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JAILBAIT

by Eleanor Darby Wright

The Square Dancers

The men filed in eagerly and were assigned to the sets where we girls stood so nervously. I was assigned a dark-haired, Italian-looking guy who was grinning with pleasure as he looked me over. Priscilla, opposite me, gulped as the shaven-headed man who had come to stand next to her, put his arm about her laced-in waist and then let his hand run down over her tush.

Mistress Louise moved her mountain of voluptuous flesh behind Priscilla and there was a sharp crack, like a pistol shot, that ricocheted about the quiet room. "You will not handle the girls in anything but a respectful manner," said Mistress Louise. The shaven-haired man glowered at her, swore

under his breath, and lifted his hand to his mouth to blow on the red weal forming on the back of it.

“Wow,” murmured the guy beside me.

“Girls,” said Mistress Louise. We all could hear her though she didn’t raise her voice at all. “You may smile to your partners and curtsey to them.”

I tried to smile up at the dark-haired man beside me but I felt so sick inside. I had to bend my knees and hold onto the outer skirt of my ruffled dress and curtsey girlishly, smiling all the time at my partner.

“Melissa,” said Madame Louise to me. “You call that a smile? You can smile a hundred times more nicely than that. We have seen you, haven’t we, in your morning classes. This girl fancies herself as a model, gentlemen. Perhaps that is why she has such a sulky face. Now, Melissa, again!”

All the eyes of the other dancers were on me as, chagrined, I had to smile up as femininely and with as much girlish delight as I could fake at my partner. I had to keep my eyes on his smirking face as I curtseyed to him, not a quiver allowed in my legs as I swished my dancing dress audibly about my stockings. Of course, I made sure that I didn’t wobble at all on my high heeled, open-toed, women’s shoes.

“Passable, Melissa,” said Mistress Louise, turning then on Suzanne, who had visibly wobbled, according to the Mistress, in her curtsey.

Suzanne’s face showed some of the stress and terror that mine must have showed as she strove not to wobble at all, even though Mistress Louise left her in position with her skirts clutched in her hands, knees bent, for several minutes while she found fault with many of us girls.



“Let’s get on with it,” murmured the man beside me as Mistress was haranguing Natalie about not looking up with adoration at her partner as she dipped down. “We don’t have all day.”

Mistress Louise, however, had Tiffany, Ashley and Elizabeth to chastise. Then she swung around to find out who among us wasn't still girlishly smiling at the wonderful hunks of men who'd come in to share a dance with us.

The country and western musicians had evidently heard it all before as they looked bored with Mistress Louise's tantrum. But they clicked smartly together when the Mistress turned us over to the caller, Slim, and told us all to do everything the way that we'd rehearsed it.

The square dance started. We girls strutted as girlishly as we could around our partners, swishing our dresses against them, showing them the white, beribboned petticoats that were under the colorful outer shell of our dresses. My dress was mostly cherry-red. My high heels were cherry and black. My blonde wig was securely in place but I had to swish my loose hair around my partner's face as I swirled, smiling and giggling, letting him grope me around my waist.

The guys soon got into the act, whooping and hollering, as they swung us girls just as the caller told them to. We ended that first set by swirling around our kneeling partners, smiling all the time at them, sitting on their knees, crossing our stocking legs in front of their eager eyes and putting our arms about their necks as we leaned our painted faces against their mouths.

We had to show enthusiasm as we jumped up to our feet altogether and chattered to our partners about how wonderful they were as dancers.

"Oh, that was so marvellous!" I said to the guy who called himself Tony, keeping my arms about his

neck, fondling the back of his hair as Tony held me tightly, trying to pull my frontage against him to feel the erection he couldn't control. And all for me, I thought in distress.

"You're just so light on your feet, Tony. I loved dancing with you!" I finished as I batted my eyelashes, my thick, dark, false eyelashes, at him and swirled away from him with a smile at his bereft expression. I twirled into the arms of a Charlie who was to be my next partner.

"Wow, babe," said Charlie with a welcoming, sleazy, male smirk. "You gotta be a real girl!"

We had all had a class in how to accept a compliment. This was one, despite the leer, that had been anticipated by our instructors. So I knew exactly how I was to respond. "Of course I am, darling Charlie," I twinkled at him, his eyes opening wider as he heard the silly, high, little-girl voice we girls had had to practice and master. "I love dancing with a real man. Dancing with other girls is such a bore!"

"Yeah," said Charlie, putting both his arms about my waist and squeezing me which wasn't allowed. But we couldn't object. Only Mistress Louise or one of her cronies could do that. We had to accept whatever a man wanted to do to us even if what he wanted was to break the rules. It was a rule. We girls would be punished if we broke that rule.

The caller had us form up in our new sets. This time I was opposite Brittany, who looked at me in silent appeal, as if she thought I could get her out of this situation. I can't even get myself out of this, I thought at her, smiling femininely and reminding her that she had so as well. She smiled nervously as

we had to cross hands with our partners, Charlie exclaiming at my long, pointed, feminine nails.

“You babes really go to extremes, don’t you?” Charlie said with a grin. “Earrings, the hair, lipstick, eyeliner, the lot.” He was looking at my chest and the two obvious, bouncing mounds on my chest. “You wear a bra under that dress for those as well?”

“Of course I do,” I told him cheerfully, watching the girl in the short, cherry-red dress in the rehearsal mirrors along one side of the room we were in. She was swirling her hair most femininely and letting the man twirl and twirl her as we ‘promenaded’ down the hall, me the girl I could see, my skirts flaring out and swirling, showing off my stockings, my garter belt and even my silky, cherry-red panties.

I knew better than to try to hold my dress down and not show off my lingerie as Brittany was trying to do as she followed me with her partner. It might have looked more genuinely feminine than what I and Christina were doing but it wasn’t allowed. I could see Natasha, one of Mistress Louise’s cohorts, grimace and start to move towards Brittany.

I hoped that Brittany wouldn’t get more than one slash of Tasha’s wire ‘rope’. That thing not only hurt but it raised welts as well, as I’d found out in my very first time in this class. I forgot to smile as I did difficult steps such as being twirled, seemingly endlessly, by a man.

Brittany’s eyes were bright when we reconstituted the set. The fair-haired guy beside her was holding her sympathetically as she quivered but she didn’t dare to touch her tush where Natasha had lashed her twice. Some other girls had been struck

as well and had become more girlish immediately, using their free hand as I had, to lift their skirts up and make them swirl and expose even more of their feminine underwear and girlish legs as they danced.

“Now, reward your partner properly,” Madame Louise said into the microphone. She bent the emcee over and planted a huge, red kiss on Slim’s unsuspecting lips. He came up foul-mouthed and spluttering.

Our partners weren’t annoyed with us kissing them, however. They expected it from us. They were there to be rewarded for whatever they had done well in prison. They expected us ‘fellow inmates’ to be affectionate with them. They weren’t disappointed. Charlie wasn’t disappointed in me as I flung my arms about his neck and pressed my body, my mounds leading the way, against him.

We could both hear the swish of my dress as I clung to my partner, one leg off the ground behind me as if I was in ecstasy to be kissed by such a dangerous criminal. I even let Charlie caress my leg and my stocking although it raised feelings in me that made me want to hurl. Still, I was used to feeling like that all of the time as I was trained in this dancing class.

Just the touch of a dress and the petticoats I had to wear on the backs of my stockinged legs were enough to make me shudder so, inwardly. I didn’t need to be any more femmy than I actually was but it distracted the Mistress from looking at me if I really tried to be a girl. The newer girls like Brittany were having a hard time being as affectionate with their partners as I was with my fellow inmate.

Charlie clearly hadn't kissed a girl in an age. His arms were about me as he pressed firmly onto my lips which made me resist for a moment. Then I realized that was what he wanted me to do, resist him. He wanted to kiss me that way. He moved and I felt his hands as well on my tush, tracing the lines of my high-cut panties, a violation again, but one the monitors seemed to be ignoring.

We were just supposed to give the second partners a peck, a short kiss, but that was ignored as well. Mistress Louise was standing at the mike and laughing at us all, I was told later, as she let the guys have their way with our mouths for several minutes before she called for the next move. Charlie sure used his time well with me to kiss and maul me from side to side; and, yes, his erection I really could feel through the thin layers of my dress and my cherry-red, silk panties. Finally, Mistress Louise called the changes that a sulking Slim wouldn't. I was off to another set with a guy named Barry, a wicked scar along his jaw.

Alicia's lipstick was still on Barry's lips as he welcomed me into his arms with a smile. We promenaded again, his arms so strong that I was moved at twice the speed Charlie had twirled me. I didn't need to lift my skirts at all as they swished up around my waist and all the band could see my padded panties and my garter belt as well as my smooth, skin-toned stockings as I went by them.

"Very nice," murmured Barry, holding me as my chest heaved after all my exertions. I could guess he'd been rewarded before with a trip to the girls' room as he was looking at me intently and trying to get me to smile at him.

“You’ve another girl’s lipstick on you,” I told him as sweetly as I could, his arm around my waist as we went around the circle, stepping in unison, me raising my high heels as prettily as I could, wiggling my tush like a female dancer. When we stopped, Barry smiled as he took out a handkerchief and wiped away Alicia’s lipstick.

“That would never do, now would it?” Barry asked me, as we jitterbugged into the center of the set, he as light on his feet as I was in my high heels. I was the one, however, who’d been trained to do jitterbug. He deserved the applause of our group more than I did. Of course, he broke the rules and stole a kiss from me as well as we swirled back to the line while a smiling, extremely girlish Suzanne did a fantastic Charleston with her partner, her skirts flying everywhere about her as she did so.

“Now, I have your lipstick on me,” whispered Barry. “And I want to keep it there.”

I felt so sick as I knew what that meant. “I’d love you to,” I whispered back sweetly to him as the set drew to an end. We concluded again on our partner’s knee with our heads against our partners’ chests.

Mistress Louise delayed the rewards the men were to have as she chastised more of the girls, Fiona and Jessica mainly, for not being flirty enough in their improvisations. Of course, as we were all trained so assiduously all day long, my jitterbugging and Suzanne’s Charleston weren’t really improvisations at all.

“Rewards,” said Mistress Louise with a smile. Barry’s called first, as I was dreading. “Yes, Scarface,” she drawled to the man holding my shiv-

ering body. "Let us see if you remember how to dance with your woman before you disappear with her."

Oh no, I thought in terror, but it was too late. The band was snickering at me as Barry twirled me to my feet and we danced around all the other stationary couples. Barry knew just when to lift me so that my legs went about his waist as he spun around. He smiled as he lifted me completely over his head, my legs high in the air, so that my dress fell right over me and over his head. I was on show in my female lingerie to everyone in the room.

The other men roared in delight, of course. The girls began to laugh and applaud as well. They had to or they'd have been chastised. Barry spun me and dropped me, catching me in his arms, his hands on my garters as he carried me off like a babe in his arms, my face the same color as my panties and my dress.

"Thank you, Scarface," the Mistress was saying. "And which of you gentlemen would like to try it with your girl friends now? Oh, no takers, all right, kisses again and we move on to the next round."

Natasha had a door open at the top end of the hall. Barry carried me in, past her leering face, my kicking and flushing having no effect on Barry or her at all. I had to do it as it was part of the 'act' that all of us girls had to put on. We had to go into the rooms with our men and be tossed on the bed there as if we were reluctant in some way to do what we knew we were going to have to do.

I'd been reluctant the very first time. I'd been tied to the bed by Natasha and her friend, Lindsay, then. Edgar had come in and raped me. Edgar was an

older prisoner, a trustee. He'd been in Fort George for over twenty years. He'd stuck his maleness into my tush and stroked mine as I fought against the bindings holding my wrists and ankles.

"He's not raping you," said Natasha in her drawling voice, still so masculine, despite the years she had told us she had been dressing as a drag queen. "You're a man," she'd snickered. "And you can't be raped, can you?"

The gag in my mouth stopped me speaking but I raged on. The shrieks and grunts made it clear what I was going to do to them all once I got up from that bed and out of the room.

"Lie still and enjoy it," Lindsay, the other drag queen, said to me. "There'll come a day, Melissa," I hated the name they'd hung on me, "when you'll remember this with affection and love, the day we made you into one of us girls!"

"This is the best job I've had since I was sent here," Edgar whispered to me. He always talked in a whisper, I found out, as that's how he talked when I saw him as a clerk in the warden's office, smiling at me. Oh, I was terrified of him then. I'd have fought him, being unshackled for a while. Yes, he did rub my tush gently, when we met the second time, caressing my tush with his hands to remind me that he was my first. I suppose that I could have done much worse in the rape artist assigned to me.

Edgar's job was to initiate me into the life of the prison, specifically of D Block, the deviant's block as was whispered to me. From him, I learned what I had to do to all the prisoners who came into that cell when I was in there. I had to welcome them. I had to kiss them. I had to let them stick their

tongues down my throat, almost, if that is what the men I was to entertain wanted. I was a girl, the girl friend of the man I was with. He had to be pleased with me. I didn't want to end up like Veronica, did I?

So, when Barry carried me into the little bedroom and threw me down on the bed, I knew what I had to do. After all, I'd worked my way up in this class of dancers from rank amateur to what I was now, the leading girl, I suppose. I reached up and pulled Barry's head down on mine and kissed him as passionately as I could. I began to open his prison uniform so that I could caress his muscular chest.

I would have allowed him to undo my dress or to roll me over if that was the way he wanted to take me. Most of my men, however, wanted to kiss me first as they became more aroused with me. My perfume, my makeup, the feminine gestures I'd learned, made them desire me more and more. I was after all their reward for their 'good' behaviour in Fort George Prison. I was an idealized parody of what the lifers remembered of girls in their past, save in one respect of course. But I was as close to a girl as any of these men would ever meet in their lifetimes, now.

I undid Barry's belt, a little worried by his stiffness as he lay against me. He almost seemed reluctant as I found his penis and began to gently stroke it as he kissed me almost reluctantly. He lifted my dress, however, as he caressed my legs.

"How, how would you like me to take you?" I whispered in Barry's ear, stroking his manly chest and sliding down his body to slip his pants and underpants over his hips as he groaned. I took hold of his pole and began to vigorously arouse it. Barry fell

onto me, spreading my legs apart as if I really was a woman.

“Oh, darling,” I whimpered at him in my girlish voice. “Do me, do me, do me, please! Make me a woman, you lovely man. Please!” I lifted my tush so that my lover could enter me and ignore my male equipment, so similar to his. I lubricated his pole frantically and eased it into me, cooing little-girlishly to him all the time, complimenting him on what a wonderful stud he was to a girl like me.

*******Training School*******

Oh, how I'd hated it when Edgar did that to me the second time, unshackling and spreading my legs and lifting them up about his waist. I'd screamed and screamed and screamed as he had sprayed my rear-end with cool lotion. He'd whispered that I was a girl. This was how many girls loved to take it and many men loved to give it. Edgar eased himself into me again. I knew I'd been defiled. I'd sworn at him, no gag on my mouth, and promised him I'd kill him for doing that to me.

“No, you won't,” Edgar had whispered to me. “You'll thank me, though, sugar, later on. When you come by the office and we have a little time together, you'll come with me into my stock room. I'll do this to you all over again and you'll love it. You'll be such a sweet, little girl by then. You'll be a sweet, little treat for your Daddy, the one who put you on the right path to bliss and ecstasy.”

I was so sure that the pill he'd made me take was a drug. Well, it was but a vitamin which he told me I must have as I was unlikely to be out in the sun again, unless I graduated to the very top of my class

and became one of the showgirls. The kingpins of Fort George prison only took up with showgirls since they could have their pick of all the girls.

Well, the Ice-Pick was different. I was not to ask why he was called Ice-Pick or his real name. The Ice-Pick liked to visit the new girls, watch how we were trained. Sometimes he would take one for his own use. "Don't say anything to him that's negative," Edgar warned me, whispering, his soft hands caressing my legs, my stockings, my garter belt, my panties and my exposed manhood.

It was Edgar who showed me how to give head. He did it by doing it to me. I can still remember the disgust I felt with myself as I was so aroused by his tongue running up and down my manhood. I was hardening all the time and wriggling all over the bed against all the restraints on me.

When Edgar finally covered me, I almost erupted into him. He didn't take his mouth away until I was finally emptied out and crying in rage at myself.

"You see how to do it," Edgar had whispered. "Now, Melissa, you have to do it to me in exactly the same way."

I'd screamed at him again and called him every awful name in the book. He'd finally climbed up on me and sat on my chest, opening his pants and showing me his large penis. The terror I felt then was only increased tenfold as he explained to me how Veronica had refused to do what Edgar had tried to teach her.

