

THE HIT

By Noua & Elaine



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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THE HIT

by Noua and Elaine

Chapter 1 - The Contract

Luigi Taveri was a professional hit man. He took human life on a contract basis. Often the lives he took were drug barons, pimps, Mafia bosses and even sometimes political leaders. The main thing they had in common was that they were either middle-aged or grey haired men who had caused some serious problems for other people.

That was the way Luigi rationalized his actions and his job. If it was a drug baron who caused suffering to the youth of the country then it was easy to do. It was justifiable in Luigi's eyes.

The usual method was for his clients to send him an information package on his target and then to study and plan his method. Sometimes it would be easy to organize and plan; at other times it would be difficult.

All that seemed very different as he sat and stared at his latest target, a beautiful woman in her late twenties. He felt uneasy, as he had already agreed to take the job not knowing who the target would be. He was just told it was a drug baron, and the idea of a bald greying male came into mind, not a beautiful woman like Gloria Feldman. His cock stirred inside his slacks at the thought of having sex with her, but he realized that it wouldn't be easy.

He studied her picture closely, her oriental green eyes framed with long dark lashes, her shapely eyebrows and her long dark hair. She was incredibly beautiful, and he hated to destroy beauty. His apartment was littered with expensive objets d'art, paintings and sculptures: the result of his labors over the last five years as a professional hit man.

This hit would be painful for him, but he had accepted it. He knew he had no choice but go through with it or he would end up being a target himself. Failure under any circumstances would not and could not be tolerated, or he would end up like many of his hits — propping up a road bridge somewhere buried under tons of concrete.

He studied the file on Gloria. He learned where she lived, what her hobbies and pursuits were, and most importantly her photographs told him just how attractive she was.

The file told him how she had reached her position and how she had become a target. She had been a fashion model who had married a mobster. When he died last

year, rather than just being a pretty face, she took over the whole organization of smuggling cocaine from South America.

Of course, Mario Feldman had known he was dying of cancer and had trained Gloria well in all aspects of his business. Now she was in charge. All the workers in Mario's organization liked her, and she treated them well. But now her drug trafficking efforts were obviously treading on other people's toes. Her security was good, and Luigi was going to need an excellent disguise to penetrate that security. The file said that she was also interestingly into BDSM activities.

Luigi had a small frame and long neck; at 25 years old his baby face features had always suggested that he could easily dress up and pass as a woman. That though had never occurred to him. There had always been this macho thing to prove himself, and he had never desired or wanted to be considered in any other way than a full-blooded man. He had never wanted or desired to express his feminine side. It just wasn't him, and perhaps that was why he was the way he was: a ruthless and professional cold-blooded assassin and killer!

Luigi studied the plan of Gloria's property. The main difficulty would be getting close enough to carry out the hit. She lived in a secure walled mansion with loyal bodyguards and intense security measures. The plain fact was that he could hardly hope to turn up at the door and ask to be admitted without someone suspecting his mission.

He also knew that she rarely if ever ventured outside, and when she did it was in a high security operation with an armored limousine and her bodyguards all around her.

Luigi felt that her one weakness might be shopping, and he thought that her favorite pastime presented him with his best chance of attack. After a week of observation, he noted that she made trips to a local high-class fashion house late at night, when no one else was around. The store was run by a couple of gay men who were obviously able to cater for her expensive tastes in clothes. Her clothes budget seemed unlimited, and she would always leave with several boxes and packages.

He did think about taking her out on the sidewalk, but the presence of her bodyguards stopped that. The local police station was just a few doors away, which didn't help. Luigi was rapidly coming to the conclusion that she was the most difficult target he had ever encountered. Killing her was going to take a lot of planning, and he knew his employers would begin to get impatient.

He reported back on the contact telephone number he had been given and was not surprised to hear a prerecorded message that told him to go to an address in downtown Orlando. The message also gave him a password.

The address turned out to be a flower shop. Quoting the password, he was ushered into the back of the shop, down some steps and into a huge basement area.

"My name is Luigi Taveri, I would like to see Dom Bertoli," said Luigi in his toughest voice.

"Step this way," said the henchman after taking Luigi's piece. He was ushered into a sauna and the door was closed behind him.

“Leave your clothes on so this will be short and sweet,” said Bertoli to Luigi, who had started to undo his tie and take off his jacket. “What's the problem, why can't you bump her off?”

“I have looked at it from every angle, but she is definitely not easy to hit. You know my track record, I'm one of the best in the business. I'll get her, but it'll take some more time.” Luigi talked with sweat pouring down his face.

“How much more time?” Bertoli asked simply, and then added, “She is really hurting my operations in the Carolinas.”

“Well, to get into her mansion I am going to need a good disguise. That is going to take a few months to organize, possibly six.”

“Six months?” Bertoli screamed, his lungs unaffected by the searing heat.

“My idea is to get a job as a maid or servant to get past the security. Then it should be a simple matter, so obviously I will need to be convincing,” Luigi talked slowly, trying to calm the old man down.

“A maid? Are you out of your mind?”

“Well, she has the best laser security system, she has armed bodyguards and thermal imaging sensors, closed circuit television and trip wires. I can't see how else I'll get near enough to her. She rarely goes outside, and when she does it's all very carefully planned. Even when she shops for clothes it's right next to the local police station,” explained Luigi to the sweating Bertoli.

“Okay, I get the picture. The fact that she's a pretty broad hasn't got anything to do with it, has it? The alternative is that we hire a female to do the hit,” said Bertoli.

“Yes, but I can't think of anyone who could pull it off. Besides, it would insult me if you decided not to use me after all this time.”

“All right then, you do what you have to do. You sure you want to dress as a piece of skirt to do this?” asked Bertoli.

“Yes, it's the only way,” said Luigi, wiping his head with his handkerchief. “Getting into her mansion will be easier if I appear as a woman or at least appeared to be female. She won't employ bodyguards to use a vacuum cleaner.”

Luigi knew what he must do as he sat discreetly outside the mansion gates, watching and waiting. He watched her movements and the cleaning ladies she employed for a few days. He noted the agency number and address of the agency. He knew then how he would start his feminization, and that he would have to do it quickly. Bertoli was not a man to be kept waiting.

Besides his native Italian and English, Luigi could also speak Spanish fluently. He decided, looking in the rear view mirror, that he would try and pass as a Hispanic woman — not too attractive, plain and just feminine enough to convince anyone that he was a real woman.

He returned back to his apartment and telephoned an old friend. She owned a special kind of brothel in a neighboring town. Her name was Sulee, and she was originally from South Vietnam, where she had been evacuated as a child. Sulee was also very different from those days, in that she had once been a boy. A sex change operation had given her the body she always craved, and she was now quite attractive.

When he took out Ray Mason, a previous hit, Luigi had discovered his target frequented this bordello. He had been astounded to learn that this beautiful oriental woman had been born a boy. There was no evidence to suggest otherwise now, and indeed his sexual exploits with her had been fantastic. He remembered with a smile how tight her vagina had been. She knew exactly how to please a man with all the parts of her beautiful body.

Taking the plunge, he decided that she might be able to quickly help him look more feminine. He rang her number.

“Hi, it's Luigi Taveri, remember me?” he asked, sounding happy.

“Oh, yes I do. How have you been?” she asked, her accent sounding delightfully oriental and sexy. “Have you bumped off any more of my clients?” she asked before he could answer.

“No, Sulee. Mason was a loser anyway,” he replied. Then getting straight to the point, he said, “I need a favor.”

“I'm not sure I owe you any favors after what happened,” she replied seriously. She had been hysterical, with Mason's body slumped on top of her, and she had cried for days at the thought of all that blood on her bed.

“Ever since I met you I can't seem to get what you did to yourself out of my mind. I have come to the conclusion that I might be a transsexual myself,” he replied, ignoring her last remark.

“Really? Well, you never seemed that way before. You just seemed the stereotypical macho male jerk,” she replied, sounding slightly more interested.

“I have had enough of this he-man bullshit. That's why I was the way I was, trying to keep my feminine side down and putting on a tough guy face. Will you help me?” He hoped that he had convinced her.

At that, Sulee squealed down the phone with girlish delight. “With your height and face you will make a great looking girl. Of course I will help. Come on over now, we are quiet at the moment. We can talk.”

“Do you really think I could look okay?” he asked, sounding unsure.

“Yes, you are petite and you are young enough. Once you start taking hormones and your facial hair is removed, you will love the changes to your body. Come over and we can start planning,” she said, laughing.

“Okay, I will be over in an hour or so,” he said, realizing there was no turning back. He sighed when he put the telephone back on the hook. Luigi sat back and knew that if he could suffer this for a short while then it would be worth it. He just hoped that his manhood wouldn't be destroyed or damaged by the drugs and the other surgical changes that might be needed.

As he drove over to Sulee's villa in his BMW convertible, he thought, 'I will have to be careful, this could get too serious.' There was no other way, it seemed.

At first, Sulee seemed suspicious; but Luigi thought the visit went very well. After all, she had agreed to help with his feminization process. A few days later, she organized his first visit to her own sympathetic doctor, and he started his hormone replacement therapy. She also pointed him in the right direction regarding his body hair removal and booked him onto a laser treatment course.

“You have to do it, you can't allow your beard to show through,” she told him, as he realized that he was never going to shave or grow a beard again.

The female hormones took a few weeks to hit their target, but he continued to take them when he felt the first sign of breasts forming. They became tender and enlarged, but he was really surprised when Sulee suddenly phoned him one night a month after they had first met.

“You have an option of surgery tomorrow. A plastic surgeon friend of mine just called to say that she has had a cancellation. She can do your Adam's apple and voice tomorrow and at half price,” she enthused. “So get your beauty sleep I will pick you up at 8:30 sharp. Bring your credit card too.”

Luigi went to bed in turmoil. This was getting serious! The laser treatment had removed most of his body and facial hair and now his voice was going to be raised. The loss of his Adam's apple he reckoned would be no problem, it would probably make his shirt collars fit better. His voice though would be hard to get back. If it weren't for the tremendous fee he was getting for this hit, he would never have considered all of this. He could almost retire off this one job alone.

He woke early the next morning after a fitful sleep. He had dreamed (or was it a nightmare) that he had huge breasts and nothing between his legs. The dream frightened him because he dreamt that a man had just penetrated him for the first time. He shivered and he felt something shake on his chest. He was growing breasts, and they were definite. He would need a bra soon, as his normally well-defined pectoral muscles were losing their definition. He had always kept himself in shape, and it saddened him to see his body become softer and rounder. He looked at his thigh and calf muscles; they too had lost their strength. It also felt odd and worried him that his penis never seemed to get erect easily.

He drove to the hospital with his growing dark shoulder length hair blowing in the warm Florida breeze. He parked up and bounded up the steps in the most unladylike fashion. He was going to remain a man as long as possible.

A few hours later, he woke to the most painful sore throat and he could hardly make a sound. His neck was swathed in bandages. In the run up to the operation, the doctor had scheduled him for some saline breast implants a week later. Of course he reluctantly agreed to it when he was assured that they could be removed later.

“My dear, you will be much better with slightly larger breasts. And then your real life test can begin,” he said, grinning at him. “I think you're going to look great when your transition is complete. For some small favors I could give you some of the surgery on dispensation.”

“What kind of dispensation?” asked Luigi. Though he was paid handsomely for his hitman work, Luigi could never turn down a good deal.

“You could let me try out your new equipment first,” he said quite boldly.

“Well, that would need to be more definite. I need a job to pay for all this treatment,” Luigi said. Despite his suspicions about this deal, money is money. That was Luigi’s motto.

“How about I do your implants and you undertake to work for me here?” the surgeon asked.

“What kind of work?”

“It would be something to match your obvious talents,” he said vaguely.

Luigi didn't like the sound of that but decided that it wouldn't hurt to string him along. “Okay,” Luigi replied.

“Just to show you, when you were under the anesthetic I implanted some collagen in your cheeks and lips. They are all puffy now but it will make a big difference to your face. All rounded and feminine.”

Luigi had not been expecting that additional treatment and was suddenly feeling upset and tears started falling.

The doctor leaned over and kissed Luigi on the forehead saying, “Don’t cry. You will be just fine soon. You will just love those implants, and your face will lose a lot of its hardness.”

Luigi was released later that day to his apartment to get some much-needed sleep. He was still groggy and sore, so he took some painkillers and went to bed. He felt between his legs and imagined what it would feel like if his cock were gone. He felt his growing breasts and they felt tender and sensitive. This was a much more disconcerting job than he expected.

He awoke at just after noon, having slept around the clock and then some. He checked his messages and found another message from Bertoli waiting.

“You have just three more months or you will be replaced,” he had said simply to the machine.

Luigi thought hard and suddenly became acutely aware of the need to pee. He was about to stand but thought that today would be a good time to step up a gear in his self-feminization process. He sat down and released into the bowl. He removed the dressings and found that his face was swollen and quite red in places. However, time was of the essence now, and he really needed some clothes.

He telephoned Sulee. “Sulee, can we get some clothes today?” he asked.

“Sure. I was free this afternoon and was just going to laze in the sun, but every girl loves shopping,” Sulee replied.

He waited until she came over. When she came up the stairs she handed him a sundress and some flat sandals. There were more surprises waiting, as Sulee took him in hand to the beauty salon. There, his now growing hair was styled and highlighted in a traditional Hispanic style. It was reddened slightly and given body. His eyebrows

were arched into thin lines and his ears were pierced twice. A manicure completed the treatment, after he refused some nail extensions.

She led him off to the shops, where he bought a large number of dresses, skirts and slacks, blouses, tops and even jackets. Some purses, shoes sensible and impractical, a complete wardrobe — and the total cost was over \$2,000. 'I hope I can charge this to expenses,' he thought as he loaded the goods into Sulee's car.

“Your face looks bad now but wait. In a few days’ time it will be perfect and you could easily work for me,” she said.

“What, to work as a hooker?” he replied seriously. “I don't think so.”

“No problem,” she said. “What will you do in life as a woman? A professional hit woman?”

“No, no. This is only temporary. But if it weren't, I would have to do something else. I can feel all my aggression and hatred leaving me. Something less stressful would be fine with me,” he said, sounding different. His higher pitched voice surprised him.

Sulee and some of her girls gave him some tuition on simple movements, gestures and actions. He was shown how to tend his hair and makeup and how to dress. Within a few days Luigi finally plucked up enough courage to walk out of his apartment for the first time and go for a stroll. He picked out the same sundress and some flat-heeled pumps. Plus there was a bra for his growing assets and a pair of matching panties.

