

"Forced to be Female...Forever"



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Volume Four.

NOELLE

"Forced to be Female...Forever"

by M. Renault

Volume Four.

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Chapter 6

During the next couple of months, I learned how to live like a girl. Helene guided me through the maze of feminizing lessons, correcting my posture, the way I handled myself, walked, used my hands and spoke. The training was intense, from morning to very late every night. I became adept at the mysterious world of makeup, using all tricks she taught me to make myself look feminine, convincing and attractive.

Around the house I usually wore the short blonde wig, a variety of lingerie, and, of course, the everpresent chastity belt which was unlocked only when I bathed or used the toilet. This was always done under Helene's watchful eyes. She made me sit when I was going to the toilet, and once when I inadvertently forgot to, she whipped my buttocks soundly with the crop and tied me in a sitting position over the toilet bowl all night long. I never forgot again.

I got along very well in the high heels, wearing them constantly while doing the house chores or during my lessons. On the few occasions when Helene had to leave the house, she locked chrome chains around my ankles to hobble my movement. There was only about two feet of chain between the metal cuffs and they were decidedly restrictive, especially in high heels.

My maid's costume arrived. It was a very short black satin skirt, micro-mini length and

flared, with a tight fitted low-cut bodice. The sleeves were short and puffed out with a lot of material. The outfit was completed by a short white starched linen apron and a dainty stiff white headpiece. It looked like a little tiara. Helene especially liked to see me wear this sexy costume around the house, and was so taken by my appearance in it she ordered three more in blue, red and gold satin. She was afraid I'd wear the black one out or ruin it by spilling something on it. I was very careful not to. When I wore the maid's costume I also put on long black stockings with seams and a lacey black garterbelt. Bending over in the short skirt would reveal my black panties, and several times Helene gave me a whipping on the legs because the seams of my stockings weren't perfectly straight. I began checking my stockings every time I passed a mirror in the house.

Cooking turned out to be one of my surprising talents. Helene had been right when she'd said anyone could follow a recipe, and I began turning out elaborate dishes to please her sophisticated palate. I did all the serving at the meals in the big dining room, then ate my own meals later in the kitchen. There were times when I thought it would have been nice to share a meal with her, but she dismissed the idea with a wave of her hand, saying that we weren't equals and I should keep in my place.

With the aid of the videotape camera, my appearance as a girl progressed rapidly. Sometimes I had to think for a moment when I viewed the playback tapes to remember that I was actually a male beneath all the facade.

I didn't confide these thoughts to Helene, of course, for she would have beaten me black and blue.

My sex life during this time was all one sided. She'd take me into her regal bedroom most every night and make me kneel before her on the bed platform to perform cunnilingus. Sometimes she'd lay moaning for what seemed like hours before being satisfied. Most times I had to keep the chastity belt on, with my sex straining against the tight straps. When she'd see my discomfort she'd smile and remind me that I was no longer a male, just a castrated little sissy in skirts. She was very strict about the chastity belt. Only once, when I was in the bathtub and she had to answer the telephone, was I able to enjoy an erection and relieve my sex need. I think she may have suspected what had happened though. Perhaps I had acted a little different or something, because a few days later she spoke of sending away for a steel ring device that fit over my sex and would insure I wouldn't get an erection. This cruel sounding device could be locked on indefinitely, and didn't have to be removed in the bathroom. I silently prayed she wouldn't get it. At night I'd lay in my bed and dream about having sex, regular sex, and I'd crave the freedom to have an erection and enjoy it.

Helene's predilection for kinky sex grew wilder. At least, it struck me as freaky, but to her it seemed run of the mill. She'd chide me for being 'straight' and 'puritannical', and made jokes about my sex habits being as straight-laced as my tight pink corset.

One of her favorite sex toys was a gag

that had a dildo attached to it. There was a rubber ball that went into my mouth, effectively silencing me, and a long hard flesh-colored rubber penis on the other side of the leather strap. It stuck out like a tremendous erection coming from my mouth. With my hands bound behind my back I had to use this on her, drawing the dildo in and out until my neck muscles ached from fatigue. Sometimes she wanted me to push the rubber cock in and out slowly, and other times she demanded a fast, rapid, fucking motion. When she had taken her satisfaction with it, she'd unbuckle the gag and make me clean it with my tongue.

The sight of seeing me do this amused her so much she bought several life-like rubber dildoes and made me suck and lick them, pretending to give a man fellatio. She'd coax me to suck harder, to wet the rubber cocks with my saliva, to suck in my cheek muscles and flick my tongue over the head and underside of the shaft. Seeing these episodes played back on the videotape were humiliating, especially when Helene would giggle in delight, pat me on the head and call me a good little cocksucker.

Part of my feminizing regimen was learning about menstruation. Whenever Helene had her period, she'd make me go through a mock menstrual cycle as well. This was done with tampons that she placed up my rectum with the little string hanging out. She was fond of using the Super Tampax size, and commented that they made me walk in a delightfully dainty manner.

A far worse offshoot of this was the fre-

quency that Helene used dildoes on me. Whenever she was bored, she'd remove the chastity belt and have me lie on her huge bed while she knelt behind me. She'd smear a dollop of Vaseline on her finger and push this up my ass, lubricating my tight sphincter. The selected dildo would also be liberally greased and then she'd position the head of hard rubber against my rear, pushing firmly. It hurt like hell the first time she did it, but the dildoes would go in and she'd squeal in delight, congratulating me for being "so open about it." Once the dildo was in---and she had begun using larger and rougher ones---she'd begin a pulling-pushing motion that was unbearable. I'd try to rock back and forth with her movements, but she'd kneel at my side with her arm around my waist and hold me still, or admonish me with the riding crop.

Her favorite bedroom sport on Sunday evenings was to make me kneel on the floor with my hands bound behind my back while she inserted a king size vibrator up my rear. She'd turn it on and go watch "60 Minutes" on television, warning me not to let the slippery Vaseline-coated thing slip out. I'd clench my buttocks to hold it.

There were occasions when I made mistakes or failed to measure up to her strict standards. She didn't resort to the crop or that hook in the ceiling of her bedroom very often, but when she did it was horrible. There were other ways she disciplined me, ways that were less violent and painful, but still very humiliating and mortifying.

For minor offenses, she'd simply deny me bathroom privileges by refusing to unlock the

chastity belt. I'd have to spent hours in embarrassed agony until she decided I had learned my lesson.

If I spoke out of turn, she'd buckle on a gag and make me wear it all day long to teach me silence.

Several times after she'd been in Philadelphia all day walking around, she'd have me wash her perspired feet in a small basin of water, then make me drink it.

The punishment that I had the most trauma with was not really intended as punishment, but as a cruel reminder of her control. It happened only once. I'd done something wrong and Helene announced she'd punish me for it, but first she had to go to the bathroom. She returned in a few minutes with her crop and a blindfold which she fastened around my eyes. Not able to see a thing, I was led to her bathroom and made to kneel over the toilet bowl. She ordered me to reach in with my mouth and grab something. When I hesitated, she laid the crop on my rear and repeated the order. I slowly leaned over and buried my chin in the warm water. She shouted at me again and my face touched something long and soft. I reared back and threw up on the floor. When I had recovered, she showed me the toilet bowl. There was a small banana floating in the clean water.

My entire appearance grew more and more feminine as the months went by. I knew that there had to be something more than plain vitamins in the pills Helene gave me to take each morning, but she merely said they were

nothing that would hurt me.

At the beginning of the summer months I started going out in public. Helene would take me shopping or out to lunch at a fancy restaurant. It was the most incredible and scintillating experience to be able to walk down the sidewalk and be viewed as nothing other than an attractive young woman. The stares the men gave me were especially flattering. I wasn't really comfortable receiving such looks at first. It was odd. Some of the men seemed to visually undress me with leering, drooling looks, and that sort of thing was particularly unsettling. I now knew how women felt when that happened. I remembered when I used to give pretty girls such looks. It made me want to stop and scream something at such men, to make them feel like the crude, vulgar, disgusting slobs they were. Helene merely told me to act like a lady and not let them get to me. "Don't worry, Noelle." she'd say. "Big strong Mommy's here to protect her darling from the nasty men."

I blushed when I got admiring looks from polite gentlemen, and Helene said this made me look all the more darling. She taught me how to smile brightly and accept such looks with ease.

