

Turkish Delight



A fiction story by
Sara Duresi

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TURKISH DELIGHT
By Sara Duresi
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To the most wonderful creature on earth: Jenny D'.

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Either you enjoy the story or not, I would love to have your comment. I have other stories in mind, and your support is essential for me to improve the quality of the stories, but also as a gratification to see that somebody is reading my work. Your message should be fairly short, and carry the title of the story as a subject (Turkish Delight), so that I know you are one of my readers and it is not junk mail. Your privacy will be respected by erasing the message immediately after reading it, and will not be answered back unless, for some reason, an answer is requested. But, please, allow me some time for an answer, since I am usually quite busy.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Since some details of violent behavior and sex among straight and transgendered people is described in the story, **if you have not reached the legal age in your country, this is offending you, or it is illegal to detain and read this kind of material in your country, please do not proceed in reading and erase it from your computer, move on and have a nice time doing something else. If you continue, you do it at your own risk and full responsibility!**

A note about Turkey: Please note that this is all fiction, not reality. I have actually been in Istanbul and was pleased to find some of the nicest and most charming people. And I apologize for using Istanbul as a set for my story in case this is offending Turkish people, but this town is so beautiful, enchanting and exotic that I could not resist using it as a set for this story. The cover picture is featuring a sunset in Istanbul. Don't you agree with me that it is simply wonderful?

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Chapter 1 – Before Turkey

My name is Jennifer, and Ruth, my wife, knows that I am a cross dresser from the very beginning of our relationship.

Ruth has always been very helpful and understanding about my female persona, although not very enthusiastic about her all the time.

About four years ago she told me that since it was our fifth wedding anniversary, she wanted to do something different for our summer holidays, instead of going to our house up in the mountains, as we had been doing during the past three years. One of her girlfriends told her that she had been in Istanbul for a weekend and loved it. It really sounded like a beautiful, romantic and fascinating city. With time, Ruth became more and more convinced that going to Turkey was the most wonderful thing to do that summer. This was not really exciting for me, since our summer vacation was the best chance for me to bring out my female alter ego Jennifer.

Just like I mentioned earlier, Ruth always had mixed feeling about Jennifer. Sometimes she hates her. Other times she has fun with her. In general, she tolerates her, as long as this is kept sort of private. And I agree with that. I never even dreamed about getting out as Jennifer, and only dress once a week on Saturday or Sunday, when I stay home. The only exception to this rule is during our vacations on the mountains: if we spend one week there, I am Jennifer all the time except when we dine out or go shopping.

She had been talking about Istanbul for weeks, but never made a final decision until one day, when she officially explained it to me: our vacation was due in July of that year and we would go to Istanbul, spend a few days there, then proceed to the most remote and gorgeous places in the country, like the ruins of Troy.

That evening we joined John and Mary, a married couple of friends, and Ruth talked about our plan for vacation with them. Mary pointed out that we had to be careful about going in the most remote areas, especially in the eastern part, during the summer months, since we could get malaria. This did not scare Ruth and she said that she would talk to our doctor about it, but she had no intention of giving up her plans just for a mosquito.

A few days later she came back home saying that she had been to the doctor's office and got prescriptions for prevention treatment of malaria, and we would start the following week. I was surprised that we would have to start so early, that is almost five months prior to our trip, but she said that being a preventive treatment, it would have to be started far in advance, otherwise it would not be effective by the time we go there. In addition to Malaria, we would also get vaccination for hepatitis and typhus. The next day she came back home with a shopper full of drugs. Most of them were injections. Others were pills. I began reading some of the direction and there was no reason to be happy: The one for typhus said that we would probably get stomachache, another was saying it might cause headache or dizziness due to the blood pressure lowering during the treatment, and so on.

We began the treatment. I would get two shots every week and daily tablets. The shots were for either Typhus or hepatitis, the tablets for malaria. Ruth was only getting tablets. These were less effective than the shots, but she hates getting injections.

During the first ten days, she was sick from the treatment and she actually threw out a couple of times. I was okay with my stomach, except a little bit light in my head, like when having a low blood pressure. At the end of March, she was perfectly okay. I was not bad either. My head was okay now, except for some mood swings and also feeling weaker, or better, tired.

Around the end of April I got a little bit scared. I felt weak all the time, I had hot flushes, my nipples were swelling and I felt some funny sensations around my testes. What was worst, I had lost interest in having sex with Ruth. One day she returned from the doctor and tried to reassure me saying that all I was feeling was just standard routine in these treatments and everything would set back to normal once I was over with the drugs. By the end of May, I felt really weird. My skin was softer and silkier, my body hair had decreased, my nipples were very sensitive, I had the feeling that my chest had enlarged, and slightly bumping up and down while jogging, just like I would have a set of tiny tits. Ruth kept saying it was just my impression. Then, one week before leaving for our vacation she told me that she went to the doctor and, after describing him what I was feeling, he said that I may have an allergic reaction to one of the drugs, and prescribed me a series of ten injections to be taken daily, right before our trip. The shots were quite painful. Not only that, but I felt that my problems were increasing instead of decreasing.

Finally, it was time to leave. We had to catch a flight to Istanbul very early the next morning. And that is when the story begins.

Chapter 2 – Getting ready for our Turkish vacation

"Why don't you take a couple of hi heels and dresses with you, Simon? You should bring Jennifer along with us. After all, nobody knows you there. It would be exactly like at our place in the mountain: you can dress, be free as a girl, nobody knows you and, in addition, this time you are going to have the trill of walking around among real people..."

"I am not sure about that, Ruth. I mean, I have learned from the guide book that sex among young males is quite common there, but I am not sure they would accept Jennifer for what she is...."

"Well, they are human beings and, it is true they practice sex among males simply because they cannot have sex with girls before getting married, I am sure that they are going to love you my dear!"

"Ruth, would you please give up with this non sense, please?" I said a little bit upset. "First thing, and you know it very well, I do not like men. I may be confused about my own gender, I may be feeling better as a girl instead of a boy, but I am not sexually attracted to men. Then, and this is another strange thing of the human world, Turkish people may tolerate sex among men, but may have something against Jennifer. You know, they may consider me a pervert. I still wonder why gay people are usually well accepted and transgender people are considered perverted, crazy, or whatever they think of us..."

"You may be right, Simon. However, are you sure that you are not interested in men?"

"I am more than positive on that. What would make you think the opposite?"

"Well, just facts!"

"Facts? What do you mean with facts?"

"Simon, the fact is that we used to have sex three or four times a week, on regular basis. I don't know what has happened to you, but you have not even touched me in four or five weeks..."

"Jee, you are darn right about that! But I think it is due to all these treatments I am taking. They are really making me feel weird! Since I began with them a few months ago, I feel very strange. I get tired very easily; I have problems focusing myself on important things. I also feel like I do have tits. Isn't that strange?"