He was petrified as he walked along the shoreline and into the job agency that provided cleaning services. He applied and was given a series of menial jobs the very next day on the other side of town from Gloria's mansion. He knew that the agency handled Gloria's cleaning, account and he just hoped that he would be around at the right time to get that job.

He hated the job of cleaning other people's messes. He hated the menial tasks, the wiping, the cleaning, the vacuum cleaner, ironing and so on. Dressing, though, posed no problems for him. He knew that it was all a matter of confidence, and he was confident enough not to be read while dressed as a woman. He didn't like the vulnerability of the clothing and the looks he got from the men as he went about the streets. The first thing he did when he got home was to remove his makeup, tie up his hair into a pony tail and don some shorts and a flamboyant silk short sleeve shirt.

One morning, a few weeks after he had his implants inserted, he arrived just as the agency office was opening. His dearest wish was being granted! He found himself on a small minibus heading towards the other side of town away from his usual clients. He smiled inwardly. The bus stopped, and he and another girl called Maria stepped out and walked across the quiet street to the gate. Maria had worked at Gloria's mansion regularly, and he was relieved when the gates swung open after a brief ‘Hola’ in the speakerphone.

The gates clanked shut behind him with an ominous thud, but at least he was on the grounds. Both ladies were searched for concealed weapons by the security guard before being allowed to continue. Luigi felt the sweat form in his shaved armpits as he neared the big house. He knew his way around from his study of the plans. They

headed to the servant's area at the back of the house where they met Missy, Gloria's cook.

“Hi Maria, who's this?” asked the plump cook.

“Oh, Josey was sick today. This is Louisa, she will be helping me all week,” said Maria, kissing the older woman softly on the cheek. Missy approached Luigi, and he too kissed her on the cheek.

“You know what needs done,” said Missy, “so I'll leave you both to it.”

“A cup of coffee wouldn't go wrong,” said Maria. “Would you like some, Louisa?”

“Yes please,” said Luigi. He was handed a mug of steaming black coffee from the cook.

He sipped it slowly, wishing he could make it last a few more minutes. The thought of dusting and cleaning Gloria's mansion on such a hot day was not something he relished. He had never been much of a coffee drinker, but the coffee tasted quite strong and bitter. Maria, who headed for a cupboard, hurried him up when she went to take out the cleaning materials and equipment.

“Come on. Miss Feldman won't tolerate dust and dirt in her house, and we get paid to work,” she said.

Luigi downed the coffee in one long gulp. He helped her with the vacuum, and it was as he went upstairs that he started to feel groggy. He reached Gloria's bedroom and then started to see double. He thought it might have been something wrong in his new modified body.

“Are you all right, Louisa?” asked Maria, looking at him as he felt the need to sit down.

He could feel tightness in his chest and felt like he would pass out. He could hardly lift an arm, and his head felt like lead.

“Oh, I feel dreadful ever since I drank that coffee,” said Luigi.

It was then that something in his mind clicked. The next thing he saw was Gloria Feldman as she stood over him smiling.

“I know who you are, Luigi Taveri, and what your little, sad plan was,” said Gloria. “It's a pity for you that you just won't be able to carry it out.”

Luigi could see up her legs to her shaved and naked pussy above. He was so light headed he could barely speak. His legs and arms felt dead.

“That coffee you drank was drugged, and we don't think you will be able to do what you planned,” she said. She lifted her pointed heel above his head and threatened to bring it down on his face. “I should kill you right here and now with this heel, but I have a better plan...”

“You will not kill me?” gasped Luigi, seeing the menacing point of her stiletto directly above his eye.

She wavered. “You will find out soon enough,” she said, sitting down beside him. “You know, you look so pretty for a man. Perhaps you should become a woman in-

stead. It looks like you've already started..." She began undoing his blouse to reveal his B cup breasts encased in a standard white bra.

"How did you find out about me?" he asked, struggling to stay conscious.

"Oh, it was easy. You made an enemy out of Sulee, and she is a dear friend of mine. She put two and two together, and the result is your lying on this rug with my bodyguards about to take you away."

Luigi's mouth was dry. He was caught, and he really feared the worst. He knew he was history. For the first time he had failed in his intended mission. He was a dead man, only he didn't look like a man!

"Take him to the basement and chain him to the bed down there. We will find out more about our little assassin later," said Gloria with some authority.

The two big men would have posed a threat to Luigi even if he could escape, so he allowed them to grab him without a struggle. They took him bodily down some steep steps into the basement. Luigi had been expecting something like a dungeon or cobweb cellar; but in fact it was fairly pleasant, apart from the lack of windows. There was a portable TV, pool table and some comfortable chairs. All no doubt to be pressed into service when the next big hurricane hit the area.

It was pointless to resist the men, and they quickly attached a chain and shackle around his pantyhose covered ankle. The chain was securely fastened to an eyebolt embedded into the concrete wall.

"Make yourself at home," said the leader. "Gloria will be madder than hell, so make the most of your time here."

Luigi felt tired. Despite his best efforts he started to drift off to sleep, the drugs starting to take an even stronger hold on his system. After 15 minutes he closed his eyes and fell sleep.



Chapter 2 - Realism

About 4 hours later, he woke up slowly. Luigi sat on the edge of the bed and fruitlessly tested the strength of the bolt. It didn't budge; everything seemed hopeless. The chain was over 5 meters long, and he found he could walk around. He looked at some books before switching on the TV.

He had never been a fan of TV, but he thought he might as well find out what was happening to other unfortunates around the world before Gloria and her heavies blew him away. He flicked past the soaps and the old movies and watched about the latest conflict in the Balkans. Suddenly he noticed a laptop PC in a leather carrying case over by the other side of the cellar. He just managed to reach it and pulled it towards him.

He found a wall outlet and tried to switch on the PC. There was a modem connected, and he pushed the telephone wire into a spare socket he had also found. 'This is looking good,' he thought, smiling to himself.

The battery was dead. Despite having main power it refused to work. He decided to let the PC charge for ten minutes before trying again. At last it stuttered and whirred into life, but just as he thought he was home and dry, a password protection window came up with Gloria's name as the user. Try as he might, he could not gain access. After several attempts, the keyboard locked up. He groaned.

"Switch off and try again," he said aloud, but he knew it was hopeless. He sat down with a women's fashion magazine and pretended to read it. Then he noticed a small cigarette shaped TV camera in the corner. They must have been laughing for the last few hours at his antics. Giving up, Luigi soon started to dose off again. When he awoke hours later he knew he had company.

"So, Mr. Luigi, what are we going to do with you?" asked Gloria, running her pointed red nails through his long, dark, and now untidy hair.

"Kill me. And quickly, I hope," he said. His mouth was dry again, his nose smelling her Chanel No 5.

"Before we do that, we need to know who was behind the contract to kill me." She smiled, curling her lipstick covered top lip. She carried on rubbing his hair. "You have such pretty hair, I would look after it if I were you."

"I don't know," he said in reply. "I don't know who wants you dead. I was given the contract by a third party."

"Liar," she said suddenly, and she slapped him hard across the face. "We know who he is but we need you to tell us. And Luigi, or is it Louisa, you will tell us, make no mistakes. You will tell. No options, no choices, no silence... We can do this the easy way or we can do it the hard way," she added, looking serious.

"If I tell you, then what happens?" he asked.

"We will see. But obviously you will never play the role of a hit man again," she continued. Luigi swallowed, his mouth drier; he gulped air in apprehension. She was teasing him. Why didn't she just put him away? He had always wondered what would

happen if he were ever caught. He never expected it to be at the hands of such a beautiful woman.

“Could I have some water, please?” he asked. his voice was quiet and resigned.

A guard handed him a glass of water, and he sipped it gently and slowly.

“Just like a woman, so feminine now. Perhaps before we kill you we should let Bill and Mike here have some fun with you. Would you like that?” Gloria asked. “They could take your cherry.”

He shook his head.

“Well, speak!” she said, losing patience and getting serious again.

“Go to hell,” said Luigi, suddenly thinking it was time he forced the issue. He knew they would get the information, but he sure as hell wasn’t going to make it easy. If he made it look too easy they would probably not believe him and give him a hard time anyway.

“I’ll make you a deal,” she replied, smiling again despite his defiance.

“What kind of deal?” he asked, unsure.

“We have plenty of time. We will let you leave here after one year, provided you tell us his name.”

“Yes, and I would be killed less than a day later. One of your hit men's bullets would have my name marked on it.”

“You might be unlucky, but then any contract placed on you will be looking for a man, not a pretty young lady as you are now. By the way, you must call me Mistress Gloria now. You are going to become my slave.”

“No deal. You can do your worst.” He said suddenly, feeling slightly macho again. He wasn’t going to become any woman's slave. At least while he was alive.

“You won't like my worst, though. Just tell me his name, that jerk was wrong to cross me.” She beckoned to both Mike and Bill who picked up some cuffs and chained both his wrists and ankles together. They stood menacingly over him with a cattle prod each nestled in their hands. It looked like they meant business and knew how to use them.

“One last chance. This is going to hurt unless you spill the beans,” said Gloria, rising up.

“Just kill me quickly, you won't get a thing out of me,” said Luigi. How he had wished he had remembered his cyanide capsule before the mission started. He had come close to using it in the past, but he had never been in such deep shit before. After ten painful low voltage prods, Luigi was a quivering mass on the floor. He had wet himself, and the smell was bad.

“Come on Luigi, tell me. No? Okay then, boys, give him the same again, this time level 2.”

Luigi writhed in searing pain and cried out as the prods wracked his body. This wasn’t just painful, it was excruciating. Luigi then realized he would be hit again and

again until he lost consciousness, and he knew they would continue until they got what they wanted.

“I’ll tell you one thing, but please promise me one thing in return,” he asked with a high simpering voice.

Gloria stroked his now damp hair and said, “No promises and no conditions, not now not ever. You will tell me and take the consequences. You look so helpless and so feeble, where is the macho man inside you now?”

“The contract was with Dom Bertoli,” said Luigi suddenly. He felt doomed. Only the faintest hope at self preservation made him tell his client's name. He knew he would be a marked man throughout the underworld now.

“You heard him, find out where that bastard Bertoli is and tail him,” she screamed to Mike. “I want to know where Bertoli is every minute of the day.”

She then lifted up a long hypodermic needle and showed it to Luigi, “You wanted death, but this is so much better. I told you I would make no promises, but when you wake up things will never be the same again for you. Then we will have some fun.”

He watched her silently. He was unable to move, his will broken. He saw the pale liquid enter his body and started to feel drowsy again almost immediately. He was in a drugged stupor and he didn’t really care anymore. He watched impassively as they unlocked his ankle cuff and placed him inside a body bag before zipping it up. His hands and ankles still bound together he was going nowhere.

“Sleep tight, Luigi, you are going on a long trip,” she said as she closed the last six inches of the body bag zip. He closed his eyes and was soon unconscious.

“Good. Bring the van around to the back and make sure the jet is ready to receive this human cargo,” said Gloria, who went back upstairs to the warm Florida sunshine to continue where she left off running her drug empire.

Luigi didn’t fully awake for two months.. Although he had recalled hospital gowns and face masks, he had no real idea what was happening or what had happened to him until Gloria roused him back into the land of the living.

Chapter 3 - His Mistress's Plaything

Luigi immediately felt odd. He was tied up and his hands were up above his head. He realized he was blindfolded, and he could just hear someone moving. He could tell it was a woman because of the sound of her stilettos on the tiled floor. His suspicions were confirmed when she spoke.

“Don’t struggle. You are tied up and you are blindfolded,” she said in his ear at close range. “Do you feel any different?” He recognized her voice. It was Gloria, and as she spoke he was moved to a standing position.

“Different?” asked Luigi in reply, remembering that she knew that he had been a man all along. “No, not really.”

“Stop playing games,” she said. “I know that you were playing at being a woman.”

Luigi dreaded what her question really meant but was in no mood to play her game. “I can feel the weights on my chest and my feet feel different for some reason.”

“And between your legs?” asked Gloria. “What's between your legs?”

Ignoring her question, Luigi continued shaking his leg. “My hair seems longer. How long have I been out?”

“Move your thighs together and tell me if you feel anything different,” she commanded, suddenly angry that he was still acting like a jerk. He rubbed his thighs together and sensed that indeed something was wrong.

“I can't feel anything, what have you done?” asked Luigi. Suddenly panicking, he moved his thighs together again. Instead of the large pouch that normally nestled between his legs, there was nothing. Nothing at all. “I'm really scared. What have you done to me?” he said slowly disbelieving what he felt between his legs. “Tell me this is a bad dream,” he added.

“This is really enjoyable, I must say. Just a few short weeks ago you were planning on killing me, and, well, now you have paid the ultimate penalty,” she said with a slight laugh and then a sneer. “You have just lost your manhood.”

“Please let me go, let me see what you have done,” he cried. Tears started to descend his clean, hairless face.

“So you can kill me? No, you are mine for good. This way I have made you better suited to serve me instead of some Mafia Godfather.”

“If I get free I will still kill you,” said Luigi struggling with the bonds. “Have no fear of that.”

“You can try that, but my bodyguards will have to deal with you. And trust me, for a woman, that is a terrible experience.”

At that Luigi calmed down slightly. Suddenly he realized that he couldn’t escape and that he was completely at the mercy of the woman he had been tasked to kill. He shivered at the thought despite the warm temperature in the basement.

“Maybe I should let you feel that then. You have never been raped before. I bet you did your share of taking women's virtue and not to have your virtue taken?”

Luigi didn't like the sound of that. "Just what have you done to me? Please tell me."

"Why don't I help you feel it for yourself," she said scathingly at his whining. With that she slid her hands down his legs to his ankles. Instead of the hairs standing up he felt nothing but smooth soft bare skin.

"Your legs are so smooth now, no more ugly hairs will grow on your legs ever again — all gone, finished, kaput. Many weeks of electrolysis and laser hair removal took care of your body hair. Your legs are so silky smooth now. You have legs to die for, particularly in heels. And, my dear, you will be in heels all the time."

When she reached his ankles he shivered again before she moved upward towards his thighs. He could feel that his skin seemed much softer and much more sensitive under her touch. Her long nails scratched him, and he felt like she had torn his skin.

