside, reinserted my plug and pulled the condom off of my painfully pinched cock. The Dom congratulated me for being an excellent fuck and after I disengaged myself from the bench and was pulling up my panties, the Dom had Billie Jean stand next to her, his head tilted up, mouth open, she emptied the contents of the condom into his mouth. I watched him swallow then lick his lips and before I realized what was going to happen, he kissed me full on the lips. When I pulled away, I could taste my cum on my lips. Billie Jean winked at me and followed his Dom out the door. I stood in front of the small vanity mirror trying to repair myself and could see small flecks of my sperm hardening on my lips. Wiping the last of my seed from lips and installing a new coat of lip gloss, I made my way back to my work station and upon entering the dining room, I received a thunderous round of applause. My bus boy came up to me and told me that I was looking like one well fucked bitch". "It sounds like you had a very profitable evening", smiled Jim. Ricki blushed and looking at Jim, said, "I made over four thousand dollars that night". "Wow", was all Jim could reply. "The next most memorable was a couple of years after that. A very handsome woman, fortyish, had come in with her niece. She won the bidding and brought her niece into the fucking room along with her. Butch was also with them and Butch told me that the woman was giving her niece a birthday present, me. I doubt if the girl was even eighteen, but I would bet my last dollar that this girl was only one in her circle of friends that ever screwed a transvestite on her birthday. It was the tender age and situation that made this Jill memorable. This girl was absolutely agog at what was going around her. She was quite pretty, a big hair blonde hair do, she was wearing a chiffon LBD that floated around her. Butch helped her adjust the strap on correctly while she stood there in embarrassed fascination watching the shaft bob about. 'It's like it is alive', exclaimed the girl. Her aunt just looked on approvingly until the girl asked when does the boy in a dress come in? She laughed and pointed me. Butch motioned me to assume the position and when I was properly presented, she went to work walking the girl through the process. It was about as romantic as a factory tour until Butch told her to lift skirt and place the hem over my back and pull down my panties. 'What's that in her bottom?' she

asked. Butch replied that it was butt plug and it accomplished two things, helped men walk with a feminine sway and induced a decided dose of humiliation to the wearer. Butch told her to pull the plug out slowly and let it dangle. It's attached to a thin cable that is attached to the tube'. While the girl was attempting to accomplish this task, she brushed her hand against the exposed helmet of my imprisoned cock. She jumped back like she had been bitten. 'Oh my God, what's that'?' she yelped. Her aunt and Butch were in hysterics at this and Butch said matter of factly, 'That is your girly boi's penis. It is locked up in a chastity tube. All male penis should be locked up until their mistress has use for it'. Then the girl squated down and examined my confined cock with great deal of interest. 'May I touch it', she asked. 'Go ahead', laughed Butch, 'examine it carefully. Fondle it, if you like. Maid Ricki here is quite well endowed and his mistress Rebecca insures that it always well behaved'. 'Does it hurt them?' asked the girl. Butch laughed again and said, 'I should imagine that our little Ricki is in a fair amount of discomfort. Boas are quite easily aroused when pretty young women fondle their pride and joys'. 'Don't their things get bigger when they're excited?' By now the girl had a firm grip on my package and rubbing my exposed cock head with her thumb. 'Yes they do', whispered Butch, 'but, that is the purpose of the chastity tube. The tube prevents the penis from swelling up and that can be very uncomfortable. Now,' continued Butch, 'you have a couple of more things to do'. Opening a condom packet, Butch handed the article to the girl. 'You must roll this condom over the exposed head of the penis and onto the plastic tube. The boi will probably ejaculate while you are having sex with him and the condom will catch all of his spurties so they don't get on you'. 'Oh', said the girl. 'How do I get him to spurt'?'

