

KAREN'S CONVERSION

Karen was a good engineer, but her brash and sometimes irritating manner was a drawback to her value in selling her designs to the customers. When he wound up her colleague Peter his temper finally snapped and, to their mutual surprise, some brisk physical punishment started a change in her attitude and a startling change in their relationship

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The company was little known to the public, but it had a fine reputation in a restricted field. Its speciality was the design and manufacture of intricate mechanisms, both mechanical and electrical. You probably haven't heard of them, but there's a good chance that you will have travelled in a car with a seat folding mechanism designed by the company, one of those clever devices that allows the rear seats to fold into the floor, and you may very well have a washing machine with an interlock mechanism on the door designed by the company to ensure that your kitchen isn't flooded if you open it inadvertently before the water has pumped out. Their major business was selling their designs to large manufacturers, but they also had a manufacturing department, which produced prototypes and could make small production quantities for customers who only manufactured in small batches.

The design department was headed by Karen Major, a woman in her early thirties who was without doubt a design genius. No problem presented to her seemed to be insuperable, and the sketches she produced were works of art, and were made so quickly that the customer could often have a solution to his problems presented to him within hours or at most days after he raised them.

Karen was quite a large woman, not fat, just large. She was tall, 5'10", and well proportioned, with full firm breasts, wide hips, long legs and a very shapely bottom. Her face wasn't beautiful, but it was pleasant and she had a lovely smile, set off by a wide generous mouth with full lips surrounding even white teeth. The charm of her body was always well hidden, as she wore slightly masculine clothes and was never seen wearing a skirt. She tended to come over as being rather hearty, often speaking just a little too loudly, and her behaviour tended to match the masculinity of the clothes. She was always ready to go out for a drink with the lads, and she always drank beer. Some of the men thought that perhaps she was lesbian, but the other girls insisted that she never made any attempt to come on to them. In truth, she was scared of any sort of sexual behaviour, and as a result she always backed away rapidly from any man who tried to make any advances toward her.

Peter Morrison was in charge of the prototype and production manufacturing department. He was nearly 40 and had been with the company since its very early days. He was a perfect complement to Karen, as his talent was in taking a design and devising a manufacturing process to produce a product in the most economical way. This enabled the company to sell not only a design, but also complete plans for putting the design into production adapted to suit the customer's equipment, and they were also able to manufacture limited quantities for small customers.

The company did very little advertising, relying rather on word-of-mouth, and they did not take part in many trade shows. However, there was one major show in London that they regularly attended, not so much to tout for new business, but because it gave them an

opportunity to entertain clients in a congenial atmosphere. As the sales force was very small, Peter and Karen were called upon to help with the administration of the stand and also to socialise with new and existing customers. Smaller customers were entertained with drinks and refreshments on the stand, but more important clients were invited to a meal at a hotel close to the exhibition centre. To enable this to take place in a more intimate atmosphere than the hotel public dining room, the company hired a suite for the purpose. This comprised a large lounge, in which the hotel would serve meals, plus two bedrooms. These bedrooms were used by the managing director and his family the weekend before the show, something that he could claim on expenses, then were used by other staff during the show.

This year, Peter and Karen had been delegated as the main hosts for the show, and therefore they had been allocated the bedrooms in the suite. Finalising the setting up of the stand on the day before the show opened was always a tiresome business, and when the two got back to their suite at the end of a hard day, they were fairly exhausted. A new innovation for the company for this year's show had been to kit out all the staff on the stand in uniform dress. This had been the idea of the managing director's wife, and she said it would make it much clearer to visitors to the stand as to who were the company's representatives. She had arranged for one of her friends who was an excellent tailor to design clothing that would be discreet but clearly recognisable. As a result, all the staff had been measured, and should have received their kit several days in advance, but unfortunately, due to a late delivery of materials, the kit was not delivered until the day before the show opened, and in fact, Peter and Karen only found theirs when they got back to the hotel and found it had been delivered to their suite.

'Better late than never' said Peter 'we had better try these on I suppose to make sure they fit and nothing has been left out.'

Karen was already opening the parcel, and she made a squawk of anguish.

'There's no way I'm wearing this. It's got a bloody skirt, and I haven't worn a skirt since I was in school uniform, and I'm not going to start now.'

'Oh, go and do it, woman , or I'll have to smack your bottom.'

'You and whose army? It'd take someone bigger and stronger than you to do that.'