In shopping, I was accorded as much polite attention and consideration as the rest of the women. The day I walked back into the cosmetic department at Saks Fifth Avenue was a small triumph for me. As predicted, none of the same salesgirls knew that just a few short months before I'd been there in my old male self, embarrassed while they

watched Helene try makeup on me. Helene said later that I'd acted like a bit of a snob with the salesgirls, bossing them around, asking to see more and more things, being impatient and acting superior to them. I don't think that was true, but I thought about it.

We did most of our shopping at the big fancy department stores and the exclusive specialty shops. I especially liked going to Nan Duskin in downtown Philadelphia, the store Helene said you had to have gold-plated underwear on just to walk in the door. Most of my original wardrobe was updated there. I selected sophisticated, expensive things by Gucci, Halston and other big name designers. On the way out of the store one day with our arms full of packages, Helene made the comment that she hoped I wasn't turning into a snob. She said there were always cures for snobbish young girls.

Shopping became my favorite activity when we went out, and soon I'd accumulated enough new clothes to fill not only my room, but the guest room across the hall as well. Helene decided to remodel that second room into a smaller version of her own dressing area so I'd have room for my things. She consulted a contractor who came out, looked the room over and took some measurements. Specifications were agreed upon and work started the following week.

There were three carpenters working and banging away, the contractor and his two sons who were young men in their twenties. During the day when they were about, Helene had me wear demure skirts and blouses instead of my usual maid's

costume. She had introduced me as her niece.

I'd chat with the contractor and his sons as they moved in and out of the house carrying supplies. It was getting into the warmer weather, so Helene had me take them a tray with glasses and a big pitcher of lemonade during the middle of the afternoon. They welcomed this refreshment wholeheartedly and were very grateful. I'd linger and talk with them. They knew the project was going to be my dressing room, and they marvelled at the space I needed just for clothes. I tried to explain it, describing all the shopping I did, how it was my favorite thing to do, that I had loads and loads of gorgeous clothes that most women only dreamt about. Naturally I needed extra space for my dozens and dozens of shoes, bags, dresses, coats and so on. The point was soon lost on them, though, because it was apparent they were only workers and didn't know what it was like to have a lot of nice things. I stopped spending so much time with them when I brought the lemonade, asking only when they were going to be done with all the banging and hammering, and couldn't they do it a little quieter and quicker.

One afternoon Helene told me to quit acting like a snobbish rich girl. I'm not sure what she meant, but I said I'd be nicer to the carpenters.

When I brought them the tray of refreshments the next day I tried to be real friendly, but somehow they didn't seem to be receptive. I stood and watched them go about their tasks, and found myself watching the oldest

son. The realization that I would never be like him, that I'd never be a masculine young man again, struck me hard. I was now very different, not a male and not a female, but in some ways still male and in a lot of ways female. It was very confusing. My resentment over the way Helene kept me locked up in the chastity belt surfaced and stayed in my mind. When I looked at the husky young carpenter, I knew he could rip off his blue jeans any time and make love to any girl. I wasn't allowed to have that kind of pleasure anymore. He could strut around like a macho man, enjoying his masculinity and having a good time while I couldn't. Helene had turned me into a sexless, frustrated, frilly creature of satin and lace. The life she'd forced me into was one of continuing and everwidening femaleness. Even if I broke away from her, ran from her grasp and escaped her reach, I'd never be the same. I could only proceed down the road she was taking me, not at all sure where the end was.

I don't know how long I stood there in my thoughts, but what snapped me back to reality was the silence. I looked up and saw both of the sons looking at me, their father busy measuring something in a far corner. There was a strange expression on the boys' faces, and then it hit me: I'd been staring at the older son's pants, at his crotch! I blushed ten shades of scarlet and ducked quickly out of the room.

The next afternoon when I took the lemonade into them only the two sons were there. Helene had asked their father to go for some new style of doorknobs. When I set the

tray down, the two young men took a break and dropped their tools. They came over and we talked for awhile. I asked them how it was going and they said just fine. They drank greedily from their glasses and I poured them more. The older one said he always liked something cool to drink, and then asked me if I liked to drink something cool or hot.

I wasn't quite sure what he meant, but I poured him the last of the lemonade and said I'd probably prefer something cool on such a warm day as that.

"That's funny," he said.

"Funny? Why?"

"Oh, you act like you're the type that'd like something warm. Ain't that so, bro?"

His brother chimed in. "Sure. Yessiree! You look like the kind of little lady that'd take a shine to something like that." He looked me up and down with one of those lusty grins Helene had told me to ignore. I did, and turned to his brother.

"Hey, what are you guys talking about? You been hammering so long your brains gone squooshy?"

"No, baby. We know what we're talking about. Don't you have any idea?"

The younger one spoke. "Yeah. You mean you don't know how we feel about certain things?"

"What things?" I was puzzled.

"Oh, like the way you've been sashaying around us, twitching your tail under our noses, like some rich little cunt."

I was startled. There was a bad mood in the air.

"Yeah," the younger brother said. "You been acting real cute, honey, like some goddamned high and mighty little twat."

I turned around quickly to get out of there, but the older son grabbed my wrist and forced it behind my back, twisting it until it felt like it was breaking. The younger one grabbed my other arm and pulled it behind my back, too, forcing me to my knees. I screamed and yelled, kicked and struggled, but it was useless.

"Scream all you want, cunt! Your old auntie ain't gonna' come to help you!"

My God, I panicked, they'd done something to Helene, and now they had me! All sorts of images of blood, rape, pain and death flashed before me.

"Take it easy, pussycat," one of them cooed. "We're not going to hurt you. Be cool, and you won't get hurt. Just settle down." He unzipped his jeans and fumbled with his undershorts. Soon an enormous erect cock emerged, its round head purple and menacing. "Open up, little bitch, and get something hot to drink."

He rammed his cock against my mouth but I sealed my lips and fought it. His brother behind me twisted my arms tighter and I reeled from the pain.

"Open up!" he shouted, and the one behind yelled that he'd break my arms if I didn't.

I slowly parted my lips and the huge cock was shoved into my mouth. It felt warm and hard and repugnant.

"You better not bite down on it, cunt, or I'll bash your fucking head in! Suck it!"

It was worse than the dildoes ever made me imagine. I closed my eyes tight and tried to think, but I could only kneel between them and take whatever they decided to do with me.

He started ramming the stiff cock back and forth in my mouth, bruising my lips. They were holding my head still and pressing it against his crotch.

"Not with your teeth! Ouch! Watch it, you goddamn stinking cunt! I'll kill you!"

I tried to soften my mouth and suddenly remembered how Helene had taught me to use my lips on the dildoes. Recalling her words, I put them to use, and immediately the cock seemed to slide in and out more smoothly and easily.

"Oh, yes!" I heard him say. "Now suck! Suck, dammit, you goddamn little rich bitch! Suck!"

I sucked. I used all the tricks and techniques I could muster. It wouldn't end. It went on for an eternity, and then the cock moved in slower, shooting his cum against the back of my mouth and splashing it down my throat. It was warm and thick and sticky. I gagged and

choked. My stomach turned and I tried to spit up, but they shouted at me.

"Eat it, goddamn you! Swallow it! Don't you dare spill a drop, you fucking cunt!"

I swallowed with soreness and felt sick. My mouth went limp as the size of the spent cock slowly withered. When it was pulled out, cum dribbled down my chin.

The brothers changed places and I opened my eyes to see another throbbing hard on waving in my face. I didn't struggle or fight anymore, feeling incapable of any resistance. As the second cock pushed against my lips, I opened my mouth and let it inside. It wasn't as fat as the first cock, but it felt just as long and when it brushed against the back of my throat I lurched and gagged. They hadn't pinned my arms behind my back this time, and I held my hands up in a gesture of surrender and compliance. They didn't hold me, so I placed my hands around the base of the cock while moving my head back and forth.

"Look at that, bro! This little bitch does know how to suck a good cock after all! Oh, that feels good!"

They laughed and told me to keep at the good work.

I only wanted to make it as easy on myself as possible and get it over with. If I could just make this one climax they would let me go, but he wouldn't come. He just stood there moaning, holding back, wanting not a climax, but for my fellating him to last forever. I was

weary and my mouth and lips were bruised and sore. My knees ached and my stomach felt sick. He wouldn't come and I tried everything I could remember from Helene. I licked and sucked and tongued and slurped and swallowed. It never ended and my mouth started to feel completely numb. Then I heard him catch his breath. Encouraged by this, I sucked harder and faster and soon his cock erupted in a flood of hot sticky cum. It kept flooding past my lips by the mouthful and I had to swallow three times before it stopped. He slid his spent cock out of my mouth and gently put it back into his jeans.

