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“MASKS”

by Ms Bébé Talons

INSPIRATION!

The inspiration for this story came to me in a flash when I went to my local movie theater to see the movie “The Mask” starring Jim Carrey and Cameron Diaz.

In one segment, Wendy L. Walsh, playing herself as a TV Interviewer, speaks to Dr. Arthur Newman, Psychologist, played by actor Ben Stein.

I could not get that quote out of my mind, and over the next few weeks, I pondered and puzzled and wracked my brain, trying to understand the implications of what I had heard. Then, out of the blue, it struck me!

I, too, was wearing a sort of a mask and had been my whole life!

What a revelation!

After another moment's reflection, I came to realize that I was not alone!

Everyone, without exception, that I knew wore a mask of some sort to hide their true self from the unrelenting glare of "public" exposure and knowledge.

And the clearer this basic concept of "self" came to me, the more solid the story forthcoming became until it became an obsession that had to be written.

More, I was the one who had to write it!

And so was born Maxine and Max and Marianne and Michelle and Lynda and Lana and Melvin and Harriet and Henry Q. FitzMorris and Dolores Marteen and all the rest of the actors in this quasi-farcical tour de force and I freely admit that every one of my characters is totally fictional and a product of my overly-active and creative mind!

Although most of my characters have deep-rooted bases in reality, any resemblance to persons living or dead is completely unintentional and purely coincidental.

Ms Bébé Talons

PROLOGUE

It was getting late and I decided I wanted to leave. I was some tired of all the noise and my semi-immobilized state during my “reign” and everything was beginning to pall on me.

I moved to the bar, my attentive maids at my sides when I leaned over to talk to Harriet.

“Well, Dear Heart,” I crooned, “it was nice but I think I had better toddle on out of here and beat the crowd rushing to the punch!” I grinned. “Or something like that!” I added mischievously.

“I’ll be sorry to see you go, Max,” she replied sadly. “You make a wonderful Queen!”

“Yeah, well, I had years to practice for the role!” I giggled.

She laughed joyfully. “Well, take good care of yourself and see you soon?”

“Proolly!” I waved a hand in her direction and turned to go.

And came up hard against a solid wall of male! Startled, I brought my attention to bear.

“Excuse me, Miss Maxine?” grated a gravelly voice above me.

Startled, I spun about, my ankle-length white lace skirt swishing and rustling and hissing angrily against my smooth shaved thighs, its hem swirling furiously about my nylon clad calves and my feet in their four inch spike heeled granny boots with the old-fashioned pearl-button closures and the jangly Spanish spurs attached at their heels, tilted my head back and back and back, and blurted, “There is no excuse for you, you. . . you. . . you. . .” I sput-

tered, my hazel eyes traveling upwards, rising along the white-studded front of a bright pink cashmere cowboy shirt, up. . . and up. . . and up. . . “mor. . . on. . .” I stammered to a halt and took in the sight of gleaming teeth, a bushy mustache and further up to stare into twinkling green eyes below a white Stetson hat that covered a mane of pure gold!

My good God, that cowboy must have been a good seven and a half feet high, if he were an inch! He towered over my tiny six foot three (in my heels!) with an ease born of many years of enduring others’ rude stares!

As my heart leaped into my throat, my sarcastic put-down died in its infancy!

“Miss Maxine,” came that deep baritone that thrilled me right down to the tips of my painted toe nails! “You are a magnificent Queen and I would love to be your consort!” he exclaimed.

“I have no need of a consort, varlet!” I snapped as I reached out for support from the bar, slumping into a vacant bar stool.

“Be that as it may, My Queen,” he smiled lazily, “I volunteer my services for as long as thee hath need for them!” he whispered softly as my legs collapsed beneath me and I sat down on a bar stool.

“Thee art an impudent lot!” I quavered weakly.

He took my hand and bowed over it, his lips kissing my knuckles, his mustache tickling my very being! “May I introduce myself, My Queen? My name is Henry Q. FitzMorris and I am unattached and I would very much like to become attached to you!”

“Mr. FitzMorris!” I gasped. Methinks you presume much. Too much, methinketh!”

He kissed my knuckles again. “My Queen!” he repeated softly.

“Stop it!” I commanded. “I am not *your* Queen and I shall never be!” I have no need for for a consort of any kind! I have my two maids to look after all my needs!” I declared angrily.

“Excuse me, Miss Maxine,” the mountain of a man repeated, “may I have the honor of this next dance? I promise I won’t tread upon your shoe-tops too often!” His shy, infectious grin was almost too much to resist. Then, ignoring my weak protests, he had pulled me to my feet and I was in his arms and we were dancing!

I tilted my head and looked skyward at this giant of a man. ‘He has to be at least seven tall!’ I thought wonderingly.

As if reading my thoughts, “I am six feet ten inches tall even,” he explained. “The added height is an optical delusion caused by my high heeled cowboy boots.”

“Don’t you mean ‘illusion,’ cowboy?” I asked stupidly.

He laughed. “Whatever!”

Pulling myself free, I stumbled back to my bar stool.

“Did I offend thee?” he asked, coming to me and bowing down before me.

“No, not really, it’s just that I did not want to dance. I wanted to leave to go home.”

“What? And ruin the best chance I will ever have of getting to know you?” he teased.

“Sir! Please!” I begged. I think. Actually, I am not even sure my voice was working!

“Oh! My! Good! God!” I murmured irreverently as my trapped, swollen sex part throbbed with a desire and excitement I had not felt since the untimely death of my late husband, Max! My nylon encased knees turned to jelly in their sleek tubes as a new feeling of need washed over my now trembling body! Awestruck, I slipped from my stool and curtseyed, my eyes downcast with shamed pleasure as I blushed furiously.

Respectfully, the cowboy bowed low. “Your obedient servant, Miss Maxine!” he whispered, his ten-gallon Stetson hat sweeping the floor in polite reverence.

“Oh! My! Good! God!” I repeated inanely as my brain turned to mush. “It’s just plain ‘Maxine,’ not ‘Miss Maxine!’” I corrected automatically, shyly (Me? Shy? Picture that!), and my lowered lashes brushed my rouged cheeks as I blushed helplessly, furiously, curtsying anew to this man-mountain!

He smiled shyly, took my hands in his and drew me to my feet while kissing my lace-gloved knuckles gently. “Yes, Ma’am, Miss Maxine!” he repeated, a twinkle in his eye.

“It’s just plain ol’ ‘Maxine’,” I insisted.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he agreed, “whatever you say, Miss Maxine! ‘Ceptin’ you could never be ‘just plain’ ol’ anythang!” he insisted with a shy grin.

My!

Good!

God!

I must have died and gone to Heaven!

Back on my bar stool after the dance, I turned to Harriet. “Who is that great ape?”

“Beats me. Never saw him before in my life. Why, was he bothering you?”

I nodded. “Yes, he was very pushy! Kept calling me His Queen! Of all the nerve!”

“Yeah, I could see how much you were bothered while you danced! Honey, it’s the most relaxed and full of life I have seen you since. . . since. . . you know. . .” her voice trailed off.

I stared at her, dumb-struck. My heart was still thumping madly in my chest and I put my hand over my breast to still the pounding. Feelings and emotions I had thought died with Max were crowding their way back into my consciousness and I was beginning to feel overwhelmed by it all!

I started in sudden recognition! “You’re right! My good God! What have I done?” I murmured.

“Well, he’s gone now,” she stated. “I just saw him go out the front door.”

“Oh!”

“You blew it, girl!” she giggled.

I became aware that my two maids were rubbing my hands and arms and asking the same dumb question over and over, “Are you all right, Mistress?”

I shook my hands free. “No, I’m not all right!” I stood and glared at them. “We’re leaving, now!”

And we did. I motioned for my two maids, Michelle and Marianne to keep quiet, and drove the rest of the way back to the farm in silence.

What an upsetting night it had been.

And how exciting!

No!

What was I thinking?

What about Max?

What about Max indeed?

Max was dead!

The cowboy was very much alive!

Vibrantly alive!

Oh, be still my heart!

* * *

CHAPTER 1 A RUDE AWAKENING

“Maxine? You awake?” Max demanded imperiously, yammering loud enough to wake the dead while shaking my silken shoulder vigorously. “C’mon, Babe, rise and shine! Time to get up! Time’s a wastin’!” I rolled away from him and covered my head with the pillow, trying unsuccessfully to ignore him.

But, there it was again, that damned voice cutting into my peaceful dreams, insisting that I wake up! ‘No!’ I thought angrily. I waved my hand in dismissal. “Go ‘way! I don’ wanna!”

But, that damned voice would not go away! Groggily, I raised my head to see my husband, Max, looming over me, a great big grin wreathing his lips. “You awake, Babe?” he repeated.

“Well, I wasn’t,” I grumbled groggily.

“C’mon, Babe! Wake up!” he insisted excitedly, “We! Are! In!”

‘In what?’ I wondered as I gave him such a glare and pulled the pillow over my head, nestling down into my warm, inviting nest.

But, he still wouldn’t go away! His work-hardened hand descended onto my up-thrust bottom with a resounding whack and I yelped angrily.

“Wha’d’ya wan?” I muttered, opening one eye and glaring at him.

“We’re in, Baby Girl!” he chortled. “We! Are! In!” he repeated inanely.

“If you don’t go away and let me get some sleep,” I threatened coldly, “you are the one who’s going to be in. . . in deep doodoo!”

Again he swatted my up-turned rump. “C’m’on, Max!” he insisted. “This is important!”

I looked around at the alarm clock beside the bed. “11:30,” it read. Yeah, but A.M. or P.M., that was the question. The way I felt, it had to be P.M. That meant that I had been asleep for less than an hour, and this great ape wanted me to get up? “Go suck an egg!” I snarled at him as nastily as I could and yanked the blanket back over my head.

The next thing I knew, the blankets had been snatched away and he was pulling my leg, hauling me bodily from the bed! I hit the carpeted floor on my nylon covered rump with a loud thump, rolled over and sort of lunged for him. I missed! Dammit all! I wanted to kill him so bad!

“C’m’on, Hon! Get up! It’s almost noon!” he urged. “The big do is tonight and I wanna be lookin’ my best for the guys!”

‘You!’ I thought. ‘What about me?’

“We are in!” he insisted, as joyful as a speckled pup.

“Trust you to wake me up early!” I grouched, modestly tucking my granny gown around my knees, then folding my arms protectively under my breasts.

“I just heard from Snake (Bobby Harris - he was president of the local motorcycle club chapter),” he crowed before gathering me into his arms and hugging me tightly. “We’re in, Baby Girl, we’re in, and tonight’s the night we get in!” he enthused, much to my utter disdain.

“Big frapping deal!” I muttered.

He cringed visibly. “But, Baby, I thought you’d want to know and I never gave it a thought about waking you to tell you the good news. . .” he started to apologize.

“That’s just it, you didn’t think. You never think!” I snarled nastily.

“Aw, I didn’t mean to disturb you, Baby, I just thought. . .”

“I know. I know,” I mumbled, forgiving him his lack of manners as usual.

Dimly, through my sleep fogged brain, I vaguely remembered something about The Club and being sponsored by Snake or someone, but I was not at all sure of the gory details.

Then it hit me, tonight. . . did that mean, tonight tonight? “Tonight tonight?” I croaked. “Like in later today after this afternoon tonight?” I asked stupidly, still groggy from sleep. Had I really been asleep for more than twelve hours? Couldn’t be! I was still tired! Farm work can do that to you!

“Yeah! Tonight! Like later today after the afternoon today tonight! Hey, do you think I’d be out of place if I wore my leathers?” Like most men, he only cared about himself. I wondered anew what I found to like about him. . . besides his fat ten inch cock, I mean!

“Well, it is a leather club,” I answered as sarcastically as I could, “and all the rest of the members will be wearing their leathers, so why not you too?” I placated him.

I should have saved my breath because it went right over his pointy little head! As usual.

“Yeah!” he enthused, and he was off! “Yeah, I figured we could go as the Leather Queen and her leather wearing Prince Consort again!” he enthused as gently as he could.

Several years before, I had won a TV beauty contest at the Club while wearing a fringed hem leather mini-skirt, a long-sleeved suede blouse, my leather bustièrè, my high heel granny boots, a pair of supple shoulder length leather gloves, my cowgirl Stetson, all in bright red leather with my half-face leopard face mask. I had been the sensation of the evening! And, with my seven foot bullwhip snapping angrily, I was a *hit* in more ways than one!

Ever since that night, Max had called me “His Leather Queen,” and we soon had earned a reputation in a few local circles as leather fetishists, as leather aficionados, and as “dominant leather fetishists” of the first order!

To tell the truth, we reveled in the glow of that adoration.

“And you want to impress them, right?” I asked, smiling brightly.

He nodded eagerly. "You bet'ch'yer-sweet-fat-li'l-ass, My Queen!" he chortled.

"Max!" I exploded angrily. "I do not have a fat ass!" I squealed, then dropped my bomb-shell. "Besides, I do not have a thing to wear!"

"Sure you do, Baby," he chuckled. "You got two or three closets crammed full of nice leather clothes! Hell, you could wear that red cowgirl suit of yours and that'd knock their boots off! And there's your black satin wedding gown, and there's your white. . ."

"Oh, no! Everyone's seen me wearing those!" I wailed. "No, I'll need another outfit. You know, something brand new!" I leaned back, closed my eyes and drifted.

"Whatever you say, Baby!" he agreed, going away. . . finally!

Yeah, leaving me alone, sitting on my bed and reaching for the phone. Absently, I dialed the only person I knew who could help me out on such short notice, La Modista herself, Lynda Graves, a life long TS recently having undergone her S.R.S. and preparing for her up-coming marriage to her long time escort, Ms Lana Garvy, a g.g., a devout Lesbian who was not only her partner in business, but her lover in private.

"Hey, Lynda!" I almost screamed when someone answered, "it's Max and I'm in deep s***!"

"Yeth, Myth Maxtheen!" It was Melvin, a somewhat androgynous person of indeterminate sex who did odd jobs around the shop while he learned to be a Modista! "She'th out front. Juth a minute and I'll get her! Pleathe hold?"

A moment of silence, then, “Hi, Maxie! How’re they hanging?” Lynda chortled, referring to my avoidance of my own S.R.S.

“Lynda!” I broke in breathlessly. “That f****n’ Max just told me that the initiation of new members at The Club is tonight, and I don’t have a thing to wear!” I moaned through my pretended distress.

She laughed heartily. “Yeah, this from the gal who has at least umpteen closets full of clothes for any and all occasions! What d’ya have in mind, girl?”

“I don’t know! Everything I have has been seen by everyone in that crowd, so I’d like something that will knock their eyes out! You know, leathery and revealing, but covering me up completely. . .”

“OK, but does it have to be leather?” she asked.

I thought a moment, then, “Well, it is a leather club, but this is a special occasion, so I guess I could make do with something just as appropriate. . .” I weaseled.

“Honey Doll, I have just the thing! Can you be here by six?”

“Yeah, if Max will let me drive!”

“Oh, don’t kill yourself, Honey! No man is worth that sacrifice!”

“I’ll see you at six,” and I hung up.

‘Let’s see,’ I mused, ‘a bath, then a quick trip to get my hair and nails done, and. . .’ A moment later and I was talking to Joyce, a g.g. friend of mine who owned the best beauty shop in the area and she gave me an appointment for four, so I was covered there.

Shoes? Stockings? Corset? Another call to Lynda, another short conversation with Melvin, and assurance from Lynda that all I needed to bring with me were my biggest hoop earrings, my daintiest wrist watch, a silver cross on a silver chain, my gold wedding ring, my black patent-leather granny boots with the five inch heels, my Spanish spurs, my seven foot bull whip and my naked body!

She had everything else I would need!

Muttering to myself, I took a quick shower, bound myself into my loosest corset, rolled stockings up my freshly shaved legs and fastened them to my garter tabs, then stepped into a pair of my favorite taffeta bloomers, settling them around my hips, thrilling to the smoothness and the rustling of the material! An afternoon frock, a touch of lipstick, a dash of perfume, and I was out the door with my accessories and seated in my classic Model T pick-up, headed for town. Max could get there on his own, by motorcycle!

It was just before four when I parked in front of Joyce's Nails 'N Things and hurried inside, to be greeted by Joyce herself. An hour later and she was styling my hair while Joyce Jr., her teenage son, was burnishing my nails and scolding me for letting them go so long. I made some excuse about having to work for a living, which got a huge laugh from both of them!

I relaxed in the chair and let them work their magic on me. I glanced sideways at Joyce, Jr. and wondered again if he were a natural swish or if his Mother had made him one! After all, she had named him Joyce when his biological father had deserted her when he discovered her pregnancy. Joyce hated her ex so much for that that I would never have put

it past her! He was an extremely pretty boy, short and curved like a teen-aged girl and he was wearing a closely fitted white nurse's uniform. I could see that his legs were encased in shimmery nylons thrust into sandals with four inch high heels, heels he managed with the ease of years of practice. When he moved just right, one could see the soft swellings of adolescent breasts bulging the bodice of his uniform. Of course, he wore full make-up with his lips a bright red, his nails manicured and burnished brightly and one could see the same polish on his nylon covered toes. I could detect the faint aroma of a sweetish girlish scent surrounding him as he worked. His ears had been long since pierced and were sporting two small diamonds proudly on each lobe.

Heck, he even spoke with a sort of breathless lisp, but it was nowhere as pronounced as poor Melvin's was! I wondered if the two boys knew one another. . .

Probably did since Joyce was a close friend of Lynda and Lana. My mind whirled with the imagined sight of the two of them together. . .

Oh, stop it, Maxine! Stick to *your* story!

Right at 5:30, I emerged from Joyce's and I drove carefully to Lynda's so I wouldn't muss up my new hair-do. That would be adding insult to injury in my book!

It was but a short drive to Lynda and Lana's Shoppe where I was greeted by the fawning Melvin and ushered into Ms Lynda's presence.

"Ah, Max!" So glad you could make it!" To Melvin, "You may be excused, thing!"

Melvin curtsayed low, his fingertips holding his skirt hem politely. “Of courth, Myth!” he murmured before disappearing into the back, his high heels clicking daintily, his swirly skirts swishing noisily around his nylon encased thighs.

I laughed. “Still have yiour f****n’ li’l fairy, I see,” I commented snidely.

“Oh, it serves a purpose, believe me!” Lynda giggled. “Besides, Lana would be lost without its personal services. It has so many talents, you’d be surprised!” she added with a knowing smile.

“Thumone menchen my name?” Lana asked, sweeping into the room. She took me into her arms and kissed me soundly. “Always a pleathure to thee you! How may we help you?”