"That is strange indeed. But it probably is that creature inside you, that is, Jennifer, who is trying to come out and... makes you feel feminine! Well, it is getting late. You should go and shave your body hair now, so that you would be ready in case you want to dress up as Jennifer during our vacation."

"Okay Ruth. I am going to join you in bed in about half an hour."

"Just take your time, and do not forget to use the body cream after removing the hair. It makes your skin silkier and softer."

"All right, I will honey!"

I went to the bathroom, removed my body hair, applied the cream on, and then joined Ruth in our bed. I turned the lights off and, a few minutes later her hand positioned on my cock. She began playing with it but after a while this was still as limp and small as ever before. After a few more minutes nothing had happened, and I pretended I was asleep. However, I was wondering what was going on. My cock was always ready and eager to stand up. My cock was not huge, actually only 5 and half inches, but very functional and hard as a rock. Sometimes, while dressed as Jennifer, I would have problems to hide it in case Ruth would be teasing me. But now...

The next morning we woke up very early to catch our flight. The trip was uneventful. We arrived in Istanbul late at night. The cab driver was very friendly and took a longer route to show us some important monuments and palaces. Finally, we reached the hotel. It was a very nice boutique hotel in Sulthanamet. We had a nice rest, and the following morning went to see Aya Sofia and the Blue Mosque. Here was the first problem. I forgot that you have to remove your shoes while visiting a mosque, and I was wearing ladies' underwear and stockings under my jeans and shirt. Ruth was teasing me and, luckily, nobody seemed to notice my feet in stockings except for one lady. She was checking me out with curiosity, but did not say a word or acted funny.

That evening during dinner Ruth mentioned that the following day we should go and try a Turkish bath. A friend told her about this one where locals go and was admitting both men and women, though in separated sections. Then she asked me:

"Would you come with me in the female section as Jennifer or would you go in the male section as Simon?"

"Please Ruth, don't be silly! They will arrest me if I dare entering the female section. These people are so gender minded that they would not understand any excuse."

"Well, as you wish my dear. But you'll see, it is not going to be easy!" and grinned. I did not get her remark in full for what it was meant.

Chapter 3 – The Haman (Turkish Bath)



Close up on the geometrical windows on the dome of a Turkish Haman in Istanbul.

The following morning we went to a Turkish bath. Actually, I wanted to go there in the afternoon, but she insisted that we needed to go shopping in the Grand Bazaar later, so we had to do it in the morning. It took a while to reach the place with the cab, since she wanted a real Turkish bath, that is, a real Haman, and not one of the tourists' trap that are listed in the guide books. So we had to cross half Istanbul to get there.

Once there, we separated and I headed to the male section. I got undressed, took my towel and was lead into the steamy Haman. As soon as I entered there was a large room, with four smaller rooms on each one of the four corners, and a small corridor to another large room.

The roof had small glass windows in different geometrical shapes. The first room was not crowded but since everybody was staring at me, I walked to the other large room. Here were only two guys but still, they were looking at me with intensity. It felt like they were x-raying me. For this reason, I went into one of the four small rooms around, which looked empty. I sat down and tried to relax in the hot, steamy air. After a few minutes a man entered the room and sat not far from me. Then he turned to me and said something in Turkish, which I could not understand.

"I see you are not Turkish! That is why you are so different" he said in my language with a broad smile.

I was surprised by his remark and asked:

"What do you mean by saying <so different>"

"Well, my dear. In this place there are quite a few Turkish men around. They all have hairy chests and legs. You are hairless, your legs looks like a girl's legs and, last but not least, you have small tits!"

I blushed and I am sure my face was as red as a chili pepper. So I was correct, what I felt like small tits were actually tiny tits and not just an allergic reaction to drugs, as Ruth was saying. At this point the man came closer.

"Let me touch your leg" and by saying so, he put his hand on my knee and moved it slightly up and down a couple of times. I was like frozen, ashamed and embarrassed.

"Sure enough, your skin is like velvet. Are you sure you are not a girl in the wrong section of the Hama? Let me try something."

By saying so, he moved his hand from my knee all the way up on my thigh, passing under the towel, reaching my cock. He took it in his hand and began stroking it. After what looked like ten minutes, my cock was still limp and small, but I felt some strange feelings around my nipples.

"Just like I thought!" The man said, "You've got an useless cock, but your nipples are sensitive and are turgid just like a little girl when she is excited. Let me take care of them." By saying this he moved closer to my chest and licked and sucked one nipple. Then moved to the other. It really felt nice. After a few minutes he stopped, stood up and said:

"Now it is your time babe" and dropped his towel.

A swollen and big size cock was standing just a couple of inches from my nose.

I was puzzled. I had never felt attraction for men or their sex tools, but now I was there and did not know what to do. Soon the man got tired of waiting, so he grabbed my head and pulled it forward. His cock pushed against my lips. I opened them letting it slide in. He then put a tighter hold to my head and began fucking my mouth. He went on faster and faster till he came a few minutes later, releasing his cum right into my throat, leaving me no choice than swallowing it.

When he moved away from me I noticed that two men were standing by the door. They had probably watched the whole scene. One of them came inside and took the place of the first man, pushing his cock inside my mouth. But this one was not fucking my face, so I began licking and sucking.

At a certain point, somebody talked to him in Turkish and he answered back. I did not get what was all about but, after a short discussion, the man in front of me took my shoulders and, without removing his cock from my mouth guided me from the sitting position to my knees first, then he lowered himself until he was sitting on the floor, leaving me on my fours with his cock still in my mouth. I hardly finished making myself as comfortable as I could in the new position, that a couple of fingers put soap on my ass hole and slid inside. I grasped and, at that point, I got really scared. I wanted to say something and tried to get the cock out of my mouth to tell them to stop all what they were doing. But the man in front of me was grabbing my head so hard and pushed it some more against his cock, while another two strong hands were grabbing my hips. I felt something big pointing against my little hole, and then started entering inside. The pain was incredible and I started screaming. The screaming caused my throat to open slightly and, since the noise of my screams was bothering them, the man in front of me began pushing his cock very hard inside my mouth, reaching my throat. I choked a little, but he left the cock right there. Since the pain was still bad, I tried to scream again. The man promptly pushed hard when he felt my throat loosening up to let my scream out, and his cock slide down my throat, causing me to deep throat him. He was holding my head firmly against his belly, with my lips touching his body and his cock completely inside my mouth and down my throat. He began thrusting in and out slowly, while the other one was fucking me wildly in the ass. The pain was going away little by little, but I had problems breathing now. However, the man in my throat did not last long, and came after a few more movements. I did not feel his cum, since this went straight down my throat.