They stood there grinning, watching me, making no effort to force me to do anything else. I wiped my bruised mouth with my hand and shakily got to my feet, eyeing them carefully. When they didn't move, I turned and ran out of the room and down the hallway. I was running for the front of the house when I passed the library and incredulously saw Helene writing quietly at her desk. She looked up calmly. I rushed in and threw myself on the floor by her chair.

She had known! She'd sat quietly in the very next room and done nothing to stop that horror! I looked at her with tears running down my face. Through gulps I tried to tell her what happened.

She put down her writing pen quietly and turned to look at me on the floor. Crossing her legs and sighing, she studied my swollen lips, torn stockings and scraped knees..

'Now you know what can happen, Noelle. Don't go around acting like Little Miss Rich Bitch, like

a snob. I am very fortunate to be wealthy, but I don't treat people poorly because of it, and I don't flaunt it. You should do the same. Now go and wash your face and change your stockings. Put some methiolate on your skinned knees. It's not the end of the world."

She helped me to my feet and told me I could stay in my room the rest of the day. As I opened the door to it, I saw her enter the room the carpenters were working on. In her hand were two fifty dollar bills.

The hammering resumed a moment later.

Chapter 7

It was a very pleasant and idyllic summer.

The pool was cleaned and filled, and I'd sit out on a lounge chair sunning myself. The pink bikini I wore was not as daring as some of the skimpy little string things girls wore on the beaches, but it was flattering and let me get some sexy sun tan marks. Helene made me wear a tight little G-string under it to hold my sex flat. It was a lot more comfortable than the chastity belt.

One day the dishwasher in the kitchen broke down and we had to call a service repairman. Before he came out the next day Helene made me dress in the long blonde wig that was teased up real saucy and sexy. I put on an orange turtle-neck halter top, a short white tennis skirt and white high heel sandals. The night before she'd suggested I give myself a manicure and pedicure using bright red nail polish. I thought I looked a bit outrageous in such a sexy outfit, what with the breast forms in the skimpy top, the hair and the nail polish, but Helene said I looked just fine. It seemed odd to go to all that trouble just because a repairman was coming, and I couldn't understand why she wanted me to look so sexy, unless she wanted to give some poor working stiff a thrill.

When the doorbell rang I went to answer it and led the repairman into the kitchen. He was a big tall balding man, well over six feet, with a barrel chest and big thick arms. I could

tell he was suitably impressed with my outfit from the way he ogled me. He was a very pleasant, big jolly man, and once in the kitchen went to work on the broken appliance humming a little song.

Helene took me aside and told me she had to dash off in a hurry to take care of some unexpected business, and that I was to make sure to watch the serviceman and see that the dishwasher got fixed, then pay him if she didn't get back before he was through.

I went back to the kitchen and heard the Mercedes zoom off. The dishwasher was sitting in the middle of the floor, parts laying around it, the big repairman happily at work. I sat on one of the kitchen chairs and watched him. Or rather, we watched each other. He'd unabashedly look over at me every so often and take a long glance at my legs, or my chest or my hair. Often he made the comment that I looked pretty, had a nice smile and was a very attractive young girl. He was really very nice and his compliments were sincere and honest, never making me feel that he was any kind of creep or sex fiend. We talked as he worked and he told me about his divorce, his kids, his fishing trips, and his pride at being the best repairman his company had. Friendship and niceness seemed to ooze out of him, and while he obviously liked the way I looked, he never once made an off-color remark or sly suggestion.

About a half hour later, he had the dishwasher fixed and pushed back into the wall. While he ran it through a test cycle, I offered him some coffee and cake. It felt nice to be around such a friendly person, and when I told him I'd baked the cake myself, he wasn't shy

about asking for another piece.

The dishwasher clicked off and he took out his thick workbook to figure up the bill. I went to the library where Helene kept some money and her checkbook in the desk. But it was locked! I tried all the drawers and looked all over for a key, but there was nothing. Helene never let me carry any money myself so I didn't have any. I tried to think of what to do, then went into Helen's room to see if she'd left any money or a checkbook in a purse there, but there was nothing.

I went back to the kitchen and told the repairman. The bill was forty-eight dollars. I told him I couldn't find any money in the house, but said that my aunt would be returning shortly and would pay him. I asked him to wait. He looked at his watch and frowned, but said okay. As I served more coffee and cake, I told him how embarrassed I felt about it, but he told me not to worry.

"Oh, I've seen all kinds of things in my day. This ain't all that unique, missy." He went on to regale me with adventures in the kitchens, laundries and air conditioners of middle America. It was quite funny and we laughed together a lot. I sneaked a look at the clock and saw that a lot of time had passed. He looked at the wristwatch on his big hairy arm, and I told him again how sorry I was about the delay.

"Did she say when she was comin' back?" he implored.

"No. I'm sorry. I really feel awful. Can you wait a little bit more, please? I'm sure

she'll be back real soon."

"She didn't leave no money? No checkbook?"

"No. Gee, I'm really sorry."

He glanced at his watch again and asked to call his office. Using the kitchen extension I heard him talk to someone. I presumed it was his boss.

"Well," he said. "How about sending these folks a bill for it then, huh? These are nice folks and this little lady here feels awful bad. I'm sure they're good for it.... No? Gosh, can't do it?" He spoke a while longer and then hung up the phone.

"Little lady, I'm sorry, I truly am, but I got to get on my way with my service calls. There's other folks waiting for me today, and I got to go. I know you ain't to blame. You're real pleasant to be around, but the man says if I don't get payment, I got to take out them new parts I just put in your washer."

"Oh no! Please! We've got to have it repaired!" I remembered Helene's stern instructions.

"But I got to go, young lady."

I talked him into waiting a little longer for Helene. As we talked, he told me he thought I was a very fine young lady and wished he could meet someone like me. He was sweet.

More time passed and Helene still hadn't returned. The man clearly had to go, and he'd have to take out the parts and leave the dishwasher broken. I begged him not to.

He took a deep breath and sighed. "Well, I guess I could do something else. We're not supposed to do it, really, not with the customers." He said he could use some of his own personal money to pay the bill, and then I'd have to pay him later.

"That way the bill gets paid and I get back on the road and your little ol' dishwasher stays fixed. How's that?"

I told him it sounded fine, but wondered how I would get the money to him.

He took a thick, battered billfold from his back pocket. It was stuffed with cards and papers but he managed to find forty-eight dollars in the creases.

"Well, that about cleans me out. That's my personal spendin' money."

I felt awful.

"Let's see now. Do you think your aunt will be home by this evening?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it."

"Well," he blushed. "Look, there's something I've been meaning to say. I've been trying to get up enough nerve about it ever since we started talkin' and you started feedin' me that good cake of yours. Would you go out with me? I mean, gee, would you like to go out, and have a little dinner maybe, and do a little dancin'? Huh? You dance?"

Helene had made me take lessons. I said yes,

feeling that she would approve of me seeing this nice man, if only to pay him back the money.

"Yeah, you can give me back the money then, that's what I mean. Look, there's a little place I like a few miles from here, nice place, over near Wayne. Whyn't you meet me there? Tonight, okay? Yeah? Good! Say, at eight o'clock? Look, I'll write you directions."

As he drew me a little map, I realized that my wanting to be with him again was not a sexual thing, like you'd usually consider a date to be, but a desire for friendship, to be with a new person who was fun and kind and happy. This big hulk of a man was so shy and well-mannered, I felt no threat at all. We'd sit around talking and laughing, maybe see if my dancing lessons had done any good, then I'd give him a polite kiss on the cheek and that would be it.

It would feel good to make a friend on my own after so long.

We agreed on the date and he blushed. I couldn't help but giggle. He smiled all the way out the door.

Helene came home just a few minutes after the man's service van pulled out of the driveway.

"You did what?" she screamed.

I told her what had happened, and explained that I had agreed to meet the man that evening to repay the money he'd used on our bill. As she contemplated this, I pleaded with her to let me have a friend of my own, at least for one innocent evening. He was a big, kindly teddy

bear of a man, and there'd be nothing sexual between us. I begged her to give me one evening where I went out and had a good time on my own. Surprisingly, she agreed. I was struck by how much trust she must have had in me.

"How are you going to get to this place?" she asked.

"Can I use the car?"

"May I use the car!"

"May I use the car?"

"No. I might need it. Take a cab and have this guy bring you home, by midnight!"

I felt very happy as I prepared for the evening, and took extra care in dressing and making up to look nice. The chastity belt was on, of course, and I put on a pale peach set of lingerie, a pretty green dress and beige heels. I wore the short blonde wig and thought I looked pretty and appropriate.