"There I was, dress over my back, panties down, butt plug removed and waiting to be sexually ravaged by a teen aged girl and she and her aunt were discussing male reproductive biology. Get on with it, please..... Butch chimed into the Aunt, Niece conversation and said, 'I will show you how. You still have to lube up his boi pussy'. "Butch handed the girl a rubber surgical glove and a tube of lubricant. I heard the glove snap onto the girls hand and following quickly were a pair of hands spreading my ass cheeks. 'There's no hairs on his little hole', wondered the girl. 'There better not be', was Butch's curt reply. 'Now, Sara', continued Butch, 'squirt some of the lube in and around his hairless little hole and with one finger start to work the lube into it'. "I could feel the latex covered working tentatively and Butch coxing Sarah on. 'squirt more lube into the hole and now, with two fingers, work the lube deep into the hole'. I was squirming big time by now. Butch then asked Sarah, 'Can you feel a bump in the boi's hole'? Sarah replied, 'Yes I can. What is it?' 'That, sweetie is his prostate gland. Squirt central and the key to controlling your boi. Now with your fingertips, rub the bump'. I was in full rocking and rolling gear by now. I felt my first spurt let go, it's not like ejaculations, but a good tension reliever." Jim was in full astonished stare by now. "I get the sense that you were fully enjoying having that girls fingers up your ass', sputtered Jim softly. "Absolutely, you should try it. Having a pretty young thing finger fuck you is a tremendous turn on, for a sub, that is", replied Ricki. "Anyway, I'm not finished. Butch told Sarah to pull her fingers out of my bottom, which she did, reluctantly. 'Girl, check the condom', ordered Butch. Sarah squealed, 'Oh my God, there's goo in it'. 'That's how you make them squirt, under your full control', lectured Butch. 'Now, let's get down to work'.

Between Butch and the Aunt they finally had the girl positioned and inserted.....and then flipped vibrations switch. That little girl moaning and gasping had only one thing say, 'Oh my God', over and over and over again. For all of her ridiculously feeble thrusting, swaying and shuddering, she never once hit my g-spot. Butch had step in and physically put her hands on the lasses hips and take control of the girls thrusting. Finally, after some fifteen minutes, with Butch at the controls and trying move my ass to

make contact, our combined efforts succeeded and I came forth with a healthy squirt of my finest. Butch eased the girls hips back and the and my anal passage finally separated. The girl was panting like mad and her face was beet red from effort and lust. Butch then slipped the condom off from my pecker cell and proudly displayed to the young lady, the fruits of her labors. The girl then snatched the condom from Butch's hand and thrust it deep in her purse. I am confident that my contribution to that evening of male subjection has been stored away as a precious object that she displays only to those female friends of hers that mightily wishes to impress.

Jim looked wryly at Ricki and said, "That's was potentially a very dangerous thing to do. Sex with minors is not looked on too kindly in most states". Ricki nodded and smiled, "What happens at Butch's stays at Butch's. That little girl, Sarah, is a legend in the Dom community. My little intimacy with her occurred five years ago. After she finished shagging me, she and her Aunt, Rebecca, I believe is her name, a major player in the wealthy lesbian community, sat down with Butch in a private room and apparently Butch laid out a plan for Sarah to become a notorious femme fatale. I know for a fact that the lessons took. Sarah has five subs and they all work for Butch. Two are waitresses like me and three are bus boi's. I know that they all live together in some sort of transvestite commune. Sarah is currently in law school, where they are fine tuning a monster. Jimmy, I know own a nice place where we can have an early dinner and I can sober up some so that I can finish my story".

Jim followed the red Mercedes-Benz convertible through the cities older streets to a small cul de sac. The cul de sac was dominated by small machine shops and one two story bar/restaurant with a narrow alleyway leading to a rather spacious parking area in the rear of the building. Ricki led the way through the back entry into a spacious dining room. Passing through the dining area, Ricki I stopped at an elevator and they took the car to the second floor. Exiting the elevator car they were greeted by a very large black man. "Miss Ricki, how are you today?" gushed the man. "Oliver, I want to introduce my lifelong best friend, Sergeant Jim of the United States Rangers", said Ricki. Oliver brightened, "I was in the 172<sup>nd</sup> Airborne myself at the tail-end of 'Nam. We are honored to have you here, sergeant." Looking again at Ricki, Oliver asked, "The usual locale, my lady?" Ricki nodded and Oliver led the couple to the second floor patio and a table near the railing overlooking the parking lot. Oliver snapped his fingers and a waiter appeared instantly. "Miss Ricki, what is your wish"? he asked. "I'll have a Rose' and my companion"? said Ricki looking at Jim. "I-W Harper bourbon, ice with a splash. If you have it", replied Jim. "And excellent choice sir, I'm sure that we do", replied the waiter. Ricki smiled at Jim, "This is the snootist gay bar and restaurant in town. But no where as snooty as Butch's. All of the 'women' you see here are men. Becky and I eat here often and Oliver is a dear. He keeps a very tight rein on the customers privacy". Jim leaned over and said, "This has been a most wonderful and intriguing day. I am so very enjoying getting drunk with you. You said that you had one more story for me. I'm all ears".