He removed his cock from my mouth and then squeezed it making the last few drops of cum oozing out and fall on my tongue. Another man replaced him immediately. This man was more passive, and I had to do the licking and sucking. Right then, the man behind me increased his pace and came inside me with some deep moans. Once he pulled away,

another two hands grabbed my hips and another large cock impaled me. However, now I was loose, and the slippery soap mixed with cum made it easy. It went on like this for a while. I have lost the exact count, but I must have taken six cocks in my mouth and five in the ass.

Finally, they all left the small room. I wrapped my towel around the waist and I lied there for a while trying to regain my forces, and thinking about what had just happened. It was then that one attendant arrived with a message for me. I thanked him and opened the folded piece of paper. The message said:

"Did you have enough cocks, or do you need some more? You have been there for two hours and, in case you need some more, please tell the attendant. He will take care of that personally. Also, I would go shopping and return to pick you up later, little slut! Love, Ruth"

How did she know what had happened here?

I slowly managed to stand up. I felt weak because of the steam and broken into pieces because of those men.

I walked to the exit, heading to the dressing room. I gave the man the card with a large twenty-five written in red figures on it. He looked around in the shelves and retrieved bag number twenty-five with my personal belongings. With a large smile he told me:

"I am sorry but you need to use one of the dressing rooms on the left wing. The ones on the right wing are all busy."

"But the left wing is for women!" I remarked with surprise.

"Yes, it is, but there are no women in the Haman at this moment, so you can use it. Otherwise you would have to wait at least twenty minutes for your massage in case you stay in the right wing."

"Okay, thanks" I said while walking towards the left wing. I had no choice. Waiting for twenty minutes would have made Ruth think that I had some extra cock, and skipping the male section would avoid me seeing all those men again.

Inside there was a lady waiting to give massages. I am sure that in the other wing there was a man in charge of massaging men. She began massaging me with scented oils. Actually, these were scents that only women would use. I also noticed that when she was massaging my body she would avoid the chest area where normally tits are located.

It felt so good and I almost went to dreamland. Once she finished, I went in one of the dressing rooms. I locked it and opened the bag. I had a fit! What had happened to my things? I would have considered this a mistake of the man in charge of the bags with personal belongings, but I was very familiar with those things inside.

Jennifer's favorite light blue dress with knee length skirt, Jennifer's favorite patented heels matching the dress, along with stockings, bra, a tong, a handbag and so on. Jee, Ruth mentioned about going out dressed, but I did not expect it to be so soon, in this way and in full daylight! I thought to myself.

All involved in my thoughts, I began dressing up automatically, without really thinking, but when I heard my heels clicking on the floor while heading toward the door to unlock it, I chickened out.

'What the hell am I doing?' I thought to myself.

I sat on the small stool and went into desperation, not knowing what to do, till I was shaken up by a knock on the door.

"Miss Jennifer, are you ready for make up and hair style?"

What the hell is going on here, I mumbled in my brain. How does she know my femme name? Ruth is really going too far here. I need to stop her before she goes too far...

"I am coming..." I yelled back to the lady.

I opened the door and the lady from massage was in front of me, waiting.

"This way!" she said without a particular expression on her face, like being accustomed in dealing with men dressed in female outfits.

We walked through a corridor and ended in a small room with a large window. She made me sit and, without saying a word she began combing my hair. I have medium lenght hair, and she was combing and fixing it in a wavy and feminine style. Then she did my nails and toenails, worked on foundation, eyeliner, mascara, lipstick, till I was ready.

"Now you can go, they are waiting for you outside."

"What? Who is waiting for me outside? I came here with Ruth, my wife. She is just one person; you may have made a mistake, using the plural. I think. You mean she is waiting for me outside!"

"No, THEY are waiting for you outside. Just walk out and you will meet them." then she turned around and left through the corridor.

What was going on here? I began feeling a little bit scared not just for the fact of going out in daylight as Jennifer for the first time, but because I had no control on what was happening to me. I looked at my reflection in the mirror. Yes, this was definitely the best make over I ever had, but my masculine face was still very recognizable through the make up. It was so hard for me to take the courage and walk out. In addition, keeping my balance on the high heels on this antique and uneven floor was harder because my butt was sore after all the activity of just an hour earlier. I finally took a huge breath of air and headed out of the front door.

Chapter 4 – Turkish Delight

A stretched limousine was parked in front of the Haman. Once I walked outside, one of the darkened windows in the rear part of the car lowered and a man with moustaches yelled:

"Miss. Jennifer, please come over here!"

I walked there and the door opened. Now I could see Ruth sitting in the back seat, next to this man. She smiled at me and moved her hand to invite me inside and sit on the seat facing them.

"What is going on, Ruth? I need you to explain all of this to me!" I begged while entering the car and sitting down.

As soon as the door was closed, the car left.

"How do you feel Jennifer?" my wife asked.

"Well, I am very embarrassed. I am not accustomed in going around dressed like this..."

"You look so cute. But when I asked you how do you feel, I was referring to being a woman. In poor words, how do you feel now that you have been cock fed and well fucked?"

"How do you know about it?" I asked while blushing.

"Well, I watched everything you did through a spying mirror. You really were good with all those men. And also Ali liked you a lot..."

"You would make a wonderful belly dancer," said the man who I just learned was named Ali.

"But... I mean you had this entirely planned in advance? Ruth, how do you know Ali? What is it really going on here?"

"Relax, Jennifer" Ruth said with a sweet smile on her lips. "I am going to explain it to you during our drive."

All of this was really making me nervous.

"About one year ago, I got an idea" said Ruth while positioning herself in a comfortable way. "You have been doing Jennifer for quite a while, and I thought it was time to see how much Jennifer was part of you and how far she could go. I wanted to know this not just out of curiosity, but also for the sake of our marriage. Therefore, I have been surfing the net, visited all kind of web sites, taken part in tg forums, and so on. Then, in one of the forums I met Ali, who has been very kind in offering himself to help in this project. Is that correct, Ali?"

"You are absolutely right, my dear" answered Ali while taking Ruth's hand in his own.

Hey, what the heck is going on there? Why are they holding hands? Am I missing something here? I thought to myself while the limo was going very fast through the chaotic traffic of the rush hour.

"What kind of project are you talking about?" I asked with an apparently calm voice, but I was actually full of apprehension.

"Well, the Jennifer Project! Of course" and Ruth started laughing. "You see, I have been chatting about Jennifer with Ali for so long, and we worked out a solution: you MUST be Jennifer full time in the daylight for a short while, and see what happens. So, part number one of this project was checking your reaction in a feminine mood. For this reason you have been fed with female hormones for a while..."

"But how...?" I interrupted her.

"Simple. You have not been taking any kind of treatment for malaria. They were injections and pills of estrogens and anti androgens.... That is the reason you now have small tits, a silky and velvety skin, but also your tiny penis is soft and useless except for peeing!"