"Take all that shit off!" Helene came in and said. She made me undress completely and start all over again. I was surprised when she removed the chastity belt and said I could go out without it. First, I had to put on the teased-up sexy blonde wig, then she went over my makeup and made it heavier and more pronounced, especially around the eyes. Next came a black padded push-up bra. With the breast inserts it made my bosom look larger than usual. She selected a black garter belt and black panties, plus black seamed stockings.

"But Helene..."

"Shut up and get dressed!"

I was made to wear the shortest and tightest black skirt I had. The dark tops of my stockings could be seen at the hemline when I stood, and when I sat the garters and my bare thighs would be exposed. For a blouse she selected a bright pink bare-midriff top. It emphasized the shape of the large breasts and left my middle bare. The final touches were large hoop earrings, several cheap bangle bracelets, and the first pair of shoes Helene had ever bought me---the four-inch high heel patent red sandals with ankle straps. She put a little more makeup on me, making my lips large and red.

When I looked in the mirror I was dismayed.

"But Helene! I look like a whore!"

"Not quite, dear." She attached a necklace around me. It was a little chain with words in front that read "Sexy Bitch".

"Now you look like a whore." She surveyed her work and smiled.

"But, Helene, please! I don't want it to be like this, please! I want it to be nice!"

Her voice got cold with that hardness I'd learned to respect. "You either go like this or you don't go."

I relented. She gave me a hundred dollar bill for my purse and then sprayed me with a thick cloud of heavy perfume.

"Please, Helene!"

"Shut up! Your cab's here. Go on, and have a nice time."

She ushered me out the front door to the waiting taxi. I gave the directions to the driver and we were off. He eyed me with suspicion and contempt. I hoped Kenny, the big repairman, wouldn't do the same. After all, he had seen me that afternoon and had liked the way I looked then.

The place I was to meet Kenny turned out to be a small roadside cocktail lounge and restaurant, very country and western in style. When we pulled up in the gravel parking lot, I handed the driver the bill Helene had given me. It was the only money I had.

"Honey, I can't change a hundred dollar bill!"

I got out of the cab and went into the place. There were some tables and chairs to one side, a large U-shaped bar and a jukebox. The room was half-filled with casually dressed people. They all stopped and stared at me when I walked through the door. It was a minute before Kenny appeared and came over to me. I could tell he was slightly aghast at my outfit, but I smiled brightly and said hello. He led me over to where he'd been sitting at the bar, and I asked him if he had change for the bill, holding it out to him.

His eyes bulged. Other people looked. He changed the bill with the bartender and went out to pay the cabbie. I sat on the barstool and all the men eyed me, noting my heavy make-

up and staring at my exposed stocking tops and thighs. There were a few women who looked at me in disgust. I heard whispers of 'hundred dollar hooker'.

I was very nervous and was glad when Kenny returned and sat beside me. I gave him the money for the bill he'd payed earlier that day, and we talked for a while. He appeared to be very nervous with me and I could tell he was put off considerably by the clothes Helene had made me wear. Other customers walked by slowly, openly staring at my lewd costume. I knew then I should not have come at all, but it was too late. Perspiration formed on my face.

There was a short, very fat girl acting as barmaid. Everytime she'd come to the bar she'd use the place behind me to bump up against my back, sometimes hitting me lightly with her tray or shouldering me brusquely. Kenny was staring down at his hands, trying to make conversation, but the jolliness he was so full of that afternoon had vanished.

When the bartender brought us our drinks he banged mine down. I guessed that his pride in the craft of bartending was the only thing that kept him from spilling it on me.

Several of the other men came up to us.

"Hi, Kenny! Where'd you get the new girl?"

"Um ummh! Looks like you got yourself a hot one this time!"

"Think you can handle that, Ken?"

They gathered around us and started talking. All of them knew Kenny, who was obviously a regular at this place. One of them started stroking my knee with his finger.

"Oowee! Look at that! My, don't that feel good? You felt this nice little black stocking stuff yet, Ken? Looks like nice stuff inside, too!"

"Here, let me see." One of the men muscled forward with a drink in his hand and sloppily spilled some on my knee.

"Oh, baby, I'm sorry. Kenny, I'm sorry for spilling my liquor on your girlie's leg. And it's such a nice leg, yes. Here, darlin', let me clean that up for you real good."

He dropped to his knee beside me and started licking my leg, much to the delight of the others who whooped and hollered in glee. I missed the stiff protectiveness. If these men ever found out what I really was, I would be in real danger.

The man at my knee licked my stocking, and another man started stroking my arm. I felt the long hair of my wig being touched, but Kenny just sat there passively enduring the treatment of his friends.

Panic began rising in me. I had to do something, so I squirmed my way out of the group and went to the ladies' room. Once inside I leaned against the wall and breathed deeply, trying to calm my racing heart. This was crazy. It was a very ugly scene brewing out there and I didn't want to face it. I'd have Kenny take me home right away.

The door to the restroom opened and one of the women customers came in. She was wearing a bowling shirt. While I stood at the sink, another woman came in, this time the short, overweight barmaid. She came up to me and spoke at my back.

"What are you doin' with Kenny?"

I turned around to face her, and saw another woman come in. Looking at the barmaid, I told her he had simply asked me out for a date.

"You? A date?"

"Yeah," added one of the women, "Kenny's our friend. He doesn't go around with tramps like you."

"Look, I'm not..."

The barmaid broke in. "What are you doing here, slut?"

"Look," said another. "Kenny's a big sweet guy, a bit slow maybe. A lot of people try to take advantage of him, and your kind ain't welcome here."

The barmaid was getting livid. "I said what are you doing here, slut? Hundred dollar hooker, huh? I think you out to get a hundred dollars worth!"

She slashed out with her meaty right hand and drove a fist into my stomach, then chopped me across the nose with the other. The wind was knocked from me and my face erupted in pain. I fell back against the sink and twisted,

the heel of my sandal was broken off and stabbing pain shot up my leg. I got several punches in the face. Blood flew over my eyes as the sharp, hurting blows made me half-blind. Somebody grabbed my arm and twisted it back, at the same moment I got a powerful kick in the stomach. I felt my insides scream in agony. My top was ripped off and the breast forms were torn out.

"Hey, what the hell is this?" I heard someone say as the clawing and punching went on. I tasted blood in my mouth and felt a thudding pain in my ribs as another kick landed. Somebody gouged at my eyes and a fist thumped me across the ear. Just as my skirt was torn open my blonde wig was pulled off. I lay bleeding and bruised while all three of the attackers took in the incredulous sight of me without a wig, without falsies, naked except for torn lingerie. They were wide-eyed at the obvious shape under the front of my panties.

Just then Kenny charged through the door. He, too, stood dumbfounded. Terror and animal fear welled up before me. I took the only chance I had and burst passed them all and back out the door. There was a small crowd of people gathered outside the restroom but they fell back in astonishment upon seeing me. I sprinted through them, tearing off one shoe and limping on the other's broken heel. As I crashed through the front doors I could hear the crowd start yelling and running after me. If they caught me...

I ran around the side of the building in panic with the angry bar patrons clamoring behind. I heard them shouting at me. Just then powerful headlights jabbed through the darkness

and a car slid around the corner and came to a screeching halt. It was Helene in the black Mercedes. She had the passenger's door open. I dove in and locked it. She gunned the engine and roared through the crowd, spraying gravel.

No one followed.

I had to stay in bed about a week with my injuries. Luckily, I'd sustained no broken bones, but I had a black eye, torn elbows, a twisted ankle, tender ribs, and cuts and bruises all over.

Helene nursed me. She didn't say a word about the incident. I knew that outside of her, away from her, there was very little safety or security for me. The way those people had reacted when the true me had been revealed showed that I had to keep my secret hidden at all costs. There was no way a stranger could ever be expected to understand.

Chapter 8

In the fall was one of the big social events of Helene's calendar, the Marclay Hunt. It was a weekend of glittering social events, dances and banquets, topped by an elaborate English-style fox hunt on Sunday. I'd become a fairly good rider with the months of lessons Helene had forced me to endure. She said that if I didn't learn, she'd put me on a horse with a dildo strapped in me and see how I liked that.

My riding lessons were something I looked forward to. It was one of the few times I was released from the confinement of the chastity belt, and I came to look forward to the lessons as a time when I could remind myself that under these women's clothes I still had my maleness. Helene had been very generous to me, but everything she did was designed to force me into femininity, to force me to become a girl. I still got pleasure from my maleness, and the riding lessons were the only outlet by which I could enjoy it. It was the only time I could sneak away in private somewhere for a few minutes and give myself pleasure.