“Well, like I told Lynda over the phone, Max got invited to join The East Enders Motorcycle Club tonight and I don’t have a thing to wear that they haven’t seen!” I explained.

“Oh, my goodneth!” Lana whispered in awe. “Thathth juth terrible!”

“You could wear your black velvet wedding dress. . .” Lynda began.

“No! I’ve worn that twice already,” I explained petulantly. “It was the hit of the March Madness Ball and the Welcome Fall Event.”

“We could do it in black satin. . .” Lynda mused.

“No,” I demurred. “Too obvious!”

“Thuth a wathe!” Lana smiled.

“Lynda said she had an idea. . .” I prompted.

“Honey, you’ll never know!” Lynda laughed heartily. “I can picture you as a Spanish flamenco

dancer. I have a very thin black leather tulip skirt that will look fab with your black granny boots and black nylons! I have a black, sheer satin, long balloon sleeved blouse trimmed lavishly in frilly black lace with a cleric's collar and. . .”

“Sounds good, girl, so far. . .” I agreed.

“I have a black, flat brimmed leather hat with little ball tassels all around with a black chin strap to keep it in place when you dance.”

“I like it more and more!” I squealed excitedly.

“Well,” Lynda cautioned, “you’ll have to wear your tightest waspy-waist corselet because the skirt will not let out more than thirty inches, if that.”

“I’ll make the supreme sacrifice!” I chuckled.
“Anything for Dame Fashion!”

“Yeah, right, picture that,” she snickered sarcastically.

“No, seriously, Lynda, I been working on my waist, and I am just under a thirty inch waist now. . .”

“No s***, Sherlock?” she gasped in surprise.
“God, I wish I could get there!”

“Will power, girl,” I laughed, “or rather, *won’t* power!”

“Oh, well, some of you have it and the rest of us don’t!” she sighed wistfully. “Now, how about a Lone Ranger mask with a black veil to tie around that hairy chin?”

“My beard, you mean?” I giggled.

“Yeah, you really should shave the damn thing off and have it depilated!” she scolded.

“Maybe someday,” I sighed half-heartedly.

“Now, with those blood red talons of yours showing through fingerless black lace gloves and your spurs jingling merrily at your heels, that should do it.”

“Works for me!” I agreed.

“You in the back!” Lana raised her voice. “I haf need uf you!”

In a second, Melvin appeared, curtsying to Lana. “Yeth, Myth?”

“The black leather tulip thkirt and the black thilk blouth!” she commanded.

“Yeth, Myth,” he curtsyed and was off like a shot.

“You’re gonna love how your naked nips feel under the silk,” Lynda giggled.

“What, no bra?” I pretended shock.

“Nope, and no panties nor petticoats either,” she continued, “there just ain’t no room! And it’s a damned pity that you’re so addicted to thigh-his!”

“Hunh?” I gasped. “But I have to have my ny-lons!”

“But leather feels best when worn next to fresh-shaved, naked skin, and with a pair of knee-his, you get the full benefit and no one knows, less’n you tell ‘em!”

“Oh, I don’t know about that. . .” I objected, my heart racing madly. “I really prefer something silky underneath to slide around in. . . and besides, everything’d show. . . wouldn’t it? She knew what I really meant! It was just so. . . so. . . thrilling!”

“So what? You’re gonna love it girl!” she enthused. “We all know that you’re an exhibitionist of

the first order behind that demure mask of yours!" she laughed. "Come on now, 'fess up, girl! Remember who you're talking to!"

"Am not!" I whispered, blushing with pleasure.

"You'll love your big tits flopping around in the blouse, your nips at full attention!" she teased.

"Oh, Lynda! No!" I whispered, aghast. "I couldn't!"

Hell, I'd walk naked down Broadway if she told me to!

And she knew it!

"Whatever you decide, Maxie, Baby," she giggled. "You're the Boss!"

But, we both knew who was Boss in the dress department.

And it wasn't me, not by a long shot!

Then, I was in the back where Melvin disrobed me right down to my skin, his hands all over me, exciting me with their insistent caresses, caresses that meant nothing to him!

F****n' little queer!

* * *

CHAPTER 2 GETTING DRESSED

"Hold still, Maxie!" Lynda commanded querulously. "And suck that damned gut in, OK?" she panted, pulling the laces in as tightly as she could.

"Hungh!" I grunted, "The damned thing's way too damned small!"

“Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! Quit’ch’er damned belly achin’!” she panted, her knee digging into my spine while I hung on to the lacing pole for dear life. “There!” she crowed at last. “Finally! It’s closed all the way! I thought you said you were smaller.”

“Bout time!” I groused, my fingers smoothing my waist instinctively.

“I thought you said you’d lost a couple of inches?” Lynda complained.

“I did! You must have made a mistake. . .”

“You said thirty, so I made it a twenty-eight. . .”

“I meant thirty!” I yelled. “No wonder it’s so tight! Loosen it!” I ordered Melvin who stood there, his eyes shining with excitement.

Lynda shook her tousled head emphatically. “No way! The skirt’s made to fit that corset. It won’t fit you otherwise.”

“Way! It’s too tight! I can’t breathe!” I gasped melodramatically.

“Oh, pooh on you, you big fake!” she chided. “You’ll get used to it quickly. After all, Melvin got used to that twenty-one incher and if it can do it, so can you? Now be quiet and Momma work!”

“You planned this!” I scolded, smiling dreamily at my image in the mirror.

“So? Sue me! Besides, it looks great on you! Doesn’t it Melvin?”

“Yeth, Myth,” Melvin agreed. “It’th abtholutely delithiouth!”

“But, I feel so exposed with just my pussy pocket and nothing else between my waist and my knee-his!”

“Oh, pooh! In a minute, you’ll be wearing a skirt. . .”

“I’ll still feel utterly naked!” I complained, knowing I was flogging a dead horse.

“You’re supposed to,” Lynda giggled. “But, don’t worry about it, no one’s gonna know but you. . . well, not unless you tell them. . . or *show* ‘em!” she teased.

“Lynda! I’d never. . .” I pretended horror at the very idea.

“Yeah, right!” she sneered. “And the R’s don’t want to give the f****n’ country away! Give me a break, will ya?”

“Well, all right. . . I suppose,” I murmured dreamily, giving in to her urging as she had known I would when pushed.

“Let’s get those boots on,” Lynda ordered, pointing at a near-by chair.

“Shouldn’t I get dressed first?” I asked with some surprise.

“Later, my Queen,” she smiled, “that is, unless you don’t mind standing around fully dressed for the next couple of hours.”

“Oh, yeah, I forgot that,” I admitted sheepishly as she went into the back room.

As I sat, Melvin knelt before me and guided my nyloned foot into my open boot, settling my foot in place gently, then using his button hook on the tiny pearl buttons, closing it securely about my ankle.

Suggestively, I lay my ankle atop Melvin’s soft shoulder and he laid his cheek against the smooth leather of my boot.

“Ummmm,” he murmured with pleasure, “*thath’t*h tho nith. . . but thith ith tho mutch nither!” Then, before I realized what Melvin had in mind, he was sliding his face between my quickly spreading thighs and was pressing his ovalled lips around my pussy pocket, kissing and sucking avidly!

“Hey!” I protested, sliding forward to offer myself eagerly. “Stop that!” I ordered weakly.

But my heart wasn’t in it!

All at once, I wanted the little fairy right where he was. . .

Doing exactly what he was doing. . .

“Make me!” he teased, biting my mound gently.

OK! OK! You win!” I squealed as my concealed organ popped free under his manipulation. “I’ll give you an hour to stop that!”

He grinned up at me. “Really, my Queen? Only an hour?”

“OK, two hours! But that’s my final offer!”

His eyebrows arched questioningly, but when I closed my eyes in pleasure, he took me fully into his soft mouth to suck and bite unmercifully.

As you might have guessed. . .

It didn’t take me very long to make a mess in his mouth. . .

Which didn’t faze him in the least!

Nor, me. . .

It was pure bliss!

* * *

CHAPTER 3 THE DRESS

“There,” Lynda exclaimed, clapping her hands in delight. “The Leather Queen is all ready to rule her subjects!”

I gazed at the reflection in her full length mirror, scarcely recognizing the imposing figure I saw. But, it *was* me, of *that* there was no doubt! Still, I was amazed at the total change from an every-day appearance into this regal personage who was obviously someone to be reckoned with!

I was wearing a calf-length, form-fitted, black leather flamenco dancer’s tulip skirt, its flared bell drawing attention to my granny boots with their four inch high heels with their jangling Spanish spurs and my nylon encased calves while it discretely hid my waist high nakedness while leaving nothing to the imagination, it was that revealing!

My upper body was covered by an extremely thin, almost sheer black suede blouse over my naked breasts, their steel nipple rings quite evident beneath the thin material whenever I moved. My throat buttons were fastened, but the blouse had a heart shaped cut-out that reached well down into my cleavage so that it was patently obvious that my huge breasts were not only real, but were not hampered by a confining bra either!

The semi-sheer balloon sleeves ended in black satin French cuffs that had enormous pearlized buttons in them. The collar was made of stiff black satin, fastened at my throat (as I have already

pointed out), and covering completely what was still left of my Adam's-apple and forcing me to keep my chin high. When the wide black leather belt was buckled, it immediately drew one's eye to my tightly corseted waist where its steel rings gleamed brightly in the soft light.

I shivered as Lynda pulled a supple face mask over my head, hiding my beard and concealing my identity from all who knew no better and giving me a quite believable feminine appearance!

My ash blonde hair (all mine!) bounced lightly on my shoulders, the ends turned up under, reminiscent of a page boy cut with bangs. When we had tried the flamenco hat, the effect was electric!

I loved it.

A black lace veil attached to the hat covered my face, covering but not concealing my Lone Ranger mask, and was quickly tied in place holding everything in place. Melvin knelt before me, locking an eighteen inch steel chain between my ankles to restrict my stride. I was surprised he didn't clip chains to my wrists too! And, as I thought about it, he did that very thing so that my wrists had an twenty-four inch chain between them that ran through a ring on my belt.

Talk about restraint!

I was hampered like you would not believe!

And yet, I made no protest, then, and certainly not later. . .

Lynda stood back. "There! I'm satisfied."

I gazed worshipfully into the mirror, loving what I saw reflected there.

I had to admit it, I looked damned good!

“Gloves!” I snapped. “My whip! Make-up! You forgot my lipstick! And don’t I need a dash of perfume?” I asked querulously.

“Yes, Your Majesty!” Lynda curtsyed. “I did forget the lipstick, but I think you should have more than just a dash of perfume! And I have your gloves and whip right here!”

“Good! There’s hope for you yet as a personal lady’s maid!”

Lynda curtsyed again. “One does one’s best!” she quipped as she spritzed me liberally with a light fragrance.

“Damn, I sure look good!”

“Your Majesty looks great!” Max enthused, coming into the room. “Damn, Babe, you’re a violation of the Pure Food and Drug Act! You’re prime eating stuff!”

“Thank you, varlet,” I smiled, going into his arms to be soundly kissed.

“I’ll *varlet* you, Your Majesty!” he quipped, slapping my leathered behind a good one.

SMACK!

“Oooh!” I cooed in delight. “Only one?” I wriggled my bottom under his caressing hand.

SMACK! SMACK!

“Hey, watch it, varlet! “that there’s private property!”

“Yeah, all *mine!*” he growled menacingly.

“Your Majesty?” Lynda interrupted, holding out an ankle-length velvet cape for me to drape around my shoulders. “This will help ward off chills before you make your grand entrance at The Club.”

“Thanks, Lynda,” I murmured, hugging her tight for a moment and kissing her on the cheek. “You sure you won’t come with us?” I urged.

“No, I wasn’t invited, and besides, I wouldn’t want to detract from your hour of glory!” she teased.

“Oh, well, never say I didn’t give you a chance!” I giggled, my heels clicking softly on the parquet floor, my spurs clinking softly as I minced quickly across the room and hurried through the front door, my Max hot on my heels.

* * *

CHAPTER 4 HO HUM

I parked the van as close to the Club as I could, in a handicapped space three spaces down that no one else had claimed. No, I was not breaking the Law! My van has a handicapped license plate, duly issued by the State some years before when I was medically retired from the Service (First Lieutenant, US Army, if you must know) with one hundred percent disability when the C-47 we were in for a practice parachute jump crashed. I got out, but was only two hundred feet above the ground when my chute opened and I landed HARD, leaving me with a slight paralysis on my left side when I had recovered. Two fitness physicals later, I was shown the door. . . permanently! So much for job security!

So, once away from the Army’s, “don’t ask, don’t tell,” philosophy, I went whole hog and indulged my inner girl. While still on active duty, I had lived with (been engaged to) a WAC Captain, but we had been too much alike, both of us wanting to be the wife!

“You ready for this?” Maxc asked.

As the engine died down, we could feel the deep thump-thump of the bass as it kept time to what passed for modern music. “Nah,” I added sardonically, “you’ll never be able to hear yourself think!”

“What’s your point?” Max asked, laughing at his stupid joke, hastening around to open my door and help me alight. “C’mon, Your Majesty, time for your entrance!”

“Maybe we should go home and forget it,” I whispered, suddenly afraid when an unmarked police car cruised by. At that moment, Snake Harris, the president of The Motorcycle Club, The East Enders, came out of nowhere and walked up behind Max. “Hey, Dawg? Is that you, Man?”

Max turned and stuck out his hand. “Nah, it’s me twin brudder, Wolf. How they hanging, Bro?” Max wanted to be a member so bad, he would have done anything to be accepted into their ranks!

No, it wasn’t a Hell’s Angels or Outlaw sort of gang, these guys all had different sexual and societal tastes. Most of them were bi and the rest were definitely homo, in my humble opinion. Yes, there were women in the club, but not all of them were “old women.” At least not for a male member! And not all the single women were Lesbians either. They were just overly aggressive and dominant in their tastes and attitudes towards men and were accepted and treated as such..

Anyway, there I was, being arm candy for Max, on a cool Saturday night, wearing tissue thin black leather from head to toe and not at all sure I wanted to go inside.

I knew the place would be hot, crowded, smoky and stink of unwashed bodies and stale beer and all those other smells and things that go with a place like this. Harriet's Bar was an acknowledged "exotic" bar, a place where anyone could go and not be asked a lot of questions about what you were doing there nor what you were looking for nor anything else.

In other words, under different circumstances, it was my kind of place!

"Hey, glad you could make it, Dawg," Snake went on. "Wow, who's the Babe? Does your wife know about her?" he joked, casting an approving eye over my leathered form.

"Snake, this here's my wife, Maxine, The Leather Queen! Max. . . er, I mean, Your Majesty, this here's Snake, Snake Harris."

I exited the van, my skirt riding up slightly to show my calves above my high button leather boots with everything else just a vague shadow to his imagination. I curtsyed slightly. "Mr. Harris. . ." I held up my gloved hand, fingers curled downward with a learned naturalness.

Instinctively, he bowed over my out-stretched hand, raised it to his lips and kissed my knuckles in obvious approval. "I am so very pleased to meet Your Majesty at long last!" he enthused. "I've heard so much about you. . ."

"I'm sure that we can be friends in spite of what you've heard," I teased.

"Hey! A broad with a sense of humor!" he chuckled.

“You wanna wear your cape, Hon. . . er, I mean, Your Majesty?” Max asked.

“No, just lay it over the front seat, Varlet,” I replied. “It’s only a quick step to the front-door and I doubt there’s a cloak room inside to leave it.”

“Hey, you got that right, Babe. . . er, I mean, Your Majesty!” Snake chuckled, taking my elbow and guiding me across the street.

I heard a soft thud behind us, some quick footsteps as Max passed us, and the door magically opened before me. I swept through it like The Queen I am!

The place was packed, wall-to-wall bodies, all yelling to get the bartenders’ attentions at the same time, the din making it impossible for anyone, or anybody, to hear anything at all clearly.

Without stopping, I cracked my bullwhip smartly against the nearest outthrust, rounded bottom, then another and another as the crowd parted magically. Without a word of warning, I pushed through them, and suddenly, it got very quiet.

“Goddess! Who’s that?” I heard someone ask sotto voce.

“She must think she’s the Queen of the May!” one hot-pants clad woman snarled cattily.

“No, I am The Queen of the Night, Wench,” I replied, slashing my ready whip briskly across the few feet between us to crack painfully against her unprotected, unsuspecting belly. “And don’t you ever forget it!”

A startled look came across her face and she blushed furiously. Then, with a wry smile, she curtseyed low. “Your Majesty,” she greeted, “I am so

sorry. I didn't know. . ." she apologized. "Please, forgive me?"

I touched her bare shoulder with my recoiled whip. "Now you know!" I replied regally. "So, don't forget again!"

She flushed with embarrassment and curtsayed again. "Yes, Your Majesty!"

"Make way for Her Majesty!" Snake called. "C'mon, make a hole there!"

Without pausing to see whether anyone heard him, I strode forward, the bodies melting from my intended path like so much chaff blowing in the wind, helped along by my cracking, snapping whip. At the far end of the bar, I stopped, turned, and gestured imperiously.

"I would sit!" I announced to the world at large.

Like magic, a tall stool appeared and I sank into it with assumed nonchalance. "Ginger ale!" I ordered, and an icy glass was produced instantly. Glancing about the dimly lit room, I saw that many of those in attendance were leather devotees, their escorts, attendants and/or wannabees.

So many of them were dressed like peas in a pod; leather harnesses with steel rings on their upper bodies and chaps and jeans below. Some of them wore leather vests with their Colors on the back. Some of the men had scraggly, unkempt hair, with ragged, greasy beards to match; perpetuating the "macho male" stereotype, the kind that turns my stomach with its hypocritical falsity!

As the noise started up again, Snake approached my stool. "Hey, Maxie. . . er, I mean, Your Majesty, how about a dance?"

Without answering, I set my glass on the bar and held out my hand. Soon, the music was engulfing us as I was twirled and whirled around the miniscule, crowded space that passed for a dance floor, my heels tapping rapidly and my spurs jingling merrily.

I smiled to myself.

Imagine, I'm over six foot three in my heels and there I was dancing with a man who wouldn't scale five eight on his best night! And yet, he outweighed me by at least eighty pounds or more. I'm a solid one-seventy in my stocking feet, but he scaled two hundred and fifty pounds if he went an ounce!

And he needed to clean his leathers and degrease his jeans!

And he needed to brush his teeth and use some mouthwash!

I mean, he positively reeked of stale sweat and sour beer!

You know, the "pseudo-macho" type all the way!

Ugh!

If Max'd ever let himself go like that, I'd've booted him right square in his hairy. . . but, you catch my drift, don't you?