"Yes", replied Ricki. "My wedding". "One thing though, before you start. Your voice. How did it become so.....feminine"? asked Jim. Ricki giggled, "Butch, who else. "Butch sent me to see this eye, ears, nose and throat specialist and he tightened my vocal cords with of all things, surgical super glue. For a month, I talked loudly and I saw him three more times as he glued my voice box together to create the proper timber in my voice. Terribly annoying and expensive, but with superb results. Now back to my story". Jim just looked at Ricki with unabashed wonder.

Ricki took a long unladylike pull at his glass of wine and continued, "Becky and I were lying in bed following an intense session of Becky having her way with me and she hugged me and asked, 'Do you want to get married?' I was flabbergasted, I had envisioned that we would continue on in our current arrangement. It was working for me. But, Becky had gotten her Masters in commercial bankruptcy and was doing very well with the company and we had bought our home. I think her biological clock was ticking and having a family was dominating her thought's. I was overjoyed and immediately hugged and kissed her and asked, how soon. She was adamant about going through the formalities of courtship. We lay there agreeing to various terms, but foremost was what about engagement rings. We agreed that we would buy a ring for each other, but not to exceed \$5,000.00 in cost". Ricki then waved his wedding and engagement ring under Jim's nose. "I was so excited about being a bride that I immediately went out and bought an armful of bridal magazines to prepare for the big day. How wrong I was. As I was saying, I envisioned myself decked out in my bridal gown, I am so femme, but it was not to be. I soon met my future in-laws".

The following weekend, Becky and I drove out to the mansion. We were met by a butler, of all things, and he graciously allowed entry to Miss Rebecca and to the low life bimbo, me, accompanying her, me. We first met Becky's mother, Martha who was quite gracious, complimenting me on my dress, which cost three hundred dollars, thank you. Becky's dad, was less complimentary, however. 'So you're the boy that wear's dresses that has so enthralled my daughter'. Not to be intimidated, I tossed out my already enticing boobs wobbling about unfettered in the bodice of my very girly sundress and replied, 'Yes sir, I am indeed a transvestite. Your daughter had a very interesting and personal hand in my change in social status. I first met Rebecca while she was in the company of my neighbors daughter, who is very attractive, but notorious lesbian. I was eighteen at the time and had just graduated from high school. Your quite beautiful daughter seduced me on the spot and I have been in panties ever since.' Earl, Becky's father, stared, rather leered at me, laughed and replied that Becky did a very good job.

Becky then jumped into the conversation and boasted that I was quite a successful female impersonator and made a six figure income and outlined that I was indispensable in providing the extra income that helped the girls through their final two years of college. Becky's mother then jumped into conversation offering refreshments. Earl requested his standard I W Harper bourbon and water and Becky said she and I would like a white wine. I then rebelled and said that I would join Earl with a bourbon. Becky's mom, Martha, announced that refreshments would served by the pool. The trip through the house was impressive and I came to the conclusion that Becky was born with a very large golden spoon in her mouth.

