

The Entrapped



Chris Bellows

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The Entrapped

by Chris Bellows

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Part One

New York, New York

Miss Sueann... Nurse Sueann... has this very subtle manner of expressing, actualizing her authority.

For example, during my initial return visit to the doctor's office, after my operation, she insisted on holding my hand. She's a large woman, I am rather diminutive...

'homunculous' high school mates taunted in discovering the humorously memorable word in the dictionary. So it appeared that she was a mother leading about a child. For it was during the walk from the changing room to the examination room while naked and completely exposed to the receptionist and other office staff, that she firmly grasped my left hand and led. A woman, presumably a wife waiting for her husband, also found cute humor in the small parade of white uniformed nurse and denudated young male.

And the hand holding was not done so much to comfort as when I was lying strapped down and awaiting the doctor and her scalpel. No, this was a deliberate conveyance of power. Plus, as I later ruminated, the holding of my hand prevented me from cupping both of my hands over my privates, if such remains the proper term for my pubes area.

'You're being acclimatized, Mr. Warren. You'll work with us and in time feel better,' the doctor later offered in explanation when I called to complain about the seemingly long walk sans clothing from changing room to examination room.

The doctor's words were more or less a verbal shrug at Nurse Sueann's questionable comportment, a 'what's the big deal' type of reaction. And again, there was the subtlety of how she phrased it. Not 'we suggest some acclimatization'... or perhaps 'we believe it is best to acclimate yourself'. No, it was the active tense with me becoming the subject of a process.

Clever stuff, I suppose. Everything said and done to slowly immerse me... and without a scintilla of physical coercion... other than while secured to the operating table.

So here we are. Another visit, and I obediently sit naked in the changing room, made to wait. Always made to wait. Nothing ever happens at my volition. I move only when summoned or told to move, those are the rules. And as the doctor suggested, I am being acclimatized to the rules. And besides, without clothing, one is not apt to stand in frustration, thrust open the door and make a scene.

Finally, the door opens and Nurse Sueann, her imposing frame blocking just about the entire opening, stands and smirks. She may interpret her look as a pleasant smile of greeting, but in my mind she gloats.

“Well, Mr. Warren, back to see us again.”

She annoyingly crooks her index finger, the gesture to arise and approach. I silently comply and when she extends her right arm, I know to offer my left hand.

“I do believe you’re putting on some weight. We’ll get you on the scale then do some measuring.”

For men in my condition, the scale does not fully reveal the expected slow change. One loses muscle density, thus lightening body mass, but one tends to accumulate fat, becoming heavier. So in the inexorable transition, the scale does not fully evidence what the gloating Nurse Sueann desires to know. Thus with each visit the circumference of my neck, waist line and all limbs are measured and recorded. Plus calipers are used to meticulously assay the thickness of my epidermis at numerous specific areas... many small dots indelibly mark my skin to offer comparative precision.

Yes, she gloats indeed when measuring my buttocks. And such explains the need for complete nakedness during each visit.

The walk is slow through the reception area. A pretty young receptionist stifles a giggle, as my free hand

attempts to cover myself below. Once again a mature woman, ostensibly waiting for her husband, gapes then smiles when noting the level of Nurse Sueann's control.

'No need for alarm', she comforts herself in spying what my hand so futilely attempts to cover.

"Do you still need to shave every day?" a brazen Nurse Sueann openly inquires.

Again, the subtlety, further hinting to the waiting woman of my condition, bringing satisfying conclusion to her scrutinizing glare.

Into the examination room, Nurse Sueann leads me to the scale where by rote I step up. She releases my hand and gestures, and I know to humbly fold my hands atop my head.

"Shaving?" she sternly repeats the question.

"Every other day. But I skipped both Saturday and Sunday," I reply, my voice so disappointingly docile.

Knowing hands whisk about the counter weights of the scale.

"115 pounds. You've gained two. Think the hormones are working. But I'll still give you a booster shot."

Then comes the tape measure and more subtle authority, announcing aloud that my biceps have shrunk and my thighs fattened. When the calipers begin to assess the epidermis, Nurse Sueann is in her element, palpating my nakedness without hesitation, gleefully announcing that though the weight gain is only two pounds, significant thickness has been accumulated at the buttocks.

"And your biceps are particularly plump, despite the shrinkage. More fat than muscle, your transition is beginning to cascade."

So mirthful in her prognostication. I do not join her, but within there is an ironic sense of accomplishment... a strange reaction upon which I have been well counseled.

"Have you masturbated?" she brashly inquires looking down at the clipboard which records all.

I shake my head 'no'.

"A verbal reply please... the rules."

"No, Nurse Sueann, I have not masturbated," my voice quaking with the forced expression of sordid words.

"Any desire to masturbate?"

By now I should be accustomed to the inquiry. But I cannot steady my voice.

"At times," I squeak.

"At what times? Be specific."

I delay, my mind racing. With each visit, I know the questions are coming, yet I seem to search longer and longer each time for a reply. Why cannot I just blurt the answer?

"Well there was really only one time."

"Details please, Mr. Warren. Always details."

So I offer. Another prognostication coming to realization... that I will slowly and consistently become meek... obedient. I hated to hear that word during counseling... but I now find it to be apt.

"In the park. I was trying to get some exercise because... well you know. There was a young couple sitting on a bench and they were... well rather bold with their hands. It was a warm day and their attire was... brief. And despite the temperature, the girl's nipples were crinkled and pressed against this really thin almost see through blouse."

"And the boy?"

Yes, details. Always the details. Nurse Sueann insists on hearing that one detail I would choose to neglect.

"His trousers were bulging. The girl's hand was at his thigh, but I suspect it was moved there when she saw me approaching."

"And the sight brought arousal?"

"To a certain degree."

"Which? The girl's nipples or the boy's bulging trousers?"

Damn these questions!

"I suppose both in some form or another."

Evasive. And Nurse Sueann, her smile turning more wicked, knows it. She records my answer with inordinate deliberation, writing more words than I have spoken.

“Up on the table for me like a good boy.”

Yes, such devilish selection of words, the diminution of how I am addressed changing from ‘Mr. Warren’ to ‘good boy’. Such masterful control over a situation which brings such chagrin.

I hop up... like a ‘good boy’, the awareness of my unclothed form becoming more apparent with the proximity to the fully clothed Nurse Sueann. I look up into the mature face, the lively eyes, such delight found in working with... well working with the likes of me. She revels in it!

“Feet in the stirrups,” she verbally directs grasping my right foot to assist.

I lie back. If there is an element of enjoyment to be had during these visits... relative enjoyment... this is it.

Right foot securely restrained, as my left foot is similarly guided, I recall the first time I was so positioned months ago...

One cannot feel more exposed then while lying under the intense illumination of operating room lights, not a scrap of clothing, surrounded by the opposite gender.

But here I found myself, the doctor’s gloved hand examining my testicles with untoward thoroughness. Something was wrong. Such examination is usually brief, obviating the potential arousal of the patient.

The doctor appears glum. Nurse Sueann standing nearby exudes calm and cool cheeriness. But as I was to later learn such is always the case.

“Do you have health insurance, Mr. Warren?”

Rather unusual timing for an otherwise pertinent question.

“Yes, ma’am. But the deductible is very high. I will pay by check.”

The doctor nodded and despite the diversion I squirmed in beginning to tumefy. She noticed. How could she not?

“Just relax and don’t worry about that. We get that all the time. It’s natural.”

The words intended to mollify and did. But glancing to Nurse Sueann did not. Yes, she enjoyed my discomfort... or seeing what I would describe as my very modest penis begin to stiffen

“We’ll need a sperm sample to confirm what I suspect. Nurse Sueann will assist. It’s easiest while you’re on the table... and half way there,” she added with a smile.

With that, the doctor stepped out. And Nurse Sueann extracted her sample. She masturbated me. Mechanically, clinically, rhythmically stroking away with a lubricated gloved hand. When two fingers of her free hand plunged into my rectum, she deftly pressured my prostate gland and I dutifully came for her, giving up what she wanted into the waiting collection vessel.

For her, it was like a mechanic doing an oil change.

Still there was the gloating look... the power... the control... she found thrill.

“The incisions can barely be seen. You heal well,” Nurse Sueann’s words pulling me from my reverie.

Gloved fingers rummage about my scrotal sac. Not gruff but certainly not tender, I have become accustomed to a woman’s inspecting fingers palpating otherwise intimate anatomy.

Acclimatized... yes. An apropos term.

I guess I should feel better about the lack of scarring, but I don’t. For some reason the relative aesthetics are not too meaningful... down there.

“I’ll need a fluid sample,” Nurse Sueann announces with a degree of jubilation.

I glumly nod, disguising my own enjoyment of the debasing process as Nurse Sueann arises to retrieve a

specimen jar.

Yes, to be acclimatized. Why is it I take this? I curse my own meekness. But oddly, Nurse Sueann's holding of my hand does indeed bring comfort of late. And in offering a sample... well, I guess I have not much else left when it comes to pleasure.

"It's best to keep that prostate gland in order. You'd not want to have trouble with that!" So what more justification can I ask for in lying naked, feet secured well parted in stirrups, a stern uniformed nurse authoritatively tending to my perceived needs?

Yes, I am to be milked. She never uses the term, but that's the process, my penis treated like a cow's udder as greased and gloved fingers extract what I now so reluctantly give up.

And I have come to enjoy watching, looking into the glowing face of my nurse as she takes command. Once again mechanically, clinically, rhythmically stroking away, two fingers slipping into my rectum, my male glands oddly reveling in ceding to the dominion of a governing woman.

"It's so nice and soft, I do believe it's shrinking even faster."

Strangely, the words do not distress. Yes, I am acclimatizing. More memories flow as Nurse Sueann patiently milks, her fingers deft as always.

"Can I get dressed?"

I sit in the doctor's office, released from the stirrups after her thorough examination.

"I think men like you are more comfortable this way. Besides, it saves me time. I have another patient waiting."

I nod, unintentionally offering concurrence.

"I'll be frank, Mr. Warren. You need immediate acute care. It's cancer. The chances of such metastasizing increase by about 2 percent per week. Right now I estimate you have a 90% chance of recovery. Next week it will be less."

I am shocked. Her words snap me from the torpor induced by Nurse Sueann's extraction of sperm. I ejaculated for her at her behest and filled her specimen jar.

"We'll have your sample tested, but I've seen too many cases to have any doubt. You'll need an immediate orchiectomy."

She pauses, letting set the horrific reality.

"That's the removal of the testes, Mr. Warren. Simple and quick. It can be done on an outpatient basis to keep the costs down. But it's still \$4,000. What's your insurance deductible?"

"\$5,000," I mumble.

"You've got it, I trust."

I do not. She seems to know that, becoming reticent in order to let the dilemma further sink within.

"Can you raise it? Timely? Wait another month and you'll have an 80 percent survival chance. Plus there is the cost of counseling."

"Counseling?"

"It's mandatory for men who lose their balls," her choice of words becoming suddenly unprofessional in realizing she has a potential deadbeat patient.

I join her in silence. She relaxes and sits back, seemingly quite comfortable. Too many years in the medical profession, I conclude. Too many orchiectomies?

"I don't have the resources," I stammer, too stunned to elaborate.

"There is a possible alternative," the doctor cautiously suggests. "But you'll need to make certain... certain conciliations."

I nod in preliminary agreement. Have I a choice?

"A woman of means, based in South America. She will offer financial assistance... even cover the cost of counseling... her choice of *counseling*," she strangely enunciates in a provocative manner.

I nod again.

"I suppose I must agree."

"Yes, you will... to everything she demands."

More silence. Have I sold my soul?

"We'll need photos to email to her for approval. Another reason for you to remain disrobed. Full nudity is required. Front, sides and rear. Nurse Sueann will accommodate. There need to be rather revealing poses. Nurse Sueann will also need measurements. But there are benefits for compliance. We know what she wants and I believe you're the type."

"What's it like?" I must inquire, with my head spinning, ignoring the need for seedy photographs.

"Simple. Ironically, very simple. Two small incisions. Some snips. Nerves, vessels, vas deferens. I tie off. I suture. I close. And your testicles are gone... and with it the cancer. 90% recovery, if we act timely."

"And then what? Life without my organs."