Now, Peter had had a tiring day, and he had found Karen particularly irritating, as everything he suggested she wanted to change. This wasn't a new thing, over the last few months she had been more difficult to deal with, and they had had several rows. Suddenly, something snapped. He looked at her and the look in his eyes was an expression that she had never seen before.

'Stand up' he said, and that was what she did – slowly and reluctantly, but she did it.

'Take your trousers off.'

'You can't be serious?', but then she looked at him again and, even more slowly, she undid the waistband of her trousers, pushed down the zip and let the garment fall to her ankles.

'Right off, I said.'

She kicked off her shoes, then bent and removed her trousers completely. There she stood in front of him, her long legs bare and a pair of substantial knickers covering her lower end. Peter remembered the technique used by his headmaster when he was administering punishment with the cane.

'Bend over and put your hands on your knees.'

Again she did as she was told, and Peter stood up behind her. He hooked his fingers into the waistband of her knickers and slowly pulled them down. She had large buttocks, but they were firm and rounded. They were parted enough for him to see the puckered darker skin of her anus, and underneath her puffy outer lips were visible, surrounded by dark curly hair. Normally this sight would have aroused him, but he was too irritated to take in the attractions of the sexuality on display. He raised his arm, then descended, his hand making a loud "whack" as it landed on the white skin. Again he raised his arm, again it descended firmly on the other mound.

Karen made a little grunt as the pain from the stinging blows hit her. Peter had big hands, and was quite a strong man, and had used all his force. Again he repeated the treatment, first on one buttock then the other. Now the red marks on her white skin were becoming apparent. Again, she said nothing, and again the two blows landed on her. This time she stood up and faced him, standing with her knickers round her knees and displaying the dark triangle of curly hair over her pubis.

'You bastard. I'll never forgive you for this.'

'I don't suppose you will, but unless you go and put the skirt on, you'll get some more.'

She said nothing picked up the clothes, giving him a fine view of her reddened arse as she picked up her trousers, then she went into her bedroom. Peter went and tried on his suit, which he found fitted perfectly, then returned to the sitting room, and after a few minutes Karen reappeared. She was transformed, wearing the skirt and jacket over a white blouse, which opened deeply enough to give a hint of cleavage. She was wearing black stockings and black shoes with a low heel, but was obviously not happy. She was holding in her hand a suspender belt

'This sounds silly, but they've included this belt thing which I suppose is to keep my stockings up, but have no idea how it works. How does it fit to the stockings?'

'I had a girlfriend once who wore one of those, so I do know how they work. Pull your skirt up and I'll show you.'

'Haven't you seen enough of me yet? You're just a dirty old man, as well as being a sadist.'

Nevertheless, she pulled up her skirt. He held out the suspender belt for her and told her to step into it, then he pulled it up to her waist. He pulled her knickers down a little, then told her to thread the garters through the knicker legs.

'Why go through all this performance, why not just put it over the knickers?'

'That's all right as long as you plan to go all day without having a piss, otherwise you have to unhook everything to take your pants down. Now, pull your stockings up tight and fix the suspenders.'

Needless to say, she had no idea how the suspenders fixed to the stockings, so Peter had to show her the first one, and as his hand rested on her warmth thigh, he suddenly became aware of her as a woman for the first time. She managed the other fixings herself after she got the knack, and pulled the skirt down. Peter backed away, and looked at her critically, and she turned round, eyeing him quizzically.

'Well?'

He was amazed at the transformation. She had always appeared, if not exactly masculine, as not at all feminine, but this suit changed all that. The jacket fitted beautifully, accentuating the shape of her full breasts, which were normally covered in shapeless clothes, and the vee in the blouse neck showed just a suspicion of the white curvature hidden below. The shaping showed that she had actually got a waist, again, something which was only vaguely hinted at when wearing her normal dress. Her hips were quite wide, and her bottom, which normally looked uninteresting, now looked very shapely. The skirt finished just above her knees, showing off very attractive legs which were sleekly covered by the black stockings complete with seam at the back. Although the heels of the black shoes were quite low by most standards, for Karen they might as well have been stilts, on which she seemed rather precariously balanced.

'To misquote the old television programme, "suits you, madam". You look good, and I don't see why an engineer shouldn't be feminine as well as competent.'

'Well, I hope you're right, but if I fall off the shoes I'll sue the bloody company. I thought that I was tall enough already without adding to my height, but if this is what that tart of a designer thinks is appropriate, I suppose I have to accept it. Now, it's been a long day, so my I go to bed please?'

'Right, get your pyjamas on and come to bed with me.'

'What makes you think I want to come to bed with you? You really do fancy yourself, don't you?'