Once we were settled on the patio by the pool, Becky launched into her well rehearsed request that our wedding be held in the gardens at her parents estate. Earl pursed lips after Becky completed her request and nodded his consent. He then tossed his wrench into the project. He was adamant that Becky must wear a traditional wedding gown for the ceremony. 'No daughter of mine is getting married in slacks,' he insisted. Becky literally squealed, 'Done, I agree.' Thus the pissing match about who got to be the bride was decided by my father in law. I was devastated. Jim nearly fell off his chair imagining the arguments between Ricky and Becky over who would carry the bouquet. Recovering his balance, Jim asked Ricki, "So, you were forced back into trousers by your future father-in-law"? "Not at all", sneered Ricki. "Miss Rebecca forbids me to be seen in public, or private for that matter in trousers. It seems that she had foreseen this reaction from her father and had decided that I would indeed wear a

tux, but it would be quite feminine in cut. Right down to the short black pencil skirt with the obligatory dark silk stripe on both legs". Jim snickered, "I imagine that there was a problem with the groomsmen"? Sipping his wine, Ricki replied, "Again, not at all. A man in my circumstances does not know socially what could be called men men. All of the genetic males that I knew well enough to ask to be part of the wedding party were as sissy as me. In fact, all of my groomsmen were fellow trannies I worked with at Butch's and they dressed the same as I was. Their Dom's loved it. All those lovely subs in their black skirts, frilly white blouses, pink waist sashes and three in fuck me pumps. It was glorious. The best part was that the groomsmen were prettier than the bridesmaids. I got an earful from Becky about that, I'll have you know". Trying not to guffaw, Jim said, "Maybe I'm fortunate that I wasn't here". Ricki leaned over the table and whispered, "I wished To God that I could find you. I was so sad". A tear zigzagged down his face.

Jim leaned across the table and cradled Ricki's hand, "I would have come if I could have, but like said, it was impossible. I'm so sorry". Stifling a snuffle, Ricki whispered, "I know, but you missed such a great party". Ginning, Jim said, "Tell me about it, sweetheart". At that moment their relationship changed. Ricki squeezed Jim's hand in response and taking a breath, resume his narrative. "Prior to the ceremony, the groom's and maids got together for the photographer. I watched Earl closely, for he had been drinking. He to comprehend that his daughters wedding party held not one pair of trousers in it. When greeted the groom's, the look on his face was priceless. Undoubtedly, he had never been amongst a sweeter smelling group of men in his life. The groom's chatted with him during the handshakes, their ear baubles bouncing, curls shimmering, necklaces glimmering and stockings shining. Martha, Becky's mother was off overseeing the caterers, but had one eye on Earl. Watching him interacting with groom's, she started a laugh and spurted wine out of her mouth barely missing the bodice of her dress. My mother and your sister had to their backs to the wedding party they laughing so hard. We finally concluded the pre-ceremony greetings out of the way and got on with the main event. Earl, to his everlasting credit had a low wood and plywood walkway eight feet wide and carpeted from the patio to the gazebo where the ceremony was to be preformed. I was already ensconced at the alter with my best 'man' Wilma, formally Willard. He was the Sub of a very strict Dom, he struck a manly pose next me clutching the ring box, with a butt plug up his ass and his cock locked into a chastity device. Earl strode without a waver up the walkway with Becky on his arm, stunning in her veiled cloud of white lace and silk. Dutifully, Earl deposited Becky at the alter and respectfully retreated. His functions complete save signing the checks in payment for the ceremony and festivities. I was calm at the alter, my manhood made barely a twitch, as like my best man, it was under lock and key. The minister, the Right Reverend Patricia Osbourne, duly ordained in the Church of the Immaculate Ovaries or some such. The ceremony was a typical reading of the vows until the good Reverend got to mine, 'Do you Ricki, promise to love, honor and obey your mistress Rebecca in all matters without fail?'. I paused, fantasizing a life of prancing around the house dressed in French maid costume, perpetually serving drinks and canapes' to Becky and her guests. I did manage croak a feeble 'I Do'. The ceremony closed with Becky putting the wedding ring on my finger and the good Reverend Osbourne looking at Becky and pronouncing 'You may kiss the bride'. I thought I saw Earl reaching into tuxedo jacket was I sure that he had a shoulder holster with a .45 caliber semi-automatic pistol lodged. Reverend Osbourne was treading on thin ice. Earl relaxed and the ceremony concluded with Becky stuffing her tongue down my throat".



