

© Copyright, Emanon_Pen, 2005. All Rights Reserved.

The stories on this website are works of fiction. Any characters resemblance to persons living or dead is purely and entirely coincidental. Any actions taken by the characters or the portrait of such actions never occurred and if they mimic any form of reality, it is purely and entirely coincidental.

These stories contain explicit descriptions of sexual activity and may be perceived by some as being pornographic. If you feel that literary erotica is pornographic, then do not continue surfing this website or begin reading any of the stories posted here. If you inadvertently or with willful intent download a story to your computer or receive it as an e-mail attachment, then you should DELETE IT NOW AND LEAVE THE WEBSITE. The author assumes no responsibility if a minor downloads this story, is caught, and prosecuted by his parents or the federal, state, and/or local government.

This copyrighted material may not be freely distributed onto any website or newsgroup without the express written consent of the author.

Commercial websites that post this copyrighted material without the express written consent of the author and payment of royalties to the author will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

You may download this story for personal use. You may make no changes to the story and the copyright statement must not be removed. The author grants no other permissions to you or your successors.

Caught with Consequences

The phone rang in Virginia Monroe's office breaking the silence in the room and her thoughts about how to make up the short fall of sales in the newest division under her control. The voice of Angela Carter, her rather young Executive Secretary came through the hands-free intercom further causing her to stop pondering over what she considered to be her biggest challenge in the past three years.

"Mrs. Monroe, there is a Mr. Giordano here to see you. He said he did not have an appointment and was insistent that I interrupt you," she said with a noticeable amount of stress in her voice.

"It is ok Angela," replied Virginia in a soothing voice that conveyed trust to her assistant. "Tell Mr. Giordano to have a seat and I promise I will be with him in no more than ten minutes."

"Yes, Mrs. Monroe. I didn't want to interrupt, but he kept on insisting saying he did not need an appointment," Angela continued, thus making sure that Mrs. Monroe knew she tried to control the situation and was put upon by him to interrupt her.

"Again, Angela, it is ok. Mr. Giordano is only doing what I expressly told him to do and I should have let you know. I am sorry. Let Mr. Giordano know I will be with him in ten minutes. I have to finish this memo I am writing so you can get it out to the Senior Management of all the operating divisions," replied Virginia to her Executive Secretary.

Virginia knew it would not take her ten minutes to finish the memo as she'd been working on it for over an hour today and at least two hours yesterday. She wanted the ten minutes to compose herself considering Mr. Giordano said it would be at least six to eight weeks before he had any information for her. Looking at the calendar on her twenty-one inch flat screen Sony monitor, which was cleverly hid into the top of her custom made mahogany desk, she quickly calculated that only three weeks had passed since she had spoken to him and engaged him for his services. Virginia Monroe, President and Chief-Executive Officer of Diane Designs, LLC for the past five years used her hard nosed business acumen and a strong working knowledge of the apparel industry to grow Diane Designs into the world's largest women's clothing and accessories firm. She graduated from a the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York City with a bachelor's degree in Fashion Marketing, but it was her attending and graduating from the Harvard Business School with a Masters in Business Administration in Marketing and Finance Magna Cum Laude that had given her entrance to her choice of the largest manufacturing and service companies in America. She knew from the day she graduated that she wanted to run, control, invest in, and grow a diversified woman's apparel company. She wanted to find a small non-descript mom and pop company that had potential, with a young, preferably female designer that could and would make a splash in the *haute couture* world, and an owner that would see her strengths and give up the reigns of the company to her. Jonathan Cohen and his wife Rebecca were the people who saw in her the potential to make something of in a sense, nothing. They owned what was at the time was a small specialty apparel manufacturing company on Seventh Avenue in New York City and had an in-house designer named Diane Von Masters. Diane Von Masters was only twenty-two and a recent graduate of - yes - The Fashion Institute. Between the

three of them they had all the right ideas, eclectic and contemporary designs, knowledge of the textiles needed to construct their designs, and work ethic, but lacked the merchandising, sales, and financial expertise needed to move Cohen Fashions forward.

The first move Virginia made upon being hired five years ago was to convince Jonathan and Rebecca Cohen to change the public operating name of the company to Diane Designs, LLC. This would allow Virginia to market the designer and her designs and not have to worry about convincing the banks and potential sportswear and evening wear buyers what Cohen Fashions were all about. They readily agreed and it did not take Virginia long to make her mark on the industry. Now, as the Chief Executive Officer of Diane Designs, LLC she was the individual that could make or break a designer or decide what was going to be the 'in' fashion or accessory item for the upcoming season.

Virginia slid back the chair she was sitting in, stood up, and stretched. In her stocking feet she stood five feet eleven inches, and weighed a svelte 130 pounds, but with the three inch Bruno Magli heels she was wearing she stood six feet two inches. She used her height to her advantage and usually only had to look up into a man's eyes when she was talking to a professional basketball player. She took care of herself by starting each day at 6:00 AM with an hour-and-a-half workout in the gym she had installed in the newly constructed corporate headquarters on the fifteenth through twenty-third floors in 1412 Seventh Avenue. Today she was dressed for a business meeting with two of the banks that provided the initial funding for the public offering that was made two years ago. The stock opened at \$25.00 a share and in the two years subsequent has stabilized at \$256.75 a share turning her into one of the wealthiest women in America. She was wearing a custom made merino wool pin-stripe business suit, a white-on-white man tailored shirt open at the neck, around her neck was a solid platinum chain from which hung a three carat diamond heart, and navy blue real silk stockings. Virginia Monroe looked, acted, and portrayed the role of a business magnate to the world, but inside she now feared what she would hear from the gentleman waiting to enter her office.

Virginia Monroe with instinct borne of repetition hit the intercom key on her phone and said matter-of-factly, "Angela, please show Mr. Giordano into my office." She then hit the button a second time cutting off the connection so she would not have to hear Angela reply to her request.

She heard the quiet knock on the door. Virginia reached under her desk and pressed the button that would release the lock and automatically open the door to her office. The security company insisted that she install this system to control ingress and egress to her office. This eliminated the need to have a bodyguard sitting outside her office to protect her while she was working. She hated having to accept the security system but Jonathan and Rebecca, although not involved with the day-to-day operations of the company, still held the controlling shares of Diane Designs, LLC and sometimes she just had to accept what they told her to do. She watched as the door silently glided open to reveal the personage of one Mr. Antonio Giordano.

Antonio Giordano, all five feet eight inches of him, strode into her office wearing what had to be the shoddiest and oldest wool gabardine suit in the history of man. His shoes looked like they hadn't been polished since the day they were first put on his feet. His tie was a dark blue and gray paisley that she knew he wore to hide the tomato sauce stains of his favorite dish – lasagna, but not just any lasagna, it had to be from Mamma Leone's on Eighth Avenue and 48th Street. His shirt was the only piece of clothing that looked as if it had just come out of the initial packaging or was just retrieved from the laundry. He definitely was a man that did not think anything about self-image, but he was considered the best at his profession. At age 55, he was a retired New York City Homicide Detective having spent thirty-three years on the job. He would have stayed longer, but the handwriting was on the wall when he 'accidentally' shot a drug kingpin fifteen times in the chest at close range, thus emptying the clip in his Glock Model 19 9MM. So, he took 100% retirement, received his private investigators license without taking any qualification tests, and opened a small private investigative firm out of his house in the Brighton Beach section of Brooklyn. It did not take long for all of his detective buddies to start sending clients and after some of the top defense lawyers heard he was establishing an investigative firm put him on retainer for services they knew only he could provide to the chagrin of the District Attorney's Office.

"Mrs. Monroe, thank you for not making me wait longer than you said," Tony said in a very noticeable thick Brooklyn accent, as he strode up to her desk. "You look charming and quite beautiful today."

"Thank you, Mr. Giordano," she replied smiling to herself that it didn't take long for her to spot a nice dime sized tomato stain on his tie. And thankful the he did not proffer his hand for a hand shake that she really wasn't in the mood to partake of.

"Please, Mrs. Monroe, call me Tony. All my friends call me Tony. May I sit?"

"I'm sorry, Tony. I got distracted for a moment. Why don't we move over to the other side of the office in the alcove by the windows? I'd prefer to sit there and relax while we speak," Virginia said as she maneuvered him over the lounge chair that made it difficult for him to be seen from any other part of her rather large elegantly decorated, but utilitarian office. "Should I assume that you have some information for me all ready?"