All during the weekend of the hunt I swept through the balls and banquets as a dazzling young socialite. My escorts were one or the other of a couple of Helene's old friends from London, Sir Reginald Lipton and Sir Thomas Horvath. They were crusty old Britishers, both in their fifties, a bit pot-bellied from too much ale, with wiry upturned moustaches

on their craggy faces. I'd take turns dancing with them, dining beside them, and attending the horse shows and awards presentations.

Helene had been so satisfied with my progress in the riding lessons that she permitted me to ride in the hunt. For this special occasion my usual casual riding garb of jeans and jodpurs was replaced by a full English riding outfit: black Dehner boots, tight cream-colored britches, white silk blouse with stock tie, black fitted jacket and hunt cap. With my short kidskin riding gloves and English boot spurs, I looked as good as any of the other horsewomen. The men, of course, were all turned out in the traditional scarlet jackets.

I rode one of the several horses Helene kept at the stables, while she was up in the stirrups of her big Irish Thoroughbred Hunter. The hunt started with a larger assemblage of riders trotting out behind a frisky pack of hounds. Once away from the stables we all stood and waited while the Master Huntsman coaxed the hounds into sniffing out a fox. After a few minutes one found the scent and bayed loudly. There was an encouraging note on the horn and the cry "Hark to Rambler!"

All the formality and traditions of an English fox hunt were confusing to me, and Helene told me merely to follow her and not make any unnecessary jumps. There was another high blast on the horn as the yelping pack of hounds raced off across a meadow. The hunt was on.

We rode fast through the countryside for several minutes, then all the riders slowed

and gathered together. The fox had eluded the hounds and they ran around trying to pick up the scent. There were curses about the "bloody stiff-necked fox". When the horn sounded and the pack of riders broke into full pursuit, Helene came along side and told me to follow her. We left the main group and she led the way across several fields and into a woods. There were several riders off their horses in a small clearing, and we reined in to join them. I recognized Helene's old friends from London, looking very dapper in their scarlet coats. The third rider, much younger, was introduced as Sir Reginald's nephew.

Helene and I dismounted. There was a silver flask being passed around, and after Helene took a healthy swig she wiped it off with her gloved hand and gave it to me. I wasn't much of a drinker, and the men teased me about it, so I took a pull at the little silver bottle. It was hard scotch whiskey, and it burned down my throat bringing tears to my eyes. The men all broke up in laughter at this and Helene thumped me on the back.

Sir Reginald complimented me on my appearance in the English riding attire, and soon all of them were milling close around me. They appeared to have had quite a lot of the whiskey and were in high spirits. Soon they were pulling at my jacket, jostling me. I looked to Helene, but she only stood aside in silence watching. When I started to struggle and pull away, she stepped forward and slapped my face with a sharp blow.

"Shut up and be still!"

The men stepped back in silence. She had

her riding crop in her hand. They were intrigued, and had grins on their faces.

"These gentlemen are interested in you, Noelle. You should be courteous to them. Isn't that right, Sir Reggie?" she asked.

"Oh, I say, dear lady! Quite right!"

"Sir Hory?"

"Right indeed, old girl! Yes, I've been admiring the form of your lovely young niece all weekend long. I like the cut of her jib, so to speak."

The men leered in delight.

"Of course," Helene continued. "We have to put my dear little piece of fluff in the right frame of mind, no?"

"Here, here!" The Britishers chimed in with big smiles. The silver flask was passed among them.

Helene came up to me and unbuckled the front of my riding britches and, with a quick tug, pulled them down revealing my pink silk panties.

"Here, here!" came another burst.

"Get down." She directed me, and pushed me to my knees in the leaves and dirt. Stepping behind, she quickly pulled the panties exposing my buttocks. The men all walked behind me to look. I started to shake and quiver in humiliation. Helene spoke in cool, crisp words.

"Now, gentlemen, what we have here is a

delightful, cute little tush, and, if you care to inspect closer, you'll find a surprise." She prodded me with the crop and made me spread my legs apart.

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"Crikey! Look at that! It's a boy!"

"It looks like a boy, I mean a girl, but it's a boy. Oh, I say Helene, old girl, you have played a bloody devilish trick on us."

"I say! What a marvelous girl, or boy, or whatever! Incredible! Absolutely incredible!"

"Ha ha, Helene! I can see why she's called Noelle now. Very fitting! Like a surprise Christmas package!"

I felt like some freak in a carnival side show as they walked around, making comments.

"Bloody unbelievable! I danced with her at the Hunt Ball last night and I could've sworn she was a girl. I say! Incredible!"

"Never would've believed it!"

"I say!"

Helene spoke up. "Gentlemen, in keeping with the traditional English spirit of this weekend's festivities, I think it only proper that we have a demonstration of a classic English disciplining. After all, we can't let you go back to jolly old Britannia without seeing how its heritage lives here in the colonies!"

"What ho, I say!"

"Proceed, dear madam!"

With that she said "Gentlemen, observe!" The crop whizzed through the air and slashed against my buttocks. I jerked in pain and quivered. The crop whizzed again and the sting of the second blow made me cry out in pain. She handed the instrument to the men and they all took turns whipping me. I cried and winced and tensed with pain, and soon my rear was criss-crossed with a pattern of sharp welts.

"Now gentlemen, I think we've chastized the subject enough. Would any of you care to speculate on what other English predilection might be enjoyed here? I mean, I do remember hearing stories about those nasty going-ons at your English boarding schools."

Sir Horvath's eyebrows raised. "You mean a bit of good old buggery? I say!"

Sir Reginald spoke up. "Raa-ther, old boy. Never had a girl-boy before, or boy-girl. What an odd idea! I say, that is a bit of all right!"

"Crackers, old boy! Absolutely dee-lightful, what? Ha, ha! Look at that inviting little arse!" He bent down and spoke in my face. "Dear Noelle, as you kneel there in your cute little riding outfit, with your britches pulled down, I must say, you look lovely! Ha ha!" He bent forward and kissed me on the mouth, his moustache brushing my lips and the liquor on his breath making me cough. This man had been

such a refined, mannerly gentleman just the night before when he'd been my escort. Now he was slightly drunk, charged with the excitement of the moment, my odd sexuality, and Helene's debased insinuations. He saw the look of fear on my face and patted my head. He gently removed my riding hat and slowly stroked the hair of my golden wig. His voice turned to kindness. "Don't worry, Noelle. I'll be gentle with you."

Helene ordered me to relax and kneel still. I looked down at the ground and stared at it blankly, determined to get through this with the least pain and hurt possible. I felt someone shove a fingerful of Vaseline up my rear, then the head of an erect cock started pressing against me. Large hands gripped the sides of my bare hips. I held my breath, tried to relax and felt the hard, warm head slowly push past my tight muscle. It was large and hard and went in deeply. I felt hairy thighs brush against the back of my own, and the horrible thrusting movement began. My teeth bit against my lips and my breathing was quick and shallow. I tried to relax as Helene had told me, but it still hurt awfully, the searing, rending pain tearing me apart.

The thrusting quickened and I gasped as I felt hot cum pour into me. The hands released my hips and the limp cock was pulled out. I sagged to the ground, but felt another set of hands clasp my waist. There was a laugh and someone made a joke about a "wet deck".

I was sore and burning from the first assault, but the second erection pressed determinedly to force its way in. It seared like a hot poker and I screamed. The hands around

my waist held me still as the stiff cock pounded away. My insides were burning and I didn't feel when the second man climaxed. His cock began growing smaller and it was withdrawn gently.

I collapsed in weakness, but hands pulled me back to my knees. When I opened my eyes I saw Helen's boots in front of me. They remained still while the third man took me. I was in so much pain and numbness that I didn't feel much of the sensation of the third rape. I was grateful for that.

When he was through I collapsed on the ground. I heard the men chuckle and congratulate each other in their clipped British accents. They mounted their horses and galloped off. A distant "Tally ho!" was shouted back over the thunder of hooves.

I heard Helene's boots walk around me. She sat nearby on a fallen tree trunk and smoked while I lay on the ground and cried. A lot of time seemed to pass and she came over. I felt her gently wipe my rear with a wad of tissue.

"Come on, get up." she said.

She helped me to my feet and I pulled up my panties and soiled breeches. I moved slowly and stiffly, my face as a mess and my eyes were red with tears. She brushed me off and straightened my blouse, then wiped my nose and eyes. Handing me my riding cap, she asked if I could ride. It would hurt, but I wanted to get home, so I sniffled. and nodded yes.

