

ROBERTA, A LESBIAN TRANSSEXUAL

By Roberta Angela Dee



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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ROBERTA: A LESBIAN TRANSSEXUAL

by Roberta Angela Dee

CHAPTER ONE: A New Friend

Men admire a lady from a distance and then determine if she would be a suitable partner for sex. Every sophisticated gentleman reserves his right to be judgmental and selective. A gentleman reserves his right to crave vitality in a woman, and for this reason younger women have an advantage over those who are more mature. Youth has its own vitality.

Being a lady does not guarantee erotic fulfillment. Refinement might attract a man, but rarely can it motivate him. Somewhere beneath the jewels and the silk a man needs to see a slut; or, he needs to see the essence of a slut. He needs to see the basic animal instinct that is so much a part of being a man or a woman.

Men admire ladies, but they line up for hookers.

It is a difficult world for women. We are caught between a rock and a hard place. We are raised to be ladies, but soon learn that attracting a man requires specific flirtatious skills. Somehow, we learn to combine the two qualities in a way that is socially acceptable. Some of us master the techniques better than others.

We, women, are also very judgmental of each other. Judgmental and competitive. I am learning more about our gender every day. Oddly enough, the more I learn, the more judgmental and competitive I become.

Two years ago, I moved from Brooklyn, New York, to a suburb on Long Island. I moved into a one bedroom apartment, next door to a very attractive young woman. Her name was Lolita. She was tall, slim, and possessed enormous breasts and nipples. Her nipples remained erect, and showed, even through her sweaters.

She was fortunate to have one of those figures that immediately aroused a man. In addition to pretty facial features and a great body, Lolita was slightly bowlegged. When she walked, it seemed that she screamed to be fucked.

Lolita was one of those fortunate women who had found that delicate balance between being a lady and a slut.

Men loved that quality.

From my kitchen window, I frequently watched one handsome gentleman after another escort her out for an evening of dinner and dance. I envied her, regardless of my being in no position to compete with her.

My move from the city was to begin a new life. I had always wanted to be a sexy lady, and had decided that Long Island was as good a place as any to begin my re-birth. Becoming a lady, however, was not as easy as I had imagined.

Three months of experimentation and practice produced very few results, if any at all.

If Lolita had the desire, she could become a valuable source of knowledge. I had no idea, however, what would motivate her to be my friend. And if I told her of my intentions, how would she react to me? Would she shrug me off as some confused homosexual, call me a pervert, or would she possibly understand my deep desire and commitment to become a woman.

One thing was certain: I would never know, unless I asked.

Another two weeks passed, after I had made the decision to talk to Lolita. I had made no effort to approach her. I procrastinated and procrastination was hurting me inside. It hurt me to the point that I had even given thoughts to committing suicide. Fortunately, I lacked the courage.

Every Saturday morning, at 8:30 A.M, Lolita left her apartment to attend an aerobics class. Her skin tight leotards hugged her curvaceous body and her big titties bounced in her athletic bra as if she wore no bra at all. They were like balloons dancing in the wind.

I was not the only one to notice Lolita leaving her apartment. Every guy in the complex married or single, somehow managed to be at their kitchen window, at just about 8:30, every Saturday morning! It was so strange!

This Saturday, however, would be different. Today I would approach her—big tits and all. I would forget my fears and the potential for hurt or embarrassment. I would forget everything. My single purpose would be to ask for help and friendship. If ever there was a woman suited to provide the help I needed, it was Lolita.

She returned to her sweetly decorated apartment at about 10:45 a.m.

I waited until 11:00 a.m., then exited my apartment and walked next door. I knocked, but there was no answer. I knocked again, more loudly the second time.

A woman yelled out something, but it was not quite clear. Seconds later, Lolita opened the door. She was wrapped in a big, pink towel. It covered her breasts, but barely covered her pussy. She was wet. Drops of water ran from beneath the towel, almost as if her pussy was in tears. Her long, blonde hair was also wet.

It surprised me that I had not broken into a cold sweat.

The smile which greeted me at the door was hypnotic. I was already nervous, but her comforting smile encouraged me to speak. Fortunately, no formal introduction was required. Lolita recognized me as the guy next door, and readily invited me inside.

While sitting on the sofa, I observed the details of her attractive physique. There was much to examine.

She sat in a satin-textured chair adjacent to the coach. The towel was no longer sufficient enough to cover her wet bush. Her delicate flower was clearly visible.

I sensed she was aware that she had exposed herself. I also sensed that she was either surprised or confused that I had not made any real attempt to examine her even more closely, or to suggest anything sexual.

She calmly asked why I had not introduced myself earlier. After all, we had been neighbors for close to three months. Her assumption, she explained, was that I was simply antisocial.

Naturally, I apologized as I tried to search for a way to break the conversation and confront her with the real question that had led me to her door. Before I could think of something appropriate to say, she asked about the girl she had seen in my living room.

“Don't get me wrong. I wasn't peeping or anything like that. I was just walking pass your window. The lights were on and it was dark outside, so I could easily see her. She was tall and had a layered hair cut.”

“It must have been another apartment. I live alone,” I answered, lying because I was still not ready to confront her with the truth.

“No, it wasn't another apartment,” she replied firmly. “There was a girl in your apartment. Was it your girl friend?”

“I don't have a girl friend.”

“Well, it was a girl ... maybe it was your sister.”

“I don't have any sisters. The *girl* you saw was... was me.”

Lolita was quite surprised, and somewhat uncertain that I was telling the truth.

“What are you saying? Are you telling me that you like dressing up like a woman, or something like that? Are you a fag? A transvestite?”

“Honey, I wish it were that easy,” I answered, nervously. “What I'm telling you is that I am a woman. I'm a woman trapped in a man's body. I know it sounds corny, but that's exactly what I'm saying; it's exactly how I feel. I feel I'm a woman ... or that I should have been born a woman.”

Lolita seemed upset—unsettled by my awkward revelation. She stood and stared at me with her mouth partially open, trying to evaluate—based on the little amount of information I had given her—whether I was sincere or not sincere. After a fairly long period of time, she sat back in the chair, providing me with a very clear view of her pink and freshly bathed pussy. Although I noticed her `jewel', I continued to look her in the eye.

“You're serious, aren't you?” she inquired, concerned.

“Serious as a heart attack.”

“Yeah, but what makes you think I can help you? I don't know anything about sex change operations, or any of that shit. What makes you so sure I can help you at all?”

“You're a woman! You know how to be a woman,” I answered. “You know how a woman talks and how she walks. You understand what motivates a woman. All I ask is that you help me overcome some of the obstacles I face because of my male physique, my masculine anatomy, and behavior.”

"I don't know. What you're asking of me is a little bit beyond anything I've ever done before. Give me some time to think about it."

I agreed and thanked her, at least, for giving my proposal some consideration. In my heart, I had little hope she would help me, but since I had made so little progress on my own, Lolita could only make things better. Besides, I could not have found peace with myself, if I had never even bothered to ask for her guidance.

The weekend passed, and then, three more days.

I had seen Lolita, but she walked past my apartment. She never stopped. Perhaps, she had decided against helping me and simply wanted to drop the matter.

On Thursday night, however, she proved me wrong. The door bell rang. I answered the door. It was Lolita!

"Hello, sweet one," she began, embarrassing me, slightly. "You never told me your name."

"My name is Eric ... Eric Dean."

"What an ugly name for a girl," she remarked. "From now on, your name is Roberta ... Roberta Angela Dee. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?" she inquired.

I started to say, yes, sir; but that response would have been totally inappropriate. Especially, when Lolita's soft, white breasts were so full and visible. So, I confessed that I did not know the correct response.

"Young lady, if you are going to be a woman, you had better learn some manners. The correct response is yes, ma'am. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," I responded, meekly.

"Now, come next door in about ten minutes. I have a friend, a very special friend I would like you to meet. Bring your razor and some towels."

"Yes, ma'am."

I was so excited and anxious. How would my lessons begin? Who did Lolita want me to meet? How feminine would I become? How long would it take? The excitement, along with a million questions, filled my mind. I raced to the linen closet and removed a big, pink towel, like the one I had seen wrapped around Lolita's beautiful body. Then, I grabbed two fresh disposable razors.

Eight minutes had passed, and the next two minutes seemed to last an unendurable amount of time. Yet, within ten minutes, I was outside and knocking at her door.

Lolita answered. She was once again wearing a towel. This time the towel was white.

Her woman friend smiled as I entered the apartment.

"I would like you to meet my lover. Her name is Tanya Scott. Tanya is a registered nurse and can provide you with some of the medication you will need to feminize your

physique. She has also worked out a training course for your transformation, as she prefers to call it.”

Tanya was beautiful exquisitely beautiful. She was not quite as tall as Lolita, and had dark brown, not blonde, hair. Her waist was very small, and it accentuated her full hips. Unlike Lolita, however, her breasts were much smaller. Still, they were very attractive on her slim frame.

Tanya's eyes were mysteriously dark. In spite of my nervousness, I was drawn to her eyes. They seemed to place some sort of spell on me.

“Nice meeting you,” Tanya began, with a voice as smooth as honey. “What's your name?”

“Eric,” I answered.

Lolita laughed, then announced, “The poor girl thinks she's a man.”

“No, my name is Roberta ... Roberta Angela Dee. Yes, my name is Roberta,” I answered, awkwardly, as I tried to erase my error.

“Well, it's nice meeting you, Roberta. Please, sit down?”

I sat as I would normally sit.

The two women looked at each other and smiled.

“What's the matter now? Have I done something else wrong?” I asked with growing concern.

“Girl friend, everything you do is wrong,” Lolita commented. I think you're just too masculine. You still sit like a man, talk like a man, and look like a man. You even think like a man. We'd like to help you, but I honestly think you're a hopeless case. I'm sorry.”

Lolita stood up as if she were about to escort me to the door.

My dream, which had so wonderfully become a reality, was once again becoming a fantasy. A deep sense of depression enveloped my entire being. I could not sit there and allow her to reject me. I could not allow her to reject my hopes and all of my dreams.

“No! Please, don't change your mind now,” I begged. “At least give me a chance. Test me! Give me any kind of test that you want. I'll prove I'm not a man! I'll prove I'm a woman!”

“But you're not a woman,” Tanya interrupted. “You have no breasts. You have a penis. A penis makes you a man!”

“No! Having a penis does not make anybody a man!” I pleaded. “There's so much more involved in being a man.”

“Like what,” Lolita asked.

“Like how you feel inside. How you feel about yourself. How you feel towards men. How you feel towards other women. I hate my penis. I hate it! I hate it!”

I had almost become fanatical and started to cry.

Lolita came over to console me.

“Don't worry, baby. We'll help you. You must understand that it will be very difficult. It will take all of your effort, heart, and soul.”

“I can do it,” I promised.

“There is something else,” Tanya added.

“Tell me what it is. I'll do anything!”

“First of all, you must never let anyone know that Lolita and I are lovers.”

“Why would I even want to do that. My secret could be far more damaging to me, than yours is to anyone. Anyway, trust me. Your secret is safe.”

“There's a second promise you must keep, when the time comes.”

“Tell me what it is and I'll promise you, now.”

“No,” Lolita answered, “it's still too early. Your transformation will take about a year. We'll let you know in about nine months, depending on how much progress you've made.”

“I accept! I accept everything! When do we begin?”

“Right now,” Tanya replied. “Here are your pills. The purple ones are Premarin. Premarin is a natural female hormone known as estrogen. You will take four of these 2.5 mg. tablets every day, for the rest of your life.”

“What's the other one?”

“The other one is called Provera. It's another female hormone known as progesterone. It works with estrogen. It will broaden your hips, plump up your ass, and give you nice tits.”

A smile covered my face. The mere suggestion that I would have breasts delighted and excited me. I wondered how I would look with breasts. I wondered how they would make me feel. I wondered how breasts would feel.

“Now, you must take the Provera the first two weeks of every month,” Tanya explained, “and you must take it, religiously. Do you understand?”

“Yes ma'am. I understand.”

Tanya, then, gave me two bottles filled with pills and told me to get a glass of water. Next, she instructed me to take my first dosage.

Lolita studied me for a short time, then said, “after you've taken your medication, come into the bedroom and watch us make love. All you will do is stand by the door, completely nude. We want to be able to see your reaction.”

Lolita removed her towel, revealing her luscious body. She told me that she represented something that I had to look forward to, in more ways than she could explain at the moment. Then, she entered the bedroom with Tanya.