I sighed and felt betrayed. I could have accepted female hormones, but not this way, with me being completely unaware... What about I would not like all of this and wanted my penis to work again as it used to... Ruth must have guessed what I was thinking and said:

"Don't worry honey, your situation is still reversible, for another short while. Let's say for another few weeks. Then, the next step after hormones was to have you experience some cock, to see how you liked that. Ali was great to offer and plan all the rest. He arranged it so it looked to happen casually, in the Haman. He knows the owner of that place and about one month ago they put a notice on the entrance stating that the Haman was going to be closed to the general public today. The people you met there are all Ali's friends. We were checking you through some see-through mirrors and, from what we saw, you did not mind to get all those cocks. Now part number three is coming, and Ali will explain it to you, my dear..."

There was a short pause, and then Ali began speaking while the car stopped in front of a large building.

"The last part is to make you live your life as a full time girl for a while. This is not a problem for me, since I own several businesses, and I can hire you in one of them as Jennifer. I am sure you will learn your job quickly. In the meantime, I am going to accompany your gorgeous wife around Turkey for her vacations. She will relax and have fun while sightseeing our country and you have your experience. I assure you I am going to take good care of her as I will for you."

"But, Ruth... I thought we were staying together..." I mumbled.

"Well honey, I need some vacation and cannot stay with you while you are working as a girl. I do work as a girl all the time, so I need some time off. Also, please do not forget that because of your experience as Jennifer, I have not been receiving some cock for over two months now. I really love you very much, but you have to understand my needs as well!"

At that point Ali lifted his hand and knocked on the window. One of the two men outside opened the car's door and offered me his hand to help me pull out of the car.

"Don't worry" Ali said, "Lorraine is going to take good care of you!"

Since I was hesitating, Ali made a sign with his head and the man grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the car. The door closed and the car left immediately. I began crying. The two men accompanied me inside what looked like a nightclub. At the end of one long corridor we entered one room and there was a young, blond lady.

As soon as we entered the room she smiled and said:

"Hi, I am Lorraine, and you must be Jennifer, right?"

"Yes..." I replied in a soft and embarrassed tone of voice.

"Ok, welcome to Turkish Delight! Let me tell you briefly what is happening here. You are free to do anything you want in the morning and the early afternoon till five. Then you have to wear your waitress uniform and be ready by half past five, that is when we start cleaning and arranging the place. At seven the place opens and close at four in the morning. During that time your duty would be attending the tables by taking orders, bringing beverages and

food, cleaning the tables when the people leaves. All the tips are yours. Every now and then you will be given a card with a number. The number is to identify the booths upstairs. This means that somebody required your services. The systems works like this: In case somebody would be interested in you, he would take your name from the tag you are wearing. He would go to the cashier and pay for the service. Price varies according to the service requested. They would receive a magnetic card to open the booth, and a voucher. They would go upstairs where the booth are located and wait for you. In the meantime you would get a card with a number. In case it says number four, it means that your client is in booth number four. You go upstairs to the booth and knock on the door. The client would open the door and let you in, handing you the voucher. The voucher are colored: yellow is a hand job; blue is a blowjob; green is fucking; red is anal. Naturally, you are going to receive all vouchers except for the green one, since you do not have a pussy... yet! Be careful to collect and store the vouchers with good care. Your client has already paid for your services, but you only get paid your commission according to the vouchers you hand in at the end of each night. Your commission is twenty five percent of what Ali is charging for your services. You know, it is not that much, but he is giving us a place to stay, he is paying your salary as a waitress, and all that junk. He says that running this business is very expensive..." She paused a little bit, then continued:

"Once you have finished with your client, you MUST return serving the tables immediately. But before doing that it is mandatory that you reapply your makeup and readjust your dress. Eventually, replace the stockings in case there are runs on them, but try to be careful because Ali only allows us four pairs of stockings per week. Whatever we use extra has to be paid for. Now that you know everything about how things work, show me your buttocks; I need to give you an injection. We have another two girls like you, but this is not a place for gay customers, and Ali wants our waitresses' cocks to be soft and limp. All our customers are straight. Therefore, just like the other "girls", during all your staying here you will be required to take an injection every day before going to work. To avoid this and still work here, you do have only one option: accept to go through orchiectomy, that is, castration or, in poor words, getting rid of your little round jewels down there. Just like Dana did. She worked here till one year ago. But you probably do not want to do that. Or, at least, this is what your wife agreed with Ali, but in case you change your mind, we can get rid of them by tomorrow. We know a doctor specialized in this and he can do it in his studio in about one hour. Then you would not work for a few days to recover. What do you think, babe?"

This was sort of scaring. It was hard enough being in this position, but facing the risk of being emasculated was far too much. I loved to dress like a girl while at home, I had fantasies about sex as a girl, but this was not my lifestyle or, at least, I was not aiming to be a full time girl. Not a prostitute for sure!

"So, what do you think? Have you lost your tongue? You better find it again soon since you'll need it for the blowjobs as well in addition to speaking!" said Lorraine in an amused voice.

"No, I do not think I want to go that far. I want to be able to be a man again in case I want to." I said in full embarrassment.

"So you have to make your mind up pretty soon," said Lorraine while inserting the needle in my ass-cheek and beginning to inject the terrible liquid. "I know that Ali sent some of these vials to your wife and you already have been taking them for a while. It changes slightly from person to person, but keep well in your mind that about thirty of these will sterilize you, forty five are going to cause some permanent problems with future capability of getting an erection, and after sixty you would be permanently emasculated, just like having orchiectomy. Your round jewels would be there full of plain water and your tiny little penis is not going to be more useful than a clitty is for a girl. So, think about it soon babe!"

I mentally calculated the number of injections I took. I figured Ruth gave me about thirty of them. And the vacation we planned here was for three weeks. That would make a total of fifty-one injections in case I stayed here all the time. That is half way from permanent problems to work properly in the future and definite death of my masculinity. I figured I was probably sterile already! I began hating Ruth.

"Okay babe, the shot has been done. One day less left to your masculinity! Now go and relax. Soon you have to be ready."

I was accompanied to what was supposed to be my small bedroom. There was a closet but I realized I had not clothes with me except for the dress I was wearing. I opened the closet and could see four waitress' uniforms with a golden tag and Jennifer written on it, two pairs of patent leather shoes with five inch heels, underwear, thigh high stockings, garters, etc.

By then I began feeling tipsy. I guess it was the result of the injection. Jee, what kind of a terrible situation this was!

I lied on the bed trying to regain my forces and felt a little bit better. Then I closed my eyes and went to dreamland...

Chapter 5 – My new duties

A knock on the door woke me up. Without waiting for me to answer, Lorraine entered the room. As soon as she saw I was sleeping, her face turned immediately from a joyful expression to a very upset one.

"Jennifer! You need to learn how to behave here! Turkish Delight is not a club for sleepy heads! I only forgive you for tonight, being your first night here. Get dressed and put your make up on immediately. I'll be back in ten minutes and you MUST be ready by then!" and she left clicking on her heels.