'Don't be tiresome, Karen. Just do as you're told, or I'll have to give you another good smacking.'

Amazingly, she did just as he said. He went to his room and prepared for bed, but before he got in, he heard knocking on his door and Karen shyly entered. She was wearing a pair of sexless pyjamas, but she had let down her hair, which was normally tied back severely from her face. He said nothing, but climbed into the bed, and without him speaking, she followed him.

'It's been a long day hasn't it.' he said, turned the lights out, turned away from her and lay down to sleep.

Karen lay beside him, waiting for him to turn towards her. She was amazed at her own behaviour, but she felt totally dominated by him and, although she had never had any sexual feelings towards him, she was not unpleasantly resigned to the prospect of him taking her body. But he didn't, and very soon she heard his breathing slow down, and realised that he had gone to sleep. She didn't know whether to feel insulted or just grateful that he hadn't assaulted her. In fact, she felt rather cross. Why had he made her come to

his bed if he didn't want sex ? Was it just another way of humiliating her? She was tempted to wake him up, but she hadn't got the nerve, and finally she went to sleep herself.

Next morning, the alarm went off early, and Karen quickly got out of bed because she thought that Peter might have ideas about sex in the early morning. She need not have bothered.

'Right, I've ordered breakfast in the room in half an hour, so go get yourself ready for the day. Don't put your uniform on yet, there's plenty of time for that later, and there are things that need doing.'

She obediently went to her room and took off her pyjamas. She stood in front of the mirror and looked at herself. All right, she was a big girl, but it wasn't a bad body for all that. Her breasts were big and firm, her nipples a dark pink with big, paler aureoles. She had wide hips enclosing a gently rounded belly, below which was an untrimmed triangle of dark curly hair. All this on top of a pair of long shapely legs. She didn't bother to try and see her bottom, which she was convinced was gross, although in fact the firm buttocks were in perfect proportion with the rest of her body.

So why hadn't Peter touched her? Surely this was a body that wouldn't have been repulsive to him? And he would have been the first man to have touched her - or woman, come to that. She wasn't a lesbian, she was just scared of sex. Every time a man got close to her and tried to make a sexual advance, she had always gently repulsed him, but this time she knew that she would not have stopped him, and, perversely, she wished that he had.

After showering, she dressed herself in her own clothes, dragged a comb through her hair, and went into the lounge for breakfast. While they ate, they discussed the day's activities, and he had a surprise for her.

'I've made an appointment for you in the beauty salon. I've asked the girl to tidy your hair up and make it more presentable, and to do your make up for you.'

'Who the bloody hell do you think you are? I have no wish for anyone to mess about with my face, thank you very much.'

'Do I have to smack your bottom again?' he said. 'You really must learn how to behave.'

She remembered the stinging feel of his hand on her arse, and thought better of making any comment. When they finished eating, they went down to the lobby and into the beauty salon. Peter gave the girl instructions, and left Karen to her fate and went back to their suite. About an hour later she came back and the transformation was amazing. Instead of being dragged back from her face, her hair was now softly waved. She was wearing a tiny amount of make-up, just foundation and a lipstick faintly accentuating the curves of her very kissable lips. The overall effect was that she now looked thoroughly feminine instead of being rather androgynous.

'I think you look much better like that, what do you think?'

'I suppose it's quite nice, really.' she replied, grudgingly, 'but I haven't the time for that sort of nonsense every day.'

'Well, you can do it while we're here anyway. Now you had better go and get the uniform on, it is time we went to the show. Can you manage your suspenders yourself this time?'

'Yes, thank you, I don't need your hands all over me this morning.'

They both went to their rooms, and, to her surprise, she found a small box on the bed which, when she opened it, was found to contain a slim gold chain with a pendant. She dressed herself, having slight difficulty getting her stocking seams straight and fixing the suspenders. When she had finished, having taken care not to disturb her newly feminised hair, she slipped the chain around her neck, and found that it hung perfectly just above the suspicion of cleft of her breasts showing through the neck of the blouse. She went back into the lounge, where Peter was waiting for her.

'Thank you for the necklace – I've never worn one before, well, not since I was a little girl.'

'I'm glad you like it, it looks good on you. Now, take your knickers off.'

'What are you talking about?' She could hardly believe ears.

'If you haven't got any knickers on it will remind you not to sit with your legs open or loll about with them crossed like you usually do, so please don't argue.'

