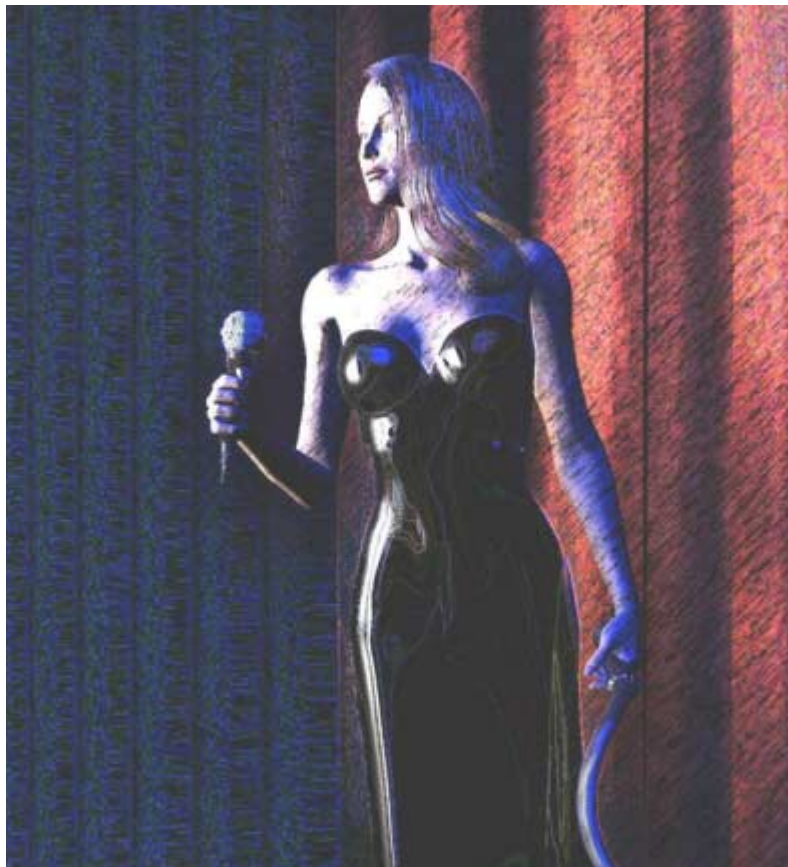




*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Totally Erotic Tales

Diana Black



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

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**A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL**

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# TOTALLY EROTIC TALES

**By Diana Black**

## **Transex Beauty Fantasy One**

Alex's first time dressing up as a woman took place on a cool fall evening in an average-looking bungalow on an average-looking street in a suburb of Toronto. Alex had discovered one of those "dressing" services while cruising the net late at night. Alex had been doing his usual nightly search for porn but he stumbled onto something that caught his interest even more than the hard cocks that usually fueled his fantasies. Alex had heard about crossdressing. He had often looked at transsexual porn. The girls often looked too good to be real; all the same it intrigued him.

Rubie's Trans Salon was the name of the place; it was run by a middle-aged lady, named Rubie, of course. Rubie had experience within the transgendered community. Mel, her husband of twenty-two years, was a crossdresser. Rubie loved every time he would dress up as his alter ego, Melanie. The two had set up a small salon in their renovated basement. It was small and discreet, something their clientele wanted. No big signs hung outside to announce the services offered. A website along with word-of-mouth advertising brought it a steady stream of clientele.

Rubie had a background in hairstyling. Makeup came easy since she had also completed a post-secondary course in professional application. Mel helped with the business end of things, being an accountant.

Alex came across Rubie's site. It had crossed his mind that it would be fun to dress up in sexy lingerie. The silkiness seemed appealing to him and he went so far as to buy a nice lacy black bra and panty set. It felt so nice gliding across his skin.

He bought the set on impulse, feeling slightly embarrassed when the sales girl rang up the purchase. At home, Alex examined it, finally getting up the nerve to actually try on the bra and panties. Would someone catch him doing this? Was he a pervert? These questions swam in his mind as he slid the tight panties up over his slender legs, feeling the lace push his penis and holding his crotch tight. Getting into the bra was not an easy matter; the hooks in the back were awkward to reach but after a couple of tries, he managed to get it on. The cups were pretty large but with some socks stuffing them, they were fine. Alex examined himself in the bathroom mirror. Not bad. He was sure he looked better than most men in lingerie and probably even better than some women. This led to arousal. At first, Alex lay back on his bed and closed his eyes. Is this what a lady felt like? Soft and sensual. Mmmmm! Alex classified himself as a bisexual. What would it be like to have some handsome older man touch him while dressed like this? It would be a different, even thrilling, experience, that was for sure.