I grabbed a glass from the kitchen cabinet and filled it with tap water. I eagerly swallowed my medication. Next, I went into the bedroom to remove my clothes and take a shower.

After drying myself, I stood naked at the bedroom door. I watched as Lolita and Tanya kissed with a passion I had never seen between a man and a woman, much less two women. My eyes focused on the roundness and fullness of Lolita's ass, as she wiggled on top of Tanya. Tanya breathed, heavily. I could hear her gentle moans. Although I was present, they were oblivious, or appeared to be oblivious, to my existence in the room. Their passion was too great and too frenzied.

The couple's lovemaking was truly a beautiful experience. In every way, I envied them. They were passionate, yet so genuinely tender and appreciative of each other.

Lolita sucked Tanya's small, beautiful breasts. Her attentiveness to her nipples was almost like a ballet of the mouth and lips. It was truly romantic. Next, she moved down and began kissing Tanya's petite navel.

Continuing further, she began licking the lady's vagina, kissing and sucking it, playfully. Then, she inserted her tongue into the wet folds of Tanya's excited flesh, and thrust her tongue in and out of the sensuous basket, wildly. Lolita's gesture was like that of a hungry bird, picking fruit.

"Eat my pussy! Eat my pussy!" Tanya begged. "Oh, God, it's so good!" she shouted, as if the experience were a divine revelation. "Eat me, baby! Eat me! Eat me!"

Lolita did not hesitate. She continued sucking, kissing, and licking Tanya's sweet love bush. Tanya reached down and moved Lolita's face closer to her, forcing the cheeks of her face against Tanya's ebony thighs. It was a remarkable Lolita could even breathe, much less continue to arouse and excite her elated lover.

I began to show signs of excitement, too. On this rare occasion, my penis was beginning to grow a little bit more firm. It was not quite hard, but firmer than usual. It embarrassed me. It was terrible enough to possess the appendage. To have it function, caused me more frustration and anger, than joy.

"Oh, fuck me, Lolita. Fuck me good!" Tanya yelled out. Lolita reached into the night table and removed a nine inch vibrator from the drawer. She twisted the device until it began to vibrate. It hummed like a mechanical bee in the bedroom, so delicately decorated with floral designs.

Tanya lifted her ass, exposing her moistened pussy. She pushed it forward, as if to beg for the insertion through her body language.

"You want my plastic cock; don't you, baby?"

"Yes, I want your cock, baby. Give me your beautiful cock. I need it!" Tanya begged.

"Shit, you ain't nothing but a hot, hungry cunt. Beg me for my cock, girl, and make me believe you. You don't sound like you really want it."

"God, yes, I want it, baby. I want your cock. Please, do it. Please, give it to me!"

"Do you want all of it, my little cunt?"

"Damn it, Lolita, stop teasing me. Fuck me." Tanya begged.

"Shut up, bitch. You'll get it when I'm ready."

Lolita looked over to me, and for the first time, observed my partially erect penis.

I felt so embarrassed.

“You're not starting to feel like a man, I hope,” she commented. “Get your ass back in that bathroom, take another shower, and shave off all of that male body hair. Body hair is sexy on a man, but it looks ridiculous on a woman. And there's a bottle of baby oil under the sink. Put some of it on after you've showered.”

She turned her attention back to Tanya, and inserted the ivory colored vibrator. Her head turned towards me, suddenly. “Well, what are you waiting for, girl? Hurry up and get your ass back in here. You're next!”

I saw Tanya's smile and wondered how this black woman felt about me. Did she see me as a faggot or a slave? I hoped for a time when I could speak with her, privately.

I was feeling the sense of sisterhood that exists between women of one nationality, and wanted Tanya to know how I felt, and how important it was for me to be a part of that special relationship, as well as the very special relationship between Tanya and Lolita.

Men understood brotherhood. They understood patriotism. Therefore, it was my conclusion that even a man could understand some of the feelings I had for Tanya. As I showered I removed my body hair as quickly as possible, then returned to the bedroom. Naked by the bedroom door, my body glistened in the soft light. My skin was soft, smooth, and fragrant with the fresh, sweet scent of baby oil.

Tanya was totally exhausted. Apparently, she had been completely satisfied by the combination of Lolita's skillful tongue and the plastic vibrator. With her remaining energy, Tanya rose from the bed and retreated to the living room, where she stretched herself out on the sofa.

Lolita examined me, carefully.

I was tempted to ask if something was wrong with me, or if I had not performed some task to her complete satisfaction. Instead, I stood naked and silent, making no attempt to question her visual examination of my body.

After a few minutes, she instructed me to lie on the bed and lift my knees. I did so as slowly and as gracefully as I knew how. I consciously attempted to impress her with my femininity—at least the slight degree of femininity I imagined myself to have developed. Lolita kept her silent posture. She only looked, occasionally, as she stroked my inner thigh with her fingers. Her slightest touch excited me in the most incredible way.

I was a virgin. I had never been made love to by any man, or by any woman. The embarrassment my own body caused me prevented an intimate relationship. My cherry was ripe, but it was unharvested. So few people are able to understand the anguish, the totally awesome anguish of feeling every bit like a woman, then looking into a mirror and seeing a man's body. Few people understand the horror it unleashes in the mind.

People see movies like Dressed to Kill and The Silence of the Lambs, and are led to believe that transsexuals are psychotic killers, women-haters, and psychopaths. The truth is that most transsexuals are too passive to assert themselves or to present their problem to society.

American society is very close-minded. It sees what it's wants to see, hears what it wants to hear. It focuses on being normal, and anyone who falls outside of what is considered normal must be shunned, locked away, or punished somehow. Society is more likely to scorn, than to exhibit any sympathy or sensitivity.

I blamed no one for my condition. All I knew is that in spite of my physique I was a woman. All I knew is I was determined to live as a woman.

Lolita reached across my body and removed a tube of K-Y lubricating jelly from the night table. She ejected some of the jelly onto her finger and began to spread it around the area of my anus. Cautiously, she used her finger to insert the jelly. As she lubricated my delicate orifice, I admired her full breasts. I admired their fluidity and smoothness. Breasts represented so many things to me: nourishment, motherhood, children, love, and eroticism. Perhaps they have special meaning to different people. To me, they represented an important part of what I hoped to become—a woman!

Lolita pulled on her large, erect nipples—teasing me. Her breasts were larger than her whole hand. They were larger than the fullest part of her arm. As they moved, they changed shape, possessing an animate quality all of their own.

“Have you ever been with a man?”

“No,” I answered, meekly. “I've always been too ashamed of my body to be with anyone.”

Lolita smiled.

“You'd probably like to know how wonderful a man's cock can feel once it's buried deep inside of you. Wouldn't you?”

“I think I'd like that very much.”

“Well, that's good, honey. 'Cause I'm gonna give that little pussy of yours it's first test of womanhood. Ready?”

“Yes. I'm ready.”

Lolita lifted the vibrator from its place at the edge of her bed, and ejected the lubricating jelly onto the shaft of the mechanical penis. She stroked her breasts, then stroked her pussy. There was a strange look in her eyes that I will never be able to describe. As long as I live I will never be able to describe the look in her eyes. Whatever the look meant, it transcended the fact the she was a woman. It transcended the fact that she was white. It transcended the fact that I did not know her past, and could not predict her future. Just a thing that's all it was. A thing some quality of her being that was crying out to me, perfectly aware that I could not understand it. Perfectly, aware. Perfectly aware I could not understand, but that I wanted to understand, desperately.

I lay there, still prepared for my introduction.

CHAPTER TWO: Are You Ready?

“Are you ready?”

Her words rang in my mind like bells—bells that echoed across a vast field. The question was an invitation to experience something more than I had ever hoped to know. My guide was a beautiful woman, named Lolita.

“You say you are ready, but do you even know what you are ready for? When a woman says, she is ready, it can mean many things. Do you understand?”

I shook my head, indicating that I did not understand.

“In this case, it means, ‘are you ready to be fucked by another woman?’ It is a question that reaches many different levels: Are you ready to know hurt, the way a woman learns to know hurt? Are you ready to give your love through your pain? Are you ready to make a commitment of tenderness, with someone who can overpower you with their flesh; or, at least, a part of it? Are you ready to be submissive, to submit to the will and desires of another human being, and from your act leave with some joy or pleasure? Are you ready to confess—as a woman—that you have an attraction for other women?”

“When I ask you, are you ready, she explained, I am asking you many things important to me as a woman, things important to any woman. So, tell me, Roberta, when I ask you, if you are ready, what is it that you are ready for?”

“I’m ready for you to make love to me,” I answered, using a voice that I thought was sweet and soft, sweet and feminine. I am ready to feel you inside of me.

She smiled. “I think that when you begin to know yourself, you will know that what you are ready for is a man’s cock, and the man that goes along with that cock. Now, spread those legs apart, just a little bit more.”

Lolita twisted the shaft of the vibrator, and it began to hum. It hummed for me just as it had for Tanya. It danced like some mechanical bee of joy about to enter my flower. I wondered whether or not I could provide this ‘bee’ with sufficient honey!

The first two inches of the plastic cock were painful. The muscles in my pussy grew tense. They tried to prevent the insertion of the mechanical love toy. Instinctively, my hand reached down to remove it from this most sensitive portal, but Lolita was quick to scold me. She instructed me to endure the discomfort. The tone of her gentle voice had suddenly become masculine, domineering, and insistent. Her second instruction was for me to relax. It was impossible as my muscles grew more and more tense.

“Just relax, baby. Let me fill your cunt with my big, beautiful cock. But if you don’t want to be a woman, tell me. And I’ll take it out.”

I was caught between a rock and a hard place, between a rock and a hard cock. To quit would mean failure. It would mean that I would lose Lolita’s support. So, I continued to endure the pain.

Without warning, she shoved two or three additional inches of the love toy up into my ass.

I screamed out and begged for her mercy. Tears rolled down from my eyes. How could she watch me endure this torment, and continue to thrust the device in and out of me?

“That's a good girl,” she said. “That's a good girl. Just relax. It will soon feel better. It will soon feel better.”

In my heart, I hoped she was being honest with me. Because the slightest movement of the vibrator against the walls of my asshole caused excruciating pain. I continued to squirm and to wiggle on the bed, hoping desperately to find a comfortable position. But whichever way I turned or twisted, the plastic cock reminded me of its painful presence. Only my determination to be a woman enabled me to continue.

Fortunately, after two or three minutes of penetration, the muscles in my ass tired and relaxed. With relaxation, the experience became a great deal more tolerable. Within another minute, my cries of pain became cries of joy. I moved into the plastic cock, now wanting all of it. I embraced the mechanical `bee' as if my ass-hole were a lonely flower.

God, it was good!

Seeing my pleasure, Lolita leaned forward to allow me to nurse on her plush warm tits.

“Oh, fuck me, baby. Do it! Do it!” I repeated my erotic chant, never wanting her to stop the ecstasy she had begun to deliver. If this was a part of being a woman, then I wanted it. I wanted all of it, all of the experience.

Soon after the experience had become pleasurable, Lolita withdrew the vibrator. Even its withdrawal was pleasurable. My body, however, needed more stimulation in order to climax. It needed more love and time!

“Why have you stopped?” I asked, indicating my disappointment and frustration.

“To teach you,” she replied.

“To teach me what?”

“To teach you another part of being a woman. The part that makes you dependent on a man's lovemaking skills for your own joy. Had I continued you might have climaxed. I wanted you to learn the way it is for many women. Their men arouse them, then before they can climax, he ejaculates, rolls over and goes to sleep. It leaves the woman unfulfilled and frustrated.”

“I can see that.”

“All that a woman can do is wait and be patient. She can only wait and hope that the next time, whenever it comes, he will be better. But, it is the man who decides. This is a part of being a woman, and you had better get used to it. Because even though you want more, you must learn not to hurt a man's fragile ego by demanding it. You must just learn to accept it.”

“That sucks.”

“Tell me about it,” she replied. “That's one of the reasons Tanya and I are lovers.

“In any event, you did very well, for this being your first time. Shower and get dressed. We'll see you again tomorrow evening for your next lesson.”

“How many lessons do you think I will require?”

“There's an enormous amount of information for you to digest over the next several months, Roberta. There's a lot more to being a woman, than being able to spread your legs apart or having nice, pretty tits! We estimate that the major part of your transformation will take about a year.”