"Yes," he replied as he placed his body into the \$3500.00 Corinthian Leather lounge chair. Virginia took the seat opposite him thus placing the glass and marble coffee table between them. It was then she noticed the manila envelope he had in his right hand. He looked at it and said, "By you giving me the travel itinerary, I had enough time to establish myself in one of the hotels on the list. I used my New York charm and a few hundred dollars to get situated in a room diagonally across from the person you wanted me to investigate. It didn't take long to have what I needed installed in the person's room while it was empty. The results of the investigation are in this manila envelope."

Virginia had not taken her eyes from his. She continued to stare directly into Tony's eyes and without blinking asked, "May I see the contents?"

Tony laughed to himself and wondered why she would ask to see what was in the envelope. "And what makes you think I'm trying not to show you what I have found out. I was... Fuck it..." he sighed as he tossed the envelope onto the table between them. "Remember, all I did was what you asked."

Visibly trying to keep her hands from shaking, Virginia leaned forward and reached for the envelope that was sitting in the middle of the table. She could see Tony trying to catch a glimpse into the open collar of her shirt and thought to herself, *what a pig, glad I'm not opening my legs for him*. She picked up the envelope and was taken immediately by the weight of it. She turned it over, found the metal clasp that held the flap closed, pried it together, and opened the flap. She looked at Tony and said, 'Should I look or should I close it and forget about knowing anything?"

Tony smiled to himself thinking that this bitch was questioning whether or not she should go forward; when if she knew what he all ready did, but that was for another time and place. "Virginia, you paid me a rather handsome retainer and expenses to find out what you wanted to know. What you felt could be true, but needed proof. Inside that envelope is your answer. I'm not going to advise you on whether or not you should look at its contents, but what I'm going to do is thank you for your trust in my work and tell you that if you need me in the future, I'm just a phone call or a visit to my office away. I think it would be better for both of us if we didn't use e-mail to correspond."

Tony Giordano used his sixth police sense to realize he had to let Virginia know that it would be best for her to look at the contents while she was alone. He stood up and looked down at her, smiled, and said, 'I'll just find my way out and leave you to your business. There won't be a need to invoice you as I have completed the assignment in a time frame well underneath the value of your retainer payment." With that he turned, stepped into the main area of her office, quietly strode to the door, tapped lightly enough that Angela heard, and she pressed the button under her desk to open the door for his exit.

Virginia Monroe sat in the leather chair staring at the envelope, trying to quell the nervousness running through her svelte body, and mentally going from yes to no on whether she should look at its contents. She thought to herself that if she didn't find out now she would find out sooner or later and sooner would be much better than later. Because later could be an embarrassment. Virginia took a deep breath, let it out, and felt the anxiety and stress leave her body. She was ready for whatever was inside that envelope. She reached for it, pulled the contents out, and began to read the typed information that was attached to the cover of the photo album she held in her hands. She read the investigative report twice before she put the album down on her knees and opened it to reveal the first picture.

"Oh, my God," she silently cried to herself. She paged through the album from front to back and back again. It took all her mental and physical abilities to keep from throwing the ten thousand dollar photo album across the room or in the garbage. Virginia now understood why Tony graciously left her alone, rather than being witness to her finding

out that her gut feelings were correct. She stood and let the album fall to the floor. She walked around her office for fifteen minutes trying to figure out how she was going to approach settling the problem that had been presented to her. When she returned to a semblance of emotional and psychological order within herself, she realized that the only warranted action was confront the problem head on, just like she did everything else in her life.

She walked with a purpose back to her desk chair, sat down, opened her word processor, and began typing a letter to Mr. Giordano. It didn't take her long to put into words his instructions and how to reach her when and if he accomplished her requests. She printed two copies, closed the program, and clicked no in the save this document window thus making the two printed pages the only copies of her instructions to Tony Giordano. Virginia then took a yellow legal pad and began writing her thoughts concerning the information she knew in her heart-of-hearts to be true, but still came as a shock to her. All things being considered, she too had some skeletons in her closet, but nothing like the information that sat on the floor underneath the coffee table on the other side of her office. When she finished her putting her thoughts to paper, she tore the three pages from the pad, neatly folded them, and placed them into her attaché case. She stood, walked over to where the album lay on the floor, retrieved it, and placed it with her thoughts in her attaché case. She knew what she needed to do and intended on getting it accomplished before she returned to work on Monday.

Virginia stood behind her desk looking across her office feeling the blood flow in her body, the nerves tingling, and something she knew she would satisfy now without hesitation. She turned and walked over the armoire that was built into the rear wall of her office. She opened a hidden door that was inside and took out what she knew would help her reduce the stress that again was pounding her body and brain. Virginia Monroe was not going to let the stress of the news she just received eat away at her. She returned to her desk, picked up the phone, and dialed Angela's number.

"Yes, Mrs. Monroe," Angela said in a very professional voice.

"Please come in my office, Angela. I have some instructions for you."

"Yes, Mrs. Monroe. Right away, Mrs. Monroe."

Virginia positioned the printed note and an envelope addressed to Mr. Giordano on top in the center of her desk; she walked over to the lounge chairs and waited for Angela to enter her office. She didn't have to wait long before the heavy door to her office began to move allowing Angela to enter. Angela strode in and stopped when she didn't see her boss behind her desk. She looked around for her, but something inside her told her not to move or ask where she was. Virginia quietly walked behind the spot where she was standing.

She gently placed her hands on Angela's shoulders and began to gently massage them. "I'm sorry for not saying to you how lovely you look today when you came into work this morning. There is a letter on my desk. It is for Mr. Giordano. You are to cancel all my appointments for today and tomorrow effectively shutting down my work load until Monday. You will then take that letter and hand deliver it to his office. You will be sure he reads it and acknowledges that he understands what I am asking of him. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Monroe. I am to cancel all your appointments for the rest of today and tomorrow. I am to hand-deliver the letter to Mr. Giordano. I am to wait while he reads the letter and respond to him per your request."

"Great. That is perfect and takes a load off my mind. Now, do you remember the two interviews we had in this office and the continuing conversations we had before I asked you to come to work for me?"

Angela frowned and wondered why Mrs. Monroe asked her if she remembered the interviews. "Of course, Mrs. Monroe. I remember them," she answered with a bit of a questioning tone. She continued to feel Mrs. Monroe's fingers gently massage her shoulders. Angela started to visibly relax under the soft pressure Mrs. Monroe was using on her.

Virginia leaned in place her lips next to Angela's right ear, caressed the lobe with her tongue, and whispered, "Do you remember me telling you there would be times I would make requests of you that could be perceived as way out of the ordinary? And that you would have to make a choice as to whether or not you would comply."

Angela did not turn her head to reply to Virginia and she also didn't respond to the tongue that had just caressed her right ear lobe. She just spoke to the space in front of her just as if she was standing in front of her looking into her big steel blue eyes. "Yes, Mrs. Monroe, I remember. If you recall, I told you that when and if I had to cross that bridge I would make my decision and live with the consequences. Whatever they are."

Virginia pressed against Angela's shoulders thus making her take a few steps forward. She reduced the pressure, leaned in, slipped both her hands under Angela's arms, and gently cupped the girl's breasts. She whispered in her ear, "Since the day I met you, I've wanted to feel your breasts against the palms of my hands. They're just so pert and stand up so nicely. Are you dating anyone special? Would you consider him your boyfriend?"

"Yes." Angela could not believe that her boss was standing apparently not very close to her, but close enough to be holding her breasts and what even made her more insane was Mrs. Monroe hadn't even made a single advance towards her since she started working as her Executive Secretary. And she couldn't believe that she just answered her question without any hesitation or expressing her dismay at what was happening between them.

"Hmmm..." came very quietly out of Virginia's mouth as she began to rub the palms of her hands over the now hardening nipples. "How long have you been dating him?"

"Eight months," she answered as she did nothing to stop her boss' advances.

"How old is he?"

"He is twenty-six." Angela noticed that Mrs. Monroe had begun to use the index finger and thumb of each hand to gently role her sensitive nipples through her blouse. She stood still not knowing what to do. Should she scream? Should she just let her do what she had told her could happen, but she didn't think it would be this overtly sexual in nature? Was she supposed to be getting wet between her legs? While at school she had been approached by a few bisexual women and lesbians, but she didn't respond to their advances. But, why was she allowing Mrs. Monroe to caress her where only her boyfriend has?

"What is his name and what does he do for a living?"

"Hector Rodriguez. He is a programmer/analyst at a wall street brokerage house." Angela felt Mrs. Monroe release her nipples and move her hands back to Angela's shoulders.

Virginia pushed against her shoulders again moving her closer to the front of her desk. This time she kept up the pressure until Angela was just a few inches in front of her desk. For the third time, Virginia leaned in, caressed her ear lobe, and whispered in Angela's ear, "Have you slept with him? I mean, do you have sex with him?"