"Without your balls?" again unprofessionally worded, now with a seemingly sardonic snort. "It will transform. In some regards you'll be more free than ever. But your counselor will go into that more. There will be physical changes, emotional changes, and mental changes. But hormone treatment will help. And that's what the woman in South America insists on monitoring to her satisfaction... the hormones."

I should have asked more questions. I did not.

She insists that I watch. And my counselor suggests that I do as well.

'You will develop comfort in being placed under the control of others... particularly women. It's a common proclivity among neutered males.'

The counseling is blunt. Yet I do indeed find myself watching as Nurse Sueann plies her craft, patiently extracting pre ejaculatory fluid... the prostate gland secreting what is no longer needed.

“Yes, you boys all enjoy having your nurse work the diminishing softness,” she coos as I ooze, my penis having the limpness of a well cooked strand of spaghetti.

The flow is slow but consistent. There is distant pleasure, but it feels both good yet frustrating. My counselor suggests it will feel like I am about to sneeze but cannot. And she is correct. Something within tells me to pull the trigger... but my revolver is uncocked and unloaded. The nurse’s taunting words... and she knows it... adding to the plunge of any remaining self esteem.

After many minutes she announces the flow has terminated and I agree. I am well milked, lying in the glow of incomplete coitus with a woman’s gloved hand. Such a very odd sensation.

Next comes a complete sponge bath of depilating lotion. It smells. It burns. And Nurse Sueann’s timing is superb as always. For within minutes, when she alacritously smooths a cool wet towel over every inch of my flesh, all hair stubble glides away. Judging from the dwindling need for shaving my face, soon the caustic solution will be superfluous. I will not miss it.

She releases my feet, I want to thank her, but cannot find the words. Such a bizarre reaction.

Next come the required photos... front, sides, rear... my South American benefactor to monitor my ‘progress’ through email. When finished, Nurse Sueann pats the top of the padded examination table.

“Tummy down, butt up,” she gamely commands as if tending to a child.

As promised, there comes a hypodermic injection. Though I take the demanded pills, as per the rather thorough legal document I signed, I suppose the hormone injections are appropriate caution should I somehow, for some reason, become neglectful... certainly not disobedient.

It’s testosterone, I assume, stemming the effect of having my testicles excised.

I do not think such is working.

Nurse Sueann takes glee, slowly rubbing my softening buttock with alcohol, stabbing and injecting with deliberation.

I am then escorted, left hand in hers, with my right rubbing my wounded cheek. In being paraded through the reception area, the waiting woman now outright stares. Yes, I expose my empty scrotal sac for all to see as I am returned to the changing room, tiny penis bobbing most comically. For some reason not only does it no longer matter, I instead feel an odd glow in exposing my now smooth and hairless form.

Yes, acclimatization.

Weekly counseling is like attending grade school. Though I don't get my knuckles rapped, the psychologist is stern. Since I am not paying the bill, I am more ward than patient and treated as a potentially recalcitrant child.

"Have you gotten used to being naked with me?" her questions always so forthright.

"In a way I suppose," as I disrobe before her.

She glares, visually examining my glabrous body, though it is more Nurse Sueann's purview to do so. I think she is amused with the debasing deed of exposing myself.

"I have Nurse Sueann's report. Physically you're progressing nicely. You're plumping."

I blush, a reaction that happens more and more frequently of late.

"It seems the testosterone is not working as well as it should," I suggest, knowing of the propensity for castrates to shed muscle and gain fat.

She smiles... that 'I know something you don't know' look that I presume is acquired with the accumulation of so many advanced degrees.

"Nurse Sueann writes that there was an encounter in the park. Want to tell me about it?"

I do not, but can just about recite verbatim my contract, that which upon signing saved me from cancer, and earned me the cost of this rather extensive counseling. I must cooperate or am legally obligated to repay the thousands upon thousands of dollars. My mother co-signed, putting her home at risk. She is too old to lose it.

So I tell her about it. Crinkled nipples. Bulging trousers. A virile young male apparently benefitting from the attentive hand of an alluring blonde.

"It aroused you... to the extent you can feel arousal after a woman removed your testicles," blatantly forcing the reminiscence of the recent procedure.

The gender reference is constant. There is an immersion process to all this, the observations and questions always leading to pointedly one sided exchanges of sexual power. I am becoming accustomed, indeed realizing how with such quick simplicity the male can be physically altered. And now psychologically transformed as well. Powerlessness is being imbued. Weak... I am becoming weaker.

"In what role did you envision yourself... in the park? In being aroused, you must have imagined portraying either the girl or the boy. Which?"

As she questions, she signals me to lie on the obligatory couch. I do.

"I guess I was imagining what it is like to once again achieve erection."

"But you cannot. You saw the doctor's handiwork. You just laid on the table while a woman plundered your scrotum. A rather helpless feeling. The vulnerability is rather compelling, don't you think? Nurse Sueann writes that you watched as instructed. You can feel your empty scrotum every time you shower. You are more than aware of your castration by a woman. Why would you think you can ever again be potent?"

Yes, in the contract, it was demanded that local anesthetic be administered and that I be made to observe

as the pretty doctor plundered indeed. It may have been my imagination, but the operating room reeked of perfume rather than sanitizing chemicals. Intentional?

Strangely, I was emotionally 'with it', so to speak, until I heard the first plunk, the sound made as my left testicle was squeezed through a deliberately tiny incision at the side to minimize scarring. With the various connecting cords snipped it fell to a waiting basin and I detected a smile behind the surgical mask. I know the gleeful look of Nurse Sueann did not fade with my loss. And that is when I began to blubber like the little girl I was about to become.

"Perhaps you would like to feel an erection. Since you cannot have one of your own, a woman permanently depriving you, perhaps deep within you visualize that it was your little hand on the boy's trousers?"

The thought horrifies. But that is what the woman does, constantly testing my emotional and psychological reaction... challenging my psyche... my gender identification. There is never a conclusion, only the implantation of licentious gender obfuscating thoughts.

"I don't think so."

"That's not a bold denial."

She is correct. What is happening?

"Your hair. It's getting long. You like long hair."

"I never had long hair."

"But now you do."

The psychological challenges and riveting questions go on and on for an hour. Finally, mentally worn, the counselor notably smug, I am given my instructions for the week.

"Same time next Friday. Go to a beauty parlor first. Have your hair coifed. A nice effeminate style. Then we'll talk about it. How you think you look. How it makes you feel. I want you to make it look like that girl in the park."

She hands me a business card for a nearby salon.

"In case you need support, the girls there are very good with neutered boys like you. It amuses."

I like to say I am an accountant, but am really just a clerk. Four years of college and I shuffle paper. If I work hard and show myself to be promotable, at some point I'll shuffle receivables in place of the humdrum shuffling of payables.

So as my body transforms and for some reason I decide to let my hair grow, no one notices in the 'cave' of the accounting department. Still, my counselor's demand that my hair be styled can turn heads... probably will turn heads.

So I decide to make the required appointment for late in the week, offering the weekend to counter any undue presentation which can potentially affect employment status. I call the salon and attempt to make an arrangement for late Friday afternoon... in the world of beauty and fashion apparently the busiest time of the week.

"I'm sorry, sir, all booked for Friday."

I mention my counselor's name and the tone immediately shifts.

"Warren, did you say? Yes, the doctor had us put a note in our scheduling calendar. Possible special treatment. The back room has been made available that afternoon at her request. 3:30 p.m. don't be late."

My counselor seems to wield some authority at the salon. So I spend the week doing my shuffle, and in not having a doctor's appointment the only comparative mental, emotional trauma is showering in the morning... when I wash... down there.

Something about the combined sensation of soaping/kneading the empty scrotum plus the complete hairlessness that drives home my alteration. I so often recall the doctor's words as she sutured the small openings, my testicles resting in a metal dish.

'Left lots of puffy skin for you. Some girls... ah, rather boys... enjoy playing. If you find it distracts, is found to be counter to your desired presentment, it's easily removed. We can gather the skin, band it to curtail the circulation and

within ten days to two weeks it will merely drop off. It's how they do cattle,' she pedantically explained.

Having piqued my curiosity I later did an internet search. The device is termed an elastrator and I was quite chagrined to see such available for as low as \$12.00. I sat mesmerized. The models used on smaller livestock such as goats or lambs could perfectly circle the scrotum of a human male.

I can just about recite every word of instructions as to its use...

Restrain the kid.

With the prongs of the elastrator facing the kid, expand the band by squeezing the elastrator.

Place the band over the scrotum and testes, close to the body, making sure that both testes are below the ring.

Release the elastrator and pull it from the band, making sure that the band is close to the body and that the teats are not trapped in the band.

The scrotum and testes dry up and drop off in about two weeks. Check them regularly after that if they have not fallen off. Check them for infection and spray with antiseptic, if needed. In a few cases, they may be hanging by a small amount of tissue, and you can cut them off with a clean scalpel or sharp knife.

For some reason I stared lengthily at the website. Intended for farmers, both the number and sizes of elastrators was disconcertingly impressive along with explicit instructions for use by the novice.

Guess I should be thankful to have something left there. Quite gracious of the doctor.

'So if you want to be a smoothy, as some of my boys like to reference the removal of all this excess skin, just let me know,' the smile beneath the surgical mask broadening with the suggestion.

Her eyes twinkled and I imagined her smile to match the gloating look of the nearby Nurse Sueann.

I shudder again thinking about the offer.

Tons of office paperwork can offer remedial distraction until one needs to use the men's room. Then, like it or not, I must feel down there, my penis indeed seeming to shrink.

Yes, along with the photos taken for my South American benefactor, Nurse Sueann measured my entire anatomy, chuckling in a most irritating manner as she stretched out my flaccid member and held a ruler.

'Four and a half inches. The feminine world is not going to miss your prowess,' she proclaimed.

And so the pre operation standard was set. I have subsequently not achieved such 'robust' length with any follow up visits to the doctor's office. Though once I did become erect. Yes, a few days after the pain of the scrotal openings subsided, I awoke one morning with nocturnal penile tumescence. I stroked myself a bit, but knowing the ultimate result would be disappointingly anti climactic, I decided that endeavoring to arrive at work on schedule was a better use of my efforts.

I have since not again achieved full erection.

Friday arrives. My superiors know I have had recent surgery, no embarrassing details offered. So it's facile to announce a need to depart at 3:30 p.m. for a doctor's appointment. Not a complete prevarication, my counselor *is* a doctor... a PhD in psychology... and I will eventually be in her office.

But first it's to the beauty salon to endure what I suspect will be a test of my remaining masculinity.

To be coifed!

My hair is somewhat curly. Thus its growing length is not overly noticeable. But my counselor wants it to be styled in the manner of that young trollop in the park. Parted in the middle, the simple styling hung straight down, cut straight about the neck an inch or two below her ears, bangs festooned her forehead about an inch above her eyebrows.

“Yes, Mr. Warren,” the young girl seeming to repress a giggle. “The back room. Your counselor has made the arrangements.”

I follow to the back of the bustling salon. I receive some questioning glances, but in New York it is not completely uncommon for a man to benefit from the offerings of a woman’s domain. The girl leads me into a small room with the expected adjustable swivel chair. She points.

“It’s probably best you get out of that nice suit, Mr. Warren. The various hair formulas can be quite powerful and will stain.”

Why is it I am not alarmed?

She closes the door. The room is well mirrored and I cannot help looking at my five foot two inch frame, lithe but rapidly plumping where a guy does not normally plump. My curly hair is frumpily gathered atop my head, styling not a coveted attribute in a stodgy accounting department. When I pull up and out to straighten, I note it has indeed become long, as my counselor suggested. I have not given it much thought, with all the physical and emotional trauma of late. Guess a hair cut has not been at the top of my agenda... or so I justify the neglect.

The door opens. As I hoped, in steps a woman of maturity, the receptionist I found to be too young to understand the intended proceedings.

“I am Molly, Mr. Warren. Were you not advised to remove your suit?”

The voice is husky. The tone forceful. The look disapproving. Her stance, arms akimbo, one of instant authority.

“Ah... yes... well I’m just here to get my hair done.”

“As is everyone else. Disrobe. To your skivvies. Hair dye can be destructive to good clothing.”

“Hair dye? I’m here for some styling.”

“And that you shall have as well. Your counselor suggested you be made into a blond. Something about a

style and shade you noted in the park. Tell me what it looked like... the style. Any particular shade of blond?"