Deliberately avoiding his groin she continued up his legs towards his hips, but she moved suddenly and cupped his breasts. These seemed bigger than the modest mounds that he had implanted before the hit went wrong. He could feel the weight on his shoulders when she let them go and then took them in her hands again.

"See a difference?" she asked.

"Oh god no, they are so big," he said as she circled his swollen nipples with her hands.

"So beautiful... We have removed the little modest B cups you had and given you a full double D cup now. You are like you have been a well endowed girl all your life. I like the way they look so convincing, not just stuck on your ribs." She laughed again. As she circled his enlarged nipples, she asked, "How do you feel?"

Luigi shivered and quivered at her touch. His sides seemed ticklish, and he bit his tongue to prevent giggling uncontrollably.

Suddenly and without warning she moved to his pubic hair and pulled it gently. "Such a small mound now, not the unkempt mass you had before. Electrolysis again, darling..."

Luigi already feared the worst and could sense something was different. He was burning to know for sure if he still had his manhood. He thought he knew the answer, but it was important to find out for sure. He gasped with fear and loathing as Gloria moved her hand down and then quite slowly cupped the area between his legs. She then spread his labia with her fingers. He started crying visibly and audibly.

"You seem upset," she said, "but you really shouldn't cry. You are quite beautiful now, no cock and balls to push out your panties. A smooth beautiful contour in front. And so sexy! We just finished the job you started..."

Realizing that he had been castrated below, Luigi continued to cry like a baby. "Oh god no," said Luigi in anguish over and over. "Please god no."

"Hush now. It won't be so bad; you'll love being a woman," she cooed in his ear as she cupped his mound harder. "You are just perfect now, no pain, all healed and stitches out."

Suddenly the male in him tried to take control back, and he bluntly asked, “Why did you mutilate me?”

Gloria calmly ignored the question and kissed him on the lips, softly at first and then with insistence. “Because I need you this way, my dear, that's why.”

The tears soaked Luigi's blindfold. “Not my manhood, dear god not my manhood! Why oh why?”

“Simple, dear: you were bad, so you were punished. Don't you understand that?”

“Why didn't you kill me? Please god not this. This is a living death.” Luigi's mind was racing, his sex drive and pleasure zone had been altered. He knew he would find it hard to cope.

“Oh no, Luigi, it's much better this way,” she said laughing. “And no, I will not kill you. I am going to have some fun with you. You will serve me and I will enjoy your slavery.”

Luigi cried through yet more tears. “I will kill myself, then. First chance I get.”

“Oh, it's fun like this.” Gloria ignored his comments again and opened up his pussy lips wider with her long nails. “You can't even kill yourself, I won't let you.”

Luigi could feel Gloria moving the heavily modified equipment in his crotch and wondered what was in store. The feelings were different and yet the same. Like his nerve endings were learning new paths to his brain. His wonder was soon answered when he felt her insert her long fingertip inside the opening to his new vagina. Luigi felt revolted when he learned how different it felt.

Gloria, so long able to control her lesbian lovers, applied the same techniques to Luigi. She slowly moved his pussy lips this way and that, rubbing gently and teasing his new clit. Luigi could feel some sensations not unlike before, but the thought that he would never ejaculate or orgasm again played badly on his mind. It was torturing his soul.

“If I had a knife I would slit my throat right now,” he said seriously.

“You like it, though, do you feel that? That used to be your big cock. Now see what a man you are. It must be all of a quarter of an inch long now. You don't take anyone any more, you will be the one who is taken. You don't penetrate any more, you are one who will be penetrated. Besides, there have been enough knives used on your body. Now you get to feel like all the many women you have screwed,” she said and she rubbed his clit faster and faster.

Luigi was still upset but started to feel the effects as Gloria rubbed his new sex faster and faster.

Luigi stopped crying and started to feel the sensations spread through him like before, but somehow differently. He could feel the blood flow to what was left of his cock, and he could feel his pussy wet and moist. His bonds though were hurting and he felt the strain on his arms and legs.

“You like that, don’t you my dear? You are getting excited. Perhaps we did too good a job on you. It certainly cost enough, but then all those paintings and antiques you had were easy to sell,” she laughed.

“You bitch, not those too!” he cursed under his breath, hating her more that his art collection was gone.

“We got a good price for your apartment and car too,” she added. “You see, these operations and treatments are very expensive when you get the best surgeons. And you got the best.”

With that, Gloria took him by surprise and pulled his arms higher so he was now on tiptoes.

“Please let me down, I promise I’ll behave,” he said, feeling real pain. “Gloria, I know you have given my a sex change and I was going to kill you, but this is just too much for me. I can’t take this in. Please let me die, give me a pistol.”

“No, you are now my female slave and will be forever. You will learn to serve me and in return you will worship me. In time you will thank me for what I have done to you,” she repeated in reply.

Luigi felt his arms tighten above him as he tried to relieve the pain. “I don’t want any of that. Just put a bullet in my temple, put me out of my misery.”

“Why, that would just make a mess, blood and brains everywhere... This way is so much neater. We threw your old male parts in the trash. Anyway, why would I want to do that, when you haven’t experienced truly what it is like to be a woman, to be helpless, to be available for any man and there is nothing you can do about it, nothing. Do you see that?” Her voice was mocking. She did let him down slightly so that he could stand normally again.

The pain shot through his calf muscles when he did. “Why can’t I stand normally on my heels and flat feet? They hurt so much when I try to stand normally.”

“The surgeon also changed your feet and ankles so you are only comfortable in heels. Now you must wear heels all the time.” Gloria laughed at the grimace on Luigi’s face.

“Oh no, no, no,” he said.

“Oh yes, yes, yes,” she mocked him. “Now for your first time I have devised something that should show you what it is like to be taken and violated, and you will be powerless to resist.”

“You are so cruel, Gloria.”

“And just who are you to tell me what cruelty is?” She continued her preparations unseen by Luigi and moved a long plastic rod standing on a flat heavy disk in between his legs. “You are the one who came here to kill me!”

Luigi could hear her efforts as she moved the object in front of him and wondered what she was doing. “At least there would be oblivion and not this living hell.”

“You will learn to love it, your new life will be better than you could ever imagine,” she replied with a serious tone.

Luigi, still blind, just started to shake his head, wondering what was going to happen next. He soon found out as she removed his blindfold. His eyes blinked as he looked down at what he saw.

“You see this contraption? Isn't it interesting? You see the dildo on top?” she asked.

Luigi gulped. “I don't want that thing inside me. Please don't do this, please,” he pleaded, but she was enjoying herself too much. She showed him how adjustable it was.

“Let me tell you, then: it has adjustable height.”

“I will do anything but that.”

“Anything but what?”

“Anything but have that thing inside me.”

“How does that feel? Louisa, isn't it nice yet?” she asked just after she bit his nipple. “How does it feel to know you are the one being taken and not the taker?”

Luigi felt like his insides were tearing it hurt so much. His new pussy was tight, and yet she showed no mercy. “It's going to go all the way in, Louisa. Relax and enjoy it like any of my other submissives.”

“It really hurts so much, it's too big, please stop,” he cried again. “Oh someone save me.”

Relenting, Gloria withdrew it slightly and lubricated it with a dollop of KY jelly. She then put it back where it was. “I am going to have my way whether you like it or not.”

Feeling the fullness, Luigi cried out, “That still hurts.”

“Deeper yet, Louisa... And deeper.... All the way into you.”

“Oh no, no, god, no,” Luigi whimpered.

“Relax, it's almost all the way in, Louisa.”

Staring in disbelief at the sight of him impaled on the 7-inch dildo, Luigi shook his head. “It's Luigi, my name's Luigi.”

“Okay, Luigi, have it your way. But you have a pussy now, Luigi, and that dildo fills it up perfectly,” she said, emphasizing his name each time.

With that statement, Luigi seemed to give up his resistance. Finally he started to try and relax. He slowly leaned onto the dildo until it hit the top of his lifelike vagina. He had never felt anything like it before; he felt so full up and abused. Luigi then realized that he could never be Luigi anymore, and at that tears streamed down his face once again.

“You do look sexy, Louisa, when you cry. Your body has a thin film of perspiration all over,” she said. At that she turned and left the room, leaving him impaled and cursing.

Ten minutes later, she returned with a small video camera and started shooting some video in his vulnerable and exposed position.

“This is very intense, Louisa, do you feel it? Just some footage for posterity and to show my guests.”

Luigi shook his head violently. Suddenly Gloria moved around and dropped to her knees. She kissed his clit and licked around the dildo. Luigi felt the tip of her tongue on what was left of his penis and moaned.

“Ah, so you like that. Do you want a penis? I can give you one again,” Gloria responded. “But of course it will be a little different.”

Luigi didn't like the sound of this statement and moved to try regain some much-needed composure. He asked, “How so, Mistress?”

Gloria didn't answer but asked, “Would you like that? I think you would.”

“If you can make me a man again, of course I want that,” Luigi replied, thinking that Gloria had been fooling with him and that somehow he still had his manhood. He hoped this had been some kind of practical joke.

“So you want your cock back?”

“Of course I do, doesn't any man?” he replied indignantly.

“I suppose so.” Gloria shrugged her shoulders and then said, “I will accommodate your wish.”

Luigi's pinned arms were hurting, as were his ankles and calves. As for his pussy, it felt raw and strange.

“I have to warn you, it will be just a little different, is that okay?” said Gloria smiling.

“How different?”

“You do want a penis, right?”

“Yes, anything would be better than this nub of a thing you have left me with,” Luigi said angrily and impatiently.

“Very well, I will do something to please you,” she replied and lowered the dildo rod that had filled him for nearly 10 minutes.

She went behind him and approached him so he couldn't see what was in her hands. He sensed her presence behind him, and he looked down to see a thick leather belt being put around his waist. He felt the strain in his shoulders and legs. There was nothing he could do to ease the pain.

Gloria fitted the wide belt and it clicked tight around his waist, nipping it tightly inwards. A second belt was then passed between his ass cheeks, and they were spread before it clicked shut behind him. She moved lower to pass the belt between his thighs, and then he felt something slowly invading him again, filling him up and forcing his legs apart. The belt was attached at the front and clicked shut, and he now realized that she had filled him up and locked it in place.

“You said that I would have my penis back,” he groaned. “Not like this, please...”

“I said you would get a penis back, I didn't say it would be your penis and I didn't say where either. Now all you will ever have will be inside you, not outside as before.

There is a little extra though.” And at that she forced him to look down. He saw a 6-inch dildo sticking out from his crotch. It was long and black, but it was just like his old penis in shape and size.

“We modeled yours to make this one, and then we cut it off,” she said smiling. “So realistic, don't you agree? Would you like me to give you a blow job?”

With a look of disdain at Gloria's jest, Luigi said, “It would be pointless. There is no flesh or feeling in that thing.”

“You could never resist a blowjob from a woman before, could you?”

“Not before, but now there would be no point.” He was adamant in that belief.

“Sure there is. Just you watch this,” she said, and then she slowly swallowed the head of the dildo. Luigi stared down wishing the lifeless form was real as Gloria attacked it with her lipstick coated lips. As she did, she moved the internal dildo inside him. It started to feel good. Slowly he felt a wave of excitement and arousal wash over him. He looked down, and she sucked it hard and long. She would bite it and pull it backwards and forwards so that the one inside him would move too. He was becoming aroused, and a frustration deep inside him yearned that his penis was real and that he could experience the oral pleasure.

“Please, let me loose,” he moaned.

“No.”

“I promise I'll be good.”

In between stroking it faster and faster, she said, “No Louisa. You are so big. I can hear your pussy make noises from all the juices inside you.”

“I feel something inside me, but it is not easy to come like this. Have pity on me, please. Please release me.”

“Louisa, tell me... What's that noise?”

“Me, Mistress, it's me,” said Luigi. At that Gloria renewed her efforts.

“It's you? And just what's the noise? Men don't normally make a noise like that, do they?”

“My wetness inside me,” Luigi replied, sensing that she was mocking him again.

Gloria continued to bite the dildo with her teeth and stroke harder. “Your wetness? What about your cock?” Gloria was in command now and loving it.

“I don't have a cock any more,” said Luigi finally, admitting that he was a woman for good, that he was helpless and not able to control the situation until she said stop.

“Are you close to coming? Come for the first time as a woman,” she said as she slammed the dildo in out of his wet pussy faster and faster. He felt no more pain, only sexual pleasure and a slight numbness. He relaxed and started to enjoy the feelings.

“It consumes me and it fills me up,” he cried.

“You smell sweet,” she said. “Come for your Mistress now.”

As Gloria continued, Luigi relaxed. It started to feel natural and less painful. Suddenly he started shuddering and convulsing as Gloria pushed the dildo in and out harder and harder. Much though Luigi wanted her to stop this violation, she continued and worked it harder and harder.

“Yes, just go with the flow. Mm... Yes... I can feel your first female orgasm building,” said Gloria, happily stopping the movement with the dildo.

“Oh, it feels like my whole body is quivering, not just my clit,” said Luigi flushed and shivering slightly

Luigi shuddered and shuddered again, and then he was still for a few minutes.

“I feel it, you came hard, Louisa,” said Gloria. “Wasn't it good?”

He nodded and then stared almost lifeless at the painted red toenails at the other end of his body in disbelief. “My toenails are bright red and there are flowers on them...”

Gloria slowly let go of the dildo and commented, “You are really very pretty. Tell me, do you like your nails? I painted the flowers on them for you.”

“Yes, I like them, Mistress. May I see what else you have done to my body now?” he asked, remembering to call her Mistress.

“Sure,” she said, relaxing. She uncuffed his hands from the chain, but she cuffed them behind his back. With the lack of blood in his arms he tried to get the blood flow back and didn't resist.

She put a pair of black 4-inch heels on his feet, locked them in place and said, “You are free to walk to the mirror, take a good look at what you see.”

Luigi felt odd at first with the heels, but they felt right after he took his first steps towards the full-length mirror. He noticed that his calves didn't hurt anymore and that the obscene looking dildo was still sticking out.

“Louisa, you look ravishing with those heels on. You definitely have legs to die for now. Men's legs always look good in heels, but you are not a man anymore, are you?”

Luigi looked in the mirror and saw a strange sight. “I am totally feminine; all of me is female except the dildo, which looks weird.” Luigi turned to look at Gloria with a pleading face.

“How does the dildo feel inside you? Does it feel good?”

“It feels weird but not uncomfortable now.” Luigi tightened his muscles around it, but he couldn't push it out. “Why have you done this to me?”