Angela shivered and continued to wonder where her questions were going, but she wanted to keep her job so she answered her, "I don't know how to answer you, Mrs. Monroe. I don't have sexual intercourse with him because... Because, I'm still a virgin... I have on numerous occasions helped him relieve himself by using my hand to masturbate him and just recently I've started to perform fellatio on him."

Virginia audibly sighed. She took her right hand and moved it down Angela's right side. She let it glide over her arm until it rested on her hip. The fabric of Angela's mini skirt was thin and she could feel that she was wearing what felt like a pair of boy short panties. Virginia did not leave her hand on Angela's hip for long. She let it slide to the hem of her skirt and gently slid it around her back and under the hem. She pushed with her left hand forcing Angela to lean forward and use her hands to brace herself against the edge of the desk. Virginia cupped her right hand, placed it between Angela's legs, and pressed it against the folds of her womanhood. She could feel the heat of the twenty-two year olds sex on her hand.

"Please!!! Mrs. Monroe!!!" Angela couldn't believe that her boss had just slipped her right hand between her legs and was cupping her sex.

"Angela, remember what I told you when I interviewed you! Remember that I took the time to talk to you after the interviews. Tell me, does Hector have a nice cock?"

Angela knew that if she didn't answer Mrs. Monroe's questions, she would lose her job. Still looking forward and down at the top of Mrs. Monroe's desk she answered her boss. "His cock is not very large, Mrs. Monroe; but it is very thick. I never measured it, but I would estimate it to be at least seven inches." Angela started to feel the heel of Mrs. Monroe's hand rubbing on the bottom of her sex. It was the flat of her hand and no attempt was being made to move the stretchy lace fabric that protected her vagina.

"Not huge, but a nice size. Does it have a big head? Is he circumcised? And his balls? Does he have big balls? Are they hairy? Does he cum a lot when he ejaculates?"

"Oh, my God!!! Please Mrs. Monroe!!!" Angela felt the fingers of Virginia's hand began to close tighter on her sex. At the same time her left hand pressed against her back keeping her bent over. She tried to remember all the questions and breathlessly responded, "He is not circumcised. The head is smooth, shiny, and quite large. He has huge balls and they hang like apples on a tree between his legs. When he is really hot he shoots so hard that I've seen it hit high on his chest." Angela couldn't believe she was standing in Mrs. Monroe's office getting molested and answering the most intimate of personal sexual questions about her boyfriend.

"Does he fill you mouth when he cums? Do you swallow his loads? Do they taste sweet to you?" Virginia continued to stroke the young girl's lace covered pussy. Her hand moved ever so slowly from the top of her vagina to the bottom. In actuality, it only moved about a half-an-inch, but it was enough to cause the labia to rub against the covered clitoris and send waves of pleasure coursing through Angela's body to her brain.

"Please, Mrs. Monroe." She wasn't begging, but the pleading, sobbing sound of Angela's voice made Mrs. Monroe gently squeeze her sex again. It was a little tighter than before and she knew if she answered her questions she would release the pressure of her grip. She had felt Mrs. Monroe gently rub her sex while questioning her. She also began to feel a bit light headed as Mrs. Monroe used her hand to coerce answers and masturbate her. "I've only allowed him to cum in my mouth once and I didn't swallow. It tasted bitter so I spit it out as fast as I could."

Virginia eased her grip and with a simple movement slid her hand between the crotch piece of Angela's panties and her vagina. She took her middle finger and ran it between the lips of her sex opening the labia thus allowing some of the wetness to coat her finger. She pressed against the inside of Angela's thighs giving the girl the message to open her legs thus giving her better access to her sex. Angela had this feeling that if she suddenly moved as if she was trying to get away that would cause Mrs. Monroe to get more belligerent and more demanding. She felt Virginia move both her hands underneath her dress and pull down her panties. She left them mid thigh just below the top of the elastic lace that was holding up her thigh high stockings.

"Angela, relax. You're doing just fine sweet pea. So, when where you going to allow Hector to have you?"

"I am waiting until I am married, Mrs. Monroe. I think giving yourself to a man before marriage goes against the teachings of my church and the breaks the bonds of matrimony. I want to wait, but I think I have a decision to make Mrs. Monroe," Angela fretted, "don't I?" She noticed that Mrs. Monroe had stopped rubbing her sex. The waves of pleasure that were rising were no longer doing so. Her body and her mind wanted to feel Mrs. Monroe's hand against her sex. She wanted to know that she was giving pleasure to her boss by just standing and letting her caress her twenty-two year old breasts and pussy.

Virginia leaned in and placed a light kiss right behind Angela's ear. "Yes you do, Angela. And don't fret about it, sweet pea. You have to make a very important decision. A decision, that I, for one have just made it for you." She placed a long kiss behind her ear while doing so she took the tip of 'The Feeldoe' dildo that was jutting from between her legs and placed it between the lips and against the opening to Angela's sex. Virginia had inserted the thicker egg shaped knob into her pussy as she waited for Angela to enter her office. She purposely kept Angela from turning around and she kept her body away from her Executive Secretary until this moment. The moment when she would

push the dildo into her sex breaking her hymen. She would take her virginity. No questions. No listening to Angela sobbing and begging not to have her virginity taken by of all people, her female boss. Her mind told her the girl bent over before her was ready to accept her taking her virginity and not consider it rape.

Virginia had her hands on Angela's hips and without saying another word or expressing any sort of sorrow for what she was about to do, she pressed the seven inch length of the ersatz cock into her now whimpering Executive Secretary. When she felt her hips press against the partially covered ass checks in front of her, Virginia let out a sigh of relief and a moan of increasing sexual pleasure. She smiled to herself as she began her assault of the young woman's pussy with the dildo she loved to feel between her legs, because each time she withdrew and thrust forward the shape of ribbed patch rubbed against her clitoris increasing her pleasure.

Virginia used the dildo on Angela without a rest. She held onto her hips and thrust in and out of Angela non-stop. Seventy-two minutes and four orgasms later with *The Feeldoe* still inserted into the girl's vagina, she leaned over the now prostrate upper body of her Executive Secretary and whispered, "I know you had a good time, because I did. I orgasmed four times and I could tell that you had at least three orgasms. I was surprised at the minimal amount of blood that came out of you when I broke your hymen, but I loved seeing your cum drip off my *Feeldoe*, and down the insides of your thighs. The pressure of your body against mine as the inserted egg of my cock brought me more pleasure than I could handle and made me want to pump my cock into you harder and harder. I promise you that you'll survive today's love making, well not actually love, but my assault on your beautiful, lithe, soft body. When I am done training you, sweet pea, over the next few weeks you'll be begging me for sex and by doing so, you will unconditionally become mine. No questions asked or answered." Angela rolled her head to look into Virginia's eyes not believing what she just heard her boss whisper in her ear. She now realized why a young inexperienced girl would be paid one hundred twenty thousand dollars a year to be the Executive Secretary to the most powerful woman in the apparel industry. She wondered to herself whether the quasi-rape that just occurred was worth the money and prestige of her job.

"When I get up my cock will pull itself out of your oh so sweet body. I am going to go to my private bathroom, take a long hot shower, and get dressed for a day of business. When I come out I have one phone call to make. Then I'm going to exit my office for an unexpected trip to Atlanta. I will see you all prettied up doing what I asked you or at least sitting at your desk looking busy, because it shouldn't take you that long to finish what I asked you to do. When I return on Monday morning, I expect to see you at your desk hard at work. If you're not here, I will understand, but let me assure you that if you're thinking of going to the authorities it will be the last thing you do for the rest of your life." Virginia did not make this statement to Angela with any sort of malice in her voice. With a smile on her face and a twinkle in her eyes she leaned down and kissed Angela on her forehead, each cheek, and her soft lips. Virginia stood up, and headed into her private bathroom.

Angela noticed that her boss was totally naked and her body shined from the sweat that covered her tanned skin. She could see that Mrs. Monroe had long shapely legs and her backside was nice and tight. She sighed as she pulled herself up from the desk and reached for her panties to pull them back up to where they belonged. She buttoned her shirt, smoothed her skirt, picked up the letter and envelope for Mr. Giordano, leaned over to press the button to open the door, turned and walked out to do what Mrs. Monroe asked. She only hoped that she did not have that after sex smell and realized that she would not be able to clean herself up until Mrs. Monroe left the office. Angela came to understand that Mrs. Monroe hired her because she knew that this sexy twenty-two year old would accede to her charms and fall under her spell. And considering how much she earned she has, in spades.