I took a very quick shower, dressed and put the make up on. I was almost finished adjusting my wig when she came back.

"Come on, it's late. If you do not learn quickly and then behave properly, I am going to have you placed in the cages." and laughed.

"What are the cages?" I asked surprised.

"Come with me. Maybe we can still see the cage being adjusted."

By saying this, she began walking towards a back room, where a group of about ten persons were being tied completely naked to a strange device. This was on wheels and keeping them with their legs spread and their bust laying on a support with a pillow, to allow them some comfort. These people were either males or old transsexuals in their fifties or more.

"You see, these people need money. However, because they are either old or not nice looking, they would make very little or no money at all in an average night on the street market. Here they can get 200 dollars per night, but they need to spend four hours in that position, and take whatever comes for as long as it comes. You can see the assistants are moving the device next to the wall. Now, follow me."

We went in the next room, which appeared to be connected to the club's main room. On one side there were cubicles like in a restroom. Lorraine opened one of the cubicles with a card, and there was a butt in good view.

"As you can see, it is the same system of the glory hole. One pays for the card, usually the money requested is one third of what one would pay for anal sex with one of the waitresses like you, they insert the card and enter the cubicle. By the time they enter, they have fifteen minutes during which they can do whatever they want with that ass. There is no real control as long as it is a sex act. The big man in charge of security only comes in case somebody is trying to injure the person, like that time somebody stuck a lighted cigarette in a poor trans woman's ass. The guy was caught and had to agree to pay for the medical care of the trans woman. Since then, smoking is not permitted any more here and, before entering the cubicles, the persons are searched for cigarettes, lighters and any other tool that could cause injuries. But weird things are still happening, and I would not want to be in one of those cages for all the money of this world. I heard stories of many people not using condoms, and late at night somebody gets in to eat cum out of those asses! So, once somebody is inside, he can do anything he wants that is sexually related. After fifteen minutes there is a beep. They have one minute to get presentable again before the door unlocks. At that point they either get out, or the big man in charge of the cubicles will throw them out.

Jennifer, believe me: you may work quite hard for a nice amount of money, but they work extremely hard for little money!" and laughed.

"But now let's go. Turkish Delight will open in about 15 minutes and we need to be ready."

So, in a few minutes I was supposed to be one of the waitresses at Turkish Delight!

We arrived in the large stage room with all the tables around the stage where the dancers would exhibit themselves, and a couple was sitting at one of the tables, but I did not really pay close attention to them since Lorraine continued giving me directions.

"Hey sweetie!" A familiar female voice yelled. "We need some drinks over here!"

I turned my head to see Ruth and Ali sitting at one of the tables. Lorraine ordered me to go and serve them.

"What can I do for you folks?" I asked with some embarrassment.

"I would like a whisky, and you honey?" asked Ali while turning his face to Ruth. Ruth bent and whispered something into Ali's ear.

"Oh, I see. Well, she wants one whisky as well, my dear Jennifer," said Ali.

"Okay, I'll be back in one minute."

I passed the order and the barman gave me the two glasses of whisky. When I returned to the table Ruth had gone. I thought Ruth went to the ladies' room and did not pay that much attention until Ali gave me a card with number one on it. This meant booth number one. I went there and found Ruth sitting on an armchair with her legs spread apart and lying over the arm rests of the chair.

"Eat me and make me ready for Ali, dirty slut!"

I knelt down in front of her pussy.

"And remember, you don't get any kind of commission or payment for this. Your only reward would be seeing Ali fucking me in a few minutes..."

I began licking her pussy, as I used to do in the old, glorious days, except that now it felt different: she was in charge!

A few moments later she was moaning and her pussy all wet and juicy.

"Get out of the way little bitch, but don't leave the room!" Ali's voice ordered from behind me.

I stood up and then stepped aside. Ali was already naked and with a big hard on. His cock was impressive, probably eight inches, which made my five inches tool look tiny in comparison. He went straight in front of Ruth and impaled her with a single thrust. She moaned deeply. Then he began pumping in and out of her pussy. The booth soon was filled with her scent. Ruth was having multiple orgasms. I was staying there emotionless. It is funny, on one side I felt a bit jealous, but on the other I was feeling nothing. I could not get an erection due to the injections, and therefore not sexual excitement was taking over me from this scene but I was also powerless since Ali was the only one in the booth capable of fucking Ruth. And in less than half a day I felt that Ruth was almost a stranger, an icon from the past, a sweet and tender memory hidden in the history files of my mind...

"On your knees, waitress!" Ali suddenly ordered.

I knelt down on the floor.

"Open your mouth, bitch!"

I opened my mouth. At that very moment, Ali turned to me and, with a huge grunt, he came, with powerful jets of cum in my mouth and one of them hit my face.

"Suck it clean now" Ali ordered.

A few moments later he moved away and started dressing. He ordered me to lick Ruth clean from her juices. I knelt down again in front of her and licked her dry. When I was finished I realized that Ali had left the booth. Ruth pulled her skirt down and before leaving the room turned to me and smiled.

"Thanks, my sweet Jennifer. You really make a wonderful slutty waitress. I want you to know that I am leaving with Ali tomorrow morning. We are going to visit the inner part of Turkey. We shall be back in less than three weeks. Just in time to pick you up and fly back home. Promise me to be a good girl during this time."

"I promise." I said a little shyly.

"Okay baby. See you soon and, in the meantime, squeeze as many men as you can, since when we return home you would have to forget about men!"

"See you Ruth!" I said with a cold tone of voice.

She threw me a kiss with her hand, but I did not respond, sort of ignoring her. She left. I went to the waitress' room to wash the cum out of my face and retouch my make up. Then I walked back to the club. Quite a few tables were occupied now, and on the dance floor a girl was making a belly dance. The table where Ali and Ruth had been sitting was free now. Lorraine walked towards me.

"Here is your tip from Ali" and handed me ten dollars. "Go to table fifteen, it has not been attended yet."

I headed towards table fifteen, where two men were sitting. They were all dressed up and acted formally, like businessmen. I took the order for their drinks and brought them to the table. Then noticed a party of four just entering the club and accompanied them to a table. While I was taking their order, Lorraine came and handed me a card with number three. I served the drinks to the party of four and then walked upstairs to booth three. One of the two businessmen was there. I greeted him, and he handed me a red card for anal. I took the card and placed it in my pocket. Then I lifted my skirt lowered my pants to let him do whatever he had to do. It had quite a big cock, and it hurt a little bit. Luckily he did not last that long, probably six or seven minutes. I then removed the condom from his cock and handed him a paper towel. I walked to the door to go back to my duty, but the other businessman was there and entered the booth while the first one was leaving. He handed me a red card as well. Another anal. This time it was more painful. Although his cock was slightly smaller than the one from his friend, my ass was probably slightly irritated by the first fucking. Once it was over, I returned down to the main floor.

