

Miss Makeover T girls and Kinky Guys

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By : Mark Ramsden

Upmarket Chick Lit Domme narrator male tranny sub CP strap on



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MISS MAKEOVER'S MINIONS: T-GIRLS and KINKY GUYS

"She seemed to me to be a man in woman's clothes". James Boswell on the Chevalier D'Eon, an eighteenth century transvestite.

More and more men are getting in touch with their inner female. Unfortunately for their wives this is not a woman who wants to help with the housework. She is not a mate who wants to share her feelings over a vat of Chardonnay. Most men's transgendered persona is a butch nymphomaniac who dresses like a streetwalker; someone who wants sex all the time and hasn't the slightest interest in chocolate. She doesn't watch soap operas or give a stuff about the tragic death of Princess Diana. This is not female life as we know it but a recent evolutionary development: the less than divine androgyne.

Today I have a rare prize specimen kneeling in front of me. "Celia", attractive enough but I will still call him by his real name: Giles. He's a kinky bloke really, not a t-girl who could pass for a woman. Whisper it softly but he looks surprisingly like what he actually is, an investment banker wearing one of my blonde wigs, some of my best blusher and his own pair of pink Janet Reger silk knickers. This slinky lingerie is turned back to front to accommodate his ample reproductive tackle, slightly tumescent because he loves to dress. Perhaps it's my scent, my pheromones, or the proximity to a real Goddess. But he's a man, a punter, a two-legged pig. He's probably snuffing my perfume up his snout right now, perhaps trying to recall my most intimate scent.

Very occasionally I allow him to pleasure me orally. But not too often, mostly because treating him mean keeps him keen. And also because he's rubbish at it. In addition, I just don't fancy him. Which is a shame as he's rich and would leave his wife tomorrow. But then married men are damaged goods. Once we have domestic bliss he will start to hate me instead of his angelic wife, the one he tried to put on a pedestal. So never mind eternal bliss (or married drudgery as it often turns out), let's get back to sin: sweet and sultry, hired by the hour.

We are listening to some contemporary classical minimal music, an Arvo Part piece designed to bring mystics closer to God. Giles is sincere in his worship, but I suspect he's the Goddess he seeks, I'm just set dressing. Impudent boy.

The City of London is deserted at weekends. I'd love to be walking the streets, watching the first leaves fall, stopping for a coffee. But I'm walled in, buried alive in my own rubber dungeon. Newcomers love the mingled smell of heavy leather and rubber, the obsessively neat rows of implements. The teasers and tweakers. The strokers and strikers. Much as I love the tools of my trade, I'd prefer to watch three Audrey Hepburn movies in a row while eating Greene and Black ice cream. But there is no rest for the wicked. He's very aroused. My shiny red six inch heels may be doing it for him or it could be my fully fashioned stockings with the thick rear seam. Why someone his age is crazy about an item of hosiery popular during the second world war is beyond me. Just as the dreams and desires of a genetic girl will probably permanently remain a mystery to the kneeling worshipper before me.

His entire body is hairless and his annoyingly trim legs are sheathed in white silk stockings each of which has a pretty bow at the top. I walk behind him, preferring the rear view of the male wherever possible, even when they are not wearing clumsily applied lip liner. His bottom is small, tight and taut: very spankable and a tempting target for a strap-on. If I even hint that this might happen he will be groveling at my feet, literally kissing the carpet I walk on. I have forbidden him to kiss my six inch stilts, just to keep him keen. Those heels certainly took some mastering. Or should that be Mistress?

As usual, he is gagging for it, quelle surprise. But it's best to keep him waiting. Satisfaction may pall but desire is eternal...

Being a woman I'm not in so much of a hurry. And men in drag don't always do it for me. This is the tranny trauma, most of them are heterosexual yet most women like real men. Most wives won't stand for this sort of thing, a good looking man in expensive lingerie with his bum in the air gagging for a good stuffing.

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Well, more fool them.

It's one of my favourite hobbies even though strap-on sex usually doesn't make women come. It's difficult getting enough reverse thrust somewhere near the clitoris, but just being in charge is often enough for me. That, and the sounds of his groans and whimpers. You'd think today's women would like the power reversal. We have always been able to fuck men up but now we really can fuck them.