Alex's mind began to play out a fantasy. In this scene, an older handsome, well-built man would catch him dressed in the dainty lingerie, then ridicule him for dressing like a girl. Eventually, he would get put over the older man's knee while being spanked for being naughty. Alex began to play with his growing panty mound, massaging his girly pickle. His erect penis now pointed upward, beginning to glisten, pre-cum just below his navel. Alex slid the panties down to his knees, took his hard throbbing cock in hand and began to pump. Alex pumped his cock slowly at first, thinking of a man's hands touching him in forbidden places. He wanted to experience something like this for real, but how could he get things going? How far would he take his fantasies? Was a fantasy a fantasy once it became a reality? So many questions to contemplate, but it was all exciting.

Alex began to feel his orgasm coming. It would happen very soon, so he sped his fantasy forward to when the man would make Alex suck his big thick cock. Oh yes, that would be so hot. Just thinking about having a cock stuck in his mouth pushed Alex way over the edge. The cum flew out of the tip of his penis and splattered wetly on his stomach, leaving him shaking on the bed in orgasmic afterglow.

Alex wrote down Rubie's business e-mail address and phone number when he came to the contact info on the website. With a few drinks in him, Alex punched in the phone number and heard Rubie's bubbly voice on the other end. "Is this the transformation place?" asked Alex in a low nervous voice.

"Yes it is indeed," replied Rubie, "How may I help you?"

Alex began, "Well I came across your site and I would like to come in and have a makeover. I'm very new to all this and more than a bit nervous but I would like to try things out, if you know what I'm talking about."

Rubie nodded. "Yes, I do know what you are talking about. No need to be nervous, we are a discreet service. All our appointments are done on a one-to-one basis, your privacy will be respected. So, would you like to book an appointment with myself?"

"Yes," said Alex, "that would be great."

Rubie thumbed through her black leather bound appointment book and found an open space. “How about Thursday evening?”

Alex thought he could go with Thursday. “Yes, Thursday would be fine with me too.” Alex gave Rubie a fake name, one that came off the top of his head and marked down the address Rubie dictated over the phone. It was done. Thursday he would dress fully as a woman for the first time.

Fortunately, running his own business from home afforded Alex lots of play time. Being a young man of thirty-five years, sex was not a problem. It was easily obtained from many willing young women whenever he decided to do the bar scene. Men were a different story. Alex did not feel comfortable going out to the gay bars. But it was a fantasy that would not die. Now things took a twist in his mind; he often saw himself with men in various states of feminine dress.

Thursday came and business was finished early that day. Alex ran the shower and let the steam relax him for the upcoming evening. Alex shaved and put some gel in his short black spiked hair. He dressed in a track suit. Before he knew it, time had come to drive to Rubie’s.

On the drive over, Alex’s heart pounded. He honestly did not have a clue about what to expect. He kept driving. Number 67 Willow Drive. This was it. Rubie had said to come to the front door and ring the buzzer. Alex pressed the buzzer once. No answer. He pressed it again.

The door opened and a very attractive lady in her early forties stood before him, extending her delicate small hand before saying, “Hi there, I’m Rubie.”

Alex took her hand in his own, shook it and replied, “Bill. I called about the services you offer.”

“Come on in, follow me and I’ll take you downstairs to the salon.” Rubie led Alex down a flight of stairs to the basement into what looked to be a normal hair salon. He was impressed. “Take a seat, Bill. In a second, I will get things started. I see you shaved before arriving, that’s great. A close good shave makes all the difference in the outcome. It’s very important in the whole transformation.” Rubie ran her hand across Alex’s shaven cheek, “The makeover consists of full makeup and hair. I have a large selection of wigs that you can choose from later on in the wig room, plus I have a full wardrobe that I use for my transformations. That includes shoes which I carry in sizes up to twelve. All clothing items, wigs and shoes are available for purchase or you can just use them for your makeover. Also I can snap some Polaroids of you but that would be your choice. So, how does all of this sound?”

“Well, this is all new but I have to admit I think it sounds pretty darned good. Where do we begin?”

Rubie smiled. It always made her feel good when a new client began to come out of his shell, “In the changing room, you will find a white terry cloth robe. Just undress and put that on, I will cleanse your face before I start applying makeup.” Alex went to the tiny changing room and took off all of his clothing, including underwear. When Alex returned to the main salon area, Rubie pointed to a special

make up chair in front of a large well lit mirror. "This is where we will begin Bill," said Rubie.

"Ahhhh, my name is not really Bill, it's Alex. I did not want to give out my real name," confessed Alex.

"Don't worry Hon, most clients never tell me their real names," laughed Rubie.

Alex was reclined in the makeup chair and Rubie proceeded to apply a light oil-free cleanser to his face. It was more of a toner she explained. It was almost like a mini facial massage. Alex was beginning to enjoy the beginning of his feminine experience.