This brings alarm. My hair is brown... dark brown. I arrived thinking any untoward efforts today could be unraveled by the time Monday morning work beckoned. But dyed as a blond?

"Ah... well if my counselor insists," I am demure and once again mentally recite to myself the long agreement which covered the cost of acute medical care and this subsequent 'counseling'.

I unbutton my suit jacket. The woman takes it and hangs it as I step out of my shoes and unbuckle my belt. She watches with intensity. She is a no nonsense woman of some forty years. I will once again be challenged... and lose.

"I assume it can be washed out... the dye?"

No answer. She just points to the chair as I hand her my trousers.

"What was the style? Describe it for me."

I do. She nods, commenting that the style has been prevalent of late due to some up and coming movie starlet.

"Take off your undershirt too. We'll need to straighten your hair and that can get sloppy. So you'll see why I need you out of that suit Mr. Warren. Powerful ingredients. Otherwise it's easily done."

Molly glances downward.

"What happened to your body, Mr. Warren? No hair on the chest, arms or legs..."

It will be a long appointment. My transformation begins.

I cannot believe it's me! I am incredulous. Molly proves to be a magician! I stare into the various mirrors in combined excitement and embarrassment. My hair is a gaudy shade of blond. I have bangs. The curls of hair are now exceptionally straight and precisely cut in a straight line from the right jaw bone to the left.

"It's termed a 'page boy'," Molly informs, her gaze intense in assessing her own work.

I cannot help thinking how effeminate I appear, the style complementing Nurse Sueann's depilating efforts.

"Sit back, Mr. Warren. Just a little more tidy work and I think you'll be ready to show off."

I am compliant of course, my thoughts running wild, fearfully imagining my return to the accounting 'cave' on Monday. So as I sit back and Molly begins working my eyebrows it does not occur to me to protest. The small and limited strips of hair are also trimmed, plucked then dyed as well.

"This *will* wash out," my words coming across more as a plea than a question.

"Your counselor gave instructions for permanent dye. It will grow out in time, but you'll look rather silly if you don't continuously color the undergrowth. I have you down for a follow up appointment in two weeks."

I am sickened, but my thoughts are diverted as Molly finishes plying her craft at my eyebrows and playfully but brazenly tweaks my left nipple.

"You look cute. And I think your counselor wants you to look cute. You will please her."

Spoken with the assumption that pleasing my counselor is my only goal, Molly steps away and tosses me my undershirt.

"Two weeks. And the advantage of permanent coloring is that for the most part you can shampoo normally. I'll give you a bottle of mild formula on the way out. The bill has been taken care of."

My counselor greets me with all the expected superlatives.

"My, my how pretty you look, Mr. Warren!"

I enter her inner sanctum, already disgruntled by the cute and knowing smile of her secretary receptionist,

endured as I waited to be summoned.

I wonder if she knows I am 'counseled' while completely nude.

The short walk from the salon was tough for me, strolling rapidly through midtown at rush hour, not knowing how to counter the riveting questioning stares... man with girlish hair?.. or girl wearing men's attire? I just gazed straight ahead and tried to ignore.

But there was a reaction... down there. And I do not understand it. I felt twinges. The attention brought some form of 'pre arousal' for want of a better term. I do believe that had I been intact I would have stiffened. But then if I had been intact would all the stares... some rather adoring... have given rise to the twinge?

I am confused by my own reaction.... physical and emotional. My mind is in a dither. And oddly I am glad to finally be in the seclusion of my counselor's office.

By rote I begin to remove my clothing very much aware of how the counselor insists that I present myself to her.

"Very alluring. Very effeminate. And I think you like it!" my counselor begins with the psychological barrage.

Before I step to lie on her couch, she grasps my right hand, just as Nurse Sueann is wont to do.

"Come let's look at you."

She guides me to a closet door and opens it. On the back is a full length mirror, apparently used between appointments and at the end of the day to assure her presentment. She pushes me to her front and stands behind. My eyes widen in shock... and I must confess rather pleasant shock. My denuded, hairless form is indeed alluring, disgustingly alluring unless one is a pedophile. At age 24, I have the appearance of a prepubescent boy... with testicles excised more likely a prepubescent girl. But for some reason I take joy... and she knows!

"You look cute as a blond."

I do indeed... and I am both ashamed and yet oddly stimulated.

"How do you feel?"

And this is when I begin to understand the need for counseling. I know how I feel, but cannot express it... perhaps dare not express it.

What is happening to me!

My right hand goes to my pubes. The twinge has returned and in the privacy of my counselor's office, everything most confidential, I cannot ignore it. I caress myself... unable to do so while walking the streets of New York. And then for the first time my left hand goes to my nipples. I caress there as well. Such are crinkled...like the girl in the park! Oh, the irony!

My counselor smiles... projecting that 'I know something you don't know' look. She seems satiated, in guy's parlance as if she just scored a major league run to win a game.

"You're discovering yourself anew, Mr. Warren. Perhaps it would be better if we used another moniker for you if you're going to be a naughty girl."

She grasps my hand. I am infatuated by my reflection and she must tug firmly.

"Come. Let's talk, Renee. We have much to cover. Tomorrow you have an appointment with a woman who will be taking you shopping and teaching you deportment. And I think you will enjoy yourself. Your skin is becoming tender as I am sure you can feel. You'll need silk and satin. There are not many girls who get to go shopping on a wealthy benefactress..."

Lying on the couch I spy a dildo. I am to play with it, to simulate masturbation.

But am I to simulate masturbating myself... or another male?

"Picture that boy on the park bench..."

I do. And I find my hand to be disturbingly tender and dainty.

It's Saturday. I have an appointment. I shower, my soapy hands gliding about my shorn pubes, spurring both remorse and a degree of distant joy. I gently pull on my penis and feel a twinge of pleasure... and disappointment, having stroked away the prior night on a sizable faux phallus to seemingly amuse my counselor.

I dry. I dress. For some reason I spend extra time before the mirror, care taken to assure my hair is properly combed and set as Molly showed me. The blond locks stun... unnaturally golden... but attractive.

Almost out the door, I remember to grab the hand bag my counselor gave me.

'You'll carry this at all times,' she instructed, making me leave behind my brief bag.

No loss. The brief bag was not much more than an attempt to project importance. I really never carried anything in it other than the morning paper and a sandwich.

Stepping to the elevator I assess the fine over the shoulder bag offered in its place. Smooth and shiny black leather, not effeminate, not masculine; I realize it will further serve to obfuscate my gender as I walk the streets. The brief bag, I suppose, has been deemed too conclusively masculine.

Herald Square is my destination. I am to meet a woman named 'Miss Aliquot' at Sixth Avenue and 33rd Street. I have no idea how she will find me, but then my reflection comes to mind.

How many prepubescent looking blonds will be standing there at 10:00 a.m. with a black leather bag over their shoulders?

I arrive and of course must wait. I always seem to be waiting... in my counselor's reception area, in the doctor's changing room, even in the back room of the beauty salon.

Finally, after twenty minutes, a woman approaches. From a near distance, she smiles and offers a modest hand signal. I nod.

"You must be Renee," an arm reaches, fingers smooth over my newly styled locks.

It is a matronly gesture, a mother adoringly grooming her child. As I begin to speak her hand glides to my cheek and pinches, causing me to stutter the intended words 'I am Mr. Warren'.

My attempt to establish masculinity, utilizing my surname, fails. The woman interrupts, her strong fingers continuing to pinch with surprising zeal.

"Today, with me, you are Renee, my little one. I am Miss Lalique," the words accented in French

At five foot two I am 'little one' to just about all. I am accustomed to looking up into the faces of most men and half the women I greet. But Miss Lalique is a truly large woman, not only compared to my limited stature, but to all.

"We have much to do. We will talk as we walk."

We do. Miss Lalique explains our day as we stroll to a clothing store.

"There is to be more acclimatization. Your benefactress has provided an almost unlimited budget, Renee. We need to change some things. It will help the way you think. You will be very happy with the result."

The clothing store proves to be rather small and upscale, not one of the busy Herald Square general department stores. When we enter a woman spies Miss Lalique and immediately approaches.

"Welcome again, Miss Lalique. Another protégé?"

Miss Lalique nods.

"We will need to use the fourth floor. Can you send up two of your girls?"

"Of course. I assume otherwise you'll want privacy?"

Miss Lalique nods again and takes my hand. I offer no resistance, accustomed to my walks with Nurse Sueann in

control. We move to a small elevator, just about able to accommodate us both. The door slides shut.

“You will remain silent, Renee. This is new for you, but is done quite often in New York. There are many to be transformed and we are here to help. The girls I think you will find to be delightful... and discreet... so you should not deny them their enjoyment.”

The hum of the elevator stops. The door slides open. We step into a woman’s clothing boutique. There is not one item to be described as less than gaudily frilly.

It will be a long morning.

I am chagrined to have to report there was thrill. And with it, more confusion in understanding myself.

We sit at lunch. Miss Lalique, having finished making an extraordinary monetary outlay for my new clothing, is buying at a midtown bistro. We sit outside, the mid September weather quite mild. Passersby tend to gawk, and I must wonder if I will ever become accustomed to the questioning stares.

Miss Lalique notes my mild discomfort.

“Overall Renee, deep within, all pretty girls like the attention. Just as you did at the shop.”

I blush, my reaction to her reference something else that I do not fully understand... when my flesh turns pink, bumps form, on occasion my nipples crinkle.

“You pranced about so happily, once you got used to the girls.”

I did. And I did so without a stitch of clothing, exuding a strange pride in exposing my smooth, plumped and hairless body. The girls took relish in visually noting my missing organs, but otherwise said nothing, just looked at each, nodded and smiled... a ‘here’s another one’ type of reaction.

How many times have they fitted... selected... frilly feminine clothing for the male figure... one time male figure?

The result of the curious display... my modeling of so many pretty, sheer and colorful garments. Dozens of pink satin panties are the most memorable. The feel of such fine smoothness at my empty scrotal sac and neglected penis brought arousal. For me a rather peculiar style was chosen, tight at the front, at the back covering less than half of my plumped and burgeoning globes.

The word skimpy comes to mind.

After determining my size, Miss Lalique went to work. Women love to shop and all types of dresses and blouses were selected. The pile grew.

But what was most comical... shoes. Even I joined in the laughter in attempting to walk about naked in heels. The girls caught me each time before sprawling to the floor. Their guiding hands felt good. And with one near fall some fingers brushed my privates, others rubbed my derriere. I protested not... instead lustfully absorbing both the touch and the attention.

Hours later, lunch becomes a lesson in proper 'ladylike' deportment, Miss Lalique many times correcting some masculine habits, such as aggressively stabbing stuff with a fork.

But in completing the meal, as Miss Lalique orders coffee, a slice of reality pops to mind.

When will I be wearing such an extensive wardrobe?

I inquire, and the reply disheartens... initially.

"You will dress for me every day, Renee. I have selected some fine things. Why would you not wear?"

"But I must work!"

"And so you shall. Your counselor will handle your employment. You should not worry about a thing."

I do worry... but then... the stuff felt so good... and does now! Miss Lalique tossed away my undergarments at the shop. I am wearing the pink panties at lunch... and there is curious comfort... physical... and emotional.

“Must we do this?”

“Would you have me report your disobedience, Renee?”

I glumly shake my head ‘no’ and Miss Lalique nods to the girl.

I am having my ears pierced.

“I suppose with the hair style no one at work will notice,” I rationalize aloud.

Indeed, the girl must push back my fine blond locks in order to position the wicked looking device. In the corner of my eye I see her hand squeeze and with the sound of a sharp snap there is an instant of pain as my left earlobe is penetrated.

Not too bad, I note.

But she then repositions the device higher and before I can protest makes another opening well up into the cartilage of the main body of the ear.

“You may need to show off some special jewelry, Renee. Somewhat elaborate,” Miss Lalique’s reference left deliberately vague as the device twice attacks my right ear.

Studs are slipped in place, with instructions about occasionally twisting and the maintenance of sanitary conditions while the openings heal.

“You will look so pretty, Renee.”

I will. And oddly the thought entices... except when I think about the work day... commuting... in general interacting with the world outside of the doctor, Nurse Sueann, my counselor and now this Miss Lalique.

How will I function?