"She made her worst mistake by biting Al the Body who liked the way she looked and wanted her to do him," Edgar told me so softly and so gently that it was chilling. Fear came over me as he told

me how biters had all their front teeth knocked out. "Didn't you see that about Veronica?" he asked me. "She's as smooth as she was when she was a baby. She gives the most wonderful blow jobs now. That's why she's always on duty in the canteen, shift after shift. Al will let her back into the general pop soon, now that he's recovered as well."

I'd seen this woman crawling about the trustees table, being ignored by the men, as she reached up and unzipped their pants. Some men had let her take their penises in her hand. They'd let her blow them even as they ate their supper and talked to their friends. We girls couldn't talk in the cafeteria, on the occasions we went there. It was only from Edgar that I learned what was going on. I shivered as I realized that the one having sex so publicly with any man at the table wasn't a woman at all.

"We're looking for someone to take Veronica's place," Natasha had said, when we were back in our makeup class, her face madeup like a beauty queen, her hair pulled back in a blonde chignon, but wearing a prison uniform, pants and shirt, like the other men. "The men are getting a little tired of it always being Veronica to service them. One of you girls screws up really badly and you'll be our next Veronica for a while."

So, all of us had listened to Edgar and then Rupert, who'd come to us and taught us how to be women in bed with a man. "Now don't raise your hand to me, duckie," a swishy Rupert had said. "So you only want a real man like Edgar to touch you and not a gay man like me! But this is a test, my little darling. I only have to mention to Natasha what a terrible lover you'll make and you'll be on your knees at the trustees' table."

A short time later, I had to sit in front of Mistress Louise and go over my report card from Rupert. He gave me an A minus for my hand jobs, a B for blow jobs, and a B plus for my frontal tush, but only a C for being his puppy dog. “She’s improving, but most of her good work comes when she’s most terrified,” Rupert had written of me as if he really was my teacher and took his grades seriously. “We need to find the right man for Melissa. She could be considered as showgirl material in time but another round in dancing classes would suit her best.”

So I was in my third round of being in dancing classes, square dancing being only one of the ‘courses’ we girls had to take. Taking men sexually had almost become second nature to me as I really was terrified of failing. I’d seen what had happened to Margarita, a feisty girl, who refused to admit she was a girl from the start. She’d tried to fight her way out of D Block and into the general population but of course that didn’t work.

She’d had her teeth knocked out right in front of us, screaming and spitting blood over everyone as Slim and his friends, who’d done it, had then trussed her and screwed her, one at her ass and another in her mouth right there in front of all of us. We girls had all stood there in our Victoria’s Secret corsets and lingerie and done nothing, so terrified had we been.

The worst part had been when Natasha and her friends, their faces and hair so girlish but in prison uniforms like the other men, got out their penises and made the sobbing Margarita give them blow jobs as well.

“Any of you girls want a piece of ass?” Lindsay had asked us as she was bucking Margarita’s tush

while she, we had learned very quickly to call each other ‘girls’, she, Margarita, was having her face washed with male seed by another of the band’s musicians who’d joined us.

“I actually prefer my women to be willing,” said the musician with a leer at us, as we writhed there in dark stockings and dark corsets. “And if this helps to remind all of you girls what’ll happen if you ain’t as willing as you’re supposed to be, well, it’s all in a good cause, ain’t it?”

I think I was sick in the toilet for over an hour. I know Suzanne was. So was Tiffany because I remember she got some on her wig, much to Mistress Louise’s disgust. She made Tiffany assume the position, her head down at her knees, restrained by a collar attached to the floor, her tush high in the air. She was in black panties and a black corset along with black stockings. Any man who came in through that day was offered a poke into Tiffany.

I didn’t see anyone refuse. A lot of them took a long time to come inside her, her moans and groans disrupting our modelling class. I know I wondered what it would be like to be her but I couldn’t ask her as we were kept apart at night after the first training round. Well, we had to be as we were often taken about the prison and locked in with other inmates who had us for the night if they wanted us. And they always wanted us. I saw many of them paying off the wardens who took us to the cells, the clicking of our high heels bringing other men to the bars of their cells to whistle at us.

“Hey, pretty boy!” they’d call at me and whoever I was with. I watched Brittany shivering in her mini-skirt just like the one I was wearing as she was taken and put into a cell, another inmate ejected

and put into one with two other men. “What’s your name, pretty boy?” the men always wanted to know. “Tell me and I’ll buy you for a night as well. I got the tender. Come on, pretty boy. Look, I got a hard-on for you.” And sometimes they did.

Once, Beyonce, a pretty, black-haired, dark-skinned girl, was sprayed by one of the laughing men in a cell. He wasn’t laughing as the guards went in then and beat him to a bloody pulp with their nightsticks. The whole block was very quiet after that. They hauled the body out and left it in the middle of the hallway.

It was eerily quiet save for the clicking of our high heels as we girls went on to the next stop, where, my heart beating wildly, I was given to a black dude, named Leroy, I think, who was really charming with me. He made me feel that I was a woman with him, so that I was shivering and was almost sad to leave him in the morning.

*******I’m looking for an old friend of mine*******

Barry sat on my chest, not bothering to undo my dress or to let me take off my earrings or my necklace. “If you want it so bad,” he growled at me as I tried to wriggle under him but I was held pretty well in place, “here it is, Melissa, if that’s your name.”

Of course it’s not my name, I could have told him, but my mouth was full of him. I tried to ease his manhood out and caress it as Edgar had taught me but Barry was having none of that. He swatted my hand away and held my head as he drove into me, my wig coming almost off in his hands.

Barry was disgusted at that and found my hair pins and released my wig. I think he was surprised

to find my real hair was as blonde as the wig. He released the topknot I had piled it all in and he laughed as he ran his fingers through my real hair, longer, I think, than most women's.

"Maybe you really are a Melissa," Barry said to me as he pulled his huge cock out of my mouth, lifting his body from mine. He pulled down my panties and explored me, swatting my genitals in disgust when he found out for sure that I was as male as he was.

"Not a Melissa then," Barry said as I shuddered beneath him. This wasn't going the way it normally did. Most guys knew what we were and what we'd do for them. They usually went for what they wanted, we girls having to accommodate them. Barry, however, didn't seem to know exactly what he wanted.

"I have to roll you over?" Barry asked me.

"You don't have to," I said nervously to him. I piled the pillows behind me and showed him how he could lift me, lift my tush and penetrate me as if I was a woman. I'd have been in real trouble if I hadn't. I couldn't allow one of the trustees to come in and find me just sitting there, not committing some sexual act with the man I'd been assigned to as a 'reward'.

I lubricated myself with the liquids which were always there, beside the bed, spraying Barry's penis as well.

"Hey, this isn't really so bad," said Barry as I wiggled and wiggled to get myself into position, assisting him to enter me. I wondered as I always did why I was doing that, assisting a man to have me as a woman. If I didn't, I told myself sourly, I'd have a

man taking me, something like the way it was when they took Veronica or Tiffany, or something worse if Madame Louise or Natasha could think up something to debase us girls even more.

I put my arms about Barry's neck. He relaxed down onto me, kissing me as much as I was kissing him. Pretty soon, he was pumping me just like a man does a woman. I knew how to whimper and moan as if it was such a delightful experience to have a man inside me.

"This is actually," said Barry through gritted teeth as he ground his penis into my tush, "pretty good." I kissed his neck, knowing how soft and waxy my restless lips were. Men were always telling me that. I had girls' lips, I was told. I really did kiss like a girl.

It had been Edgar again who'd taught me that. He'd taught me that men like to be kissed in different ways. Barry was one of those who liked a little resistance to a girl's kissing. I'd have bruised lips in the morning if he stayed with me all night long. I didn't know if he would. I didn't know where I was on the roster. I only knew that I'd be delivered somewhere later on that night. It might be to a man, like Leroy, whom I already knew. There'd been a few of those.

The last few had even had little gifts for me, new earrings from Gord and perfume from Clarence, a huge black man whom the other girls were terrified of. I was scared as well which is why I was really girlie with him but, the last time with him had been, well, actually enjoyable.

Clarence had been the first to ask me how much time I had left to serve, the first to treat me as if I

was really female, praising me and complimenting me, calling me 'girl' all the time. He still had two years but, if I was out before him, he promised me, he had friends I could go to who'd look after me for him.



Barry really got worked up as I began to do one of my fake *When Harry Met Sally* routines. I faked that I was having a womanly orgasm. It worked on Barry as it worked on all the men I was now visiting after evening classes were over. I let my shivers loose as the thought of a man inside me, doing me as if I was a woman. It still filled me with anger and disgust at myself.

Of course, Barry thought that my trembling was part of my love for him, as if. So, he had to have me again, his fingers starting to play with me everywhere, in my panties, in my corset, and around my chest as he kissed my cleavage which I could artfully produce all the time now with the tricks I'd learned.

"It's like making love to a woman, Melissa," my latest swain told me. I shuddered a lot as I was hearing it all the time now from the men I was awarded to. I was Melissa. I was a woman, I was repeatedly told, and I knew I wasn't. Still, it wasn't awful when a man treated me like that, trying to be gentle with me as Barry was being. Actually, he was stirring little thoughts in me that I recognized as kind of dangerous.

Suzanne had asked me if I ever felt that I really was a woman when I was making it with a guy. That put me in a quandary about how to answer her. I turned it back on her. "That's how Arnie made you feel?" I asked her.

Suzanne had blushed as she put on her eye-lashes with shaking hands, glancing nervously at me. "It's when he starts off with kissing me and lifting up my tush," she whispered to me as there were girls all around us, chattering, looking like a catalogue for women's underclothes as they babbled

about how different lipsticks looked or about the stockings and panties they were wearing. Barbara leaned over and adjusted Fiona's bra strap so that it fitted more femininely. Fiona thanked her with a sisterly fake kiss, her lipstick so dark a pink as to be almost black.

"But it's not just Arnie," whispered Suzanne to me. "Don't you feel it as well, Melissa, when a handsome guy really wants you and caresses you like a woman? Oh, I go a little overboard then, I really do. I really am Suzanne. Ooo, I really didn't want to come back from Arnie's cell last night. He wanted me to stay as well but Natasha, ugh, I hate that bitch, she said I'd another heavy date waiting when I didn't. I could have been in bed with Arnie all day long! Wouldn't that have been so fantastic, having a man inside you all day long?"

"A man can't do that," I protested.

"No," agreed Samantha with a quick look around. "But the little blue pills can." She opened her lovely long-fingered hand and gave me some Viagra, I think they were. "Oliver the librarian gave me these to give to my dates. He said I'd have as wonderful a time as I'd had with him. And it's true. I really do like a guy who's on these things. You should try them on Clarence or Gord and see what happens!"

I didn't want to tell Suzanne but I thought all the men who came for girls like us were hopped up on those things. It was the only way to explain how long and how often they did us poor girls whenever they had us. Clarence was like a poker sticking in me all night long. I rotated and rotated for him, wiggling and caressing him too, but no matter how long he was in achieving a male climax inside me, he started rocking and swaying me right away as he

finished one ejaculation and began to work his way to another. And yes, it was incredible. I did have these strange feelings and indulged them, as willing a participant in our lovemaking as any real girl could have been.

Barry finally had to relax, stroking my tush and kissing my chest mounds, positioning me so that I was still wrapped around him, still his woman, as he had to gather his breath before he had me again. I could feel him staring at me. I lifted my face to his. He kissed me as I smiled and hugged him. No, it wasn't awful to have a man being so gentle, smoothing back my hair and kissing my lips and my face, as I wanted him to.

"No condom?" Barry asked me lazily, his fingers poking beneath the bra part of my corset as I snuggled against him. I wouldn't have minded if he'd undone it and my chest could have relaxed. It was when guys wanted to kiss my nipples that I sometimes felt my worst.

I didn't mind if they kissed my chest and cleavage as Barry did. As Suzanne had said, it really made things begin to stir inside me. That was when I could sometimes lose it and let a man like Gord really fondle me. Yes, I was his woman, as he said I was, at such a time. It took only a minute, however, after leaving his cell with my stockings in my hand, a guard making wisecracks to me, and the men who were awake, inviting me in to suck a lollipop for dessert, to remind me what I really was, a male prisoner in Fort George Prison.

"Spermicide in the cream you shoved into me," I told Barry as I eased myself from beside him to under him. He got the message. I could have said it more delicately but it was what he'd been doing to

me. He had to know that I'd been as enthusiastic a lover with him as he'd been with me. It was there in the reports. I had a reputation as a woman to maintain.

"Wise precaution," murmured Barry, when he'd finally wrestled with me and done me again, bouncing me against him, letting go as I realized that he hadn't fully before. So, I was perhaps a little more femmy with him than I normally was with a man. Oh, yes, but the way he pressed me into me and the way he kissed me, well, it was well worth me waking him up.

And yes, to answer Suzanne, sometimes I did enjoy. My last penetration with Barry was one of those really femmy times. He kissed my legs as he undid my stockings and caressed my thighs with his manhood for an age before it so easily swam home to its nesting place inside me. Barry almost went to sleep, he was so wrecked by me, Melissa, his woman, his date for the evening.

"Listen, Melissa, I'll have to go soon," Barry said. It must have been his Viagra kicking in as I could feel him so much between my legs. I wiggled about him and let him know how willing I was for another go with him. I did turn him on, I could tell that, "but I'll fuck you one last time if you don't mind."

What could I say to that? I'd been trained for just such a 'compliment'. "I don't mind," I murmured, leaning into him and caressing his bare legs with mine, his so hairy, mine so hairless, smooth and feminine. "I love everything about the way that you make love to me, my darling Barry Scarface."

Barry grinned and looked down at me, pride evident in his manner. "You're quite a girl, Melissa," he

said, “and you’ve been here longer than me, haven’t you? Have you ever met a con named Pete Brady in your travels through this prison? He’s an old friend of mine. I thought he was in here but I can’t find him anywhere.”

********Old friends, new friends********

I wriggled around with Barry and let him make love to me for that last time, as the edge faded from me. I was faking it awfully. As I’d learned, my squeezing his arms in the throes of my supposed passion really made him kiss me more fiercely and grow hard so quickly. So, he wasn’t long in coming. He actually thought that I’d had two orgasms with him, such a good actress was I becoming with my ‘old friend’.

Well, I’d told him I’d never heard of his Pete Brady. What an idiot, I thought. Barry could see my blonde hair, my own hair. He could see the color of my eyes, blue, so enhanced by the makeup I wore. Surely, he must have been shown a photograph of me some time before I was infiltrated into Fort George.

I hadn’t changed that much, had I? Barry should have known that he’d just fucked his old friend, Pete Brady, three times. He’d told his ‘old friend’ that he was just as pretty as any girl he’d ever fucked before. He’d fuck me, his ‘old friend’ again whenever he could afford to buy me for a night. I was that good a woman and female impersonator.

“I’d love that, Barry,” I’d simpered to him as we stood in the doorway of our trysting room, my panties back in place, a smiling Natasha speaking to Brittany and Tony, her date, whom I’d danced with

first. I adjusted and pinned my long-haired wig to my head, pinning it back to show off my ears and the double earrings I had to wear. "One thing, though, before you go."

Barry was grinning as Brittany was cast into the air, all her black underwear on show as Tony whooped up the call from Slim. There were only four couples left on the floor, new girls. They were all being jerked over so that Mistress Louise and Slim could admire their very feminine garter belts and panties.

"Delightful," Mistress Louise said. "Now, gentlemen, you just have time for a quickie reward. Go to it now."

Mistress always said that lie. She'd leave them to it for hours if she felt like it. With the way that Slim was touching Mistress's ass, I didn't doubt that, tonight, it would be a very long time before she thought about the new girls and what the men, who were holding them now on their wobbly, shaky, high heels, were doing to our new girls.

"One thing before I have to go?" asked Barry, turning to hug me as a furious Natasha was leading Tony firmly by the hand as Brittany squealed and squirmed in his arms, fearing, as she should, what was about to happen to her.

"Don't ask about anyone by name in here," I whispered to my erstwhile lover, hugging him as girlishly as I could, raising my lower leg again and pressing into his hard abdomen with mine. "It isn't safe for you or for her in here."

There, that was as much as I could tell him. Barry stiffened as I put my hands about his head and kissed his mouth. Oh, it was nothing to me now

to kiss a man as if I really liked it. Well, with some men, I did, and Barry was one of those. I kissed him until he relaxed and began to kiss me back, a flicker of hardness touching against me, through my thin dress and thinner panties.

What an idiot, I thought again, though I would have liked to have spent more time with him. After Barry had gotten over the yips or whatever other thing held him back, he had been a more than adequate lover to a girl like me. He still didn't get it, though, I thought. He was kissing me even more romantically than he had when we'd been alone in the bedroom.