Going to a cupboard, Gloria finally responded, “I am not like your old self Luigi, I would not kill you... immediately. I think I will dress you now.”

Ignoring her comment, Luigi cried, “It would have been kinder.”

Luigi watched her take out various leather garments and put them on a chair before returning to him. She undid a leather demi bra and cupped his breasts before clipping it around his back. Luigi noticed how big his breasts were, and he could no longer see his feet beneath him as his cleavage was pushed up and out.

“A 38 DD would be just right, I think,” said Gloria knowingly, referring to his new bra size. Next she took a black leather corset and again it was wrapped around him before being clipped in place.

“So, do you feel humiliated, Louisa?” Gloria asked as she continued her work. She started to pull on the laces of the corset expertly until Luigi struggled for breath.

“Yes Mistress, I am humiliated,” he said in between pants.

“Good, that's what I wanted,” she said as she tightened the corset.

He took shallow breaths until it wouldn't tighten any more. Luigi felt the breath pushed out of him, the corset was so tight.

“Don't worry, that will do for now. Your waist training has a long way to go yet,” she smiled before lifting a large pair of calf length boots and stockings. She was able to slip the stockings easily up each leg and clipped them to the three suspenders on each side of his new leather corset.

“I think I will show you around to your former friends, except they won't recognize you, will they?” asked Gloria, taunting him again. “They would get a big shock out of seeing how much you've changed. From Macho Man to Miss Elizabeth.”

She slipped the soft black calf length boots onto his feet and then pulled them up his stocking covered legs. His feet felt deformed; but when he stood in them they felt comfortable, despite the needle sharp 4-inch heels he balanced on. He looked again in the mirror and saw that there is not a trace of maleness left. His lips were full and red, his chin was not so prominent and his nose was now smaller and perkier. His ears had been pierced twice and two pairs of golden earrings hung down. His long dark hair cascaded in curls down his back.

Gloria noticed him looking at his earrings and spoke to break his trance. “Those can't be removed without a special tool, and you will soon have many more places pierced. Do you care to guess where?”

“No, Mistress,” he replied, knowing what she had in mind. The grotesque shape of the black dildo sticking out in front stuck in his eyes again as she attached two silver padlocks to the top of the boots.

“There now, those can't be removed, and they won't be until I am ready.” She smiled that wicked smile that he had seen so often in the last few minutes.

He moved slowly and adjusted to the height of the new boots. He felt his toes were pinched and he realized that he would indeed be wearing them for a while. Then she put the padlock key around her neck. She then surprisingly unlocked the cuffs on his wrists and he took the opportunity to rub them. For the first time he caught sight of his long fingernails and expressed surprise. “Oh god!” They were long, red and he felt that they would be very sexy on a woman and not on him.

Before he could digest the sight of the nails, Gloria began to pull on two long pairs of black leather gloves that extended up to his elbows. At least they were gloves, he thought, but they turned out to be mittens. He noticed that there are no places for his fingers. They fitted tightly around his wrists and fingers and were so tight he couldn't

use his fingers at all. She buckled the straps at the elbows, and he couldn't possibly remove them without assistance.

“Voila! How do you like your new leather outfit?” she asked. He ignored her. “I bought it specially for you, Louisa.” His hands, covered and useless, went to his crotch. He futilely tried to remove the dildo that jutted out from his chastity belt.

“Play with your dildo, you will soon get used to it,” she said with encouragement, but he felt nothing but frustration. “One more thing,” she said taking out a black leather hood. She passed his long curly hair through the back and then tightened it securely with the laces before putting a choker around his neck and buckling it at the rear.

He looked at her in despair, a vision of black leather, confined and filled, feminized and certainly not a man anymore. Her plaything, her toy, her submissive slave... Tears filled his eyes as he sank slowly on to both knees before her. “Please, please do not do this to me,” he pleaded.

“So Louisa... take a long look at yourself in the mirror,” she said in a slightly mocking tone.

“It's not Louisa, it's Luigi,” he replied, with the tears streaming down his leather covered face. He could see the black dildo between his legs, he could see the ultra feminine nature of his body and the simple, sexy items of clothing adorning it. He stood up again unhappy.

“Sorry Louisa, but you don't look like a Luigi any more, now do you?” Suddenly she surprised him by stroking and caressing the dildo. “Or maybe you still are Luigi. I mean, you have this thing between your legs.” She gave it a gentle squeeze and the connecting fluid was pushed into the dildo inside his vagina.

Gloria stood behind him and held him steady as he looked in the mirror. He moved his covered hands and felt the dildo. She in turn looked at him holding the dildo and caressed his shoulders so white and hairless. She pressed her own warm breasts into his back. She rubbed her hands down his slim corseted 24-inch waist and onto his rounded hips.

Luigi could feel the dildo inside him move, but the one that jutted out felt dead and lifeless. So unlike his own one that he proudly owned such a short time ago. He could feel her warmth and the smell of her expensive perfume she was so close. He had often wished that when he observed her, he could have been as close as this to her. Being in her presence now was a frustrating exercise.

“Come on, how do you like your new toy, Louisa?” she continued to bring him back to reality.

“No, it's so hard for me to take this. What you have done to me, I mean,” Luigi said softly, staring in the mirror. He put a mitten-covered hand to his lips and could see how full they were. So kissable, he would have loved to kiss a woman with lips like these. Now they were his, all his full and pouting.

“Oh Louisa, let me help you then, let me show you how good it can be to be my slave,” she said and she reached out for the dildo again. “The one inside you is big and

very hard, much harder than yours ever was. It's an improvement! It really will be better, you'll see."

"It's hard, but it's not my hardness," Luigi said in despair again, deciding that she was in charge. Gloria rubbed his faux shaft up and down and pushed her pelvis against his rear.

Luigi felt the dildo move inside him but he couldn't get so excited as he did when he was a man. "Mistress, it is not the same as before. I have different feelings down there; it feels numb."

"Really? You don't feel anything?" she asked, stroking harder. She moved her fingers to the base of the dildo.

She traced the outline of the tight belt between his legs and the small gap near his new pussy. It felt uncomfortably tight around his crotch, pushing his thighs apart. A feeling of total helplessness washed over Luigi; he felt unable to accept it.

She moved her fingers back up towards his covered mound. "Louisa, I will teach you how to love this," she said. With that she turned him around to face her. She surprised him by kneeling down and then swallowing the head of his dildo again.

Luigi looked down at her between his heaving breasts and nearly fell over as she spread his legs wider. Suddenly she stopped and asked him a question. "Louisa, what do you feel?"

"I feel the dildo outside me," he said.

"What do you feel while I am sucking it?"

"Nothing, Mistress," he said, trying to make her see his frustrations.

However, Gloria was persistent and was sure that she wanted a multi-orgasmic Louisa. She was sure she didn't want a eunuch and began stroking the dildo in and out. Then she bit it and moved it so the inner dildo moved in sympathy. In and out, in and out, she pushed and pulled. Gloria was determined that he should come again and again just like a woman.

Luigi could feel it fill him and then empty while Gloria manipulated the base of the dildo with her fingers. Sliding her fingers under the leather chastity belt she felt his pussy. She could feel the dildo so deep inside him. "How's that?" she asked.

"It is so difficult for me now, all my nerves must have been changed and the feelings I once had need to be relearned," he said matter of factly.

Gloria replied, "Yes they have... And you are so beautiful this way, and you are all mine." She continued feeling his pussy with her fingers before suddenly stopping and pulling him in the direction of the bed.

Luigi moved unsteadily now as the wide belt between his legs cut in and his heels altered his walk. He felt drips of moisture appear on the surface of the belt and then drip onto the floor. It was a combination of Gloria's saliva and his juices.

"How does walking feel now in the boots?" she asked him as he neared the bed holding his covered hands out front.

“The belt really cuts into my thighs, it feels very sore now,” he said. He lied when he added, “The heels are fine, though.”

“I can see that,” she replied, and she put a little ointment on the inside of his thighs. “I am forgetting that you don't have the pelvis of a natural female with wider thighs. You will learn though. How does the inner dildo feel?”

“It really fills me up and moves inside me as I walk,” he said trying to concentrate.

“Your outer dildo is bouncing nicely, it must be doing something for you,” she added. Then she commanded him to lie down on the bed, face upwards. She helped him lie down, a task not made easier by the stiff, unyielding corset.

She quickly moved him to the center of the bed and spread out his limbs. First she took hold of his wrists and cuffed them to the bedposts. A few seconds later she held his ankles and cuffed them to the bottom of the bed. Luigi was drained and tired and just lay back watching her and didn't resist her efforts.

Gloria sat beside him when she was finished and looked at his body. “Tell me, my dear, while you were observing me, did you ever have the urge to fuck me?”

“Yes Mistress. I would be lying if I did not say it didn't cross my mind more than once,” he replied as she moved over the bed to straddle his waist.

“I want more than that, Louisa. I am a beautiful woman,” she said looking down at him.

“Yes Mistress. I would have fucked your brains out given the chance,” he replied, finally giving her the answer she wanted.

Laughing, she cried out, “So frustrating, I bet you beat yourself in the bathroom more than once dreaming of me!”

“No Mistress. I had many other women while I was observing you,” he lied. In fact, the hormones he had been taking had reduced his abilities in that department quite quickly.

“Oh, I see. That's too bad,” she said.

“But yes, to fuck you would have been good,” he continued.

“Well, now you can do exactly that. And I hope it makes you happy that your dream will finally come true,” she said sitting on his stomach.

“But Mistress, my cock has gone,” he replied.

“Oh really? It looks like you still have one to me,” she said, holding it behind her and pushing backwards.

“Yes, but it's only this pretend one,” he continued. She caught him off guard by lifting his bra slightly and sucking on his left nipple, then biting it and then pulling it towards her with her teeth.

Luigi's nipples have become more sensitive and he sighed as she kissed and then bit his nipples alternately. She rolled the other nipple with her hand and long nails, pinching it sharply and hard.

“Ow,” he cried as both his nipples protested at the abuse. His bitten left one matched the pain in the right.

“Your nipples are so long now, they need some decoration, though,” she said, pleasing herself as she sucked greedily on the two erect nipples.

His mind raced. He had a good idea what she meant but did not feel the need to encore further. “That feels wonderful,” he lied again. “My breasts are so big now. Why did you make them so big?”

Continuing to play with his nipples, she said, “Oh, I knew you would like that. Do they feel any different now?”

“I like you playing with them, but I don't like the idea having big breasts like these for the rest of my life,” he said seriously.

“Now you know that's not true! You do like breasts. You always did,” she laughed.

“Yes Mistress, but on other women, not on me,” he responded as she dug her pointed heels into his thighs.

“I bet you liked to play with them. Well, now you can play with them anytime you like,” she said, pulling and twisting both nipples painfully again. “Your own beautiful breasts and now it is you who will be used, like you used women all the time before.”

“I am sorry, Mistress. Yes, you are right.”

“Sorry will not do, I am afraid.” She laughed and looking at his covered face. “The way I see it, you used to love pussy, now you have one to play with any time. Your own!”

Despite the corset, Luigi complained about the weight on his stomach and reluctantly agreed with Gloria's statement. At that she raised her hips up and commanded him to watch as she placed her pussy directly above the dildo.

She goaded him. “Come on, go for it, it's so wet for you. Doesn't it look pretty?”

He watched intently as she teased him with her pussy above the false cock. He thought that she would sink down and impale herself on it, but he soon realized his mistake. “You want it, you take it,” she said to him. “Come on, push up, fill my pussy.”

Luigi pushed up his hips and secretly wished he still had his own piece of meat between his legs.

“Come on, do it,” she said, commanding him to greater efforts. “Move your hips up and penetrate me.”

Luigi tried hard to obey her, to push that false phallus into her. It wasn't easy to do as she moved slightly away, and the bonds restricted his movements. “Mistress, come down on top of me. I can't do it.”

“Can't or won't?” she mocked. Before he answered she grabbed his dildo with her hands and slowly lowered her wet pussy onto him, joining both of them at the hips. She lowered her body gently onto his leather-covered torso and then kissed him on the lips.

“Oh yes,” she said as she pumped up and down better than any man. She was so turned on that she came within minutes. She rode his dildo so hard and then collapsed in a heap on top of him covered in sweat. Her hair was damp, and she kissed him hard.

“Louisa, you are going to love being a girl. I love it. It is only a matter of time before you do,” she whispered before lifting herself clear. “In any case, you have no choice.”

Chapter 4 - Submission

Luigi woke up with his head still encased in the tight leather facemask. He moved slightly to view the time and felt the tightness on his rib cage. The corset was still tight to indicate that this was no dream. He saw that his arms were no longer tied, and he clawed at the corset with frustration to get relief. The long sleeve mitts meant he couldn't achieve much.

His bladder was full and he desperately needed relief. He went over to the WC; the ankle chain was long enough to allow access. He knew he had to sit down and soon heard a high-pressure stream of urine hitting the bowl. It was a sound he had often heard when his female lovers visited the toilet. He really had to admit he was a woman now.

It would take some time to adjust to his new internal plumbing, and he was glad the chastity belt was off so he could at least clean himself easily. He walked back into the main basement area on the tall needle point stiletto heeled boots. He looked around but then went back to the bed where he just sat down. He put his hands on his head and cried.

He vowed though that he would escape Gloria's clutches and get his revenge on her. He would not hesitate on taking her out; she would die the first chance he got. He thought about it and wondered why he was much more emotional now. He never ever cried before. Even when his brother died of cancer three years earlier he had not cried. He reckoned that this female weakness must be due to the hormones she had given him.

He looked up at the video camera so out of reach and he imagined that Gloria was smiling at his crying. In fact she was away on business and she had left Luigi in the care of her guards with strict instructions to be watched 24 hours a day.

All his needs were to catered to, with food and drink that was supplied three times a day.

While Gloria was gone, he took the opportunity to examine what he could of his new body. He inspected his new sex. Having been an expert on the female sex organs from an outsider's viewpoint, he was quite struck by how beautiful and lifelike it looked. There was a healthy glow, pink flesh, a wetness. The lack of pussy hair added to his interest. The instructions on the bed said he must dilate his pussy daily to keep his it open, and that's what he did.

He decided that there was no coming back from this now. He was female and it showed; it was inalterable and very, very permanent. To gain some relief, he would also insert the phallus regularly as he sought relief from the frustrations inside hi. But it was not like the old days when an ejaculation signaled an orgasm. There was none of that white creamy stuff left. He managed to achieve something resembling his old experiences, but it left him unsure whether it was his imagination or something real. Certainly nothing like the session he had endured with Gloria.