Virginia exited on the Eighth Avenue side of the building and saw her car and driver waiting for her ride to Teeterboro Airport, in Teeterboro, New Jersey. She smiled as the tall, dark skinned driver opened the passenger side rear door, politely nodded to her, and waited until she was settled in before closing the door. He got behind the wheel of the Cadillac and easily moved it into the mid-afternoon city traffic. Virginia noticed the window between the driver and passenger section of the car was open. She leaned forward, pressed the button to close the smoked glass partition effectively making the passenger cabin private, and proceeded to sit back in her seat with her legs spread open. She wanted to relax and not have to put on any airs for the limo driver. She hadn't heard from Tony as yet, but

she knew Angela was going to deliver the letter as she had requested her to within the hour. She thought about returning to her penthouse apartment in Trump Tower, but realized it would be easier for her to just buy the clothing she needed when she arrived at her hotel in Atlanta.

The trip through the Lincoln Tunnel to Teeterboro Airport in New Jersey took a little over one hour and thirty minutes from her downtown offices. During the drive she sat in the back of her limo thinking about how she had taken Angela's virginity without a fight, but whatever pleasure she received was long past as she prepared to face the individual who was the star of the picture album safely tucked away in her attaché case. She knew that the plane ride would be consumed by two things. Receiving information from Tony and preparing herself for the unannounced meeting with someone who was in for the biggest surprise of their life. The beauty of her plan was going to be its execution and the capturing of the individual's face when it happens. Virginia was surprised but content that Angela had effectively shut down her business plans because her cell phone had not rung since she left her office.

Placing her hand on her hard, flat, stomach, Virginia gently rubbed between her hip bones thinking about how nice it will be when she has Angela's head pressed between her thighs and instead of rubbing her stomach she'd be caressing the head of the young woman who had accepted her position as her Executive Secretary and her soon to be lesbian sex slave. Virginia knew that there was the possibility she would be opening a Pandora's Box when she confronted the individual in Atlanta with the information Tony so quickly accumulated for her. She couldn't believe that she was blind to what was going on with this person, but she knew that it probably only happened when this individual was traveling. She knew that if her love for dominating a young warm women now-and-then was to become public she would face a public relations nightmare. A nightmare that would be result in a royal pain-in-the-ass for her, but nothing that could not be overcome by a slick wordsmith with contacts in the print and video media. But, what she was traveling to Atlanta confront could and would turn into a total nightmare if it became public through some newspaper or Internet website. She had to get this problem under control and fast.

The limo pulled up to the building that housed Executive Jets just as the phone in her purse began to ring. "Virginia Monroe," she said after she flipped open her Motorola Razor cell phone.

"Mrs. Monroe, this is Tony Giordano here. I have taken care of everything you requested of me to do in Atlanta."

Virginia's audibly sighed. She was beginning to trust Tony and with it came a reduction of stress and anxiety. "I knew you could do it. Do you have the information I need?" she queried.

"Better than that. When you register at the hotel you will be given two keys. The difference being one key will open your room and the other will open your friend's room. It will be marked so you will not have a problem knowing which is which. Everything that needed to be accomplished in your friend's room is complete. I have confirmation that everything tested beyond expectations. You have nothing to worry about except for what you are going to Atlanta for."

"Thank you, Tony. I knew you would get everything done."

"Oh, there's one more thing Virginia. I took it upon myself to contact one of my lesser known associates in Atlanta. He'll be in the building but not on your floor. He knows what you look like and will be available for your protection. He will not make himself known to you unless it becomes necessary, but I believe based upon my thirty-five years of police experience that he should not have to aid you in any way, shape or form."

"I appreciate what you have done. I will be sure you are well compensated. I have just arrived at the airport and will be leaving shortly. I suppose that if I need your services, I will be able to call you cell phone?"

"It is always on, especially for good clients such as you," he answered hoping she wouldn't have to call him at some ungodly hour. Tony Giordano liked his beauty sleep.

"Thank you. Talk to you when I get back." Virginia closed her cell phone, noticed the door was open, and the driver was patiently waiting for her to exit the vehicle. She got out of the vehicle and strode into the terminal carrying her attaché case. Because she was leaving on a private jet, the required security consisted of her showing her photo

drivers license to the woman manning the ticket counter. Since she was the only person traveling the jet was parked outside the door ready for a moment's departure.

The flight attendant standing next to the departure door smiled and nodded to Virginia. "Mrs. Monroe, what a pleasure to see you again. I see we're flying on short notice. I have to inform you that we only have soft drinks, water, and peanuts to eat or drink on board. The ground crew did not have enough time to get to the food services company to get a full supply. I'm sorry for the inconvenience, but if you want something special it will cause a delay in departure."

Virginia returned the smile, immediately recognizing the flight attendant as one she knew would leave her alone if she requested. "Hello. Nancy. It is indeed a pleasure to be flying with you again this evening. And, don't fret about the cuisine on board. Just tell the pilot to get whatever special clearance he needs to get us to Atlanta in record time."

"I believe he's all ready accomplished that. Please follow me. I'll get you seated and then we'll be ready to roll." The flight attendant opened the door and with a sweep of her right arm directed Virginia to the parked Gulfstream V. The only executive jet larger than the Gulfstream V Model 550 was the Boeing Business Jet. She hadn't asked for it because she wasn't flying overseas and didn't need to sleep in its executive bedroom. They both walked to the stairway and entered the plane just as her cell phone rang again.

"Virginia Monroe."

"Mrs. Monroe, this is Angela Carter. I just wanted to wish you a safe flight and make sure there isn't anything you wanted me to do for you."

Virginia looked around to see where Nancy was and noticed she was back in the galley preparing whatever she thought Virginia would need for the short flight to Atlanta. Virginia turned back towards the front of the plane and whispered into her phone, "Angela, I want you to call Mr. Giordano tomorrow morning at 8:30 AM. I want you to...."

The sounds of the twin motors drowned out what she was saying to Angela, but Virginia knew that she was heard, because she heard Angela scream, "Oh, my God!!! Mrs. Monroe, I can't do that." Virginia knew that if she responded to Angela she would make more trouble than it was worth. By closing her phone, Virginia told her Executive Secretary to do what she requested or be unemployed. A small smile crossed her lips as she thought about what she commanded her little girl to do.

Virginia placed her attaché case on the floor under her seat. She noticed that Nancy made no attempt to put the case away which reinforced her all ready high opinion of her. She buckled herself into her seat and before the plane began its taxi for takeoff Virginia was sound asleep. Some people would say she fell asleep as a mechanism to control a fear of flying, but she knew better. Virginia loved to fly and would have trained and tested for a multiple engine pilot's license, but her drive to build Diane Designs precluded her becoming an amateur pilot. So, she tried to make herself sleep to ease any transition in time and cure any boredom that would ensue because she never really liked to work while flying. She preferred to relax and the best way to relax, other than masturbating, was sleeping.

The flight to Hartsfield International Airport in Atlanta took exactly two hours takeoff to touchdown. Except for the first thirty minutes of the flight, Virginia spent all of her time talking with Nancy MacDonald about her family. She found it a very relaxing way to pass the time, because Nancy had a very interesting way of handling her two daughters by her first marriage and her son by her second. Virginia always wanted to have children. Her business travel always seemed to get in the way, but according to Nancy all it takes is one time to get pregnant. She never had to worry about the time of the month or anything like that when she wanted to have children. Nancy told Virginia that all she had to do was open her legs, allow a copious amount of sperm enter her womb and B I N G O... A child was conceived. Thankfully, Nancy knew Virginia well enough to say what she did without offending and knew it would make Virginia laugh. It worked so well the flight time passed in what seemed to be a New York minute.

Because they landed at one of the busiest airports in the United States, it took an additional twenty minutes to get the Gulfstream to the Executive Jets hangar area. Luckily for Virginia, someone listened to her and arranged for a car service to be waiting her arrival. Outside the plane next to the passenger stairway was a Mercedes limo waiting to take her to the Westin Peachtree Plaza in downtown Atlanta. The drive to downtown Atlanta gave her enough time to lay out in her mind the clothes she wanted to purchase. Since she knew exactly where she would be situated, Virginia told the driver to go to Peachtree Mall just a few blocks from the hotel. To make matters easier, she called Mark and Melanie O'Toole, the owners of The Classic Boutique, told them she was on her way, and what she was looking for.

The owners of The Classic Boutique were waiting for her arrival. They were a bit put off by her unannounced visit, but made all the necessary arrangements to be sure the store was empty so they would not be disturbed by other customers. The O'Toole's were not what you would call your typical married couple and your typical retail entrepreneurs. Mark O'Toole stood five feet eight inches, had a weightlifter's body, brown hair and brown eyes. His equipment was not unusually large, but the pants he wore always made him seem larger than what was in reality. People thought he had a handsome face and let it go at that. Melanie O'Toole was a chubby chaser's dream woman. She stood five feet four inches and weighed a whopping two hundred and twelve pounds. She dyed her naturally brown hair the most hideous shade of red, wore the ugliest most unappealing colors the cosmetic industry manufactured, and wore the most unflattering clothing an obese woman could wear. But, she was a total submissive and whatever her dominant husband told her to do, she did without question. Their customers loved the way she doted on them and knew that her husband would verbally or physically abuse her to be sure the customers got what they wanted.