By the end of the evening I had collected four cards for anal and three for blow jobs plus forty-five dollars in tips from the tables. Not bad.

That night it was hard for me to sleep. I really hated Ruth's behavior. It was hurting me a lot. If she wanted me to experience life as a girl while she would be going to bed with another man, okay. I could understand it, since we would be both having sex with other persons. But giving me hormones without informing me, organizing all this without even checking with me ahead and, what worst, keeping this attitude of having full control on me... this was way too much!

Chapter 6 – An important decision

When I woke up the next morning I was like a new person. I had made a very important decision that night. I dressed up and went around searching for Lorraine.

"Lorraine, my dear, I need to talk to you for a few minutes."

"Sure." said Lorraine. "What is the problem, honey?"

"Well, it is not a real problem. I have made an extremely important decision tonight and would like to have your help to make everything work successfully." I said with some enthusiasm like I never had recently.

"If I can, I am surely going to help you. I do not see why not. Tell me everything my dear."

"Well, I am stuck. I am really stuck in an odd position and I want to get out of it as soon as possible. My wife organized all of this to make me try what it meant to be living as a woman. Well, I think that she actually put me in a position where I am experiencing what it means being a prostitute, not a woman. And I am taking all those shots of hormones. I am already three quarters the way through irreversibility. If I continue till she is back, I would never be able to be a man any more. So, what is the meaning of this project? I think it is just power. She wants to keep me under her control. But being Jennifer this way it is not being a woman, but a slave. So, I have made my decision. I want to be a girl. But I want it to be my personal choice, my decision. Not Ruth's decision..."

"I see. And how could I help you with that?"

"You mentioned that Turkish Delight has a policy to help these changes by paying for them up front and then charge them gradually back. I would love you to help me to get an orchiectomy as soon as possible and also a breast implant with some plastic surgery to my face to make me more feminine and take out those masculine traits away."

"Well, what you are asking for is not impossible here. After all we did it for Dana. But we need to talk with Raymond. He is the one in charge for this kind of things. Let's go immediately to see what he has to say."

At first Raymond was not willing to take such a decision without discussing it with Ali first. But Lorraine was very helpful and convinced him. Two days later I entered the hospital to be dismissed four days later with a few changes: I had lost my testicles, I had real tits, and my nose and other face traits were feminine now, although still bruised. In addition, they retouched my vocal cords and now I had a higher pitch, and shaved my Adam apple. I had a few days off to recover before working again. Then I started electrolysis to remove my beard and body hair permanently. Lorraine and Raymond kept the secret, and when either Ali or Ruth was calling they would say I was a great success. And I was. Although I still needed to complete electrolysis and my face was still a bit weird because of the surgery, when I started working again, I had double requests that the first couple of days at Turkish Delight. And I needed them, since I owed twenty-five thousands dollars to Turkish Delight. We figured it would take about six months in case I was successful. So, I had to be! Then I would work for a few months there to get some extra money, and then probably leave and start my real life as a woman by myself, since I felt that Ruth had other projects for me in her mind.

It was on the third day after I started working again and three days before Ruth and Ali would get back that something unexpected happened.

I was given the card for booth number four. I went there and found a man in his thirties, well dressed and showing wealth with his thick gold bracelet and rings. He handed me two cards, one blue and one red, that is one blowjob and anal. I asked him which one he wanted to start with. He wanted a blowjob first and anal to follow. I was in a good mood that night and gave him what I thought would be a good blowjob. Then he rested for about ten minutes before he could get hard again, during which he stared at me all the time. I just kept smiling him back, since I was embarrassed and did not know what to do. Then he got his anal sex. He was gentle and very good. In poor words, one of the few times I happened to feel some pleasure while being assfucked. Usually men are quite rude and fast.

Once we finished we both collapsed on the bed to relax.

"What is your name, little girl?" He asked.

"Jennifer, Sir."

"Are you happy here, Jennifer?"

"I don't really know, Sir."

"What do you mean with that. Are you happy or not?"

"I don't know Sir. This is only my second week here, and had one week off because of surgery. I had orchiectomy, breast implants, etc. So, I have been working at Turkish Delight only five days in total. Too little to determine whether I am happy or not, Sir."

"Would you like to be one of my wives?"

I was surprised at first, but then remembered that polygamy is common in Muslim countries. But I also remembered that they cover their women's faces. What would be the sense of surgery and electrolysis when you have to keep everything covered up?

"I don't know, Sir. But I don't think you can marry me. First of all I am not a girl. Although I am a good way through the process of complete feminization, I still have a penis. It is useless, but it is a penis and it is still there..."

He smiled showing enjoyment, spent a few seconds thinking and then continued.

"I know exactly what you are. And I would not want you to get rid of that tiny little thing. It is part of your being special. I would consider you as one of my wives, although you won't be able to be one..."

"I don't know if you can afford me!" I interrupted him. "I cost Turkish Delight a lot of money, and surely they want it back."

"Don't worry, I can pay. And if I like something, I would pay for it. But you need to stay with me at least three to five years according to how much money I have to pay them. You would get your own apartment, with a maid coming in half a day to fix it, and a monthly amount of money to spend on whatever you want, or save it. The only thing is that you must be available for my pleasure and my friends' pleasure at any time this is requested."

Well I was supposed to be a slut at Turkish Delight, and here I could not refuse to have sex with whoever was willing to have sex with me. It was originally supposed to be for a short time, but at that point I knew it would not be so short. I felt that Ruth got tired of me, and was trying to find excuses to drop me forever. There was no other explanation to what she was doing to me. I could have tried being a girl and working at Turkish Delight for a couple of weeks without getting the female hormones and, eventually, return to my old self once this project was over. The way Ruth planned it involved that, no matter how I felt or how I would change my personality while at Turkish Delight, I would never ever be the same as before. My masculinity would have been destroyed and turned me into a useless man. Either this is what she wanted from me, a useless sissy maid to be enslaved and give her the freedom to be with her male lovers, or use my lost masculinity as an excuse to divorce from me.

Accepting this man's proposal would have turned me from a public slut into a private slut but also making me free from Ruth by taking me away from Ali's control and ruining whatever she might have been planning for my future.

"I accept only if you take me away from here within tomorrow!" I found myself saying to this man.

"Tomorrow evening you are going to be in your new apartment, you have my word!" he said with a warm smile.

At that point he left and I returned to my duties and was thinking what this man could be able to do. It was funny, but I did not even know his name at that point.

Sure enough, the next morning Lorraine rushed into my room like a thunder.

"What is going on here?" She asked almost yelling.

"I don't know what you are talking about?" I replied.

"There is a man downstairs offering an awful lot of money for you, and Raymond is forced to accept his offer because the man has good connections and could have the Mayor not renewing our license to be open to the public.