She thought about arguing, but then decided not to. Somehow he had taken complete control of her, and she felt powerless to defy him, and with no further discussion she lifted her skirt and took off her knickers as instructed. As they left the hotel and went out into the street she felt the cool air creeping up her skirt and around her exposed arse and pussy, and she felt a strange mixture of fear and excitement, fear that she was so vulnerable but excitement that all the people that she walked past had no idea that she was naked under her skirt. To her amazement, she realised that she was becoming sexually aroused and could feel her nipples hardening under her blouse.

They called a taxi, and, when she went to climb in, the unaccustomed restriction of the skirt made her stumble. Peter grabbed her arm and helped her into the cab, and she sat down carefully, making sure she didn't open her legs wide. Again, when they got to the show venue, she began to spread her legs to climb out, and this time the skirt was high enough to allow her to give a view of the tops of her stockings and the dark shadow of her pubic hair.

'Very nice I'm sure, but try not to do that too often, especially if the chairman is on the stand, or the poor old bugger could well have a heart attack.'

'Well, at least he would die with a smile on his face. But, all right, I'll try and be careful but you'd better remind me every now and again.'

They checked everything on the show stand, and before long the doors were open and visitors started to file into the hall. Before long, a steady dribble of clients called, mostly just to chat and have a drink or a cup of coffee. After a while, one regular customer who was well known to both of them took Peter to one side and asked him what had happened to Karen.

'What you mean, what happened to her?'

'Well, she's normally so aggressive. I mean, I like her, but I always feel a bit intimidated when I'm dealing with her. She always does a good design for me, but I sometimes think that my ideas are overridden by her. But today, she is as soft as butter, and she was much more receptive to ideas that I was putting to her. And by the way, I didn't even know that she had legs, never mind such good ones, and as for the idea of seeing her cleavage, well, I wouldn't have thought it possible. Don't think I'm complaining, by the way. I've no doubt I'll still get a first-class engineering job from her, and if she carries on like she is today, it will be nice not to feel the victim of the feminine sex war.'

'I'm glad you approve. It is all a bit of a surprise to me as well, and it will be interesting to see if she's like that when we get back to the factory.'

This sort of response was repeated by several other visitors who had known Karen for some time, and appreciated the change in her demeanour. Even the managing director made appreciative comments, and Peter pointed out that it was his wife, who had designed the clothes that had changed her appearance. He didn't bother to add that the good smacking might have had something to do with the change.

The day passed quickly, and, although they didn't expect to pick up substantial new business at the show, they were pleasantly surprised to find that some new customers were showing great interest in what they had to offer, and Peter was convinced that the new charm offensive from Karen had something to do with it – not to mention the pleasant glimpse of her cleavage when she had to bend over. Finally the hall closed for the day, and Peter and Karen returned to their hotel. During the evening they hosted dinner in their suite for some of their most loyal customers, and finally, after their guests had left, they sat together with a drink talking over the day's activities.

'Well, how did it feel being a woman today instead of a rather sexless person? You certainly made a very positive effect on the clients – well, at least on the male ones. Some of the women looked a bit jealous.'

'I'd have had a job to forget I was a woman, what with wearing a skirt for the first time since I was at school, and feeling the air around my naked private parts all day. I was terrified that I would forget and display myself to all the passing population.'

'Did you enjoy it?'

'Sort of. It was quite pleasant being ogled for a change. That hasn't happened since I left school either – I was rather an early developer and some of the yobbos were always making remarks about my tits.'

'Well, I must say though, your tits are well worth looking at. It's bedtime. Go and get your pyjamas on and come in with me.'

This time she didn't argue with him all. In fact, she felt quite excited, though a little bit fearful. She was sure that tonight she would lose her virginity, and she was finding the prospect pleasing, something that three days ago she would never have dreamed to be possible. So again she prepared herself for bed, taking a shower first and washing very carefully, especially between her legs, and for once she regretted that she never used any perfume, but nevertheless she felt that the smell of the soap that she had used would be pleasing to her future lover.

But all in vain. When she entered his room he was already in bed, and when she got him beside him he just said good night and turned away from her. She lay beside him, her head in a total whirl. What was the man trying to do to her? If he meant to humiliate her, he had certainly succeeded. For the second night she had wound herself up with anticipation, thinking that at last she would open her body to a man, and start to lose her inhibitions. She was tempted to attack him, to shout at him, to demand what the hell he thought he was doing, telling him what a bastard he was being. But she did nothing, just lay there, hoping that he would stop teasing her, but he didn't. Eventually she slept, and in the morning she left him, and went back to her own room.