Virginia Monroe met them through their other mainstream business interests. They also owned a chain of twenty-two high end women's clothing boutiques in the states of Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, and North Carolina. Considering how successful they were in the retail apparel business she never could understand their desire to dress so unconventionally. They came to New York City during fashion week and made a splash by purchasing the most expensive items manufactured by Diane Designs. Virginia made it a point to meet them and also made it quiet evident to Mark that she was not impressed with him and his crude attempts at accenting his rather meager endowment. That was all she needed to do to put him and her in their place. It also solidified their desire to become strong business associates and ultimately telephone friends with Virginia. She was made sure they both did what was required of them to maintain their quasi-friendship without really investing in a close relationship.

"Virginia, how nice to see you again and this time here in Atlanta. Only wish you gave us a little more notice of your arrival," Mark effused with a broad smile on his face and his hips pressed forward to, as always, show off the rather obvious lump in his pants.

Virginia smiled at him without making comment as to his rather sophomoric attempt to show her what a man he was. "I am going to be blunt, Mark. I don't give two shits about what you think you have hanging between your steroid enhanced legs. I am here for personal reasons and what I purchase today in your specialty boutique is not for public consumption. What of anything I happen tell you or you happen to overhear if I receive a call on my cell phone is confidential. You fail to heed what I am telling you, you'll lose your businesses, and that rather small thing you try to impress the women with. Your wife will have nothing to suck on if you in as much breath that I was here. Do you comprehend what I am saying to you?"

Mark immediately changed his posture realizing that this was going to be nothing more than a business proposition. He replied, "Mrs. Monroe, you have nothing to worry about. I assure you that whatever you purchase today will be kept between just you, me, and the four walls. In fact, Melanie knows better than to open her mouth. Our customers are some of the most prominent people in Atlanta. I am at your service." He bowed as if he was a courtesan in the Middle Ages.

"Good. I hope you have gathered the items I requested," she asked.

He replied with a simple, "Yes. Please follow me to the private sales and fitting room. Melanie will assist you with your options"

The detour to the boutique took a bit longer than she expected. She had hoped she could just look at the items she wanted, make her choices, and leave. Melanie demanded she try on each outfit so they could make modifications so Virginia would present the exact picture she was trying to convey. Each time Virginia walked out of the private dressing room into the well appointed private sales area, Mark would comment on how she looked and Melanie would try to surreptitiously lick her lips obviously thinking about how she would eat a yard of Virginia's shit to get to her asshole. Melanie had made it very clear on their first meeting in New York City she would do whatever Virginia wanted no matter how kinky or perverted just to be able to say to Mark that she had a sexual liaison with her. Virginia made no bones about it to the woman that she was not a 'chubby chaser' and for all intent and purpose put Mrs. O'Toole on notice that nothing was ever going to happen. She also told Melanie that if she continued to express sexual innuendo with the express idea of a sexual liaison with her, she shove a ten foot pole up her ass and plant it in the middle of the Sheep Meadow in Central Park so all the citizens of New York could see what an unappealing individual she is. Melanie got the message. Melanie kept finding things for Virginia to try on and finally on the tenth time she came out in the perfect outfit. The final outfit portrayed Virginia Monroe in the light she wanted and she was sure her friend would know from whence she came.

The clothing; if you could call it that and the accessories came to a total of \$4500.00 plus tax. The O'Toole's tried using their friendship and business association to get Virginia to take her items without paying. Virginia would have nothing to do with taking something for nothing, even if the people were good customers and somewhat special friends of hers. She took out her American Express Centurion card and charged the clothing.

Arriving at the hotel with only her attaché case and an unmarked bag from the boutique made getting to the front desk an easy task. No matter where she traveled, she did not have to worry about paying for car services or tipping the drivers. The companies she used were discreet, kept a profile on her tipping habits, and gave the drivers the profiled tip money in cash to be sure they did not have to declare it for tax purposes. They also knew that if a driver was not up to par, she would call the owner personally to make sure that individual never flew or drove her anywhere. So when she departed the limo, said thank you to the driver, he knew he would be receiving a rather healthy tip from her when he returned to the office.

Standing behind the front desk were two attendants. Having never stayed at this hotel she did not know either of them and decided to gravitate towards the rather tall young man standing to her right. He stood at least six foot three inches and had the look of someone who was in control of his work situation. She looked directly into his eyes and before she could open her mouth he addressed her.

"May I help you?" he asked while his hands waited on the keyboard to begin typing in her information.

"Mrs. Virginia Monroe. I have a reservation for this evening."

The front desk clerk typed in her name into the computer and saw the note typed into the reservation data that an envelope with her room key was in the letter boxes underneath the counter. He bent down to retrieve the envelope when it hit him like a ton of bricks. As he rose placing the envelope on the counter to his right, he confirmed what he thought to be true. "Excuse me, Mrs. Monroe, but I see you're on the tenth floor in a room with double beds. I just realized who you are and I believe you should be moved to the Executive Floor and into a four room suite. Shall I make the change?"

"Thank you, but no thank you. I am flattered that you recognized me, but the room that was reserved for me this evening will suffice just fine," she replied a bit flustered that someone out of her industry would recognize her.

"Yes, ma'am. If there is anything else I may do for you just ring the front desk. My name is Mark. Just ask for me and I'll be glad to assist you with whatever you need," he said as he picked up the envelope with her name neatly typed on it and handed it to her.

"Thank you, Mark" she replied taking the envelope from his hand. She noticed that he wasn't wearing a marriage band on his rather large and imposing looking left hand. His gaze never wavered from hers and she began to feel a small amount of wetness begin to form inside her womanhood. She smiled as she turned away and thought to herself she'd love to have him between her legs, but she had more important things to accomplish this evening. She

didn't even inquire as to where the elevators were. She just headed away from the front desk and found them by accident.

The solitary ride in the elevator to her room was uneventful considering the hotel was full of people attending a national auto parts convention. She was amazed that her room turned out to be next to last room at the far end of the hotel. She had no idea that the individual she was here to see like to be so far away from the elevators. When she traveled she always made sure her single room or her suite of rooms was as far away from the elevators and ice machines as possible. She opened the envelope and found the room key without any problems. Each key was labeled as she was told by Tony Giordano. She slid the key into the door, entered her room, and began to prepare for the evenings encounter.

Virginia looked at her watch and realized she had a decent amount of time before she had to get dressed and surreptitiously enter her friend's room. That meant she had time to reread the information from Tony and again prepare herself psychologically and emotionally for her encounter. An encounter she did not want to have and one that could get very nasty considering she had a bunch of skeletons in her closet, but nothing like she was going to face tonight. She put the bag with her evening clothes on the dresser next to the television and she placed her attaché case on top of the desk. Virginia took the album to the lounge chair and proceeded to review the information and pictures it contained.

At precisely 8:30PM, she placed the album on the desk, picked up her clothing, and decided to take a shower before dressing for tonight's adventure. Standing under the double shower head for a good fifteen minutes proceeded to relax her in preparation for her meeting. She took her time drying herself and even used the provided hair dryer to aid in the removal of the water that coated her body. She stood in front of the bathroom mirror looking at herself as she unconsciously began to slowly run her hands over her flat stomach, up to her pert breasts, and cupping them as she thought about everything she would say this evening. She sighed audibly, realized that she needed to be sharp, and left the bathroom heading over to the bed where she had laid out the obviously very dominant outfit she purchased at the O'Toole's boutique.

She had decided not to wear panties because the black lambskin mini skirt encased her body as if it were a second skin. The matching top closed just below her breast leaving her stomach exposed. She placed three gold chains around her waist to break the line and accent her long narrow waist and hips. Virginia had decided to wear a pair of brown Dior thigh high stockings underneath the mini skirt and six inch heeled Dolce y Gabbana leather boots. She wrapped a leather and diamond choker around her neck with a matching one slipped through the right side belt loop of her mini skirt. Virginia kept her make-up to a minimum and just added a small amount of eye shadow and lipstick to her face. Standing in front of the mirrored doors of the closet in her room, she decided that nothing was going to make her not do what she had decided. She was going to place some of the pictures in the room and wait until the individual returned before entering unannounced. She decided against that scenario. So, at precisely 10:00PM she checked the hallway and seeing no one around snuck out of her room and entered the room of the individual she was going to surprise.