"Good, come on." She took me by the arm and gently led me over to my horse. "If anybody asks, you took a bad spill from your mount, right?"

She gave me a leg up onto my horse and we trotted slowly back to the stables.

Chapter 9

Helene had been a member of a women's discussion group for some time. It met every other Thursday night at various members' homes. They were all fairly well-to-do women, many successful in businesses and active in the women's movement.

When it was Helene's turn to host the get-togethers, she at first had banished me to my bedroom, but later, when I was capable of 'passing', she introduced me as her niece and had me serve coffee and refreshments. She was reluctant to have me wear my regular sexy maid's outfit on these occasions, preferring me to dress more demurely in a simple blouse and skirt. I had the feeling she didn't want her friends to know the extent of her kinky sexuality.

In October the informal group met again at Helene's. I answered the door, took coats, served coffee and drinks, and stayed in the background as usual. They met in the living room, lounging about on the comfortable sofas. Winter was in the air outside, so Helene had a blaze going in the fireplace.

Most of the women were divorced or single. One of them, Dee, was in her thirties with a short, mannish haircut. She dressed almost like a man in tough looking shirts and jeans. Helene had told me she was a radical lesbian separatist, believing women should be totally independent of all doings with men. Her views were a bit much for the group, but she was liked so they tolerated her.

The discussion dealt with women and business, women and politics, women and money, and women with men. I was fascinated by all the things I heard.

"Guys resent successful women."

"Depends on the woman."

"No, they always do. If a woman makes more money than a man he feels like a wimp. Unless she rolls over and spreads her legs, he doesn't want her. It castrates them."

"Maybe the bastards ought to be castrated. Serve 'em right."

"Only after the sperm banks are filled, though."

"Right. Then who needs guys?"

"What do you think of house-husbands?"

"Groovy, I'd like to have one."

"They wouldn't know what to do."

"Teach 'em."

"Think they'd be content?"

"Why not? They've always expected us to be."

"Yeah, if guys had be put down all the time like housewives and mothers, they'd sure change their attitude. Fast!"

"They'd never change."

"Yeah. They'll always have a cocky attitude, and I do mean cock-y."

"Can't live without it."

"Who? You or the guy?"

"I can live without any guy, thank you, It's them that can't live without strutting around with their God Almighty hard-ons in their hands."

"It's the only thing they live for."

"Specially the young ones, jeez! They all think women are going to fall down and worship them just for the slightest tumble in the hay."

"I'd like to fix all men. Put something in the water supply. Something like that."

"Jesus, Dee! Some of us still like the old hetero way of life, you know."

"Suit yourself."

"A guy couldn't live without his sex life. Look at all the gays. They make it their life's ambition."

"Gay guys, you mean."

"They ought to see what it's like from a woman's point of view. Sex, I mean."

"How's that ever going to happen?"

"Make 'em live like a woman."

"You mean, turn society upside down?"

"Sounds dumb."

"Sounds like fun."

"You can't do it anyway."

"I can," Helene spoke up.

"How?"

"Oh, it can be done."

"Yeah, how you going to do it?"

"I've done it."

"What?"

"Yeah, what do you mean, Helene?"

"You really want to know?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Tell us."

"I'll do better than that. Do you want to have your minds' blown?" She called for me to come over and stand in front of the group. "You've all met Noelle?"

"Yeah. Hi, Noelle. But what's this got to do with it?"

Helene turned to me. "Noelle, take off your panties."

"A burlesk show? What is this?"

"What's going on?"

Helene repeated the order. With reluctance I slowly pulled off my pink panties and dropped them to the floor, hoping she wasn't going to make

me do what I thought she was. She'd stopped using the chastity belt on me several weeks before, so under my skirt I was now naked. Then she ordered me to take off my blouse. I started unbuttoning it.

"This is a strip show!"

"Yeah, for women. Hey, Dee, you ought to dig this."

"Fuck you."

When the blouse was off Helene told me to remove my bra. I did so and the breast forms went with it.

"No tits. So what? She have a double operation?"

"Look at her. She never had any tits. She's as flat as a pancake."

"Hope you're not nervous, Noelle."

"Christ, she's got bigger bumps than I do!"

"You never had tits either!"

"You got enough for both of us."

"Can I have some?"

What I didn't want to happen, happened. Helene ordered me to unzip my skirt and step out of it. "Remove it, Noelle, or you know what'll happen later."

"Helene, what is this? I don't want to see your niece in the raw. What is...oh my God!"

"What? Holy shit!"

"Jesus Christ!"

"I don't believe it!"

"It's a boy! She's a boy!"

"She is no she!"

They all broke out in amazement and laughter, asking Helene about me all at once. She gave a brief account of how I had come to be that way.

"Well, Jesus H. Christ!"

"Right on, Helene!"

"Way to go!"

"What is he? Gay?"

"Naw. Gays don't like to do that."

"Is he a sex-change? I mean, is he going to have a sex change?"

"Like that tennis bum?"

"Bum-ette, now."

"But Noelle is so beautiful! I'd have never, ever guessed she was a boy!"

"Yeah, Helene, Gee, it's incredible!"

"I'll bet you have a lot of fun with him."

"You call him a him or a her?"

"I'd like to do that with some guys in my office. Teach 'em a lesson."

"Damn right."

"It'd be fun. Serve 'em right."

"They wouldn't be as pretty as Noelle. You did a great job, Helene."

"You trying to make her into a lezzie?"

"Yeah. Hey Dee, does 'she' turn you on?"

"He! That's a he! Look at that puny little cock."

"Couldn't fuck his way out of a paper bag."

"Maybe that's what he uses. Hey, Helene, you give him a baggie?"

"Guys like that are queer."

"You mean 'cause he's dressed up like a girl?"

"They ought to be castrated."

"Naw, they're harmless. They just run around stealing stuff off your clothesline."

"I think it's a parody of womanhood. They just get their kicks out of making a travesty of what it is to be female. They're pathetic, and ought to be locked up."

"No. They're campy."

"They ought to have their balls cut off."

"No. Ignore them."

"Yeah, they're harmless. They just play with

with themselves in their closets."

"Thank God not my closets!"

"He's cute though, in his little garter belt with stockings."

"You want to fuck him?"

"Hell no!"

"Do whatever you want," Helene said.

"Well, nobody wants to go to bed with him, that's for sure."

"We've seen everything there is to be seen, and it ain't much!"

"Yeah, some surprise!"

"We could have him play with himself, see if he gets hard."

"You've got hard on the mind. No, it would feel too good for him."

"Yeah, besides, if he came he might squirt something all over us. I wouldn't want to get anything on me."

"Me neither, Ugh!"

"Well, we could always rape him while singing a chorus of 'Macho Man'."

They all laughed.

"Rape him? You mean make him lay on his back with his little dick sticking up in the air and then sit on it? Ugh!"

"Yeah, pooey! Is that what it means to rape a guy? I don't know. I'm pretty dumb on these things. It sounds like making a guy rape you. He gets to stick it in, doesn't he?"

"Yeah, right, Who wants to have the thing stuck in her? Ha! You probably couldn't even feel it, it's so small."

"Well, he couldn't keep it up anyway. I mean, how many of us could he fuck before his poor little peter caved in and gave up the ghost? Yeah, I know Dee, you wouldn't want him to come near you anyway."

"I'd cut the fucking thing off with a rusty razor blade."

"God, you really hate men."

"Nobody is going to cut it off, take it easy."

"Nobody want to rape him?"

"By sitting on his dick and wearing it out? That sounds dumb. He doesn't deserve it anyway. Helene, if I were you I'd never let him stick his dick into a woman again."

"I'm not."

"There's more than one way to rape a guy."

"You mean make him eat you? No way. This pansy's not getting near my box."

"Mine neither. Not with his cock or his mouth."

"How 'bout his nose?"

They all laughed.

"No, that's not what I meant. Hey Helene..."
A woman named Jo whispered into Helene's ear, and the two of them disappeared into the bedroom wing. I stood there mortified. When they returned, Jo had a big grin on her face and was holding something behind her back.

"Ta da!" She held out one of Helen's huge rubber dildoes. All the women broke out into peals of laughter, shrieking with delight, pounding their knees and rolling with mirth.

Helene held up a belt device. "And here's a strap you can use to wear it!" More shrieks of laughter.

"Just like a guy!"

"Look at that thing!"

"Where'd you get that? King Kong?"

"No, my ex-husband!"

"Is Burt Reynolds missing something?"