“A year!” I protested.

“Yes, but in reality, it is a lifetime experience. You will be learning what it is to be a woman all of your life. It will take about a year for you to develop, physically and mentally, to a point where you will be able to compete and survive on your own.”

“Who am I competing against?”

“Every other woman, my dear. Every other woman.”

After my shower, I entered the bedroom to redress. Lolita lay on the bed, her full-figured buttocks facing me. What a beautiful woman! Every inch of her screamed of femininity. She was the essence of being female. I leaned over and kissed her lightly on her neck. She smiled.

I passed Tanya, in the living room. She was on the couch, totally naked, listening to music by Sade (shah-day) Adu and drinking a Diet Pepsi. Her smile was almost maternal, as she looked over to me.

“How was it?” she asked.

“Very painful, at first. ”It will get easier. That's just the way it is.”

“I know.”

“Oh, excuse me,” she said, jokingly. “I did not know you were such a cosmopolitan woman already!”

I laughed too, and apologized.

“Your apology is accepted. I understand. Tomorrow we will start working on your voice and mannerisms. That alone will keep you busy for a few weeks.”

I thanked her, then returned next door to my own apartment. Once inside, I retreated to my bedroom and reflected on the events of the evening—the pain, as well as, the pleasure. I fell asleep with the dream that one day, soon, I would be able to live in the world as the woman I felt I was inside.

Next door, Tanya had left the sofa to return to the bedroom and to Lolita. As soon as she entered the bedroom, they kissed passionately and started to manipulate each others breasts.

Tanya's hands seemed so small against Lolita's big breasts. Her swollen nipples stood erect and demanded more attention—attention generously provided by Lolita's skillful fingers.

"You've exhausted me," Tanya confessed. "I think I have the happiest cunt on all of Long Island!"

"Just Long Island?"

"Alright. Alright. I have the happiest cunt in the whole wide world! Is that better?"

"Much better. Much better. Are you ready for some more action?"

"No, thank you, baby. I'm worn out and a little sore. Maybe a little later this evening, I'll be more in the mood."

"By the way, how was it with Roberta?"

"It was interesting! Did you know she was a virgin?"

"No; I didn't! How old is she, anyway?"

"Twenty-five."

"And you took her cherry. You naughty woman!"

They laughed and exchanged a few more kisses.

"She's not accustomed to a vibrator yet. It'll take time. But, she did reach a point where she was starting to really like it!"

"Did she climax? Did she cum?"

"Oh, no! I took it out before she could get to that point."

"Why'd you do that?"

"Because I want her to learn from the very beginning that being a woman isn't all peaches and cream, honey. I want her to learn the full scope of womanhood. There's going to come a time when she's going to have to be on her own."

Tanya started to massage the outer lips of Lolita's pussy. She spread her legs apart, slightly, and exposed the pink flesh behind the walls of her portal of pleasure and delight.

"I told her we would start working on her voice and mannerisms. We also need to make sure that she starts to think of herself as a total woman. She needs to reject everything about her that is masculine."

"How are we going to do that?"



“Well, I think we're both going to have to be very strict about it. Every time we see her do, say, or think anything from a masculine point of view, we're going to have to ridicule her, punish her, or deprive her of something. We have to make her want to be a woman to such a degree that she refuses to think of herself as being anything else.”

“Yes, but she has to live part of her life as a man. Doesn't she? I mean, she's at work, as a man, eight hours a day.”

“Well, that too must change; Lolita suggested. As soon as she starts to develop her own breasts, we're going to have to prepare her to find a full-time job as a woman, and make sure she's ready for that transition when the time comes.”

“We're really making a commitment to this girl, aren't we?” Tanya asked.

“Yes, we are,” Lolita answered. “Do you think she'll be able to go out into the world, and pass as a woman? It's quite a challenge. Isn't it?”

“It's an enormous challenge, but I feel up to it. Do you?” Tanya replied.

“Yes, because I believe she's sincere. She wouldn't have allowed me to put her through so much pain, if she wasn't sincere. In a way, I really feel sorry for her, and I want to help her in every way I can.”

“Now, honey, how about helping me get off. Your hand down there has gotten me quite hot. I'm ready to be fucked!” Tanya asserted.

“Are you ready?” Lolita asked.

“I'm more than ready!” Tanya answered.

This time Tanya became the dominant partner. She took the superior role and the superior position. Lolita slipped easily into submission. It was a part of Lolita's personality she shared with very few people, even lovers. But with Tanya she felt the confidence it took to be totally docile and totally obedient.

“I am going to tie your hands and make you my helpless cunt,” Tanya began with a voice of subtle passion.

Tanya took two silk scarves from the drawer and used them to tie Lolita's wrists to the bedpost. But it was not restrictive enough for Tanya's tastes. She also tied one ankle to the leg of the bed. This arrangement left only the one leg free to move. Tanya would have no problem moving that leg to whatever position she desired. Physically and emotionally, Tanya was determined to be in control. Lolita offered no resistance. They stared at each other, examining each others flawless and feminine features. They examined each others erotic pouts and sighs. How beautiful they were together. Two damsels delighted through domination!

Tanya moved the lips of her love hole up to Lolita's face. She moved her lips up to Lolita's lips. Tanya's tongue was quick to pierce the bush!

“Satisfy me, you hungry bitch! Suck my hot, hungry hole. Suck and set me on fire! I want to burn, baby. I want to burn, as you suck my hot juices of joy. Eat me, Lolita!”

Tanya's well-trained tongue began working into the crevice of her cunt. It excited both of them incredibly. The fragrant pussy provided aromatic stimulation! Tanya inhaled her lovers body as easily as she ingested her fluids of passion.

Her cries of passion echoed throughout the entire apartment. They were like the cries of a wild sex animal, as Tanya devoured her vagina. She was so sensitive down there. She had always been sensitive. Even as a young woman, its sensitivity forced her to wear only the silkiest and softest of panties. The cotton crotch had to be especially soft or it would irritate her delicate vagina.

A year before meeting Tanya, Lolita had shaved her pubic hairs at the request of a boy friend. The razor produced a rash and caused her to itch terribly. Later, as the hairs began to pierce the skin, she thought she would die. One day she could not even go to work, for fear that the itching would become a source of embarrassment. It was an exercise she never repeated.

Tanya's beautiful black body bounced up and down on Lolita's fair face. It delighted her to smack her pussy up against Lolita's face. Her lover even encouraged her to pounce on her face, harder and harder. She enjoyed the humiliation. She savored the degradation like some lowly creature enslaved to do the will of a Master's passionate dreams.

Tanya moved her body down and began kissing her prisoner. The fact that her lover was tied up provided her with an overwhelming sensation of power and strength. It made her feel like a goddess. It made her feel like an African princess. Like Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba. She used Lolita's thigh to massage her vaginal lips. The arousal encouraged her to become more and more demanding of her partner. She wanted to excite her slave beyond the highest level of her emotional capacity.

This time the night table provided her with an oversized, black dildo fashioned as lifelike as anything ever manufactured. There was no need to lubricate the device as she shoved it into Lolita's cunt. Lolita yelled out. It was too much, too fast. But, Tanya had become a merciless tyrant. She fucked her with the huge black cock, totally insensitive to the number of nerves she had excited at one time. For Lolita, it was overkill. It was not enjoyable at all, but painful. As Roberta had begged Lolita to stop, Lolita begged Tanya. But Tanya was excited by Lolita's pain and did nothing to become more gentle. As a matter of fact, it seemed the more Lolita yelled out in pain, the more violent Tanya became. One of her screams was so loud that they both feared it could be heard through the entire apartment complex.

Next door, I could barely hear what was going on, but the screams woke me from my nap. I knew both would continue until they reached orgasm. If only I had been provided with the same courtesy, the same privilege. My time would come. I had to learn to be patient.

Perhaps, the screams frightened Tanya. She stopped moving the dildo so violently. Her movements slowed down, became more gentle. Eventually, the pain subsided, replaced with the wonderful sensation of a huge black cock!

Tanya closed her eyes and imagined that a huge black man on top of her, fucking her little pussy, fucking it until it swelled with unbearable excitement. She imagined herself tasting and sucking on a long, black penis.

It would be easy to please such an attractive shaft of human flesh. Her mouth would become a sheath for his stiff, fleshy sword!

“It's good. Isn't it, baby? You need for me to be good sometimes; don't you?”

To the small degree that she was able to communicate verbally, Lolita agreed. She had become a totally submissive being. A love pet! A hole for Tanya to fuck! After Lolita had climaxed, she cried out for one last time. The session exhausted her. Tanya had drained her even more than she had drained Tanya. Her climax was more than a celebration of pleasure, it was a relief to the violent stimulation she had experienced earlier. Her pussy now had time to cool, to relax and to savor the intensity of a good fuck.

The sun had begun to set, and the light in the bedroom grew more dim. Still, one could see the beautiful outline of one ebony and one ivory body on the floral cotton sheets. They lay there, a perfect picture—two erotically depleted bodies resting after hours of play. Any artist would have loved to accept the challenge of placing this image on canvass or photographic paper, or sculpturing it into clay or bronze, or even wood. They were like a fantasy; and, yet, they were very, very real!

During the two months that followed, I derived a great deal of knowledge from the underground newspapers and magazines that dealt with the subjects of sadism and masochism, bondage, transsexualism, and crossdressing. Many of the stories and articles were quite professional, as were the art works.

To the best of my knowledge, none of these magazines had ever received a literary reward for their intellectual content. Neither their comments on society, their creativity, nor any of the other creative and artistic qualities were awarded the tributes of other types of literary works.

It could only be the result of living during a Puritanical age. Our technology had advanced, but as a culture we were still defining sex and morals, gender and sexuality, with definitions acquired during the Middle Ages. It was absurd that no one should recognize these artists, and the people who referred to their works for entertainment, information, or ideas. Unfortunately, all of the people in decision-making positions regarding artistic merit were wrapped up in the tiny little prejudices of their own aristocratic world.

Two months passed. I was seeing Lolita and Tanya at least four times a week. Together, with the aid of a tape recorder, we had perfected my female voice. My well practiced feminine vocal inflections and gestures were fine-tuned to the point that they were completely natural—a far cry from the erratic and outrageous gestures of drag queens. Mine were no different than those of any natural born woman.

In addition to my voice and mannerisms, I had learned to walk and to dress in a manner which allowed me to slip into the public, without any suspicion that I was, partially, a male.

The hormones had not yet given me very much of a breast, but the areola (the dark area around the nipple) had grown larger and darker. My nipples also increased in size. Furthermore, my breasts developed a sensitivity that barely made it possible for me to wear a blouse, without wearing something soft between my breasts and the material. It was wonderful!

At the end of the second month, I invited Tanya over to my apartment for some girl talk. She arrived at 5:30, on a Thursday afternoon. I was wearing a puffed skirt and

black tights, heels and a black, bodice type top. She complemented me on my appearance, as well as, the manner in which I had styled my hairpiece.

I tried to be as sexy as possible, in a light sort of way. Tanya was another woman. The very worst thing I could do was to be obvious. Everything had to be subtle—delicate. I offered her something to drink, then complimented her on the length of her hair, her smile, and her eyes. She was quite receptive to my compliments on her eyes. I emphasized my appreciation for a considerable length of time. My next move, was to encourage her to sit with me on the sofa. She did so, hesitantly. I assured her that my only reason for asking her to sit near me was to minimize the embarrassment that would follow from my questions to her. She accepted this explanation.

“I know how most women feel about gay men; especially, black women. I wanted to know whether or not your feelings towards me were similar.”

I started playing with her hair, admiring its color and texture. This seemed to relax her. She moved back, slightly.

“Is that what this is all about?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“Honey, first of all, I think you're in a whole different category. I don't even think of you as being a man. Frankly, I don't think I ever thought of you as a man. You, and people in your situation, suffer from something that happens at birth. I respect your ability to live with this condition and to try to make changes. I don't think you would be willing to lie on an operating table just for the hell of it. Would you?”

“No. I wouldn't.”

Tanya became very sisterly and sympathetic. She tried to build in me the confidence I had not yet developed in myself.

“You're becoming a woman, Roberta, a very beautiful woman. Don't be so paranoid. Don't put yourself in a situation where you give a damn what any other woman thinks about you, not even me. Another woman will take any insecurity she can discover about you, and use it to hurt you. You'd better learn and understand that, right now!