The room she surreptitiously entered was exactly like the room she had just vacated. Placing the key into the special slot next to the door the connected room lights and air conditioning automatically came on. She walked around turning off all the lights that were connected to the specialty light switch. She set the room up so the individual would have to walk in to turn on a light and she wanted the ability to get it done before this person had any idea that she was in the room. Sitting down in the lounge chair she made sure she could reach the switch to the lamp situated behind her and proceeded to darken the room. Prior to sitting down she walked back to the door of the room and removed the electronic key from the device that kept the lights and air conditioning working. Virginia returned to the only comfortable seat and sat in the dark meditating to keep herself calm and focused. She lost all track of time as she waited.

The door to the room opened at what turned out to be a half an hour past midnight. The sound broke the silence and was enough to awaken her from her meditations. She took her left hand and placed it on the light switch and waited for the proper moment to turn it on, lighting the room, and surprising the individual. The momentary back

light coming in the room from the door allowed her to see the individual walk in the short entranceway, place his room key into the control device and stroll into the room. With close to perfect timing she reached behind her, turned on the lamp, and stood up remaining in front of the lounge chair.

Standing tall at six foot five inches in her boots, she had chosen correctly because she towered over the five foot eight inch man dressed as a woman who had just entered the room. Upon seeing her standing there, the look on his face was worth more than the gold stored in Fort Knox. She stood there staring down at Leslie Adam Monroe, her husband of six years, dressed in an expensive Diane Designs high necked, bare shouldered little black dress, stockings, and two inch leather sandals. In his right hand was a small black beaded clutch bag. He wore long gold chain earrings and a matching gold choker. His facial makeup was close to perfect which made Virginia wonder where he learned to transform himself into such an alluring woman. She couldn't believe that her lawyer husband, who commanded a salary nearly double of hers, was a transvestite.

Leslie A. Monroe was younger by one year than his wife. He graduated from Harvard Law School at the top of his class and with his then girlfriend migrated to New York City to join one of the top corporate law firms on Wall Street. Within the first three months of his hiring, Leslie A. Monroe was assigned to the most difficult tax case the firm was litigating. The other attorneys on the case had toiled for three years reading the law to provide a basis in the law to present the case to the judge chosen to preside over the trial. Leslie A. Monroe reviewed the stacks of legal briefs over a two week period, revised them down to one ten page pleading over the third week, and presented it to the judge on the fourth week. Two weeks later the firm received the judge's reply. Seems that Leslie A. Monroe had found the one very subtle substantive legal chink in the government's armor and by rewriting the brief around the fault in the tax law won the case and saved the client an estimated tax liability of one hundred million dollars. After that win, it took only five additional months for the Managing Partner to offer him a full partnership in the firm. Leslie A. Monroe was the first person in the history of Alfred, Williams, and Douglas to be offered a full partnership before the age of forty.

Leslie's ability to comprehend subtle legal issues made him one of the rising stars in the legal profession. Coupled with his ability to litigate in front of one or a panel of judges, Leslie A. Monroe was considered the youngest candidate to become a Supreme Court Justice or minimally a Federal Appeals Court Judge. Virginia stood looking down at her husband controlling her anger while trying to understand how such a powerful man could be so weak when it came to his sexuality.

"So, Leslie, what do you have to say for yourself???" she asked with an edge that made her husband shiver not out of fear, but out of surprise of hearing speak to him the way she just did.

"Virginia. What are you doing here? I'm, I'm, I'm..." he tried to answer her but nothing was connecting. His mind was racing faster than the words could come out of his mouth. His legs began to get weak and he felt like he was going to throw up or even worse, urinate in his panties. He had no idea that his wife was aware of his fetish for women's clothing.

"Shut up, bitch," she yelled at him.

"Why are you yelling at me like that, Ginny?"

"Don't call me by your pet name for me, you prick. From this point on you address me as Virginia. Look at you!!! You're fucking dressed like a woman. Why shouldn't I be a bit taken aback with you?"

"Please, Ginny, oops, Virginia. I can explain. Please give me a chance to talk to you. It is not as bad as you're making it out. Let's just sit here and talk about it," he said to her as his mind slowed down and he began to gain control of his thought process. He never experienced anything like the loss of thought while standing in front of an Appellate Court Panel like he just went through with his apparently pissed off wife.

Virginia walked over to where he was standing and as she towered over him said, "Give me one good reason why I should listen to you counselor?"

Leslie looked up at his wife somewhat ashamed and with tears beginning to well in his eyes whispered, "Because I love you, Virginia. I've never said one word about your predilection for the charms of another female. I never denied you your trysts with a woman every now and then. In fact, you know I encouraged you. That's why."

Virginia stepped back from her close proximity to her husband to calculate what her next move would be. They had spoken about her bisexual side well before they got married. Leslie told her that he found it exciting to know that she would occasionally spend time with another woman. He even offered to let her go away for a few days with a special friend if she so desired. She never took advantage of his largess and went away, but she always satisfied her bisexual side with afternoon trysts. Leslie waited for her next move and as he took the time to look at her attire he found his cock beginning to stir in the lace panties he was wearing.

He decided to speak to her. "My God, Virginia!!! Where did you get that outfit? You look like you just stepped out of some sex or domination magazine. I must say that you look marvelous in that mini skirt. I know you're taller than me in your stocking feet, but six inch heels; wow, I'd..."

Before he could finish, she responded, "Shut up you closet bitch!!! I can't believe that for the past six years I worked myself into a tizzy trying to help you get and keep an erection. I can't believe that for the past two years I worked with you to try and keep you from ejaculating so you could get inside me before you'd cum. God, what a fool I've been, Leslie."

Leslie looked down at the floor and began to whimper his answer to her. "My dressing has had nothing to do with my erectile dysfunction. You've never complained to me about the size of my penis or the amount of my ejaculate. I know I can't maintain an erection for more than two minutes and that I cum just from the touch of your hand. I've had that problem my entire life." Leslie couldn't believe that Virginia had taken such a dominant role with him. He wondered what gave him away. He didn't shave his body; although he did have a minimum amount of body hair, he didn't shave his pubic area or his legs. His mind was searching for reasons, other than his hiding it from her, for her coming to Atlanta to confront him with her knowledge.

Virginia walked to the bed and sat down with her legs open which would allow Leslie to see up her skirt. She looked at her husband and commanded, "Come over here and kneel in front of me." Leslie having never submitted to her in any way, especially sexually, walked over to the bed without saying a word and knelt in front of his wife. She continued, "I want to give you your due and let you explain to me why you like to dress as a woman. If I accept your explanation maybe, just maybe I will forget about everything. But, in my heart of hearts, I know you'd probably prefer to dress full time. All I have to do is look at you to know that you'll be happier as a woman. Which leads me to wonder if you're a cocksucker as well?"

Leslie looked into his wife's eyes and saw that she was not at all happy. He looked away from her to be able to put his thoughts together and when he turned back to her, he spoke, "Virginia, I started very young, about eight years old, wearing panties. My older sister, Jean, would leave her previous day's panties in the bathroom and when no one was looking I'd smell them and then I decided to try them on. I didn't wear them under my clothing, but just while I was in the bathroom. I found myself getting hard in them. At that age, I didn't completely understand why I wanted to wear them, but in the subsequent years I did learn why. I needed to tell you, but I'm afraid of what will happen to us, Virginia."

Virginia sat frozen on the bed looking down into her husband's face as he spoke. She felt a sense of loss as she listened to her husband explain why he was dressed the way he was. The more he spoke, the sicker she got. She thought she had married a man, albeit a not well endowed man, but one who could provide for her sexually. The first time she saw his penis she wanted to laugh, but thought better of it. She'd been with other men and knew that his equipment left a whole lot to be desired, but she felt his intelligence and drive would suffice to make her happy.

"Are you telling me that at the tender age of eight, you knew you had this desire to wear women's clothing? Is that another way of telling me you're gay? Leslie, I'm beginning to worry about you and how much you've kept from me." Virginia continued to sit with her legs open just enough to let her husband see up her skirt to her beautifully naked womanhood.

Leslie continued stare into his wife's eyes trying to keep from looking at her freshly shaved pussy. He could feel his tiny penis pressing against his panties. He knew that in his heart of hearts he wanted to fuck his wife dressed as he was. "I'm not gay, Virginia. I've never had any sexual contact with another man. Not even experimenting as a kid. What I found... God, I can't believe... I'm so ashamed that I didn't tell you earlier in our relationship." Leslie without asking permission, stood, reached into the dress he was wearing, and freed his cock from the confines of the panties he was wearing. The front of the dress was now tented and it was painfully obvious that he was sexually charged. "What I have come to realize, Mrs. Monroe, is that I like, no, love to have heterosexual sex with a woman while dressed as one myself. I have no desire to be used by another man while dressed. Right now, all I want to do is put my cock into your body and fuck the living shit out of you!!!"