“And now for some cosmetics,” Miss Lalique announces with noted enthusiasm.

Finally the day ends. Expecting to part company and rush home to accept the delivery of abundant clothing, instead Miss Lalique takes my hand and escorts.

With my ears pierced with plain but somewhat noticeable shards of stainless steel, carrying what could be interpreted

as a pocket book, golden blond page boy styled hair, the passersby gape with curiosity even more intensely. Some stop and stare. Young males offer a look of lust... and my reaction can neither be described nor understood.

I am in full make up, an alluring young woman prepped for an evening of glamour at the theater... at the opera. But I am wearing slacks, a somewhat masculine shirt. Loafers. My attire is incongruous with the efforts of the cosmetician... hours spent on rouge, eye shadow, mascara, prominent false eye lashes.

Bizarre, but with my unattractive attire, I feel I am disappointing my admirers...

Miss Lalique just nods and smiles. I stare straight ahead, counting the many blocks, hoping the traffic lights change timely.

Told to remain silent unless spoken to, I find I must inquire.

"Miss Lalique, what's this all about? So much time... so much money."

She smiles, shushing me, but adds... "In time, my precious little one. In time.

"But tonight, would you not like to get out of those dreary male clothes?"

I would. For some reason... I want to feel pretty... to look pretty... for her.

I was not expecting Miss Lalique to accompany me home and even more surprised when she enters my apartment and stays. With her simple hand signal I know to disrobe and am soon standing before her in my new pink panties, my softening cheeks so prominently displayed to her.

I should have suspected her next course of action, for after exiting the elevator she took particular note of the garbage chute. I watch somewhat amused... somewhat aghast... as she gathers up my slacks, shirt and shoes.

"You'll no longer need these."

Yes, she makes her way back to the garbage chute and my attire tumbles the eight floors to the disposal bin.

Symbolic? No. For the next hour, awaiting the special delivery from the clothing shop, she rummages through every drawer and every closet. Nothing male escapes her attention. Even sports stuff, nothing to do with apparel, fall the eight floors.

At the end, I have nothing but the pink panties I arrived in and become even more eager for the delivery from the clothing store.

“Now... it’s time you learned a few things.”

Manicure... pedicure... my nails are turned to a pink to match my panties. Fun... so I think until the notion of the Monday work day comes to mind. Then, unexplainably I begin to whimper.

Why? Such an unmanly reaction.

Unanswerable, just as is the intensity of the blushing... the goose bumps... the crinkling nipples.

“What’s the matter, Renee, you look very pretty?” Miss Lalique softly inquires.

“I don’t know. But everyone will be looking at me.”

“Pretty girls like to be looked at. You will enjoy it.”

Her counseling somewhat composes. Next, she opens my pocket book and extracts the many cosmetics assembled, the girl who pierced explaining each small bottle and tube. Lots to learn and we review the need for each dainty item.

Then the buzzer for the main entrance sounds and the delivery men announce themselves over the intercom. I instruct Miss Lalique how to offer access and arise intending to hide myself from what I assume to be the muscular earthiness about to invade my apartment... certainly not to be as understanding as the many women tending to my... my what? My condition I suppose.

Miss Lalique buzzes them in and turns.

“Where are you going, Renee?”

“I can’t be seen.”

“But you will. Come back here this instant.”

“Please no, Miss Lalique. They are men and I have no... no clothing.”

“You have your panties. That’s enough. Or should I take them away and have you show yourself to the men completely... fully displaying every inch of that plumping hairless body.”

I blush. The words... so strong... so driving home my fear... my concern. And yet there comes the twinge. There is strange excitement. I stammer. I cannot find words of protest... realizing that whatever utterance comes to mind will be futile.

It’s been such a long day. Ups... downs... prancing about naked... then in tight pink panties... being pierced... adorned with makeup and now the stunning pink nails. My mind becomes addled as there comes a knock on my apartment door and Miss Lalique slides open the bolt.

My change of life has arrived... and with it the most stultifying exhibition to date. To be nearly naked... in front of men!

“Come in, boys. And please do not mind my niece, Renee. She’s so eager to try on her new clothing she could not stay dressed and wait.”

My panties! The protruding buttocks are bad enough. But with the tightness at the front, my penis, however diminutive, presses forth. There appears to be the outline of a pinky finger, though soft, limp, and useless. Still, it evidences my gender... my former gender?

Will they notice?

How odd... to want to be observed as a girl... not a man. I want to act out the ruse... want them to think of me as feminine!

My nipples crinkle and I suppose, with the men believing me to be underage, they try to look away. Miss Lalique just smiles at my quandary. I freeze and dare not move, try not to draw attention, concerned about further tantalizing in

showing more of me... or worse... offer a sultry view of soft, newly rounded buttocks.

Miss Lalique tips generously. The ten minutes spent checking the contents of the many boxes seem like an eternity.

Finally, they leave. I will forever wonder as to what conclusions they came.

My pounding heart slows. Miss Lalique has me remove my panties, desiring to see all of me. And of course I am compliant, for some reason placing my hands on my head as she becomes rather stern.

"You'll have all of tomorrow to try on your new things – such wonderful soft and smooth garments. It will make you feel so alluring, but for now there's just a little more work to be done. You were not impressive in heels. Put on the four inch set for me."

Once again I am completely naked before a fully clothed woman. There comes the twinge as I slip into the impossible footwear... impossible in which to walk with any degree of aplomb.

As I encircle my calves with the straps, just as the girls at the shop showed me, Miss Lalique retrieves a wand from her purse. Some eight inches long, it telescopes to extend to some two feet. My perplexity is brief as when I arise and attempt to take an initial step, my slight stumble earns a crisp tap to my well presented buttocks. It hurts... not overwhelming... but I certainly know I have been corrected... and seek to avoid more.

"There was too much silliness at the shop, Renee. You *will* learn to walk in heels... and learn to do so most temptingly."

I will... and I do.

No welts. Some evidence of bruising, I endure the exacting tutelage of Miss Lalique, learning indeed to not

only walk in heels, but to do so in that 'come hither and fuck me manner'. Many hours, many corrective 'taps', I learn that placing one foot directly in front of the other swings... sways... the hips. Suggestive... lascivious... for some reason I buy into it.

I learn to walk like a young girl... and one on the prow! How else can I describe the resulting gait!

Sunday, as Miss Lalique suggested, I am left alone. Me and my wardrobe... a girl and her clothes.

The weather is temperate... but where is it I can go? I have blouses... I have skirts... I have heels... some more modest than the devilish four inch pumps in which I have been trained... but I am a guy!

Or am I?

Showering on Sunday morning, the fingers of a soapy hand once again gently scour that which the doctor plundered. There comes a certain degree of arousal.... a distant pleasure. The palpation of the loose flesh stirs certain nerves. I recall the doctor's countenance... 'left lots of puffy skin for you. Some girls... ah, rather boys... enjoy playing'.

Quite prescient, I assume that as the physical trauma of excising my balls dissipates, the relative sensitivity returns... slowly. I recall Nurse Sueann observing that anatomically the flesh of the male scrotum has the same sensitivity as the female labia.

I suppose I will be determining that for sure.

Missing from the sizable collection of new garments is casual wear... that worn when just sitting about the apartment watching television or playing computer games. So with the dozens of pink silk and satin panties, none completely covering my cheeks, such becomes by default that which I don while lounging about.

For some reason there comes this propensity to sit before a mirror... not so much staring at my radically transformed appearance, but absorbing... reflecting in a puny way. At

first there are tears... coifed hair... pierced ears... yet I am a guy. But then realization sets in... I am a guy without balls. Then the emotional roller coaster begins a slow ascent... I am a guy without balls who is somewhat cute. This brings a smile... and not an irritating smile as that of Nurse Sueann... but a rather fresh 'girl next door' smile. Yes, innocent, wholesome, and attractive.

I practice... girlishly feminine facial expressions. My appearance is so different... so much better? I twist the shards penetrating my ears, assuring as instructed that the openings properly heal. The studs are ungainly... the practicality of unsightly stainless steel required only during the healing process. And then I think to myself... earrings.

How will I be decorated? I find myself fantasizing about sparkling diamonds and glimmering gold.

But how can a girl... a guy... afford such?

My benefactress was certainly forthcoming enough yesterday. Will jewelry be next?

The thought brings a strange thrill, envisioning magnificent baubles, teasingly dangling just below the cut of my page boy. Such brings a smile... that cute, wholesome 'girl next door' smile.

And then it comes to mind that only moments ago I was crying, my tears flowing to smear the remnants of yesterday's make up.

What is happening to me?

Nearing noon, the self adulation bringing a degree of ennui, Miss Lalique having tossed most computer games, there comes a need for diversion... and for lunch, food never overly stocked in my bachelor's pad... bachelorette pad.

But how do I leave? I have only girl's clothing... and not even a pair of sneakers. To leave I will have to be in blouse, skirt and heels... fortunately the latter is available with a more modest pair than those worn during last night's training.

Like it or not I must continue the subterfuge... or sit in boredom and starvation. Besides, tomorrow, Monday morning, I must work, forced to face the dilemma in earnest.

So I shower, dry, comb and style my hair, for some reason taking excessive time. Then I pause attempting to foretell the reaction of those who will see me. If I must wear blouse and skirt, I don't want people to think it is boy in drag.

My predicament broadens. Like it or not, to avoid undue attention, I must go all in on this subterfuge... if being forced to present myself as a girl can indeed be so termed. After all there are the missing organs which define gender...

So more time is spent on makeup. Somewhat sloppy, but I oddly console myself by convincing myself I shall get better.

With pink panties there comes that distant thrill... smooth satin on re-sensitized scrotum and unused penis. Then a yellow silk blouse and skirt of brown. It tantalizingly rubs against the uncovered portion of my buttocks and augments the wonderful frottaging of the satin. As I move about, my nipples become perky, celebrating being encased in silk.

By the time I don platform shoes, the most practical of my new collection, my cerebral cortex is deluged with newly felt input... so much soft smoothness where I had before felt so little.

A simple walk can stimulate.

And so I introduce myself to the world... Renee... walking alone... without supervision... without the guidance of an authoritative woman's hand.

For some reason, I find excitement in the inquisitive looks of boys. Appearing prepubescent with my limited stature and flat chest, there is not much expression of attraction from grown men. I appear too young. And girls... well I believe I received some critical glances... my make up skills

not yet up to par... some possibly thinking that I should not be wearing make up at my perceived age.

I grab a sandwich at a deli and go to the park. I cannot help wondering if I will come across the trollop of weeks past, she offering the risqué hand job, the catalyst for my counselor's demanded transformation.

The thought brings to mind Friday's counseling session. I lied naked on the couch, my counselor encouraging me to toy with the faux phallus. As always blunt words were offered, encouraging a forthright spewing of my thoughts as I stroked the large hideous cylinder of rubber.

'How does it feel, Renee? Would you indeed like to handle a man's penis... a real man's penis?'

Perhaps psychosomatic, I felt my own organ shrink... imaginatively disappearing from between my legs.

'Why not give it a lick... see what it tastes like?'

It was revolting... but there also came the twinge... and my counselor seemed to know what I felt.

I stroll home, one foot before the other, hips swaying as trained. My building fortunately has no doorman and I am not overly friendly with neighbors. I doubt anyone will recognize me... and my transformation.

For the first time I have a phone message to call my counselor. I dial. She speaks abruptly as always.

"Miss Lalique told me you had a very good Saturday... lots of nice things for a boy without testicles."

"Yes, ma'am," ignoring the taunt.

"I'm going to talk to your immediate superior first thing tomorrow morning. My file indicates it is a 'Mr. Thompson', is that correct?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You are to delay reporting to work until I have an opportunity to apprise Mr. Thompson of your issues. I'll need to remind him of your rights and the various laws protecting your... your new status. So arrive sometime after ten a.m."

But Renee, do look pretty. He will be expecting you that way. So use the time to doll up very nicely."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I suggest blue... a nice pastel blue blouse and indigo skirt... short and tight."

Easy to comply. That's the only style and size available in my collection.

"And heels, Renee. Don't disappointment Mr. Thompson. He'll be expecting a cute little girl."

I don't sleep well, probably as restlessly as months ago knowing of my scheduled orchiectomy. I cannot help pondering the reaction of Mr. Thompson and my coworkers... leaving the office late Friday afternoon appearing male... arriving Monday morning appearing not as a woman but as a girl.