“It doesn't matter what I think, what Lolita thinks, what the President thinks, or what anyone thinks. This is your life. As long as you believe in it, and believe in yourself, then you're doing the right thing. So, put your mind at ease, girl. You have all my love and all my support.”

“Oh, Tanya, thank you!”

I threw my arms around her and held her body close to mine. Her warmth was driving me crazy, but I held my desires a little while longer.

“May I ask you something else, Tanya?”

“Sure you can, honey. What is it? I want you to make love to me. I want you to make love to me without Lolita. Because Lolita is always so rough. You're always more gentle.”

Tanya smiled, and reached for my hand.

“You had better tell Lolita how you feel, or she will continue to be rough. You have to learn to speak up for yourself.”

I nodded in agreement.

“But now I understand why you were acting so sweet when I got in here.”

“Was I that obvious?” I asked, disappointed that she had discovered my motive.

“No; you weren't obvious at all. You were as coy as you should have been. It's just that I wasn't expecting you to progress so quickly. You've come a long way, baby, in a very short period of time.” She leaned over and gave me a deep kiss. I imagined that her tongue was a penis. I was ready to make love to a penis, now.

A part of me cried out for a man! More than anything, I wanted a man! I was ready!

CHAPTER THREE: Birth of A Mistress (A Woman's Complete and Total Liberation)

After four months, my cinnamon colored breasts developed into an AA cup size. This provided me with a shape and form similar to that of a young teenage girl. The hormones had worked in other ways, too. Although I continued to wear a hair piece, my own natural hair had grown quite long. My derriere had filled out to a substantial degree, and the texture of my skin had improved, dramatically. Breasts, even small breasts, increased my self-esteem and served as a tremendous confidence booster.

Breast size was unimportant. All that mattered was that they were distinguishable as feminine breasts. All that mattered was that I had actually become more feminine...prettier.

There were other changes, too. I became more emotional and more maternal. This resulted in my redecorating my apartment a third time! Everything had to look feminine; especially, the kitchen, the bathroom, and the bedroom. But with all of the cosmetics and grooming aids that had filled the bathroom, my apartment was anything but masculine.

My whole life changed. I continued working as a male, but coworkers frequently commented on my femininity. None noticed that I had developed breasts. When and if they ever became noticeable, I was not quite certain how I would handle my employer.

I started eating lunch with the other women. It seemed their interests had become my interests. The other women appreciated my curiosity. Several times, while they discussed their husbands and boy friends, I would ask for intimate details. They would then ask if I was anticipating male companionship. At first, I denied their allegations and my interest in men. Later, however, I openly admitted that I wanted, more than anything, to be a woman. They gradually accepted me, as they began to sense my sincerity. Even those women who felt I was making a morally incorrect decision, at least respected my earnestness. This changed the way they reacted towards me, enabling me to develop socially acceptable ways of reacting towards other women.

Lolita and Tanya also changed. Over the four months, since they had started grooming me to be a woman, they had read more material on transsexualism and behavioral modification. They had probably read more on the subject than most physicians and psychologists. Technically, they were more enlightened about my condition than even I had been.

I was unaware that they were discussing my readiness to have intercourse with a man. It was somewhere near the end of that four month period. Tanya and Lolita had returned to Lolita's apartment, after a long afternoon of shopping. Both ladies were motivated to shop, whenever their favorite stores advertised a sale.

"I think trying on all of those dresses has made me horny!" Lolita suggested.

"Get out of here, girl! All I want to do is take a hot bubble bath, lie on the sofa, and watch television."

"Alright, alright! I hear you. Maybe I'll take a shower after you've taken your bath. Then, I'll come out here and join you."

"What about Roberta?" Tanya inquired. "Isn't she coming over tonight?"

"Yea, but only to pay a visit. We hadn't planned on doing anything with her."

"You know she wants to be with a man, don't you?" Tanya commented.

"Oh, yes," Lolita replied. "That's all she's been talking about this whole month. 'When am I going to be with a man? When am I going to be with a man?' She's become a regular little hot box!"

"Do you wanna set something up?"

"Well, I was thinking about Greg."

"Greg?"

"Yes, Greg Chambers. He's that submissive who works at Macy's."

"Oh, yes! The guy we had last month!"

"That's the one."

"Well, do you think he'll do it?"

"Does he have a choice?" Lolita responded, laughing.

"No, but I don't think we should make him go against his nature. And, after all, Roberta is still, partially, a male."

"That's why it's going to be up to her."

"What do you mean?" Tanya asked.

"Well, we'll set it up for Greg to come over for a session. We'll start it, then leave for about two hours. If Roberta can't convince him, or entice him to make love to her within that amount of time, then she's got a real problem. Manipulating men is something we can't teach. She has to learn that on her own."

"Sounds like great idea! But, what if she gets attached to this guy?"

"Well, she won't be the first woman to have her heart broken by a cock. She'll have to learn how to deal with that, too, just like the rest of us. I mean, we can't protect her forever, Tanya. Remember, after a year with us, she's going to be entirely on her own."

"You're right. You're absolutely right. But, she really hasn't had much practice being a mistress."

"Well, she'll have to learn from experience, just as we did. We can't baby her, Tanya."

"Okay, you're right. So, when do you want to set up this meeting?"

"Let's set it up for this Sunday. I'll call Greg, and you can let Roberta know."

"She'll be so happy!"

"I know; but we'll see how she feels after she's been fucked by a man."

"Should be interesting."

“Very interesting,” Lolita concluded.

Lolita picked up the telephone to call Greg.

Tanya left Lolita's apartment to come over to my place.

As soon as I answered the door, I knew something was in the works.

Tanya had a most peculiar smile. She explained everything, including my two hour time limit.

I was bursting with excitement, but was also very nervous. As much as I wanted to be with a man, I had no idea what to expect. Would it hurt? How would he taste? Would I climax like a woman? Could I please him like a woman? Suddenly, my confidence was bombarded by internal doubts and insecurities—insecurities I had undoubtedly suppressed. Now, the time had come for one of my most important tests: Was I good pussy or not?

Greg's sessions with Lolita and Tanya would normally last for two hours. But, this Sunday they were permitting him a three hour session. The first half hour would be spent introducing him to his new Mistress. Then, they would leave for two hours. When they returned, they would spend the time dismissing Greg from service. Later, they would discuss the experience with me.

Rejection was also one of my concerns. Greg was a submissive. He would do anything Lolita or Tanya ordered him to do. If I failed with a wimp like Greg, how could I expect to succeed with any real man? Greg himself was unimportant. My failure or success, however, was very important.

I was unable to sleep most of Saturday night, and didn't wake up until a little past ten. I had wanted to give myself ample time to groom, prepare my make-up and hair-piece, to appear more feminine than I had ever appeared. For me, it was like my first date, except my `date' was a submissive male, and I was to be one of his Mistresses. Not a typical date, and it was filled with more than a typical degree of excitement.

It was nearing one thirty in the afternoon. The session had been scheduled for two o'clock. I had completed my grooming. My attire was already selected. I would wear black: Black heels, stockings, garter belt, panties, a black bra, a black knit skirt, and a black blouse.

I stood back and looked at myself in a full-length mirror. The image was totally awesome. A perfect image of a Mistress, dressed for a `casual' workout on a Sunday afternoon. The door bell rang, and I went to the front door and asked who was there. It was Tanya. I opened the door and invited her inside.

She gave me an affectionate hug, then sat down on the sofa. Her red leather mini pulled up against her full thighs, and she tugged it down.

“How we doing, girl? Nervous?” she asked.

“A little bit,” I answered, meekly.

“Well, if you're going to be a Mistress, you'd better learn to put a little more bass into that sweet little voice of yours, and project a lot more self-confidence.”

“My self-confidence is at an all time low right now,” I confessed.

“Well, believe me, honey, I understand how you feel. Just remember that you're in control of the whole situation. You, not the man! Greg is a sissy. And, you're a woman! That the difference! It's an important distinction, honey.”

She paused for a few seconds, then added, “don't worry, girl, you'll do just fine. I was more nervous than you, my first time. Don't worry you'll do fine.”

“You really care about me, Tanya, don't you?”

“Why of course I do, honey! You don't think I'd make love to you, if I didn't care about you now, do you?”

“I didn't know.”

“Girl, you really do lack self-confidence. Let me tell you something, and this is no bull shit: You look good! I mean that honestly. The man that doesn't want to go to bed with you, probably doesn't have enough of a dick to be worth your time. That's how I feel about it.”

“Really?”

“Really! So, if Greg gives you any problems, any problems at all, you just whip his behind good. Remember, he's a submissive. He ain't gonna get nothing out of it, unless you tease him and taunt him a little bit. But, he's just one kind of man. What you have to learn is how to size up different types of men. Learn what turns them on, then turn them on! That's what it's all about. Now, the only reason for being a woman is to be able to get that perfect cock for yourself. If you ain't about that, honey, then, all that make-up is just show, and you're wasting your time. `Cause the rest of us is out there competing for that prize stud. Now, are you with us or not?”

“I'm with you!” I answered, enthusiastically.

“That's my girl! That's what I've been waiting to hear!”

I sat down next to Tanya and gave her a big hug, then thanked her for her reassurances.

She moved to kiss me on the lips, and instinctively my lips parted. Just as instinctively, her tongue entered my mouth. She began fondling my breasts, which at this time were somewhere between an AA and an A bra cup size. Still small, but sensitive enough to make me hotter than hell.

“Girl, you'd better save some of that passion for that man. I want to see him unconscious when we get back from the mall.”

“I'll do my best.”

She looked at the expression on my face, and having noted the my tone of voice, responded, saying, “I'm sure you will, honey. I'm sure you will.”

It was five minutes before two. I grabbed my purse and we left. When we entered Lolita's apartment, Greg was already standing in the living room, totally nude.

Greg was young, about twenty-five years old and pretty damn good- looking. He was a lot better looking than I had expected. Also, he had a full head of dark black hair, a nice tan, a mustache, a generous amount of body hair, broad shoulders and the most delicious looking, tight buns you'd ever want to see. His cock was no disgrace

either. I mean it was limp, but even limp it extended a good six inches. I knew it would be a lot larger and thicker, once he was excited.

Greg looked up at me. I think he was trying to determine my gender, but that was a guess. I had no idea how much or how little Lolita had told him. At any rate, I moved quickly into my role as Mistress, and demanded that he not look directly at me, unless instructed to look. He obeyed my command immediately. It seemed that my own instructors had instructed him quite well.

“Will you be needing us, Mistress Roberta?” Lolita inquired.

“No, Mistress Lolita. I'm quite certain that I'll be able to handle this submissive without any problems. Should any occur, I'll be certain to inform you upon your return.”

“Very well, Mistress,” Tanya answered. She winked and added, “We'll see you in about two hours. Have fun.”

Thank you, Mistresses. You do the same.

As soon as Lolita and Tanya had left, I locked the door, and turned to examine my slave. His penis was a most magnificent tool. It begged to be kissed, sucked, and fondled. I forced myself to refrain from putting his warm cock into my mouth. It was difficult, ignoring the surge of desires that electrified my skin while I examined his cute little ass. His ass was far less inviting than his cock, but it was an attraction nevertheless. Something inside of me told me that I was more than woman enough to satisfy his most ambitious appetite. The real question was whether or not he could satisfy me!

“Do you have a name, slave?” I inquired.

“Yes, Mistress Roberta,” he responded, quickly.

“Well, what is it?” I asked, with a demanding tone of voice. “Or, are you too stupid to even remember your own name?”

“No, Mistress Roberta. I'm sorry, Mistress. My name is Greg.”

“Greg. It rhymes with dregs, like the dregs in a barrel of scum. That's an appropriate name for you, Dregs.”

“Yes, Mistress. It is very appropriate.”

“Do you like my skirt and blouse?”

“Yes, Mistress Roberta. You are a very attractive woman.”

“I imagine it would please you, if I were to remove my clothing and allowed you to see more of my feminine flesh.”

“Only if it pleases you, my kind Mistress.”

“Don't rely on my kindness, Dregs. It doesn't take much for me to turn into a bitch. I can be a bitchy little pussy when I want to be.”

“Yes, Mistress Roberta,” he answered, submissively.

“Oh, so you think that I'm a bitchy little pussy. Is that your opinion?”

“Oh, no, Mistress Roberta. I'm very sorry, Mistress Roberta. I only meant”

“Oh, just shut up. You make me sick,” I insisted. “You're such an ass hole. You wouldn't know what you meant if I wrote it out for you. Just look down at your feet while I undress.”