Well, when in Rome, one does as the Greeks do, you bear the insult! Besides, my Max wanted into The Club for his own reasons, so I smiled and danced on. And, almost soon enough, my husband Max was rescuing me from the president's lecherous hands and was leading me back to my stool for a well deserved rest.

A fresh drink appeared and I sipped at it gratefully, enjoying its wetness as I stared out at the gaping faces. I was so bored with the whole thing that if

Max had asked me to leave right then, I would have gone in a heartbeat! But, he didn't and I didn't and I tried to hide my boredom as best I could by dancing with everyone who asked, and there weren't many who did not ask because they all wanted to make points with the Leather Queen.

The "initiation" was nothing more than Snake reading off a bunch of garbage to which Max had to agree to while standing like an idiot on stage and that was it. My great ape grinned from ear to ear, he was so full of himself that he stunk! But, he is, after all, my Max and I love him anyway.

Goddess, we women are sure f****d up in the head sometimes.

Especially about our men!

I got many compliments on my dress and the more I heard how much others envied me, the bigger my own head got until my Stetson barely fit!

Like I said, it was a Helluva let down from the anticipation. . .

At least for me it was.

Max?

He loved every minute of it.

What an idiot!

But then, he's a male. . .

So what did I expect?

It was long after midnight before the members got through planning their next ride and Max made sure he was in on the whole thing. That's one thing about my Max, when he goes for something, he goes whole hog. There is no middle ground for him.

A ride.

Big deal.

A bunch of motorcyclists get together and they go somewhere as a group.

This is called “male bonding” or some other such silly psychobabble designation.

Like I said earlier, ho hum!

I split just before the hour and went home.

Max could find his own ride home!

* * *

CHAPTER 5 NAKED IN PUBLIC – OR CLOSE TO IT!

A week later, it was the Summer Solstice Dance and again, I had nothing to wear. I mean, sure I had those umpteen closets (as Lynda put it) full of nice things, but I wanted something that would really stand out, something that would establish me as a fashion maven, someone to envy and to emulate while never quite approaching the perfection of the original, *me!*

In my usual panic, I called Lynda and as usual, got that damned Melvin instead! “Look, Melvin, let me talk to Lynda! It’s a matter of life or death!” I exclaimed.

“Yeth, Myth Maxtheen,” he chuckled. “It alwayth ith!” he giggled.

“Never mind the wise cracks, you idiot!” I snarled. “Just get Lynda!” To myself, ‘Damned little fairy anyhow!’ I thought in exasperation.

Soon, “Hey, girl, how they hanging?” Lynda trilled gaily.

“Sore ass to be around,” I giggled. “And how’s *your* love life?”

“It’s a big pain in the ass right now,” she laughed.

“Girl!” I exclaimed, “you’re doing it all wrong!”

“Har de har har! It is to laugh!” she joked. “Whass’up, girl?”

“It’s that damned Max again. He’s got us invited to the big welcome in summer event at the Club tomorrow night, and as usual, I have nothing to wear!”

“Oh, where have I heard that tired old refrain before?” she teased.

“Lynda! This is serious! It’s the biggie event of the summer and you know me, I want to make the biggest splash and set all those other bitches flat on their fat asses!” I exclaimed eagerly.

“Honey Doll, I have just the thing!” she chuckled.

“I’ll just bet you do!”

“How much skin can we show?”

“How much do you need?” I quipped.

“Pretty much all of it for what I have in mind for you.”

“Sounds delicious. When?”

“What time does it start?”

“I would imagine around the same time as always, seven or eightish. . .”

“Be here at five.”

“What do I have to bring?”

“Your bullwhip and your naked body!”

“That’s it?” I was astounded.

“Yep, we’ll take care of all the rest.”

“OK, see you then.”

“I’ll see you around five,” I promised and hung up.

It was just before four when I parked in front of Joyce’s Nails ‘N Things and hurried inside, to be greeted by Joyce herself. An hour later and she was styling my hair while Joyce Jr. was burnishing my nails and scolding me for letting them go so long. I made another lame excuse about having to work for a living, which got a huge laugh from both of them! Again! I swear, they would laugh at anything!

It was but a short drive to Lynda and Lana’s Shoppe where I was greeted by the fawning Melvin and ushered into Ms Lynda’s presence.

“Ah, Max!’ So glad you could make it!” To Melvin, “You may be excused, thing!”

Melvin curtseyed low, his fingertips holding his skirt hem politely. “Of courth, Myth!” he murmured before disappearing into the back.

I laughed. “Still have the little fairy, I see,” I commented snidely.

“Oh, it serves a purpose, believe me!” Lynda giggled. “Besides, Lana would be lost without its personal services.”

“Ah, tho?” Lana giggled, sweeping into the room. She took me into her arms and kissed me soundly. “Always a pleathure to thee you! How may we help you?”

“Well, like I told Lynda over the phone, Max got us invited to the Summer Solstice Dance tonight and I don’t have a thing to wear that they haven’t seen!” I explained.

“Now thath’t a real shame!” Lana whispered in awe.

“Lynda said she had an idea. . .” I prompted.

“You in the back!” Lana raised her voice. “I have thum need of you!”

In a second, Melvin appeared, curtsying to Lana. “Yeth, Myth?”

“The rectangular lace sheet we prepared!” she snapped, “and hurry it along!”

Melvin curtsyed again. “Yeth, Myth!” And spun expertly atop his heels, hurrying into the back where we could hear him rummaging around. Then, it (I shall call Melvin what Lynda and Lana called him, “it.” It sort of fitted it, don’cha’know?) reappeared with something in its arms. When unrolled, it was revealed to be a lace tablecloth about nine feet long and four feet wide.

Lynda held it to my body. “Yes, this should do just fine!”

I glanced into the mirror. “I’ll have to wear skin-colored undies with this!” The very thought thrilled me to the core!

“Except that you will wear nothing beneath it!” Lynda chuckled. “You said show as much skin as was needed, and we need all of yours!”

“Oh, Lynda!” I protested. “I can’t! Not in front of all those horny bikers!”

“Why not? It’ll be dim in there, if I know Harriet, and anyone who thinks they see something will never know for sure!”

Twenty minutes later, Lana had cut a hole in the middle of the cloth, hemmed it, fixed a slit for expansion to fit over my head, sewn a metal hook to the top on one side and a closure on the other side, I was undressed down to my skin by that fairy Melvin and they were guiding it over my head, being very careful not to muss my new hair-do.

I glanced into the mirror.

God! I looked positively immoral and decadent and as sexy and as stunning as I have ever seen myself! My nipples stiffened and traced suggestive bumps in the lace when I moved! And I could just make out the shadow of my ersatz feminine sex at the juncture of my ivory thighs.

“My good Goddeth, girl!” Lana breathed in awe. “You are fantabulouth!”

“Yeah, not bad at all!” Lynda added.

“OK. Enough admiring the view. Thith gown still needth to be finithed. You!” Lana barked at poor Melvin. “Quit dawdling and get to work!”

“Yeth, Myth!” it whispered, curtsying as it started to pull the dress off so it could finish the hemming. And I was completely naked in front of it! But as far as that little fairy was concerned, I could have been a side of beef! It had no sexual interest in anyone nor anything that was not its Mistresses Lynda and/or Lana! Like I said, a damned little fairy!

Lynda had me lie down on the couch in the back room while I waited, and since I was still tired from earlier, I did. I was asleep immediately.



Melvin awakened me just before 7:30 p.m. by whispering in my ear, its soft breath tickling me not unpleasantly. I was still completely naked and Melvin still didn't care!

Lynda and Lana dressed me in my new lace gown, sans underwear, of course, before rolling nude colored socklets over my feet. I watched as they slipped my high heeled granny pumps onto my feet. After all, they were the experts! I was merely a mannequin to be dressed as they saw fit. Diamond earrings, fingerless white lace gloves, my bullwhip and a white leather belt around my waist to emphasize its smallness, and I was ready. Or, as ready as I ever would be!

I was very apprehensive about appearing in public in such a near-naked state, but Lynda and Lana assured me that the way the lace hung, nothing was too obvious, especially, as I was reminded, in a dark saloon!

And, when Max saw me, his eyes lit up like I had not seen in ages!

"My God, Maxine!" he whispered in awe, "You are abso-f***in'-lutely gorgeous! You'll have every swinging dick in the joint at full attention as soon as you walk through the f****n' door!"

"Then you approve?" I simpered, pleased with his reaction.

"Approve? Hell, yes, Babe! You're fan-f****n'-tab-ulous! C'mon, I can't wait to show you off!" he gloated as he took my hand to lead me away.

Such enthusiasm!

It was to laugh.

* * *

CHAPTER 6 I ACQUIRE MICHELLE

As Lynda had predicted, I was a smashing success! More than one fawning male leered at me and drooled into his beer and wished he were my Max! And some of the more aggressive dykes were just as envious. Fortunately, they all knew Max's temper when he's pissed, so they kept their peace.

Nevertheless, I was claimed for dance after dance while Max was off with his biker buddies and planning their next ride, something that I had not a care for in the world.

So, there I was, perched atop my favorite bar stool, cold ginger ale in hand, gazing out over the packed joint with evident boredom.

This time, my reception was some different than the last time. I was alone now and half naked to boot and some of the attendees thought "alone" and "half naked" meant that I was "available" or "open to suggestion," and of course, nothing could have been further from the truth. I wanted nothing to do with these unwashed, vulgar oafs and their even more obscene "suggestions."

Something had warned me to carry "protection" when I went there, so I unobtrusively wrapped my seven foot bullwhip around my left wrist and it looked like a wide, layered leather bracelet.

About an hour after I sat down on my favorite bar stool and was engaged in conversation with two younger swish types, this drunken lout accosted me with an obscene suggestion, "Hey, you, Bitch! Us'n's

should oughta hook up, Baby, and set this joint on fire!”

Disdainfully, I replied, “No thanks, mister whomeveryou are, I just want to have a quiet drink with my friends and then go home.”

“Whassa ma’er, cunt?” he snarled loudly. “Yuh too f****n’ good ta have uh drink wi’me?”

“How charming!” I simpered. “No,” I replied evenly. “It’s just that I already have a date.”

“F*** ‘at noise!” he blustered, grabbing my wrist and pulling me up-right.

“I would advise you to let go of my wrist and go about your business,” I told him as quietly as I could over the noise of the bar.

“Yeah, and wha’d’ya gonna do ‘bout it?” he sneered, his grubby hands grabbing my breast and squeezing hard.

“Nothing much,” I replied, turning to set my glass on the bar. As I turned, I unwound the whip from my wrist and let it hang loosely by my side.

“Ah t’ought so!” he sneered. “Bar Keep!” he yelled. “Brang uh bottle tuh mah table on duh double! Me’n duh li’l lady’re gonna have uh drink firs!”

“Leave her alone, mister,” Harriet warned. “You’re playing with fire!”

The guy sneered in her face. “Yeah, and whut if’n I don’?”

“Then, this!” I snapped angrily, stepping back to give myself room to act and when he turned back to me, I lashed out with the whip, catching him stingingly on a cheek.

“Whut’duh f***?” he growled, his filthy hand touching his face where my whip had struck.

“You were warned,” I replied, and struck again, catching him on his broad chest. He staggered back and I struck again. He turned to avoid the whip and I snapped his broad ass several times, making him yelp with pain at every stroke. Finally, he started for the door to escape me, but I stayed right with him, whipping him at every step until he stumbled outside. I followed and continued to whip him until he fell beside one of the many pick-up trucks in the parking lot.

“Stop! Please, stop!” he blubbered. “Don’ hit me no more!” he begged.

I gave him two more strokes of my whip. “Is that your truck?” I asked politely.

“Yeah,” he replied hesitantly, his hand up protecting his face.

“Then I suggest you get your sorry ass into it, and if I ever see you again, anywhere, I’ll make this whipping seem like a walk in the park! Do you understand me?” I demanded.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he quavered. “I’m sorry.”

I “helped” him climb into his truck with a few well placed strokes of my whip and watched as he drove away.

The crowd that had followed us outside broke into spontaneous applause, and I smiled and nodded in acknowledgment before going back inside and sitting at the bar again.

“Girl, your drinks are on the house whenever you come in here!” Harriet told me. “That guy has been hassling the women customers for months, and no

matter how many times he's been warned, he comes back the next weekend and does it all over again!"

"I think he learned his lesson tonight," I grinned.

"Amen to that!" she agreed as I returned to my stool and sat, looking the crowd over expectantly.

The tiny blonde girl whose belly I had slashed when I had first arrived for the Initiation party the previous week, curtsied before me. "May one speak freely, Your Majesty?" she asked timidly.

I smiled and nodded. "You may. . . on your knees, Wench."

Blushing, but without hesitation, she dropped to her knees before me, looking up at me adoringly. My God, a conquest already!

"Better. . ." I murmured indifferently, my fingers grazing her kissing lips fleetingly.

"I love your costume, Your Majesty. Is it real lace?"

I nodded. "Of course. After all, I am The Queen of the Night!"

"Are you really naked under your dress?" she asked, hanging her head in shame.

"Of course, why do you ask?"

She blushed and bowed her head. "I meant no disrespect, Your Majesty!"

"I know, Wench, I know," I murmured in dismissal, thinking she would go away.

But, she wasn't through with me.

"Ma'am?"

I gazed down at her coldly. "Wench?"

“I wish to serve. . . I mean, I want to go with you and serve you. . .”

I looked at her with frank appraisal. What I saw, I liked. Max'd be pissed, that was for sure, but what the Hell, he'd get over it!

She'd be almost five foot even with her four inch heels, about a tiny size zero or one dress, I guessed. She wore tight, black leather hot-pants over a well-defined, fully fleshed rump, the kind of bottom that begs to be abused and spanked soundly. Her blouse was a thin black taffeta peasant affair with the tails tied under her bouncing, unbrassiered breasts. Her below the shoulder ash-blonde hair was cut in bangs across an aristocratic forehead and her enormous blue eyes gazed at me adoringly. Without question, I knew she was a natural blonde. . . and I was sorely tempted to prove it right then and there! But, I restrained my base urges. . . barely!

Her face was quite pretty in a little boy sort of way (to my way of thinking), but not unpleasantly so. . . Her fingers were long and slender and tapering with ovaled nails that were painted blood red to match her lipstick.

“Your name, Wench?” I demanded curtly.

“Michelle... er, I mean, *Michael*, Your Majesty. . .” she replied, hanging her head in shame.

Suddenly, it dawned on me. She was not a boyish looking *she* at all! She was a transvested, crossdressed *he*! I slipped a finger into her mouth and she sucked at it eagerly, her lapping tongue and sucking cheeks well-practiced at their craft.

I rose and grasped her out-held hand authoritatively. “Come, Wench Michelle, I wouldst use the fa-

cilities!” And I pulled her into the *Women’s* room, pushing my way in without pausing to ask permission.

There was one young woman there, and she glared at us with pure hatred before leaving in a mad rush, leaving an angrily muttered, “F****n’ queers!” as the door thudded behind her retreating back.

Working quickly, I locked it securely, leaned against it, then pointed to the floor. “Kneel!” She scrambled to obey, looking up at me with naked adoration.

I gazed at her steadily until she dropped her eyes in confusion. Holding her head back, her attention was on my eyes. I pulled my skirt way up around my waist, exposing my hairless upper thighs and “pussy” crotch to her startled gaze.

I pointed between my spread knees. “You know what to do!” I ordered, my soft voice cold and menacing, “so, do it!”

She didn’t hesitate for an instant! Her cheeks touched my thighs, pushing my knees apart as her lips sought, then found their intended target.

I was almost sorry that I was glued into my pussy pocket. . .

Almost!

God, she was almost as good at pussy sucking as Melvin!

And, why not?

She’d had several years to practice her technique!

I stopped her just short of disaster and, raising her to her shaky feet, took her into my arms for a welcoming kiss. She came willingly enough. . .

“Oh, Your Majesty,” she whispered, “please. . . please!”

“What, Wench?” I asked softly, blowing into her ear.

“Take me home with you,” she begged breathlessly. “I want to serve you! I’m so lonesome and alone! I need to serve you so much!”

“Do you, now?” I asked gently.

She nodded eagerly. “Oh, yes, Your Majesty!”

I beckoned at a nearby stool. “Assume the position!”

For one second, her eyes flashed uncertainty. Then, without further ado, she pushed her hot-pants to her knees and bent across the wash stand, grasping at its sides with red-tipped fingers, while bracing her heels on the other side.

I flicked my whip at her bottom, liking the way her plump, naked cheeks looked with the pink nylon of her thong panties bisecting them.

“Nice fat ass,” I whispered, caressing the quivering mounds possessively.

But, except for a faint twitch and a soft, muttered, “I do not have a fat ass!” she remained still.

“Alors, mon enfante!” I announced, “maintenant, la deluge!” And I slashed my whip through the air, marking her unsuspecting globes with thin, red lines!

SWISH. . . SLASH! SWISH. . . SLASH!

I gave her ten more, leaving my vivid markings on her bottom and the backs of her thighs so that everyone would know that she'd been thoroughly whipped!

Finally, "You may rise, Wench."

Wincing, she straightened and gazed at me steadily.

"Do you still wish to go home with me, Wench?" I demanded airily.

"Yes, more than ever, Your Majesty!" she enthused. "I want to serve you, and be with you always, doing things for you, forever."

"But, I'm married," I protested softly, "to my Max."

"I don't care about that," she replied. "I just want to be with you!"

"You'd have to serve him too," I pointed out needlessly.

She nodded. "Yes, Your Majesty, I know. . ."

"He's quite straight, you know," I teased.

"Majesty?"

"He loves to fuck. . . missionary style!" I explained, smiling, "you know, face to face."

Michelle blushed helplessly. "I understand, Your Majesty," she murmured.

"You have no objection?" I demanded.

She shook her head. "No, Your Majesty, none whatsoever if it is *your* command!"

I held out my arms and she came eagerly, her lips up-turned and parted for my kiss. I obliged her with a passion that took both our breaths away. . .

Max chose that moment to interrupt us, banging on the door until I'd unlocked it, then pushing his way through, brushing me aside easily with his brute force.

"Hey, Max, you OK?" he demanded. "You been in here a long time."

"Yes, I'm fine, Max," I smiled. "Now, I'd like you to meet the newest addition to our little family. Max, this is Michelle," I introduced. "Michelle, my Max."

Michelle curtsied low. "Sir," she whispered reverently.

"Hey, I don't know. . . a woman. . . and all. . ." he started to protest. "I don't think a woman would fit in with our life-style, Baby. . ."

"Michelle's a TV," I explained. "And she loves discipline. . ." I turned and gestured to her. "Show him, Wench!" I ordered.