They were long boring days for Luigi. The guards supplied women's magazines on fashion and cooking that were obviously Gloria's old ones. He was in desperate need of

a shower, but he was not released until Gloria came home from South America 4 long days later.

She descended the stairs in her white cotton business suit. She was impeccably dressed, and there was no hair out of place or fault with her make-up. She woke the “new woman” from “her” slumbers and immediately told Luigi to stand up.

Without saying a word she started to disrobe him, removing all the leather clothing that had confined him. He felt faint as the corset was removed, and he felt odd when the removal of the bra allowed his breasts to droop.

“You stink, let's get you cleaned up now,” she said.

She clipped a collar around his neck, attached a leash and led him upstairs to her bedroom. She ran the shower, and Luigi gratefully stepped into it. Luigi was beaten and he knew he was under her spell.

He looked at her face: intense and extremely beautiful, she was slightly smaller than him but she had complete control. He could never have imagined the situation he was now in. It would have seemed impossible a few months ago. To make matters worse it was all his own fault.

He applied some soap to his hand and started washing his now curvy body in earnest. Gloria sat and watched him intently as he soaped around his pussy and under both his large breasts. Luigi could have stayed in the cubicle for another 10 minutes, but Gloria interrupted his thoughts by turning off the high-pressure water behind him.

She threw him a towel that he wrapped around himself, while a second was wrapped around his long hair.

“Tonight a business friend of mine is visiting here. He and his wife are very good friends and customers, and I want them to meet you. You will dress for dinner and be-



have. If you do not then you will go back into that cellar for another week or more. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes," he said sullenly.

"Yes what?" she asked him with some venom

"Yes Mistress," he mumbled, afraid to admit her control and say it out loud.

"Louder, I can't hear you." She was in no mood for his reluctance. "Or do you go downstairs for the rest of this month?"

"Yes Mistress. I mean, no Mistress," he said clearly and carefully.

"That's better, from now on you will always refer to me as Mistress. Your voice is soft and feminine, Louisa, and to think you did that all by yourself," she smiled. "Well, we will have something new for you to experience. We are going to buy you some clothes, some shoes and get your hair done. Would you like that?"

Luigi thought no he wouldn't, but he thought about it some more and realized that it could present him with an opportunity to escape. He quickly agreed. "Yes, Mistress, that sounds fun."

Gloria, sensing the eagerness, responded, "Don't get too excited, you are not going to get anywhere outside. My boys will be with me. One wrong move and you will regret it. I promise you."

"Yes Mistress, I understand," he said. She was smart, this Gloria Feldman. He was beginning to realize that she would in total control forever unless he had some better luck.

They left a few hours later, and the first port of call was a beauty salon. The girls set to work on his chipped nail polish and removed it. They filled in the gap between his cuticles and the false ceramic nails and then applied fresh polish, sealing it with a couple of coats of clear polish. His new nails were at least half an inch long and virtually unbreakable. He winced when they applied some gold leaf hearts onto the red nails.

As he sat with his hair in rollers waiting to have it dried, Gloria gave him some more instructions.

"Your job will be to entertain Morris' wife. She is bisexual and knows that you are a submissive of mine. She is fascinated to meet you."

"Yes Mistress," Luigi said softly. "May I know her name?"

"Sylvia. She is a very dear friend of mine. If I find you haven't pleased her you will not come out of that cellar for months. Have I made myself clear?"

"Yes Mistress," said Luigi, hating the smell of the perm lotion that they had soaked his hair in.

After his hair was done in tight curls, he was then taken over to the cosmetologist who started to do his make over.

"Your complexion is dark, so I will do your makeup to suit," she said as she coated his lips with a dark red lipstick. He had worn lipstick briefly before, but this was so

sensual, so sexy... The neutral shades and lip-gloss he had worn were nothing compared to this.

“You have really short eyelashes, Louisa,” she said after she applied the lip sealant. “I recommend these new lashes.”

Gloria listening just said, “Go ahead, Louisa.”

Luigi soon found himself fluttering his eyelashes so that he could feel every blink. “They look so natural, don't they?” Gloria cooed. “They make a real difference to your eyes. Your eyebrows need more arch though.”

With that, he found his eyebrows being painfully plucked for what seemed like hours. “I will take out all the long hairs, Louisa, and you should have a really nice shape afterwards. The bushy eyebrow look is dead now.”

When she was finished, Luigi stood on his heels and looked at himself in the mirror. He adjusted his skirt and blouse, flattening the front with his hands. His impossibly long nails and the gold hearts reflected in the lights. His heels were 4 inches high, as usual, but he moved more easily in them than in ordinary shoes courtesy of the slight operation on his heels' tendons. He turned slightly and saw that his underskirt was showing correctly in the split at the rear. He took his cotton jacket and put it on. It hung correctly with the shoulder pads.

He decided to look nonchalant and picked up some fashion magazines as Gloria had the last of her beautification treatments. He walked over to the door and saw the two guards outside in the limousine. They were in a heated debate. He could sense Gloria watching him, but she had her head in the hair dryer and then looked away. He promptly opened the door and walked quickly to his right.

He knew they would look, and he prayed that they wouldn't recognize him. He walked as fast as he could, bearing in mind the tight skirt he wore and the fact that the heels were not designed for fast walking or running. He moved about 20 yards when he heard a shout behind him.

“Stop her!” It was Gloria screaming, her cape still around her neck. She was pointing in the direction of Luigi.

He knew he had to think fast, and he headed right into the entrance of a small shopping precinct. It wasn't busy and he cursed that fact. He would have seconds before they caught him. He headed right into a confectionery shop. Luigi wasn't interested in confections and continued right through the back, past the surprised shop assistant. Despite her protests he came to a fire door. He pushed the bar and made his way outside.

'This damned skirt and heels,' he thought. 'Without them I would be away from here in seconds.' He took off the heels and ran in bare feet over the tarmac area at the back of the shop. He headed for a group of parked cars, but halfway across he heard the words “Freeze, Louisa.” He turned as he ran, and he knew then he had to stop. He stood there panting as the two guards came bounding up to him, their pistols drawn.

“You shouldn't have done that. Gloria is going to be madder than hell,” Mike said as he held his elbow until his slower buddy came panting up.

“I know,” Luigi said, sullenly slipping his heels back on his ripped stockings and cut feet as they walked back to the limousine.

Luigi realized that 3 months ago those guys would never have caught him, he would have just disappeared. Now even that was gone along with everything else. Scaling the small wall at the end of the parking lot would have made his getaway possible, but now in his new lifestyle clothing he could see it was a waste of time. They each took an arm as they marched back to the limo. Gloria sat there, a face like thunder. She was furious that Luigi should even consider escaping.

“I have guests coming this evening... I relax a little with you, I pamper you and this is how you repay me?” Gloria looked right at him. “You are going back in the hole for the next two weeks. Until you learn that you have no rights and that you obey my every command. Only then will we see you upstairs in pretty dresses.” She howled and verbally abused him.

Chapter 5 - Sylvia and Louisa

“Just lock her up downstairs, I have too much to do right now,” said Gloria, who went into her office in a very angry mood.

“Yes Ma'am,” said Mike. Poor Luigi was locked into the ankle chain again. “You shouldn't have done that, she is very unhappy.”

He was left to stew for a few hours, and he was rewarded by a visit from Gloria in her full evening gown, perfect makeup and her best jewelry.

“You chose to defy me today, and I can't forget that, so you will need to be punished. I was going to let you dine at my table but instead you will spend your nights down here for the next fortnight. That will give you pause for thought.”

With that, Luigi was stripped of his feminine clothing and then dressed up in the leather outfit that he worn so much. Gloria gagged and blindfold him before chaining him back to the bed. She also left a few toys nearby to see what would happen.

About two hours later, Luigi was roused from his slumbers by the sound of high heels on the stairs in front of him. He heard the swish of a silk dress and stockings rubbing inside thighs. He knew that it wasn't Gloria that was coming down to see him.

Luigi mumbled into his gag, hoping that whoever she was would take pity on him and remove the detestable thing from his aching jaws. In turn, Sylvia was drawn like a moth to a light. She rushed to the gagged and bound figure on the bed. So sensuous, so sexy he was to her. Sylvia was starting to feel wet as she looked at the hapless creature in front of her.

Luigi mumbled, “Help me.” But it came out as just noise because of the gag.

“What have we here? Gloria said there was a plaything down here, and she was right,” said Sylvia, sitting down beside Luigi. She kissed Luigi on the side of his neck. She was so close he could tell that it wasn't Gloria. Luigi moved his head slightly and then he felt her unbuckle the gag in his mouth and remove it. He felt the pain in his jaws as it was removed.

He was pleasantly surprised to feel her kiss his lips, and he responded eagerly as best he could. Opening his mouth she touched his tongue with hers. He could taste her lipstick and the trace of wine on her mouth. This was a surprise and a welcome one after so many hours alone.

She pulled back and then noticed the toys that Gloria had left. She moved to pick them up curiously. Luigi, still blindfold and helpless, heard the small noises they made.

Luigi sat and waited patiently and said nothing as she examined the items. All the time he kept wondering who this mystery woman was. Her perfume smelled familiar, but he couldn't place it. Meanwhile she returned to kiss him deeply on the mouth.

“What's your name?” asked Luigi when she broke off again. “You are not my Mistress. You must be Sylvia.”

“How do you know that?” she asked, her voice sounding different.

“You smell different, with a deep fragrant perfume,” he replied and smiled. “And your voice is different obviously.”

“It's Chanel Allure, do you like it?”

“I like it,” replied Luigi trying to speak softly.

Suddenly any sense of a relationship with this new woman changed when she spread his legs apart. He could feel something cold against his inner thigh, and he gasped as she buckled something to his thigh just above his knee. She pushed his thighs further apart and attached the other strap to the other side. He winced as the strain on his hips was made apparent.

“Now try to close your legs,” she laughed after the last buckle was tightened.

Luigi couldn't; his thighs were held apart with a spreader bar exposing his pussy to her view. 'Oh god, what now?' he thought as he knew that he was vulnerable. He would find out soon. Sylvia lifted the other toy that Gloria left behind. She stared at his exposed body as he tried to get comfortable with his legs wide apart. His shoulders ached from the tight bonds around his wrists.

With his thighs spread obscenely she moved an object toward his pussy. He felt something cold. He shivered at the unexpected violation. He strained at the spreader bar, but he couldn't close his legs as she rubbed his pussy with it.

“Oh god,” he whispered as he felt it touch his clit. He shuddered and shivered as she touched him in his private area again and again. She noticed that his pussy was wet and his body shivered each time she touched him.

With little pressure she inserted the cold and inflexible object into him. His wide-open thighs provided easy access to her probe. Deeper and deeper it went until she was satisfied that it was fully home. She marveled at how easily it went into Luigi. He felt the intruder between his legs and this new unwelcome violation made him want to scream.

“I want you to see this,” Sylvia suddenly announced when the probe was all the way in. She deftly removed the blindfold, and he blinked as he adjusted to the available light. His eyes closed again as the bright overhead light assaulted them.

Instantly his gaze was drawn toward her. He recognized her as an old lover whom he ditched with some acrimony some four years earlier. She had received some plastic surgery since then, and she was very beautiful compared to the woman she once was.

'That's Sylvia,' thought Luigi. 'Oh god no! I wonder if she will recognize me with all this on. I hope not, she always threatened to get even with me when we split.'

Luigi remembered that she was always pretty, but now she looked beautiful. She had obviously been under the surgeon's knife herself. Her breasts were as big as his, and her long hair, a mousy brown before, was now a beautiful blonde color with no dark roots showing. Her nails like his were long and elegant, and she wore a handful of rings including a large stone on her third finger of her left hand. He would never have given her up but for her jealousy. She was always finding him in bed with other women, and that is what sealed her fate as his lover.

Fortunately for him, she didn't recognize him and simply commanded him to look down. "What do you see, Louisa?"

Luigi looked down. Despite his collar tight against his neck, he saw a hard double dildo stuck into him. He winced when he saw it sticking out and shook his head. His face shaking from side to side.

'I hope she doesn't recognize me. God, this is hell. She will stick a knife in me if she finds out who I am,' thought Luigi as he looked at her now quite beautiful face. Luigi though was having difficulty relaxing and began to shake, fearing he would get caught.

However, Sylvia noticed the nervousness of Luigi and thought it had something to do with the dildo that now snuggled between his legs.

As he looked at the dildo, Luigi thought, 'I can't believe that I would ever become the plaything of my old girlfriend like this.' Shaking his head from side to side, Luigi spoke. "No, please, this isn't nice."

Despite his softer tones, Sylvia recognized something about him as he spoke. "Something strikes me about you, you seem like someone I know. Your accent and your general facial features. Do you have a brother?"

"No Ma'am, I don't," said Luigi slowly and quietly.

"Well, there is something about you..." she repeated. She then turned her attention back to the double dildo and started to stroke it gently.

His fear faded as Sylvia continued; he watched her move the thing in and out of his opening. He started to moan with pleasure, but that turned to one of fear and panic as Gloria descended the stairs with two drinks in her hands. Her high heels made going down the steep stairs difficult. When she reached the basement floor, she smiled at Sylvia.

Luigi did a small silent prayer that Gloria wouldn't give his secret away, but it was in vain. Her first words on handing the glass of wine were, "Sylvia, you are missing something in front of you."

"What? I am puzzled. What do you mean, Gloria?"

"You needn't be, you do know this person in front of you," replied Gloria.

Luigi took the chance of looking up to the ceiling and wondered what Gloria meant to do next.

Sylvia looked at the bound woman in front of her, but still there was no recognition. "She is very like a female version of my old boyfriend Luigi."

Luigi stared, bound and in utter terror, with pleading eyes at Gloria. He could see the twinkle in her eye. 'Oh god no, she is going to tell her!' He felt so helpless, so unmanly, and so out of control.

Sylvia noticed Luigi's eyes open wider and could sense his discomfort as his nostrils flared.

Gloria smiled and just said, "I hear that you two have had sex before."

'Oh no. Please keep quiet,' thought Luigi.

“And that you loved his big cock,” Gloria continued. Sylvia's mouth opened in surprise.

“Please, don't tell her any more,” Luigi said as he closed his eyes and looked away. He could feel Sylvia's eyes burning holes through him.