"Well, evidently my value is quite high if all of this is happening." I said with a grin.

She was mad but did not say a word...

"Please, Lorraine, don't look at me that way. I did not do anything to encourage this. Evidently I am worth more than the other girls. What can I tell you?" I said blinking my right eye to her.

"You bitch! Just wait that Ruth and Ali return..."

"And what the hell can they do once they return?" I interrupted her. "I had a wife who injected me hormones, brought me here and turned me into a slut, without even asking for my opinion or informing me of what was happening. She left me alone to go around Turkey and being fucked by Ali. So, why should I wait for her? She had no rights to the things she did to me. And now she has no rights to stop me..."

Lorraine walked away, slamming the door behind her.

About fifteen minutes later Raymond came in my room and said in a nasty voice:

"Jennifer, please pack all your belongings and get yourself ready to go. Your friend will pick you up in about one hour from now. Good luck!" and left.

I laughed and was happy. I finally had the situation in my favor! Or at least, for the first time in a few months, something was happening in the way I decided it would happen!

But I was surprised to see that it happened so easily.

Chapter 7 – Changing duties

One hour later my new friend, whose name was Bess, came to pick me up. He drove me to what was supposed to become my apartment and informed me that I had three days available for making all the changes I wanted to do to the place or simply rest. He would not disturb me for the three days. He also gave me the phone number of the person in charge to do all the changes I wanted to the apartment. I thanked him very much and began studying the apartment.

It was not bad at all. Quite large, with a kitchen, dining room, sitting room, one large bedroom, one smaller bedroom.

I decided to replace the curtains with some nicer ones, rearranged the sitting room, since I did not like the way they set it up, and made other minor changes.

On the third day I just finished fixing the place up to my taste, when the phone rang. It was Lorraine. Ali and Ruth just returned and she called me to say that Ali was upset and Ruth shocked for what had happened. They both wanted to see me. I told her she could send them to my place in the afternoon. Then I called Bess. I wanted him to be here with me when they came.

They arrived at three o'clock that afternoon. Ali was visibly mad, and Ruth's eyes were red, like she had been crying.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen" Bess greeted them with a smiling face "what is the honor of your visit?"

"We are here for Jennifer!" Ruth blurted.

"I see. However, from now on, you have to ask for my permission in case you need to see Jennifer. She signed to be my own property for the next three years."

"Why have you done this to me, Jennifer? You are my husband, and should come away with me right at this minute." said Ruth

"Not really, my dear Ruth. I am surely not an easy person and my gender is confused. However, in case I was required to go through a real life test as a girl like this one, it would have been something to be discussed and agreed together, like in any other married couple. I feel I would have agreed to go through a real life test as Jennifer, should the test have been made in the proper way. But you had to take control of the situation and decide what to do on your own. Then you left me in a brothel, to work as a prostitute while you were having fun and sex with Ali. Yes, you were having fun, and did not worry about anything else; you did not care about your husband at all. Now that your game is over and you had all the fun you wanted, you can't find your husband anymore. I am sorry to inform you that your husband Simon does not exist any more. I had orchiectomy, so I am no longer able to have children, and probably unable to get erections forever. But I don't care. I prefer to be a useless man and live as a woman than being your own puppet. Yes, I made a big decision, and you have helped with that. If I was supposed to be a sissy slave at your service, you made a wrong plan. I prefer to be a useless tranny by my own decision. Then, in case I have to be a slut to survive, I prefer to be a slut for one man or more men of my own choice, instead of being a slut for a club you selected. I must not forget to mention you that your behavior has influenced a lot the result of my decision. In case it was just a short time test like you have mentioned, would you please explain the reason I had to take such strong injections that would leave me completely sterile and permanently unable to get an erection by the time the test was over? A test is meant to be something short and reversible at any time. I am not completely sure about your final goal, but for sure you had planned to destroy my male sex by the time the test was over. What else can I say?"

Ruth was crying. She turned to Ali and asked:

"Is that true, Ali? Are those injections so strong as she is claiming?"

"Yes my dear. They are." Said Ali with a serious voice. "What Jennifer was taking were injections of very strong female hormones, anti-androgens and other powerful chemicals. Even a strong male full of testosterone would be chemically castrated in two to three months at the most. Probably in the case of Jennifer, being a person with gender issues and a weak male persona, she would be completely emasculated in thirty to forty days..."

"...and Jennifer took the shots for thirty days at home, plus two weeks here for a total of about fifty days..." Ruth cried out in a desperate voice, interrupting Ali.

"You see Ruth, my dear, it is not my fault. You cannot blame me for what has happened. With the orchiectomy I only removed something that was dead already, I mean, that you killed!" I said with a grin.

"But... I did not know! Why you did not tell me, Ali? Why you did not mention anything about this?" Ruth asked with a desperate voice.

"Well," Ali said with a calm and amused voice "when we got in touch and you told me in your first message that you wanted to feminize your husband and, at the same time, you needed to be with a real man badly, while he would experience a few weeks by living as a real woman. In my experience no wife would want to feminize her husband requesting me to supply the hormones to change his body if she really cares for that person as a husband. Then, you requested a REAL MAN to really feel what it is like to be fucked by a real stallion. To me, that means that you have never been with a real man. Or better, your man is a sissy husband, no good at all as a man, and you want to make a girl out of him, while having fun with real men..."

"STOP IT!" Yelled Ruth. "This is too much!"

"Too much but very interesting indeed!" I added. "So, this is the truth. You wanted a REAL MAN, since your husband was not up to his role, but just a sissy boyfriend. You have been very smart, Ruth. Congratulations. You now have what you had been planning for: a sissy, castrated, useless husband named Jennifer and a real hunk and stallion named Ali. Now, would you please leave me alone and go enjoy your stallion?"

Ali stood up, picked Ruth's arm and accompanied her to the door. They left without a word, while Ruth was crying.

Chapter 8 – My little revenge

A couple of weeks later, after one of my shopping tours, I happened to pass in front of Turkish Delight and saw Ruth's image among the photos of the girls working there. She was smiling and wearing the Turkish Delight's uniform: spike heels, fishnet stockings, garters, and a sexy lace full corset. I got very curious and once home I could not resist calling Lorraine for more details.