And who would say they don't deserve taking down a peg or two. Even the Goddess-worshippers (yeah right...) those men who secretly think they can be better women than we can. After all, we were only born with vaginas and a sweet tooth. You need a man to do anything properly! Excuse my somewhat jaundiced air. It's probably because I am paid to bring out the women inside my clients, some of whom may indeed one day pass as women, and the vast majority, those who would be refused admittance to a club for bull-dykes. Some of this latter group could strike a match on their chin stubble but that isn't going to stop them. They have decided, often in their forties, far too late, that it's time to make their move.

Giles's inner bitch is a slinky minx with a sharp tongue. The woman on the outside, the one I'm stuck with, is a bulky bloke in knickers. Crude, lewd, and interminably long-winded. Caught between his own desires and most women's indifference.

"Please! Please!" Oh, sorry. I had quite forgotten 'Celia', who is rampant. Even with a bundle of crisp new notes in my silver collecting dish, a replica of the Holy Grail with various occult glyphs emblazoned upon it, I had quite forgotten I am supposed to be working. I try not to think about his bottle of champagne, chilling in the fridge. Delicious fizz which I will dispatch while dishing the dirt with various cyber-friends. Or tucked up with choccies and remote control. If they've gone to all that effort of providing us with hundreds of cable channels we might as well watch them. It's good manners, really.

His voice has gone whiny. His eyes are like a whipped spaniel's. Why won't Mistress give me what I want? More sweets, Mummy! I dressed up so nice for you! I'll do anything! All for you! He is of course doing it for himself but most of them can't see that. He is worshipping the Goddess: which is me on a good day. Or he is actually becoming the Goddess, which is him, taken with a very large pinch of salt.

To my male clients these transgendered moments are much more important than feeding Africa, saving the planet or doing the housework occasionally. The feel of silk knickers on an engorged member is much more important than helping other people or being less of a bastard occasionally. After all, this is a new way to have sex.

Transsexuals, pre or post-ops are usually hoping that mincing up their genitalia and rearranging the results will magically reprogramme their memories and ensure a trouble-free future. And they say real women are unfathomable... Some of these ugly ducklings may yet become swans but many will suffer. Luckily for him, Giles is just a greedy bastard, a kinky bloke.

"How do I look?" he asks, in a voice not remotely female. He looks like a tanned, taut stud muffin with a tragic compulsion to crudely burlesque females in lingerie. Best not share that with the group. I talk hair and make up for a while, one eye on the clock, mentally preparing a shopping list for later. To be fair, he looks almost passable - except for the muscles, the big hands, the Adam's Apple, the stubble peeking through his foundation and his blokey stance and walk. And the voice. Apart from all that, and the big bulge in his panties, he could pass.

His fantasy life is actually a tragic waste of abundant testosterone, an adequate brain and a handsome face on a buffed body. You don't find all that in one package all that often.

Giles is 'happily married', in other words his adultery has yet to find him out. Why can't he come here just to worship my great gate? (as the Taoists say, although mine is of course a cute crevice, a pretty little pocket). Then, after the first hour or so he could shag me senseless over the back of the sofa. Ah well, there is no such thing as a free lunch. And hardly any clients you really fancy.

Just as many men could be improved a discreet touch of make up, even more could benefit from a gag, not for the purposes of reinvigorating stale relationships with dark sexual ritual but to get them to finally shut the fuck up. Right now I'm being told all about his recent experiments with eye shadow. It's even less interesting than Giles monologuing on mainframe computers. And why Giles knows more about it than anyone else.

"Do you like this new lipstick?" Oh. Am I finally required to say something?

He looks as vulnerable as a friend asking if she looks thinner.

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"Yes," I tell him. No one else will ever see it so what does it matter? What lipstick goes with stubble anyway? There he is with his great big dick and pumped up muscles, and he yearns to be pretty. Do men always have to take everything? They want the best jobs, all of the money, all of the duvet and now they want our superior beauty.

Giles carries on primping. He's got a mirror, what does he need me for? His femme persona is obviously the most important artistic breakthrough since Stravinsky decided to outrage the bourgeoisie with *The Rite of Spring*. Or since Bob Dylan decided to play the harmonica like a drunk elephant while groaning random lyrics about something or other.