Sleep not fully relieving me of my woes, I arise early Monday morning. I shower. I begin to shave and find it is completely unnecessary. I begin to well up, the emotional roller coaster plunging. I cheer myself by putting on the awkward heels and sashaying about the apartment naked. I excite myself when I pass a mirror and the roller coaster begins its ascent.

Then, with the realization dawning on Sunday when I planned a walk in the park, primping to my new look requires time. I must begin to prepare for the office. Hair to be groomed. Make up applied. Nails to be touched up. The false eye lashes require great effort.

I take my hormone pill, that seeming to be non effective. I twist my ear studs and once again sense disappointment with the presentation. I do hope the openings heal quickly. I may as well walk about with nails pounded through my ears.

Before I know it, nine thirty arrives and I dress, heartened to find that I can slip my panties right over the four inch heels without having to take them off and then redo the crisscrossing straps about my calves.

The blouse, pastel blue of course, the indigo skirt, are easy.

I search for my brief bag, forgetting that it has been confiscated. The black over the shoulder bag will more than suffice. It matches my shoes.

My new life begins.

The walk to work is usually short, but not in heels, and not when having to avoid subway gratings. Filthy sidewalks are also of concern, the open toed shoes fully displaying a pedicure which is not to be despoiled.

So it requires 30 minutes. And I begin to understand some of the burdens of my transformation. More time required for just about everything... the limited need for shaving notwithstanding.

Few recognize the young blonde, heels clicking in the building lobby. But when I step from the elevator on the floor of the accounting department, heads begin to turn. My heart pounds. My circulation throbs, but I also feel a certain contentment. I am becoming the center of attraction as I walk the long walk to the corner office of Mr. Thompson. I may as well start there. I know he will want to see me.

His secretary seems unaware. I assume whatever conversation my counselor had was recent. The memo, so to speak, not yet issued.

"Yes," she looks up not recognizing me.

"Warren, here to see Mr. Thompson."

"Ms. Warren, are you expected?"

"It's Renee Warren, and I believe I am."

She buzzes. When announced I hear my boss suppress laughter but bids me to enter. For some reason I find myself stamping the floor to exaggerate the clicking of my high heels and swaying my hips most seductively.

There is no going back, I tell myself.

A most emotionally cathartic day. Jeers, whispers, some understanding women, some horrified men. The interoffice

memo beseeched that my fellow workers accept my choice in lifestyle. No mention of the catalyst of all this... the acute medical need to snip my gonads.

Still, as accommodating as Mr. Thompson was through this first day, there is the open question as to whether I use the ladies' room or the men's room. After all, the company cannot foster an atmosphere where I am deemed imposing my transformation on others... just as others cannot impose vanilla gender identity on me.

For now I use the ladies' room with a gracious cohort standing by the door to warn others that a male... one time male... is temporarily occupying the facilities

Tuesday events somewhat repeat, with some commotion yet more calming with the speed and frequency of rumors slowing.

But I am lonely, to a certain extent ostracized. So when Wednesday arrives, I am grateful to know that my bi weekly visit with Nurse Sueann is scheduled. She has not yet seen me in satin, silk, makeup, nails and high heels. I hope she will be pleased.

So at day's end, I proudly exit the office, fully aware that I have begun to master the application of cosmetics, walking in heels, enjoying the sensation of smooth and soft satin and silk felt where a girl most likes to feel things.

Curious thoughts.

Entering the doctor's office I announce myself to the receptionist. On hearing the name she quickly looks up and smiles. Amused, but me appearing as a girl does not totally surprise.

"Changing room three... Mr... ah, Miss Warren."

I know the way. Know also that complete nakedness is required. And whereas these visits are most degrading, I assuage the mental discomfort by envisioning my feet in stirrups as Nurse Sueann extracts the demanded fluid sample, to be tested for whatever purpose every two weeks.

Other than frottaging against my own clothing, it is the only pleasure left to me... however incomplete.

Blouse and skirt removed, there comes a knock. I know it is not Nurse Sueann. She barges...and only after making me humbly wait in nakedness.

"Yes."

The receptionist pops in her head.

"Nurse Sueann wants you in heels. Remove everything else."

Obedience. Always obedience. I will comply. Besides, untying and later retying the long crisscrossing leg straps can be cumbersome. Thus I merely slip off the flimsy pink panties and wait. My only covering... stylish 'come fuck me' four inch heels and entwining leather leg straps to just below my knees.

Returning to the site of my alteration, I always find myself looking down in remorse. My penis, woefully small and getting smaller, seems lonely as well. Below it is a mass of loose flesh, also seeming to contract, that which once nestled what defined my gender. Now there is no definition. Initially shocked by my own reflection, it now pleases... tantalizes... offers such quirky possibilities.

Yes, the words of the doctor regarding the orchiectomy return to mind... 'it will transform. In some regards you'll be more free than ever'.

The door opens, Nurse Sueann always defying any sense of privacy. She enters, seeming to gloat even more.

"Well, well, it's Mr. Warren... or are you answering to something more apropos. Miss Warren, perhaps?"

With the mocking words I console myself by imagining those talented fingers coaxing what my male organ now so reluctantly gives up. Her words anger, but still I blush... just like the school girl I appear to be.

"Renee," I meekly offer.

"Well, then we have a new patient... Renee. Let's get you introduced to everyone, Renee. We so much enjoy having

pretty little girls visit us.”

Her arm extends and I know to arise and take her hand.

Tonight’s march to the examination room will be particularly slow and emotionally toiling. I will be reintroduced to all, the receptionist again, other nurses, a highly amused and intrigued patient waiting to see the doctor... my blushing nakedness turning from pink to crimson. I no longer bother trying to cover my plundered scrotum. There is now nothing which needs to be hidden.

Nurse Sueann does her thing. I am weighed, measured, photographed for my benefactor. At last it comes time for heels in the stirrups and I begin the long slow trip to nirvana... the only sexual joy left to me... the milking of my prostate.

On this occasion her handiwork changes. More kneading and caressing of my emptiness, the scrotum, so delightfully gaining in sensitivity. Plus my nipples, and with her touch such spring to life, crinkling and standing as a puppy sitting up to beg for attention. I seem to have new erogenous zones... and Nurse Sueann knows it.

In time, again comes the combined joy and frustration of being milked, Nurse Sueann laughing softly as she feels me desperately trying to ‘pull the trigger’... to ejaculate, to achieve the vaunted male orgasm never again to be felt.

Of course it never comes... I just meekly drool out the remaining clear and sterile male essence... to be collected... to be tested. I then lie in the strange sexual trance of near achievement.

Depilation follows, Nurse Sueann unraveling the straps about my calves, the smelly, burning lotion liberally applied then swiped away just as the chemical heat becomes unbearable. We both note the results... very little stubble removed despite the two week interval from the last application.

Expecting my booster shot, I am surprised when the doctor enters. I have not seen her since my operation many weeks before.

"I understand we have a new little girl patient," she mockingly gushes as if greeting a child. "Welcome, Renee."

As she speaks, I note that Nurse Sueann adroitly straps my wrists to the sides of the examination table, my heels remaining secured in the stirrups.

"Just a couple things suggested by your counselor. She says you're making great progress... and looking at you I must agree. So wonderfully effeminate. Your benefactress will love the latest pictures."

Watching her move about, preparing stuff, I become fearful. The last time I saw her my testicles had plunked into a waiting metal basin!

"Now just some pin pricks and a little cut... that's all we're going to do tonight. Stay calm..."

The doctor steps between my raised and well parted feet. I am defenseless... not that effective physical resistance is any longer within my purview. Still I am concerned when gloved fingers begin working about my penis and empty scrotal sac. Then I feel sharp pain at my penis tip. When I cry out, I am chagrined to hear the sound of a squealing girl. Next comes more sharp pain about my rectum. I squeal again.

"This will make you look better in tight panties. Plus you'll have to squat to pee... just like a real girl."

I feel tugging on my tiny manhood... measured, by the way, at a sickening three and one half inches. Then I hear a click and see the doctor hand a small key to Nurse Sueann. The tugging sensation at my penis remains.

"A very modest Prince Albert ring and what is termed a guiche piercing near your little butt hole. When connected, locked of course, it will keep that offending little remnant of your prior life out of the way. Your counselor will control the key... initially."

With her words she steps from my feet and approaches my head and shoulders.

“Open wide. Just a little cut.”

Have I a choice? Her gloved left hand covers my nose. I must open my mouth to breathe and when I do she pinches firmly my tongue and lifts. I utter a muffled moan.

“Just a little cut to the frenum... a useless fold of muscle connecting the tongue to the jawbone. It for some reason restricts tongue movement. And our little girl wouldn't want that.”

More sharp but quick pain as she talks.

“No, girls like you will need good oral skills... so with just a little incision, you're going to be a much more popular little girl.”

Finished, the doctor smilingly sits at my side, tousles by blonde locks, a token of reward for being a good little girl. Then she snickers, arises and steps to the door.

“Is it not grand to have all this medical care paid for? I do hope you will properly thank your benefactress when the time comes.”

Nurse Sueann releases me... but then it's tummy down buttocks up on the table for one more brief instant of pain... my hormone injection.

Arriving home, I strip, grab a hand mirror and lie legs spread to examine the doctor's latest procedure. She has locked my newly pierced penis between my thighs, the tiny tip just at my anus. A small padlock connects the two rings, tightly holding my little thing in place, pointing downward. In dressing, I did indeed note that the little pinky sized protuberance at the front of my panties had just about disappeared. In a way I feel heartened, recalling my fear that the bulge would cause the delivery men to unmask the subterfuge of my true gender... my one time gender.

My mouth is sore... under my tongue. Whatever she cut, it was a small incision. The bleeding stopped quickly. My

speech was somewhat slurred in bidding adieu at the doctor's offer, but otherwise not much of an alteration.

Certainly a less traumatic result than losing one's reproductive organs.

Two more days of enduring taunts and mocking looks at the office. My supervisor dares not say a word with all the anti discrimination and civil rights laws and regulations, as I am sure my counselor explained ad infinitum. In a way I am viewed as a very sensitive parcel of explosives... something that can blow up at any time. Handle with care.

Tongue somewhat sore, I am grateful to just shuffle away the mounds of paper, entering my own world. When needing to use the rest room, I must use hand signals to obtain the attention of one of the women who serve as lookout. And of course I must squat to pee due to the doctor's modification. That does not at all bring concern... quite the opposite for some reason.

Meanwhile, outside the office where my former gender is not known, I find some of the looks I receive on the city sidewalks to be oddly gratifying.

'What a pretty little girl,' I imagine the reaction, some repressing licentious thoughts as my age is practically indeterminate.

'Damn this flat chest,' I find myself thinking on occasion.

For otherwise, with Miss Lalique's wardrobe, her training, and a goodly supply of makeup, I am ravishing. And am beginning to relish the attention... however subtle.

Friday comes, my tongue healing to loosen. So after work, it's time for my weekly counseling, soaking up the looks of admiring passersby as I stroll midtown. I am excited, my counselor has not seen me in full regalia, the last visit was with hair colored and coifed, but in dreary men's clothing and no makeup.

I am beginning to enjoy showing off.

Sitting in the waiting room, the receptionist no longer has much ammunition to taunt. I am girlish and I love it. She can say what she will. I even accept the mocking enunciation of 'Renee', my new moniker.

But then the small talk shifts as she compliments my prettiness.

"Yes, is it not amazing the effect that large doses of estrogen have on the neutered male? You're not only effeminate... but your psyche has so much come to embrace it!"

"Estrogen?" I blurt.

I am speechless as my counselor buzzes to grant entry and begin my session.

I arise from the waiting area befuddled... thinking about the pill I take each and every day... Nurse Sueann's bi weekly massive injections... estrogen!

The receptionist notes my perplexed look and opens the door to offer access to the counselor's lair. As I step past her, she laughs most sardonically.

"You're now one of us. Enjoy."

"You're smearing your makeup," my counselor forewarns.

I am sobbing, more confusing reaction. I am so meek and wimpy. In anger I do not shout, threaten, feel a need for physical response... instead I cry like a little girl.

"All the time I thought you were trying to help... you and Nurse Sueann," my voice quaking.