I removed my skirt and blouse, then strutted around him to tease and taunt, as Tanya had suggested. Next, I instructed him to look at me, and to admire my curves and breasts. Although, I had not removed any undergarments.

“Do you like what you see, Dregs?”

“You are a very beautiful woman, Mistress Roberta, but I think I notice a slight bulge in your black panties, Mistress Roberta. Is that a sanitary napkin, Mistress?”

“No; it's not,” I answered, confidently. “It's the only part of me that's masculine. It's a penis!”

“Is it real?”

“Of course, it's real, Dregs. And, don't forget to address me properly.”

“I'm sorry, Mistress Roberta. It's just that I am surprised to learn that such a beautiful woman as yourself has a penis, Mistress.”

“Well, don't let it distress you. It means very little to me. And, it shouldn't matter to you, since it no longer functions as a sexual organ.”

I sensed a need to reconfirm my authority as his Mistress. I ordered him to bend over and grab his ankles.

“Are you going to fuck me, Mistress Roberta?” he inquired, nervously.

“Of course, I am,” I answered. “But, not with my penis. That doesn't work, remember?”

“Yes, Mistress. Of course, Mistress.”

“But as I walk around you, wearing my fuck-me pumps, what device do you think I could use to fuck you in your ass? I'll even give you a clue, this time. I'm wearing one on each foot.”

“Please, Mistress; please, don't fuck me, Mistress Roberta. I'm still a virgin. Mistress Lolita and Mistress Tanya have never done that to me.”

“I guess you'd much rather fuck me. Is that right?”

“Whatever is your desire, Mistress Roberta. I'd be most honored to be able to try to please you that way.”

I ordered him to remove my bra. My nipples were erect and my soft mounds of feminine flesh stood proudly on my chest.

He looked and smiled, appreciatively. Greg liked tits. He liked my young, firm, elevated tits!

“I've got the titties of a teenage girl,” I commented.

“Yes, you do, Roberta. They're beautiful! Very beautiful!”

“Now, unfortunately, I'm going to have to ask you to bend over again, so I can spank you for asking so many questions, and for forgetting to address me properly.”

I picked up Lolita's whipping stick from the sofa. I used the handle, and moved it gently between the crack of his hairy, white ass, to provide him with a little pleasure, before I admonished him with pain. I then began spanking him, just enough to assure him that I was in control of the situation. It wasn't an excruciating amount of pain, just enough to make sure that he'd not forget my pet peeves in the near future.

It filled me with an incredible sense of power. All these months, Lolita and Tanya had trained me in the art of being submissive to men, all men! Now, here I was beating a man mercilessly, and he was totally incapable of mustering even the slightest amount of resistance. It was wonderful, and I loved it!

In the right situation, men were little more than sheep! For all of their muscular strength and mechanical ingenuity, they were little more than puppets in the hands of the right leader, the right drill sergeant, or in my particular case, the right Mistress! Men might, properly, be called the stronger sex; but, they're definitely not the brighter sex!

My slaves' behind had turned a pinkish red and bore the marks of my lashes. I ordered him to remain in the humiliating position.

“Are you ready to fuck, Dregs? Or, would you prefer I spend the next fifteen minutes whipping your soft, vanilla ass?”

“I'm ready, Mistress Roberta! I'm ready to fuck, right now!”

“Excellent! Remain in that position, while I remove my panties. I'll lie on the floor, right here in front of the cocktail table. An appropriate name, I think.”

I laughed at my own humor, as I removed my stockings from the straps of my garter. Then, I removed my panties.

“We're going to start out in a sixty-nine position. I'll suck your dick, while you service my ass hole. And, you'd better service it good. Get your tongue deep inside my crack and make me wanna holler, throw up both by hands and shout, `sweet savior!'. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Mistress. I understand you perfectly.”

Dregs was a little hesitant at first, but as I wrapped my lips around his thick cock, it started getting hard. He began licking my ass hole as if it was the best damn pussy he had ever tasted! His warm, wet tongue delighted me in ways I had never even imagined. Now, I understood why other women raved about oral sex! The excitement drove me crazy! It was ever increasing, building up as if to reach some kind of unimaginable peak! I sucked his dick more and more furiously, and had to distract myself from the pleasure he was providing to my pussy. It was all so intense, that if I had just concentrated on what was happening to me without doing anything, I'd go insane. So I sucked his cock, trying to give back all that he was giving to me. Whether or not I was being successful, really didn't matter. All that mattered was the incredible joy!

After about seven minutes, Dreg's shot his load of warm cum into my mouth. I swallowed it without reservation, and discovered the taste wasn't half bad. I also learned it was difficult giving verbal instructions, while sucking on a thick, hard cock. So, after sucking out the last drop of his semen, I ordered him to return to licking my

`pussy'. Considering the enthusiasm he displayed, it would have been impossible to order him to stop!

About two or three minutes later, I climaxed! I didn't ejaculate, like I would as a man. I can't really describe what happened, except to say that I reached an emotionally gratifying plateau, and couldn't go any further. The sensations building inside of me, exploded with a single explosion of intense pleasure. The overwhelming passion forced me to move my pussy away from his lips and to squirm on the floor, until the passion became controllable.

Controlling an orgasm, I soon learned, was like trying to catch a fly with a pair of chop sticks.

Why hadn't I been born a woman! It seemed so unfair that I had to learn everything as an adult, and go through so many different transformations. My personality and desires were naturally feminine. Why had I been born with the body of a male? I had never had any desire to be a man. Heaven knows, I could be happy sucking cocks for the rest of my life. Being a lady was for the birds, I just wanted to get laid!

I had only fifteen minutes left, before Lolita and Tanya would return. Whether or not that would be enough time, I had to be fucked. One look at Dregs, and I could see he was ready.

“Get on top of me,” I ordered. “Fuck my brains out!”

For a basically straight, heterosexual male, Greg had no problem addressing the situation. He was on top of me in a New York second, and his hard and beautiful dick was at the entrance to my ass hole. God, it felt good! As he started to force it in, it was almost impossible to relax sufficiently and allow a smooth, comfortable entrance, even with the profuse amount of K-Y jelly I had smeared on my 'box'. Greg, however, was persistent. He worked it in slowly, until the head of his cock was completely submerged into my 'cunt'. Then, with no announcement or signal, he heaved forward, thrusting his entire eight-inch masculine member into my pussy. I screamed, but his submissiveness had disappeared. He started fucking me like some wild tiger that had been in heat for months, and had just found a tigress. He fucked like an animal, a cruel and insatiable animal! The excruciating pain lasted for only a few seconds. It was replaced by a sort of good `pain', which was latter accompanied by sheer joy. I was being fucked by a horny man and loving every second of it. Every god damn, beautiful second of his magnificent, huge cock moving up and down, inside of me, inside of my ass hole.

“Don't stop! Don't stop!” I commanded, as I felt myself reaching another orgasmic peak.

“Damn you're good, baby. Damn, you're so damn GOOD! Fuck me, hard. Fuck me good and hard! Make my pussy scream like it's on fire. Make me cum! Please, baby, make me cum!” I repeated various combinations of those words and sentences over and over again. I most certainly did not sound, nor did I act, like a Mistress. The role playing was over. The session became a performance of a man and a woman embraced in passionate and erotic lovemaking!

Lolita and Tanya opened the front door; at least, I heard the front door open. I didn't open my eyes, or do anything to discourage Greg from continuing with his wild love making.

"I think the girl has got it together," I heard Lolita comment.

"I don't even think she hears us," Tanya suggested. She then added, "we'll be in the bedroom. Call us and let us know when you're done. Okay?"

I mumbled something. I'm not even sure myself what it was I said.

"I think that was a `yes'," Lolita suggested.

They excused themselves and apologized for the intrusion.

I climaxed at the same time that Greg ejaculated. My legs were wrapped securely around his waist, and I squeezed his cock as tightly as I could using my 'pussy' muscles. A few second later, he rolled over on his back. There was no need to ask him how good I was. It was obvious, honey. It was obvious!

I got up and put my bra and panties on, then called for Mistresses Lolita and Tanya. They had already changed into black leather outfits and studded collars.

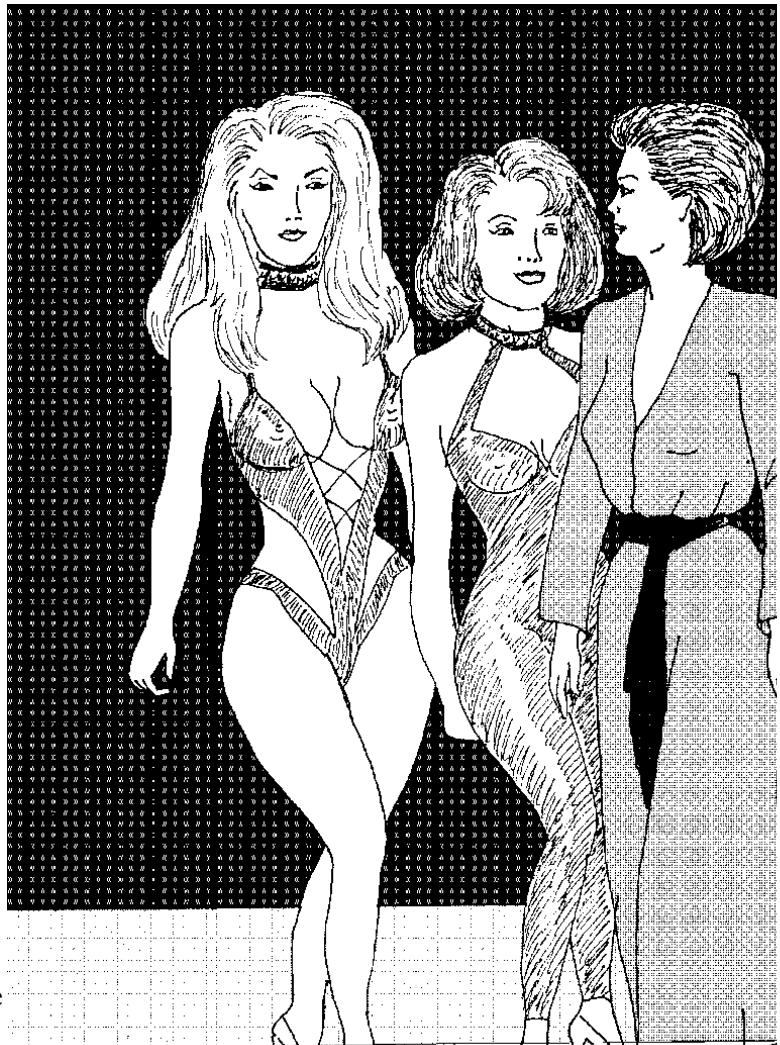
"Get dressed, and go back to your apartment. We'll be over in a few minutes," Lolita ordered. "We need to dismiss Greg. He looks as if he's enjoyed this session a bit too much. See you in a few."

"Okay. I'm going to shower, douche, and get relaxed."

Lolita and Tanya subjected Greg to nipple and penis torture, then dismissed him. He paid them a hundred dollars each, for attending to his needs as a submissive. It wasn't mandatory. It was just Greg's way of saying `thanks'.

When they came over to my place, they were both filled with a million questions. I discussed the session and told them how wonderful it had been to get laid. They agreed. But, just so I wouldn't forget them, nor how it felt to be caressed by another woman, Tanya removed a dildo from her purse and led me back into my bedroom.

"Are you ready, girl friend?" she asked, coyly.



“I’ve been ready for a long time.”

I opened my robe and lifted my back up slightly, and presented my pussy to her thick, black dildo.

It was party time again!

CHAPTER FOUR: Women Against Women (The Wonderful Wars of Women)

I was so happy to have surrendered my virginity to Greg. Although he was not my knight in charming armor, his effort was well-recorded in my memory as nothing short of heroic! It increased my self-esteem to no longer have a need to explain my avoiding sexually intimacy with a man. That invisible albatross of virginity I had worn around my neck for so long was gone!

Somehow, along with several other experiences, I learned the many ways that women compete with other women—even if they are friends. There was always this need to be one step up on another woman: If one woman's hair was perfect, then another woman strives to have her eyes made-up perfectly, or more perfect shoes, or a more glamorous wardrobe. Women rarely discussed or confessed their competitiveness, openly; but it was always a factor in their relationships.