"Break it up," snarled Natasha. "You lovebirds have had enough time to reward Scarface for bringing in the pills. You got what you wanted, dude. You can pay for your pretty whore like everyone else does from now on."

"Wow," said Barry curtly, letting me go. "What bit your ass, Nathaniel, dearie? Getting more competition than you can handle."

Natasha threw back her hair most femininely then. Her anger was very clear, nearly as clear as the Adam's apple in her throat that declared her true gender to the world. I didn't have a prominent Adam's apple; in fact, I had no mark at all in my neck. Most of the girls 'chosen' for this class didn't either. Some that showed a little wore little black velvet chokers with femmy cameos on them to hide what might cause a man to question a girl about her true gender, not as if they didn't know, anyway.

"Get going!" Natasha said, pointing to the way out with a red-tipped finger. I wouldn't have dared to call her 'Nathaniel', not to her face, nor in private.

It was amazing what the other girls, particularly those who'd really been gay, before they were put on D Block, would report to Natasha and Lindsay, even to Mistress Louise, to curry favor with those whom they seemed to see as their natural allies in the prison.

Barry had to return to me and make me sway with him over to the entrance-exit, and give him soft, lingering kisses at the door. "I heard you," he murmured to me as he finally pressed me to him. I could feel his aroused manhood again. I didn't know how the boy could do it so many times without chemical help. But so many of the men didn't need help, deprived of any other kind of feminine company for so long. Clarence and Gord didn't need any pills to make love to us pretty, madeup boys. Well, it is what we were.

Deprived for weeks of feminine companionship was the trick for making them so horny, I thought. That, and the decadence of making love to a pretty girl who was really a boy. "And I am going to pay for your company," whispered Barry as he kissed and fondled my corset and my tush so enthusiastically. "Very soon we can continue our conversation."

That really made me shiver as I guessed that Barry had made me. He knew, or thought he did, who the real Pete Brady was. Since I should have been released six months before, I'd guessed that another operative would have been sent into Fort George to find out what had happened to me. I was supposed to find out what had happened to Drew Curry, the agent investigating the Mozzano crime family.

Natasha jerked me out of Barry's arms and stopped me daydreaming and letting my last lover

kiss me so tenderly. "You're wanted somewhere else," Natasha said grimly to me, marching me across to the Mistress as I heard the door bang behind Barry.

Mistress Louise was breathing so hard as she sat in Slim's lap, her huge teat exposed and being paid most romantic attention to by Slim's mouth. Mistress's silk dress was hiked as well over her enormous thighs and the strain of her garter belt was exposed as it kept her dark stockings in place on her legs.

"The Pick is back and has asked for you, Melissa," the Mistress said. "You clean yourself up thoroughly. No traces of another man on you or I'll have to deal with you very severely, downstairs."

I swallowed hard at that and didn't have to pretend I was afraid of her threat. I hadn't ever been assigned to her 'dungeon' but we'd all been walked through it and seen what was being done to men and 'girls' there. We'd been encouraged to join in the floggings. One or two girls always did, loving to whip the trustees who were sometimes in the stocks 'downstairs' for whatever infractions they'd committed.

Gwendolyn had loved it so much that Mistress Louise had made her stay there as a dominatrix. She had praised Gwen as a 'natural' to the art. I must say that the dark-haired Gwendolyn had looked absolutely fantastic in her leather skirt and black top. Her black, high-heeled boots and the sway that 'she' could put into her walk were really intriguing. I'd have loved to have had her, if I could, as a man has a woman. But now she was the Head Warden's thrill, I heard in a whisper from Suzanne. We in the dancing class wouldn't see her again.

“Natasha,” said Mistress Louise, gasping as Slim eased her thin, pink bra over her other breast and exposed the other teat which she immediately cupped and stroked for Slim to take into his mouth, “will take your place with Clarence. You’ll have to tell her how you tame him. I don’t want her sassy ass coming back all mangled as has happened in the past.”

Natasha hauled me away to retreat to the bathrooms that we girls used in common. Naturally, there were no doors anywhere in the place and no privacy.

That was the first thing I’d learned on D Block, the first time I’d been here. “D must be for deviancy,” a gay ‘girl’ had whispered to me as we went through a shower and hair removal process that had been awful in the extreme.

We’d been herded, relieved at getting through the entrance with the rioting inmates, as we thought of them, into the main bathroom. I’d thought that they were all girls who were working on their faces in the mirrors, moving away with sympathetic smiles when they saw the seven of us in my group being herded, naked, in front of them, all of us trying to cover our manhoods from their sight.

We had had to be taped, tucked, we were told by the makeup cons in charge of us. Natasha, Lindsay, Gabriella and two others supervised the process with guard’s heavy nightsticks that bruised us all. We put on panties after we were tucked and sat in the chairs provided as the girls helped us to look a little like them.

Realizing what we were to become and what was being done to us had made several of the guys I was

with object. Sammy Smith had been the worst. The beating they laid on him, these guys with madeup, womanish faces, was awful and terrifying. Jimmy moved to help him and was cracked so hard between his legs that I thought he wasn't going to breathe again.

"Now Margarita here," Natasha had said about Sammy Smith, "has been a very bad girl. And Suzanne there has been quite naughty as well. Any of you others want to show us what bad, little girls you are?"

We were all staring at her with such horror on our faces, I'm sure. All the girls who were holding the night sticks began to laugh and smack them in their hands. They did break bones with those things, enough that they had to stop using them and switch to the ropey, wire lashes that hurt like hell. Those things raised welts that took days to heal but didn't stop us from taking part in the lessons we had to.

"Once, these girls were like you, exactly like you," said Natasha, a gleam in her eyes as she spoke slowly so that we would get her message completely. "You will be exactly like them in a very short space of time. You will always wear your panties in here as you are now. You will also wear a bra about your taped and padded chest.

"You will leave your nighties in the linen basket by the door when you come in here and bathe as you are told by Lindsay or Yolanda. Any answering back, any complaint made to me, or to the Mistress, and you will be most severely punished. You don't want to be the first to find out what we have for naughty girls in our dungeon."

Natasha walked over to the glaring ‘Margarita’ and held the nightstick in front of ‘her’ male face. “Glare at me one more second, Margarita, and you’ll be the first in your dancing class to feel what it is like to have this thing, splinters and all, rammed up your tush and wiggled about until you get to like it.”

Margarita’s glare turned to one of horror as she contemplated what Natasha was threatening ‘her’ with. She, like the newly named Suzanne, didn’t make any objections as we were bandaged across our chests and saw womanly cleavages appear, accentuated by the bras we had to wear.

I heard someone arguing with the girl who was helping him. ‘She’ spoke in a soft, womanish voice while his was hard and male. “Shush,” the womanly voice insisted. “You know now why you little fish,” the term for new inmates at the prison, “were singled out. You saw all the men slobbering at you and asking you to kiss their rings through the bars. You know what will happen to you if we let you loose.

“It will be a gang rape. You will be the raped, night and day. If you’re any kind of a guy at all, you’ll hang yourself before the week is up. So let me work on your face, idiot. It’s the only way that you can survive and hope to get out of here. Some of the guys, one on one, can be really nice to queens like us.”

Oh, that was me who was being talked to. That was Diana who spread makeup over my bare skin, my hair held back by a girl’s band. It was she who made up my eyes and eyebrows, only a few hairs remaining from the chemical fire that had been creamed all over our faces and bodies, even our genitals.

Only when we were all screaming did they turn on the showers, Natasha and her friends, and release us from the handcuffs that had kept our arms behind our backs. It had been such a relief to be in the cooling showers. It was such a shock to find all my chest hair and the light fuzz I'd grown on my face disappearing as I did as I was told and wiped myself down with a face cloth.

I'd stopped like the others. Lindsay had swatted Jimmy and Sammy, making them wipe themselves properly. "My pubes are coming off!" Jimmy had screamed. The men in prison garb with makeup on their faces and ponytails attached to their beribboned hair had laughed and laughed.

"It's supposed to, Suzanne," Natasha had said in fake exasperation. "If you have hair down there when you're tucked, girl, it will kill you when you have to take it off for even the most normal of functions."

That was true, of course, but we didn't know what she meant then. We didn't even know whether to call Natasha a he or a she. We understood nothing about what was going to happen to us in prison. All I can remember is Alicia, when I helped her with her makeup for her first time, when I became the girl like Diana, crying that this prison was nothing like San Sal, whatever that was.

I'd been in the dancing class too long, I thought, as memories flooded through me of all the hurts and shock and outrage of the men who were now my sisters in the dancing class. It was so easy now for me to strip, not bothering even to study my girlish self in the mirrors as I unsnapped my garter belt and took off my stockings and dumped everything in the laundry hampers.

Everything disappeared regularly and new clothing appeared. Sometimes, I think I wore the same corset and sometimes I think I saw it on another girl. It made no difference as I'd learned that the best way to get by was to do as I was told, to listen and soak up what so many people knew. My male dates knew all about us and what we were supposed to do best, or worst, of all. That's what we girls called them as in, "I have a date tonight with Sal and those earrings look so darling on you, Tanya. Do you mind if I borrow them? They'll blow Sal's tiny mind!"

Leaving the Mistress, with her orders about Ice-Pick, whom I'd heard so many awful stories about, I scurried to clean myself in the bathrooms. Taking off my tape, both from in my panties and from in my bra, soaked with Barry's emissions, was such a relief.

The bath, so warm and scented, was a luxury, even though it was very short as a cross Lindsay, in leather skirt and boots, carrying a riding crop, came and made me hurry. She stood over me, nightstick in hand, watching me as I re-tucked, re-taped, and pushed back my own hair. I re-did my makeup before getting into the black, frilled Merry Widow corset that had been there on the clothes carrier for me.

"You have nice legs," said Lindsay, watching me as I put on my stockings, attaching them to my corset over my black, lacy panties that had the usual, frilled opening at the back. I gulped only a little as I realized what kind of night I was going to have with the man known as Ice-Pick. "It's a wonder," Lindsay went on with a frown, "that Picky hasn't called for

you sooner. He likes a girl with nice, long legs, like a real dancer. That's why he's never fancied me."

Lindsay had sort of muscular legs, mannish legs, even though she always wore stockings and the shortest of skirts when she was supervising us. "I'm going to have them done this time around," Lindsay said as I made sympathetic noises to her.

I arched my eyebrows and made my eyelids look as glamorous as I could. Nearly a year of classes had its effect as I could make myself look like a woman without taking very much time.

I powdered my face and scented my chest and neck and my wrists. Lindsay borrowed my cologne and used it on herself. "Nice," she said. "Classy, like you, Melissa. I bet Picky keeps you over there in E Block. I bet he'll make you into a showgirl."

Lindsay said that with such longing in her lilting, feminine voice.

"Do you really think so?" I asked, automatically being bright and letting my eyes open as wide as they would as I smiled.

Lindsay scowled at me and smacked her riding crop into one of her hands. I felt very sorry for the person she was working on downstairs, in the dungeon. I shouldn't tease a girl like Lindsay, not in any fashion. It could have been me that she turned on. But she wouldn't do that now, not when I was headed, or so it seemed, to the E for Executive Suite of the Fort George Prison itself.

*******The Chorus Line*******

Lindsay supervised me getting into my little black dress and the proper high heels. She made me wear

a lipstick the same shade as my fingernails which was a relief as it would have taken an age to get my nails to dry in a new color. I couldn't have gone out, I just couldn't do that, not having a different color on my lips from my fingers and toes. A femmy girl like me just didn't do that.

That made Lindsay laugh at me, when I said that to her in as giggly and girlish a manner as I could. "Oh, you really are a blonde, Melissa!" she told me, making me feel that I was just that. She made me put on the really platinum blonde wig that was in the row above my dorm bed, where I rarely slept now, and apply the adhesive that I had, to keep it securely in place, even though I was now wearing a wig cap and copious hairpins.

"I loved the way your date lifted you over his head," Lindsay said with a smile. "Your padding on your tush gave you such a femmy look with those long legs. I got a hard on just looking at you. Some time, if you come back down, Melissa, you and I must bathe together."

Lindsay's green eyes were sparkling in her eye makeup and thick false eyelashes as she said that. It was another test, I hoped, and not really intended. So, I smiled at my future 'lesbian' partner and said, "Oh, that would be so delightful, Lindsay. I'd love to have you under my skirt."

"Not just that," murmured Lindsay, putting my arm through hers and taking my hand as we both minced over to the door where the light was flashing to indicate that there was a guard there waiting to accompany a prisoner.

Benson was tall and in shape, unlike many of his fellow guards who seemed to have stayed too long at

the dining table. He stepped back so that he could get a better look at me. “Melissa, isn’t it?” he asked, smiling and showing a row of large, white teeth.

“Yes,” I smiled as brilliantly as I could at him. “Oh, it’s so wonderful to have you as my escort over to E Block.” I swished over to him and put my arm under his as if we were really a man and a woman going out for a walk. I was the woman, of course. I turned and waved to Lindsay, who’d told me what to do. I winked to her. I’m sure the other guard who stood there, admiring Lindsay, putting his arm about her, delighting her, taking her by surprise, saw me doing that.

“Haven’t taken a pretty girl over to E Block in quite a while,” said Benson, confirming what I’d thought had happened. I’d thought, after Diana had tutored me in makeup and feminine deportment, how to walk like a fashion model, that I’d soon follow in her girlish footsteps and go wherever she’d gone, along with Giselle and Monique, who’d left with her.

Another ‘class’ had gone ahead as well, ten girls, until my group was at the top of the dancing ‘order’. But we’d stayed there. More and more girls had joined us until there were over twenty-five of us in the dancing class. Then, the visits had started to the prison itself.

We’d done fashion shows for the men, the hooting and hollering unbelievable as we were paraded in our Victoria’s Secret outfits and told to ‘Smile, Smile, Smile, honey’ by Mistress Louise. We’d had to bend and walk sexily, femininely, and show off how our nighties and bikinis made us look so really real.

It was after that that the rewards program began, the dates that men bargained for or bought. What I'd thought was a private, perverted part of the Fort George Prison, that I'd just stumbled into, had become an open invitation to perversion with new girls being added all the time.

The welcoming-in sessions when the prisoners were segregated were now genuinely riotous affairs, I heard, as all the men promised the small, slender, horrified men, quivering in shock at the suggestions being hurled at them, that they'd soon be warming their beds. That was the nicest of the descriptive messages shouted at the 'fish' as they came, terrified out of their minds, into the 'safety' of D Block.

"You're going into the chorus line?" asked Benson as I clicked out of D Block. A searchlight from the wall picked us out. Someone whistled at me as if I was a shapely girl.

I knew again how to respond to that. I smiled and turned to look up at the searchlight that followed us, Benson and me, across the short, wire-enclosed passage to E Block. I waved prettily to whoever was admiring me from behind the searchlight and then clung to Benson's arm girlishly which made him smile all the more. We strolled, like a man and a woman, across to where another guard was standing with the door open. He was watching me sway on Benson's arm across the concrete walk. He obviously had heard my high heels coming as anyone would have.

"Here she is," said Benson and the other guard nodded. I had to shiver a little as I saw by the bands and markings on his sleeve that this man was a captain. There were three captains, one for each shift, and since this was night, it must be Payne,

whose name was synonymous with what the male prisoners thought of him and feared from him.

“Bring her up to the rec floor,” said the captain, his eyes on me. They were so searching that I felt as if I was uncovered right away, my secret identity revealed.

I went up slowly, my heels really sounding as the steps were so steep. I pulled my little shawl about myself more tightly and clung to my purse as the captain came beside me; and so I was delivered into a Las Vegas-style bar, a burlesque show in full bloom on the stage.

An older, white-haired man turned from one of the tables, the cigar smoke thick from there. A brunette sat beside him. He was fondling her legs most familiarly, she doing nothing to stop him. It was Diana, whom I knew as well as I knew any girl in this madhouse of a prison. She smiled up at me in greeting, as pretty as I remembered her from when she'd told me that there was now no way out for me but to play along and be a woman, like her, if I wanted to survive.

“A rose between two thorns,” said the white-haired man. I don't think my guards liked that very much. The other members of his table turned briefly from the dancers to look at me and snicker in amusement. I smiled and tried desperately not to show my surprise at seeing the Warden of Fort George Prison sitting there, smoking a Cuban cigar with a white-haired consigliere of the Mozzano family.

The Ice-Pick stood at a table over to the left of the stage. He indicated a place at his table where he was seated with several other men who looked as

tough as he was. I shuddered as Benson and the captain melted away. I had to sashay over to the Ice-Pick's table of men, all of whom were looking at me as if I was some kind of strange fruit, which I was.