"I think we've helped quite a bit. You look most alluring, Renee. You're a head turner. Your benefactress is quite pleased with your response to the treatments... physically... psychologically... and emotionally. You're blubbering like a child. Is it not wonderful? An almost perfect transformation."

"But I wanted a chance... it's not fair... I really thought there would be choices..."

"Strip for me this instant, young lady. Stop this. We need to talk."

In my distress I have not disrobed for my counselor. She likes looking at me. And of course there is the less than subtle power exchange in being with the fully clothed woman while sans one thin thread of covering. She insists. And I have learned when governing women insist, I comply.

I disrobe displaying in full my smooth hairless form. I suspect the past Wednesday's visit with Nurse Sueann was my last coating of depilation solution. Since I have not needed to shave my face in six days, it is unlikely that any otherwise sparse body hair will flourish.

"Walk about for me... on your toes. Hands on your head. Calm yourself."

I obey, the counselor fully aware that in focusing on her instructions, there comes distraction from the abhorrence of knowing I am brimming with female hormones. And ironically, I find myself reacting as a little girl... pouting and caterwauling in frustration.

"Yes, prance about. Perhaps we should get you some dance lessons. Would you like that? Such a cute little ballerina you would be.

"I like what the doctor did with that useless penis, by the way. No longer showing itself. The piercings were my suggestion after Miss Lalique reported your little thing tented your panties."

My counselor makes a point of dramatically showing me the key to the tiny lock, that which forces me to squat to pee.

So on my toes I prance indeed, feeling the newly acquired layers of thick gelatinous flesh gently quiver and flop about my thighs and buttocks.

Several trips about her good sized sanctum and she finally deems me calmed.

"Ok, on the couch, Renee. Let's talk, shall we. I have a dildo for you to play with... the perfect size for you to relish orally. The doctor very nicely loosened that tongue for you and I think a little lady like you is eager to use it.

“Next week you’ll report to me here, but after counseling there’s someone I want you to meet. He’ll be kind and gentle... and you will be kind and gentle with him.”

We sit in a seedy Greenwich Village bistro. Though Friday evening, it is early and therefore nearly empty. Yet one can ascertain by the intense odor of spilled beer that within hours sloppy revelers will be enhancing the sour smell with more spillage.

I am dressed and coifed to the hilt as my counselor insisted. After orally ‘satisfying’ her dildo, she took me to her closet, opened the door to reveal the large mirror and had me once again survey my femininity. By rote I began to prink and preen and this brought a knowing smile... the ingrained need to look pretty. Lying on her couch, first kneading and massaging the dildo, then engulfing to emulate fellatio with tongue and lips, somewhat mussed my hair.

‘So, a big date for you. Remember to be kind and gentle... and he will be kind and gentle with you,’ her parting words as she offered a slip of paper with the Greenwich Village address.

Obedience instilled, I took a cab. Stepping inside the battered graffiti laden door, the man easily recognized me... a cute but flat chested blonde. When the waitress asked for identification, I somewhat panicked. But then calmed myself with the realization that my cohorts at work are more than aware of my transformation and my gender obfuscation, why not others?

The waitress smirked in noting my given name... Robert... and with it the disclosure of my gender at birth. In thereafter carefully observing the middle aged woman, I came to the conclusion it was a guy in drag. I felt an odd prideful glow in knowing I was much prettier and more alluring than him.

My date took my hand and we moved to a booth, seating me in the inner seat. He sits next to me, the bench opposite

to remain unoccupied... least I hope so.

"Your counselor is a very generous woman," the man sedately offers in making small talk. "She's been helping me with certain... 'issues'."

I nod. The waitress returns. The man orders a brew for himself... water for me. Lots of water, he insists.

He/she departs.

"You may not like my taste," he explains.

I gulp with concern. I note the relative seclusion of the booth, the paucity of patrons. I know what to say, my counselor was very specific. I decide to move onward with the demanded protocol. I am not the man's counselor and do not care to hear of his issues. So in my high pitched girlish voice, abundance of estrogen finally explaining the drastic change, I meekly inquire.

"May I suck your penis, Sir?"

The words sicken yet strangely excite. The man is initially taken aback by the brazen offer. Then he smiles. His hand extends to entwine in the hair at the back of my head. As he pulls I am chagrined to see the waitress return with the brew and two large glasses of water... to be offered should I not enjoy the man's taste. She... he? smiles wickedly and says nothing, watching smugly as my head is drawn below the level of the table to the man's lap. In his/her mind a young transvestite trollop is about to receive his comeuppance. With the silence, I must assume our comportment is well within the establishment's rules of conduct.

After all, it is Greenwich Village.

His free hand opens his zipper.

"Nice and slow while I enjoy a good beer," his tone of voice becoming demanding and authoritative. "I trust you know to swallow."

Yes, I know what to do. My counselor explained that the best fellatio to be ever offered is by the male... one time male. I know where he wants my tongue. I know the proper

pressure of my lips. I know to withhold the exhilarating swirling motion until... well until the command is given.

Once again I am both sickened and excited. My lips greet the male appendage. It is engorging rapidly.

As I orally gratify, I divert my thoughts back to the earlier counseling session. Some last words offered which made my heart leap... 'by the way, your benefactress is planning to visit New York and so very much wants to meet you. She likes your pictures...'

I am to meet the mysterious yet generous woman who has transformed my life!

"More with the tongue," the command returning me to the present.

The man's appendage is enviously stiff, the tip abrading the back of my throat. I somewhat withdraw, vigorously swish my tongue about the underside of the tip, and feel the shaft spasmodically pulsate. My mouth is deluged with gobs of thick saltiness. I somewhat gag and hear the annoying waitress snicker from a distance. And I find the man is correct... I do not like his taste. But I will not insult... I dutifully ingest all.

I arise late on Saturday morning. The mental/emotional trauma for some reason inducing the need for much sleep. In awakening to reality, the prior evening's 'date' instantly comes to mind... fellating some guy in a raunchy Greenwich Village bar.

I tell myself I should be sick... disgusted... such a revolting act.

Yet, there is curious satisfaction... that I obeyed my counselor's commands... that I was found to be alluring... that I can arouse and stimulate, physically cultivating an erection... that I can please and offer the ultimate male pleasure which has been plucked from me?

Which brings this sense of gratification? Perhaps all.

Yet, there is more. I was empowered. For the first time during my transformation I controlled something. I aroused... I brought him to erection... I decided when to bring him off.

The next time I will tease more... deny longer... empower myself more... I tell myself.

What am I thinking!

Many contrary thoughts. And when I step to the bathroom and am reminded that I must sit to urinate, the emotional roller coaster descends. At age 24 so much has been taken from me. All that remains from my pre orchiectomy existence is my job... and that hangs by a thread... the slightest infraction to be used as an excuse for termination.

But I can attract!

So what's a girl to do... a guy to do?

The park beckons. The weather is cooling but the sun brightly shines. By the time I prink and preen it will be near noon, the temperature rising to a level of warmth at which a girl can show off.

I survey the many garments purchased by Miss Lalique. A very short flowery skirt is tempting. A diaphanous white blouse of some special nylon offers naughty appeal. I sit naked applying makeup. A deep gaudy shade of red lipstick, incongruous with the time of day and setting, false eye lashes... the works.

Then comes a defining decision. I skip the pink panties and make the effort to don the 'fuck me' high heels.

And that is all my covering... blouse, heels with straps just below the knees... skirt so short that had I balls such would be hanging below the hem.

My heart pounds in standing before the mirror. I look like a young hooker, my appearance emulating the way I feel. Something tells me not to so expose myself. Yet something else within brings a devilish smile, imagining the reaction of park dwellers. With the slightest gust of wind, my finally

shaped derriere will be revealed to all. The image oddly gladdens.

But then I realize that my state of alteration will be unveiled as well. As I gently lift the front of the skirt, my empty scrotum and down turned penis shaft pop into view. Goose bumps form, my newly sensitized nipples crinkle, and I shiver with the thought. It frightens... but it thrills. A frisson of dread... a frisson of joy.

Still, I take my pill, now known to be estrogen, and step out the apartment door, my hands at my sides modestly holding down the short hem to deter exposure... until I reach the park.

Part Two

Compound of Ramona Cortez

Bogota, Colombia

"Escobar will be in New York next week. Alert the pilots. Have the Falcon serviced and fully fueled. We'll leave late tomorrow."

Maria Sanchez nods. She is a good soldier, will obey orders, but there is not blind subservience. She needs to understand.

"Why there? We can engage him anywhere."

"My latest little strumpet," Ramona Cortez replies.

She lays before her ravishing yet vigorous compatriot the latest photos. Maria picks them up and examines, smiling evilly.

"Well there's a penis... barely... but otherwise..."

Ramona smiles.

"One of my better transformation efforts, wouldn't you agree? Lives in New York. Name's Warren. It was Robert Warren... Renee Warren. And the psychological counseling is beginning to surpass the results of his physical alteration. We now have a very meek and obedient little girl. Quite receptive to performing fellatio."

"You spend a lot of money, Ramona."

"No... I invest a lot of money," the shapely woman of some thirty five years responds.

She stands, extending her arms, inviting the embrace of Sapphos which begins... and ends... every evening in bed. Buxom, the muscular chest of Maria Sanchez seems to perfectly fit. She steps forth, the two forms osculating in a lover's embrace.

"Escobar... he's dangerous," Maria forewarns.

"He has cash," Ramona counters.

"He'll be wary."

"He has needs."

"As do you," a smiling Maria feeling Ramona's hand gently squeezing her buttocks in their private signal for

intimacy.

“Mr. Feeldoe?”

“The only man I’ll ever love.”

Maria knows to bend, unraveling the straps of her boots. Not stylish, such are remnants from the many years serving in Special Forces. Meanwhile the buxom Ramona stoops to remove her own boots... knee high... chic... shining black leather.

“Will it be worth it?”

“Feeling your deep penetrating thrusts?”

“No. Toying with Escobar,” Maria giggling with the unintentional double entente.

“We won’t toy. We may in fact accomplish what many government authorities have been unable to do.”

Clothing is shed. The women prefer each other without a shred of covering. Within moments they embrace again, the nipples of the finely shaped breasts of Ramona firmly pressing the rock hard muscled chest of her lover. They kiss. Tongues entwine. Maria pushes. Ramona topples to the bed. Maria follows landing atop.

These are the few moments when Maria takes charge, working to bring Ramona to a lather, her muscular right thigh firmly pressing between the more soft gams of Ramona, turning her warming sex to a cauldron. When she feels abundant wetness she knows it is time for the welcomed tease.

“Mr. Feeldoe is watching and is begging for a threesome,” Maria humorously suggests in withholding further efforts.

Such tantalization.

“So let’s make it a threesome.”

From a nearby drawer the notorious double dildo is urgently withdrawn. Maria presents it and a now submissive Ramona passionately licks to moisten. Then hands accept it to work the female end into her lovers nest. As Maria absorbs the initial wave of pleasure, the clever mass of

rubber filling her vagina, Ramona assures it is encased firmly enough to offer the deep penetration which so thrills her. Then Ramona's parts her thighs in invitation. Knees rise to greet the fabulous mammary glands, invitingly spreading open her folds of pinkness.

Fingers of Maria's left hand splay the entrance to Ramona's portal, the male tip is aligned then glides inward to earn a guttural moan of ecstasy. A long late afternoon of copulation begins.

"When will we have enough?" Maria inquires.

Ramona gasps while replying, "I suppose we can find a larger size."

Maria slightly withdraws and jiggles her hips to bring forth more gasps as Mr. Feeldoe kneads the vaginal walls.

"No... enough money."

Both women laugh with another double entente. The question goes unanswered as Maria begins to rhythmically thrust in earnest, her powerful hips offering the force of the most virile male lover.

For a person of Ramona Cortez's avocation, many of the skills of Maria Sanchez are quite necessary. For a person with Ramona Cortez's preferences many of her other skills are exquisite.

Maria Sanchez, mature beyond her twenty eight years, has led a life of turmoil and conflict. Born in the mountains of Colombia, her family was constantly intimidated by the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (Farc). Cousins were kidnapped and executed, family members forced to pledge their allegiance. A strong willed Maria would not offer her submission.