There are several flaws in Giles's reasoning, none of which are apparent to him of course, a heavenly being created from Uma Thurman crossed with Marilyn Monroe. And certainly not just a male pervert wrenching female underwear out of shape with his hairy, lumpy body.

He starts to play with himself, eyes closed. I'm getting impatient to see the back of him. Or indeed any part except the glistening head of his penis. I walk over, slap his hands out of the way and guide him very close to his destination.

"No!" he says, damn him. He turns himself round and thrusts his rump at me, whining piteously. I'm also over familiar with his bottom - admittedly admirably tight, pert and hairless but perhaps shoved in my direction a little too often.

"Please! You said you would!" So I did. It's Showtime! I ease Wesley Snipes into my strap-on harness. I christened my prong Wesley Snipes for he is big, black and beautiful, just right for shagging some sense into this mewling bitch. I catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror. When I have completed the usual damning critical scrutiny - wrinkles? unwanted hair? burnished helmet of Louise Brooks hair still flawless? - I see a woman totally in command of a strong yet submissive man. He would do anything for me now, as long as there remains the chance I will fill him up, stimulate that male pleasure gland his wife is too prissy to play with.

I felt triumphant the first few times I rode hot, horny hunks. But every time you turn your hobby into a job it becomes a grind. And not in a good way. To be honest, Miss Makeover looks tired. She needs a massage and some serious pampering. But there's no rest for the wicked. Ride on, my girl. Ride to victory.

I lube him up and press Wesley between his tight little bum cheeks. I watch his face in the mirror. It twists with fierce joy as I gently enter. Then he needs all his strength and resilience as the going gets tough. He's gagging for it though so when I order him to masturbate I don't have long to wait. Soon after he has come I manage two minutes of gsocial chit chat before bundling him out, politely but firmly.

I need a drink.

I need Ice Cream, Audrey Hepburn, chic elegance in general, breakfast in Paris and...if I had it all I'd still feel empty. And hurt.

I ache all over. My brain hurts and, as always, my heart yearns for what is unlikely to happen - the swift return of my son. My ex-husband sent him away to a public school because I am an unfit mother - so he said.

"Don't think about it," advised a behavioural psychologist - after five sessions costing as much as twentyfive grams of my beloved sparkle - enough ketamine to tranquilize the runners in the average Grand National.

Which may have been a more productive use of the money than receiving useful advice like that. "Don't think about it." Dad used to corpse laughing at Tommy Cooper videos where he said "Doctor, it hurts when I move my arm." "Don't move your arm then." Maniacal laughter. Well, it hurts when I think about my son. 'Don't think about it then.' H'mm.

I'm alone now, thinking about not thinking about it. There's also nothing to shield me from the reality of my - sordid, seedy sex work - . (copyright some frigid broadsheet harridan who could probably do with a week as one of 50 Per Cent - s bitches.) I ease the cork out of Giles's bottle of Champagne and aim it at a picture of Noel Edmonds I keep on my kitchen dartboard.

Pop!

Fizz orgasms over my glass, not a mingy little champagne flute but a humble tumbler because I don't want to miss a drop. The cork misses Noël - s smug smile, his silly goatee, all of his minging mug. I drink the fizz - which I'm not supposed to be drinking, come to think of it, and put on a pair of fluffy slippers which have Lisa Simpson - s face on. They help remind me that girls are cleverer than boys. Not that I need much

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reminding with a job like mine.

"Yes"! sigh my aching bones, freed from the cruel torture of six inch heels. I might have missed Noel today but I often get him right on the snout. It's a hard life. Show business. Or therapy, perhaps. But someone has to do it.

Giles once said he loved me. Except he was rock hard at the time. And being cranked very close to orgasm. Anyone can love that feeling. Maybe he does love me, more likely he loves love and himself as the great romantic. .

Love is the only sane and satisfactory answer to the problem of existence. Erich Fromm, a once modish psycho-babble writer. Yes. We all need it. But isn't this just like priests saying that God is the only answer? Quite right, my dears, if you don't mind God not existing. Well, I still believe in love. No twelve step group will ever get me to kick it. My clients also live for love. It's a passionate, burning flame. And it's renewed every time they look in a mirror. Maybe someone should have told them, and men in general, that you're supposed to love someone else. Not just your own face in the mirror...

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