Again, breakfast was served in the suite and, again, he made no mention of what he had done the night before, or, more to the point, what he hadn't done. After their meal they went off to the exhibition hall, and the day was much the same as the previous day had been. There was a steady stream of visitors, mostly existing customers, but some new enquiries. Karen again was quieter, and more feminine than normal. Although Peter had said nothing, she had left her knickers off again, and all day she was conscious of the feeling of fresh air circulating around her thighs and her vulva. It made her aware of her womanhood, and, although it was a little distracting, it was also exciting to be talking to men who had no idea that she was naked under her skirt.

What was also distracting was that she was spending too much time thinking about what had happened in Peter's bed last night, and she realised she desperately wanted him to make love to her. She couldn't bear the thought of being rejected again, and wondered what she could do to ensure that he didn't turn his back on her again.

She finally got through the day and went to do some shopping before returning to the hotel. They were again entertaining clients, this time in the dining room, not the suite, and Peter was delighted to see her arrive in a dress which showed off her shoulders and her generous cleavage, and which clung very pleasantly to the contours of her body. Judging by the approving glances, the clients enjoyed the view as well. The meal was very convivial and, as it ended, the director of the client company quietly told Peter that he would be offering more business. He also added that he had found it far easier to deal with Karen, and slyly asked what Peter had done to her to change her attitude, to which he just smiled.

After the meal. Karen and Peter returned to their suite, and spent a pleasant half-hour with a drink, chatting over the success of the show so far. Then Peter decided that it was bedtime, and went to his room. Karen went back to her room, showered and carefully applied a tiny dab of the perfume that she had bought. Then she put on a new night dress that she had also purchased during her shopping expedition from, and, after she had combed out her hair so that it fell softly onto her shoulder, she went through to Peter's room.

Peter was about to get into bed, wearing just a pair of boxers. He looked at Karen, and very much liked what he saw. The new night dress was a dramatic change from the pyjamas she had worn previously. It was short, only reaching halfway down her thighs, and it was totally transparent. The neck line was deeply cut, showing the white curves of her flesh, while the flimsy material clung to the curves of her generous breasts and over her full hips. The dark triangle of her pubic hair showed clearly below the gentle swell of her belly, framed by her firm thighs. She turned round slowly, and the rear view was just as attractive, especially the flare from her hips round to her rounded buttocks.

'Very nice,' he said. 'Definitely feminine.'

She didn't speak at first, but just walked around the bed to stand in front of him. She turned away from him, then bent over and put her hands on her knees. As she bent, the nightdress rode up so that the hem was halfway across her bottom, showing off the puckered rosebud of her anus above the hair covered divide of her vulva.

'You know what to do' she said. 'You've done it before, now do it again.'

Peter was more than a little surprised.

'You want smacking again?'

'Yes, six please, just like last time.'

'You must be mad, but if that's what you want, it would be ungentlemanly to refuse.'

He raised his hand and brought it down firmly onto her buttock. It wasn't very hard, and it wasn't what she wanted.

'Don't piss about. I asked you to smack me, not tap me. Get on and do it, you enjoyed doing it before, and I'm sure you'll enjoy it again.'

He needed no further telling. This time his hand struck hard and true, and she grunted quietly as the pain began to sting.

For a second time he struck. This time he didn't lift his hand straight away but caressed the rounded globe.

Then the third blow landed, harder than the first two, and she yelped despite her efforts to suppress the sound. Again his hand stayed in contact and this time his fingers strayed a little way into the cleft of her arse.

Blow four. The sharp crack of his slap was echoed by her cry. His fingers delved a little deeper, and he just brushed her anus.

Blow five. Now she was whimpering in pain, and her buttocks were beginning to glow pink from the impacts. Now his fingers slid deeper and he began to caress and probe gently into the recess, pressing just enough for his fingertip to enter into her back passage.

Blow six. She cried out again partly from the pain and partly from the relief that this was the last blow. His fingers were probing around her anus, and down into the hair surrounding her vulva. As he parted her outer lips, he found that her vagina was leaking fluid, and he slid one finger gently into the silky passage, and could feel a very slight obstruction which he guessed was the remains of her hymen. He had guessed that she was a virgin, and this was confirmation.

He took his hand away, and she went to stand up, but he put his hand on her back and pushed her back down. He pushed down his boxers, and kicked them off. His penis stood out straight and firm. It was several months since he had had sex, and he was more than ready. He moved close behind her, and guided his prick into the lips of her vagina. He took hold of a hip with each hand, and pushed forward firmly. He slid easily for a little way into

the well lubricated channel, then felt a little resistance from her hymen, which he easily thrust through, and continued till his thighs were hard against her buttocks.