"Oh, she is now working as a waitress" she said giggling. "You know, Ali was really mad about this situation and wanted the money that you owe him back. Bess did not pay a single penny after he heard the true story about you and therefore Jennifer still owes him over twenty five thousand dollars. Normally, he would have tried to get you back working here, but your friend Bess is too strong for him. You know, Raymond is a tough guy, no wonder he is Ali's right arm. But the reason Bess could get you so easily is due to the fact that he knows the Mayor and has a lot of friends among police officers, judges and so on. Just to give you an example, the day he picked you up, he first came in at nine o'clock in the morning to talk to Raymond. He was treated like shit and left. By eleven o'clock, a police car stopped in front of Turkish Delight, and three officers came in. They began looking around and, by the time they were through they left Raymond with a total of twenty thousand dollars in fines, for infringed regulation, and other things I do not have a clue about. They mentioned they also found some other irregularities that did not list in the papers since these would automatically have Turkish Delight closing down for some time and lose some of the licenses. When the officers left, one of them turned back and said that, by the way, Mr. Bess Yolughi was sending his best regards. Raymond got the message and started screaming and cursing Bess. At noon, Bess was back to talk to Raymond. He said that when he came the first time he was willing to <buy> you back, but now, since he had to ask for some favors at the Police Department, he wanted you for free. Raymond opened his mouth to say something but Bess blocked him by saying that in case he would not call the Police Department to say everything was okay, the Police Officers were scheduled to be back at three in the afternoon to seal the doors of Turkish Delight because

of all the irregularities they found. Then you know the rest. He was able to pick you up without paying one cent!"

"Oh my God! I guess Ali must be red with rage because of all the money he has lost!" I said quite amused.

"Oh, not really. You do not know Ali. He always has a way to turn all the cards in his favor. Considering everything, from your surgery, to the fines he got from the Police, the cost of your hormones, and so on, you owe him something like fifty-five thousands dollars! The police was more expensive than your hormones and surgery.... He would never accept to lose such a large amount of money. So, he decided to have your wife, or better, I guess at this point we can call her your ex-wife, to pay him back. She is now a slut at Turkish Delight and it may take her from two to three years to pay the debt back!"

I started laughing hysterically, and also Lorraine laughed. We could not stop. A bitchy wife had been turned into a slut to repay for the damages made by her own stupid joke!

But my revenge was not over. Since once in a lifetime things had turned in my favor, I had to take advantage of the situation.

I knew that Ruth hated anal sex. We tried it a few times in the past but, in spite of my small dick, she said it was too painful and made me stop all the times. I asked Bess to help me, since I could not get hard any longer, and he was willing to. We decided that each night at least three of his friends who had very big cocks would come here. I would give them a blowjob to let them come and take the top excitement out of them, so that they would last longer later. Then they would go to Turkish Delight, buy the red vouchers for anal sex, wait for Ruth in the booth, and fuck her up in her ass, trying to resist as much as they could, fucking her wildly and in a tough way. I have been told that, usually, by the time the third friend was ass fucking her, she was sobbing and in tears...

Chapter 9 – The trip back home

Three years have passed now. My deal with Bess is over and I am able to return back home. I feel sort of sorry that this is over, but I also miss home. Bess has been so kind and during these years he also financed me for more facial surgery and other nice things to feminize my body. I also had to go to the embassy to replace my passport, as I would have never be able to get back home as Jennifer while having a male photo and Simon as my first name on it. But I could not try to pass as Simon with a large female breast! They would not accept replacing my male passport with a female one as long as I had my penis, which would classify me as a "male".

At that point, I decided that either having a useless penis that was unable to give me an orgasm, or having nothing would be exactly the same. Therefore, one of the last things that Bess financed for me was a penile inversion surgery about one month ago. After that, I finally got my passport with Jennifer's name and photo on it.

Once I reached Istanbul's Ataturk International Airport, I realized that also Ruth was in line at the check-in desk. She was different too. Her lips were now like a professional cocksucker's lips. She must have had them filled. Also, her breast was different. She used to be a B cup, now she is probably an E cup. Very slutty!

She was ahead and did not see me. Once at the check in desk I asked not to be seated next to her. And I was lucky since she only saw me at passport control back in our country. We took the same train back home, but did not speak to each other for the entire trip. It was

nice to be back home after three year. But it felt weird. We left three years ago as a normal couple for a summer vacation of three weeks, and returned three years later as a professional slut and a male to female post-op transsexual. Of course, we both had lost our former jobs.

I agreed with Ruth that we would divorce. She would take the downtown apartment and told me she planned to use it as a working place for her new profession: she is going to be a call girl. With all the experience she made in three years at the Turkish Delight, I am sure she would be very successful. If she only knew that she had been ass fucked a few hundred times as my revenge, she would kill me. But she thinks it was probably just part of her job!

Instead, I am going to take the house we have on the mountain. I always loved that place. I also have a new job. As I mentioned before, Bess has some great connections, and managed to find me a job at the Turkish embassy in our country as a secretary. The working place is only one hour from my house on the mountain. Not too bad.

But once I get my life on the right track again, I want to get married with a nice and rich man. I want to have somebody taking care of me. In case I am not successful here, Bess said that he is always willing to take me back as his toy.

This is all, my friends. In case something changes in my life, I will let you know about that. The only advice I can give you is about being careful and always find out what your wife is trying to inject inside you, particularly in case you have not seen the doctor and she did everything by her own initiative. You never know: some unexpected changes might happen!

The end

One minute of your time would make me very HAPPY!

Dear Friend,

I can see from the download reports that thousands and thousands of friends are reading my stories, but very, very few of them write a feedback.

You can use the feedback form available on asstr.org, which would leave you completely anonymous. But I assure you that in case you send your feedback from your standard e-mail program, your privacy would be strictly respected. I am not going to answer you back unless you make some questions or ask for my comments on something.

Knowing what my friends think about each one of the stories currently posted on the web would help me improve my future stories.

I understand that your time is money. But in case this story completely free of charge has made you happy for one hour, you would make me happy as well by spending just one minute of your time dropping me a line! I feel the price is fair...

Thank you very much from the bottom of my heart.

Sara

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**Above: Sara posing
©2007 by Sara Duresi**

Cover photo:
Sunset in Istanbul. ©2007 by Sara Duresi

(Photos of persons, including myself, have been disguised
in respect of Assrt policy and their privacy)

A little about Sara.

I am an Italian transgender person. I travel all around the world, I have a great job, I love to cook and experiment with new recipes, I love good food, good wine (I am not a drinker, but I am unable to resist a glass of great wine). I have been living with a wonderful and supportive girlfriend for many years (a genetic girl) although we are now in a stand-by situation. I read everything, from detective stories to fiction, historical, bios, and I am into great movies as well. I am happy to have been given the gift of enjoying the emotions of life both as a boy and as a girl. It is not easy for me to decide which one is the best.

If you want to know more about the transgender world, and myself, please check the file "Once in a Blue Moon". It being revised for mistakes right now and going to be available in Sara Duresi's folder on asstr from July 2007.

I send a hug to all my readers and, any comment you may have, good or bad, please drop me a line (quoting the title of this story in the "subject" line, to avoid being erased as junk mail) at my address:
saraduresi@hotmail.com

Thanks also for accepting some "typos" or grammar mistake in my story, as Italian is my first language and English my second. Thanks!

Other than this, I wish you all the best for a great life, either you live as a boy, or as a girl (T-boy or T-girl as well!)