Competitiveness probably existed among men, too. I do not know, and can't remember. I never cared enough about being a man to give the matter much thought. As a woman, however, I had become very sensitive to all of the unwritten rules that related to being a woman, and all of the rules related to their competitive nature.

Rules like always wearing stockings even with summer skirts or jeans, how much cleavage should be exposed, and how to address another woman's lover or spouse, had all become very important to me. None of these rules appear among the pages of Emily Post, or any other book of etiquette, still each one is important. It is simply the knowledge a woman acquires, if she wants to be accepted by other woman.

There are rules you never break. If you do, then women have this marvelous way of being apathetic and polite toward you at the same time. It leaves you with the most uncomfortable feeling you could ever imagine like having to parade around with the word 'slut' printed on your forehead.

At first, Lolita and Tanya were forgiving, whenever I broke one of those unwritten rules. Now that they no longer considered me a rookie, I was as much a target as any other woman who broke these feminine codes.

They were so right when they told me becoming a woman was a lot more than wearing make-up and a pretty dress. For one thing, time became a very precious commodity. Every morning I dressed for work as a man; dress slacks, dress shoes, white shirt, and a silk necktie.

In the evening, however, I prepared myself to enter my feminine persona.

I began by applying Nair, a depilatory, to whatever body hair needed to be removed. After a shower, I used a facial hair remover to eliminate any beard. The chemical depilatory was a safe and inexpensive alternative to electrolysis. It discouraged ingrown hairs, and left my complexion as soft and smooth as a baby's bottom; perfect for a light application of moisturizer and tinted foundation.

A sheer face powder provided my complexion with a flawless matte finish.

I was now ready to apply eye shadow, mascara, eye liner, lipstick, and rouge. I was also ready to extend my eyebrows, which were always kept perfectly arched.

A wig, under garments, a dress or skirt, a blouse, stockings, and shoes completed the transition.

In the beginning this transformation took about two hours. With continued practice, however, I could complete the process in about forty-five minutes.

Within 6 months I was able to contemplate full-time employment as a woman. It would be another major step towards a totally different life; a life as a woman!

Lolita helped to revise my resume. Eventually, I secured a position as a Sales Manager at Selena's: a local woman's clothing store. The pay was less than I had earned as a man, but that was to be expected. Women were likely to earn less than men, even in the same fields. Although I did very well my first month, I started to have second thoughts about my new life.

Transsexuals were always at the bottom of the social ladder. Of all the groups in American society, we were the most oppressed. I asked myself if there would ever be a transsexual President? Or, would a transsexual ever win a Pulitzer prize for what she had to say about society? I asked if a transsexual could marry without revealing her past as a genetic male? And, if a transsexual married, would she be ever be allowed to adopt children?

I eventually decided that all of these questions were secondary in importance. My goal was to live and to be accepted as a woman within the one year time period specified by my instructors—Lolita and Tanya. I wanted my candidacy for a sex change operation to be unquestionable!

Realistically, I was not rich enough to consider a political office. I had no fiancée. And the Pulitzer prize appeared, more and more, to be a reward extended only to members of a select community, and I was not a member of that literary club. So, I forced myself to dismiss my own fears, doubts, and insecurities. All they could do was keep me from ever attaining my goal. If I could not obtain my goal, I just as well preferred to be dead. My life would mean nothing. It would be empty, isolated, cold—like so many feet of old snow drift, blown against an empty house.

The more I thought about failing, the more desperately I wanted to succeed. If every other woman was to me my competition, then it would be so. I would not concede. I would not surrender without the fiercest fight of all. If nothing else, it would be satisfying to see engraved on my tombstone: THE ULTIMATE BITCH!

I slept well that night. Usually, I slept in the nude, but that night I slept in the cutest little pink teddy, just for myself. I felt good about me!

I felt good about what I was doing and the direction I had decided to head. Society had directed my life long enough. I had tried, trying to live my life according to the Puritanical views of John, Mary and Josephine. My life belonged to me, and since I had decided to live my life as a woman, I was determined to enjoy and embrace every second of that experience. Life was too short to do otherwise.

I had purchased a pair of white leggings, but had not had the nerve to wear them. They were very cute and sexy, but I was afraid I would attract the attention of too many men.

How foolish! What had I been thinking? Every woman wants to attract men. Why should I be any different? I resolved myself to wear them to the shop the very next day. The next morning I slipped into those white leggings. They were laced at the bottom portion of both legs, giving just a touch of sophistication. Looking in the mirror, I noticed my hips had filled out a little more. I actually had the curvature of a young woman! The hormones were working in ways I hadn't even noticed!

Next, I slipped into my bra. I could already fill a B cup size. Quite proudly, I might add! Then, I pulled a black, oversized mohair sweater over my head. The total look was perfect!

I choose to wear black flats. Heels would have given my long legs a better shape, but I didn't want to be too overbearing. After all, I would feel just terrible if some old guy saw me and had a heart attack and died right in front of my pretty little eyes. I could imagine the big smile on his face!

I looked in the mirror again, and saw how the soft sweater wrapped itself around my full breasts. I felt so proud.

'This will drive the men crazy,' I thought to myself.

When I entered Selena's Boutique, in the Smithhaven Mall, Martha, my assistant, looked at me as though she had seen a ghost. I pretended not to notice her startled expression.

"Girl, you look good!" she exclaimed, as if I had never looked good before.

"Well, thank you," I replied, courteously. "I just wanted to try something different. I'm tired of looking so formal all of the time."

"I'm serious! You really look good!" Martha repeated. "I wouldn't think you would wear something that casual, but it suits you. You really look like one of the girls, now."

Her last comment caught me off guard. It seemed she was challenging my femininity.

I responded as quickly as I could.

"Well, I've always been one of the girls," I replied, then laughed, casually.

"Always?" she asked, with an inquisitive tone.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I replied, fully prepared to accept her challenge. "Oh, nothing," Martha answered. "It's just that there's something different about you. I can't put my finger on it, but there's definitely something different."

"Well, there's a lot that's different. I'm six feet tall and I'm more muscular than most women. That's different. And there's also the fact that I'm not afraid to stand up to a man; any man. That also makes me different. Wouldn't you think?"

"Yea, sure. But there's something else," she continued, still maintaining her doubtful tone of voice. "I'll figure it out, eventually."

“Well, whenever you do, please let me know what it is. In the meantime, I want you to get ready to change the front window.”

“Oh, no,” Martha sighed. “Emily usually does the window.”

“Well, you need the practice. Besides it will give you time to figure out what's so different about me.”

“I think I already have.”

“Oh really! And just what is it?”

“You're a tyrant,” she said, and laughed.

“You really want to say, bitch! Don't you?”

Martha's expression remained antagonistic. She neither confirmed, nor denied my suspicions.

My defense was a bit stronger than I had intended, and I had hurt Martha's feelings. I held out my arms and motioned for her to come to me. Then, we gave each other a big hug. I had met another challenge, and had succeeded.

Martha dressed the front window while I tallied the sales receipts. Except for the one incident with Martha, the day was uneventful. I left the store that evening with a renewed sense of self-confidence. It was one thing not to be detected by men, but it was a greater accomplishment not to be detected by another women.

When I reached my apartment complex, I noticed a few of my neighbors staring at me, as I walked towards my apartment door. It was only natural. They had never seen the man who had lived there move out. So, they either knew or strongly suspected that I was in drag. No one ever suggested it, however; and I speculated that they were afraid to challenge me because there were no obvious signs. For all practical purposes—with the exception of my height—I was no different than any other woman in the complex. Actually, I was more attractive than most, which left me wondering why none of the guys had ever tried to pick me up. One female friend told me that several guys talked about asking me out, but were intimidated by my height.

They must know, I often thought to myself. Although it really didn't make a difference. There would come a day when I would move out and start my whole life over. Until then, they were free to wonder, speculate, or guess to their hearts' content. I was simply being myself.

I had just stepped out from the shower, when Tanya called to tell me that one of their new submissives had heard about me through Greg. I immediately wanted to know what he looked like. Tanya conveyed that he was very handsome and quite well endowed. With little thought, I told her I would be over in about fifteen minutes. It would take me that long to slip into some sexy undergarments, apply a little make-up (I no longer needed very much), hop into a pair of jeans, pull on a tee shirt, and be on my way.

The guy's name was Earl, and he was most definitely a hunk: a very handsome hunk! As for his love tool, I doubt any woman would have ever thrown him out of bed. I was never one to be that impressed by the size of a man's cock, but Earl had about the thickest 10 inch cock I had ever seen in my life!

Over the few months I was being groomed by Lolita and Tanya, I had seen quite a few!

Earl was still in the punishment-phase. They had his wrists tied with a length of rope that kept him partially suspended from a closet door. His ankles were also tied. Tanya had attached clothes-pins to his nipples and scrotum. He was begging for forgiveness.

I added to his humiliation by laughing at him and his predicament.

He started begging me to convince Lolita to excuse his stupidity.

“You're only getting what every lowlife man deserves,” I replied. “I dare you to ask me for special favors! You obviously need to be spanked with one of your Mistresses' hair brushes.”

Lolita handed me a large brush with a long wood handle. I ordered him to turn around, so that I could have full view and accessibility to his well-rounded buns. After briefly admiring his physique, I paddled him hard enough to let him know I meant business. Like every good submissive, it excited him even more!

I reached around from behind him and felt his penis. It was as hard as a rock! “Boy, you must be filled with concrete or steel!” I said, surprised.

“Care to try it out, Roberta?” Tanya asked, knowingly.

“I think that's a little bit more than I can handle,” I replied.

“Don't be so modest, girl. Don't you even want to try?”

“I don't think so. Let Lolita do the honors,” I suggested.

“Oh, no baby girl, not tonight. Tanya and I will be going at it hot and heavy this evening. I don't need anything down there to distract from my heavenly fragrance. Go ahead, honey, give us a show!”

“Alright, if you both insist. Roberta will do the honors. Untie him!”

Lolita removed the rope from his wrists. She also removed the clothespins that were attached to his nipples and scrotum.

He sighed with relief as the instruments of pain dropped to the floor.

“I'm just going to bend over and let you take me from behind, big boy. My fuck-me-pumps with three inch heels will help me keep my balance.”

“Yes, Mistress Roberta,” he replied, submissively. “I'm honored that you allow me to take you this way.”

“I bet you are,” I answered, sarcastically. “Just make sure you play with it first. Get me good and hot before you attack me with that monster of yours!”

Earl began rubbing my moistened portal of pleasure with his thumb. His thumb by itself seemed as big as most guys cock. It was very pleasant, neither too hard, nor too soft. He rubbed like a pro, and I was loving it.

The blood rushed to my head. I wasn't accustomed to the position, but knew it would give the girls an excellent view of the action I was about to receive.

I watched Lolita's red lips part, as Earl got on his knees to give me oral sex. His tongue was hot and seemed as broad as the brush with which I had spanked him. He flicked his tongue in and out of my love thing and drove me crazy with desire. It was obvious he had no intentions of rushing this opportunity to screw his first black woman!

"Damn! I'm starting to regret that I passed this up," Tanya commented, as the saliva from his mouth glistened from my anal cleavage.

Soon, I felt myself beginning to climax. Not wanting to lose the momentum, I ordered him to lick me harder and faster. He did so with the skill and eagerness of a sailor who had not been with a woman in six months!

"Ooooooh, that's sweet, baby! That's so damn sweet!" I yelled out as the orgasm filled my body like a flood of fireworks filling a night sky!

"Give it to me now!" I demanded. "Give me that big wonderful cock!"

Moving his thick cock into my pussy, was like trying to move a finely-tuned revealed Corvette through the tiny eye of a needle! Yet, he somehow this well-endowed man managed to get the first three inches of his tool inside of me without doing any damage.

"Go ahead," I instructed.

He started rocking back and forth, slowly and gently until he had filled me with about eight inches of red hot meat. The walls of my love-well were pushed farther apart than they had ever been before, but I wasn't about to let him stop now!

"Give me all of it," I ordered. "Give me all ten inches!"

"Damn, girl!" Tanya interjected, surprised. "You sure you ain't had a couple of kids or something?"

Earl and I were both too excited to hear the girls.

I was on the brink of a second orgasm.

Earl, too, was about to explode.

"Give it to me, you slut!" I commanded. "Fill me up with your love juices. Wet my pussy! Wet it, baby!"