Now his prick was fully enclosed in her tight channel, and he rested for a moment, savouring the sensation of the heat of her body, and felt the little movements as her vagina muscles gripped him. Then he began to move, and withdrew till his glans was visible, then he put back in hard again, causing a little whimper from her. His need was urgent, and he soon was moving quickly, each stroke causing a slap as his thighs made contact with her buttocks.

For Karen, the sensation of having her vagina filled with his hot flesh was even better than she had hoped. He was ramming her so hard, that, had he not been holding her hips, she would probably have fallen over. Although the rupture of her hymen had caused a little soreness, and although his thighs were banging against her buttocks, still tender from his slapping, nevertheless she was in heaven, just cursing herself for having waited all these years. Now she felt him speeding up, and his fingers dug into her rounded hips, holding her hard against him as his penis jerked and she felt the rush of liquid high up against her cervix.

She didn't have an orgasm, the mixture of fear and the whole newness of the sensations that she experienced overwhelmed her sexual reactions. He held her close after he had finished ejaculating, until his penis began to soften and he withdrew. The sense of loss that she suffered convinced her that she wanted it to happen again, but wanted a more sensual foreplay – not that there had been any foreplay at all, unless you count a good smacking, which was something she didn't desperately want to repeat.

He stood behind her. She was still bent over, and he saw a trickle of his fluid oozing out, with a trace of red blood. He picked up a tissue and wiped her clean, then she straightened up and turned towards him. Once again he took in the beauty of her body, her ripe breasts, her wide hips, enclosing her rounded belly shimmering through the translucent robe surmounting the long, strong legs. She smiled at him, then, lifting the hem of her nightdress, she drew it up over her head and stood before him totally naked.

'Well, that's got rid of my virginity at last. Thank you kindly.'

'I'm not quite sure what to say to that.'

'It's not a question of saying, but doing. I would have thought that a gentleman would kiss a lady before penetrating her.'

'My apologies, but it wasn't exactly your mouth that you presented to me. Not that I would mind kissing you there, in fact, I have every intention of doing so in the near future. However, in the meantime.....'

He put his arms around her and drew her close, her warm, soft body crushed against him, and their lips met. Her mouth was wide, her lips soft and warm, and their kiss was long and lingering, their mouths slightly parted. Then he released her, and they moved onto the bed, and lay, side-by-side, not speaking, just looking at each other and enjoying what they saw. She had not had a chance to see his body before, now she admired his muscular chest with its coating of dark hair, and looked on down across his flat belly to see his penis lying softly below his pubic hair. She thought to herself that it was ridiculous that she had reached her thirties, without ever having seen a man naked. Although she realised that the

man's penis was normally flaccid and only became rigid when when he was aroused, somehow she still found it surprising that the thing that had been thrust into her vagina so recently, filling her more than she had ever expected, could just lie there limply.

'May I touch it, please? I've never touched one. In fact, I've never seen one before.'

'Be my guest. It's a bit mucky, but you know where it's been, so that shouldn't be any surprise to you.'

Her finger tips gently touched the skin of his shaft, and as she stroked it she was amazed at how soft and smooth it was. It felt like silk under her touch, as she slid her fingers round to enclose the soft flesh, and, as she held it, she felt it stir as he enjoyed the sensation of her small hand holding him. Her grip was just behind the head of his penis, and he put his hand on hers so that she was holding him firmly, then he drew the hand holding his foreskin back so that his glans began to emerge. She was somewhat startled by the appearance of the red shiny flesh.

'I didn't realise you were like that. I'd looked at a couple of porn films, and the men didn't seem to have a skin like that. Are you unusual or something.'

'You really have led a sheltered life, haven't you. Surely you've heard of foreskins. All men are born like I am, but a lot of them are circumcised at birth, and the foreskin is removed. All the Jews and Arabs do it as a religious ceremony, but it's also very common in America as it is considered to be more hygienic – I guess that's why most porn stars don't have one, they're mostly Americans. It gets a bit mucky underneath, if you don't wash it regularly, but I reckon a man must lose a lot of sensation without it. It's really sensitive, the bit that you can see.'

'I see. Yes, now you've said it, I suppose I did know about foreskins. Anyway, I love the way your purple head pops out when I pull the skin back. It looks good enough to eat.'

'Well, don't let me stop you. Not eat it, but a little lick wouldn't come out of place.'