"Sit here, doll," said the Ice-Pick, his eyes glued to the stage.

If I was a man, my eyes would have been riveted there as well. There were nine girls on stage acting like a chorus line, whirling and posing and surely miming to a recording of girls loving their men and doing anything and everything for them, "ooo, ooo, oh-oh-ooo-o-o!"

Then, the skirts of their dresses came off. They all had such shapely legs in black stockings and garters, their hips wide and their chests bouncing. My mouth went really dry as I could see that they all had real, women's breasts.

The chorus line turned. All the girls wiggled their tushes in unison as the guys in the small audience applauded and whistled at them. They turned again and did high kicks. The high-pitched squeals and the pouting smiles were real, I was sure. I crossed my own stockinged legs while one of the guys at the table smiled at me and winked as if he knew me.

Well, perhaps he did know the sort of girl I was, I thought miserably, a shudder passing through me as I sat and smiled as if I was enjoying watching the skillful, female dancers as well. I'd been to Vegas many times in my life and seen burlesque, even strip shows, like the one I was seeing, the girls looking so shapely in their frilly panties that came off to show the high-cut thongs they were all wearing.

There was a short pause in the shedding of female lingerie as the music changed. The girls all did something together with the bustiers they were wearing and, zap, they all took them off together, smiling and laughing, shrieking, jumping up down as if they were delighted at the surprise they were giving their audience. They waved their bras in the air and their breasts, their real breasts, bounced and jiggled, jiggled and bounced, as they twirled and high-kicked on the stage, each twisting and gyrating as if in a most exquisite rapture.

The guys in the audience were laughing and cheering as well. There were calls all around me then of "Get 'em off!" The girls on the stage played really coy as they pulled on their high-cut, thong panties and seemed about to disrobe completely before they changed their mind. They did that twice.

I had to smile a little, though my heart was pounding. It had taken a moment but I had recognized almost all the girls in the chorus line. There was Giselle, who had been so nice and sympathetic to me, and Monique. There was Camilla and Eleanor, looking so different as blondes with breasts. I knew that they didn't have those when they left the dancing class. Neither had they had such tiny waists and wide hips.

I was admiring their thighs and legs when, whoosh, down came their panties and what a scream of delight all the girls gave as the men, and me as well, stared at them all in disbelief. Each girl on the stage was a real girl! Each girl had a hairy, little vagina on display as each shapely, pretty, absolutely naked girl strutted forward to display her assets from the very edge of the stage to the stunned men in the audience.

I started in my chair. The Ice-Pick turned and smiled at me. "Quite a surprise, ain't they, doll?" he asked me. He leaned close to me and whispered in my ear. "How would you like to be a girl like that, you and your own dancing class sisters?"

I really didn't know how to answer. I searched for some girlish, empty-headed piece of nonsense to say but nothing came out of my lipsticked mouth. I was too shocked and stunned. But I knew Giselle! I knew Monique! I'd seen their manhoods, more impressive than mine to tell the truth. Now they cavorted in front of me and they had vaginas and breasts! They were real women, I screamed inwardly in terror! Oh, they couldn't be going to do that to me!

Ice-Pick laughed at me and reached over to pull me to him and kiss my trembling lips, right on my red, waxy lipstick. I forced myself to relax even though all my senses were reeling but that was the soft kind of womanish kiss that Ice-Pick liked. He was aroused by the show he was watching and had to kiss me again.

Pick made me move even closer to him so that he could get my leg partly over his. He touched my stocking seductively as if I was a woman as he kissed me again, his tongue on my lips demanding entry to my mouth which I instantly gave him. No girl could refuse a man anything at all. It was the rule of D Block and my dancing class.

I could guess from that first demanding kiss just the sort of woman Ice-Pick wanted. He wanted a very submissive type of woman, one who gave into him easily. Whatever he wanted, I'd be that type of woman for him. I'd played that part before with many men. I'd do it even though I'd ache all over

and hate myself for the terror and panic that would fill me.

I shuddered as I thought again that I was never going to find the target I sought in Fort George and get out of this stupid, stupid lunatic asylum. I must resign myself to that fact that I'd failed and just get out. I must concentrate on getting out of this mad-house. And the only way to do that was to smile and kiss the man who held me and caressed my body, causing all kinds of strange feelings go through me.

I smiled as if I wanted and enjoyed being womanly to the man mauling me, stroking my dress tight against my feminine lingerie. All I could hope for was that when a man like Ice-Pick left the prison again on some criminal errand, and it was common knowledge that he did, he'd take me with him. Then, I could escape.

"Hey, Pete," said one of the older guys at our table and my blood ran cold as for, just a moment, I thought that he was talking to me. "You only brought in one new girl and you monopolize her right away. Come on, man. We all deserve a little taste of Melissa, don't we? We ain't had a new girl here in half a year or more. And what kind of trick are you playing with the girls up there? I just had that Giselle last night and that wasn't the way she was!"

Ice-Pick laughed and cuddled me against him. "And you can have her again, Mort, tonight. She can wear or not wear that special thong she's wearing just for guys like you. What else do you think she's going to be wearing at the wedding of the year?"

"It's going ahead?" asked Mort in shock. "I heard it and didn't believe it!"

“Her papa insists now,” said the man I knew as Ice-Pick, a man who’d murdered many times, according to his reputation, “and Donny agrees.” He smirked at Mort who looked genuinely shocked. I’d no idea what they were talking about. I wasn’t supposed to, though, was I? I was just a blonde, shapely bimbo or I would have been if I was the real, empty-headed, pretty girl I projected I was. I smiled vacantly at Pick and his friends. After all, I wanted to live!

The Ice-Pick had one arm around me, caressing my phoney treasure chest while his other hand was under the skirt of my little, black dress. He was stroking my thighs and my panties while his friend, Mort, watched us jealously. I had to look as if I was being aroused to desire and passion. I had to look as if I was enjoying a man caressing me as if I was a hooker. And I had more than one man to convince that I was just that sort of girl.

I had to enjoy it, I thought, as I turned to the Ice-Pick and kissed his neck and caressed his chest through his open shirt which made him look down on me with desire. He pulled me to him to kiss me again, while I was as soft-lipped and girlish as I could be, opening my mouth to welcome his tongue as I would welcome his penis into me, later. I knew that that was what was going to happen. I couldn’t have stopped that if I’d tried, not without being beaten to a pulp.

There was noise all about us as the naked girls on stage, breasts real and bouncy, were going off with their costumes, blowing kisses to the audience. A blonde woman was smiling broadly as she came out to the front of the stage. Some guy was standing

up and wanting to know what trick she was trying to pull on them all.

“Oh, Vanny,” said the blonde in a really feminine drawl. “Have I ever tricked you before? You’ve always known everything about me you wanted to, haven’t you?”

Giovanni Pieri, I thought, a runner of rackets for the Mozzanos. It had been some of his financial workers who’d turned, or been turned, on him, testifying against him which is why he was now here in Fort George, along with Pete the Ice-Pick, one of the mob’s most feared enforcers. The Ice-Pick wasn’t here for any murders he’d committed, of course. No, he’d been caught in some skimming scheme at a casino and was serving ten years, I’d heard, for tax evasion, of all things. He wasn’t going to get parole, it had been whispered to me, not that it seemed to bother him at all.

The feared enforcer had his hand up my skirt, and on my garter belt, stroking my thighs. As he mauled my lips and thrust his tongue into my willing mouth, he seemed oblivious to the noise and chaos in the small room as grinning girls came out of whatever dressing room they’d been to, in dresses again. Giselle was laughing as she jumped onto the lap of Mort, the man who’d said he’d had her last night. She kissed him passionately as a woman would and let him run his hands up her stocking legs right to her panties. Then, she slapped them away, as all the other powerful men with him laughed at the sheepish Mort and greeted, in the same way, the other chorus line girls who joined them, posing and pouting as girlishly as I’d been practicing each day.

“I’ve been so looking forward to this,” Pete the Ice-Pick whispered in my ear as the blonde at the microphone engaged in a lot of back and forth sexual banter with the audience. “If I hadn’t had to be away for so long on matters of business, I’d have had you here much sooner, Melissa. I’d never have let someone as brutal as Clarence have you. I wouldn’t. I’m sorry you had to endure that.”

“Oh, he wasn’t so bad,” I said, forcing myself to speak like the cute, little blonde Ice-Pick expected me to be. “But I’m so glad to be here at last. I so want to be a showgirl like Giselle or Monique. I was taught by Diana as well. I know that you’ll be so much nicer than Clarence or any of the men I’ve had in D Block could ever be to me.”

I would have loved to have stayed and listened to the men at the table. The man who’d winked at me was saying something about a practical joke that had gone wrong which was why we didn’t see Herbie around any more.

But Pete really wanted me. He had a terrific hard-on. I didn’t know why, exactly. He wanted me as a man wants a pretty woman. And so I had to get up, smile brightly and vacantly at the Pick’s friends, the perfect platinum-blond Barbie doll, as I minced off with my new boy friend. We went into the most sumptuous cell, if it could even be called that, where the most feared man in the Mozzano organization, ‘lived’. Yet, he, who was supposed to be serving ten years, had just admitted he’d been out of the prison, supposed to be holding him, for months.

It occurred to me that, if that was the case, Pete the Ice-Pick could have had any and all kinds of women he wanted. Why was he back and why was he trying to charm me, so terrified of him? Why did

he want to make me feel as if I was the woman of his dreams whom he had been waiting for all his life? He certainly knew that I wasn't really a woman but it didn't seem to matter to him. He had some idea about the kind of woman I could be and he wanted that, wanted it badly.

I didn't know why he was doing me so thoroughly, throwing me in his bed as other rampant, eager men had done to me before. It seemed as if he hadn't had a woman in an age, as it was for us girls when we met the general pop in C Block. What had he said? He hadn't seen me as a woman for so long.

But for a while I couldn't care about making sense of that as I had to make love to a man again, my third that day, if you counted Paul who'd had me that morning in his bed, a continuation of the night before. The guard had had to pry him out of me so that I could get re-tucked and put on my panties and high heels and head off to my bathing and classes for the day.

For Pete the Ice-Pick, I was as soft and dewy a woman as I could be. I had to let him know how every touch of his was making me so thrilled with him. He had to know that I was the empty-headed, soft, platinum blonde woman that he saw beside him. He had to know that I was a woman who would do anything to make him enjoy me, the woman he thought I could be. And, funnily enough, as Suzanne had said to me, in trying to be what I was, I succeeded lately far too well. I became, if only for a short while, just the woman that I was indeed trying to emulate.

I was clingy and wriggly and most accommodating to everything that Pick wanted. I loved having him inside me. I trembled very femininely and writhed against him, jiggling and bouncing, whether

he had me doggie-style or from the front. I must have out-Megged Meg Ryan in her famous scene about faking an orgasm as a woman.

I was really proud of myself in a perverse kind of way when I wiggled my male member against my lover. He did me as I'd been done by Edgar, slowly and with great care. I thought of Meg and tried to be her as I climaxed properly as if I, Melissa, really did love what this terrible man was doing to me.

"Oh, this is so wonderful," I told my lover as I drew him down on me and put my legs about his waist, my girlie tush frenziedly bobbling against him, his manhood trapped inside me. "You know so many ways to make love to me and they're all so wonderful. Teach me some more, Peter," that was what he wanted me to call him. "Love me, love me, love me. I really love a man like you, so big and so strong and so gentle with a girl like me."

I babbled all that between kisses and wiggles and caresses, making his pole grow and taking him deeply inside me as I twisted beneath him, knowing he'd love that as he did. I kissed everything about him, wherever I could reach. Surprisingly, the Ice-Pick, Peter, found that he really liked sweet-talk from a girl like me. It turned him on so fantastically that he was shuddering wildly after he'd had me over and over, tearing off my dress he could kiss my bustier and even bite on my exposed nipples.

Peter sat up then suddenly. I thought for a moment I'd done something wrong. He smiled at me as he picked up a cellphone. "Still on duty, Edgar?" he asked into it. "Well, do a transfer for me, will you? You know who this is. Yeah, I've got Melissa under me, doing the sweetest girlie things in the world for me, right now.

“Yeah, transfer her to E Block. Yes, and the rest of her group in dancing class, and the pick of the next group, about fifteen in all, over to E Block. The boys need some new playmates as I did. No, say goodnight to Melissa now. You taught her well.”

“Good night, Edgar,” I had to whisper like Marilyn to the President as Peter laughed at me doing that.

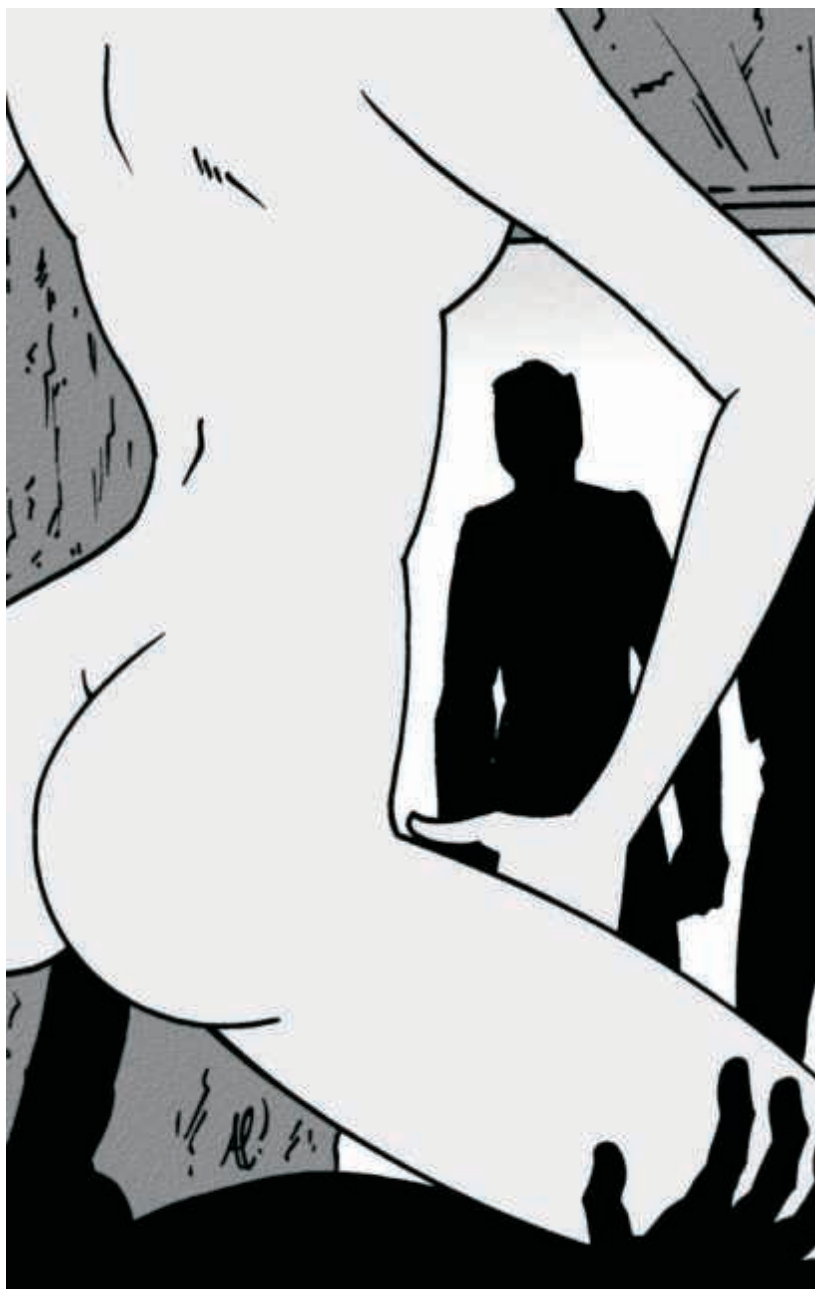
“Some time,” Edgar whispered back. “You and me, sweet girl, in the back of my stock room.”

“Umm, yes, I look forward to it,” I giggled to him and hung up. Well, I had to giggle as Peter was rolling me up like a ball and was penetrating me firmly, saying how much he loved how female I’d made myself. I caressed his manhood with my soft, femmy hands where I could, but mostly I stroked his chest when I couldn’t touch his thing as it was driven so completely into me.

I ran his hard little nipples through my fingers and, once, I really made him tremble as I was able to get my soft, girlie mouth on them. I wiggled my frilly panties on his abdomen as he was entering me and that blew his mind, as well. I knew I was succeeding with him, making him think I was the girl he wanted me to be. My mouth was so bruised but I knew I couldn’t stop rocking against him.