Wordlessly, Michelle turned, dropped her hot pants and bent forward slightly, showing the whip marks streaking her hillocks and thighs.

Max stared at her goggle-eyed. "Hey, no s**t, Sherlock? I'd've never've guessed if'n yuh hadn't've told me!" He gazed at Michelle calmly, steadily. "So, you're into B&D?" he demanded. "You like having your fat ass whipped?"

Michelle blushed, closed her eyes and nodded. "Yes, Sir, but I do not have a fat ass" she whispered, her voice heavy with naked desire.

Max grinned at her and held out his arms. "OK, c'mon 'n give us a li'l kissypoo for good luck!" he coaxed. Michelle went straight into his loving arms where she was soundly hugged and kissed.

She didn't even object when his great hams grasped her freshly whipped cheeks and squeezed cruelly, as only my Max knows how to do! Nor did she object when he took her over his knee and "re-warmed" her throbbing ass cheeks!

Yessirree, it was quite an evening.

But, that's how we found Michelle.

Soon, she had replaced her hot pants, and was dancing attendance on me as if she'd been doing it forever! Michelle made no attempt to hide my whip marks, and more than one finger traced the evidence of my handiwork in wonder.

Michelle merely smiled dreamily and sighed happily.

She was the envy of every bitch there!

And my Max was the envy of every man. . .

Well, some of the more butch females too!

But, that's another story.

Needless to say, Max and I were propositioned more than once before we called it a night and went home, taking a securely trussed-up Michelle with us.

It was quite an evening!

Oh, I already said that, didn't I?

Oh, well. . .

Sue me a'reddy. . .

* * *

CHAPTER 7 MICHELLE SETTLES IN

Michelle settled into our routine easily. Within a week, we couldn't imagine a time without her many personal services.

I mean, I quickly got used to having our breakfast served in bed every morning. . .

Well, I did!

Max, being one of those compulsive-obsessive types who has to be going at top speed every waking moment, was another story. Up at the crack of dawn, he'd have half-a-day's work done by the time I rolled over and opened my eyes around seven!

By then, Michelle was up; had fed Max; cleaned up after him; and was properly uniformed, coifed, and prepared for her Mistress's awakening. It was pure heaven to feel her soft fingers caressing my nylon encased thighs while her pursed lips sought the nectar hidden at their apex. Nor would she quit her teasing until I had been drained of every last, succulent drop in my aching, satisfied, honey-pot!

No, there was no faux-pussy concealing the object of her desire. . . now!

Which suited both of us just fine!

Then, a pleasant half-hour or so to enjoy a leisurely breakfast, usually with Michelle feeding me tidbits of toast or melon or scrambled eggs and home fries or whatever else she'd prepared. I was pampered to within an inch of my life, and it was wonderful!

Then, into the shower where her magic fingers would massage me clean, leaving me relaxed and glowing with radiant health.

Michelle soon proved to be an efficient personal lady's maid, conversant with every detail of a lady's intimate needs, and she rose to each occasion like the thoroughbred she was!

I was very well pleased with her performance in my bath and dressing room, and that soon translated into intimate sessions in my boudoir!

Even Max had to admit, though reluctantly, that Michelle was a welcome addition to our exotic household. So many of the little things that we had foregone in our adjusting to one another, that it was quite pleasant to be served our breakfast in bed, and food that we liked! Warm toast with grape or strawberry jelly, hot coffee, hot oatmeal with a dab of butter and smothered in heavy cream! Now that's living on a grand scale!

She took over the laundry without being told and our soiled things miraculously reappeared in our closets and drawers, clean, ironed, folded, and ready for instant reuse!

I mean, I love wearing nylons and silky bloomers, but I hate to rinse them out after every wearing! With Michelle, I was relieved of that chore permanently!

Oh, she could be bitchy at times, especially if we did not follow her requests to make our lives easier. I mean, there is just so much bossing around one can take from one's maid, right?

Right!

So, we endured Michelle's sulks and her curt answers until she was turned over the nearest knee and her bare bottom warmed thoroughly! After that, she would just smile secretly and things would be at a more or less status quo for a few days, or until we "crossed" her again.

Now, I ask you, "Whom owns whom?"

Is it the Mistress and/or Master?

Or is it the sulky maid?

I guess it just depends on which day of the week it is. . .

Or something like that.

* * *

CHAPTER 8 HISTORY

As I have stated, we didn't have much when we started. We survived more on our love for one another than anything else. Money was tight and there was a recession going on, although the Guvmint in its infinite stupidity, called it a minor bump in everything to do with Wall Street. I guess half the people out of work is just a "burp" to Washington where they all have their heads firmly embedded between their cheeks, and I don't mean those on their faces!

Anyway, I tried "lawyering" again, but I couldn't keep my mind focused, so I went to work as an accountant for my Dad's trucking firm. I also worked as a part-time driver-deliverer when I had some spare time. Max was too independent to work for

anyone but himself, so he became a free-lance consultant and antiques buyer-seller.

Things soon started looking up for us and we began to look around for a more permanent home. We were tired of apartment and house rentals where we felt stifled!

Dad told us about the county back-taxes sale and we looked into it. Were we surprised to discover two abandoned farms that were right across the road from one another in a far corner of the county with posted Federal and State lands on three sides with a (then) dirt road that dead-ended right on the edge of one of the farms.

Well, we bid on the both of them, offering half what was owed for taxes and two weeks later, we were informed that we were the highest bidders (we discovered at the county tax office that we had been the *only* bidders!) and could take possession as soon as we paid the county and state fees.

And that was how we acquired a combined farm with thirteen hundred seventy two acres of rocks, stumps, scrub pine, two run-down farm houses with several more equally run-down out buildings, which included one gambrel roof cow barn (former) that was in fairly good condition. I mean, it was usable!

So, we tore everything else down and concentrated on remodeling the barn as our living quarters. It turned out pretty darned good, if I do say so myself! And, I do! Say so myself, I mean.

We found a huge grove of oak, maple, walnut and pine trees that we sold to a local cabinet maker for enough money to remove many of the bigger rocks (boulders) and most of the tree stumps left over from the previous owners so that we could plant seed-

lings and start a Christmas Tree Farm, which we did. Of course it was several years before the first crop of Christmas Trees was ready for marketing, but we managed to survive by watching every penny, nickel and dime, making Lincoln, Jefferson and Roosevelt scream with pain before we let go!

So we were cheapskates? Sue me!

Anyway, be that as it may, we were as happy as we ever were. The combination of our reclamation efforts and the hard work involved, kept us from dwelling on our lack of luxuries and the “finer things in life.” Heck, what one does not have, one seldom misses!

As time passed, we transformed the unkempt farm land into something we could take great pride in. Max dredged out an overgrown farm pond and made it into an almost lake-sized “resort” area complete with camping facilities. He and my Dad stocked it with about a gazillion fingerlings (baby fish) and right up until they died, Dad and Max could usually be found boating or fishing (or both) on their own private lake!

I slept alone many a night when the three of us were out “camping” when they would spend every night, all night, fishing! Now I’m an outdoor girl all the way, but sometimes there are limits to a girl’s good humor and patience! I was happy when I got Michelle to keep me company while my man was fishing! It was well worth the aggravation, getting Michelle, I mean.

Then, when the trees started paying off, we had more damned money than we could spend! We began attending auctions in the area and other sales events where we purchased “things.” Some were for

furnishing the bare spots in our converted cow barn and some went into Max's shop in town for resale.

Then Dad died and we sold the trucks and equipment and buildings and Dad's Interstate Rights for a right goodly sum (Mom became an over-night millionaires!) and life went on, as it were.

Until a year later when Mom died, she left her estate to her grandkids (remember, I had four daughters from my previous marriage, so it was OK by me!)(besides, Max and I didn't need her money, we were well on the way to being millionaires ourselves!

Then, the *big* accident. . . A drunk driver had run a red light, slamming broadside into Max's Harley's left front fender, then rammed it broadside into Snake's Harley, killing both men instantly.

When I lost Max, I thought my life was ended.

Michelle tried to console me.

In vain!

It seemed that nothing would ever be right again!

So, that all said, I think I'll get on with my story the way I had originally planned *before* I got side-tracked, so to speak. . .

Some months ago, Max, my late husband, had made reservations for us to attend The Club's Halloween Poke and Grope, an annual event that, under a more favorable circumstance (like going with Max!), I would have enjoyed immensely.

However, not since Max's untimely death in the motorcycle accident just after making these arrangements had I contemplated the wisdom of going to any such function without him. It was an agonizing decision for me, but after Harriet's (She owned The Bar and had just been elected the new Club

President, taking over the late Snake Harris' position) insistent persistence and the additional insistence of Michelle, I had finally consented to attend.

As Dr. Harry Gold (my gynecologist) added, "Damn it, Maxine, it'll be good therapy for you! Maybe you'll get lucky, meet another 'someone' and get laid!"

Yeah, right! My "someone" had just died, needlessly, and I was just supposed to "carry on" as if nothing had happened. Life may go on, but memories are forever!

No one could, nor would, take his place in my secret heart, not ever again!

'And, *no one* had better try!' I'd vowed piously.

I told him to stick to tending his li'l pussies and I'd take care of my own pussy cat.

Still, being alone is boring, and boring aloneness is greatly depressing, and that was why I had let them talk me into attending the party in the first place.

Oh, I've already made that clear. Sorry about that.

(I'm not really sorry. . . I just said that, tongue in cheek. . . so to speak!) (See the Introduction!)

Well, I wasn't really alone. Lynda and Lara were still my closest friends, and they'd tried their damndest to cheer me up. But, no matter how often Joyce Junior combed and set my hair or kneaded my aching shoulders or cooked one of my favorite dishes or knelt submissively between my gaping thighs, his mouth busy at what he and Melvin do best, eat pussy! I wallowed in my self-pity, enjoying my martyrdom without knowing, nor car-

ing, what I was doing to myself as well as those around me!

On the morning of the party, Lynda called and told me she had an outfit for me that would be the highlight of the evening. I laughed. How could anything possibly best my thin black leather flamenco dancer outfit worn with no undies that I had worn to Max's initiation? But, I dutifully packed a suitcase and we (Michelle, my Model T and I) were off to The Big City where Max had booked us into a première suite at The Imperial Plaza, one of The Big City's best hotels, and not too shabby a joint to stay at either! Max and I had enjoyed their hospitality many times in the past.

Still, I was afraid to face those memories alone. But as Lynda pointed out, "Better the devil you know than one you've never met, my dear girl!"

Now I know Lynda meant well, but dammit, my Modista should know her place, and a proper maid would keep her damn opinions to herself. I mean, shouldn't they realize that I was still in mourning?

Well, of course they should!

Right?

Right!

Still, they had a point, and I knew deep in my secret heart that sooner or later, I'd have to come face to face with my own personal bug-a-boos, so why not sooner and get them out of my system?

Sure, why not? Because it's always easier *said* than *did*, that's why, dammit!

Arriving about fourish, I left the details to Lynda while I went to Joyce's and got all dolled up before wandering through the better specialty shops of The

Big City's Canal-Town Mall, spending my plastic like there was no tomorrow!

Yeah, I know, the bills would come later. . . they always do! But, what the Hell? You only go around once, so enjoy yourself!

And, Max had left me an estate that I had found more than adequate to sustain and nourish me for the rest of my natural life!

I'd rather have had my Max, but a cruel, uncar-ing Fate had decreed otherwise.

Now I'd known we were well off because we never lacked for a thing. We lived in an old, abandoned gambrel-roof cow barn that we'd had converted into a twelve thousand square-foot, six bedroom home that we then found barely adequate to hold our eclectic collection of antiques and "small" collect-ibles and everything else we'd collected along the way.

Max had driven a conversion-van that was less than a year old, and he also drove a brand new Lin-coln convertible that he kept parked in our three-car garage. And, that's not counting the twin sno-cats, the twin ATV's, the twin dirt bikes in the last bay, nor Max's cherry 1957 Chevie Convertible (Candy-Apple Red with a white leather interior and continental tire on the rear!) that was kept under wraps and treated like a baby! Oh, I forgot to men-tion the old Model-T pick-up that I had had restored and drove constantly! With an Olds 88 Rocket V-8 engine pushing an Olds fluid drive transmission coupled to a hard fisted Columbia two-speed rear-end, I gave many a driver a start when I left them in the dust!

We ate well, and we dressed well. We did what we wished; when we wished; how we wished; and with whom we wished. And we answered to no one but ourselves.

Still to be honest, we hadn't always had it so cushy! When we'd first joined forces, we'd been poorer than two proverbial church mice, but through close attention to business minutiae and assiduous investment strategies, we had done quite well, thank you! Oh, I already said that. So, sue me!

Yeah, I know I said that Max "left me his estate." What I meant was that his will left his share to me, because if I'd've died first, he'd've then got my half of our "joint" estate.

See? It's really all quite simple.

I went wandering through the specialty shoppes in the Mall. I really liked Frederica's French Shoppe, the lingerie was exquisite, so much so that I bought the only four items the shoppe had in my size, tall-twenty. Now usually, I can wear a size eighteen in jeans, and sometimes I can even squeeze my cute little ass into a pair of sixteens, but if I want my 44-D jugs to jiggle comfortably loose in my bodice, I need all the room a size twenty dress or blouse offers!

And, sometimes my tits need even more room. . . but, that's another story!

I stopped at The Alternate Lifestyles Book Store to buy some Lesbian romances. I even bought several on TVism, a subject near and dear to our hearts, since I am a dyed-in-the-wool TV who would love to be a TS!

Oh, my. . . hadn't you guessed?

Well, no, I did *not* say it straight out. . . but you should have guessed. I hinted at it often enough.

I mean, after all, this book is published by a TV/TS/TG/CD oriented publisher. . .

Right?

Right!

Anyway, I was born about twenty-four years ago (OK, OK! So forty-four! But who's counting? Besides, it's *my* life story, and I can write it any way I want!) (So there!)

I grew up in Central Georgia where my father had moved the family after the Big War (which Big War? Guess, if you can!). I'd been a small child, the oldest of four, the other three being girls (Actually, I was born the second oldest, but my older twin-sister had been a still-birth, leaving me to the tender mercies of my distraught Mother and her head-strong girl-friend, Ms Anabel Harcourt.

At the time, Mother only had me, was separated from my Dad and living with Anabel near The Big City of Savannah. Yes, I said "living with Anabel," and I mean just that, Mom *was* living with her. So, sue me, that's just the way it was!

And, we would've been much better off if she'd stayed with Anabel.

But, she didn't. The girls came in quick succession after she went back to her husband, my biological Father, and stayed with him until he died.

So, after an unhappy childhood that was filled with memories of drunken rages and hurting fists and lots of screaming and yelling, I left home for the US Army two days after I graduated High School at seventeen. Then, the plane crash that resulted in

my eventual retirement, much against my stated wishes. But, the Army being the Army, the wishes of an unknown major mean little in the Army's grand scheme of things. After The Army came my college education on the G I Bill, Law School, my admission to The Bar, and the practice of Law for many years.

I was married soon after Law School, was a direct participant in the birth of our four children (all girls) and saw to it that neither my wife nor our children ever lacked for a thing.

Which, as you might have already guessed, was a mistake! The girls grew into younger versions of their whiny, grasping Mother and made my life Hell-on-Earth with their constant demands for more and more of what they already had.

When my last girl reached eighteen, *The Divorce* soon came about, initiated by my greedy wife (abetted by an even greedier ex-mother-in-law!), and I found myself at loose ends for the first time in almost thirty years.

Oh, I still see my daughters' families occasionally, but not one of them will publicly admit to any personal relationship since I emerged from *The Closet* to become she who I'd always been inside, *Miss Maxine Derringer*.

Then, the day after *The Divorce*, my automobile accident. A drunk driver ran a red light on Pelham Drive and hit my Pontiac head-on, sending me head-first through the windshield! As you might imagine, it scrambled my brain cells; so much so that I could no longer practice Law since I had little or no memory left to draw on nor to guide me.

During my recovery in the hospital near The Big City, I met Max. He was recovering from "polio as an

adult syndrome,” and we began to support one another in many ways.

During one of our many intimate tête-a-têtes, Max revealed his homosexuality to me, describing his long-term relationship with “Billie,” a cross-dressing TV, with whom he had lived for many years. He explained that Billie had disappeared when he (Max) got “sick,” saying, “I won’t live with a cripple!”

Max then expressed his fervent desire to locate, and court, another TV or TS, with the possibility of “marriage. . .” if *she* could agree to be *The Wife*. . . full time.

I agonized for several days about whether or not to “come out” to him, afraid that he’d be scornful of “Miss Maxine,” as “she” was of a strictly heterosexual orientation. . . male (me) -to-female (whoever), so to speak, and wanted a relationship based solely on that precept, or so I fantasized.

I needn’t have worried. Max confessed that he had known I was different from the first time we’d talked, and that as far as he was personally concerned, Maxine could be anything she wished, when she wished, as she wished, and he’d never say nor do anything to upset her.

I unburdened my soul to Max, telling him things about Maxine that I had never dared tell my ex-wife, things that not even my own Mother knew about me! In the end, I realized that I had found someone who would accept me the way I was, with no reservations and no precontrived pretensions between us.

Maxine was *female* through and through, always had been, always would be, and she would react to

Max as a female in all things as an equal partner. That's not to say she'd be a stereotypically submissive mouse, because she wouldn't, wasn't, and never wanted to be! Maxine had a mind of her own, and she knew damn well how to use it!

While Maxine would consider being wined, dined, courted and seduced, she would *never* consider giving up her freedom of choice!

Feminine, female and submissive to a fault, yes.

Dominated and put into bondage, maybe.

But outright *ordered*?

To blindly *obey*?

Never!

Not she!

Not in a million years!

Anyway, once we'd both recovered somewhat (we'd both been discharged from the hospital by that time and were living in the same adult home, The Woodside Nursing Home near the mountains we both loved. In fact, after the first week there, we had become roommates.), we decided to rent a two-apartment house in the local area, with me in the upstairs apartment and him in the lower, and that worked well for both of us!

Max seduced Maxine (*me!*) one night (I'd had one too many glasses of champagne, and he took blatant advantage of my one weakness!), making love to me as a man to a woman (I told you Maxine was all woman!), and tearing my woman's sex wide apart when he opened my tender orifice to a size that accommodated his rampant over-sized prick.

Now Maxine (*me!*) was no virgin to men, having accommodated several lusty males before Max, but, for all practical purposes, she (*me!*) might just as well have been!

Max was hung like a horse, much larger than anyone I had ever accommodated in all my previous experience in “hosting” a male member!

