

THE COMPETITION

Connor entered competitions to try and supplement his meagre wage from the gambling shop. Up to now he had won a toaster, some laundry detergent and a voucher for a romantic meal that, due to his chronic singledom, was as yet unused. Not the greatest haul after a couple of years of filling in forms and wading daily through the resulting junk mail. So he was surprised and a little excited to receive a phone call from a very pleasant lady who informed him he had won their competition. His heart immediately sank when she asked what size and which style swimming costume he wanted from their collection, not exactly the car or dollars he was hoping for. He did vaguely remember something about them being expensive designer pieces and he could get a good price when he sold it.

"I have no idea on the size but I'll take whatever you recommend" He asked a little embarrassed and wanting to end the conversation as soon as possible.

"Of course Sir I am sure we can work something out, I am correct that the prize is for yourself sir? It is just we need to make sure the legal stuff in the terms and conditions has been agreed by the actual winner"

"Er, yes, yes I will receive the prize and, er, the terms and conditions are all fine"

"Excellent sir, when would be best for you to receive the prize?"

"I am off all next week so anytime then really"

"Of course Sir, I shall arrange it for Monday at say 2pm?"

"Er yes that's cool with me, thanks but got to dash, bye"

"No problem Sir I will book that in. Congratulations we hope you enjoy the experience, goodbye"

He was glad that embarrassing conversation was over but was also little confused at precise time she can given for delivery, normally you were lucky to know if your order was going to be in the morning or afternoon but to be given an exact time, very impressive he thought. Describing a piece of clothing as an 'experience' also seemed a little pretentious but he guess that was all about being a designer brand.

Sure enough Monday at 14:00 the doorbell rang, startling Connor from his post pizza slumber. He shuffled to the door slightly befuddled and opened it to a stunning blonde lady with a large holdall, beaming back at him.

"Hello Mr Ableton, my name's Tilly I am from Lilliput & Co here to sort out your prize. Shall we get started, I am so excited for you...."

She kept on chattering away as she bustled past him into the flat. He was still desperately trying to find some words to say as she unzipped the holdall and started to remove all kinds of lotions, potions and strange looking implements, including a small tent! Connor's eyes flitted around the apartment checking that there was nothing untoward lurking about. He was mildly relieved the apartment was actually clean and tidy for once, a situation forced by the landlord threatening an inspection. And still the lady kept talk and smiling.....

"So I think the tanning tent here, if that's OK with you Sir and I'll need a hand in with the treatment table."



Connor's mumbled question about the tent and table was lost as she took his hand and led him out to her car. He was generally very awkward around women and had never had one so beautiful willingly hold his hand. As though hypnotised he allowed himself to be lead to the car and obediently carry the table back into his flat.

"Right honey, we've got a lot of things to do this afternoon and I'm parched. So if you wouldn't mind being a sweetie and making me latte I'll finish setting up so we can get started."

In the kitchen Connor diligently made the beautiful whirlwind a latte wondering what the hell was going on but unable to work out a way to find out. Obviously all he need to do was ask her politely to pause for a minute and explain, but he was scared. Firstly just plain scared of talking to her and secondly, scared that if he spoke the mistake would be realised and she would leave. All he knew was that **He did not want her to leave.**

Music started playing, not Connor's usual soundtrack, but bright bubbly pop, perfectly in keeping with the strawberry scented loveliness that was currently beavering around his apartment. And boy had she been busy.

"OK, honey time to strip off and pop these on for me" She smiled a mesmerizing smile and handed him a tiny bit of fabric, "don't be shy Princess"

He could cope with being called honey and sweetie, but Princess? Again he had no idea as to why but, in front of a person he could hardly utter a word to, he stripped naked and pulled on a small black thong that barely covered his humiliated manhood.

"I am sure you can tuck everything away later but for now just pop yourself up on the table face down" He did as instructed.

"I must say it is a relief to see you are already quite hairless, I was worried this might be a bit of struggle"

With that she dipped what looked like a wooden lollipop stick into a pot of molten wax and smeared it on his calf.