At this point I wasn't even making much sense. It didn't matter. Earl ejaculated!

When I stood up I found I was barely able to walk. Somehow I made it to the bedroom, flung myself on the bed, and barely maintained consciousness.

Tanya came in shortly afterwards.

"Are you alright, honey?" she asked with genuine concern.

"I'm just too fine! I managed to reply. Just leave me alone for about 15 minutes. I'll be alright."

"It was pretty good, huh?"

"It was excellent! It was just what I needed after a hard day's work."

“Good girl. I'll close the door. We'll send Earl home, and we can talk later, if you want.

I heard her, but was too weak to reply. Every bit of energy had been drained from my body. I was on cloud nine, a hundred light- years beyond Long Island. I remember that she had mentioned having I talk, but had no idea what she might want to talk about.

After dismissing Earl, Lolita and Tanya discussed my interest in men, and whether or not I would ever be a suitable partner in their lesbian activities.

Tanya felt that I was a true bisexual—totally capable of being intimate with both sexes. Lolita, however, feared that I had become so infatuated with having sex with men, that I would never fully desire a woman again.

They decided that the best way to make certain was to have me participate in one of their lesbian sessions and observe my reactions. Tanya suggested I was probably too sore and tired, from having had sex with Earl. Lolita, however, was quite insistent. She wanted to know now!

By the time they entered the room, I had fallen into a light sleep, still on my back. Lolita turned me over on my back, while Tanya rubbed my pussy with a huge black vibrator. It felt good, but I was too exhausted to respond.

“She's out of it, Lolita. Let her sleep,” Tanya insisted.

“No, I want her to respond!”

Lolita starting licking my pussy, just as Earl had done. Eventually, she managed to wake me from my much needed rest. Soon, I was urging her to move her tongue into me more deeply. She anxiously responded. Her tongue became a snakelike penis. Thin and moist, warm and gentle—her tongue massaged my delicate organ with the skill of a jeweler polishing a precious jewel. My `jewel' was my love-box, and it was being artfully polished! I could feel myself beginning to contract again, as the anxiousness of climax began to fill my whole body. These were the incredible sensations women felt, before exploding with waves and waves of emotional energy: sensory fireworks!

“Do you want to cum, baby?” Lolita asked.

“Yes, please make me cum, Lolita!” I begged. “Please, make me cum.”

Instead of continuing more furiously, as I had anticipated, Lolita stopped licking and began fondling my breasts. I opened my eyes and watched her looking down at my badges of femininity.

“Why did you stop?” I asked. “I was about ready to cum.”

“Don't worry, baby. I'll make you cum. I just want to ask you something, first.”

“What is it, Lolita?”

“Do you remember Tanya and I telling you that there was a part of our plan for you that we wouldn't be able to tell you, until we felt you were as much of a woman as we thought possible?”

“Yes, I remember. I remember quite well.”

“Well, that time has come and has passed. You've become quite the young lady. You've surpassed both our expectations in every way possible. So now we need to ask you where your heart lies.”

“What do you mean?” I asked. “I don't understand. We want to know if you still like women, sexually. We want to know if Tanya and I can still get you hot.”

“Of course, I do,” I answered, surprised that she or Tanya had any doubts. I didn't like women as a man, because I never wanted to be a man. But, as a woman, I'm turned on by both sexes. I'm turned on by you and Tanya more than anyone!”

“See, I told you,” Tanya interjected. “The girl is a true sister. She's a lesbian transsexual!”

“That makes us very happy,” Lolita confessed. “We wanted to help you become a woman so that we could have threesomes. We wanted to have a woman we could mold and shape to meet our special needs. You've become that woman. Now, I'm ready to make you cum!”

Lolita kissed my tits, then moved back down to complete the task she had started so well. Within a few minutes my body was surging with the energy of two orgasms; a very intense one, followed by another that was slightly less intense. We held each other afterwards and kissed. Tanya joined us. I fell into a heavy sleep, while Tanya and Lolita continued.

The three of us spent the night in Lolita's king-size bed. I was in heaven! Not only had I surpassed all of my dreams and goals, I also had two of the most beautiful women on Long Island!

The next morning, Lolita was the first to awaken. She started making breakfast for the three of us.

Tanya and I woke soon afterwards and showered together. While in the shower, I told Tanya that although I truly loved Lolita, and was thankful to her for helping me complete my transformation, I still had special feelings for Tanya.

Tanya confirmed that I was also very special to her, and there would be times when she'd want to be alone with me!

We wondered how Lolita would feel about it and decided to discuss it over breakfast.

I didn't, of course, want to say anything that would make Lolita feel left out. What I told her was that there might be times when I wanted just to be with her and times when I would want to be with Tanya.

She had no problem with my suggestion, saying that our relationships was not a formal marriage, nor would it ever have the restrictions of a marriage. We were all free to explore other people. Even if one of us were to marry, we would continue seeing each other. Tanya pointed out that many of her married girl friends had women they would share their time with, intimately. In several cases, their relationship with another woman kept the marriage alive!

Men always worry about another man, but they seldom suspect another woman. It's expected that a woman will have girl friends. Sometimes a friend is also a lover.

Women also keep secrets better than men. We tend to be more careful and discreet about extramarital affairs. The husband never finds out.

So, it was agreed that in addition to the threesome, we could each have our own private relationships. I could never have asked for a better arrangement. I could have Tanya, Lolita, Greg, Earl, and anyone else I found to be sexually desirable.

Over the next several weeks, I noticed that Lolita and Tanya dated men quite often, but rarely had an intimate relationship with their dates. Men were simply a convenience, a free dinner, concert, or movie. Sexually, they preferred each other or the company of an attractive woman who wanted to explore a lesbian experience.

Surprisingly, I was received very well by these women. They not only found me attractive, but were fascinated that I could be so feminine and possess a penis, even if it was not functional. An even bigger surprise was how many of these weekend lesbians would love sucking on my male part, in spite of the fact that I could not achieve an erection. My own preference had always been for a hard cock. If I couldn't get a man's cock hard, I didn't want it.

Once, while Tanya and I were together in bed, she bursted out with laughter. I asked what she found so funny. She explained that every time the three of us were together and Lolita was in the middle, all she could think of was two chocolate cookies with vanilla cream in the middle, like an Oreo cookie. After hearing her explanation I busted into laughter, too.

I was two months away from completing a full year!

CHAPTER FIVE: A New Attitude

Every so often, someone would come into Selena's Boutique and read me; look at me and know I was a transsexual.

It always bothered me. No matter how meticulously I applied my make-up or selected my clothes, some people could still detect I was genetically a male. It was a fact of life, something I would learn to accept.

I remember leaving the boutique for lunch, one afternoon. I stopped in a record store to buy a cassette. Frequently, I taped my favorite music selections from a collection of albums. I could then listen to these songs while working in the boutique.

That particular afternoon, there was an older gentleman on line, just behind me. We were both on line to pay for our selected items.

As I was leaving the store, he yelled out Miss! Excuse me, Miss. I stopped and turned to see what the gentleman wanted. He told me that he had been watching me in the record store, and that he had reached the conclusion that I was a professional female impersonator.

Naturally, I denied his accusation at first, but I also wanted to know what feature or attribute had made him suspicious. Without any encouragement from me, he said that I was feminine in every possible way, except for the proportions of my hands and feet to the rest of my body. He added that in spite of my slim physique, my neck size was a little large for someone so tall and slim.

At that point, I told him that his observations were quite accurate, and that I had been living and working as a woman for several months. Then, I asked if he had any personal reasons for confronting me. He told me that he had worked as a bartender for several years, and had seen several impersonators over the years.

"Yes, I've seen the best," he commented. "You're definitely one of the better ones. You really had me fooled there."

I thanked him for his compliment and asked if there was any other way I could help him.

He said no, that he was straight as an arrow and only wanted to compliment me on how good I looked.

I thanked him again, then returned to the shop. That afternoon I wondered how many years I would be at the mercy of people who would be able to detect my original gender. The gentleman in the record store was certainly harmless enough, but there could possibly come a time when someone would want to make an issue of the life I had chosen. It might cost me a job, a home, or a friendship. Was there anything I could do about it? Even if I had a complete sex change operation and legally became a woman, I would never be able to alter some aspects of my anatomy. Therefore, some people would always be able to tell I had been born a male.

I decided that the risk came with the territory. It went along with my decision to live as a woman. I also thought that if more people were educated to the fact that trans-

sexuals simply want to live, love, work, and be accepted as any other woman, there would be fewer people to endanger our lifestyle.

While still at the boutique, I looked up the address and phone number of a gay woman's group called the Woman's Alternative Community Center. They were located in West Hempstead. West Hempstead was about a 45 minute drive from the mall.

I called and spoke to a woman named Linda. She identified herself as the editor of their newsletter, and a member of the organization. I asked if I could meet with her to discuss the possibility of joining the group. She was very enthusiastic about meeting with me.

“We're always looking for new members,” she said.

She cautioned me, however, that the group was moving in a pro- feminist direction. If that was a problem for me, I needed to take it into consideration before joining the group.

I told her that I wasn't an extremist about anything, but had hoped I could meet with members and decide which direction I preferred at some later date.

She suggested we meet at the bookstore.

I was very familiar with the West Hempstead area, and told her I could be there by 5:00 p.m., an hour before they closed.

As a male, I had never been involved with anything other than myself. It was a bit exciting to think that I was now becoming a political activist. I left the boutique an hour early to keep my appointment with Linda.

I arrived at Alternative's Corner Bookstore about ten minutes early, parked across from the shop, and went inside. Inside, I saw two women—an older woman, about 50 years old, and a younger woman, in her late twenties. I introduced myself and was told that the older woman had founded the Woman's Alternatives Community Center. Her name was Becky. The younger woman then introduced herself as Linda, editor of their newsletter.

They asked if I was a lesbian. I told them that I considered myself to be bisexual. I liked men, but had problems dealing with the macho mentality most men exhibited. They easily sympathized with that point.

Then I told them that my best relationships were with other women, and that I was presently involved with two lesbians. Again, their response was very sympathetic.

“Well, you'll have to understand,” Becky commented, “that many of the women here are straight out lesbians. They don't like men, and don't have any affiliations with men, other than professionally.”

“That's not a problem,” I interjected. “Just because I don't share a particular view, doesn't mean I can't respect it.”

Becky and Linda agreed, then stated that I appeared to have a very positive and progressive outlook. Becky started by telling me about the numerous social activities the group had to offer, as well as their meetings on social and political issues.

Since we all seemed more relaxed, I took the opportunity of explaining what had happened to me at the record store. I ended the story by telling them it was my opinion that the public needed to be made more ware of transsexuals—who we really are and what we really feel.

Suddenly, their enthusiasm vanished.

“Don't you think you would be better off taking this up with a gay men's organization?” Becky asked.

“No, I don't!” I answered, somewhat adamantly. “Gay men are still men. And, I'm neither a man, nor do I have any affiliation with gay men. The men I've dated are bisexual. That's not even the point. The point is that I'm a woman, and a transsexual's right to be recognized as a woman seems more aligned with women's rights than with the rights of gay males. Wouldn't you agree?”

“Yes, but many of our members are still going to see you as being a man,” Linda replied.

“Well, maybe the education process needs to start right here, at the Woman's Alternative Community Center. Because I'm not a man!”

Out of frustration, I opened my blouse and added, “Men don't have tits!”