Finally, Pete grinned and rolled me on top of him as he relaxed. He told me to be his girl for a while. I showed him how I could arouse him, stuff him into me and then keep him going until he could stand it no more. He had to tell me he loved me, his hands sending shivers all through me as he stroked me, but he barely filled anything in me as he came for

the last time. He almost fell asleep as the words came out of his mouth.



“I do like you girls when you’re like this, pre-op,” said Pete as I awoke to find I was turned about. He was on my back as he had me from the rear, his manhood as large as it had ever been. All the heavy breathing, the femmy squealing and shrieking I’d practiced on Gord and Clarence came to me so naturally then. I’d defy anyone to have seen me and heard me to have guessed that I was other than the aroused, loving, pretty boy, no, pretty girl, that the Pick was making love to so enthusiastically.

“I don’t know how you men can get it up so fantastically in the morning,” I murmured to Peter as he turned me over and let me kiss and arouse him still further. I forced myself to act in quite a frenzy making love to him, my padded breasts being squeezed by him as I kissed and kissed him.

When a couple of his crime friends came into the luxuriously furnished cell, I didn’t have to slow or stop at all as Peter had a little staff meeting while he made me ride him. He forced himself to come deeply inside me while the other guys watched us as I girlishly rode his pole. It was if I was back in D Block when Tasha was teaching me how to be a woman with a man, as if that bitch would know.

Finally Pick came with curses and kisses, letting me collapse on him as I pushed my tush so deeply into his groin to get every bit of loving from him that he was able to give me. It also meant that I had to stay attached to him and couldn’t help listening to what was going on.

“I can see why you’re keeping this one to yourself,” said Giovanni, as I lay on Pete, shuddering, not in make believe at all. Pete the Ice-Pick at least had the grace to cover me with a bedsheet while he was talking to the others. But still my head was be-

tween his legs, though he didn't want me to do anything to him for a little while, just caress him very gently so that he knew his girl was awake and still attracted to his manliness.

"You got the doc coming in for her this next week?" asked another man whom I'd only had a glimpse of.

"For all the new girls from D," growled Peter, lifting my face free of the bedsheet so that, half naked, but in my nightie, I could kiss him gently and softly as he loved. I knew it wouldn't take long before he'd roll me over. I'd be fucked again, rolled up beneath him, my legs high in the air as Peter liked them to be. I shivered and hoped he wouldn't want an audience this time as he debased me as the man he knew I was.

"But I wanted to have Melissa here before she gets changed by the doc," Pete went on as I stirred in alarm. "I like them before they have all the changes. Melissa's so sweet, this girl, Van. She's really trying to be one so much that I think I could keep her like this; but still, I really do like real titties on a girl. You'll love that, won't you, Melissa, my darling. You'll love having real tits and a woman's ass, won't you? You'll look just like all your friends in the chorus line then."

I'd no idea what Peter was talking about but I'd seen the breasts on my former friends in early dancing class. Oh god, Peter was talking about altering me as well so that I'd have a body just like the one I'd seen on Giselle. Oh, they couldn't do that to me! They couldn't! I almost cried out loud at the man I was cuddling against. It was an act of will to make my thighs seem on fire as I wiggled for him. I took

Peter's manhood in my hands and began to pleasure him.

Out of my mouth came this little-girl voice thanking my lover for doing such things for me. "I, I'd love to be like Giselle, my darling Peter," I whispered to him, though the others could hear me as well. "I'd love to really be able to take you, Peter. Will I have a pretty pussy like the other girls had last night, as well?"

Oh, Peter and the other men laughed at that. "You liked Giselle last night, didn't you, Mort?" asked the Ice-Pick salaciously.

"Oh, I did," said the racketeer. "But you could have told us, Pete. I actually came in my little bitch as if she was a woman before I found out it was all fake. What do you call those things, vadgies or something?"

"Artificial vaginas, avas, vadgies," said Peter with a laugh. "There's a bunch of different kinds."

"No kidding," said the other guy. "Look, Pete, this is really going too far, man."

"Oh," said Peter, pushing my head down. I gave him a slow and sensuous blow job beneath the bedsheet that actually made my groin start to become aroused. He was being aroused by the slow way I knew how to kiss and stroke him, before I consumed the head of his manhood. I couldn't stop or get away once I started as Peter held me there, his hand on my head, ensuring that the other men had to know what I was doing under the thin, moving bedsheet.

"This is too much gay stuff," said the second guy. "You're pushing it up again, Pick, with this wedding as well. Taking all the girls, as you call them, along

as bridesmaids to a fag bride is just too pervy for me and my guys. We ain't going to go along with this. We had to tell Donny what was going on."

"You'd better have not," said the Ice-Pick. I felt his manhood really stiffen in my mouth as I worked and worked on him, trying not to take him inside my mouth fully. I knew that that would make him erupt on me. I hated having a man's junk all over my face, in my hair. In the confined place I was working in, that would happen if Peter came to the boil and I was still clasped to him under the cover.

"Trannies and the boys don't mix," insisted the second man. "I'm only telling you this, Pete, because it's what all the guys are saying. They're getting tired of all these girlie shows without real girls, you know. They know they're in prison and the feds have a perimeter now that even you found it hard to get through. The Feds know something went down here and in Mexico. They're really pressuring Coppin," that was the warden, "to let them in here and clean up E Block."

"That will mean them busting us up," said Peter thickly, groaning and grabbing my head, stroking my false hair that threatened to come off. He cupped my face as he caressed me for doing him so gently, my tongue on his sensitive cap, making him wriggle in excruciating arousal, I could feel, as he was seconds away from his ejaculation.

"Splitting us all up, one here, one in Leavenworth, another in California," Peter went on, groaning horribly as he began to writhe as he came. He had to stop as he told me what a good girl I was. He really didn't have much left after the night and morning we'd already had. I was drawn up to him. He actually kissed my lips and my face. I felt so

warm and so loved as I lay with my man, my legs twining about him as we lay together like one person, or like husband and wife, in front of several hard-faced men, confronting my lover.

Oh, that thought made me tremble even more than I wanted to. I was feeling so womanly in Peter's arms, his love for me so sincere while I was such a fake really. Well, he should have expected me to feel girly with what he'd done to me and with what he'd made me do for him. He probably did as he told me to go off and powder my nose as he wanted a little boy talk with the boys. Wow, did they ever look grim as I tried to mince delicately away in my nightie, my long hair falling all about me, over my bare back and my face, hiding the blushes and shame I was feeling.

******The History Lesson******

There was really nowhere to go in the cell but behind a curtain that separated what would-be the can from the rest of the cell. But out of sight was out of mind, it seemed, for Pete at least, for he rounded on his friends and associates almost immediately as I tried, quietly, to make myself clean and pretty as a woman again.

“So who exactly is doing all the complaining?” snarled Pete, sounding then like the Ice-Pick. There was a deafening silence from the other half of the long, double sized cell. “You, Van? You, Tommaso? Antonio? Mort?”

“Wasn't it you, Tommaso, who wanted more girls, two years ago?” Pick asked with a sneer. “Yes, it was you, wasn't it? You wanted me to find more girls like that Evelyn, didn't you? And so I went down there to

D Block and set it up for you, didn't I? And you started having a stream of girlies that were trained to take you just the way you wanted."

"I wanted real girls in here!" someone said.

"Brilliant," sneered Pete. I shivered as I listened to these top guys talking. I tried to look around frantically for a way to get out. I knew what one of them might insist on doing to me if they thought I was eavesdropping on them. "The feds have the tightest of perimeters, searching everything that's coming in and you want us to bring more people in, women! Coppin told you he couldn't. That's why he and his capos began to regulate the sex trade in here. Yeah, it's not drugs that's ruling this place, is it? It's sex. Everyone in here has twenty-five to life to serve and that's a lot of time, playing with yourself."

"You only got ten years," someone muttered. "And you got a back door in and out! You can get real women whenever you want!"

"You want my job, Tony?" asked Pete. There was silence for a little while. "I gotta tell you," he went on with a strange laugh. "It ain't what you think it is with all the conniving bitches that attach themselves to you on the outside. They want, want, want, complain, complain, complain. You guys don't know how good you got it. Outside, they'll do this, and not that. They don't feel like it tonight. And they always want something from you when you screw them."

"Give me my Melissa any day." I was shocked and shuddered in shame as he said that. "She ain't complained once. She's done everything I wanted her to do. She looks good, doesn't she, and she's going to look better when the doc gives her boobs."

Oh no, he's not! I must sneak out of here. I must find a screw who was honest and who'd get me out of this asylum! I'd give it to him for free, well I did that anyway, but I would be at my prettiest and girliest and at his beck and call if only I could find someone ... Benson! Yeah, he was a definite maybe, the way he'd looked me over. I'd felt him admiring my womanly attributes, smiling at the way I pouted and acted like a woman. He could be the one who'd get me away from Fort George.

"You're keeping her for yourself," complained another voice. "We been laying your leftovers, Pick, for the last eight months. We want some new girls in here, girls you haven't had your ugly mitts all over!"

There was a little nervous laughter. At least, it sounded nervous to me.

"Oh, I never do anything you guys want, do I?" asked Pick sarcastically as I eased fresh tape and clean panties quietly about myself, listening avidly as I made my genitals seem so feminine. "Why don't you go to Don Mauro then?" The sneer was evident in his voice. There was an audible shifting as the audience seemed to be very fidgety at that topic.

"I took over Coppin's setup and it's yours now," Pick went on. "He has to come to us when he wants a top girl, not a fish they're trying to make use makeup for the first time. You had a dozen girls here to trade around and you're bored with them? Is that it? Or are you just missing Caterina, Tony?"

"Eff you, Pete," someone snarled. "Eff you! I get my rocks off with pretty boys but I'm not sweet-talking them and telling them I love them and they're such lovely, femmy women. I ain't like you!"

I could almost here the unspoken insult to Pete the Ice-Pick. I shivered as I'd half expected Tony to use the f-word to Pete and call him 'faggot'. Even in D Block, I'd seen guys who made love to 'girls' like me, come up with shivs in their hands if someone called them that. No, the guys who made love to me didn't consider themselves as gay. They were men with needs; that was all. Shivering, I knew that I was considered girlie enough to satisfy those needs for a con.

"I should have brought some of those promos for burlesque in Vegas," said Pete suddenly, dismissing the implied insult, I was so happy to hear. I didn't want to be a witness to any mob fight, not one where someone got knifed or an ice-pick through his eye. My hand was quivering as I bent over the tiny shaving mirror and tried to restore my makeup to what it had been the night before.

"There's this one of eight show girls in a line," said Pete, leering at the thought, I was sure. "There's your Caterina, third from the left, and Evelyn. Remember her! What a pretty tush she had even before the doc had her. And Samantha, still smiling and showing off that lovely mouth of hers.

"Yeah, they learned it all here, didn't they? And we all thought they were so gay, didn't we? Oh, we never touched them at all, did we? Only pervy Pete the Pick would do anything like that. Well, you couldn't now, Tony, because we gave Caterina what she longed for, a real pussy. And she really knows how to use it ..."

There was a crash and a chair went over. Someone was cursing and walking away, clanging the cell door as he went. I clutched my clean dress in front

of me and got ready to run but there was only silence outside where I sat and shuddered.

“You went too far, Pick,” said Van into the silence. “You know Tony ...”

“He had the hots for a drag queen,” snarled Pete. “So, he don’t wanna admit it now. But I remember and so do you all. I told you what I was going to do with these trannies, how we were going to dispose of them. And I’m doing it, just the way that we agreed to do it.

“We put ’em through the hospital, eliminate the ones we know are gonna rat, and turn the others over to Augie so he can make a little money. Hey, they love us for it and think we’re being so kind, setting ’em free. Only they aren’t free. They cost and they gotta earn it back. They’re Augie’s girls from now on and he knows where to use pretty showgirls as rewards and who with, don’t he?”

Again there was a silence. “But, Pete,” said a softer voice. “The other guys are saying that they ain’t real girls. Some of the guys are feeling really gay ...”

“You want Melissa?” asked Pete the Ice-Pick forcefully. “You gotta be really gay, Johnny, to not be attracted to her, ain’t you? If someone’s feeling that gay, let’s send them over to the general population and let them get their rocks off there with some lifer with a shiv. Or will it be the other way around? Yeah, in a week, they’ll be begging to get back here to do Monique!”

“Gods, no,” said Van, I think it was him. The others laughed a lot, the tension lowered a lot by whatever Pick had said and meant.

“She still like to stick hers into guys?” asked Pick as I shuddered in surprise at what he was saying.

“Oh yes,” someone else said. “She got Nick last week, the poor bastard. He don’t know his ass from ...” He didn’t have to finish as all the men were laughing again.

“I’ll sort her out,” said Pick, “after I’m finished with Melissa. But I have to tell you guys - that’s going to be a very long time unless there’s really someone cute among the new dancers who I missed before.”

“Pass her to me,” I think I heard Mort saying, all kinds of indignations rising in me as I stared at the pretty girl I was becoming in the small mirror. After all I was doing to and for Pete, he was already planning to hand me off to someone else? But what could a girl like me do about it?

Pick wasn’t finished with his posse, his council, whatever it was. “I got you what you wanted,” he lectured his men, giving them what I would have called a history lesson. “I got you what not even Donny could get you in here, girlie sex! Yeah, remember he said, No Girls, scared of the Feds running us as if we weren’t in deep enough manure as it was. But I found ’em for you. I made this club. And you complain?”

“Remember, Tommaso, you complaining about your girl friend shaving more than you did and I don’t mean her legs. I got that fixed for you, didn’t I? And the ones who weren’t too sexy as women. We overloaded Stef and girls like her, didn’t we, with hormones, and then we got complaints the other way!”

There was a sort of embarrassed laughter which not everyone joined in on. "It's not that, Pick," an irritated Van began again. I slipped the treasure chest on me, quivering as I stared at the quivering plastic with the realistic, reddish women's nipples. I applied a little makeup and put on a bra.

I was a woman now in looks as I stared at myself, the little I could see. Looking down, I was a woman and I hated myself for allowing all of this to be done to me. No, I wasn't going to have more done. No, I wasn't!

"You didn't like Angelina," said Pick expansively. "Her voice, her jokes. You wanted her to sound like a girl. So, I fixed that up with those raving queens over in D, didn't I? You wanted Angelina more girlie? I made her take what the docs gave her, didn't I? She sounded real good last night, didn't she?"

"And you all wanted a taste every night, not just passing the honeys around. I arranged all that as well, didn't I? Not one of you had the balls, did you, to go back into D and pluck out Melissa and some of her friends when I was taking Evelyn and Stef off with me. I told you how to do it, Van, and you didn't. So don't come complaining to me about there not being enough girls to share. There's more than twenty over there, panting for guys like us, as they've been trained by Angelina's friends to do. I set it up for you. And what do you want now?"

"Real girls," said Tommaso obstinately.

Uh oh, I thought with a shiver. Tommy-Boy, you shouldn't talk to an Ice-Pick like that. But Tommy wasn't a girl like me. He could be macho in front of his friends. I had to be femmy in front of mine.

“You want real girls in here,” sneered Pick, not disguising the contempt in his voice at all. “If I could get real hookers in here, you know what it would mean. You gonna be the one, down in the pig pens, disposing of the bodies?” Someone grunted in denial but Pick persisted. “That’s what it means and you can ask lover boy, Donny Brown, about it as well.

“It’s why he says, No Girls. He knows no girl is gonna stay in here like our little honeys have to. So, you get your conjugal visits, yearly, but for everyday, you got better looking and performing girls than those mutts who come in to see Don Mauro and his compadres. But still, he don’t wanna take nothing from me yet, does he?”

“Let’s not talk about Morry, Pick,” said Van. I slipped on my very short dress and shivered as I swished it about my stockings, now really feeling so girlish as I always did when I first put on a dress for the day. I’d forget about it soon and just swish like a girl afterwards. But when I first put it on, I felt so silly, always, to be doing what I was doing, pretending that I wasn’t a man at all.

“Look, we are grateful, Pick,” Giovanni Pieri was saying as I shivered and put on my long, dangling earrings again. “We know you been out there as well, fighting the war and all ...”

“Which would have been a damn sight easier,” snarled Pick, “if you’d told me who we had in here, instead of you and Johnny fornicating all over the block with her! Now, I have to thank Morry for sending me the message about what’s right there, what’s fallen into our hands.”

“She confided in him?” asked Mort. “That’s how you knew ...?”

“So now we owe Morry,” snarled Pick, “for handing us Rojas by the balls. He’s pleading with Donny to keep it on the QT about sweet Victoria. That’s why Donny had her stashed in Vegas in our place.”

“You can’t keep that secret,” said someone else quietly, someone with a calm voice that I hadn’t heard before. “Someone’s gonna talk. Too many know. We don’t wanna be laughed at by the other families, Pick, when this gets out, and it will.