Instead, at age sixteen she ran off, lying about her age to join the government's counter revolutionary forces. Military training, weapons training, even a few months of top secret training with the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency, learning how to intimidate and interrogate drug dealers. With Maria's

good looks yet rugged physicality she brought terror to the terrorists, easily coaxing close contact with her prey.

Stories abound. But Farc guerillas soon learned, if captured, make every effort not to be left in the hands of Maria Sanchez. She was... is... known to be handy with a knife... and in no manner purports to perform surgery.

Those interrogated by Maria Sanchez do not speak of the experience... her methods harsh... and permanent. But all, when greatly pressed, will admit they squawked information like a chicken about to be plucked.

Yes, Maria has great disdain for the male gender, viewing all as adversaries. With machete fired to red hotness, she encourages much oration... or invites to join what she views as the more rational and sedate sex... the blade taunting at the pubes.

'It's heated to cauterize so you will not bleed to death,' a menacing Maria has been known to explain to naked and trussed prisoners, their well presented gonads ripe for harvesting.

For many years satisfied to slake vengeance, the relative poverty of a soldier's life wore as the many threats to her well being gained credibility. In the end, when it came time to move onward, Maria concluded that though the danger excited, exposing oneself for the meager wages of a soldier was counter productive... especially while observing the lifestyles of the reigning drug lords. Such brought both disgust and envy.

So Maria Sanchez became a mercenary... a soldier, body guard, interrogator for hire.

"And which of our furry friends will be cover for our trip?"
A loyal Maria dutifully inquires.

"Bring the Norwegian elk hound."

"Baldur? Rather large."

"We'll need back up, as I am sure you'll agree."

Maria's right hand glides to one of the ubiquitous knives at her left hip. It is said she can draw and throw faster than the best handler of a pistol.

"You'll not use that until there's an exchange of money, Maria. Altered men lose all sense of purpose, and we'll want Escobar to have much purpose... that is to enjoy our offering then pay us."

Maria feigns a lugubrious look, well aware that much fear and intimidation ends after the male and his tidbits part company. But she has no compunction about using her razor sharp cutlery, of that Ramona is well aware, having taken the time to document one incident of her skills after her initial interview.

A legend in her village, Maria returned after learning that a cousin had been raped, a pregnancy resulting. An influential merchant, deemed to be untouchable by the corrupt local police, never denied the assault and privately bragged of it to friends.

Maria physically overpowered him, quite facilely, bound him and then performed one of her most prized alterations. Knife white hot, she slit open the man's urethra... from the tip of the penis to the base at the scrotum. Such tissue can never heal normally without expensive reconstructive surgery. As a result, the local doctor advised that it was best to let the wounded organ heal with the urethra remaining split open. The man now squats to pee and his seed will never again explode to impregnate. Instead it frustratingly drools between his thighs.

'Try anything more and you'll be spewing nothing,' Maria purportedly warned before the man passed out in agony. 'And when a woman of the village wants you to exhibit this now useless thing... you will show it to her upon command.'

It will never be fully disclosed as to where Maria learned such techniques. But her reputation precedes her. Leaving the man alive, potent but functionally useless from a sexual

standpoint has been looked upon as a symbol of power in her small village.

And the merchant indeed meekly shows the splayed organ upon the simplest of requests.

'A half peeled banana,' one woman quipped upon an early unveiling.

And so the penis appears, as Ramona is well aware.

To complete the interview process, Ramona had an agent document the alteration. It was a simple matter to send her with camera to the village and ask. The merchant so humbly obeyed the request, assuming it to be a test by Maria of his compliance. Lowering his pants and palming the deformed male appendage as demanded, he did not wish to prompt the return of his assailant, meekly permitting the camera to click away.

The resulting photos Ramona found to be both amusing and compelling.

'Your handiwork?' she questioned Maria.

'I term it a well filleted penis,' Maria responded with a wicked but prideful smile. 'Quicker and more easily done than any man can possibly imagine.'

With the file on Maria complete, Ramona gleefully offered employment... including profit sharing.

Ostensibly, Ramona Cortez is a highly successful breeder of dogs.

Fortified mansion, a bevy of servants, private jet... few realize that even in the world of high brow kennel clubs, such skill and talent cannot support her quiet yet ostentatious life style.

A lover of canines yes, but such activities really serve as cover for the millions Ramona Cortez earns in her more lucrative but dangerous profession.

Extortion.

She travels the world showing and selling her beloved hounds... but such rarely covers the cost of jet fuel.

No, Ramona Cortez extracts from the wealthy... and in her case gives to the wealthy... herself.

Many years of experience... many sizable payoffs... she has developed a formula for success... extort from the wicked and the otherwise compromised... those who cannot seek the aid of the authorities.

Initially corrupt politicians proved to be somewhat fertile ground. But Maria came quickly to understand that purportedly honest and staid government officials cannot facilely grasp the many dollars she requires to loosen her grip.

So who can readily raise untraceable funds?

Criminals... and such are helpless in seeking the aid of the authorities. But such can certainly be dangerous. Thus the engaging of Maria's talents.

Yet what could possibly prompt known criminals to fork over funds in an effort to avoid blackmail?

A very famous quote gave rise to thought, from the indicted Governor Edwin Edwards of Louisiana concerning his pending trial... *The only way I can lose is if I'm caught in bed with either a dead girl or a live boy.* Such was considered the only ignominy worthy of a guilty verdict. Yes... much food for thought. What deed would be deemed so low as to not only redouble the efforts of the law enforcement authorities but bring the loss of esteem among criminal cohorts as well... caught with a dead girl... or live boy.

How to arrange? Well certainly not offering a dead girl. But, a live boy... well that is a possibility... particularly if the boy is thought to be a girl... and to shield the extortionist from potential repercussions, the boy is not really a boy but a legal adult.

Ingenious. With great forethought and research Ramona Cortez has assembled a list of potential misfits... known to be sexually predatory... known to be indiscriminating in

terms of age... known not to be concerned with consent...
and known to have readily available non traceable funds.

Next victim... notorious drug czar Pablo Escobar.

El Dorado International Airport, Bogota, Colombia

Maria Sanchez must cloak the thrill she feels whenever leading about a male on a leash... if April's gender indeed remains male.

The armored limousine arrives at the general aviation section of El Dorado International Airport. The driver knows to guide the car directly into a hangar and stop next to the sleek Falcon 900.

Leashed humans do tend to draw unwanted attention, and so only those in the employ of the aircraft servicing company will witness the curious scene as the driver hastily exits and holds open the rear door for the small entourage. Baldur, the sizable Norwegian elk hound, eagerly jumps from the luxurious passenger compartment, tail wagging, alert and aware of potential interlopers. By intent the well trained canine is free to sniff, ears alert, suspicious eyes surveying all.

Ramona Cortez momentarily observes Baldur's behavior and, noting that the tail wags, follows from the limousine knowing there is no immediate danger.

Maria Sanchez, leash in hand exits next. White leather with dozens of sparkling rhinestones, the few entranced mechanics and service personnel watch from a distance... always from a distance... as Maria jostles her hand, tightening the leash, and utters an unheard command.

Onto the concrete of the hangar steps a most youthful and effeminate form. Styled hair... short for a girl, long for a boy... diamond earrings, the form wears a cape, clasped about the neck, covering the shoulders, arms and torso... the hem ending just below the pubes. Certain motions cause the sheer bright white satin garment to flutter and offer glimpses of well rounded and girlish buttocks beneath.

Makeup, plucked eyebrows, eye shadow, the service personnel always assume the form is that of a girl. Little do they know that the gender of the hermaphroditic form is mostly indeterminate.

But giving rise to more curiosity is the leash. The powerful and potentially dangerous dog romps freely. The girl needs to be tethered. Yes, curious.

Yet money can assuage much inquisitiveness, and as Maria steps to the plane, the prancing girl following on naked toes, Ramona hands an envelope to her driver.

"Make sure it gets spread around fairly and that memories fade quickly," Ramona parting with a few dozen hundred dollar bills.

Maria ascends the half dozen steps and enters the spacious cabin. The leashed 'girl' closely follows. Then Ramona and lastly Baldur, his eyes, ears and nose offering one last survey of the surroundings before bounding up the steps.

The service workers resume their tasks. No one speaks. Perhaps after work at the local taberna they will once again speculate amongst themselves, indulging in a half dozen brews to enjoy the wealthy woman's relative largesse.

A crisp one hundred dollar bill just to pretend that what was seen, however innocuous... however bizarre... however criminal... was not really seen.

April is unleashed, the clasp about the neck opened, the cape whisked away to reveal in its entirety the naked form of Ramona Cortez's loyal servant.

"Champagne, April. Hurry. We'll be taxiing soon," the right hand offering a playful smack to buttocks smooth and hairless.

More prancing... to the galley. April appears prepubescent, an ingénue. But in fact is nearing thirty years of age, is highly skilled in cooking and serving... the one time male so easily trained once the testosterone levels are

'adjusted' as a whimsical Ramona is known to describe the onslaught of behavior altering hormones.

"Flight time to Teterboro 6 hours 10 minutes, Ms. Cortez," the smooth confident voice of the female pilot announces over the loudspeaker.

The engines spool. The craft navigates the huge hangar doors into the bright Colombian sunlight. Despite the airport congestion, the Falcon will be offered almost immediate clearance, more crisp hundred dollar bills expended amongst the tower personnel to save time and fuel.

April exits the galley with a tray. A bottle of dry Champagne in an ice bucket. Two glasses. As he/she approaches, Ramona smiles in noting the small upturned penis and sizable golden ring. The sight always brings joy. Though a daughter of Sapphos, the subjugated male, neutered, naked and well trained, offers thrill.

And there are other reasons to mentally sigh in contentment. Though Maria's deep, strong and rhythmic penetration with Mr. Feeldoe brings a peeking degree of sexual satiation, the mild multiple orgasms of long, slow and steady cunnilingus are also appreciated.

The neutered male is most aptly trained for that as well.

April presents, knees bending to dip as trained to offer a glass of expensive bubbly. Ramona accepts with her left hand, her right lowering to smooth over the region of the missing scrotal sac which after castration was completely removed. April is a 'smoothy', the otherwise sensitive flesh of the empty pouch excised to diminish any possible remaining pleasure. Also removed... the nipples and the prostate gland.

Remaining is the tiny upturned penis, the tip sutured to the lower abdomen, a shiny golden ring loosely encircling the shaft. It is both decorative and functional. Decorative in drawing the eyes to the vestigial remnants of maleness. Functional in offering a governing woman a place to tether her naked servant.

“Thank you, April, You look quite pretty today.”

The boy/girl blushes and dips again to curtsy.

Maria takes her offering. The tray is stowed between the two women. Fingers are snapped. An obedient April knows to take a seat facing the two women, placing his/her hands atop the head. Maria leans and snaps on his/her seat belt. Then an inconspicuous steel cable is hooked to the penis ring and locked, making April one with the seat.

When not serving, Ramona mandates that servants be restrained.

‘It’s a psychological thing,’ she explained to Maria when first engaged as body guard and major domo. ‘To be able to move under one’s own free will empowers. I shall not allow any empowerment... ever. It inures pride. Something my toys shall never have... other than when serving me.’

The engines rev, the jet leaves the taxiway to move into takeoff position. The long but potentially lucrative flight to Teterboro Airport, most proximate to Manhattan, begins.

Ramona sits, thighs parted, her right hand squeezing Maria’s left. She moans, increasing the pressure, Maria smiling in vicariously sensing the joy of another orgasm.

“Such a good little girl,” Ramona compliments, her free hand lowering to raise the front of her skirt and pat the bobbing head of April.

There has yet to be an extended flight during which the concupiscent Ramona does not demand and receive prolonged cunnilingus. The tongue dances and swirls, many years of exacting training and practice. As a house servant April is adequate. As an oral servant he/she is unsurpassed.

The ‘fasten seat belt’ sign alights. The reassuring voice of the pilot proclaims final approach to Teterboro Airport. As planned, the cover of darkness will obviate sightings of the barefooted, cape bearing and leashed April as he/she is led to a nearby hired car.

The arrival scene repeats in reverse. An alert Baldur bounds out the exit door and down the few steps, satisfying himself that only the hired driver is within proximity. Ramona follows. Then Maria and a hurriedly covered April, leashed at the neck.

"Welcome, Ms. Ramona," the trucking driver greets in subdued eagerness.