I’d practiced walking with a decided wriggle while wearing heels, but few had known that some of my twitch afterwards was influenced by the throbbing ache that I continued to experience for months. And, because Max had started to “take” me nightly, my poor girl’s sex never had a chance to completely heal before it would be ripped wide open. . . again!

Not that I ever complained because as Maxine, I was thrilled to live full-time as a female, explaining, “Submitting to my mate’s sexual needs and demands as any bride must, is a small price to pay for the benefits gained, especially when that decision has been removed from my hands by my dominant, aggressive husband!”

The only drawback in an otherwise ideal life was that Max had not *married* me. So, one evening, I’d raised the subject carefully and, to my delighted surprise, he was in favor of making this final commitment, agreeing to contact his cousin, The Right Reverend Sister Rozelynn Carrie, Minister of the G.A.L.s (Gays and Lesbians) Church in The Village.

Several days later, I was surprised when I answered my doorbell to discover a tall, imperious Amazon wearing a pin-striped power suit and black homburg, with a backwards white collar, standing outside the door!

Since Max had given me no advance warning that Sister Carrie was intending to visit, I was flustered and apologetic that I wasn't "properly prepared" for early morning visitors, whereupon Sister Carrie put me at ease immediately.

"I purposely did *not* tell dear Maxwell that I was coming to see you," she explained. "You see, I seldom stand on ceremony, preferring instead to meet people as they are and *not* as they think I should. I find that I am able to form a better relationship with my parishioners that way." She smiled, "Besides, I think you more than pass muster!"

Thank you for reassuring me," I replied graciously, "but had I known, I'd've baked some cookies and got out the good china. . ."

"Precisely why I didn't warn you I was coming," Sister Carrie laughed. "I'm more impressed with deeds than material appearances."

"Still. . ." I murmured doubtfully.

"Still, I'm here," Sister Carrie smiled. "May I come in?"

"Oh, of course!" I apologized, standing aside. "Excuse me! Please, come in, won't you?" I held the door wide.

Sister Carrie looked around, nodding appreciatively. "Yes, I can definitely see Maxwell's influence, but I also see a tenderness and softness that isn't him. I like it!" She pointed at the four nude ballerina paintings decorating the living room wall. "Did you paint these?"

"Why, yes, I *did!*" I admitted in surprise, "but how on God's Earth could *you* have known that I was the artiste who had painted them?"?"

“Just a lucky guess,” Sister Carrie grinned disarmingly. “Actually, your Maxwell told me,” she admitted. “May I examine them closer?”

“Oh, yes! Be my guest!” I invited, flattered by the woman’s interest.

Sister Carrie examined each portrait in turn, nodding her head while clucking softly under her breath. “Tell me, my Dear,” she asked casually, “do you always paint so graphically?”

“Why. . . yes,” I answered, taken by surprise. “*Life* is usually graphic.”

“Yes, of course,” the woman agreed. “Are they of anyone in particular?”

“Well. . . yes,” I confessed. “This one, for instance,” I pointed at the first painting of a large-breasted woman poised on the tips of her ballerina slippers, “is a boy I’ve known since childhood.”

The subject was turning towards the artist with a surprised look on her face, but aside from the red ribbons wound around her trim ankles and plump calves from her ballet slippers, and the miniscule leotard dangling in her fingers, the woman was completely nude.

She’s male?” Sister Carrie asked incredulously.

I nodded. “*Was,*” I admitted slowly, softly.

“Incredible.”

“This is another friend,” I pointed to the next. “She’s her brother.”

The second picture depicted a ballerina poised atop the toes of her ballerina slippers, a small bouquet of flowers held to her nose, her crooked elbows

shielding her naked breasts while a strategically placed flower compote on the table she was standing behind, shielded her sex without covering her nudity.

“Surely you jest!” Sister Carrie blurted.

No, they *were* twin brothers,” I affirmed. “They’ve both had *the operation!*”

“And, now they’re *sisters?*” she asked incredulously.

“Something like that,” I admitted, grinning.

“And, this one?” Sister Carrie pointed to the third. “Is that a boy too?”

The painting showed a large-breasted woman wearing sheer, pink bikini panties to mask her curved, cloudy femininity, spinning on her toe, her other leg bent up across her calf and her arms stretched far above her head by her partner, a well muscled, smiling chorus-boy, who was twisting her body, his other hand resting on her naked hip.

“Almost,” I grinned. “She’s taking hormones and having electrolysis, but she still hasn’t scheduled the big one. Her husband’s afraid he’ll lose her when, or *if*, she becomes a real woman.”

Sister Carrie nodded thoughtfully. “Unbelievable! And this one?” indicating the last painting.

The picture showed a statuesque blonde woman, her tousled hair tumbling about naked shoulders and down her shapely back, with D-cup breasts and ringed nipples, and a tiny (by comparison) waist above wide hips, who was half-turning away from the artiste while she was answering a French Bou-doir telephone, showing her plump bottom and long, curved legs poised atop her sturdy “pointes.”

She was completely bare, totally unconcerned and unashamed of her nudity.

“A feeble attempt at a self-portrait,” I confessed slowly.

“If *that’s* feeble,” Sister Carrie exploded, “I’d love to see a *strong* one!”

I blushed with pleasure. “You’re too kind.”

“Do you still do models?” Sister Carrie asked after a moment.

“Not in some time,” I replied carefully. “Not since Max and I. . .”

“Oh, Max! Pooh on him!” Sister Carrie laughed. “Have you painted him?”

“Well, in a manner of speaking,” I grinned. “I wrote all over him with a red felt tip pen one night, then adorned my fruit drawings with whipped cream. I was lapping whipped cream from around his lollipop when he awoke. . .” I giggled.

“And what did he say about that?” Sister Carrie giggled in return.

“He spanked me, the brute!” I blurted. “And it *hurt!*”

“Well, you probably deserved it!” Sister Carrie agreed, nodding.

“Decidedly,” I agreed with an impish smile.

“Anyway, I have a model in mind. . .” Sister Carrie began.

“*You*, of course,” I replied teasingly. “Right?”

Sister Carrie nodded. “Yes, I believe that *you* could depict the *real me* the *secret me*, like no one else could. . . or *would!* There’s so much more to the

inner me than just the outer wrapping!” she affirmed

“You flatter me,” I blushed. “Besides, you might not appreciate what I may see as the *real* you. . .”

“Try me,” the other woman invited.

I studied her imposing profile for a moment. Then, “Turn,” and after a short pause, added, “Please?”

Slowly, totally conscious of her profound effect on me, Sister Carrie obeyed, spinning atop her high heels gracefully.

I noted the proudly lifted chin, the close cropped, auburn hair, the jiggling of large, unbrassiered breasts and their prominent nipples, the jiggling of wide, feminine hips and an ample bottom stretching her skirt almost beyond its bursting point, to her spike heeled ankle boots, and concluded that Sister Carrie was indeed, *The All American Woman* of my most secret wet dreams!

Sister Carrie giggled. “Do you like what you see, *Miss Maxine?*” she teased.

I blushed when I realized I’d been staring, my jaw hanging open with wonder. Slowly, I nodded.

“Beautiful! I’d love to paint *you!*”

“In the nude, of course,” the woman added softly.

“Oh, absolutely!” I agreed absently, then blushed helplessly.

“But not with a red felt tip pen!” the woman giggled.

“Oh, no!”

“And no whipped cream!” the woman teased. “You hear me, *Girl?*”

“No whipped cream, Ma’am,” I echoed, blushing anew.

“At least, not *yet*. . .” Sister Carrie continued in the same teasing tone.

I blushed helplessly. Sister Carrie seemed to have an opened window straight into my very soul!

“OK, Girl,” Sister Carrie was all business now, “what’s on your mind, besides that gorgeous blonde hair? Is it yours?”

“Right out of the bottle and bought and paid for!” I quipped.

“You know what I mean,” Sister Carrie chided with a soft giggle.

“Well, since you put it that way. . . yes,” I agreed coyly, “and to answer your next question, yes, Max and I want to get married.”

“A Church wedding, of course?”

I nodded. “Yes, Ma’am, with flowers and white satins and vows and all!”

“Vows, as in ‘love, honor, and *obey*?’”

I blushed. “Exactly!”

“A man to a woman marriage, or a man to a man dressed as a woman marriage?” Sister Carrie asked seriously.

“Well, therein lies the problem. You see, the body’s neither the one nor the other, neither wholly male nor wholly female,” I confessed.

“How so?” Sister’s brows arched questioningly.

“Well, I’ve been on hormones for ages and I’ve been depilated from my ears to my toes. I’ve had a breast augmentation, a rib resection, waist liposuc-

tion, and I even had my bottom enhanced slightly. My nipples, my septum, and my navel have been pierced, as you can clearly see in my self-portrait. I have three piercings in each ear lobe and Max wants me pierced in another place. . .”

“Nuff said!” Sister Carrie laughed. “I can just guess!”

I laughed. “Maybe for his birthday?” I suggested hesitantly.

“Or a surprise wedding present?” Sister smiled indulgently.

“Yeah, he’d *love* that!” I agreed, giggling foolishly. “To continue, I’ve yet to have the final reassignment surgery, but I don’t think that my Max would like it if I did have the final surgery!”

“How do *you* feel about it?” Sister asked gently.

“That’s a problem too,” I mused. “You see, sometimes I feel that I should go all the way so that I can be a wife to *my* husband just like other women are with their’s, and then I remember the pleasure Max gets when he pops my little pipi in and out of its tight little snugger before playing with it until I’m ready for a romp in the hay, and I have second thoughts. What if I lose my sensitivity down there? What if I won’t enjoy sex afterwards? What if *this*? What if *that*? It’s enough to drive me right up the wall!”

“What does your doctor say about that?”

“He keeps telling me that science has made great strides in restrictive and reconnective surgery since Christine Jorgenson, but I can’t help but wonder and be concerned. After all, it’s not *him* who’s being cut on!”

“True,” Sister agreed.

“So, what to do? I just don’t know!” I sighed. “Because, even though I may look exactly like other women in almost every respect, the fact is, I’m not.”

“And that bothers you?”

I nodded. “It surely does!” I affirmed, my voice aquiver.

“Then, don’t. As long as you’re reasonably happy the way you are, I’d advise you to wait. If, later on, you change your mind, or come to a concrete decision, then will be soon enough.”

I brightened. “Why, that’s how I feel!”

“Good!” Sister agreed. “Now, about this wedding. . .”

“Yes?”

“I picture you as a Gibson-Girl bride dressed in white satin and latex with a heavy veil, button boots, lace-gloves holding a tiny bouquet of violets with your husband-to-be in either navy-blue or black. You’ll need one maid-of-honor. . .

“Lynda, of course,” I interrupted excitedly. “With little Melvin as ring bearer!”

“And Max’ll need a best man. . .”

“That’d be George. . . of course.”

“And who will give the bride away?”

“My Dad!”

She gazed at me with a startled look on her face.

“My Dad and I are on the best of terms,” I explained, “And he would be greatly offended if I were to ask anyone else.”

“Then, he knows?” She nodded meaningfully.

“Oh, yes, he and Mom have always known, and they have always supported us in every way possible. In fact, Max and Dad are the best of friends too. . .”

Sister placed her fingertip over my lips. “Hush, child,” she cautioned, “I’m planning this wedding!”

Chastened, I “hushed. . .”

* * *

CHAPTER 9 I’M MARRIED!

I sighed happily as I glanced down the aisle at the few guests who’d come to witness my nuptials. There was Harriet and her slavish escort, Jackie, who fawned and made over her as usual; my doctor, Harry, and his Victorian wife, Madeline; Max’s cousin Marvin, and his teen-aged daughter, Miriam Louise, a pert young miss, only recently graduated from prep school, and precocious beyond her sixteen years! I smiled at her, blushing under my veil when she cupped her ample breasts and blew a kiss in my direction.

“Who’s that?” Sister Carrie’s husband, Samuel, asked, nodding at Miriam.

“My husband’s cousin,” I slurred softly through the wedges holding my lips in a pretty, wide-open, pout. “She’s jus’ a big flirt!” I mumbled.

“You must introduce me!” he replied, smiling at her. Miriam had the courtesy to blush, though her glance was bold as brass!

I looked at my Dad and smiled nervously. He patted my arm comfortingly. "It will go just fine, my love," he whispered his encouragement.

I squeezed his hand gently and was rewarded by his loving smile.

The measured steps of our "hesitation walk" down the aisle, gave me plenty of time to recap the events of the past few days.

Ever since Sister Carrie had visited me at my home, she'd been a whirlwind of activity, leaving no stone unturned in her quest to make my wedding as perfect as possible. I'm sure I could never have done what she did in so short a time!

I was in awe of this remarkable woman. Would that I were one half the female woman she was, I'd never be lacking in any way!

But, I am what I am, the best I can be!

So? Sue me!

Anyway, I smiled at Ginger Peachy (Well, *she* says it's her real name! That's good enough for me!) who was sitting in the second row and wondered when she'd be following me down the aisle.

Several of my other girl friends had managed to attend also. I saw Christine Elizabeth, Gloria, Barbara, Chris Kristi and Harriet all smiling at me, and I smiled at them in turn. I knew they made Max extremely nervous. . . I mean, he gets up-tight about TVism and TSism when it's not me. . .

Oh well, so do a lot of other people, and it's really too bad because most of us are just regular guys. . . er, gals. . . no, persons. . .

I mean, we live our lives, have bills, work at jobs we sometimes hate, and we all try to be law-abiding citizens for the most part, just like our neighbors.

The only thing different about us is our sexuality or sexual preference, and when you get right down to it, we are no different in that respect either! We're just husbands and wives, boyfriends and girlfriends, men and women, couples and singles. The fact that some of our relationships are backwards by societal standards is of no consequence, since many of our contemporaries are just as mixed up in their own way as we are!

So, why differentiate in the first place?

I don't!

But, enough sermonizing already.

“Do you take this man to your lawfully wedded husband, to love him, to cherish him and to *obey* him, for richer, for poorer, in sickness or in health, and forsaking all others, for so long as you both shall live?”

‘What?’ I was startled. ‘*Obey*? I never agreed to that!’ I thought peevishly.

Sister Carrie's soft voice cut through my reverie, and I started visibly. “I do,” I managed after an eternity of hesitation.

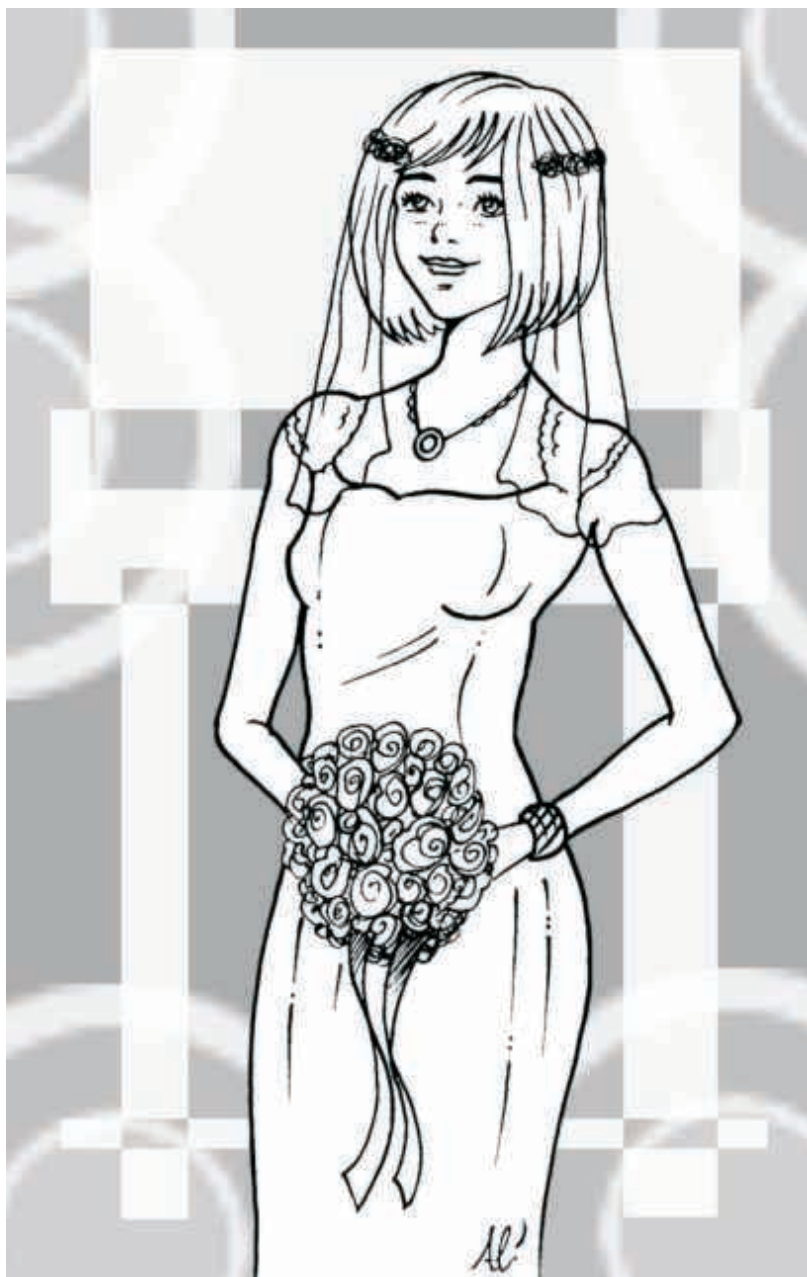
She smiled at me and turned to Max. “Do you take this woman. . .” was all that I heard. The next thing I knew, Max was kissing me as Sister looked at us with a beatific smile.

I looked at my left hand to see the wedding ring on my third finger. . .

It was done.

I was a wife. . .

Max's wife!



My heart burst with joy and I kissed him back passionately.

“Hey, save some of that for later!” he whispered and I blushed furiously.

Moments later, we raced up the aisle, down the steps and into a stretch limo, which whisked us off to the reception. . .

I was in a daze. I didn’t know where I was nor even what I was doing while I was doing it! All I did know was that I was married again, only this time, I was the blushing bride who threw her bouquet and let her husband remove her garter!

Then, Lynda and Sister Carrie were undressing me, bathing me (again!), and redressing me for the honeymoon! I thought that a too-tight corset and a Gay-90s Matron’s attire were inappropriate for the occasion, but when I saw the delighted smirk on Max’s lips, I realized that they knew exactly what they were doing!

Much later, I gazed around the honeymoon suite, noting the discarded articles of femininity in charming disarray mixed with my husband’s things, while I basked in a warm glow as Max’s sexually satisfied wife, and I knew that I had reached my main goal in life, even though I hadn’t even known I was reaching for it, nor even that it had existed. . . until now!