“It can't be him, you can't be Luigi. Luigi, is that you?” Sylvia asked, the dildo forgotten about.

“Yes.”

“Now I know why you must be frightened. Because you treated me like shit before! They say what goes around comes around, and baby you have done some turning. You treated me so badly...” Sylvia stopped talking again and then sneered. “I always said I would get even with you, but I never dreamed it would be like this.”

Luigi opened his eyes after her comments and looked at her with pleading eyes.

Gloria laughed at Luigi's face and at Sylvia's reaction. “Isn't life wonderful? This piece of slime was going to kill me. Now look at him, her, whatever. So I thought I would have some fun with him her.”

Sylvia started to laugh too, while Luigi felt so downhearted and deflated. “I am sorry, Sylvia, for what happened,” he said.

Gloria sat on Luigi's right hand side while Sylvia moved onto the left, surrounding the man they both despised.

“You're sorry?” Sylvia laughed, and Gloria joined in. They both laughed hard and long. “She's sorry, he's sorry, oh I love it,” she continued. “I can't think of a better way to pay you back, you bastard, after what you did to me. Welcome to the world of womanhood! Where is your big cock now?”

Luigi looked at both of them in turn as they laughed and wished he could fall into a deep hole. He also felt more scared than he had ever done in his life. Tears started to fall down his puffed up cheeks.

Gloria told Sylvia to follow her moves. First they touched the tight fitting leather bra and then caressed his nipples that were soon enlarged.

“You see, he is well trained to respond,” said Gloria, smiling to defuse the situation.

“You know, Gloria, I vowed that I would get even with Luigi one day for the way he treated me. I can't believe that this thing is the subject of all my hate. What a turn around, this is just incredible.” When she finished she violently pushed the dildo home as hard and as quickly as she could.

“Perhaps Morris would like to use our little Louisa?” Gloria asked.

“Is that his new name, Louisa?”

“Yes. Apt, don't you think?” replied Gloria.

“Yes, perfect,” said Sylvia. “Well, we could feed him or her to Morris, but perhaps we could have some fun ourselves first. You know, Louisa, you really are quite pretty and attractive now.”

The two women continued to verbally abuse him. Luigi tried to shut out the comments. However, they only stopped when the tears started to roll down his cheeks.

“How sweet, he's crying. He never did that before,” said Sylvia.

“She. It's she now, she's crying,” corrected Gloria.

“Yes, you're right. There is no more manhood here, is there Louisa? You're all girl now,” said Sylvia as she patted his breasts.

“Yes Sylvia,” said Luigi, vainly wiping away his tears and smudging his mascara.

At last there was some grudging sympathy for Luigi, but it isn't shown for long. Luigi decided to show that he would be good and made a strange response. “Mistress, please let me dress in a more feminine style. I promise I'll behave,” Luigi said, hoping they would relent just a little. How wrong he was.

“I did give you the chance for a better life, but you abused that trust and you have only yourself to blame,” said Gloria.

Gloria explained what had happened to Luigi since he had begun his transformation. “There are only one or two modifications remaining, do you want to help?” asked Gloria.

“Try and stop me,” replied Sylvia. “What do you intend to do to Louisa?”

“Well, that would be telling. Let's keep it a surprise until later,” said Gloria. Luigi winced and wondered what would befall him at the hands of these two beautiful women.

“Let's have some fun,” said Gloria, handing Sylvia a gag. It was unlike anything she had ever seen before. Luigi reluctantly opened his mouth and it was tightly buckled behind his head.

“That's it, good girl,” said Sylvia, admiring her work as Luigi's mouth was filled completely with the penis gag. This gag was different, and it was obvious to Sylvia how. Sticking out of Luigi's face was another dildo.

With Luigi defenseless and unable to resist, the women started to play first with his nipples. They stuck prominently out from two cut outs in his leather bra, and they sucked greedily on each. Luigi breathed out hard and watched the actions of the two women who now controlled his life.

Both women touched Luigi's silky smooth skin and marveled at how soft it had become. “Does she take hormones?” Sylvia asked.

“Yes she does. She is due a shot of girl juice now. Would you like to give to her?” Gloria asked.

Sylvia watched Luigi's facial expression with interest as the loaded hypodermic was pushed into his arm. He winced as the hormones entered his blood.

“You do have very soft skin, Louisa,” said Sylvia, feeling his exposed body. “No body hair anywhere! I remember you were covered like a gorilla.”

Gloria's fingers reached his thighs and then she rolled him onto his back. Luigi just decided to let it all happen and felt powerless.

Gloria was in domineering mood and gave an instruction to her friend. "Sylvia, I will take care of his crotch, you can work on the nipples and face."

Gloria licked his clit and moaned, "MM., you taste so good." She used her tongue to lick the dildo and his private areas while Sylvia suddenly had an idea.

"I will just fuck his face!" She just decided that she would lower herself onto his face.

Lifting her head, Gloria just commented, "Mmm... You go ahead. He told me he had never properly given good oral sex to women before."

Sylvia looked at Luigi's expression. He had sheer terror written on his face as she slowly lowered herself and then rose slightly again to seat herself properly.

Gloria meanwhile held the end of the dildo and slowly began to move it out and back in again. Sylvia's movements were becoming more violent on the dildo.

"Oh Louisa, don't stop eating Sylvia no matter what I do down here!" Gloria remarked, but that was the least of his problems as Sylvia's beat increased. Luigi began to have problems breathing with her thighs enclosing his face. Sylvia raised up enough to allow Luigi to breathe and then lowered again.

Gloria took off the thigh spreader, as it was now in the way, and spread Luigi's legs wider. That enabled Gloria good access to Luigi's wetness.

"Sylvia, let's try and come at the same time," said Gloria as she moved her crotch closer to Luigi's dildo.

Sylvia looked over shoulder and then said, "That would be great, let's do it."

"You can have her face, while I sit on this one," said Gloria. She knelt over Luigi's now prostrate body and lowered herself onto the double dildo. As she filled herself up, Sylvia turned and kissed her friend deeply on the mouth. Gloria motioned, "She's all ready, now you."

Sylvia's long legs were enough to pin Luigi's arms to the bed, and he carried both of them on his body. Sylvia used her hands to guide the face dildo home into her opening and sighed when she lowered herself slowly and completely.

"That's right, use him and abuse him just like he did with you," shouted Gloria as Luigi instinctively bit harder on the dildo to stop it moving in his mouth. Sylvia's shaved nether regions threatened to suffocate him again as she rode his face. Gloria ground herself against Luigi's new vagina on each downward stroke. Luigi underneath just lay back and heard both women squealing.

"Louisa, you are soooooooo big," said Gloria.

Luigi just lay back helplessly, completely unable to resist. He started to love the sensations in his new body. He closed his eyes and could feel Sylvia move up and down. Then Gloria lowered herself onto his crotch. He could feel the dildo inside him move as she rode it. Gloria was determined to enjoy Luigi and pushed herself closer until their pubic mounds touched.

Gloria moaned as she impaled herself on his shaft and then rode it.

"Louisa, eat me more," said Sylvia. "Eat me."

Gloria made a sudden noise as she slammed her hips against Luigi's.

Luigi had never given oral before. Well, there had been no need in his eyes to satisfy a woman that way. As she was on his face, he found himself wishing that he could take the dildo out of his mouth and give her oral pleasure the normal way.

“Oh yes, feel me fucking you Louisa,” said Gloria. Luigi could feel the impact of each downward stroke of Gloria's on his clit.

'It feels just wonderful,' thought Luigi as he had a gasp of air.

“Yes, oh yes,” said Gloria. “Sylvia, come with me.”

Unlike before, Luigi felt that his new sexual equipment was working well. He began to realize that he could make love and not be a loser. At that, Gloria held open Louisa's legs and thrust her hips deeper.

“Oh yes, Louisa,” said Gloria. “I'm... I'm... coming!”

At that same moment, Sylvia also came, while Luigi also came and shuddered. Sylvia experienced Luigi's erotic orgasm too.

Gloria was first to speak. “Oh, that was wonderful, Sylvia and Louisa.” Both women turned and kissed each other fully on the lips. “Oh Sylvia,” said Gloria, “I have another toy for our slave here.” At that they both lifted up slowly to expose Louisa spread-eagled on the bed.

Gloria whispered into Sylvia's ear. Luigi felt wet and flattened. He was relieved that the dildo gag was finally out of his mouth. His jaws ached as he licked his lips and tasted Sylvia's wetness.

At Gloria's comment, Sylvia widened her eyes in surprise. “Wow, what will you think of next?” asked Sylvia, giggling. Gloria joined in.

Luigi tried to get up, but Sylvia pushed him down again. Luigi watched Gloria move over to the bureau and take another leather item that she carried behind her back. Gloria smiled as she and Sylvia helped Luigi to the edge of the bed so that his hips were exposed. Luigi saw a mass of black leather and just hoped that whatever it was it wouldn't hurt.

“Sylvia, help me put this on her.”

“Sure,” she replied, helping with the tight waist belt that slipped around Luigi's corset, locking it in place. It clicked shut on the front, and Luigi was made to stand. He then felt a leather belt attached to his rear, and he got a clue of what was to happen.

Then Gloria spoke. “Oh Sylvia, let's not forget the lubrication.”

Luigi, his eyes wide open, watched with fear. His gag stopped him from speaking, but he shook his head in fear as he felt a cold and oily object at his rear opening. He was given no time to adjust as he felt it penetrate him. Then another familiar object touched his recently satisfied vagina. Gloria was in a hurry, and she pulled on the leather belt; it forced both dildos inside him.

“There now, all three of your openings are full Louisa,” said Gloria. “Quite appropriate, really.”

Luigi suddenly realized there was nothing he could do to stop it. He had once been in a gang that had penetrated and abused a young woman in that way, but now all he could do was cry into his gag and tears rolled down his face.

Both women watched his reaction and smiled at his tears. Gloria just pulled it up higher and watched the dildos go deeper. Then it was closed. Luigi felt full with the rear dildo pushed hard against his prostrate gland.

“That's it! They're locked now,” said Sylvia

Luigi could not speak.

“Sylvia, look at him... er, her... All full!” said Gloria. “Louisa dear, how does that feel?”

“Mmmmmmm,” said Luigi, unable to speak. He shook his head from side to side.

“Let's hear what he has to say,” said Sylvia, who took off the gag.

“Not my rear please, not that too,” whined Luigi.

“Oh come on girl, you'll love it! Give it a chance,” said Gloria.

“It doesn't feel good.”

“I hear that you have done this to women, too,” said Gloria.

“Never Mistress, I always...” Luigi tried to say more but was interrupted.

“Bullshit. Sylvia, tell him.”

“Okay. Luigi you never could keep your mouth shut. I heard all about Marcia and Millie, the twins, and how you would take advantage of their innocence,” Sylvia confirmed.

Gloria commanded Luigi to walk around the room.

“They were not like you two,” said Luigi honestly.

“I should hope not,” said Gloria indignantly.

He stood up and moved carefully in his heels. He moved slowly and carefully as the dildos adjusted. Meanwhile, Gloria handed Sylvia the remote control and pointed to the buttons.

“Now Louisa, can you guess what Sylvia has in her hand?” Gloria asked.

Luigi had walked across the room. When he heard Gloria's voice he turned to see a small controller and her long nailed finger poised directly above a button. Sylvia clicked on the front vibrator. Luigi then heard and felt a deep buzz inside his vagina. Both women watched intently.

“It feels weird. What is that?” Luigi asked. He felt the vibrations deep inside him and his stomach vibrated. He clutched at the belt at the shock and tried to remove it.

Both women smiled and watched his futile gestures. “Can't you guess?”

“Oh Louisa, this is a type that wiggles inside you,” said Gloria as she pressed another button. “Look, it's a standard model.”

Luigi tried to keep walking, but he couldn't because he had to concentrate so hard. They watched the pained look on his face while it wiggled inside him, and he looked at them both in disbelief. A glazed, wide look came over him. It wasn't painful... It was pleasurable! He climbed up as the vibrator took him to the edge.

The women watched him get very turned on. "Does that feel good Louisa?"

"I have never felt anything like this before," said Luigi. Then his knees became wobbly. "It feels like my vagina is turning to jelly."

Gloria pointed to his crotch, and they saw juices flow out the sides of the leather thong. Luigi tried to hold onto the smooth wall as his heels struggled to keep him upright. Sylvia, seeing the effect, turned it off.

"So Louisa, how was that? Still think that being a man is better?"

"It was wonderful, Mistress. I was beginning to feel so turned on, but I was unable relax with you both watching my every move."

Gloria walked over to Luigi and Sylvia followed closely behind. She cupped his chin and kissed him deeply on the mouth before taking a tissue and wiping it. She put some lipstick on his mouth. "There, that's better."

Luigi regained his balance. "I'm sorry I guess I am not used to these heels yet," said Luigi, trying to stand. "I was so turned on I can hardly think straight."

"So Louisa, do you want it turned on again?" Gloria asked.

"Yes Mistress, but may I sit this time? Luigi replied.

"No Louisa, you may not. We want to watch you wiggle your body. And I think you better get used to the idea of your pussy being filled all the time." Gloria said. She then looked at Sylvia. "I just had a wicked idea."

Luigi looked at Sylvia with the controller and then looked at Gloria. There was a buzzing sound as Sylvia pressed another button. The two women watched intently for any sign of a reaction. Luigi licked his lipstick-covered lips and suddenly felt the vibration in his rear. "Oh god!"

He shuddered as the dildo touched the prostate gland deep inside him; his whole body convulsed and shuddered.

"Is that what you wanted, dear? Don't fall down now," said Gloria laughing.

Luigi was astonished at the feelings flooding through his body. "Have mercy! I beg you, please let me lie down."

Gloria and Sylvia continued to laugh and support his legs. In turn Luigi held on to both of them, but his heels slipped on the smooth floor. Both women tried to maintain his balance and support him.

"How is that, Louisa?" asked Gloria, watching her victim intently.

"Unbelievable," Luigi cried. His body was wracked with pleasure. For the first time he sensed that he was actually better off. He had never felt such things as a man before. Reaching such heights of ecstasy... At that point, Sylvia switched on the other

button again. He was a shivering jelly as he tried to hold on. Both women let him go and stood back to watch as both vibrators buzzed away inside him.

“Please, I will fall. I can't stand. Please let me go to the bed,” said Luigi, feeling waves of pleasure sweep all other thoughts from his mind.