“I can keep it in here,” snorted Pick, “and make sure it never gets out. All I gotta do, Johnny, is fire this whole place. I could take it all out, D, E Block, the Admin. Destroy it all, no one getting out. Let the Feds sort through the bodies and figure out what they was finding.”

There was a really intense silence from the rest of the cell. I didn’t dare to move my legs or dress as I might have made a sound and brought someone in on me. I tried to hold my breath as I waited for some response to Pick saying how he’d keep some secret I didn’t know at all from getting out.

“So, you want it that way, Johnny, Tommaso?” asked Pick. “You want me to end this thing here ’cos you don’t like what we got going here no more. You don’t want your frigging turn with Melissa, Mort. Or is this Donny talking through you guys, getting his panties in a twist because he’s so crazy scared about everything that could go wrong?”

“Don Mauro says ...” began Van’s thin, wheedling voice.

“Morry Spano!” said Pick in a strangled, shocked tone. I think he spit then somewhere in the other part of the cell. “He don’t run this place even if he thinks he does. I come and go as I please and he

gets my leavings. If Diana hadn't told me that nothing had changed here, I wouldn't have come back at all to help you guys out again.

"You saw the girls in their new panties, let's call 'em that, last night! That's another problem I solved for you. I ain't doing more. Next time, it's a wipeout; we bring in the cleaners. You can let Tony know that.

"Something else, I got Victoria on her way. I'm shipping some more girls to Augie to keep him happy. I wanna know if Victoria talked to anyone else in here before she gave it up to Morry!"

"The Rossarini kid didn't talk to anyone while she was here in E Block," said Van. I shuddered even more as I was crossing my legs slowly, girlishly, my mind reacting in panic as I finally heard the name of the target that Drew Curry before me and then, me, and no I wasn't Pete Brady really, had come into Fort George to find.

"Yeah, that's what she said," agreed Pete doubtfully, as I had to be so still and try to pick up every word. "So I want to hear any rumor that surfaces round here. And she lied, we'll end this place. Even Donny agrees with me on that.

"And, this week, we bring in the bridesmaids' dresses and dress our girlies up. Victoria wants twenty bridesmaids, girls she knows. You've seen last night what they'll have under their panties. I told Donny they'll all pass if he wants to use them. I think he wants to do it and rub Daddy's nose in it now he has a little daughter instead of a son."

"You'll never get the girls out through the perimeter," objected Van in what seemed to me something like fright.

“Of course we will,” said Peter. “Visiting wives and girl friends. Besides, half of these girls have done their time already. Melissa back there should have been gone, with time off for good behaviour, six months ago.” He laughed. “And Melissa has been very, very good, guys. You’ll really enjoy her, Van, when I let her loose. You, Brosey, you seem like you don’t want to partake any more.”

“I want a real girl,” snarled Brosey. “The other guys do as well.”

“You’ll get your chance at the wedding,” said Pete standing up and the other guys all went off, mumbling among themselves. “Just don’t fuck any of Victoria’s bridesmaids and you’ll be fine.”

“Or Victoria, either,” I heard Van, the last out of the cell, saying gloomily. “Heck, Pete, where did you ever come up with this crazy idea of marrying off one of your trannies to her rock star? How the heck is that going to keep the peace between us and the Mexicans?”

In seconds, I was hauled out of the privy area of the cell and was being hugged and petted against Pick’s naked body. He refused to stop kissing me or to get ready for the day even though others were moving outside. He had to have me again in front of his guards who eased up to the bars of the cell and might as well have been in the cell with us even though they were ‘gentlemen’.

The bodyguards didn’t look at me being fondled, caressed and stripped like a girl, kissing my bed-mate as prettily as I could before I was squeaking, being made love to again as if I was a girl, Pick’s hand over my manhood, his own penetrating me

fiercely, my legs up in the air as I threshed beneath my loving man.

********Girl Talk********

Giselle recognized me right away as I limped and wobbled into the dressing room, reserved for the chorus line. “Melissa!” she shrieked, jumping up and hugging me, girl to girl, and then all the others did as well. “I said that it was you in the audience with Picky. I said that you were his new bitch! Look who’s here, girls! It’s Melissa! Oh, and the doc has been working on her! Oh, we can’t hug you properly yet, girlie! Not until your breasts and your tush settle into place. Oh, do you ever look good in that top with all that blonde hair. That’s all you, now, isn’t it?”

It was and I wasn’t wearing an effing bra. It was all me. I had these weights on my chest and pads at my skinny hips. No, they weren’t skinny any more. They were rounded and hurting. The laughing nurse had insisted I take my first walk into E Block from the hospital in the Admin without anything to get in the way of the female feelings I was supposed to have now. Oh, she could talk. She must have been over two hundred pounds and her makeup was plastered on. Any man would desire me more than her if he was in his right mind. Now that I had a woman’s breasts, of course.

The chorus girls all wanted to see my new tits, my new boobs, the doc’s latest boob job, my gazoombas, my melons and half a dozen other joking words about women’s breasts while I shook in front of them, in rage and shame at what had been done to me. And I hadn’t uttered a word of protest!

How could I when Pick sent two of his goons with me, and Benson, who was laughing and teasing me when the nurse told me he could have me. I don't think she meant it in the way that Benson took it.

Corinne and Monique did an impromptu song and dance about T and A, which Diana whispered to me was from *A Chorus Line*. I suppose it was supposed to welcome me into the strange 'sisterhood' to which they all belonged. The song confused me a little before Diana explained that it was a Broadway show about a girl dancer who got her dancing roles only because she had had a little work done to herself, just what I'd had done to me.

But she wanted it, I wanted to scream at Diana whose soft hands were on my chest, stroking me so lightly. It felt like a woman's hands on my skin; and so I began to get very uncomfortable with 'her' touching me. Rosemary then wanted to see my hips and my tush.

"Oh, that's just too perfect!" Rosemary exclaimed as I had to lift my mini-dress and all the 'girls' could see that I was really filling out my lacy panties, and I had no padding in that area at all.

"You do know that it's going to go down a little bit in the next few weeks," said Diana with a smile. "There's always a little swelling about the incisions. You don't have to worry about the stitches though or the scarring you'll have for a while. Gigi," that was Giselle's other name, "will show you the makeup and filler we use to disguise those when we go on stage."

"You weren't on stage the other night," I said to her as, all around me, beautiful, heavily madeup girls began to expose themselves and chatter about

their own female breasts, who had the largest and how their scars had faded and how soft the pads they'd had inserted really were. The doctor had given me pills as well, to help with the pain, he said, smiling at me and getting me to promise to take the pills regularly.

"These are hormone pills?" I'd managed to whisper. He'd winked at me.

"Clever girl," he'd whispered to me. "They're exactly what a girl like you really wants right now, aren't they?"

Diana opened my purse and found them. She waved them about in the air and all the girls went, "Ooo!" I was hugged again by all these shapely women's bodies and was inundated with girlish fragrances in my nostrils.

"I get to keep these for you," laughed Diana. "Otherwise, like Rosemary, you'll have taken the lot in the first week!"

"I didn't know!" protested Rosemary to general girlish laughter, while Diana couldn't be persuaded that I'd be a good girl and just have the dosages I was supposed to.

"I was out with Pick and Johnny Trap, the man who I was with in the club," said Diana, my pills disappearing into her purse, as she began to explain why she wasn't dancing in the nude with the 'other' girls. "Pick had some business in Vegas, so, he let Johnny take me along with him. Why Pick wanted to have another girl taken to Las Vegas is beyond me! What is that saying about taking coals to the coal mine?"

"I forget but, anyway, Pete has me and says that was what he was missing wherever he was. He says

he loves me. I know it's not true but he does like screwing girls like us, doesn't he? Yeah, I saw you limping. My legs were aching for days after every time he was pounding me. But he left me with Sharon, this showgirl Johnny wanted, most of the time, when he was around as well. Sharon and me aroused everyone in the hotel complex by parading down to the swimming pool in our black bikinis all the time.

"You should have seen the crowds on the balcony when we wiggled down the stairs and took off our tops to get an even tan. Ooo, the offers we had to put suntanning oil on our bodies. It was really wild for a time, until Johnny and his bodyguards came back."

"I don't know girls like Sharon. What are they like with you?" I asked Diana shakily, sure that a real woman must be mean and cruel to girls like us. I pulled down my soft, black top over my wobbling breasts; oh god, I have to admit that I have breasts now, heavy and shaking in front of me!

I eased my neckline over the dressings that were designed to help me heal quickly so that I could become part of the girlie chorus line. I shook as I looked down at the cleavage I had. It wasn't through compression of my chest muscles. No, that was me. That was my dress, those were my earrings swinging against my neck and that was my hair caressing my neck and back.

"Fine!" laughed Diana, reaching for her purse and taking out a photograph of a beautiful blonde girl, smiling from the arms wound tightly around her. The guy, Diana said, was Ricardo LaMarco, a capo of the Mozzano crime family. LaMarco was known here at Fort George as Johnny Trap, after he

supposedly buried an early rival of his in the sandtrap of the golf course so that the man's wife, whom he was having an affair with, could look out fondly on the remains of her late husband.

"She's a real woman," said Diana, blushing a little, "with a yen, actually, for girls like me, or like you, Melissa."

I stared at Diana in shock.

"It's true," Diana said, laughing at the look on my face. "She's my girl friend and I'm her girl friend. We really had wonderful lesbian times together when Johnny wasn't with us. When Johnny found out, by walking in on us in my hotel room, he had us do it in front of him.

"Johnny said he loves girl-on-girl action and he was going to get some of us girls," Diana indicated the girls putting on their skimpy, sequined bras and panties as they pinned blonde pony-tailed wigs to their hair. They were getting ready to dance for the ogling, whistling mobsters who made up our audience, "to do it to each other for him. How'd you like to be my partner, Melissa?"

"Anyway," Diana giggled at the shocked expression on my face, which I didn't mean as a joke as she took it to be. "Johnny did each of us in turn as he was really turned on. He made me put on my panties and did me with little willie down there hiding, which really turned Sharon on as well! She loves seeing me get it in my ass! She says she's going to get a dildo of her own to do me since I have one in-built!"

"I, I c-can't listen to th-this, Diana," I said to the blonde woman in front of me, shaking back her beautifully styled hair from her face.

“Oh, Melissa,” Diana said with a gleam in her exquisitely madeup eyes. She put her hand on mine as I wiggled and crossed my legs femininely as I sat on the cushion that I had had to carry with me from the hospital in D Block. “You’re exclusive to men now, are you?”

“I thought, after all your arguments at me when I was converting you, that you’d hate making love to men all the time. I thought that you’d be just perfect for one of Sharon’s friends. She asked me to be sure to bring a girl like me to Vegas when I go there again. I’d love to take you, Melissa, but you have to be able to get it up with women, really, as well as men.”

“Oh, I can do that!” I babbled at her. I had to get ready for the burlesque show just like the other girls. I didn’t have to dance but I had to do a part in the tableaux, just standing there and smiling like a showgirl in a sexy, low-cut costume. For the first time, I could fill it, I thought blackly, easing out of my dress and into the skimpy bathing costume with a little frill, concealing my garter belt. Yes, all of the curvaceous figure was me. Yes, the guys could whistle as I’d smile and smile and move as girlishly as I could in my fishnet stockings and high heels.

I had to move slowly as I fixed my garter belt to my stay-up, fishnet stockings. Gigi said that the guys liked to see us in garters, my black court shoe dangling femininely from my toes when I lifted my leg. Diana told me I had to make my lips and eyes more vivid for the lights, as she had.

“It’s the thought of she doing what you just said or you in a threesome ...” I tried to explain to Diana about why I’d pulled a face. Heck, I thought with a shudder. How could I possibly turn down a chance

to make it with a woman? Such chances weren't going to come along that often, not when I was dressed like this, trying so hard to be prettier and more dainty and delicate than any woman I'd ever known.

"Or having an audience," giggled Diana. "Oh, my sweet, little Melissa, you don't know half of what we girls can do now that we've been liberated from our male inhibitions."

"Hey," said Giselle, standing and snuggling her breasts into her sequined bra. "What are you girls talking about? You're not going to go all crazy on us and start shagging each other, are you?"

"No," I said quickly to Gigi in alarm. I didn't want Pick to think that there was anything wrong with me. He wanted me to be a girl. He thought I wanted to be one for him. I didn't want these girls I barely knew, no pun intended, to start stories about a smug Diana and me. "We'll leave that to Natasha, Lindsay and their friends."

"Are they still there, in the dancing class?" asked Gigi, smoothing her dancing tights with her red-tipped fingers. "Ooo, I remember when Nate kept caressing my tush all the time when she was teaching me to tango. I bet she had her hands all over you, Melissa. Is that what you were telling Diana?"

"Melissa was telling me that she can't wait to explore all her female attributes," said Diana with a smile, stroking my stockings softly, sending chills and shivers dancing up and down my spine. "Now that she has her bosom and an unpadded tush, we can really turn the guys in Vegas crazy. I'm going to tell Johnny that I want her to come with us to Vegas next time."

“Aren’t we all supposed to go for the royal wedding?” asked Giselle. “Isn’t that the reason for our new vadge thongs and panties? You have to start wearing them as well, Melissa, as we’re going to have nudie nights here now, Van was saying. We have to get used to guys touching us there; and they have to get used to touching us with them on as well.

“I just don’t want to be the one who has to perform in front of everybody and show everyone what they can do with us now. Hey, I know! We’ll get all the new girls coming in to do it. We’ll say it’s an initiation rite. We all have to do it to become part of our chorus line.”

Gigi bounced off then to talk to other girls who all seemed to think it was a ‘lovely’ idea. “The doc will have finished with them all by the week’s end,” crowed Camilla. “But who’s going to be the guy with them all. Picky usually initiates them all into our ways, doesn’t he?”

“These girls will all have titties and tushies,” said Eleanor in the most high-pitched, squeaky girl’s voice I’ve ever heard. “He really likes to have us first as pretty boys. You know how picky Picky can be.”

That made all the girls laugh. Eleanor turned to me with a smile on her face, framed by her dyed platinum hair, that must take an awful amount of work to keep so feminine and free of dark roots. “No offence, Melissa,” she said, “but it was your boyish, little body that probably attracted him the most to you. Now, you’ll be like us, far too girlie for him!”

“Melissa should be in the nudie show as well,” said Eleanor with a sly grin at me. “We could let Cap have her. Did you see the way he was staring at her

when he brought her into the club? I could see from the stage that he didn't want to let her go to the Pick. He really has the hots for her, I thought."

"It would be too much of a pain setting that up," said Giselle. All the girls groaned at her and began throwing cushions at her as they had at Eleanor.

"Girlie fight!" shouted Corinne and, to my complete astonishment, that is what went on, right in front of me, the girls behaving quite deliberately like little girls, squealing just as they did on stage, until the blonde emcee came mincing into the room with two bodyguards on either side of her.

"Girls! Girls!" said the woman who had exchanged ribald and obscene comments with the crowd, if you could call twenty men a crowd, who were in the so-called club in E Block. "If any of you have broken a nail or have to go back to a hairdresser, you will do so only after Benny here, or Hal, have turned you over their knee and given you six or ten smacks."

"Ooo, it was me, me, me!" several girls all said at once, waving thin, girlish arms at the grinning bodyguards.

"Enough," said the blonde woman with a shiny, lipstick smile. I hadn't seen her before. I had no idea if she was really a woman or a man. I would have to ask Diana later. If she lied to me it wouldn't matter. Whoever this elegant woman was, she clearly was in charge of us. We had to treat her as if she was indeed a woman.

"All right, my darlings, the wedding is on," said the woman to us girls. "Which means that you are all bridesmaids and will be going to Vegas in a week or so for dress fittings and the bridal shower that

you will be giving to Victoria.” I would be going to Vegas? The feeling of relief almost overwhelmed me. I’d have a chance to escape. I could get away from all the madness and suffering I’d endured in the last year.

I could be me again. Me with breasts, a girly figure, soft skin and a thin line for eyebrows. Yes, Frank would be appalled when he saw me. I’d have to double the money he owed me just to pay the expenses of my new surgeries. They’d owe me or ... or what could I do? I almost started crying again like a girl while my girlish ‘sisters’ were all so happy, as I should be, on the prospects of Las Vegas and the Strip.

“Hal has a list of gifts you’ll be presenting to the bride at her shower,” the blonde was saying as I shivered and got depressed, thinking what it would take for me to really escape, “and, from now on, if you hear anyone, anyone at all, saying anything disparaging about the wedding or the jefe’s daughter, you are to report it to me.”