'Are you serious? Well, I'll assume you are.'

She bent down and cautiously extended her tongue and touched the tip of his glans. His penis jerked under her touch, and she drew back, but then leaned forward again and began to gently lick it, her tongue curling around his glans. She heard him make a little moan of pleasure, and realised that she was doing the right thing. Emboldened, she opened her lips and slid them over the moist helmet, then gradually enclosed him till the tip was at the back of her throat. Her tongue was dancing over the firm flesh, now fully engorged and filling her mouth. Then she withdrew, and saw a tiny drop of fluid at the entry to his urethra, and licked it off, savouring the slightly salty taste.

'Was that all right? I'm not quite sure what I should be doing.'

'Well, if you do that for long you'll get a mouth full of my spunk. I believe it's an acquired taste, but why don't we save that for another time. Just now I think it's my turn to eat you a little.'

'You mean you're going to...?'

'I mean I'm going to put my head between your legs and lick you and suck you until you beg for mercy, or at least until you have an orgasm.'

'But it's disgusting down there, I'm running with juice, not to mention what you left inside me.'

'Let me decide whether I like it or not. It won't be the first time I've sucked a well filled cunt.'

He moved down between her legs, and spread them wide. She had a mass of dark curly hair through which her outer lips were clearly visible. He began kissing the inside of her thighs, first one, then the other, then he moved up until he was deep into the cleft at the top of her thighs. He could smell the rich aroma of a used vagina, and he used his thumbs to spread her outer lips so that her pink inner lips were now visible, and he saw the wet smear where the mixture of his and her juices had oozed out. There was also a trace of red from where she had bled.

He gently touched her lips with his, then slowly pushed his tongue out until he made contact with the soft moist surface. The taste of her was rich and pungent, a mixture of her juices and his, in addition to the slight trace of blood. His tongue began to probe her slippery skin, and he slowly penetrated till he was deep in her vagina. He could feel her body responding to his touch, her hips lifting slightly against him and he licked around the inside of her love canal. After a while, as he heard her moaning quietly, he withdrew and raked across her clitoris, which was already swollen. The little bud was pushing out from beneath its hood, and he moved his lips and sucked it into his mouth, where his tongue danced on it. He nibbled gently with his teeth, and she squealed at the unexpected sensation.

"God, that feels marvellous" she cried, "please keep doing it forever, or at least for ages."

He attacked her even more ferociously, his tongue and his teeth harassing her clitoris while he thrust two fingers deep into her vagina, which was even wetter, if that was possible. Her juice was running copiously, and her whole body was writhing under his attentions.

"Oh, Peter, just do it, just do it, I want your big cock inside me now. Please, please, don't make me wait any longer, I'm desperate for you, I just want to be fucked."

He was feeling the need himself, but he determined to give her an orgasm before he mounted her. His fingers were thrusting urgently in her vagina, and he hooked his middle finger around and probed her till he found the slightly rougher skin of the G spot. He had hardly touched her there before he felt her muscles grasping his fingers and her hips rose as she experienced the first real orgasm of her life. Sure, she had rubbed her clitoris and had some sort of satisfaction on her own, but this was the first time that the whole body seemed to come to life in a way that she could not have imagined before. She was whimpering loudly and finally cried out as she reached her climax, before subsiding down onto the bed.

Peter withdrew his fingers and moved up her body, stopping briefly only to kiss and caress her generous breasts. Her legs were still widely spread, and he moved so that his now very erect penis began to probe her vagina lips. He pressed gently forward, and felt a resistance which soon gave way and allowed him to enter the slippery canal. He pushed forward a little way, then withdrew, and pushed a little further, repeating the process and

entering a little further every time. At last he was fully engaged and his pubis was firmly against hers. He was supporting his body on his elbows, and he looked down at her with an affectionate smile.

"Everything all right down there? It feels pretty good from where I am."

"Just couldn't be better, I can't imagine why I waited all this long to find out how good it is, to have a great big cock stuffed into me. Now, do you think you could move it just a bit, it's rather nice when you do that."

"Anything to oblige a lady."

He began to move slowly and steadily in and out, feeling the delight of her tight vagina holding him firmly as he massaged the exquisitely sensitive surfaces of their two sex organs. Every now and again he leaned down to kiss her, their tongues chasing each other, their lips nibbling. As he was on his elbows, he could look down and see her vagina lips opening and closing as he moved in and out, his penis glistening from her juices. He was in no hurry. He had always had good stamina and he knew that, after he had so recently ejaculated, he would be able to last for a good long time. Supporting himself on one arm he slid the other hand down over her rounded belly and delved through her pubic hair and between her plump outer lips and began rubbing across the soft skin of the hood of her clitoris.