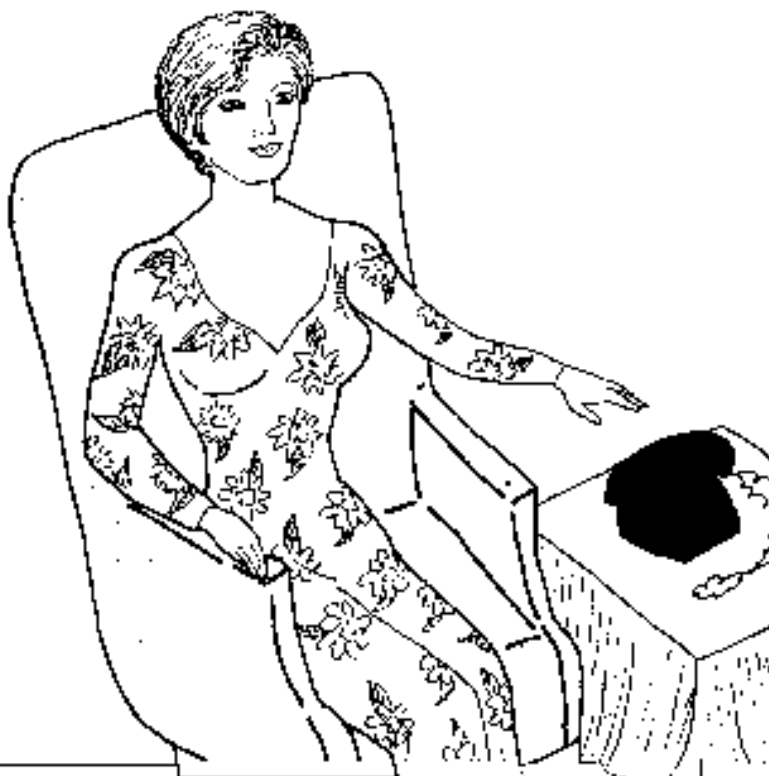
Although they responded favorably to the sight of my breasts, Linda added, “You said that you still have a part of you that's male. Maybe, after you've had the complete sex change operation, we might be able to consider you as a lesbian woman.”

“So, what you're saying is, if I'm willing to go through the risk and expense of having my dick cut off, then your group might be progressive enough to recognize me as a woman, but right now it's not.”

“Right now, they probably wouldn't be.”

By this time I was visibly upset.

“That's pretty damn backward to me,” I replied. “For a group that's so concerned with removing labels, stereotypes, and prejudices directed against lesbians, you're



pretty damn willing to slap them onto everyone else. In my opinion, you're anything but progressive, and anything but fair. The only right you're concerned about is the right for a bunch of dykes to get together and put down everyone else.”

“It's getting near time to close. I'm sorry, but we just don't feel that we're the right organization for you,” Becky concluded.

“I'm sorry, too. But I don't think you're the right organization for anyone with a truly progressive mind, nor anyone that gives a flip about anyone else. Have a nice day.”

I'm surprised I didn't get a speeding ticket driving back to Coram. I must have exceeded the speed limit by 15 or 20 miles per hour, all the way home. All I could do when I entered my apartment was cry. I cried because the one group of women I thought could understand and accept me had coldly rejected me. The entire day had been a depressant.

Something inside of me was defeated or wounded by the rejection. The lesbians were wrong to dismiss me. It wasn't fair, but it was inevitable.

There would always be people who could understand and people who could not understand. It wasn't a perfect world. To expect that everyone could understand the complexity of all the conflicting emotions inside of me was unrealistic.

Lolita was about as lesbian as they come, and she loved me. So did Tanya. Tanya and I had a closeness that could never be put into words. Although we were about the same age, we were like a mother and daughter who had survived years alone in a jungle. There was that type of bond between us. And it was probably something more beautiful than those two lesbians in the bookstore had ever know, or would ever come to know.

Linda and Becky wanted me to feel like a freak, instead they helped me to realize how much I had to be proud of, and how much I had accomplished in ten months. If life was the pursuit of happiness, I had come closer to true happiness than I had ever been. So, what did their negativity amount to? It amounted to nothing. They offered me nothing because they had nothing real to give.

They were Long Island lesbians. Most of the group members were probably from Levittown or Wantagh. They were entitled to be isolated from the rest of the world. They were probably raised to feel as though they were a special people, a chosen people whose needs and desires were important than anyone else. It would serve them right never to learn that we are all sisters and brothers. Deep down inside, beneath skin color and religion, beneath the banners of wealth and poverty, beneath the shields of intellectualism and ignorance we were all just people, just human beings looking for whatever happiness we can find, during our short time on Earth.

No, I didn't want their sympathy. They could keep their Pulitzer prizes, country club memberships, beauty pageants, and all the others symbols of their frail reality. I was happy to be who I was and what I was. Unlike most people my life was more than a series of days and months strung together, like so many rosary beads. I had made a statement. I had testified to the fact that anyone can be all that he or she wants to be, including an accepted member of the opposite gender.

With the exception of my immediate family, everyone who meant anything to me had come to respect my decision and to respect me. I was not only acknowledged as a woman, I was acknowledged as a lady with a capital `L'. That was the only real prize anyone could offer.

While watching television later that evening, I decided I would educate people to the needs and desires of cross-dressers and transsexuals through stories. I would become a writer and share my experiences with anyone who would take the time to read the accounts of my life, while absorbing the hopes and dreams I would record on every page.

People need inspiration. People need a reason to grow, live, and explore. If I could offer them a bit of motivation, that too would make me happy.

CHAPTER SIX: The Last Surprise

By the end of the eleventh month I had very much settled into my relationships with Tanya and Lolita. I had settled into my position at Selena's Boutique, and was being considered for the position of District Manager. Several handsome and well-to-do gentlemen courted my time and affection, and the people in my apartment complex had come to accept me as the new girl on the block. There were no more stares of disapproval. Some of the women had actually embraced me as a friend, while other women typically looked on with envy.

I had a very active social and private life, but decided it would be healthy to spend a little more time alone; reflecting on the choices I had made, as well as, the consequences of those choices. But I was very happy that I was able to become a socially active woman without having to pay thousands of dollars to some woman like the infamous Helena—who operated a matchmakers salon.

Most of my private time was soon divided between reading and writing articles for various transvestite and transsexual-oriented publications. The first few articles took a long time to write, and there were times when I just couldn't think of anything to put down on paper. Fortunately, as time went on my writing techniques improved, as well as, my ability to concentrate.

One evening, I decided to drive out to the West end of Long Island. I had missed my mother and simply wanted to drive past the house. When I reached the West end, I pulled off the expressway and onto the street where I had played as a child.

Seeing the houses, neatly landscaped properties, and Maple trees brought back many pleasant memories. My childhood was filled with such memories.

I did not expect my mother to be out of the house, but there she stood. She was standing in the driveway, broom in her hand, sweeping away the autumn leaves.

Even in her late fifties, mother was still a beautiful woman. Her strong, handsome facial features framed her deep brown eyes; eyes that seemed like deep pools of sweet chocolate.

Mother recognized my car, and moved her hand away from the broom. She started to wave, but quickly returned her fingers to the broom handle. Her sweet eyes returned their attention to the asphalt, and she returned to sweeping away the autumn leaves as though she were sweeping away the past.

I applied a bit more pressure to the accelerator and speeded away, returning to the expressway, returning to the East end of Long Island, where I was happiest. The embers of the relationship between my mother and I had probably chilled and turned into ash.

She had tried but had found it impossible to accept my new life. She had found it impossible to abandon the son she still hoped was somewhere beneath the hormones, cosmetics, and dainty clothes.

After returning to my apartment, I played an album by Laura Nyro. Her music had aged, matured. It was much different than the music she wrote for the Fifth Dimension, and the songs she herself recorded; songs about the loneliness only women could know, songs of a woman's discarded devotions, lost loyalties, and private passions.

In the sixties, her songs cried out for a man to love her love-thing, for love was surely gospel. She told us that no one knows the blues like lonely women. Now she was into the environment. She was into telling people not to wear fur coats. Save the earth! Save the whales! Save the water! Save just about every god—damn thing you could think of ... but save it for what? Save it for the next generation of self-centered, money-driven, godless, that could know no righteousness save the righteousness they themselves defined? Somewhere between tiny spoonfuls of white powder, Ms. Nyro had forgotten the people that gave her the blues, the people that were poor then and still poor today. Upstairs by a Chinese lamp, Laura Nyro had abandoned the passion of the sixties along with the rest of the I-me-mine generation.

Times had changed. Here I was, alone in my apartment, relaxing to the music of a woman I had admired more than twenty years ago, wondering if she would ever recapture the popularity she once knew.

Just as I was drifting back into my days as a hippie, the telephone rang. It was Earl, the handsome hunk and submissive with the huge cock! He explained that he had gotten my number from Tanya, and wanted to know if he could come over.

Earl had been scheduled for several sessions but had never shown up. As a matter of fact, none of us had not seen Earl for several weeks. We wondered if he had been hospitalized or had to leave town.

He told me he would explain everything, but he wanted to do it with me, in private. Thinking of him only as a submissive who had entertained the three of us, I told him it would be fine.

Twenty minutes later there was a knock at my door. It was Earl. I invited him inside and directed him to take a seat on the sofa. I sat on the love seat.

“What seems to be the problem, Earl?” I asked. “And where have you been for the past several weeks?”

Earl explained that he had been doing a lot of thinking about what he wanted out of life, and how much longer he could pretend to be a submissive solely to acquire sexual gratification. Earl went on to say that he had suffered the pain and humiliation only because he knew more women that wanted to dominate men, than he knew women who just wanted straight sex. It had become easier for him to have sex through being a submissive than through any other technique.

“Everything was fine until I met you, Roberta.”

Earl had the look of a lost little boy. It brought out my maternal instincts, instincts I had never even recognized until that moment with Earl. Some part of me wanted to rush to him and comfort him. Another part of me was confused and needed more information.

“What exactly do you mean, Earl?” I asked, remaining a little bit distant, as though I were still the mistress, still the professional.

“I'm trying to say I've fallen in love with you, Roberta. I don't know how or even why. All I know is that it's happened, and I need you.”

“This is quite a surprise, Earl. I mean, I only know you as a submissive. We've never actually made love and we've never been out on a date. We've never done anything, socially. How can you be in love with me? You don't even know me!” I asked, surprised and even more curious.

“I know all I need to know,” he replied. “I know you're in the middle of an important transition. You might complete your sex change or might remain just as you are today. That doesn't matter to me. What matter's is you and what I see as your warmth, charm and personality.”

“What about Tanya and Lolita,” I began asking, coyishly, “they're both more attractive than I. And with them there wouldn't be any hassles.”

“What kind of hassles?” he asked, innocently.

“How would you explain me to your parents, your friends, your business associates? We couldn't get married ...not legally. So what would be the point?”

“The point would be that I would have a life to share with the woman I've fallen in love with. That's who you are to me, and that's how I would present you. No one knows you were born a boy. And no one has to know.”

The more I thought about it, the more complicated the matter became. I certainly did not want to be alone for the rest of my life. Still, I couldn't decide if I was ready to handle a full-time relationship with a man. Besides there was still the issue of my relationship with Tanya and Lolita. They both meant a great deal to me. Even if I could never love them as I would love a man, I couldn't divorce myself from the relationship either. A part of me was very much attracted to other women.

“I already have a commitment to Lolita and Tanya, Earl. That relationship is very important to me. It already exists and I never expected anything like your proposal would ever happen to me. What can I do?”

“You wouldn't have to do anything, except to say yes. I have a big house, Roberta. You could move in with me as soon as you were ready. And you could continue to see Tanya and Lolita as often as you pleased.”

“You say that now, Earl; but no man wants to share his woman. I'm sure your feelings would change if you wanted to be with me and I wanted to be with Tanya or Lolita, or both.”

“I'm sharing you now, Roberta! Naturally, I'd be disappointed if I couldn't be with you when I wanted to, but I'm a grown man. I can deal with it. Besides, most of the time I'm at work. It would be no problem for you to schedule your relationship with Tanya and Lolita. All I'm asking is that you give me a chance. Please, Roberta.”

“Let me think about it, Earl. This is all very sudden, and I'm feeling a bit confused right now. Let me think about it.”

“How long do I have to wait?”

“Don't rush me. You can come over tomorrow, at about 7:30. That's really a very short period of time considering what you've asked of me. We'll discuss it then.”

We got up and I walked him to the front door.

He leaned forward for a kiss.

I gave him a little one.

“I'll see you tomorrow.”

“Good night, Earl.”

I stood outside and watched as he pulled away in his black Jaguar. I imagined myself sitting in the front seat. Then I raced next door to tell Lolita.

Lolita was ecstatic and wanted to telephone Tanya immediately.

“Are you crazy, girl?” Lolita asked. “What is there for you to think about? He's told you that you could still continue to be with us. Plus he's rich and he's got that enormous cock for you to play with. I don't believe you didn't say yes right away.”

“What about his friends and his parents?”

“What about them? They're no better than you. You've worked hard to be a woman. Well, this is one of the rewards. Go for it, girl! Go for it! And do it with my blessings!”

I quickly realized how sweet and wonderful a person Lolita could be. I knew Tanya would feel the same way.

The rest was easy. I would tell Earl that I would move in with him in a week. I had arrived! I now had a beautiful man and two beautiful women, what more could anyone ever wish to have?

THE END