* * *

CHAPTER 10

MARIANNE ENTERS MY LIFE

OK, so I’m a bear for punishment! I went back to Harriet’s bar the following week just to see if the id-

iot dared show his face again and lo and behold, there he was! He got one look at me entering the bar and he couldn't get out of there fast enough! I laughed at his haste and spoke to Harriet, "Some people never learn, I guess."

"That jerk has been in here since around five this afternoon and if he's insulted one girl, he's insulted a dozen or more! Damn, girl, how'd you like a job keeping creeps away? I can't pay much, but your drinks will never cost you one thin dime!" she averred heatedly.

I giggled. "Picture that, me, a bouncer! What would Max think?"

At the mention of my late husband, hot tears stung my eyes and I looked away.

Harriet said nothing, but I knew she felt my pain.

But, what's past is past and there is no going back to rectify wrongs or whatever.

I moved to the end of the bar where my favorite bar stool miraculously became vacant and I sank into it gratefully, leaned back, my elbows on the bar and I sighed longingly. About then, I noticed another tiny blonde girl seated at Michelle's table right in front of me talking to Michelle earnestly.

'Now what mischief is that girl up to now?' I wondered idly.

As Michelle had done, the girl gazed at me worshipfully, her hands held prayer-like under her softly rounded chin.

"You think something's funny?" I snarled.

"Oh, no, Mistress, quite the contrary!" she avowed. "I think you are the most magnificent Queen I have ever had the pleasure of meeting!"

My good God, shades of that damned Michelle!

I crooked my index finger at her. "Approach!" I ordered.

She stood and came to stand in front of me. She curtsayed politely as I noticed that she was tiny, like Michelle, even with her high heels she was just a shade over five feet tall!

"Tell me, girl, why do you think I am such a magnificent Queen?" I demanded harshly.

"The way you handled that brute tonight and last week!" she replied worshipfully. "He has been bothering all of us girls for many weeks and we just couldn't get rid of him! He just would not take, 'No,' for an answer!"

"Well, girl," I smirked, "I don't think he'll dare come around again, but if he does, just let me know and I will remind him of my promise! OK?"

She curtsayed again. "Yes, Mistress, I shall!"

I looked her over deliberately, my eyes raking across her visible attributes rudely. She stood about five feet tall, even in her four inch high heels! She had long blonde hair gathered into twin pigtails at the sides of her head just behind her ears which were pierced three times each. He had pretty blue eyes and a baby-smooth complexion that I wanted to examine right there on the spot! Had I ordered her to disrobe, she would have done it without hesitation! But, I didn't know that. . . yet!

And with all the rest, she was beautiful, absolutely gorgeous! God, Max would have loved to tumble her into bed and taken her, and I have no doubt she would have let him! She reminded me of Lucy Ewing on the old "Dallas" teevee show. She had the

same sweet, gamin-like face and womanliness in a child's body.

"Are you collared, girl?" I demanded suddenly.

Her face underwent a sad change. "Not any more, Mistress!" she admitted reluctantly.

"Tell me, what happened?"

"My former Mistress found someone younger to warm her bed," slowly, shamefully.

"Younger?" I exploded. "Some women like them young, like untrained babies!" I snarled sharply. To her, "My good God, girl! You can't be more than twenty or twenty-one, at most!" I exclaimed with some surprise. "Just how old are you anyway?"

"I was twenty-six on my last birthday, Mistress," she admitted shyly, curtsying.

"Well, you hold your age well, girl!" I praised.

"Thank you, Mistress," she replied, blushing as she curtsyed.

"So you are presently uncollared?" I demanded.

She nodded in shame. "Yes, Mistress," and curtsyed again. She had been extensively trained in the polite amenities!

"Are you looking to be collared again?" I demanded.

She nodded shyly and curtsyed. "Oh, yes, Mistress, yes! Yes! Very much so!" she exclaimed.

I turned to the bar. "Hey, Harriet, hand me one of those spiked collars you keep under the bar!"

"Sure, Max," as she handed me a wide, black leather dog's collar that was studded with sharp steel spikes all along its length.

“Hold up your hair,” I ordered without preamble. She obeyed quickly. The collar was soon in place, drawn in tightly enough to bite into her soft skin. “There, you are owned again!” I smiled.

She knelt before me, took my hand in hers and started kissing my knuckles reverently. “Oh! Thank you, Mistress! Thank you from the bottom of my heart!” she whispered.

“You may not be so thankful once you have felt my whip caressing your bare ass!” I laughed.

“I love you, Mistress!” she averred fervently.

I stood. “Follow me!” I ordered and went into the Ladies with her hot on my heels. I soon chased two obvious wannabes out and had locked the door. “Pull up your skirt and bend over,” I ordered.

Without hesitation, she obeyed, her pretty ass cheeks broken only by the thing strap of her thong panties. “I’m going to whip you,” I began, “and you are not to move. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress,” came the choked reply.

Without warning, I laid my coiled whip smartly across the fullness of her cheeks, paused, then smacked her again. She never moved a muscle! I gave her ten smart strokes with my coiled whip and told her, “Stand!”

She stood and her skirt fell down across her whipped ass. But except for her eyes full of hot, glistening tears, she made no sound.

“Do you know my Model-T?” I demanded.

She nodded. “Oh, yes, Mistress.”

“Go out and get into the back. You will find a short chain there. Lock it to your collar, pull the old

horse blanket over you and wait. You may sleep as I may be a while.”

“Yes, Mistress!” She smiled with happiness, curtseyed and hurried from the bar.

I turned to Harriet. “Who is that delicious little piece of quail?” I asked.

“All I know is that her name is Marianne and as far as I knew, she was the property of Dolores Marteen up on University Hill.”

“Well, Dolores’ stupidity is my gain,” I smiled. “Do you know anything about the girl’s family or what she does for a living, or anything else at all useful?”

“Nope, not a thing! She’s always been a very private person, minds her own business and stays out of trouble. Not a bad kid, considering. . .”

“Considering what?” I asked, intrigued.

“Well, as you know, Dolores has a heavy hand and a vicious temper and I have seen Marianne come in here several times with a big mouse, and once both eyes were blackened and enflamed, and the fresh bruises on her face showed definite signs of physical abuse.”

“Yeah, I know Dolores,” I admitted reluctantly. “She always did go a bit far with her girls. . .”

“Yep, that she does,” Harriet agreed. “And if you hadn’t collared Marianne, I had intended on collaring her myself!” she admitted with a wry smile.

“Hey, if you want her, Harriet, she’s yours! I would never interfere with someone else’s claim to her rightful property! After all, you saw her first!” I back-pedaled hurriedly.

“No, no, it’s all right!” she laughed. “It was just an idle thought on my part. My wife wouldn’t like having another female around, not even one she could boss around!” Harriet grinned.

“Good! Then I’m taking her out to the farm. I wonder how she will feel in the morning after spending all night chained up in my horse barn?” I giggled.

“You wouldn’t?” She pretended shock.

“Would, should and shall!” I laughed.

“She’ll love it!”

“Well, we shall see!” I stood, shook hands with her, turned and beckoned to Michelle who had been sitting there waiting patiently all the time I was collaring Marianne.

I was stunned by the disappointed look on Michelle’s lips.

“What’s your problem, girl?” I demanded. “Are you upset because I collared another girl?”

She shook her head. “No, Mistress,” she admitted.

“Then what is it, for God’s sake?”

“You never collared me,” she admitted slowly.

“Well, good grief, I didn’t think I had to!” I exploded angrily. “You do belong to me, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress, but. . .”

“But. . . what?” I demanded.

“It’s not the same thing, Mistress!”

“Oh, for heavens sake. I turned to the bar. “Harriet, give me another one of those spiked collars!”

“Here ya go, Max!” Harriet laughed, handing me a duplicate of Marianne’s leather collar.

I beckoned to Michelle. “Bend forward.” When she did, I fastened the collar tightly around her neck, the heavy leather biting deeply into her throat when I deliberately drew it in one hole too many!

“There, how’s that?” I demanded.

Michelle gazed at me with adoring eyes. “Thank you, Mistress! Now I truly feel truly owned!”

“Slaves!” I shrugged at Harriet. To Michelle, “Go join your sister slave in the back of my truck.” She curtsied hurriedly and rushed out.

“You never can figure them out!” Harriet laughed.

I nodded. “Never!” I agreed solemnly. “Just when you think you’re OK with them, they throw you a curve and you’re right back to square one with them!”

Harriet laughed. “Ain’t it duh troot, Maxie,” she asked, “ain’t it duh troot?”

* * *

CHAPTER 11

MY BARN

I approached my Model-T and glanced into the back. I could see two pairs of high heels sticking out from under the horse blanket, and I flipped it aside, to see the frightened eyes of my small blonde girls. I checked their collars, and both were firmly fastened to the chain. I patted both up-turned butts with easy familiarity. “Good girls,” I praised. “At least you know enough to obey orders!”

When my latest acquisition went to respond, I placed my hand over her mouth.

“Do not talk. Do not ever talk. If I want you to speak, I will so inform you. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Mistress,” she whispered.

I slapped her up-turned bottom cheek briskly. “I did not give you permission to speak! Next time, I shall whip you just as I did my earlier victim. Understood?”

This time, she merely shook her head up and down.

“Good. Now, do you have a vehicle? Nod, if you do.”

She nodded.

“Is it drivable?”

Again she nodded.

“I’m going to unlock your chain and I want you to follow me to my farm. When we get there, I will open the barn door and you will drive your vehicle inside. Understood?”

She nodded her understanding.

“While I am closing the barn door, get out of your vehicle, stand beside it and wait for my orders. I will then tell you what to do. Remember, no talking or I will whip you!”

She nodded, her eyes shining with reverence.

I felt a stab of desire shoot down my spine.

You see, I had been another man’s wife and Mistress before Max. Long before. But I had never been a “Mistress!” If you catch my differentiation. This

was an entirely new thing for me and I relished “owning” this girl!

Swiftly, I unlocked her from the chain, leaving the collar firmly attached around her neck. Without warning, I reached out and unbuttoned her blouse, pulling it free of her skirt waist band. Under it, she was wearing a pretty pink lace bra, well filled with about “B” almost “C” cups. “Lose the blouse,” I ordered.

With no hesitation, she slipped out of the blouse and let it dangle from her fingers. Her eyes watched me with great expectation. So, in for a dime, in for a dollar!

“Lose the bra too,” I ordered harshly.

Again, with no hesitation, she reached behind her back and the bra joined her dangling blouse. She stood proudly erect, her breasts firm, her nipples wrinkled with excitement in the cool evening air. I touched a nipple, pinching gently and she shivered delicately.

“Ought to be pierced,” I mused in passing.

“If Mistress wishes!” she spoke without thinking.

Without a comment, I bent her over my up-turned knee, flipped her skirt out of my way, pushed her pink panties down to her knee-hollows and spanked her rounded bottom briskly!

Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

“I warned you!” I hissed when I had finished and stood her up-right. “I will do as I wish whether you approve of it or not. You wear my collar. That means you are the property! I shall do as I wish with my own personal property and I will never ask permis-

sion from that property! Is that clearly understood, bitch?" I demanded.

She nodded, her cheeks glistening with fresh tears.

"Good! Now, lose the rest of your clothes, quickly! No!" I corrected. "Leave your panties. It is a bit coolish!" I grinned sadistically.

When she had obeyed wordlessly, I spoke again, "Now get in your car and follow me."

She nodded, curtsied politely and went to a late model two seater sports car a few vehicles away from my old converted Model-T.

I got into the cab and without looking to see if she were following or not, drove quickly the thirty one miles to my farm. Yes, I left Michelle chained in the back. She was used to such treatment as my slave girl!

Let me explain the farm a bit. . .

Thirteen hundred more or less acres of woods, meadows and streams for hunting, fishing, riding and enjoying. I had inherited part of the acreage from my Dad who had inherited it from his Dad who had inherited it from his Dad who had inherited it from his Dad who had inherited it from his Dad who had bought it from the local Native-Americans back in the day. The rest my late husband and I had picked up along the way.

What I mean is, the original farm has been in my family for almost three hundred years. Parts of the first cabin are still part of the present day house although the main frame has been modified more than once since the first log cabin was built.

About me. As I said earlier, I am retired from the Military, about forty years old and a dyed in the wool transvestite, bordering on transsexualism. I am bi-sexual and depending on my state of mind, I prefer to be the husband, although I had been Max's wife once, and it was great! I had thought that would be forever, but Fate had decided otherwise and had removed my Max from the equation.

Me? I am a monogamous type. I only sleep with one person at a time, exclusively. I detest one night stands! That does not mean that I do not play the field occasionally, like now when I am minus a partner because of some drunken driver!

I live on the farm, alone now, but it does not sit idle. I run about three hundred steers that I am fattening up for sale this fall and I have about a hundred hogs that pretty much run free in the woods. I am an avid rider and have two Palomino horses that I try to exercise at least twice a week. Both like to run and I love the wind whipping my hair about. I ride side-saddle like any woman of the period would and my riding habit reflects it admirably!

As for any actual farming, I do not, unless you consider my flower beds and the garden as farming! I don't, but then, who am I to argue?

The house itself is a three story Victorian with a wide porch that wraps around three sides of the main part so that I can sit on the porch out of the sun whenever I wish.

Inside are four bedrooms on the upper two floors, two master suites on the second and two smaller maids' rooms on the third. On top of the house is a cupola with a widow's walk. I haven't been up there in ages although the view is magnificent!

The barn I have mentioned is an eighty foot long, forty foot wide gambrel roof building that is we converted into living quarters, but at one time, my forebears milked upwards of three hundred cows a day in what we called the cellar. That's where most of my inherited money came from, but I have no interest in that kind of work, nor in having that many hired hands lurking around the place! I have one part time man, a local farmer's son, who mows the lawn, weeds the garden, waters the horses and feeds all the livestock.

Enough of that.

I parked my truck, got out and opened the barn door. Marianne drove her little car inside and I closed the doors behind her. I opened her door. "Get out!"

Without a word, she got out, curtsayed and stood patiently.

"Lose your damn thongs, you stupid bitch!" I almost shrieked. "Is English your second language?"

Blushing profusely, she slipped her panties down and off. She was turned slightly away from me and I touched her shoulder.

"Face me, you stupid cunt!"

Except that as she turned around, I discovered that she was no "cunt" at all, stupid or otherwise! For between those creamy, trembling thighs was a teeny replica of a male penis! My good God, I have seen little boys who had more than *he* did!

"Well, I will be sheep-dipped!" I uttered in disbelief.

"Are you disappointed, Mistress?" *she* asked hesitantly, curtsying shyly.

For a moment, I forgot all about my admonition against speech!

“What? Who? Where? How?” I stammered.

“Permission to speak freely, Mistress?” *she* asked shyly, curtsying again.

I nodded, too shocked to speak.

She curtsyed, then began, “I was born a male, but this is as large as I have ever been. I guess I was a great disappointment to my Father because I was so tiny and effeminate, but my Mother thought otherwise! She practically raised me as her daughter after dear Daddy took off for parts unknown, and I have lived as a girl most of my life!

“I was home-schooled and all my friends were the daughters of Mother’s friends and I never knew there was a difference between us until I was about thirteen and one of the more aggressive girls wanted to play sex games during a sleep over. She was delighted to discover that I was a boy, but she was somewhat disappointed when I could not *be* a boy for her. That was when she showed me how to be a muff diver, a Lesbian.

“She never said anything to the other girls about my subterfuge, but she became a frequent over-night guest right up until she got married. I was her maid-of-honor and she was positively glowing from the aftermath of an orgasm when she minced down the aisle!

“I have many pictures, if you would care to see them,” she offered, curtsying.

“Sure, sometime,” I agreed, “but why didn’t you tell me at The Club that you were a boy?” I asked,

puzzled. And from now on, *he* is a *she* because that's the way I want it!

"I don't know, Mistress," she replied, curtsying and hanging her head in shame. "I guess I was just hoping you would never find out."

"Cow-a-bunga!" I murmured in disbelief.

"I'm a very good maid, Mistress," she continued with a curtsy. "From the time I was a small child, I was taught to serve the wants and needs of a Mistress and to be available for her use at any time, day or night."

"Really?" I asked, my eyebrow lifting questioningly.

She nodded. "Yes, Mistress, any time." Curtsey.

"That must have been inconvenient for you at times," I commented.

"My feelings in the matter were never a matter for discussion," she replied. "A maid must never question her Mistress' demands, no matter what they might be or not be!" Curtsey.

"And that's why you curtsy constantly?"

She blushed. "Yes, Mistress." Curtsey. "That's how I was taught." Curtsey.

"Well, that constant bobbing up and down would get on my nerves in quick order, so just a quick curtsy when you come into my presence and one when you are about to leave will suffice for me. Got that?" I demanded querulously.

"Yes, Mistress," she agreed, and damned if she didn't curtsy again!

"Stop with the up and down stuff all ready!" I exclaimed angrily.

“Yes, Mistress,” and this time she held herself in check, although I could see that her automatic reaction would be difficult for her to control in future.

“Good.” I motioned for her to turn, and when she did, I bound her wrists tightly with a rawhide string that I kept handy. Then, I led her to a stall next to the Palominos, shoved her in, fastened her to the manger and spread some straw on the floor. “You will stay here tonight while I decide what to do with you. I may decide to keep you and I may decide to put you up for sale at the next auction at The Club.

“At any rate, I have put some oats in your feed box and your water dish is self-filling with fresh water, so you will neither go hungry nor thirsty while I think things through. Understand? Nod if you do. Talk is over.”

Her eyes were sort of apprehensive at my announcement, but she nodded her head complacently enough as I turned to Michelle. “You will keep her company, slave!” I ordered.

And damned if Michelle didn’t curtsy, kneel beside Marianne and lock her collar to the other chain. Wordlessly she turned and crossed her wrists behind her back. Wondering at the depths of these two and their submissiveness, I bound her wrists as I had done Marianne, turned, closed the gate and locked it on them. Then I turned out the lights and left them in the darkness.

Yeah, I guess you could say that I am a sadistic and cruel Bitch, but so what? Hadn’t they practically begged me to make slaves of them?

Neither had objected to a single thing I had told them to do.

And Marianne had not objected to a single thing that I had done to her, like pinching her fully erect nipples and spanking her and making her strip to her thong panties before going to the farm where I made her strip fully on demand?

If she had not liked and accepted my treatment of her corporeal self, she could have objected and walked away.

But, she hadn't.

I had deliberately tightened her collar to a point just short of strangulation and there had been not one single peep of protest!