Jefe? I thought as I could hardly move with the twinges I felt from the places where I had been augmented. It seemed as if my skin had been stretched as well, as I supposed it had been. I was sore everywhere. The pills I’d been given weren’t overcoming the hurt and ache that was with me all the time. Why the Spanish word, I asked myself. It hadn’t been any part of my briefing in Washington that Rossinari, whom I’d worked out was Victoria, was Spanish or Mexican.

My instructions had just been to locate and get back with Rossinari, if I could, or with precise news of him, so that the Fed Department I was working for could pick him up easily. To sweeten the deal, I’d

been given a hundred thousand dollars, a bonus if I found my target. The money was in a safety deposit box in Washington that only I could access. I shuddered at the thought of what I'd look like going to the bank.

I certainly wouldn't get it if I went in, swivelling my hips in a dress, my breasts wiggling in front of me, my hair platinum blonde and over my shoulders. Makeup wouldn't help me at all. I wouldn't get access whether I claimed to be a woman or a drag queen. The bank had my ID where I was scowling as any policeman would. No, I wasn't a permanent employee of the federal government but they knew me well.

The Feds knew what motivated me in the 'consultant' jobs I'd pulled off for them. I'd seen a further fifty thousand, put in a second safety deposit box with the first, mine if I found out what had happened to Drew Curry, who'd been sent in to do the same job I was still working at, or so I now believed. He, like me, must have been sent to Fort George to find Rossinari, only nineteen years old. It should have been easy. It might have been if I'd had male stature and muscles like Clarence. I could have beaten it out of Natasha or Mistress. But, only if I could have gotten access to them in D Block, of course.

I had to wonder if Barry Whatever had been given the same instructions as me; if Drew Curry had them as well. "Need to know," my superior had said to me as I asked about 'the Rossinari kid'. I'd known that there were very, very bad people being held in Fort George. What was a kid doing in a place like that? Why couldn't one arm of the Feds find out what another was doing with him?

But they were paying me for a simple job. Only when I got to Fort George did I figure out that somebody had certainly corrupted the staff that worked there. I was supposed to get in and to get out without making any mark in the system. I'd done it before and would do it again, I thought, not knowing precisely what I was letting myself in for. I'd never have expected this, I thought, my bikini costume and fishnet stockings, a huge headdress of feathers above my long hair, not providing any warmth at all to my quivering, overheated, girlish skin or bare breasts.

I couldn't think of that. It was my specialty, doing jobs like this. My slight stature left me almost unnoticeable, normally. As a waiter, a clerk, I was inconspicuous. But at Fort George, I'd been singled out right away as if they were looking for me. I'd been terrified that I'd been betrayed. It hadn't taken me long, however, to find out that they singled me out for totally different reasons than recognizing me as an agent.

"They'll know by my short sentence that I plea-bargained a sweet deal," I'd protested to Fred as I read the papers that would hold me, Pete Brady, for six months, maximum. There was nothing, absolutely nothing about me having to wear a dress and act like a woman. There was nothing about me being fucked by other guys.

I wouldn't have taken the job under either condition. How was I to know that a slight, fair-haired guy like me would make a blonde bombshell of a woman after the gays in D Block worked their magic on me, day in and day out? I definitely wouldn't have taken this absolute disaster of a fuck-up if I'd known that I was going to be surgically altered so

that I had a woman's breasts and a woman's tush. I'd have shot my way out of the quiet office in Alexandria while I still had access to a gun. But it had all sounded so easy and reasonable, what the Feds wanted me to do.

"We want you to find out what is going on in there," said Frank with what must have been a phoney smile, "and get out of there quick." He hadn't told me what had happened to Drew Curry but now I had an idea. I didn't doubt that Drew Curry had found himself in the same predicament as me. How had he got out of it? He seemed not to have.

The people I dealt with, Mistress Louise, Natasha and her friends, the guards, didn't seem to be on the lookout for someone trying to infiltrate D Block purposefully to become a woman. I thought that Drew Curry must have been like me, playing along until he could find a way out. I hoped he was pretty enough to make trips to Vegas with Pick and his cronies. I hoped he was really good in bed with other men as that seemed to be an important criterion for being chosen.

I hated myself as I thought about how well I'd just described myself. I was pretty, not a pretty boy. No, I was a pretty woman. I was now even more of a woman, with breasts and a female tush, than any man would ever want to be. I was good in bed with a man.

I couldn't let any of the men who had me as a girl ever complain about me. I was everything they'd want in a girl. I'd be so much more as soon as my stitches came out. The mobsters would see me in this 'night club' and they'd be panting for me. I'd make them do that with the way I acted so girlishly.

And loathe myself with every wiggle, strut and pout that I gave out.

No wonder that the men who made love to me couldn't envision me as a man. Sometimes, I felt so awful as I knew that I wasn't a man to anybody at all. A man would have died before he'd have let himself go through what I'd gone through. Unless he was gay or a tranny, of course. And I knew, didn't I, I told myself resolutely, as I freshened my makeup and adjusted my tiniest of skirt frills, and my stockings, that I wasn't either of those things.

"What about other prisoners who've been released?" I'd asked Frank when he'd said that I'd the job if I wanted it.

"Yes, what about the other prisoners?" asked Fred. He told me what I was dumb enough to ignore. "We can't find anyone who's been released in the last five years, since LaMarco, Pieri, and Ice-Pick Pete Pollini got there. Oh, there are releases on paper and we're supposed to be informed about them. But, somehow, they're always late, or inaccurate, or the person mentioned has been charged with some new crime and detained.

"It's a pretty slick operation. We need someone like you, a real streetwise guy, to find and connect with Rossinari. He knows the mess he's in. He knows that the Mozzanos will treat him as a hostage against his father." I'd thought his father must be some shadowy mob guy I didn't know about. "He'll want to get out alive. You'll get in on the inside with this mob at some level and, when you get the chance, you contact us and we'll come and get the pair of you."

"Why Rossinari?" I'd asked innocently.

I think that Frank had lied to me. He'd given me all kinds of useless advice, it turned out, on how to get out of Fort George or how to contact him if I was kept in the prison. He'd been the one to tell me of Pete Pollini's favorite method of killing traitors or spies, with an ice-pick stabbed through the eye. He hadn't told me at all who and what Rossinari was.

"He's Ramon Rojas's son, his only son," Frank could have said. I didn't ask as the 'need to know' excuse had been used a dozen times already to any questions I'd asked. "The Rojas cartel is fighting with the Mozzanos over drugs, the usual crap," Frank could have told me.

"If the Mozzanos in Fort George figure out who they've got," said Frank at the very start, a month before I was set up to enter Fort George. He wanted to keep it on a one-to-one basis, our deal, which I'd accepted like a fool, "or if Rojas realizes what the courts did by mistake, sending him there, we could have bodies on every street corner from Los Angeles to New York. We don't want a drug war, Dave." There, one part of my real name. No, it wasn't Pete Brady. Nor did I ever have a friend named Barry.

"Here's your new identity, Pete Brady," is what Frank actually said to me with a charming smile. "Get in, stay alive, locate our boy, get out, all the things you do so well, Dave. If it's tough to free the kid, give that up, get out and tell us what's going on."

I had done the first and second parts. I'd got in easily. I'd stayed alive, I thought desperately, as I wiggled over in my brief, stripper's, femmy costume and sat in Hal's lap as he wanted me, the new, feminized girl, to do. It hardly bothered me, not greatly any more, that his hand immediately went

between my rounded thighs and touched my panties, caressing me openly, as he chatted to us girls.

Oh yes, I was staying alive. I was fitting in as I always did. I was a shapely girl in sexy, women's clothing and it wasn't bothering me at all. Not!! I smiled at Hal and moved his hand onto my garters and he obligingly caressed my legs and painful, feminine tush.

*******Something wasn't right*******

I'd realized something wasn't right for the first time in the tunnel under the welcoming gate we prisoners had to run through to enter Fort George proper. I'd wondered why all the big guys had gone ahead of us off the prisoner bus. I'd tried to fight when all these trustee prisoners felt our genitals in the run through the screaming tunnel.

I had been kissed by some slobbering trustee whom I'd decked. I'd been pounded on by laughing guards who told me that was no way for a 'fem' to behave. My heart had sunk as I'd realized what was going on and that the guards were part of it.

The first entry into D Block, the 'deviancy' block, with swishing gays like Natasha and Yolanda making our lives a misery, had opened my eyes as to what must have happened to Rossinari and to Drew Curry, if he even existed. I tried to protest that I wasn't a deviant.

"You are now, runt!" a screw with muscles like Arnold had sneered at me and thrown me into D Block as I balked.

I'd noted that the Rossinari kid was only five feet five in his dossier, and was slim-built, quite

Latin-looking in features. If I'd known I couldn't survive in D Block, he must have been just like me.

I shivered, partly from the way I was looking for my first show in E Block, thinking how I'd ended up here, doing this. My fair hair was long, platinum and permed constantly like a woman's. I had these melons attached to my chest, my 'look' changed to that of a girl, completely.

I guessed that Rossinari must be as changed as I was. I could guess what he, Rossinari, must look like now. He must look something like me. I shouldn't look for him in the general pop, should I? I should look for him in D or E Block. I should look for him under another name, a femmy name like mine. That is, if he was still here in the prison, which I was also beginning to doubt.

I was pretty sure that 'she' was Victoria, whoever she was. By the few words I heard about Victoria, she was going to be the bride in whatever wedding it was that I was to be a bridesmaid.

Diana took me away to improve my makeup for the stage as Hal, Angelina's bodyguard or associate of some kind, talked about the gifts we bridesmaids would make to Victoria.

Victoria would be receiving the whole of her namesake's products, everything from Victoria's Secret catalog, I thought sourly, wondering how to find out if she was Rossinari, absolutely for sure. Well, I should know when I finally met 'her' and was able to look down into her eyes as she'd be a smaller girl than me.

There must be some way for me to get away through Diana and her lady friends in Vegas. That would be easier to take, wouldn't it, being a lesbian

for a little while. I could do that, make love to a woman, instead of being a pretty, little, man-obsessed, swishing tranny which the guys expected me to be.

Oh, gods, I wasn't relishing the story I would have to tell Frank. But he'd only have to look at me to know that I was telling him the truth. It would be hell as I'd have to meet him with my breasts and my tush so inflated, my thighs so rounded and feminine.

I would have to meet Frank with my hair, at best, in a platinum ponytail, and, at worst, styled like Diana's so that it bounced back to a lovely wave about my jawline. I could pin back to show off my earrings, as Diana did. And I'd be in full makeup and certainly in a dress. I shuddered and said it properly to myself, in drag!

I didn't know how I could go through all of that. I think I might even be crying by the end of any report I had to give. And how would a macho guy like Frank Williams treat me? I shuddered just sitting there, thinking what I was thinking. I'd be a blonde bimbo, the kind Frank and I had made jokes about, seeing girls walking down the street in LA. I'd move my tush like the blonde starlet he'd admired so much, my skirt swirling just as hers, the girl we'd admired, had been doing. I'd be fighting my hair as well, as she had, the real girl, in the wind.

"You get most of the day off, Melissa," said Giselle, taking my hand and pulling me back to my high-heeled feet, away from Hal's groping hands, and the dreams that were infecting me. "But you have to come and watch us girls perform!" She giggled at me as she hugged me carefully as if I was a

girl and she was as well. We wouldn't want to spoil our heavy, vividly female makeup, would we?

Hal sort of protested and Eleanor delicately took my place, lifting her skirt and putting her tush right on Hal's 'package' which made him gasp. "We girls perform in the club. You'll be doing our routines with us in a couple of days' time," Diana told me, stroking my showgirl costume, "as soon as you can flaunt and wiggle your breasts without having them really hurt."

Diana stood beside me and ran her hand over my tush and over the tops of my thighs that my costume only enhanced in femininity. She was laughing as she goosed me, making me jump. Giselle slapped her hand away with a laugh, chiding Diana and telling her that I wasn't a lesbian, not yet.

"You and I must be roommates in Vegas," Diana said with a sparkle in her eyes, as the girls began to line up to follow the blonde Monique out onto the stage, the music launching into *I Kissed a Girl*. I had never seen Diana so flighty and so saucily feminine before as she mimed to Kate Perry. I'd thought of her as being a real 'lady', when she was teaching me how to be with a man in D Block.

"We'll have so much fun, Melissa," said Diana, panting and wiggling so femininely as she changed into her showgirl dress for the next number. "You really must meet my Vegas girl friend."

"But how do we ever get there?" I had to ask Giselle as she hugged me girlishly in the wings as we watched Diana and the girls prance so sexily, so femininely, about the stage. Gigi told me not to listen to everything that Princess Di had to say.

“Look at Andrea and Eleanor,” said Giselle. “They’re going tonight which is why Angelina brought in Benny and Hal to have their last nights with them.”

“Going tonight?” I asked, mystified. I saw Benny put his arm around Andrea, not dancing right then, who turned and smiled up at him, almost preening herself against him as if she enjoyed a man’s attention to her. Eleanor had turned to Hal and was already nestling herself against him, her mouth on his as he stroked her so platinum blonde hair. He lifted Eleanor up, her tight skirt keeping her legs tight together. She snuggled into her man and let him carry her off somewhere else in E Block as Corinne took my other arm and asked me if I was really hurting that much.

“What day is it today?” asked Giselle.

“Thursday, Friday?” I answered in as lilting and feminine a voice as Giselle’s, not knowing at all. We didn’t get television or newspapers in D Block. I had seen Benson, one of the guards, pick up a paper from a table in the club and fold it before putting it back in his pocket.

“No, silly girl,” said a smiling Corinne. “It’s visiting day, Melissa! And the mini-van with visitors for E Block is still there, waiting for the last two girls to finish their conjugal visits before they get to leave. Ooo, I wish I was Andrea or Eleanor. I’d have loved to go off tonight. They’re going to have all that time in the sun, in their bikinis, flirting with all the college guys who bring them drinks and do their suntans for them. Ooo, it’s not fair! Angelina just doesn’t like me!”

I guessed that Angelina was the older blonde whom I was classifying as an emcee for whatever shows were put on in the E Block club. As if on cue, she came over to me and asked me about the other girls who'd been with me in D Block, and what kinds of entertainment I, and the girls like me, had been putting on 'over there'.

"Our last show, sort of," I had to confess, "was square dancing." That made Angelina's thin, arched eyebrows raise. I told her how we did it and about the 'improvisations' that each of us girls had to do.

"Well, that's something," Angelina said. "But the Can-Can, did you do that? Did you see any movies with dancing, Melissa, and copy them?"

I shook my head at that one. "Mistress Louise didn't want us to waste our time with real movies," I said to her. "We did see a lot of porn, though, stuff that was downloaded from the Internet, I think."

"And you had to do whatever you saw with your sexual partners?" asked Angelina in real annoyance. "I have to talk to your boy friend about that, Melissa. That Louise is supposed to be training you girls for what we do over here with important men. Now that I'm losing so many of you girls to Vegas, I'm going to be bringing over a bunch of untrained serving girls, it sounds like.

"Oh well, any club can do with waitresses and cigarette girls, can't it? And the doc will make sure that the legs will fit the costumes prettily like yours, Melissa, and the tushes are also as femmy as yours, my dear girl. But I do hate it when people change things and don't do what they're told. Pick didn't get back a moment too soon!"

“Was I the only one to get these?” I asked with a shiver as I indicated the breasts that I had.

“As it turned out yesterday, yes,” said Angelina in annoyance again. I was to learn that she was like that all the time. Nothing really pleased her. There weren’t enough girls for a real chorus line. When there were, we weren’t femmy enough in our dancing. We didn’t know how to high kick like the Rockettes; so she made us get up early and practice. We didn’t know how to simper and pout and stick our fannies out so that the guys could admire them. We didn’t know how to shake our boobies.

We didn’t know how to do a tassel dance. We had to practice hard, our aching breasts bare, at that and giggle all the time as if we really loved doing it. I felt so unbalanced, trying to keep the tassels moving. I was caught out all the time for not smiling and showing how much I enjoyed flaunting my new breasts and my new tush. I had to pat it differently, provocatively, and smile in invitation to the men to come and get it.

At least, Angelina said that I had to. I gathered that her word was law, for the chorus line, anyway. It was no wonder that I heard a couple of the mobsters asking the Pick if he could get Angelina to lay off us new girls for a while. She was making both us and the ‘old’ girls take all the dancing stuff way too seriously.

I also found out that Lindsay had delayed the girls from my class getting their T and A operations. She’d insisted on having her legs done by the doctor, who hadn’t known any better and had gone ahead and done what she wanted after I’d had my breasts augmented. But that operation had really

tired out all the staff and so the boob jobs for Suzanne and all my friends in D Block were put off.