“Sylvia, let's see how much he can take,” Gloria said as Luigi started to spin. “Quickly, lie down on the floor,” she added to Luigi, before talking to Sylvia. “Think of how much fun it would be do this in front of an audience.”

Luigi had found some support from a large bookcase. His legs were still unable to support him. At Gloria's bidding he lowered himself slowly down to the floor. He looked up at the two tormentors that towered above him.

Both women smiled down at him while he just reveled in the vibrations and feelings in his body. Having sex as a man was nothing compared to this! As he sat down, the anal dildo was forced even deeper inside, however Luigi was in so much pleasure he didn't notice any more. Gloria decided that Luigi would come again, and she reached out a finger to his crotch and pushed on his front dildo.

“Louisa, show us how you come again,” said Gloria as Luigi writhed with pleasure. He looked up through his long doe like eyelashes and his disheveled long hair.

Both women looked down at his expressions of ecstasy while he found himself so close to coming. Sylvia changed the vibration and then back again. Finally, Luigi came in the biggest manner possible. His legs and arms convulsed and shook. Still the vibrators continued. Luigi was in a stupor but still managed to hear Gloria through the haze.

“So Louisa, how do you feel about doing this in front of some people, or even in public? We would love to watch you.”

Luigi surprised both of them by saying, “Yes Mistress, if it pleases you.”

“I would love that,” said Gloria. They dragged him back to the bed, where he could finally relax. Gloria just tightened his corset before leaving him to sleep soundly.

Chapter 6 - Luigi Is Gone Forever

The next morning, both Sylvia and Gloria arrived to find their charge still fast asleep. He didn't stir as they approached, and it was only when they spoke that he awoke.

"Doesn't he look cute now," said Gloria. "Perhaps all men should be dealt with this way!"

"No, someone like Morris would kill himself first, rather than put up with this. But Luigi is too soft for that," Sylvia said.

At that Luigi was quite upset. He would show them he was still a man inside; he just had to find a way of doing it. He decided that he would behave and be passive. He would take all they threw at him, and then he would get his revenge or make some changes.

When they noticed that he was awake, he was led to leather covered bench with two stirrups for his legs. He was strapped down, and the double dildo that had been inside him all night was roughly removed.

"Although you were not very big, I had someone make a rather special dildo for me out of your old cock, Louisa. This is the result..." She held it up for him to see. "Not much, is it?" said Gloria laughing. "Anyway, it's the right size to keep your new vagina open. And that's the irony! You will be filling yourself from now on." Sylvia and Gloria burst into howls of laughter.

The phallus was five inches long, pink and quite lifelike. "This will keep you filled and also under my control easier," said Gloria.

"Hand me the dildo, Sylvia," Gloria commanded. Sylvia handed it to Gloria, who kissed it on the tip and pushed it all the way in. "Good, a perfect fit. It has a small ring in the base," she added. She took a small padlock and locked it around his waist with a thin chain. "Now then," she said sitting back, "your pussy is filled and it can't be emptied without this key. Kiss it."

"Yes Mistress," said Luigi groaning.

"How appropriate, cutting off his dick and then making a vagina, only to fill it with a replica of his own dick. Gloria, you are priceless!" She laughed at the unfortunate Luigi.

Gloria just ignored her and said, "Up you go, time for walking." Gloria put a pair of black PVC panties up his legs followed by a PVC top. She led Luigi slowly back to the bed, where she lay down and opened her long legs. "Use your tongue on me now," said Gloria.

"Yes," said Luigi.

"Yes? The answer is 'Yes Mistress,'" she corrected him. With that she knelt over his chest before pressing against his face. She proceeded to push hard against his collagen enhanced lips.

"Just think Louisa, you can never penetrate a woman like before, you can never ejaculate and never ever be a man again," she said as her body erupted in pleasure.

“Oh yes,” she said, “you are all mine.” She bent down and kissed between his unblinking eyes.

Sylvia looked on as Gloria degraded and teased him. Then it was her turn to mount his face again. Luigi's face hurt. When Sylvia was done, he was allowed up. They fitted a dress over his head, small two-inch pumps on his feet, and he was allowed to sit on the edge of the bed. He folded his arms under his now large breasts to help support them.

“Doesn't she look sweet? Perhaps Morris can change her mind?” Sylvia asked Gloria.

“Yes that would be good. I know he is busy upstairs, but I bet he deserves a release like us,” said Gloria, who removed his dildo roughly.

With that, Sylvia called up to Morris. He called back, “I am really busy. Can't it wait?”

“No Morris, now!”

Luigi had expected a fat white guy, but Morris was certainly not that. He was big, black and had a quite aggressive bearing. Luigi was devastated when he arrived. He was a large man and obviously wasn't a fool.

Morris though took one look at Luigi and smiled.

“What do you think?” Gloria asked.

“Very nice,” replied Morris. “I'm done upstairs, I could do with some rest and relaxation now.”

“Well, you deserve it,” said Gloria.

Sylvia walked over to him and said, “Darling, you should know that little Louisa here used to be my old boyfriend Luigi. Isn't that cool? I want you to fuck his brains out for all the hard times he gave me.

“Oh yes, Luigi. I remember you talking about him



after we were first married. About how he ditched you. I'm sure that his new pussy will need stretching," added Morris.

He straightened his suit slowly as he stood before Luigi. His massive frame made Luigi feel insignificant.

"I need a shower first," said Morris, "but I'll be right back. Don't go away."

He left the two women talking. Sylvia addressed Luigi, "Now Louisa, you will find Morris to be quite gentle. He is a wonderful lover, but don't make him angry. He has a foul temper."

"Yes Sylvia, thank you," said Luigi

"He really likes fellatio, but he hasn't had it lately. At least not from me," said Sylvia.

"Fellatio? What's that?" asked Luigi.

"I could tell you, but it would just spoil the surprise," laughed Sylvia.

Morris came back in wearing a bathrobe and not much else. The two women walked away, holding hands. They took the steps up to the room above.

Gloria turned and spoke to Morris from the stairs. "Louisa hasn't had a man before, so just be gentle with her. Okay?"

"Okay," he replied.

The women walked up the stairs, their heels clicking as they went. Luigi was alone with the man.

"Now then, pretty one, what do we have here?" he asked.

"A woman," said Luigi, unsure of what else to say.

"Yes, a woman with a difference. A woman that used to be a man. You are obviously no longer a man any more. Are you?" He was also unsure how to proceed.

"No, my body is very feminine now, but I have the mind of a man," said Luigi. "You are in control, sir. I'm ordered to obey you, but that doesn't mean I have to enjoy it."

"No, I suppose not," agreed the man. "Why did you change sex? Weren't you happy as a man?"

"Oh yes, I was happy," replied Luigi. "This is my penalty for trying to kill Gloria. She has confined me to this living hell."

"But you look so good," said Morris, grinning. He put his large right paw on Luigi's left breast. "Your breasts feel and look so good."

"Gloria spent all my money and sold all my possessions to achieve this look," said Luigi, showing how sad he felt about it all.

"I see," said Morris. He pushed Luigi onto his back so that he could suck on his pert nipples. "Your nipples are smaller than a woman's, but they are still nice."

At first Luigi felt revolted and quite sick as the big man pawed and kissed his breasts. Then he moved to Luigi's mouth. Luigi felt the unease in his stomach build.

He had never kissed a man on the lips before. Morris persisted and pushed his tongue past Luigi's red, juicy lips.

'Oh god, no!' Luigi thought, his eyes wide in terror as Morris's hand moved to his wet pussy.

"Nice natural pussy," he said, investigating the new body part with his fingers. "I've had a transsexual before, and she was tight."

"Thanks for the compliment," said Luigi, who just wanted to get through the next thirty minutes without injury.

"You are already wet... You obviously like what I'm doing to you. That's nice."

"Not exactly, both girls used some lubricant on me before you came down."

"Well, enough time wasting," said Morris, who disrobed then. Luigi could feel Morris's tool against his thigh. "Open your legs, Louisa; you know you want this."

Luigi just stared ahead in disbelief, while Morris opened Luigi's thighs for him. He was a woman, and now he was going to be penetrated by a man, violated and taken like he used to do himself. There was nothing he could do about it. He felt powerless and helpless.

Morris's cock was fully nine inches long. Luigi's eyes opened wide, and he really thought that this was going to hurt. He was surprised to find that it didn't, as the head entered.

Morris buried his face into Luigi's neck, taking a large bite of the soft skin as he embedded himself in Luigi. All the games and penetrations that Gloria had perpetrated on him was like nothing compared to how Luigi felt now. He felt like his insides were being split as the man pushed home hard.

All the way in, Morris just stopped, withdrew slightly and then went back in again hard. Luigi felt a searing pain as he pushed harder.

"Oh god, you are too big for me," said Luigi.

"Relax, you'll be just fine." He withdrew and pushed again. This time his massive cock hit the far end of Luigi's vagina very hard. In and out. In and out, and on each downward thrust, Luigi felt the pain. But it was getting less intense. Luigi suddenly felt flushed as Morris rammed home faster and faster.

"Baby, you are so tight, what a great fuck you are," he said.

Luigi was appalled at being called a great fuck, but he wanted Morris to come and to get off him. He didn't care anymore, he just wanted him off. He felt so powerless, so helpless. There was no pleasure, only pain, discomfort and degradation.

Morris came quite quickly and then just lay there for a couple of minutes on top of Luigi. Luigi could smell the musky odor of the big man. He felt sick as the giant man finally pulled out and rolled over beside him.

"That was fantastic. How was it for you?"

“Really good,” said Luigi, realizing that Morris had just reacted the way he used to do all those months ago. He would just come and then roll over, pretend to be interested in how it was for her and then fall fast asleep.

As Morris snoozed, Luigi got up and showered. Luigi had never felt like he needed a shower more than that moment.

He spent a long time in the shower, until the water ran cold. He felt degraded and cheapened as he went back into the main room again.

Morris was sound asleep, and Luigi decided to get dressed.

First he put some ointment on his abused new body, then he pulled on a pair of high cut panties.

Next he found a matching bra and nestled his breasts in both cups. He was able to do up the clips in the rear before putting on some pantyhose and a sundress. A pair of shoes were next.

Luigi moved toward the steps on tiptoe. He went into the hallway above the basement and across the hardwood floor. No one was around, so Luigi headed towards the driveway across the large enclosed patio.

He saw Sylvia and Gloria lying on their fronts, sunbathing. Their oil-moistened skin glistened in the hot sun. Luigi took a small detour and then saw that the main gate was closed. There was one man in the gatehouse.

Sylvia and Gloria were smiling to each other, and Luigi soon found out why. He had cut a sensor beam in the driveway with his leg, and he immediately stopped walking.

He turned around, tears streaming down his face. Gloria snapped her bikini top in place and walked up to him. She kissed him on the cheek before speaking in a low, ominous voice.

“Don't ever try to escape again. You're my slave and will be until I tire of you. And if you persist, you will regret it. Now get back downstairs into the basement. Wake Morris and beg him to let you suck his cock,” said Gloria.

Luigi didn't understand why she wasn't more angry than this.

He started to get nervous. He was worried what she might do to him when he least expected it. Then it fully sank in what she was demanding that he do with that large man in the basement.

Gloria warned him, “I'll be watching you. And if you don't do it, you will never ever leave here. When you get back put that dildo back in too and padlock it closed, attach the ankle chain and put this on.”

She handed him a black leather, studded posture collar. It had a lock. Luigi took it from her and locked it into place. His head was held up and braced. It dug into his chin. Luigi did what he was told.

Morris awoke from his slumbers and saw the new uniform worn by Luigi. He knew what to do. Luigi felt like he was going to be sick when the big penis was stuck in his face.

He had to suck greedily to make the man come so soon after his first one. He sucked long and hard, until Morris finished in his mouth. He just rolled over and slept again, leaving Luigi high and dry.

'You'd think he would make me come and not leave me like this,' thought Luigi, momentarily forgetting his own similar behavior.

Luigi got up and washed again. He then squeezed down beside the big man to sleep. Halfway through the night, though, Luigi awoke to find his last opening was being violated by Morris's organ.

"Just saving the best for last," he said. "Your pussy was tight, but your rear is just right."

Luigi tried to protest, but it was pointless.

"I prefer it in the back door Louisa. So do you, it seems," said Morris as the two shuddered to orgasm together.

Chapter 7 - Misplaced Trust

“You have done well Louisa. You are a beautiful woman, and for the last six months you have learned to obey me. You may not like what happened to you, but you do have to face reality. You may hate what I did, but really it was self-preservation. And now I know you could never kill me,” said Gloria. “You want for nothing. You have fine clothes, you are a beautiful woman, so sensuous and sexy, you have gained a top position in my organization... But now you have to deal with your past life one final time.”

“Yes Mistress.” Luigi couldn’t figure out what she meant.

“The reason you are dressed the way you are now, and that you have a vagina and rather pretty breasts, is because of one man. Do you know who he is?”

“Yes Mistress, I do. Dom Bertoli.”

“Yes, Dom Bertoli. It was his desire to see your Mistress dead. That meant you were to be a woman for the rest of your life. Do you see?”

“Yes Mistress.” Luigi always replied to her questions with that standard answer. He couldn’t remember not using it.

“Now it's payback time,” she said, handing Louisa a folder. “I have had him tailed for months now. When you study this folder you will find his vulnerable positions.”

“You want me to kill him?” Luigi was shocked at this turn of events. He hadn’t thought of his past profession in months.

“Yes I do, Louisa. Now you're a beautiful woman, and it should be relatively easy to get near him and put him away. I have rented an apartment in your name in Orlando. Get packing. You have just a week to complete the hit.”

“Mistress, if I kill Bertoli, you could be in grave danger,” Luigi replied, concerned about her wishes. “They will come gunning for you here automatically.”

“Yes, but before then me and my boys will be long gone.”

Louisa felt alarm bells. “What about me, will you still want me?”

“Oh yes, darling, you will always be needed.” She handed Louisa the keys that opened the small padlock that closed his chastity belt. She undid it and withdrew the mechanism. “All this will be shipped out in a few days,” she added, referring to her belongings.

Louisa got dressed according to Gloria’s instructions: a light pink suit in silk with lace edging. She moved gracefully in the heels now, like someone who had done so for years. Louisa could also apply her makeup with ease. Her full lips needed retouching, and despite her now long nails it was second nature now. She looked in the mirror and smiled with brilliant white teeth.