"3...2...1"

"Ow!" there was a sharp pain as it felt like the skin on the back of his calf was being ripped off

"hush hush It's alright Princess the first one is always the worst" she softly stroked his burning leg with a cooling gel pad, "Here pop this mask on and just relax". She slipped an eye mask over his head and gently pulled it down over his eyes.

She was right on one thing the pain did get easier after the first one but Connor had other things to worry about as well. His manhood was starting to wake up and enjoy the soft caresses that followed each waxing. This was fine as he lay on his stomach but the tiny thong did not really hide his excitement when he had to roll onto his back. He dreaded to think what she could see on the other side of the soft silky darkness of the eye mask.



Oddly though the weirdest thing he was experiencing was the small talk. Tilly spent the entire time chatting away about all kinds of inane things. He found himself fascinated, desperate to know more about her neighbour with the cute puppy, what happened when she ripped her uniform on a door handle, what the very rich client she had seen yesterday revealed about her gardener. **Tilly's voice was like a drug soothing his soul**, a window into a wonderful world of fun and frivolity. He had never ever talked to girl like this, women had always been a strange and frightening part of the world. One with whom contact was best kept to a minimum. Yet here he was talking to, well listening to at least, a fully-fledged girly girl sharing the most amazing tales of a bright bubble-gum world he never knew existed.



His reverie was broken when she slid the eye mask up holding his hand as he, blinking, adjusted to the daylight.

"Now hon, I need you to take a shower. No need to wash your hair, we will deal with that later. "

She placed a shower cap over his head and handed him a pair of rough textured gloves. "Pop these on and scrub yourself thoroughly, it will help get rid of all the yuk and dead skin cells and help me give you an even tan." She helped him down from the table and guided him to the bathroom, "the pink bottle on the side is some nice

shower gel for you to use, don't be too long sweetie I'll be outside waiting if you need anything."

In the shower he squeezed a dollop of the pink soap on to his gloved hand and began scrubbing his now hairless body. He knew that he should be thinking of ways to stop this madness, what was he doing it was all wrong, but he didn't want it to end because he knew when it did she would leave and he did not want that. He had a taste of paradise and he wanted more. Keen to do well he was thorough with the



gloves, and resisted the temptation to relieve his excitement frightened he would scare her off. Towelling himself dry he noticed the smoothness of his skin and could sense how the soap had infused it with a strong floral perfume. Now he smelt of Tilly's loveliness as well.



In the tent he followed Tilly's instructions as her sing-song voice told him to hold his breath, raise his arms and perform all kinds of strange poses. She methodically enveloped him in a cool mist of spray tan, then buffed different bits of him and wiped off his nails and palms "so you don't look like you have a 80 cigarettes a day habit" she told him. Surely he should have been mortified, standing in front of a complete stranger wearing nothing but a pink gingham shower cap and a tiny restrictive thong. But he wasn't. He felt amazing, full of life as if a grey fog had been lifted from his eyes and he was seeing a Technicolor world for the first time.

After the treatment she instructed him to stand still so that he didn't smudge his tan or stain anything else whilst she got to work on his nails. Tilly's monologue continued, apparently he had things called cuticles that needed pushing back, and he must be a good person as he did not bite his nails, not like her last client who even nibbled on her gels (whatever they were). Not being on top of his beauty regime, and certainly not prone to much manual labour, Connor had let his nails grow quite long so Tilly suggested a nice simple French manicure with a neutral pink base and subtle white tips. She might as well of been speaking French as Connor had no idea what she was on about and merely nodded and muttered as to whatever she thought best. Deciding he was dry enough she sat him on a towel and proceeded to start on his feet. It was at this point that the conversation turned to the situation in hand.



"I love doing these" she said filling away at his big toe "we don't often we get male clients but they are so much more fun than the stuck up rich ladies of leisure I normally have to deal with, I am guessing this is your first time Princess am I right?" for what seemed like the first time Tilly stop talking breathed and looked up at Connor as though expecting a reply.