Virginia smiled to herself and replied, "Think you could last, sissy boy? Last time we were together you didn't last longer than ninety seconds. I'll make you a wager. I'll bet you your status as the man in our relationship that you can't keep it hard enough to get into me, then fuck me for a good twenty minutes before shooting your load into my pussy. Lose and I own you lock, stock, and barrel. Care to take the bet, sissy boy?"

Leslie's face grew red, his eyes bulged from their sockets, and for the first time this evening raised his voice, "I am not a sissy, you lesbian bitch!!! I'll take that bet and make you eat your words!!!" He stepped forward and as he did so lifted the hem of the dress to his waist exposing his raging hard on. He placed his hands on his surprised wife's shoulders and pushed her back onto the bed. Leslie stepped between her parted legs and used his thighs to push the short mini skirt up to her waist. He held his erection in his hand and placed it against her slit. He looked into her eyes and just as he was about to thrust his hips to enter her body he froze.

Virginia smiled to herself as saw the telltale signs of his impending orgasm. His face flushed. His legs grew weak. His breathing became shallow. A light coating of sweat covered his forehead and shoulders. And in her minds eye she could see the piss slit in the head of his cock expanding in preparation for its opening and the passage of a minimal amount of his male essence. She decided that she wasn't going to keep quiet. She wasn't going to let him fail without knowing he had just lost the bet. His boasting of how he'd fuck her brains out while dressed as a woman was all a sham and she wasn't going to let him forget it. "Come on Leslie, fuck me!!! What's the matter? Can't get it in me? You lying sack of dog shit... Oh my God, you just came all over my pussy, didn't you? You didn't even last ten seconds!!!"

Leslie looked down at his wife's pussy and saw what he knew was his failure to complete his oft desired sexual liaison with his wife. His cock had shrunk back to its flaccid state in a matter of seconds. He looked up from his wife's cum covered pussy to her face and saw the upward curl to her lips and the laughter in her eyes. He knew he just lost the most significant bet of his life. His wife had called him on his ability to fuck her and she won. All he could do was stand there holding in insufficient boy-like penis and await the barrage of abuse he knew she was going to unleash. His gamesmanship at explaining his fetish for dressing like a woman had failed. Leslie Adam Monroe for the first time in his life felt the sting of a big defeat. He contemplated his life as he knew it. It didn't take a long time for him to understand that his life as he knew it for the last thirty years was over. Virginia was going to make good on any and all objective and subjective parts of the bet he just lost.

Virginia just stared at the shell of a man that stood between her legs. His right hand was still wrapped around his flaccid penis. She could feel his cum start to run down the outside of her pussy. That is when she decided to make him accept his fate, "Leslie, get down on your knees and clean up the mess you just made."

"Let me get a towel. That is what we always did when I ejaculated prematurely," he replied hoping she would not make him do anything else. Leslie didn't move from between her legs. He just continued to look down at her cum covered pussy.

Virginia made a strategic decision right then and there. Rather than force him to lick her pussy clean she decided to let him use a towel, but would make him understand that it would be the last time he would ever not do as she asked. "Ok, Leslie... Go get a towel and clean up your mess and while your at it wash your hands. When you finish I'll tell you what is on the agenda for the rest of the weekend." She relaxed her legs and let her husband do what he asked. He returned with a warm wash cloth and towel. He knelt between her legs and with the gentlest of motions cleansed her pussy of his meager deposit.

Virginia lay on the bed watching her husband as he gently cleaned her sex. When he was done she raised herself up on her elbows and asked him, "What do you wear to bed when you're traveling and dressing as a woman?"

"I sleep in the panties and nothing else,"

"Do you shower before you go to sleep or in the morning?"

Leslie got a rather confused look on his face. He thought to himself, 'Why would she ask a question like that when she knew he showered in the morning before he left for work.' He looked at her and replied using a very sarcastic tone, "After six years of marriage, you don't know when I take a shower?"

Virginia sat up and without any sign of anger used his smart ass reply as a good reason to strike him across his face with her right hand. In her six years of marriage plus the two years she dated him, she never once even thought about striking her husband. Violence was not part of their social interaction. She connected with the flat part of her palm against his left cheek. Leslie never saw it coming. The force of the blow sent him sprawling to his right and onto his ass. Before he could react and stand up, Virginia forced herself off the bed in one motion to where he was lying on the floor. She placed her right foot on his falsie covered chest and growled, "You no longer talk to me like that. You no longer are my equal in this marriage. I cannot fathom a man with your intellectual abilities and your A-type personality changing into some sissy. From this point on, you are not the man of the house. I do not consider you my equal nor do I jump when you say to. When I let you up you will do as I say. You are from this point forward mine to do with as I please. You will see a part of my personality that only my adversaries see. Remember my dear Leslie, you lost the bet. Understand, my dear little sissy?"

With Virginia towering over him, Leslie looked up with the hurt evident on his face and whispered his reply, "Yes, Virginia. I understand."

With a quieter and more loving tone to her voice Virginia said to him, "I want you to get undressed and get into the shower. You will find a jar of Nair in the bathroom. I want you to remove all of your hair from your body. It shouldn't take long as you are a rather hairless individual. The only hair I should feel is the hair on your head and your eyebrows, which in time will be plucked to make them fit your face better. When you get out of the shower I will inspect your body. If you have done as I have asked you will go to bed." Virginia took her foot off his chest giving him the signal to get up and begin to get undressed.

Leslie looked at his wife with tears in his eyes from the pain of the physical blow and the emotional blow to his manhood. He didn't think it would be good to not get undressed as he spoke to her. "Virginia, I love you with all my heart. Please, understand that I don't do this because I'm gay. I need to ask you just one question. Are you going to divorce me?"

"No, my dear Leslie. I'm not going to divorce you. I've all ready sent a private message to your Managing Partner at the firm. As of tomorrow morning, you will commence a six month leave of absence. According to the note, Leslie Adam Monroe is so distraught over some very private and personal issues; he has decided to spend his time at home seeking some level of solace and introspection. In fact tomorrow there is no need for you to attend the preliminary hearing scheduled for 9:00AM at the Federal Court House. Tomorrow morning I will release Margarita with a large severance package. You're going to replace her. Your job from this day forward is to clean my house, wash and iron my clothes, and cook my food. You will move into the maid's room behind the kitchen. I am going to sell all your clothes. We are going to return to the city tomorrow. While we are flying back I will make the necessary appointments to begin your transformation. There are some very special people you are going to meet. They will help me help you become the woman that is inside you. You aren't going to be some starlet, model, or beautiful wife. You will do as I say, no questions asked. No hesitation on your part. You are going to live the rest of your natural life as my maid."

Leslie had the look of a deer caught in the headlights of an eighteen wheeler about to be crushed by the front bumper and wheels. He stopped getting undressed and was standing looking at Virginia wearing his falsies, a pair of thong panties, and thigh high stockings. His mascara was running down his face. He looked physically pained as he cried to his wife, "Please Virginia!!! I'm not a sissy!!! I'm a man with a desire, a fetish, to dress like a woman. I have no

desire to have sexual relations with a man. What do I need to do to prove to you that I'm not what you are making me out to be?"

For the first time in her life, Virginia laughed out loud at her husband. She saw the look of horror and embarrassment on his face. When she stopped laughing she told him, "I have the pictures to prove it, Leslie. I have pictures of you sitting in the bar downstairs drinking with two different men since you arrived here. Just by your actions, demeanor, and subtle feminine body language I know you are not the man you're claiming to be. I am going to have a new maid and that maid Leslie is you."

He just stood there looking at his wife. The woman he wanted to spend his entire life with. The woman he would do anything for up to and including debasing himself in front of her in order to satisfy her sexually. His erectile dysfunction was something that concerned him to no end. He prided himself on his honesty with Virginia concerning it. He tried every medical and psychological trick in the book to maintain an erection, so he could place his sperm in her body and conceive a child. Leslie believed with all his heart their children would be intellectually superior as well as good looking.

"I know I'm sounding like a wimp, but I need to know. I need to know how you found out about my fetish for women's clothing." Leslie hadn't moved from where he was standing. He made no effort to cover his femininely attired body. He just looked at his wife as if she was a defendant on the stand and waited for her answer.