"Christ, that's good, it doesn't feel as good as that when I do it."

"Self-service is never as good as being looked after by someone who tries to please you.."

"Well, I know now that I don't want to get it on the cheap when I can get a really good quality product just by suffering a little pain."

"You needn't suffer every time, just now and again to remind you how good it is when it stops, and the fun starts."

"Oh, shut up and get on with it"

He didn't need any more prompting, and his caressing had made her little bud swell, and he could squeeze it gently between his fingers. When he squeezed a little harder, she yelped, so he just began to caress it like a tiny penis, and from the noises she was making he knew that he had really hit the spot. He could feel her vagina squeezing and relaxing on his hard member and he began to move again. When he thrust deep into her, her hands grabbed his arse cheeks and dragged him as tightly as she could against her shuddering body.

Her body began to stiffen, and he felt her hips lift off the bed as she pushed up against him. She was moaning quietly, and her movements under him became more urgent. His fingers were moving quickly on her clitoris as her cries became louder until she suddenly arched her back and stiffened her body as the orgasm hit her. She was still for a little while and he withdrew his hand as she gently came down from the heights of an ecstasy that was totally new for her.

"I think I may have had an orgasm"

"I think you are probably right, now it's my turn."

"Oh, please do, be my guest."

Peter was now feeling an urgent need to satisfy himself on this warm, pliant body. He lowered his torso onto her, feeling the swell of her breasts against his chest, then he slid his hands under her hips till he was gripping her buttocks firmly. He began to thrust into her, plunging as deep as he could. She reacted by spreading her legs as widely as possible and drawing her knees up against her hips. Now she was totally exposed to his thrusting body, and he picked up speed, penetrating her as deeply as he could, his pubis hammering against hers. His weight was hard upon her, his sweaty skin sliding against hers, her pliant flesh yielding to his forceful efforts. His hands dug deeply into firm buttocks as his fingers probed deeper and deeper into her sweaty arse crack, till he probed the hot centre of her anus.

She was startled as he pressed deeper, never having thought that a man might want to touch what she always thought of as her shithole. She was on the verge of protesting, but then she realised that it was not an unpleasant sensation, and in fact was arousing her despite her reservations. As he pressed harder his finger forced its way into her anus. She instinctively resisted, but when he passed through her sphincter, she relaxed and welcomed the surprising intrusion..

Now he began to move his finger at the same time as his penis was sliding happily in her sopping wet vagina. The double sensation set her body on fire, and as he approached his climax, she felt the contractions of her vagina around his rampant cock as every sensation concentrated itself in that magical contact point where their two bodies combined in a fiery centre of sexual frenzy. He too was on the verge of orgasm, as he felt the hot rush of fluid from his balls up through his penis and the sudden release of tension as he ejaculated deep into her body, jetting time and again until he was spent.

Through all their exertions, neither had spoken, and the only sound had been that of flesh sliding and slapping on flesh. They lay quietly for few minutes, then she let out a long quiet moan as all the pent-up emotions poured out of her.

"Why the bloody hell didn't you do that to me years ago? I've longed for sex since I was a kid, but I've always been too scared to try it, now I know all I needed was a good arse slapping to get me going. I suppose you do realise that I'll be climbing all over you for more for the next fifty years or so."

"Well, sorry I'm sure, but it wasn't part of my job description to shag any spare virgins who happened to be around the place. I wouldn't have done it now if you hadn't wound me up with your tantrums about that uniform. However, not only are you a good shag, but you look good when you are dressed like a woman instead of a down and out."

"By the way, I didn't think you'd want to be sticking your finger in my poor little arse hole. Neither did I think I would enjoy, but I must admit I did. I thought it was only homosexual men who were interested in arses, are you are a suppressed poofter, or am I just showing my ignorance? And have you any intentions of sticking anything else up there? If so just give me a bit of advance warning, and I'll get some lubrication."

"I wasn't quite sure whether to do it or not. I've never actually done the whole thing, but my ex wife enjoyed having her bum tickled a bit. When we get a bit bored with doing it the

proper way, it'll be something to brighten up a dull evening. Just for now, I think it's time we got some sleep, I want you bright and sparkly on the stand tomorrow."

And with that, they cuddled up and were soon asleep. Tomorrow would be the start of a new and exciting relationship.