"Er yes I mean like I" forming a coherent sentence was difficult so he was relieved when Tilly started up again. "Well we are going to make you look gorgeous princess. I'll just finish up these dainty toes of yours then we can choose a pretty swimsuit for you, I brought a few styles and sizes to try as we were not sure what you liked and what would fit best. You're such a lucky gal, the deluxe treatment package you are getting costs a fortune and the swimsuits are hundreds of dollars each!"

As soon as she mentioned it he vaguely recalled there being two parts to the prize and the swimsuit, he had almost forgotten about that bit with the whirlwind of waxing and washing he had been caught up in.

Still chatting away Tilly returned to the giant hold all and fussed over laying out a variety of ladies swimwear, cooing and commenting on each one.



Beckoning him to stand and come over to see she asked “so do you see any you like? You are such a beautiful and petite Princess I reckon you are an eight.”

Connor looked over the array of gaily coloured costumes, he had never really thought about clothes before except choosing the odd t-shirt with a cool logo. As if sensing his difficulty she began handing him suits to hold up in front of his near naked frame whilst she stepped back to pass judgement on each one. How it complimented his colors or would do nothing for his figure etc. Connor was alarmed to discover he was getting an enormous thrill from touching the swimsuit fabric as each one gently brushed against him. The delicate femininity was powerfully erotic and he felt his face flush. “Aw Princess you’re blushing, how cute. And you’re right, I think that is the one for you, the orange colour sets of your new tan beautifully and the cut will help accentuate your budding curves. Come on then let’s see how you look in it”

So apparently he had chosen and he was expected to step into the suit that Tilly was holding open for him. Despite smelling like bouquet of flowers, with buffed bronzed silky soft skin and perfectly manicured nails this seemed like a step to far, like he could justify being pampered by a beautiful lady but wearing a woman’s swimsuit, was that not just too weird?

His apprehension was obvious and Tilly stood up moving the costume into one hand and looking at him. Had he blown it? Was she angry at him, was that it, was she going to leave?

“Hmmm” she said scratching her chin in an exaggerated way “you’re right something is wrong, think Tilly think”

He waited scared he had ruined everything his stomach churned he wanted to grab the stupid swimsuit and wear it now before she left.

Suddenly she a smile unwrapped itself across her face “Of course, we need to tidy away things away” she pointed to his thong and its contents. “We can’t have lumps and bumps spoiling your lines!”

What followed was a strange a conversation as Connor had every experienced. Tilly described how he needed to hide his balls up inside his body and tuck himself back between his legs. She was right though, after an awkward minute of delicate manoeuvring Connor found that the thong, apparently also known as a gaff, held everything up, back and out of the way. The result being a smooth front completely concealing his masculinity.

At the second time of Tilly offering him the swimsuit to step into Connor did not hesitate, he carefully placed each tanned smooth leg in and unconsciously bit his lower lip as Tilly slid the stretchy fabric up over his bottom and up into place around his torso.

Connor felt the suit gently squeezing his body and had an irresistible urge to run his hand over it. His skin felt electric and he was glad of the confinement between his legs so he could not



embarrass himself. Tilly was in her bag again rustling around “I know I have something suitable in here somewhere, ah ha!” She stood and turned around clutching two spherical squidgy bags “these will fill your chest out a little honey, most girls need to boost their assets every now and then, don’t we” She winked and then placed a bag into each cup of the swimsuit jiggling them this way and that until she was happy with the placement. She adjusted the bow that sat across his now enlarged chest smiling and nodding to herself.

Connor found the weight of his new ‘breasts’ quite a surprise and looked down taking in the very different view below his chin, it was as though he was looking over the shoulder of a hot tanned beach babe. It was a struggle to comprehend it was really his body he was looking at. As moved his gaze upwards Tilly spoke.

“And now we need to get some shots for the website, say cheese!”

His mouth fell open as the flash blinded his surprised eyes...



THE END?