"Cover-up is first in the process of transforming into a female. You are quite lucky, you have very limited beard shadow which should not be too hard to cover up." Rubie took out some tubes until she found the correct shade of cover-up to match Alex's skin tone. "This should work great to cover up your shadow. Remember, with cover-up, a little bit goes a long way." Rubie began to massage the cover-up across Alex's beard area. When it was decently blended, she stood back, took in the results and said, "Next, Alex, you will want to use a halfway decent foundation on your face. I stock a theater foundation but a less expensive one such as Revlon or Covergirl should do just fine for you. Just be sure and get it in the proper shade. You look to be a medium beige." Rubie applied the foundation with makeup sponges across Alex's face, blending the cover-up and foundation together to create a absolutely flawless complexion.

"Foundation sets quickly. The next step in the process is powder to set your makeup. I always use loose powder on my clients. I find it covers better than pressed. Apply it with a brush like so. Apply it heavy and brush off the excess, you should then get a great result. I move on to the eyebrows. You, dear, have great brows, not too thick and quite a nice arch. Pick a pencil that matches your natural brow color. You can use black since your hair is so dark. Short light strokes work best following the natural brow; that keeps it looking natural and not overdone." Rubie proceeded with the eyeshadow and false eyelash application. She ended with the lips and finished Alex's new look with some medium wine-colored blush which created a dramatic finish. Alex now looked truly radiant.

When Alex returned to an upright position, he was blown away by the results of the makeup job. In the mirror stared, not Alex, but a very beautiful lady. "This is incredible. I cannot believe how much I look like a woman," said Alex.

"Yes, you do look wonderful, I have to admit. Wait one minute," said Rubie before running out of the room. She returned with a black bob-style wig in her hand. "Try this on, I think its going to look fab on you." Alex put the wig on with Rubie's assistance. The effect was dynamite. "Oh my lord, you look like a model!" laughed Rubie, gently combing every synthetic hair into place. With the hair, Alex no longer recognized himself. This was not him but a woman. "I think we should get you into some more appropriate clothing," suggested Rubie.

In another large room off from the salon was the clothing room. It was a cross-dresser's dream come to life. Outfits from everyday wear to evening gowns were in abundance. "What look are you looking to go for?" asked Rubie.

“I want something sexy. I’ve always liked the look of a porn star,” blurted Alex getting carried away, “Oh my, I cannot believe I said that out loud.” Rubie went into a hysterical laugh.

“Oh my love, there’s nothing wrong in wanting to look and feel sexy. I have something I think you would like.” Rubie went to a rack of dresses and pulled out the sexiest, shortest little black dress Alex had ever saw. “You’re so slim,” said Rubie. “This should look great on you. I also have a nice bra and panty set for you and black fishnets. Combine that with black patent stilettos and you should be ready for action.” Alex, fully dressed in his new sexy outfit, was amazed at the feeling he had. With silicone breast inserts, he did feel like a woman. In a full-length mirror, he examined the figure he now presented. Quite lovely, better than many real woman.

“I’m thinking that I want to purchase this wig and the whole outfit, Rubie. I don’t want to take it off. It’s all new to me but I like it, I like it a lot,” said Alex.

“My dear, I will give you a deal on it. Just keep me in mind for anything else you may need in the future,” replied Ruby. Alex smiled, he was glad that he had came to see Rubie.

Rubie bagged his guy things for him before he left the salon to drive home. In his car, it was odd driving in stilettos. Alex turned on the car’s CD player and played Celine Dion’s “I drove all night.” He began to sing along with the song. It was getting late but Alex could not go home yet to an empty house, looking like this. No chance in hell. Alex drove around a bit. Stopped at a red light, a young guy in the car next to him rolled down the car window and whistled. This made Alex feel incredible but also very horny. The thought of having a hot straight guy think he was a real woman!

Alex drove until he found himself out on Highway Nine. He came to an industrial area with a few roadside taverns that catered to truckers. Did he dare go into one of those bars? Alex stopped in the parking lot of “Mac’s,” a place noted for rough guys. Alex stepped from the car and walked to the entrance to the bar.

The bar was not too crowded and very smoky. Every man’s eye turned to Alex as he walked up to the bar and sat on a stool. The blonde muscular bartender sauntered over and asked, “What would you like, Miss?”

In his best female voice, Alex answered, “Just a Bud, please.” Alex sipped on his beer daintily and kept his eyes to himself, thinking that maybe he had gotten in way over his head.

A strong hand fell upon his bare shoulder. “How are you doing tonight? Mind if I sit next to you?” asked a gruff masculine voice. Alex turned to look into the most handsome face he had ever seen in his whole life.

This hunky specimen stood about six foot two, two hundred twenty pounds, solid and muscular. He looked about forty-five years of age. His hair was dirty blonde, buzzed off short in an army-type cut. Square-jawed, the whole bit. To top it off, his eyes were grayish-blue, almost ice-like.