"Just like bronzed baby shoes!"

Dee got up and grabbed the belt from Helene and began strapping it around her hips. "Give me that thing! It's just what every goddamned bastard in the world needs, and I'm going to give it to this one!"

"Oooh! Listen to the dyke!"

"Jealous?"

"No. Just don't come after me with that thing!"

"No, she'll go after your boyfriend!"

"Hey, how about my ex-husband?"

Jo helped Dee attach the long hard rubber dildo to the belt, then tightened it around her hips. Dee positioned the device over her pelvic area.

"Show us how you beat off, Dee!"

"God, she looks like she was born with it!"

"Maybe she wishes she was!"

"Fuck you!"

"You'll never get it back, Helene. Dee'll never take it off!"

"Men of the world, watch out!"

Dee approached me with an angry leer on her face. Helene held out a jar of Vaseline, but Dee pushed it away. It was only after Helene insisted that Dee agreed to let her smear some of the stuff on the rubber cock. She pushed a dollop up my rear, too. This tough-looking woman terrified me.

All the women gathered around and made me get down on my hands and knees. They were laughing and eager to see what Dee would do. She pressed it against my rear and gave a mighty thrust with her hips, but the dildo just ramed against the crease of my buttocks and knocked me forward onto the carpet. It was a painful blow and I gasped in agony.

"That's it, Dee!"

"No. Take it easy."

"Get it started first!"

"No foreplay?"

"Yeah, just like my husband. Ram it in and then roll over and go to sleep!"

"No, Dee, do the sensuous woman bit!"

"Fuck you!"

"No, Dee. You're supposed to fuck him."

"Put it in! Come on! I want to see this!"

"Hold him!"

"He won't go anyplace."

"He does and we'll beat the shit out of him."

"After Dee gets done he won't be able to go anyplace!"

"Yeah, Dee, remember all those guys that stuck their pricks in you!"

"Yeah. Make up for it, Dee."

"Fuck the living shit out of him!"

I felt the head of the dildo against my rear again. Dee pushed slowly and firmly. Helene came around and knelt in front of me. "Wait a minute, go easy! I'll tell you how to do it! Relax, Noelle."

"Relax, bullshit! He ought to be scared out of his pants. Oop! I forgot. He doesn't wear pants!"

"Just relax," Helene said. "If he doesn't relax a little you'll never get that thing in, Dee. Just take it easy. Push gently. Once it's in you can hammer away, but first you've got to get it started."

"Yeah, get it in, Dee."

"Do it slowly, Dee. Make it go in!"

Dee pushed firmly and slowly. Under Helene's coaching I relaxed as best I could and felt the huge head of the greased dildo slowly spread me.

"That's it," Helene coached. "Take it easy. Keep it up, but easy. An easy, gentle, steady pressure. Don't force it. Slow and steady. A little more. That's the way."

The dildo spread me farther and went in. After the head had cleared my tight muscle, it glided in quickly the rest of the way to the base attached to the belt around Dee.

"Whoopee!"

"Yea!"

"Ha, ha! Success!"

"Way to go, Dee!"

"Right on!"

"Ha! How's it feel, Dee?"

"Yeah. Is he nice and tight, Dee?"

"Is he a virgin?"

"I don't see any blood."

"Damn it! So hard to find a virgin these days."

"Yea, Dee!"

Dee slowly pulled back.

"Easy, Dee. Don't loose it!"

"Not so far, Dee. Easy!"

She pushed it forward again. I thought I was going to die.

"Go, Dee! Fuck him!"

"In, Dee!"

"Atta girl!"

"Make him feel it!"

One of the women bent down and yelled at me. "Think of all the times you stuck your filthy cock in some poor girl! Now you're getting it back!"

"Yeah, how's it feel, pansy?"

"You like it, man?"

"Like the way it feels, bit man? Big shit!"

"Fuck him, Dee!"

She did, faster and faster. I felt such

incredible searing, twisting, ramming pain I thought I would faint. My insides were bruised and torn. She thrust faster and faster.

"Go, Dee!"

"You can do it, Dee!"

"Sock it to him, girl!"

"Fuck him!"

"Faster, Dee!"

"Fuck him!"

They started up a chant "Fuck him!", and were soon clapping their hands and chanting in rhythm to the thrusts of the dildo as it drove in and out of me like a hot piston.

"Fuck him! Fuck him! Fuck him!"

I felt I was being cored like an apple. My face contorted with the searing pain.

"Fuck him! Fuck him! Fuck him!"

Dee started getting very savage with her thrusts, pulling back quickly and then slamming forward as fast as she could. I felt the head of the dildo smash against my internal organs. It felt like it was up in my stomach, my throat.

She drove in with a tearing, ripping savage stroke and then stopped, exhausted. I felt her put her hands on my back to steady herself.

There was a great burst of applause, laughter and cheers from the women. As it

quieted down, Dee unbuckled the belt from around her hips and pulled out of it, leaving the hard dildo in me up to the hilt.

"Whew!"

"Way to go, Dee!"

"Right on!"

Dee got up and stepped around in front of me. She nudged my face with her shoe. The others fell silent.

"Look at me, creep!"

I looked up to see her towering over me.

"Say thank you!"

I obeyed.

There was another loud burst of applause and cheering. Howling with laughter the women moved back to the sofas and sat down, leaving me kneeling on all fours with the dildo still rammed in. I couldn't move.

Dee sat down in elation. "Whew! That's tiring!"

"How'd it feel, Dee?"

"Now you know, Dee."

"Way to go."

"Hey, Dee. How long before you're hard again? I'm waiting!"

"Fuck you!"

"You wouldn't know what to do if you saw a cock like that."

"I'd faint."

"I'd run!"

"How'd it feel to have a hard-on, Dee?"

"You going to have a vasectomy now? You know, Dee, ZPG!"

They all laughed and talked, ignoring me.

"Hey, Helene, you going to keep that thing in him?"

"Wouldn't hurt."

"Better ask him."

"Better him than me!"

"Serve him right!"

"Look at him. He can't even move!"

"You couldn't either if you had that thing in you!"

"I'd never have that thing near me!"

"You probably have one at home, under your pillow."

"Fuck you!"

"No, fuck yourself!"

"He looks kind of cute with that thing shoved up his ass."

"Yeah, we ought to start a service. Fucking men. Shove a dildo up all their asses."

"Door-to-door service."

"Dee might get tired."

"Never!"

"She could fuck 'em all!"

"I get the good looking ones!"

"You can have 'em."

Jo came over to me. She reached down and picked up the ends of the belt that held the dildo. "Should I pull it out?"

"Leave it in!"

"Yank it out!"

"Fuck him again! Your turn, Jo!"

"Anybody want to fuck him again?"

My fingers clawed the carpet.

"Come on, Jo, Do it!"

"No, somebody else."

"Not me."

"Come on. Somebody fuck him."

"Somebody did."

"Well, somebody fuck him again. Come on!"

"Not me. I wouldn't touch that thing."

"Don't look at me. I only fuck real men."

"Then try Dee."

"Fuck you."

"Up yours!"

"Somebody fuck him again."

"No, pull it out and make him lick it."

"Yeah!"

"Ugh!"

"Serve him right."

"He might like it."

"Cocksucking?"

"Is he a good pussy eater, Helene?"

"Yeah. Tell us. Is he good?"

"Try him yourself."

"Yeah, go on."

"No fucking way. All gays like to eat pussy and there's no way I'm going to give the bastards the pleasure."

"Funny, I thought it's the woman who gets the pleasure, or have I been doing something wrong?"

"It's fun."

"If they do it right."

"At least guys know what a clit is nowadays."

"Here, here!"

"So what about what's-his-name there? Do we pull his dildo out?"

"Leave it in. Forever!"

"No, pull it out real fast!"

"You might pull his guts out at the same time. Make an awful mess on your carpet, Helene."

"So what? He's supposed to be the maid, right? Make him clean it up."

"Go ahead, Jo. Give it a yank!"

She pulled gently on the belt and the dildo moved out a little.

"Do it, Jo!"

The dildo slid out a little more. Jo turned to the group. "Well?"

"Do it, Jo!"

She took a deep breath and with one powerful pull tore the big dildo out of me.

I jolted up in agony, then fell over and fainted.

"Humph! So much for men," was the last thing I heard.

Chapter 10

During the Christmas season we attended a lot of parties and gala social affairs. I had become so well accepted by Helene's society crowd ---they didn't have any suspicions about my true condition---that whenever they invited her anyplace, they invariably extended the invitations to include her "darling niece, Noelle". I was becoming somewhat popular, people loved my name during this time of the year, and I frequently got calls from young men asking me out. Helene made me decline these dates, though, and my social life continued to revolve around her.