“Side by side Becky and I made a dainty traverse along the carpeted walkway to the flagstone patio. Drenched in rice, we made our way towards Earl, who had staked out a strategic and defensible spot near the bar. As the crowd of well wishers surged towards us, Earl asked us, whiskey and wine? We nodded and perked up our smiles and braced ourselves. Becky got the whiskey. Earl beamed at that, he looked at me and whispered ‘good luck’ as he raised his glass in toast. The reception got off to raucous start as the liquor flowed and the food was flung. The spectacle of the battalion of sissies being towed around the gardens by their Doms as they gathered in clusters to be inspected by each other. The straight guests acting more conventionally, congratulating Becky and I and Earl and Martha. The two sides did mingle at the bar and at the banquet service line with most of the sissies in a fetch and deliver mode at the bidding of their respective Doms. All of the sissies were dressed conventionally in femme and tastefully so. Butch had one of the sissy bus boys in tow, dressed and coiffured in I surmised was his first dress and makeover. He was gorgeous. I'm sure that he got the ride of his life that night. In fact, I did see him on several occasions at Butch's several times after that. He had new boobs and was always dressed in very girly filmy attire. And, judging by his gait, a very large butt plug parked in his bottom. As the afternoon progressed, the straight men congregated into small groups pushed off to side and holding court there with Earl. They were seriously outnumbered by femininity both real and enforced. The straight women, after imbibing a sufficient alcohol base, mingled openly with the Doms and sissies, chatting about the feminine trilogy at such affairs, clothes, hair and makeup. All in all it was a grand affair. Earl drunkenly confessed to me as the event was winding down, ‘You know Son, quite a few of those sissy looked quite fuckable’. I replied to him that most of those sissies were extremely well trained in bedroom athletics and could take any straight man or woman to places that they couldn't even conceive of. He laughed, and asked, what was with all of those flashing tongue studs? Oral stimulation I replied, I have one. I had my tongue pierced as Becky's birthday present last year. I added that I took it out for the ceremony as both Becky and I thought that it would be a little over the top for ‘groom’ to display such a device at the altar. I continued that the tongue stud, just as a display was worth up to a couple hundred dollars extra in tips at work. He asked me who the girl was with Butch? He added that Butch didn't impress him as a lezzie. When I told that the little item in question was until recently one of the gay bus boys working at Butch's. I continued with filling in the details of what probably occurred when the little idiot fell under Butch's spell. I told him that the kid's first stop was same place Becky sent me for preparation for our first date. That boy, I concluded has been totally feminized and along with the obvious pierced ears, nostril jewel, other jewelry the boy probably had his Adams apple shaved, voice box tightened and his cock is locked up in a chastity device, that is if he hasn't been castrated, adding that Butch was known for that practice and the kid undoubtedly had a butt plug parked up his ass.

Earl looked shocked under his inebriated fascade. Looking at me he mumbled, ‘You haven't been, you know, cut, have you?’ I shook my head no, replying that Becky loves sucking my cock to much. Our home life is pretty standard aside from my clothing. Adding that Becky likes me in drag and my cock locked up in reserve for her personal enjoyment. Laughing, Earl confided that he was proud the way his pride and joy turned out. Earl ordered another set up for both of us, whiskey. He leaned in close and again mumbled his appreciation of my perfume, adding, ‘I have another personal question for you’. I nodded my assent and he continued, ‘What's the difference in having sex with a man?’ I laughed and replied that I didn't know, adding I've never had any sexual contact with a male, ever. Embarrassed, Earl confided that he had to ask and then he kissed me on my cheek and slyly proclaimed, ‘Now you have and I'm proud to be the first’. That caused a tear to leak down my cheek and I gushed, ‘Thank you dad, I

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always have heard that incest is best'. Earl roared, spilling his drink. He ordered a refill and looking me in the eye said, 'I still like your perfume, although that feminized tuxedo looks like shit'. Jim, smiling said, "I think that I would have deserted my post to be at that party".

Ricki squeezed his hand. "I told my mother and Becky that your in town. They are anxious to see you. Can you come to dinner this Sunday?" Jim nodded, "All I need is your address". Ricky took a card out of his purse and scribbled on it and handing the card to Jim, he asked, "Can you wear your uniform, Sophia so much wants to meet a soldier. ,

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