Obviously she had been abused in the past and in her mind it was just another part and parcel of belonging to someone.

And the little baggage was male to boot!

Not much of one, to be sure, but "male" nonetheless!

Wait until she found out about me!

That should prove interesting!

* * *

CHAPTER 12 MY DECISION

The next morning, I dwaddled over my second cup of not-so-hot coffee, trying to come to a conclusion about what to do with Marianne. On the one hand, I relished the thought of having another well trained lady's maid at my constant beck and call. And on the other hand, would she get in the way of

my intimate relationship with Michelle, or a husband, if I should decide to take another mate?

It was an exciting thought to have a male as a female maid, and a beautiful male at that! Those tits had to have been surgically augmented! They were too high and firm not to have been! But, was that true? And besides, what possible difference did it make whether they were home grown or store-bought? The point was, she had them and they were available and that's what counted!

And that, in and of itself, thrilled me to no end.

I mean, I have tits too. Mine are partially home grown and partially surgically enhanced, but I have them! My first husband had had my nipples pierced on our wedding day, and I had survived easily. I still had the little silver rings in them!

If I kept Marianne, her nipples should be pierced ASAP!

Would that change anything between us?

Would she resent my presumptive attitude towards her?

And what would she do when I ordered her to, "Bottoms up!" just before I took her in her rear passage? Would she obey without a whimper? Or would she object forcefully? Did I want to take the chance on pissing her off?

I wondered what sort of wardrobe she had. How much would it take to make her over into my image of the perfect maid? The money didn't bother me. After all, I can't take it with me when I die, so I plan on using it while I can!

My bloomers swelled with anticipation as I pictured my two maids, one a Gay 90's maid with floor

length skirts, high heeled button boots, lisle stockings, taffeta bloomers, a wasp-waisted corset, Mother Hubbard apron, mob cap and all the things that make that era so special to me! On the other hand, my other maid would be dressed in the most fashionable French Maid's attire available, from her black or white satin uniform mini-dress with its short, full skirt and the voluminous white petticoats peeping from beneath its flirty hem, nude, sheer-to-the-waist panty hose, high heeled opera pumps, her abbreviated apron more for show than utility, and, of course, she would speak French at all times!

Talk about excitement? My trapped sex was about to burst from my bloomers!

I had made my decision.

Marianne would stay and be a sister maid with Michelle.

God, the thought thrilled me as nothing else could have!

I think. . .

* * *

CHAPTER 13

DOLORES

It was the night of the big contest at Harriet's to choose this year's Queen, another Saturday night, I might add, when I became aware of someone or something standing in my direct view of the action, and when I glanced up, I saw that it was that miserable excuse for a queen, Dolores Marteen, the self-styled Queen of University Hill and her latest

ball of pink fluff. Ignoring all attempts at good taste, the stupid bitch started right in.

“Why, Maxine, darling!” she cooed as if her s*** wouldn’t melt in her mouth, “and how do you like f****n’ my used left-ocers?” and she nodded to a blushing Michelle. But, if she had expected me to cower submissively and let her get away with her insults, she was sadly mistaken.

But, I was more than ready for her. “Why, Dodo, sweet-heart!” I drawled lazily. “How very lovely to see you again! How have you been?” I cooed right back at her.

She glared at me and nodded at the cowering Michelle. “You know what I mean!” she snarled as her ball of pink fluff gazed at her adoringly.

“Oh, you mean my little slave-girl Michelle?” I asked, acting as if a light had just dawned on me. “Oh, she was tight as a virgin once I got in past the used part! Then she was great, one of the best I’ve ever had!”

She stared at me, thunderstruck. She had expected anything but my come-back!

“I hear she was looser than Goosey Goosey Gander’s goose!” she snapped after some thought.

“Oh, yes, I suppose she was. . . to you, needle dick!” I drawled nonchalantly.

“You f****n’ cunt!” she snarled, stepping forward threateningly.

I stood and faced her boldly as Harriet warned from behind the bar. “Take your fights outside, Dolores! I’ve warned you about that before!”

“Aw, this little cunt is nothing!” Dolores snarled. “I eat li’l pussies like her for breakfast every day!”

“Honey,” I drawled maddeningly, “you never saw the day you could eat my pussy much less take me in a face to face contest!” I took one step forward, brandishing my now uncoiled whip, forcing her to move back automatically.

“You’d sing a different tune if I had you in my dungeon for just one hour, we’d see just how flip-pant you’d be then!” she snarled.

“Honey,” I snarled in return, “if I were in your dungeon, it would be to teach you an object lesson in manners, since you are so gauche and rude otherwise!”

Dolores blushed at my gibe, glared at me, and when Marianne smiled with pleasure at our verbal exchange, she slapped Marianne hard across her unsuspecting cheek, then back-handed her viciously.

Without thinking about what I was doing, I belted Dolores right on the point of her chin and she went down like a poled ox!

Immediately, this insignificant little flaming fairy started slapping at my breasts with its tiny fists, crying, “Oh! You big brute! You’ve hurt my Mythreth! You big bully!” it cried.

In a flash, Marianne and Michelle had its arms pinned and I told it, “She should have let well enough alone! But, she’s a stupid bitch and never learns from her past mistakes!”

The fairy boy fell to its knees, cradled Dolores’ head in its lap and began to rub her cheeks. “Oh, Mythreth! Are you all right? Thspeak to me! Pleath!”

Dolores shook her head and jumped to her feet. "I ain't afraid of no f****n' pussy like you!" she blustered.

I swung my free hand, catching her full across her sneering face. Without pause, I back-handed her savagely. She fell to the floor again, stunned out of her mind.

"Ooh!" I drawled. "Guess what? Pussy's got claws and a pair of brass balls! Come on, Dodo, try something and I'll wipe the floor up with you!" I taunted.

"Take it outside," Harriet commanded.

I swung my arm in invitation. "After you, dear girl!"

Without warning, Dolores unleashed a vicious right at me, a right that I ducked easily as I grabbed her wrist, crab-walked her to the front door and out onto the sidewalk where I gave her a slight shove and she fell right on her fat ass in a rain puddle! She came up sputtering in anger.

"Why, you. . . you. . . f****n' cunt!" she yelped. "How dare you?"

Once more she lunged for me and once more she wound up flat on her ass in the same puddle! By now she was soaked to the skin.

"Oh, you big brute!" cried this little ball of pink fluff that I had seen clinging to Dolores' arm when she had first walked in. "You have hurt her!" it yowled.

I gave it such a glare. "And if you don't want your fat ass spanked with my whip, you'll fade back into the slime hole from whence you crawled!" I snarled at it.

“Oh! Oh! You. . .” it stammered and turned to comfort Dolores.

I left them there and returned to my bar stool.

“Can’t say she didn’t have it coming,” Harriet grinned.

“She asked for it,” I drawled. “She should have known better!”

“Hard headed German!” Harriet laughed.

“You oughta know, girl!” I laughed. “You’re married to one of them!”

“Yeah, ain’t it da troot?” she shook her head in agreement. “Ain’t it da troot?”

I nodded to Marianne, giving her permission to speak. “So that’s your replacement?” I asked in astonishment. “I always knew she was the stupidest bitch in the free world, but this is too much, even for her!” I exclaimed. “Why, it’s just a baby!”

“She likes them young and inexperienced,” Mistress.

“Why it can’t be more than sixteen or seventeen at the most!” I went on.

“It’s almost seventeen, Mistress,” Maarianne explained.

“She likes to rob the cradle, you mean?” I asked with a short laugh.

“Yes, Mistress,” Marianne agreed. “I was just seventeen when she acquired me.”

“Well, you’re mine now!” I told her.

She bowed her head but not before I saw the flash of pleasure in her eyes. “Yes, Mistress!”

* * *

CHAPTER 14 THE CONTEST

We created quite an impression when we reentered Harriet's Club right after I had taught Dolores a well-deserved lesson in manners. The joint was packed, but when Harriet (the bar owner) dislodged a bar stool occupant so that I had a place to sit down and rest my sore feet and ankles. Sky-high heels are murder on a girl's legs! Fortunately, my hobble skirt had a knee length zipper that, when opened fully, it allowed me some freedom of movement. Not too much, you understand.

Remember, I was wearing those damned ankle chains that Lynda loved so much!

I spun and rested my elbows on the bar, my twin maids kneeling reverently beside my leather covered legs, my right calf shimmering in the muted light..

"You look great tonight," Harriet whispered in my ear as she placed a ginger ale on the rocks on the bar beside my elbow. "You're a cinch to win!"

"Harriet, I did not come here tonight to enter any contest! I just came because you and my two maids would not quit badgering me about it!" I lamented.

"So says the most beautiful Queen in the place!" she teased with a half smile.

"Well, I am a Queen," I announced with a raised eyebrow. "I've been a Queen for longer than many of these people have been alive!"

I sat on my stool and sipped at my ginger ale, watching the crowd milling about around me as my

two collared slaves knelt on each side of me. They were dressed daringly, in my opinion, each wearing a sheer white net blouse, a short flirty white net mini-skirt, a wide leather belt around their tiny waists, nude thigh-high stockings and red “f***-Me” high heels. Neither wore a bra nor panties and their fully erect nipples were plainly visible, as were their excited little pipples, tracing little tents in their blouses and skirts!

I saw several people that I knew and nodded to them in greeting, but no one dared approach me. My reputation as The Leathered Ice Queen stood me in good stead.

At nine o'clock, the small stage lit up as Harriet mounted it and spoke into her microphone. “Good evening Ladies and Gentlemen, and you all know what you are, I think!” She paused while good natured laughter rippled through the crowd. “Tonight,” she continued, “we are gathered to elect our Queen for the coming year!

“Now, even though several of you dear friends have approached me about running myself, I must decline for personal reasons. My wife would kill me if I should win!”

Again, the crowd burst into good natured laughter as Harriet held up her hand. “But, I must say, I was totally flattered by your suggestion!”

Again, more laughter.

“Now, the rules are simple. The winner has to be female, or at least look and act like one!”

More laughter.

“And no past winners are eligible. No obvious males nor male acting persons. Other than that, the sky’s the limit!”

More laughter.

“OK, I have six girls signed up for the contest. Are there any I have missed? Any late comers or shy wall-flowers?” She looked the crowd over.

Michelle nudged me, “Mistress, you didn’t enter!” she scolded, shaking her head petulantly.

“No, and I don’t mean to!” I averred flatly, ending that train of thought. Or so I thought!

Standing and looking at me defiantly, Michelle quietly addressed Harriet. “Mistress of Election Ceremonies, my Mistress, Mistress Maxine, wishes to announce her candidacy for Club Queen!” as she curtseyed to the stage and knelt down in her place at my side.

“Good show!” Harriet enthused. “Any more contestants?”

“I’ll get you for this!” I threatened Michelle as I stood and made my way to the stage to stand with the other contestants.

“Well,” Harriet intoned, “I must say, we have seven little beauties this year. OK, now I want each of you girls to take the microphone and tell us why you should be elected Queen.”

One by one, the other six told a little bit about themselves. Then, it was my turn.

“I had no intention of entering this year,” I began, “but due to popular acclaim, my two demanding maids and your Mistress of Election Ceremonies, I have found myself placed in this unenviable position. I am already a Queen and I have been a Queen

since I was a youngster, and you all know what I mean!”

Once more the audience burst into happy laughter. “So, if elected, my first and only act as your Queen will be to declare all drinks free for the evening for everyone! Anything else, you’re on your own!”

Loud cheers greeted this announcement and the result was fore-ordained.

Ten minutes later, by a unanimous acclaim (and the obvious “help” of my almost transparent leather dress, my big, bouncing rack and my beautiful ass), I had been enthroned and was wearing the Queen’s crown while waving my scepter (my six foot bull whip!) at the gathered crowd. “As I promised, drinks are on the house! Let the festivities begin!”

Again, loud cheers greeted my pronouncement.

I turned to Harriet. “Don’t worry, dear, I’ll pick up the tab. I can afford it and I did make the promise! It’s the least I can do for the cause!” I grinned, “But maybe I should let you pay seeing as how you are responsible for me being Queen in the first place!” I teased.

She smiled wryly. “Yes, you did. And I would expect no less.”

“But, I am in a magnanimous mood, so the drinks are on me, and I mean I’ll pay, not have them poured on me!” I equivocated.

“Spoil sport!” I heard one of my maids mutter sotto voce.

I ignored her jibe. I’d have my say later!

The worse part of the whole scene was that I had to sit on the damn stage on a straight backed,

armed chair to “rule” over my subjects, who proceeded to dance and drink and carouse like there would be no tomorrow.

It was a blast!

Even Michelle and Marianne got into the swing of things. While I was otherwise occupied being Queen, they were claimed by two handsome male-types and found themselves being whirled dizzily around the dance floor. With their transparent dresses and the salve that Lara had smoothed onto their babyish pipis keeping them at full erection, their new partners knew the real deal long before they ever got involved with my maids!

After, I took both maids back to the farm (in spite of my best intentions to leave early, it was long after five in the morning before I got away!) and tethered them in the same stall with a rough horse blanket for covering, after I removed their blouses, skirts, belts, hose and high heels (that’s all they were wearing. Remember?). I sure didn’t want to ruin those pretty things as I might have a use for them in future.

“Waist not, want not,” as my beloved Grand-Mother used to say, or something like that.

There were big, happy smiles on each face when they snuggled together under the blanket and from the movement I could detect, I knew they would be well satisfied long before I awakened them later that morning!

And so it was. I questioned each at length about their activities with their dance partner, but there were no surprises.

Each had acquitted herself with honor when cuddled with their “man” in the private booths hidden in the depths of Harriet’s back room!

They are such delightful little fairy maids!

* * *

CHAPTER 15 **I AM F****D! (RAPED!)**

(FOLLOWING THE PROLOGUE)

“Unhand me, varlet!” I snapped with a melodramatic, affected toss of my curly mane, “else I’ll have thee clapped in irons in thine own dungeon!” I wriggled my bound wrists, held fast in their snug leather cuffs, the same cuffs that had been fastened by single links to the five inch wide leather belt that constricted my waist so viciously. Actually, my belt was an abbreviated corset, but it did pinch my middle something fierce!

“Ah ha, me Lady Maxine!” my “abductor” growled through his scowling grimace, a pleased smile wreathing his lips. “At last thee art in me power, and I shall have me way with thee, whether thee art willing or no!” He leered at me lasciviously.

“Oh, pooh!” I sneered, “I be not afraid of thee, Monster! Just wait until my Lord Protector gets his hands on thee, then thee’ll be singing a different tune!” My fingers wriggled in impotent fury as I tugged at my bonds impatiently.

Bowing low before me, he murmured, “Me Lady doth maketh idle threats.”

“I’ll have thee drawn and quartered and hung from the highest yardarms of Her Majesty’s Sea-Fleet,” I vowed as he fondled my heaving breasts lasciviously, “and thee had better leave my tits be! Their charms are not for the likes of thee!”



“Aah,” he chortled, “me thinks my Lady doth protesteth too much! After all, if I do not fondle thy pretty jugs, then who, pray tell?” His caressing fingers were setting my blood afire, and I felt the familiar buzz of passion fill my ears with its siren song.

“My tits are reserved for mine husband’s exclusive touch!” I announced loftily, while my traitorous nipples crinkled and strained towards his fingers, and I gave him such a scornful look that any other man would have cringed in mortal fear!

But, not M. Henri Quentin FitzMorris!

In the month since he had so easily and thoroughly seduced me after The Club’s Halloween Rope and Grope, our relationship had settled into a comfortable, satisfying rut of mutual acceptance and, most of all, sexual pleasure.

Although our sex life was not as good as it might have been (after all, that monster prick of his would stretch any “normal” woman, not to mention me!)(Now, I admit that I have taken some huge organs up my femmy twat in my time. . . Hell, my Max had had a nine inch long by two and seven eighths of an inch thick prick, and I had learned to accommodate him both top and bottom without squeaking, but I had never taken anything as thick and long as this three and an eighth inches by over thirteen inches long horse cock, and I wasn’t about to try!), but Henri seemed to be satisfied with the occasional hand-job.

Still, I like it best when I can hold it and be held while I slept...

All in all, a satisfying arrangement all around. . . or so I thought!

Recently, Henri had started some bondage routines similar to those I'd once enjoyed with my late husband, and I'd been overjoyed to become a willing "victim" for an occasional theatrical performance.

"Variety. . . and all that," Henri murmured, blowing seductively into my ear.

Damn!

Blow into my ear, and I'll do almost anything you tell me!

It drives me into a pure frenzy!

And, that S.O.B. (Sweet Old Bob) knew it!

He drives me right up the wall with his teasing tickles!

Especially when he knows I can't prevent it.

And sometimes, I don't think I want him to stop! I mean, not really. . .

Michelle keeps my knees under control by straps and one link of a chain, and when I walk, I sort of waddle like a constipated duck from the knees down (that's Michelle's estimation, not mine!), especially when I'm wearing heels, but I think that it gives my beautiful, fat ass a seductive "Marilyn" wriggle, which does become me, and that is an extremely satisfying thought!

Wait just one minute there, my ass is not fat!

It curves and swells in just the right place for my height. . . like my tits!

So, there!

Anyway, Michelle had dressed me for my date with Henri this evening, using a Victorian costume that was reminiscent of the costume I'd worn to the Gala last Halloween. Aside from the color and trim

(or lack, thereof), it was almost identical in every major construction and material detail.

Of course, the dress material was an Emerald Green velvet with a fitted bust, waist and hips, with a tulip effect for the rest of the skirt. It had a stand-up collar faced with lace and wrist-length mutton sleeves with French cuffs and gray pearl buttons that matched the buttons holding the bodice closed up my back.

She had corseted me tightly after bathing me (squeezing my waist relentlessly until it was exactly twenty-eight inches, which, for my height, was just right!), making sure that my whole body was depilated and softened thoroughly, a chore she enjoyed almost as much as I!

After corseting me and lacing me snugly into my pseudo-pussy cache sexe, she inserted my enameled toes into some black, nylon sheaths, rolling them up my legs and gartering them securely to the waiting tabs. Then, my unrestrained mammaries bouncing freely beneath, she'd put me into a dusty-pink taffeta camisole, tucking it into the matching taffeta drawers. You know, the old-fashioned style with the elastic bands just below the knee, with the whole garment festooned with row upon row upon row of Chantilly lace! They're a lace-fetishist's wet dream, although I have always thought they might be a bit too much. . . I mean, all that lace?

With my nipples already stimulated by Michelle's secretive caressings and her constant tugging at their little piercings, the taffeta camisole merely added to their excitement, which was obvious by their tiny circular movements under my bodice!

