

A New Life

By Brian Judge

My situation changed after a chance meeting in a Gay Bar 4 years ago. I had been retired from work for some years, lived alone, had a few friends but thinking back suppose I was really lonely. He was in his late thirties and I had reached 63. I was healthy and I think presentable. We had got into conversation and I liked his respectful attitude and he seemed genuinely interested in me as a much older man. Well, we met several times for drinks, then meals, and later he invited me to visit him at his house. This was a surprise. It was a large mansion in its own grounds. The door was opened by a comely young lass who took me into a reception room. Soon, Jeremy, (my new friend) for that was his name, came into the room. He showed me around the house and the bedroom which was to be mine for the weekend. That evening after dinner, we had a lot to drink and ended up in his bed. Next morning he told me that he had a fetish and would I mind if I wore some female garments to please him? He said that he had some of his late mother's clothing and would like me to try some on 'for a laugh'. I consented. The young servant re-appeared and assisted me into a corset, a bra, knickers, suspender belt, stockings, 1" heels and a floral dress. All topped off with a wig. She then applied light make-up and from the mirror I saw an elderly lady looking back at me. She tutored me on walking, sitting down and adopting a feminine demeanor. Jeremy returned and seemed pleased with my transformation, holding and kissing me. I continued wearing different outfits over the weekend and I had to admit that I was really enjoying the feel of these loose and gentle garments. The arrangement had been that I had been invited for a few days only but Jeremy convinced me to stay on for a while and I must admit that I was enjoying all the attention I was receiving. One morning, he announced that he was so happy with me 'dressed' that he had destroyed all my male clothing and that he would obtain more ladies wear for me. He also had decided that he would like me to stay with him permanently. This was a bit of a thought for me but he seemed to be very rich and so interested in me that I reckoned that this was what I had been searching for all my life. I agreed.

For a few months all went well but I discovered that he had other sexual hang-ups. Spanking gave him a real turn on and I was to be the spankee. Prior to this I and the servant (who turned out to be not a girl but a transvestite boy of 22) had been fucked by him. Being a passive individual I had gone along with all of this and in a way had come to enjoy it. After all, I had free board and lodging and lots of sexual activity.

One time when we had had a few drinks he became very affectionate. Putting his hand inside my bra which was tight and therefore enhancing my breasts, he would squeeze my nipples which really excited me. Then he asked 'Do you like rimming?' I didn't know what he meant but soon I was laying face down on the bed naked as I felt a light touch on my bottom. I was so intoxicated that I didn't realize what was happening but it felt so gentle and sexy. He was licking my crack and every time he wanted it, I wanted it too. I was getting into my new life.

But things very gradually began to change. He started demanding sex at all different times of the day and spankings became more frequent for my 'poor performance'. It had been made clear that I had to contribute to the household by cleaning and cooking and to assist Pansy (the servant) in any way required. My attire now included a French maid's outfit with which I had to wear 4" heels. As I had long since terminated my lease on my old flat and as I had no male clothing I was trapped and also were Jeremy to tell me to leave, I would be in real difficulty. So I accepted my situation.

He would host parties for his gay and Transveatite friends at which Pansy and I would serve drinks and foodstuffs. He, by now had lost interest in me as a lover, so Pansy and I shared a room with a double bed. We were both servants by all intents and purposes. 'She' was an orphan and had been taken in at age 15, Jeremy assuring the courts that he would provide for this waif. At this stage he of course realized the power he had over both of us and used it to extremes. He would call one of us to his bedroom where he would be sat naked and instruct us to service him. This meant either to suck his cock or for him to penetrate us. Sometimes he would watch whilst Pansy fucked me. Anything which displeased him would provoke a whack on our backsides with his horse whip.

Then one day a visitor arrived who represented some legal practice. It transpired that 'Pansy' was the inheritor of a large sum of money bequeathed by a previously unknown aunt – his mother's sister - who had died in Canada. Pansy was at a loss as to how to deal with this development but after we both discussed it at length, decided that we would together leave this house and with her money, my pension which I had not touched for four years and my advice would initially at least set up home together. This is what we did.

I have since told Pansy who has now reverted to his original name – Peter, that our situation should be seen as temporary and whenever he feels ready to branch out on his own or meets his life partner then we can split up but hopefully remain good friends.

But despite everything, I must thank Jeremy for introducing me to – crossdressing and my new flat mate, Peter. In our new home I always dress en-femme, do all the housework and look after my

'grandson' which has given me a new lease of life.

(If you like this story please send your comments to me at kl.brian@hotmail.com)

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