“Mike,” called Gloria.

“Yes Mistress,” he replied.

“Take Louisa and show her your good side,” said Gloria. “She will obey you. Won't you, Louisa?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“When you are done, show her the gate and throw her and these clothes out,” Gloria laughed. “No hard feelings, Louisa. Only Mike will have those,” she joked.

Mike took Louisa by the hand and went to her bedroom. There Mike proceeded to take Louisa in a lustful manner. Being the perfect submissive, Louisa allowed herself to be penetrated, grateful that the hateful dildo was out of her at last.

“I have always wanted you, Louisa,” said Mike. Within seconds he was pumping what felt like gallons into her.

Louisa felt degraded and cheap as she packed her bags. When she was finished, Mike handed her a new ID and Driver’s License in a pink purse. Taking care not to damage her nails, she opened the trunk to the new car and put her cases inside.

Louisa had not driven for a long time but found handling the automatic sports car easy to control. She reached the new apartment a few hours later and let herself inside. The apartment was quite attractive and styled in a feminine manner. She opened the bureau and read her final instructions.

“Bertoli goes to his wife's grave to mourn every week at the same time. You will find him there at 2:00 PM every Thursday, come rain or shine,” Louisa read aloud.

Louisa decided that there was enough daylight to visit the graveyard and view the possibilities for doing the hit. He would arrive ten minutes before Bertoli, stand by a grave nearby and then pretend to pay some respects by leaving a floral tribute. Then after that he would walk behind Bertoli, and it would be over. It would be a bullet in the back of the head, and of course his driver would need to go too.

On her return, Louisa went into a hot tub and relaxed with her hair tied up. She dozed off and was suddenly awoken by the phone, not the cool bath water. It was Gloria.

“You have your instructions, but here is one more. After the hit, ditch the car and set fire to it at the waste ground two blocks from where you live. There will be a yellow BMW convertible waiting there. The keys will be beside the front wheel. You must lie low in your apartment for a few days, and then someone will call for you. I have some other jobs in mind for you.”

“Yes Mistress.” Louisa always gave the impression of obedience.

The next day, Louisa woke late and stretched her breasts flat on her chest when she lay back. They protruded and bounced as she moved into the kitchen to make brunch. Despite her best efforts, she just couldn't stop wearing heels. The surgery to her ankles saw to that. It had the same effect as many women experience after years in heels. She could wear nothing shorter than three-inch heels without discomfort.

As she ate, she watched a chat show on TV about men who wanted to be women. ‘How ironic,’ Louisa thought. She dressed simply and quickly, stopping to do her makeup in the style that she had been shown. Dark eyes, long lashes and ruby red lips, but tastefully applied and not tarty. On the way into the cemetery, Louisa bought a bouquet of flowers and walked to the grave near Bertoli's dead wife.

A little earlier than normal, Bertoli arrived. Louisa clasped the revolver inside the bouquet as Bertoli stepped out of the car. He nervously looked at Louisa and then de-

cided she was harmless. He started tidying up his wife's grave plot. He was kneeling, when Louisa made a crying sound, with tears falling. Louisa could cry easily now. That prompted Bertoli to ask, "Are you all right, my dear?"

"Yes, I'll be all right in a moment," Louisa replied. "Thank you."

Bertoli continued kneeling to tidy the grave. Still crying, Louisa walked behind him, her heels sticking in the wet grass. She then turned and shot him in the head. He died instantly.

The driver, seeing the attack, got out. He was killed as he stood above the cover of the car roof, a bullet between his eyes. Luigi might be dead, but Louisa had all it covered.

Louisa ran as quickly as the tight skirt and heels would allow to the sports car. She drove quickly to the drop off area to collect the new car. There was no BMW getaway car waiting. Louisa began to smell a rat. There, pinned to a brick where the car should have been, was a note. "The police are on their way, have fun, Louisa. They have your full description."

'Damn her to hell,' she thought and jumped back into the car. She drove down a side alley in the seedier part of town. She saw two girls standing and talking. Then knew her only way out was to go in the back of some trick's car.

Louisa walked up to both of them and asked, "Hey girls, how's business?" Both eyed her suspiciously. When there was no reply, she added, "My name's Louisa, I am new in town."

As she talked, the police sirens grew louder. Louisa knew that she had indeed been set up. Gloria would be well away, and she had to fend for herself. The apartment would be raided, and without money she would be dead in no time. Suddenly a large fur-lined car slowed by the curb. Inside was a large, tall man in a flashy suit. As the window lowered, Louisa could sense he was not pleased.

"You are new here, and no one works my street without my permission. Get in," he ordered. Louisa, desperate to get away, did as he told her. He drove her to his large apartment. As they traveled they talked. Finally they arrived at his place.

He dropped his coat on a chair in the living room of his sparkling apartment. He said, "From now on you work for me. You will lay on your back and give me half." When Louisa said nothing except a slight nod of the head, he added, "Understood?"

"No baby, from now on you are dead!" Louisa deftly pulled her silenced pistol from her bag and shot him between the eyes. He fell back and then went crashing over a coffee table. He was dead before he hit the floor.

Louisa just sat down and put her feet up. She was tired and she wanted revenge. Unfortunately, all Louisa's things would be in some police car by now. They also had her description, so she was a marked woman. Louisa saw a packet of slim cigarettes on the table and popped one in her mouth. It was the first cigarette since before she became Louisa, and it felt good as the smoke entered her lungs. Then she noticed that it was a Virginia Slims. They were probably not the pimp's cigarettes. Louisa felt uneasy. She kicked off her heels and headed for the stairs.

On tiptoes, Louisa entered the first room and saw it was empty. But in the second there was a woman fast asleep on a large double bed.

Louisa had an idea. The woman would take her place and be the murderer. This woman was an innocent victim, but Louisa was desperate. She roused her slowly and showed her the pistol. She was afraid but didn't speak. She led the woman downstairs and sat her on the couch, before calmly shooting her in the head. She placed the pistol in her hand to show that it had been suicide.

Louisa was pleasantly surprised at how quickly his job skills returned to him. It was as if he'd never quit being a hitman.

Louisa then grabbed some bags and clothing from the woman's room. They were a good fit and included some slacks and short heels. Some platform shoes and some trainers were tossed in. A pair of jeans were what she really wanted, and despite having floral trim and zips at the ankles, the pair she found were a perfect fit.

Louisa felt better as she helped herself to some makeup and a couple of wigs on their stands. The pimp had some money, and she took that plus his car keys. It was nearly three hours after the Bertoli hit, and dark was coming. Louisa made herself something to eat and was quite disturbed when the phone rang. The caller left a message to say that Bertoli was dead and the police were looking for a dark haired, Spanish-speaking woman.

'That's that then,' thought Louisa, 'I am a blonde now.' Louisa took a stocking and tucked her long dark hair inside before donning the wig. It made her look sultry, but it obviously looked like a wig. The other one was much better, with shoulder length straight hair that curled inwards.

Eating a frozen dinner, Louisa decided that she could live without certain things. She promptly cut her long nails back and removed her earrings. She found some pearl earrings which looked much better. A couple of fancy rings were soon slipped on her fingers. She got changed and found the woman's car. It was small but fast, and it would suffice until she got out of Florida. Louisa loaded the car with clothing and had one last smoke and coffee before leaving.

The phone rang again. It was the same guy. He told the machine he would be around in a few minutes. She surveyed the scene she was leaving there. It looked horrible, with plenty of blood and two corpses lying there. She lifted the pimp up slightly and took his billfold and the special belt he wore. Inside was a secret compartment, and inside that was a small number of large diamonds. Louisa took that too, with a slight smile on her face.

She ran outside and left just before a large Imo arrived to discover the carnage. Louisa was happier now that she had a little food in her stomach and a new identity. She drove south towards Miami. The Celica was almost empty and she stopped for gas a few miles down the road. The newscasts were already full of the murder of Bertoli and the fact that a woman had been the perpetrator.

Louisa needed distance and jumped back into the car after filling up and paying for the gas. She drove most of the night before laying up on a quiet country road to sleep. She soon fell fast asleep and was startled by a knock on the window.

It was a traffic policeman! “You can't sleep here, Miss,” he said. “This place isn't safe for a young lady.”

“Sorry officer, I was on my way south and I couldn't drive another mile, I was so tired. I thought it safer to just stop here. Can you show me any motels around here?”

“I can do better than that, Miss. I own a small condo near here. It's empty and you could use that tonight.”

“Are you sure?” Louisa asked.

“I'm sure, follow me,” he said as he went back to his squad car.

'Oh god, this car must be hot, he must know that by now,' thought Louisa.

The policeman led her down a dark unmade track to a dark building. He parked and opened it up. It smelt musty but it was clean. Louisa followed him, wary of his actions.

“The bedroom is in here, Miss,” said the policeman. “My names Joe, by the way.”

“Mine is Jacinta,” Louisa lied. “This is really swell. Are you sure there is no fee for the night?”

“Well Miss, I mean Jacinta, you could suck me off before I take you in for driving a stolen vehicle.” He smiled and slowly unzipped his pants.

“I will if you shower,” she replied. Louisa was no longer surprised by this kind of behavior. “You don't want me to catch an infection before I go to jail, do you?”

“No Miss,” he said in enthusiasm and he padlocked her wrist to the chair.

The policeman was in way over his head. Louisa used her long heel of her pump to snag the handle of her bag, which was left on the floor a few feet from the chair where she was trapped. She withdrew pulled it next to the chair. She simply waited until he emerged from the cold shower with a towel around his waist.

“Are you shy?” she asked.

“No, why?”

“Well, let me see what I'm going to suck,” she smiled. As he removed the towel to expose himself, Louisa just opened up her purse and lit a cigarette. “That's nice,” she said and put the lighter and cigarettes back inside, only to withdraw her pistol.

He died instantly, his blood and shower water wetting the carpet. She stood up and dragged the chair to his uniform, retrieved the keys and removed the handcuffs. She needed sleep and quite calmly turned down the quilt. She fell fast asleep after making sure the policeman was quite dead. He was not going to bother her anymore.

Chapter 8 - In the Deep End

On waking, Louisa wondered how to exact revenge on Gloria for her situation. Then she remembered a phone call that Gloria had taken before the trip to Orlando. In it there had been references to a place called St. Johns. Louisa fired up the computer and searched for the name St Johns. It turned out that it was the capital of a Caribbean island of Antigua. It was a long shot, but Louisa knew that Gloria could be in hiding down there and vowed to find out.

The next morning, Louisa drove to the airport and booked the first flight to the tropical island. She passed through immigration easily, her face and body approximating the dead woman back in Orlando. No one would have recognized her now.

She had already dumped her small pistol inside the ladies toilet and headed to the plane just as the last passengers were called. On arrival, the weather was hot and sticky. For once Louisa was glad she could wear a dress and no stockings. It was a pretty sundress. She had over \$10,000 in cash, including what the policeman had in his slim wallet. She booked a hotel in the town.

She drew a tepid bath and lowered her body into it. Some bath salts made her feel soft and feminine after the activity of the last twenty-four hours.

Donning a colorful turquoise sundress, Louisa sat down and looked hard at her own pretty face. After all the surgical procedures, she had a soft feminine voice, arched eyebrows, long lashes and pouty lips. She felt something stir inside, and it was then she realized that she lusted after her own image. She began to feel better about herself, and she applied some lipstick and mascara. It was weird that she could almost feel the blood rush to what was left of Luigi's cock.

'Gloria, your time has come now,' she thought. She had thought Gloria cared for her, but in reality she had just used and abused her. She was prepared to watch her go to jail. She would have to be tracked down.

Finding her was easy enough, for someone with Louisa's background. Gloria was living in a seaside villa on the other side of the island, according to a few of the local taxi drivers who had ferried Gloria about. They opened up quite freely to the beautiful Louisa in front of them and the prospect of a fare to a rich part of the island.

The driver dropped her off almost a hundred yards away, believing her words that it was a surprise. As the sudden dark descended, Louisa the assassin was back in control. Louisa easily climbed over the small wall that surrounded the house. She had with her a small knife, and Gloria was going to suffer.

She headed over to the main building in the dim light and looked through into a room with the storm shutters closed. She could see Gloria; next to her was Sylvia. It looked as though Sylvia had replaced Louisa as Gloria's regular lover. Just then a servant came in and Sylvia went with her.

When they left, Louisa felt a rush of excitement. Normally he would feel a rush of sexual excitement, and it was the same now. The old Luigi would have loved to have screwed Gloria; now he would take delight in blowing her away. Before she could act,

Sylvia returned wearing her old leather corset and other bondage items. Gloria proceeded to tie up Sylvia before putting a ball gag in her mouth.

'That's convenient,' thought Louisa.

Louisa eased into the room. Just as she did, she kicked a table and alerted Gloria to her presence. Louisa, with the knife in her hand, rushed forward and grabbed Gloria by the hair. She pressed it to Gloria's jugular. For the first time, Louisa had the upper hand over Gloria. It felt good.

"Don't even think about screaming," she whispered.

"What does it matter, you will kill me anyway?" Gloria said in some fear.

"Yes, so do you want to die painfully or painlessly?" asked Louisa. "I did as you asked, and Bertoli is dead. What I don't understand is why you double-crossed me."

"That's easy. You were no longer any fun and were expendable," said Gloria, knowing that would seal her fate.

"So all those terms of endearment meant nothing at all?" asked Louisa, taking another gag from Gloria's collection. It felt odd to put it past her teeth in the way that she had done so often to her.

A pair of cuffs secured her wrists behind her. Louisa pushed Gloria and then dragged her outside. The villa was a hundred feet above sea level, with a sheer cliff at the bottom of the garden. The waves could be heard smashing against the rocks in the murky darkness below. The moon was just rising, and the light was soft on the crashing waves below.

Louisa steered Gloria towards the edge and stood behind her. In the faint light from the house, Gloria's eyes were full of tears, pleading to be released. Louisa, however, had no thoughts about that. She undid the gag and then kissed Gloria softly on the lips. Their lipstick merged and caused their lips to slightly stick. She tasted Gloria's salty tears and kissed her harder, as a man often kisses a woman.

"Forgive me, Luigi," said Gloria, sensing the change in "his" demeanor. "Let's go back inside."

"No, I had a contract to kill you. I can't live with the thought of that, but it has to be done."

He held her tight, and there was silence as Luigi stepped off the cliff with Gloria in his arms. The ground came rising up to meet them.

Luigi had made the hit.

The End