Michelle giggled when I'd tried to protest, telling me, "Hush! A girl has to suffer for fashion's sake, which, obviously, is your inherent nature, my Lady!"

I sighed, knowing there would be no respite nor release forthcoming from that little minx! Oh, she knew that my protests were mostly symbolic. . . and she ignored them (and my mutterings!) accordingly.

"And," she smiled coquettishly, "I shall gag you severely if you continue your meaningless prattle!"

Damn! A thrill shot through me at her words.

I should never have revealed my secret fetishes to her!

Because she now uses them against me at every turn. . .

And there was nothing I could do to stop her!

You see, Michelle was the maid and I was only a mannequin!

Yes, I was the Mistress, her Mistress, but she was the Fashion Expert, and I knew enough to bow to her superior knowledge. . .

At least, as far as "Dame Fashion" was concerned!

Also, at Michelle's urging, I had removed my Beloved Husband's wedding ring, leaving my third-finger left-hand feeling funny. . . naked, if you will. I didn't like that sensation one single bit!

Little did I know then that M. Henri Quentin FitzMorris had plans to change my marital status in his favor as soon as possible!

Once the dress was slipped over my unkempt hair, then buttoned securely up my back, Michelle combed and recoiffed my mane so that it hung in a

cascade of curls down my back, like many another Gay-90s Belle!

While I was mulling my make-up, Michelle slipped my nyloned feet into a pair of well-worn button boots with three inch heels, fastening them snugly around my trim ankles with an old-fashioned button hook. Smiling into my eyes, she bent to place a loving kiss upon the toe of each brightly polished shoe, a reminder when I saw them later, that the imprint of her lips was but a small promise of what I could expect upon my return! My prick throbbed mightily in its fleshy prison, a constant reminder (when I thought about it!), that under my finery and surgically enhanced charms, I was still “male. . .” at least, partially. . .

Damn!

I should have had “the operation” when Harry had suggested it!

No, because if I had, Max probably wouldn’t have wanted me afterwards!

Damn! There’s always a catch, right? Although, I must admit, he’d adored my D-cups when I brought them home, never could get enough of them! He was the one who’d insisted I have my newly enhanced nipples pierced. He’d liked the nipple rings so much, he’d had the woman do two more holes in each ear lobe, plus the one through my septum! Max loved to hook a leather leash to my nose ring and lead me about the house. . . I have to admit, I liked the feeling of control it gave me too

Max’d threatened me with a piercing through my prick’s crown, but he had died before he could carry out that threat! I wasn’t sure if I were happy about

that or not! Michelle said I should have it done anyway, “in his memory. . .”

Maybe in a year or two. . . when I’m feeling better. . .

After dressing me, Michelle had sprayed me liberally with “Feral Seduction,” a potent perfume that was guaranteed to drive a man wild! I know it sent my poor head spinning almost out of control, and I’m supposed to be immune to perfume!

Girl, I smelled like a French Whore, which was Michelle’s intended result!

She then applied my make-up with a mason’s trowel! I mean, I was wearing at least four coats of coal-black lipstick, and my eyelashes were not only black and long, which I don’t really mind. . . but did my eyebrows have to be thinned and arched so high? Wow! The total impact of blending The Gay 90s, into the more modern 1980s was at once overwhelming and intoxicating to one’s senses.

Even “straight” men would find me irresistible!

M. Henri Quentin FitzMorris would never have a chance...

Gee. . . too bad about him!

Anyway, fingerless, leather gloves to match my boots (they buttoned with the very same button hook!), a black leather stadium coat, a black suede beret, and a beaded, black suede purse, and I was ready to go on The Warpath. . . so to speak!

Henri’s nose crinkled and he smiled joyously as he bowed over my knuckles, kissing the back of my hand in the suave, continental manner he affected so well!

“Ah, Dear Miss Maxine,” he’d whispered throatily, “you have such good taste!”

“And, I taste good, too!” I quipped, enjoying his flushed cheeks.

Dinner, a theater show, then dancing, then up to his place for a night-cap.

Now, I’m not one for dancing, never did like it until Max had shown me how to follow a man’s lead, faking it all the way! With Henri, all I had to do was to let him “carry” me, following his lead by using his own strength to do it!

I literally hung on his arm and let my toes graze the floor!

At his home in the country, I quickly imbibed two glasses of champagne, which went straight to my head, as you can well imagine!

Then, before I was aware of what was happening to me, I’d lost my coat and my purse, my gloves and my beret, my blouse and my skirt, my camisole and my taffeta bloomers, and was dancing with him while wearing just my nylons, my button boots, my laced faux-pussy cache-sexe, my waspie corset, and a stupid grin!

Talk about being embarrassed!

Then why was I so intoxicated by the whole scenario?

It had to have been the champagne!

How else to explain letting him fasten that leather belt around my waist and strap my wrists into its all too convenient restraints? These, coupled with the straps holding my knees tightly together, made me realize just how vulnerable I now was, and

the knowledge was even more intoxicating than the damned champagne!

“I’ll laugh at thy hanging!” I continued, going right on with the fantasy I’d created for us.

Laughing, he took me into his strong arms, and as I stared into his sparkling eyes, he kissed my not unwilling lips thoroughly, his tongue probing deep into my gagging, welcoming throat! All too soon, I was quite breathless with excitement!

“Oh, Sir,” I protested half-heartedly, “you mustn’t! I am espoused!”

“Thee’re as talkative as ever,” he chuckled as I nestled my chin into his hairy chest and sighed submissively, accepting the inevitability of his unavoidable caresses.

Again, before I realized it, something blunt and pointed and rubbery had been pressed between my lips to fill my mouth, stretching my jaw painfully. I twisted my chin against his chest angrily, forcing the odious plug to fall aside, thereby thwarting his evil intentions.

“Hey!” I protested. “Th. . . that’s not in the script!”

“Wasn’t, me Lady,” he chuckled, “but, it is. . . now!” And before I could stop him, the damn thing was slipping between my teeth and sliding into my throat! My jaw popped audibly as it slipped home, hurting like Hell when it filled my mouth, and before I could utter another word, I was thoroughly gagged and muted!

Tenderly, his lips touched mine and I was sweetly kissed. “There’s my sweet, adorable little fat assed girl!” he teased, his tongue pressing my new

plug further into my throat as his inquisitive hands cupped my naked mounds possessively.

I struggled in protest, but he held me easily, too easily!

I was soon out of breath for an entirely different reason when his squeezing, caressing fingers set my blood aboil, and I was fast losing all control!

“Tonight you become a woman,” he whispered into my ear, “my woman!”

I looked at him with panic-stricken eyes, shaking my head, “No, I can’t! I’m much too small for you... there!” I tried to say around my plug.

He smiled and kissed me sweetly, calming me down.

I shook my head. He could never get that big thing into me! I was much too small and tight to take that!

I was!

I really was!

Like I said, I could take my husband both mouth and pussy, but it was not an over-night accomplishment! He’d had to work on me for weeks until I was open far enough to take his huge prick without a lot of bleeding and even more pain!

He nodded reassuringly. “Thee’d be surprised how far thee can be stretched!” he teased gently. “Why do you think I chose such a big girl as thee? Big girls have bigger pussies, and no one can say that you’re not a big girl!” he smiled. “Besides, I’ll be so gentle, you’ll never feel a thing!”

Now, I knew he lied, and he knew he lied and he knew that I knew he lied, but I sort of believed him because I wanted to believe him!

Besides, I was too scared not to believe him!

I was caressed and kissed and sweet-talked for several hours, but every time he tried to force that monster prick into my pussy, it wouldn't fit! I could feel myself start to relax, but just as he'd tighten his thighs for the final push, my muscles would contract, and he'd go skidding along my crack again!

Finally, he flipped me to my belly and lay me across the padded bar of a sawhorse. He fastened my ankles to the side legs of the horse, which spread my legs wide. Then, passing a leather strap around one of my thighs, he threaded it through a pulley arrangement and fastened it around the other thigh at the same level.

I heard a sort of ratchet sound, then felt my cheeks spread even wider as it began to tighten, drawing my thighs down and in, while arching my rear up and out! Soon, I was opened wide, totally exposed to his tender mercies, and unable to do anything about it!

"There!" he chuckled, patting my up-turned mass affectionately. "That should do it!" My stretched hole cringed with fear as he pushed his greasy finger into me, coating me liberally with K-Y.

I felt him snuggle his hairy thighs against my quivering ass cheeks as he put his prick to my tightly clenched opening, pushing gently, insistently. Fastened in the way I was, there was no way I could avoid his onslaught, and I screamed through the fat plug in my mouth when I felt myself being stretched further than I ever had in my whole life!

“Sum-na-bitch, but thee’re tight!” he muttered, “if I didn’t know better, I’d swear thee were still a virgin to a man’s prick!” He chuckled obscenely. “Well, at least thee’re virgin to a real man. . . like me!”



‘You son-of-a-bitch!’ I screamed into my gag, ‘I am a virgin when it comes to the size of your f****n’ battering ram!’

Several times, he almost breached me, but every time I squeezed him out! No way was I going to take that!

Suddenly. . .

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

‘Why,’ I thought in surprise, ‘the son-of-a-bitch’s spanking me!’

There was no way I could avoid his spanking hand as it rained blow after blow upon my outraged and defenseless bottom flesh!

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

It hurt.

Oh, my God, how it hurt!

But there was no way I could get away and I lay, bound head-first across that horse until my brain was abuzz and I was so thoroughly discombobulated and lost that I couldn’t think straight! He must have struck me at least twenty times, with the last few blows directly upon my stretched orifice because it stung terribly!

When his swollen prick head next touched my cringing opening and began to push demandingly into me, forcing entrance, I didn’t even realize it!

Suddenly, there was a sickening, ripping feeling in my orifice, and the very next thing I felt were his thighs slamming into mine as his cock tore into me, gaining entrance into my “virgin” depths, forcing its way deep inside me!

I screamed. . .

Oh, God, I screamed!

Oh, how I screamed!

Even I could hear sound bursting around the huge plug that filled my mouth!

Henri lay across me, his palms cupping my breasts as he whispered to me, “I know, my little fat-assed Maxine, it hurts! I know. . . I know. . .” he soothed.

How in Hell could he possibly know how I felt?

And, my ass is not fat!

God, the insufferable arrogance of that insolent bastard!

Then, adding insult to injury, he pulled back and slammed into me as hard as he could, or so I thought, and after all, I was the one on the receiving end, so if anyone would know, I would. . .

Right?

You’re damned right I’m right!

But, without so much as a “by your leave, My Lady,” he began to f*** my torn, ravaged ass, his hardened prick driving deep with every plunge, its way well lubricated by blood, my blood!

It felt like I had a baseball bat stuck up my twat, it was so large!

God, that prick of his was a monster!

But, as it often does, the hurt began to fade and waves of ecstasy started to flow from my brain, filling my very consciousness with the warm, rich gush of its all-encompassing pleasure!

By the time he came to rest deep inside me, I was moaning and moving with him as I sought to climax. It wasn't long coming! When his prick began to spurt and squirm with his orgasm, I went over the edge myself, and I was lost to the world!

The bastard!

That insufferable bastard!

* * *

CHAPTER 16

F**D (RAPED) AGAIN!**

Much later, he washed my torn flesh carefully, his fingers gentle as they tried to soothe my hurts away. I winced visibly every time he touched my still-bleeding flesh until I felt a smooth, soothing balm being caressed onto my skin.

I relaxed, enjoying its coolness. . . until it began to burn like crazy! That S.O.B. had just treated my torn soreness with Gay-Ben! I about went out of my mind in the next few seconds, the itching, burning sensation was almost unbearable! Then, the burning faded to be replaced with a gentle warmth that told me I'd live! He released me from bondage, carried me into his bedroom and lay me down atop his huge bed. I felt the mattress move as he lay down beside me and took me into his comforting arms.

Tiredly, I drifted off to sleep. . .

To be awakened later as he spread my legs, climbed aboard and thrust his huge erection deep inside my gaping pussy once again, f****g me until he orgasmed and fell asleep, still atop me!

I don't know how I managed, but I slept too. . .

To be awakened once more by him repositioning me atop the sheets, my tousled head hanging over the edge of the mattress, my lips still ovalled foolishly, even after he'd removed that damned plug! I sensed rather than felt him looming above me, my shoulders supporting his massive thighs while his huge rejuvenated and hardened prick caressed my lips. I shook my head, knowing that what he now planned, could never happen! It'd been difficult enough to take Max's hard prick into my mouth, and this one was ever so much larger!

God! What was he thinking?

No, I wasn't afraid of a prick entering my mouth and ravishing my throat! I had done that so many times in the past! What scared me silly was its size, almost half again as thick as anything I'd ever sucked on before!

I didn't think his gigantic prick could even go between my teeth and fit into my mouth, much less go down my gullet, no matter how much he might strain! Since my operation to shave my adams-apple and smooth my hairless throat, it had become much easier to lodge Max's huge prick there. . . but, this?

This was asking me to perform the impossible!

My lips could never stretch wide enough to accommodate that much bulk!

When the corners of my wide-stretched mouth cracked and tore, I twisted away, crying out, "I just can't take it! It's too big, dammit!"

I had the sensation of flying through the air (which I did!), before landing face down across his

waiting lap! Now, as I've said, I'm no light-weight, but he flipped me around like I was a feather!

"What in the Hell. . ." I muttered angrily. "Let me go, damn you!"

SWISH!

SMACK!

SWISH!

SMACK!

I wriggled and squirmed, twisting my naked bottom cheeks away, but he held me in place easily, his hard hand wrecking vengeance upon my helpless ass flesh!

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

There was no way I could escape, and I was soon reduced to impotent tears as he beat a lusty tattoo upon my quivering mounds!

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

If I thought I had been spanked before, it was only because I hadn't had this one yet! Long before he finished, I was begging him to do anything he wanted to me... and I did mean, anything!

Once more, I found myself lying across the bed with my head hanging well over the edge of the mattress while he lay atop my supine torso, that monster prick of his probing at my ovalled lips, pushing between them, demanding entrance.

His palms slipped under me and cupped my throbbing bottom cheeks, squeezing, kneading, lifting my hips upward, his lips kissing and nibbling at my own hidden, swollen clit, sucking at it fiercely,

distracting me and making me lose all track of events! His stiff fingers dug into my throbbing bottom, squeezing and hurting me terribly, sending me almost out of my mind with pain-filled lust! His tearing teeth ripped my fake pudenda aside and my throbbing prick burst free, only to be swallowed by his waiting mouth!

A determined push, a hard lunge, his sharp, pointy teeth nipping at my tender crown; a tearing sensation, and my mouth had been filled to overflowing! My eyes watered as outraged tears oozed across my cheeks and I writhed impotently, trying to expel this huge, unwelcome invader from my mouth, except that I couldn't!

Another slurping suck, another bite, more squeezing, and as I squirmed away, another, even more determined, lunge, and my esophagus was torn open as his prick gained entrance, bursting bodily into my convulsing throat!

He paused, still deep inside me, then drew back until just the head was being held in my mouth, and I breathed in much needed air! A short pause, another long lunge, and once again his huge prick was embedded in my throat! And without even a, "by your leave, my Lady," he began f****n' my mouth, seesawing in and out, its monster size bringing tears to my eyes with every stroke into my depths!

I mean, you try swallowing a three inches plus thick and over thirteen inches long piece of meat, and see if you don't cry too!

"Only sissies, girls and virgins cry," you say? "Real men, never," you add? "A real man controls his emotions," is your final pronouncement on the subject?

“Horse hockey!” says I!

I consider myself a “real man” when I’m not being Lady Maxine, and I cried!

Believe you me, I cried!

And I cried just as hard as any real woman or sissy-fairy ever did!

Harder, even!

My head was buzzing and swimming when he stopped at long last, his huge prick still buried deep in my throat, and I felt it throb, once, twice, then empty its swollen balls into my hungry maw!

With my painted lips stretched to an obscene size by the huge pole filling my mouth and choking off my air supply, I felt nauseous and light-headed, and yet, I could still see the humor of his kinky crotch hair tickling my nose and making me want to sneeze!

Finally, to my great relief, he eased back and out, his bulk popping wetly out of my mouth, my jaw snapping painfully as the bones slipped back into their sockets, my eyes watering anew with this new discomfort.

The next thing I knew, I was lying in his arms in the bed and he was kissing me tenderly and caressing me lovingly.

“My poor little used-to-be virgin,” he crooned softly.

I gazed at him through teary eyes, hating him and loving him simultaneously, and kissing him back avidly, my mouth suckling his probing tongue instinctively.

“That was a dirty, rotten, low-down, trick!” I exploded weakly.

“What was?” he asked, laughing with amusement.

“You. . . you. . . raped me!” I whispered vehemently, my throat refusing to allow my larynx to speak aloud. “Four times!” I added as loud as I could.

“Ah me,” he objected, “rape is such an ugly word!”

“Oh? And what do you call it when a man forces his huge prick into a woman’s unwilling pussy and uses her for his pleasure?” I countered.

“I’d rather call it, ‘Making love with a woman!’” he teased. “My woman! And besides, it was only twice!”

“You are going to f*** me again, aren’t you?” I asked with some surprise, “in both places?” I smirked at him knowingly.

His brows arched. “You want more?” he asked. “Already?”

“What’s wrong with that?” I demanded. “After all, you started it! Don’t you blame me for what you started!”

“I’ve never seen a woman so eager to make love!” he laughed merrily, “and now you want more!”

“Make love? You call forcing that monster prick up a girl’s quim and down her throat, making love? My good God! My pussy is still throbbing, and it’s bleeding like crazy, and my throat still feels like it’s filled with a baseball bat! Not to mention my aching jaw from when your damned prick dislocated it getting inside! God, I’m ruined for life!”

He shrugged philosophically. “Well, I had to show you that I could fit into you as easily as your late husband, only I had to open you up a little bit first, that’s all! Besides, you’ve tightened up without a man in the past few months! Will you marry me, Maxine?” he asked softly.

I thought of the huge plugs that Michelle had forced into me of late, and it dawned on me that she had been preparing me for just such an encounter all along, and without my permission or knowledge!

That little minx!

Just wait until I got my hands on her!

I’d make her bottom sing!

(And, I did just that, except that she didn’t mind in the least, being such a consummate little masochist!)

And now, as one might have expected, “sex” between us could only get better and better. As my torn flesh healed and my dislocated jaw stopped popping, his gigantic prick felt better and better, until I couldn’t remember a time when I had been so afraid of it!

Intercourse with a man who knows what he’s doing is Heaven on Earth!

Ask any real woman, she’ll tell you!

“Yes, my big pricked pirate!” I whispered. “I will marry you!”

And I did!

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