Helene took a photograph of me posing under the large decorated Christmas tree we'd set up in the living room. I was wearing only a pink garterbelt, wispy panties and bra, pale stockings and gold high heel shoes. My hands were tied together in front with a big red bow. Helene loved it.

On Christmas day Helene surprised me with a magnificent full-length Blackglama mink coat. It was so beautiful and deliciously luxurious I didn't take it off the whole day.

That afternoon we went outside and had fun building an obscene snowman.

In January Helene announced we'd be spending a week in New York. There were going to be fashion exhibitions and a convention of boutique owners. With her financial interests in several operations she wanted to spend time with some of the people

in the industry.

We checked into a large suite at the St. Regis and began the exhausting rounds of showings, dinners and trade shows. I was introduced everywhere as Helene's niece and was treated royally. Helene evidently carried a lot of clout behind the scenes, because everywhere we went she was besieged with people trying to sell her on a new product line or plans for a new business venture.

One evening we dined at La Grenouille, a posh celebrity-filled restaurant Helene called 'The Frog Pond'. I was looking around the room, mesmerized by seeing all the famous people, when two girls came up to the table and started talking with Helene. One was a thin, pale blonde with long straight hair. The other was a very tall, beautiful black girl with high sharp cheekbones and a closely cropped skull of little ringlets. I stared at her in amazement---it was Inan, the black model who used to work for Mara in Philadelphia. Memories and sharp pangs sped through me: the workrooms of Mara's dress business, the burgundy gown, Inan's gold panties, Mara. It all flooded back in a torrent.

"Inan, this is my niece, Noelle." Helene introduced me as if there was nothing at all peculiar at meeting Inan again. She evidently had no intention of revealing my true identity, and I was too stunned to do anything but nod politely.

Inan took my hand in her long brown fingers and held it warmly. "Helene darling, where do you ever get such lovely creatures?" She studied me closely with her big eyes, then sat beside me on the banquette, moving close against me.

She complimented me on my dazzling new lavender gown from Halston, and said I was the prettiest young woman in the restaurant.

She and Helene chatted about friends, gossip and the latest "in" places to be seen. The blonde girl sat across the table in silence with a bored, spoiled look on her face.

I tried to act as normal and sociable as I could, but I couldn't get over the way Inan acted towards me. She pressed against me with her tall warmth, smiling, nodding, and leaning close to me as if we were old friends.

After a time chatting and laughing, Inan suggested we all go out nightclubbing and do the town. The sullen blonde spoke up.

"Aw, Inny," she whined in a sour voice. "I'm tired. Let's go home, huh?"

Inan gave her a look of daggers. "This is my dumb little roomie, Alice. She's loads of fun, as you can see."

The blonde looked back and stuck out her tongue like a six year old.

"Go home, Alice," Inan told her. "You're getting to be a real drag."

After the skinny blonde left, Inan explained they'd been living together for a few months, but she was getting fed up with her childishness, and was about to kick her out. When Inan went to powder her nose, Helene told me Alice was Inan's lover.

The three of us made the wild, raucous rounds of Studio 54, Regine's and other glittering watering holes. At several of the discos Inan pulled me to my feet and danced seductively with me, her sleek body gyrating and pulsing to the music. Since leaving Philadelphia she'd become somewhat of a celebrity in New York nightlife circles, and everywhere she went people greeted her and shouted hellos.

Early that morning we were still up, having a late supper, or early breakfast, at a restaurant on Central Park South. We let the excitement of the evening slowly drain away. We were all dead on our aching feet, half-asleep and slightly drunk, giggling and laughing like schoolgirls. Inan was fun to be around, full of outrageous stories and bawdy comments on the famous people she knew.

A couple passed through the restaurant on their way out and came over to our table. The man, in his thirties, was tall and tanned, well-dressed in a three piece suit. He was very handsome, what Inan called a "hunk". The woman was shorter, very slender and---Mara!

I was stunned!

Mara, whom I'd once loved and wanted dearly, was standing in front of the table chatting amiably with Helene and Inan. I was introduced again as Helene's niece, and Mara extended her hand to me. I reached forward and felt her fingers---that old touch! All the memories of her, and my past, flooded back. I felt I was beginning to cry.

"Don't mind her", Helene said. "She's a little bombed. Aren't you dear?" She put her arm

around me. "Not used to all this nightlife. There, there. We'll get you back to the hotel."

I sat dumbfounded and mesmerized while Mara introduced her fiancé, a Wall Street broker. She'd come to New York after all, and had made a success in the garment center alongside the big names in fashion. Helene had backed her and knew about it all the way, and had never said a word to me! I turned to her, but she just patted my hand like a small child.

Through the tears that were welling up in my eyes I saw how lovely Mara was. Success had ennobled her. She'd blossomed into a confident, self-assured young woman. It was obvious from her glow, her smiling eyes, the happiness she radiated, that she was in love.

I looked at her fiancé. He looked prosperous and worldly in his three piece suit, a handsome, tall, masculine, successful man. It might have been me, I thought. The young man looked at me and asked if I felt all right. I could only stare back while my heart wrenched with emotion.

I don't know exactly what happened next. Mara and her young man left. I vividly remember the sight of them, a charming, attractive couple, leaving the restaurant. They looked like they had all the happiness in the world ahead of them.

All else is kind of a blur. I remember being inside a taxicab, sitting between Helene and Inan, sobbing like a child. I think my head was in Inan's lap, and she was stroking my face with her cool fingers.

At the hotel suite, I was put to bed. I

have a memory of Helene talking to Inan about me, and Inan's voice exclaiming, "Really? You're kidding!"

When I woke up the next morning Inan was sharing a room service breakfast with Helene. She must have spent the night.

Later that day we went back to Philadelphia.

Inan became a frequent house guest. It was obvious that Helene had confided in her about me and Inan was plainly delighted. There were days, and nights, when I was ordered to be Inan's "personal maid", and she took great pleasure in forcing me to masturbate in front of her, give her body tongue baths, and perform orally with her for hours at a time.

Most nights Inan slept with Helene in the big bedroom.

On one of her weekend visits, she announced that she'd kicked out her roommate Alice. Through the weekend Helene huddled with her, then announced she was sending me to New York to be Inan's personal sex slave and maid.

Inan said the idea was "kinky, campy, tres chic".

I moved into Inan's large high-rise apartment on Manhattan's upper east side. My duties were similar to those at Helene's: cooking, cleaning, and keeping Inan satisfied with oral sex. She was a lot less demanding than Helene, but also a lot less caring. Often she had girlfriends over for the night and I am relegated to

the confines of my own small room.

I continually thought about Mara and her fiancé, and the way my life had been forcibly steered away from that kind of normal fulfillment.

Helene worked out some sort of arrangement whereby she helped Inan with the cost of keeping me. I was given a small allowance of pocket money. When Helene visits New York, she often stays overnight in the apartment. I have to service them both, then I'm sent to my room. Through the closed door, I can hear giggles and moans late into the night.

I was at Inan's nearly a month when they both began to notice my depression and despondency. In an effort to bring me out of it, they sent me to an analyst, Dr. Garrett, who didn't seem shocked at all about my strange way of life. He couldn't figure out how it all started though, and I felt a little inhibited talking about it in his office.

He suggested I write down all that has happened, which is what this journal is.

It's been two months since I first saw Dr. Garrett. He understands my story better now, and he wants me to continue writing this as a kind of diary.

I can talk more easily with him now, and he feels that a sex-change operation may be the answer for me. He says there's no way I can ever go back to living as a normal male, and it would be psychologically damaging to try. The female mentality Helene has drilled

into me, he says, is too ingrained and too much a part of me.

Helene came up from Philadelphia and discussed the idea of a sex-change operation. She was angrily against it, and cut off all money for my visits to Dr. Garrett. Inan won't help either, so I'm in a sort of limbo between femaleness and maleness, and Helene and Inan are determined to keep me that way.

May.

Helene got a letter from Sir Reginald Lipton in England, asking to let her "darling niece, Noelle" come and spend the summer at his estate in Hertfordshire. He made a lot of insinuations about continuing my "English education". She agreed and Sir Reggie booked me passage on the Queen Elizabeth 2.

I sail on the QE2 tomorrow. Sir Reggie booked me a first class stateroom.

Helene gave me a set of expensive luggage as a bon voyage present. Inan says there's someone new living with her, a young boy.

END

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