"Three weeks ago you were in Washington, D.C. visiting with the New York State Congressional delegation. You stayed at the St. Regis Hotel on 16th and K Streets. Seems my banker friend Tony Williamson stayed there also. He watched you for three nights in the hotel restaurant and bar. He told me he even had thoughts of approaching you because of how attractive you looked. I decided to contact a private investigator and have the proof of his allegations brought to me. They were yesterday morning."

"Virginia, are you telling me the guy from Mercantile Bank you introduced me to at the annual Christmas party recognized me? I mean he only spoke to me for about twenty minutes three years ago. On his say so, you hired a private investigator???"

"Tony Williamson is just as bright as you are counselor. He has a Wharton MBA. I'd bet his IQ is just as high as yours. He told me it took some time before he put it all together. He remembered your smile and the way you laughed. Then he had an opportunity to glimpse at the distinctive wedding band you are wearing which happens to be a slightly larger version of the one I'm wearing. As I told you Leslie, he's a bright man and he put it together when he saw the distinctive one of a kind wedding ring you are wearing."

Leslie unconsciously looked down at his left hand. There on his ring finger was the one-of-a-kind platinum, white, and yellow gold wedding band he had designed at Tiffany's. They made only two rings and then destroyed the molds. He looked back up at his wife and said, "I didn't even think to remove my wedding band. I just left it on to remind me that I am married to the woman I love with all my heart."

"Now, it's my turn... Please Leslie... If you love me as much as you say you do, you'd never consider letting your fetish control your life when you travel. But, it does and from the pictures I've seen, you're very comfortable acting feminine. You know and I know there are many powerful men in this world who like to dress." Virginia said with a bit of mockery in her voice.

"Look at my work!!! I'm on the President's short list for a Federal Judgeship. I'm only thirty years old. So, I dress. I'm not hurting anyone," Leslie replied using his best courtroom voice.

Virginia couldn't help but laugh at his logic. "You know, if you had been making out with me on the couch and I opened your pants to find a pair of panties, it would have been easier for me to learn and accept your fetish. But, my dear Leslie, I found out from a man I deal with on a day-to-day basis. A man who saw you sitting in a bar dressed very alluringly, drinking with another man!!! Did you ever think that maybe if you confessed your desire to dress that I would be turned on by it? That I would find it sexy and encourage you. That I would take the time to help you become the woman you want to be."

Leslie couldn't believe what he was hearing from the woman who had just slapped his face and stood over him like a woman possessed. "You would have accepted my fetish? You would have helped me?"

"Yes, Leslie I would have helped you. I would have enjoyed seeing you dressed. Dressed in the privacy of our home, not in public. But, since you decided to do it behind my back and in a most public way, I'm going to let you be the woman you desire. The only difference being I'm going to control your transition into womanhood."

Leslie had no response. He just stood there looking at his wife wondering to himself how stupid he had been and yet lucky that it took her over four years to find out he was a transvestite. He did feel a wave of relief flow through his body. Virginia noticed it too.

"Now I think I told you to take a shower, remove the hair from your body, put on whatever you're going to sleep in, and get into bed. I considered spending the night with you, but I've thought better of it. I'm going to return to my room and get some sleep. I expect you to be up by 6:00AM, dressed as you were this evening, and ready to return to the city. Don't worry about eating; we'll do that on the plane." Virginia didn't wait for Leslie to respond to her command. She gathered herself and walked out of the room not knowing if her husband would do as she requested.

Leslie Adam Monroe watched as his wife departed his room thinking that his life as he knew it had just ended. He wanted to call someone to talk, but there wasn't a soul he could confide in. Inner strength would be his anchor and support. He had to listen to Virginia with the hope that she would come to her senses and not proceed with his transformation. Sighing audibly he turned walked into the bathroom, finished getting undressed, and saw the medium sized jar of Nair on the counter. He was resigned to doing what she asked in the hope that she wouldn't continue with her plans.

The morning came quicker than Leslie had hoped or expected. The alarm woke him after only three hours sleep at 5:30AM. His expectation that the previous night was a dream was burst when the door to his room opened and Virginia entered dressed for the flight back to the city and her planned transformation activities.

"Let's go Leslie. I've arranged for the car service to pick us up at seven. We should be back in the city by eleven AM at the latest. Don't worry about playing with your morning woody, just get the fuck out of bed and get dressed."

Leslie tried to act as if last night hadn't happened, but soon realized that Virginia wasn't going to buy his act of contrition. "Good morning, sweetheart. Did you have a good night's sleep? I'm so sorry about last night. I promise you that I will never dress while I'm away on business. I'll do it just for you."

Virginia walked over to the bed Leslie was lying in and stood between the beds. She pulled the covers off her husband revealing that he had indeed completed his assignment. His body was completely hairless. His penis was erect. If last night hadn't happened, she would have helped him lose his erection as part of their morning sex ritual. Today and everyday going forward would be a different story. She saw him looking up at her inviting her to use either her hand or mouth to coax an orgasm out of his body. Virginia had no thoughts about doing what she knew her soon to be transformed husband wanted.

"Don't even look at me that way. Get the fuck out of bed and get dressed. Put your make-up on and be sure that you are put together enough to pass muster. Don't worry about packing what you brought. I've made arrangements to have your clothing given to charity."

"Are you kidding me? Those Oxford suits are custom made and cost \$4500.00 each. I'm not going to let you give them to charity."

Virginia could see that she would have to use a bit of psychology on her husband. "Leslie, if you get dressed as you were last night and travel with me to the city that way, I promise you that I will consider what you said last night and this morning about just dressing for me when we're at home together. Now, hop to it sweet pea."

Leslie could see that his wife was not in a mood to trifle with him. He got out of bed and looked around for the dress he wore last night. He knew he'd find the lingerie in the bathroom. Standing in front of his wife totally devoid of body hair was a new experience for him. Without thinking he walked over to his wife, placed his arms around her waist, and placed a kiss on her lips just as if they were first getting out of bed when at home. Virginia allowed her naked husband to kiss her, but she made no attempt to respond to his advance. He realized it immediately, stepped back, and retired to the bathroom to get dressed. He knew he would have to come out and put his makeup on for the first time in front of his wife.

All things considered, Leslie was dressed and made-up in less than fifty minutes. Virginia didn't comment on his ability to apply make-up because she could see that Leslie had to have learned from someone. Standing in front of his wife dressed as if he was going out to dinner, Leslie A. Monroe was one very beautiful woman. Eyeing his facial structure and his smallish body, Virginia could see where he would make a better looking woman than a man. When she was in college and graduate school she knew of men that had a better chance of making it as a woman than as a man.

"Now that's a good girl. I see you have mastered the art of applying makeup. I'm just flabbergasted at how beautiful you look. Come here and stand with me in front of the mirror."

"I thought you were in a rush Virginia," responded Leslie as he walked over to where his wife was standing.

"I have to stand with you in front of the mirror. I want to admire how beautiful you look. Except for the length of your hair and the size of your eyebrows, you carry yourself very well." Virginia took Leslie by his shoulders and made him stand in front of her. She placed her hands on his waist and continued speaking to him, "Look at you. Just start at your shoes and move up your body. Your legs are perfect. They're thin with nicely shaped calves. Moving up we pass you shapely knees to a set of thighs that mark with every woman's dream the center of her sexual universe. Your thighs don't touch and that my dear Leslie is one hot aspect to a woman's body."

"I know I have nice legs. Especially when I'm wearing stockings, but what are you talking about my thighs not touching?"

"Leslie, any woman who sees your legs will be jealous of you. Just think about standing with your legs together and not having your thighs touch. It means that any man could have easy access to your charms."

"Oh my God, Virginia!!! How many times do I have to repeat myself? I'm not gay. I have no desire to have my body changed, altered, or modified. I like my heterosexuality. I just like the way I look dressed as a female. I'm not looking to be sexually active with another male. All I want to do is express my, my... all right, my feminine side through dressing. Is that so bad?"

"No, it is not, but, you decided to express yourself in a very public manner. And, without you knowing you were being watched, got yourself caught. Like I said last night, if you had admitted to me in the privacy of our home what I found out through investigative channels, you wouldn't be standing here dressed as you are in preparation for your flight back to the city and your new life. You have to remember my dear Leslie, that I won the bet last night. I intend to make good on all of it. So, pick up your purse, your attaché case, and let's get going. We're flying on a private jet to New Jersey, a limousine will be waiting for us to take us to my place, and then we're off to keep some appointments I've made. And for the last time, don't worry about anything you're leaving behind. I've made arrangements for it all."

Virginia stepped away from her husband, smiled endearingly at him, and without as much as a 'follow me' walked out of the room. Leslie quickly replayed what she had just said to him and realized that she very matter-of-factly called their place hers. Leslie sensing that his wife was determined to keep her promise followed her out of the hotel room and into his, or as he said to himself, my female future.