I was sore for many days but I was able to dance with the 'old' chorus line while the other girls from my dancing class watched me avidly. The new girls told me how fantastic I was to be able to pick up what we all had to do so quickly. They didn't know how hard it was with the weights that I now had on my chest.

I tried to tell my dancing class what it really felt like, so weird to dance with these things dancing as well in front of me. I stood before them in the nude, seeing a frightened smile on Brittany's face, as she stared, wide-eyed, at my naked breasts and me. Suzanne, with a wicked smile on her face, whispered something to her that made her even more scared.

They all gathered around me to give me girlish hugs and fake kisses, their soft skin on my face and lovely perfumes making me think of them all as girls, as I was supposed to. More than one touched and caressed my heaving breasts, marvelling at how soft and girlie I was.

"It's different," I told them in my lilting, feminine voice. "Everything seems to be in motion at the same time. You really don't know whether you're in your bra or out of it!" I tensed and my chest wobbled, making them all giggle.

"Ooo," groaned Suzanne. "I want to do that. I want to be a girl like you so much, Melissa! How did you make the tassels turn when you were just standing in line, not even moving? I don't have any muscles left that can tense like you girls did!"

"Just practise," I said sweetly to them all. "Practise and you'll be better than I am at showing off

your pretty breasts to appreciative men!” There, if anyone was listening in to me, I was sure that there were, I would be confirmed, I hoped, as a girlie drag queen who wouldn’t cause any kind of fuss if she was taken to Las Vegas to service whatever guys liked a girl like me.

Well, it’s not brain surgery, I wanted to say, about working my breasts in the ‘nude’ dancing. But I was an empty-headed blonde, wasn’t I, the only platinum blonde, on Angelina’s orders, now that Eleanor had gone. And that seemed to intrigue Peter the Ice-Pick as, despite the warnings of all the other girls that he’d never a girl for very long, he made me his girl friend, his bed warmer, as he called me, every night, getting really worked up as he caressed my hair and my boobs so lovingly that I felt, every night, my own manhood being so aroused by his caresses.

It was so awful and so humiliating and I hated myself for the silly, girlish way that I behaved with Pick, ignoring aches and hurts so that he could feel me and caress me as if I was a real girl. I cuddled up to him as if I loved him doing what he did to me. I was enthusiastic about kissing him and caressing him with my mouth and tongue.

The Ice-Pick loved those silly, girlish ways I had about me, I gathered. It really became a wrestling match in bed as I tried to surrender to him but he liked me to resist him. He was changing, I could feel. The more boyish that I was in bed, the more he seemed to like me, even though, my soft, clinging, girlish kisses were what he said he loved about me most of all.

I came all the time with him as well as he had his hands on my penis so frequently. My man, Pete, I

could call him that, whispered that he loved knowing that a girl like me was being aroused by him and wasn't faking it. That scared me. I did try to be aroused by thinking about lovely girls. It was funny but they all seemed to look like the girls in the chorus line in my thoughts. But I could arouse myself with a man, at least, that way. And, no, I don't know if my thoughts really helped but Peter was pleased with his willing little, breasty playmate.

It was all the costumes that I had to wear, I was certain. I wasn't just in a square dance dress and prancing about. No, I was always in some revealing gown, something that Pick liked to stroke me in. Oh, the pleasure I had in being undressed. It was as much as being dressed and parading in the shows. I had to wear the same costumes as the other girls then, so brief and so inviting, with my breasts hanging out all over my lover.

He had me in every costume. Peter didn't even take them all the way off me. We just flitted back to his room between changes where I had to push my tush way up in the air so that Peter could really go deeply into me. His hand would always be there, playing with me, caressing my penis more than he caressed my breasts. Of course, my boobs were still a little sore. It wasn't so much fun for me to be hurt as I sometimes was with accidental knocks against my female breasts, anyway.

I think Peter knew that. He was sympathetic to me and to the other new girls as well, not even trying to handle them when they were still sobbing about the hurts from their transformations that no-one among the new girls had known that they were going to receive.



********Finding a way out of here********

I knew that Peter had had sex with all the girls in the 'old' chorus line. I seemed to be blocking his way

with the new girls, who were all trying just as hard as me to be really femmy. I saw him looking and admiring Brittany in her short stiff skirt and low-cut top as a girl selling cigarettes in the club. She was a sensation as a cigarette girl, having to sit in everyone's lap, it seemed, the men's laps that is, and she really earned the tips she got that she stuffed into her bra, her breasts as real as everyone else's.

Brittany looked as if she was enjoying herself. She'd learned to fake it, I expected, and to show that she loved the way that men were handling her. She only flushed when she was looking up at me, wiggling my fanny as a chorus girl with Suzanne by then. She and I replaced Eleanor and Andrea in the chorus line. Diana was off almost all the time in some man's room, her love-play apparently very enticing to all the guys.

"She really thinks she's a girl," I heard one of the younger guys mutter as he relented and gave her up to an older guy to watch the show, her legs squeezing and trapping an older man's hand between her thighs as she guided his mouth onto her cleavage, tensing the soft mounds for him that delighted him so.

I doubt the old guy saw half of the wiggles I made with my tush or the feathers I had stuck there that one guy was brave enough to remove with his mouth when I wriggled in front of him, my tush so high. Oh, how he kissed my soft, girlie tush. I almost burst out of my vadgie!

We got to high kick and to wiggle and giggle which the older girls did so much more girlishly than we did, the new 'girls' from the dancing class. We had to seem to love being girls and entertaining all the grinning old men. Angelina screamed it at us

but she really didn't have to tell us to act in an extreme girlie way. We'd learned it under Mistress Louise what we did now quite naturally, I thought, without anyone telling us to act girlishly, as Angelina insisted. Ooo, yes, we loved being naughty girls.

We exposed our breasts outrageously right away. Then, on one memorable night, we did a nudie romp, getting down to the vadgies we'd worn over our male parts since I'd started to dance full time in the 'chorus line'. We did, in fact, look, just as the line with Giselle, Corinne and Camille had looked, like a real girls' chorus line. We even did high kicks off our high heels, in stockings and garters, which really made some of the guys jump up and applaud us.

At the end of the dance, we came down off the stage in our high heels and stockings, and vadgies, of course, smiling and squealing like little girls, and had men all over us. They pawed at our nude bodies as if we were girls. Some of the girls like Suzanne even let their favorite men put their fingers into their vadgies which soon had sex of all kinds, an impromptu orgy, going on all over the 'club'.

I noticed that Pick had finally moved on from me, his woman for so long. He was engaged with Brittany, who was doing her frightened little girl act perfectly. She had her vadgie on as well and looked terror-stricken as she realized who'd taken down her panties and was putting his thing into her vadgie, before making her lie across the table. Pick's buddies cheered him on as he took Brittany in her bouncy, feminine tush, right there in the club. She was kissing and crying, smiling as if she was enjoy-

ing it so, being speared by the really well-hung enforcer.

“Bring that one to me!” snapped a gray-haired man, pointing at me as I was jiggling for the police captain who’d put his arm about my overheated, girlie body. I’d been told not to approach the old man pointing at me as he didn’t normally join in the depraved activities of the people in the club. I could sense several bodyguards move around me as I danced and jiggled my breasts as I would have with Peter in front of the old man, lust written all over his face.

I did exactly what the old man, Don Mauro Spano, wanted me to do to him, laughing and squealing girlishly, telling him how much I loved a man’s hands on me, touching me, stroking my panties as he was. Oh, he was arousing this girl so-o-o much. Couldn’t I do more for him? Couldn’t I do what all the other girls were doing for their men?

The new girls were sliding under the chosen guys, taking the guys’ penises and putting them into the vadgies, bucking and threshing around as if the guys were really fucking what looked like female showgirls in gorgeous, feminine costumes, the girls being fucked as if they were.

“Come with me,” snarled the Don. I wiggled after him to his cell, as luxurious as the Ice Pick’s. I quaked inside as I spread my legs on his bed like a woman as the Don ordered me. I shivered at the caress of his soft, wrinkled fingers all over my skin, tracing out the things done to my breasts and tush to make me appear to be so much like a real woman.

I was still wriggling on his bed, as he wanted me to, shivering all over, when this really old man who hadn't even kissed me, put his fingers in my vadge and stroked my manhood. I don't know if he knew what he was doing when he started to caress me as if I was a woman. But it was his rule, No Girls. He had to know about me. But his stroking was so gentle, so awakening. Gosh, how it enervated me. I really had to wriggle girlishly then, as I gripped his hand.

I looked into his face and shivered as I saw how old Don Mauro was. I didn't want my trysting partner to fall over and die in front of me. He was working so hard to arouse me and to make me behave like a woman for him. He could just have ordered me to writhe for him. I would have done it, I was so afraid of him, and the way he was looking down at me.

For a while, I shuddered and gently leaned into him, but he wouldn't let me open his suit or his pants. He didn't stop caressing him, his hands and fingers on my girlish, almost nude body. I let him kiss my breasts even though I had to gasp as they were still sore after bouncing in our dance! It was so demeaning to be doing this, coaxing a man to make love to me as a woman, another man, an old man, leering at me, and me treating me fully as if I was a woman with breasts and a vagina.

I didn't expect him to want to kiss me on the lips but the old man did, descending on me as he would a woman. I could almost hear the shock and surprise of his bodyguards outside as I kissed the old man, as Don Mauro made a meal out of me. He wanted passionate, womanly kisses from me.

I made love to the most powerful man in the prison, my bare tush and my bare breasts getting an excruciating workout as Don Mauro caressed me intensely. I responded, wriggling and jiggling as if I was a real girl, as if I loved being treated so femininely, dreaming I was still with Pick.

Don Mauro must have been storing it up for just such an occasion with a girl like me, because I only moved my tush a little, my stockinged legs over his back, and, with his pants still on him, he flooded my tush, kissing me with a passion I'd never have expected. I usually had to be the one to act like that.

"You're very pretty," Don Mauro whispered to me as he twisted my head down against him and let me open his shirt to engage my breasts on his nipples. They were hard and aroused as well. And I was so soft, so womanly soft. I could barely force myself to be as girlish as I was since I felt so humiliated doing what I was doing.

The Don's men watched me on occasion as a heavily madeup, nude woman, which they all knew was a disguise, making love to an older, loving man, me shuddering and shivering. Don Mauro loved every quiver, kissing me so fiercely, whispering that I was being delightfully, adorably, girlish with him.

"You're fragrant as a girl should be. You should be the bride," the Don grunted as he let me open his pants properly. Then, he was on top of me again.

I couldn't say anything in reply as Don Mauro wanted to French kiss me, rolling me over. I, a naked girl, I felt like that, knowing that was what I looked like to everyone, sat astride this mob boss's lap as his pants opened. His hard, whippy snake

emerged. He had no qualms about putting me on it again and driving it hard into my tush.

I wriggled all over him as well, keeping my manhood hidden in my vadgie, so that it looked to any of the bodyguards, I'm sure, as if the man was having me as a woman as he drove into me. All the time, I was squealing as well and pretending I loved being taken by him.

"Ooo, I love that so much," I murmured, playacting and smiling as I had so many times before with so many other men. I was really a whore, I thought in furious agony, as Don Mauro gently probed my breasts with his tongue. My tush really began to move with his help because I'd learned to do that when a man had hold of me as he did. The Don's aroused snake probed into me some more. I responded with a feminine wiggle, shrieking as this old, old man came again, and because my own manhood was already so aroused.

That was when Don Mauro put his snake in my femmy vadgie, too, and began to stroke me unmercifully. Ooo, I think he knew exactly what he was doing. He was trying, I'm sure, to delight me as a womanly man. He wanted to make me climax. I wanted to, as well, my feelings confused with all the womanly thoughts I'd inflicted on myself.

I clung to him, my breasts bouncing on his chest, our lips locked, which he seemed to really like. To everyone watching us, we were a man and a woman making love. The woman, me, must have looked as if she was really enjoying herself, so wriggly and blissfully, was she using her body on her man. She was squeaking joyfully as well as he got harder inside her, me. He caressed my skin so gently, so different from what his manhood was doing, that he

aroused me to a girlie passion that I didn't know was in me. He was gasping and begging me not to stop as I began to pump up and down on his readily aroused manhood.

I was definitely moaning femininely and probably squealing like a little girl as well as I came, not faking it this time, not at all, clutching at my vadgie to keep it in place. Yet, I was screaming inside myself as well at the stupidity I was showing as I acted my part as a woman, as a drag queen, as whatever I was now! I didn't have to do this, be a woman. So, I'd be dead. It couldn't be worse that what was happening to me!

Yet, here I was. I was Melissa, a false showgirl, letting every man in the prison what he could expect when he had me! I'd have to be this womanly with every man from now on. And I knew that every man who watched me, would want me, the platinum blonde who could be fucked like a woman because she loved it so. I reacted like the showgirl I was, to all the soft touches this clever man made, making sure I was wiggling and wriggling just like any pretty girl does when she takes it from a rich man's penis.

I had to keep going as Don Mauro came. I had to squeal and do all my "oh, yes, yes, yes!" yesses to let everyone know that the Don had really pleased the woman he'd chosen. Oh, yes, I had to show that he was still a great lay. I was almost dancing on his pole because I was so aroused and, gods, I really was feeling so much like a pretty showgirl. I shivered and shuddered and wiggled on him as he caressed my manhood inside my vadgie, with his, the touch of him like that making me writhe against him as any real woman would.

No wonder Don Mauro loved fucking me so much. I was loving being caressed and fucked by him as well, hating myself at the same moment. I was shrieking and moaning and clinging to my lover who made me feel like a woman. He laughed at me as he seemed to realize that I had had a genuine, womanly orgasm with him.

That's what I was feeling. It was so terrible as the man fucking me was the man, I'd heard, who didn't like girls like me at all. He wanted Pick's head, everyone whispered to me, for degrading the family in the perverted wedding that was being organized which no-one wanted to say more about. I'd heard him yelling that at Pete just the night before as I had tried to hide in Pete's bed after he'd fucked me several times, each so much more tender and arousing than the time before.

"Ho, Pete," yelled my lover, as he escorted me across to the girls' dressing room past the orgy going on. Pete raised his head from between Suzanne's legs, Brittany almost crying as some other guy was doing her in her tush as well. "I just had your woman, you Ice-Pick cream puff! I just fucked her better than you ever did, do you hear? And now she isn't your woman any more. She's my woman now."

Pete looked stunned. But, shuddering all over, that was how I was feeling as well.

"Hey, you," said Don Mauro, kicking one of his bodyguards who'd sidled off and was mauling Corinne's bouncing breasts. He had his hand inside her vadgie as Corinne was clearly twisting back and forth in ecstasy against each of the two men trying to make love to her at the same time.

“Get my woman a robe,” snarled Don Mauro, “and bring it to my bed. That’s where my woman will be. Move it. Get your ass moving or maybe I’ll give it to Arturo and have him fuck it like he’s doing to that brunette bitch. She likes it so much, doesn’t she?”

So, I had a thin, silk robe put about my supposedly naked female body. And I went to bed with Don Mauro who soon got rid of my vadge and used his mouth on me until I came and came. I had to do the same thing to him, a man who knew how to caress me so wonderfully and make me feel I was a woman in his arms. He told me I was his woman. He would arrange a sex change for me. Wouldn’t I just love him forever?

Was I in a panic when I woke up? Was I ever but I was being fucked for the third time when Van Pieri entered the cell. “The doc won’t do it,” he said, filling me with relief.

Don Mauro was mauling my breasts. “Sixty, seventy thousand dollars!” the Don snarled.

“Too complicated,” said Van, leering at me and what I was letting the Don do to me. I hated another man watching me perform as a girl as Van was doing. I was so humiliated but so relieved, so loving to Morry, my lover, as well. “He’ll send her just up the road to someone who specializes in changing fruits into salads, the man’s words. But he can’t do it.”

“Don’t matter about him, then,” gasped Morry, rocking me on his rockhard manhood. “I’m taking this little popsy out with me when I go to this effing wedding. Yeah, she can teach the girls we own in Vegas about what it’s really like to be a real prick teaser!”

The Don waved the room clear and filled me again as I giggled and squealed femininely as he entered me again. All I could think about was that I was going to get out of this horrible place at last. I'd kiss and make love to any number of frogs to have that happen.

I actually did feel such a desire to be a woman, however, to be girlishly thrilling and loving with the older, understanding man who whispered such compliments to me on how femmy and girlie I was.

I loved his dressing and undressing me, making me be more and more feminine for him all day long in the few days we had until we departed Fort George. I was more than a little in love with him as everyone treated me as if I was a beautiful woman. It was actually quite depressing, a downer actually, to find out later that my emotions had largely been chemically controlled.

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