The quartet quickly enters the spacious rear of the stretched limousine. Major Domo Maria barks orders.

"Waldorf Astoria. You can have April for five minutes when we arrive."

The driver's eagerness fades.

"Five minutes!"

"She's very good... and very neat," Maria's coded words for the penchant to swallow. "You'll have more on the return trip when we depart."

This seems to assuage the concern and Maria smiles ironically.

'The horny bastard has no idea of April's gender at birth,' she thinks to herself.

Maria always feels a glow of vengeance. There is wondrous irony, satisfaction in arranging oral gratification for unsuspecting vanilla guys. Someday, just before ejaculation, she'll have April display that well restrained penis. The imagined reaction amuses.

Traffic is light but steady. It is New York, after all. Within 30 minutes the driver negotiates the Lincoln Tunnel and finds the VIP entrance of the Waldorf normally used by visiting dignitaries.

More bribery to be dispensed, Maria notes as the limo glides down the ramp, deep into the bowels of the Waldorf. Pulling up adjacent to an underground elevator, Baldur exits and sniffs the air. Ramona notes the tail, wagging to announce assurance. She follows from the car and uses a special key to summon the private elevator which leads to her luxurious Waldorf apartment. Purchased years ago with

extorted funds, the capacious lodging offers the privacy, security and customized living arrangements not available in hotels.

As Ramona enters the key and turns, Maria exits with a leashed April. She opens the front passenger door, tugging to bid April to enter and kneel on the front seat.

"Five minutes," Maria reiterates.

The driver is abashed to note that as April crawls across the seat, bowing his/her head most obsequiously, Maria not only maintains her grip on the leash but watches intently.

This was not anticipated.

"I thought I'd have some privacy," the man protests.

"You thought wrong. Don't worry about me supervising. April will get you up, get you off and cleaned on cue."

The zipper opens. April's lips find the male organ. She begins.

Maria smiles in noting the change in heart, the reluctance as the man realizes he is to be fellated with an audience. It is unexpected to say the least, and it detracts.

Still, the oral skills are exemplary. Erection is quickly achieved. The pretty head bobs, the lips purse, the tongue swirls. Maria notes the driver's hands don't leave the steering wheel... but the grip slowly tightens with the mounting ecstasy.

After several moments, Maria makes a show of looking at her watch.

"Bring him off, April."

The rhythm suddenly speeds, the lips tighten, the tongue strongly works the underside of the penis tip, and the man grunts then explodes.

"That wasn't five minutes," he protests, his voice raspy.

"Close enough. The elevator has arrived," the powerful hand tugging on the leash to withdraw, April's retreating lips making a 'popping' sound.

Maria tosses a fifty dollar bill on the vacant front seat.

"Need toll money. No tip?"

“Consider that covered by the blow job.”

An angry driver begins to reach for the door handle. Maria just smiles and pulls back on her jacket to reveal the hunting knife at her left hip. Baldur growls, sensing the potential aggression.

“Want to bet who skewers your balls first? Baldur is trained to attack exactly where I like to slice a man.”

The left hand retreats from the door handle, the right moves to restart the engine.

New York, New York

Renee/Robert Warren

Self esteem obliterated... male self esteem that is. In its place there is a curious pride in looking pretty... attracting eyeballs.

I decide to walk the many blocks to the Waldorf Astoria. With my piercings healed, Miss Lalique stopped by to offer magnificent earrings. I think they are real diamonds and at some point I will have such appraised. I am gratified to note that the baubles ostentatiously dangle below my styled hair, announcing to all that this ‘little girl’ is old enough to don expensive jewelry.

Miss Lalique also offered the written instructions under which I will meet my benefactress, she who saved my life. I am both apprehensive and excited.

‘Calm yourself, Renee. She will have some duties for you. Simple repayment for all she has offered.’ Miss Lalique advised.

Strolling Central Park South I gaze at the greenery, reflecting on the past Saturday to distract from the giddiness of my anticipation. Wearing the sheer white blouse, I quickly noted one could see through it when the sun shone at certain angles. The short flippy skirt proved to be a challenge... a fun challenge... my hands constantly pressing the front as the wind gusted to offer glimpses of my finely rounded cheeks.

'Jail bait', I kept conjuring the reaction of onlookers.

Women clucked their tongues. Males surreptitiously gaped, but turning their heads away when I returned their looks. Having performed such a nasty deed the night before, the setting so revolting, the transvestite waitress so aggravating, it was good to be out in the fresh air.

I was to later learn that the man reported to my counselor, apparently in detail. It seems my fellatio was more than adequate.

'He'd like to meet you again,' my counselor apprized. 'I told him no. If he somehow finds you and gives you a hard time, contact me. He has a wife... quite vindictive and with the means to yank on his chain.'

I thanked my counselor for the consideration, obeisantly ignoring the fact that it was by her command that the repulsive confrontation was arranged. Overall the encounter seemed to be not only a test of my skills but of my aptitude as well.

'May I suck your penis, sir?'

The words both haunt and excite...

I am burgeoning with female hormones and as I have been counseled, with the paucity of testosterone, I must acclimate to confusion and conflicting thoughts... until my male brain adapts. I must obey, leaving it to women of authority to decide what is best. My counselor strongly suggested I meet the man... and I did... uttering those six fateful words... the catalyst for oral sodomy.

So the Saturday park visit was indeed refreshing... and enlightening to know that I am found to be attractive. It's a girl thing, I realize... and I no longer am confounded by such a reaction. It's the hormones.

And as opposed to the raunchiness of the Greenwich Village saloon, encounters in the park seemed natural... almost wholesome... the manner in which a girl should meet a man.

So, when there came this one guy who didn't sheepishly turn his head when I returned his admiring gaze. I let things happen... uttering again those six words. And on that occasion I thereafter felt good.

Arriving at the Waldorf, I find the separate bank of elevators for the apartments. Amazingly plush digs, I think to myself. But expected of the woman who spent thousands to save me from cancer... and offer appropriate counseling... and a new life.

To the twenty second floor, apartment 2207. I buzz. I am shocked when the door opens and I am greeted by a naked girl. Young, but with mature makeup, hair about my length, bejeweled, she smiles and curtsies.

"Bring her into the parlor, April," a female voice calls out, accented in Spanish.

The breasts are limited ... and the nipples have been removed! Otherwise the form appears familiar, seeing the same each morning in the bathroom mirror. This suggests I look further down. And there the shock amplifies. Below the navel the tip of a small penis points to the ceiling, seemingly secured to this 'April's' abdomen. Below that, loosely encircling the shaft is a sizable golden ring. A bell is attached.

And that is all the maleness to be brandished. No testicles... not a hint of scrotal flesh. I recall the doctor's term... April is a 'smoothy'.

April wordlessly gestures for me to follow then turns. His/her bell chimes as toes begin to prance, a cherub seeming to delight in his/her nakedness.

I follow, led to an opulent sitting room. In an elegant stuffed chair sits the woman whom I presume saved me.

"I am Ramona Cortez... Miss Ramona to you."

Into the room steps this incredibly masculine woman. Khaki pants with matching blouse of coarse brown material. Boots complete the military ensemble. I note the sizable knife at the left hip.

“My guardia, Miss Maria Sanchez.”

This ‘Miss Sanchez’ proves to have a sardonic smile. Her look seems to evidence that she knows of me... and finds my transformation to be amusing. Judging from her mode of dress and demeanor there is disdain for maleness. For the first time in many weeks standing before a woman in makeup, skirt and heels brings dejection, a sense of loss. The woman is imposing... strong... virile... a mien once expected of me. I mentally cower.

“You’ve transformed well... nicely acclimatized.”

“Thank you, Miss Ramona.”

“I receive reports. Monitor your progress. It appears you’re worth every penny of my investment.”

“Thank you,” my words offered as Miss Ramona extends her hand and Miss Maria steps forth to offer a folder.

“Quite a talent... oral talent. I am always amazed at the propensity of the castrated male to offer fellatio... and with such care and skill.”

Miss Ramona offers the folder to me without looking at it.

“Your recent excursion through Central Park. Quite telling.”

The index finger of her right hand twirls, suggesting that I open the folder and examine. I am stunned when I do!

Photographs, high quality, amazing clarity, there is an image of me standing holding the front of my short skirt, the back fluttering in the breeze to expose my buttocks. Yes, that Saturday in the Park.

“An interesting montage, don’t you think, Renee? I believe you’ll find interest in them all.”

I flip. Whoever has manned the camera is quite talented, snapshot after snapshot of me playing the role of alluring ingénue, capturing my coy look as my admirers gawk. My apprehension grows in knowing of the culminating encounter, the man whose gaze would not be diverted. And sure enough, there comes the photo of him leading me by my hand into what I believed to be secluded bushes.

“Yes, your transformation is quite successful... and complete. Such a naughty girl you are, Renee,” Miss Ramona clucking her tongue as Miss Maria snickers in delight.

“Do you even know the man’s name?”

I shake my head.

“So you offered oral gratification to a complete stranger?”

I nod.

“It... it made me feel better after a bad experience,” alluding to the seedy Greenwich Village bar, my tone apologetic, my voice even meeker than usual.

“Interesting.”

The last photo is a tribute to the photographer’s skill... somehow managing to zoom in and obtain a close up of the side of my face in the stranger’s lap. With my head on an up thrust there glistens the wet pink of his penis shaft, the tip firmly engulfed in my mouth.

“And that’s it? Just to feel better?”

I nod.

With that Miss Maria offers another folder. Within is my biggest fear. With the oral gratification completed, there is a snapshot of the man stuffing a twenty dollar bill under the waist line of my brief skirt.

For some reason taking the money made me feel wanted... oddly needed... worth something. Made me feel more alluring and enticing in that someone not only looked but also chose to be with me... wanted to be with me.

Yes, all male esteem obliterated indeed... and replaced by? By what?

“Your employer would be quite enthralled to see these photos, young lady. I suspect your gender confusion is wearing on them and is endured only by the threat of your country’s discrimination law. But this! Such felonious acts are not to be tolerated by an employer.”

I silently nod in agreement. My employment is doomed... and I am unhireable elsewhere unless I legally change my name.

"So once again it seems as your benefactress I must come to your rescue. Take off your blouse and skirt, Renee. I want more pictures. In heels and pink panties. And be cheery. If you cooperate no one will see these. In the end I'll let you have them... to be destroyed... perhaps to be cherished mementoes. Cooperate and such are yours."

I disrobe. Pink panties... heels.

"Go with Maria. I want a display of happiness in these shots, Renee. No hint of coercion."

"Yes. Ma'am."

Miss Maria leads me to a vast bedroom. A large dog springs from a position of rest, bounding toward me growling.

"Easy Baldur," Miss Maria softly commands.

The dog immediately calms.

"When with Baldur just remember he is in charge. A prize winning Norwegian Elk Hound, very well trained, very obedient to me and Miss Ramona... but very, very vicious."

I nod, noting that on hind legs the powerful beast is probably taller than me. I also note a vast cage. It rests on the floor opposite the oversized bed.

Three foot high vertical bars of polished steel, some eight feet long and wide, within the bars is a lining of metal mesh, preventing the smallest of objects from entering or exiting the interior. There is a large door where Baldur enters and exits. Within the door is a smaller opening, a hatch, presumably to offer food and water.

April follows us into the room with a camera.

"Ok, Renee, into the cage. You heard the instructions, Ramona wants a certain look. Happy yet yearning."

Maria opens the cage door as she speaks. It is then that I realize the cage is not for Baldur. But his presence offers

cover for having such a large item of restraint installed in the swanky Waldorf.

I crawl in and Maria locks the door. I note a steel cable with an open lock at the looped end. Further restraint for the cage's occupant.

A smiling April steps forth and begins clicking from a distance. I display a modest smile... a little girl trying to cheer herself at a relative's funeral.

"Good. April make sure the earrings show."

In response I wriggle my head to assure the lengthy pendants freely dangle. More clicks. Then Maria opens the hatch. April steps closer and pushes the lens to the opening, offering a clear view... no mesh to disrupt the image.

"Get the nipples. She must appear prepubescent."

I kneel back, better modeling my near nakedness... heels and pink panties. Click. Click. Then for some reason I turn a bit to offer a profile of my girlish cheeks. And all with the forlorn smile... that 'someone please save me from distress look'.

The advantage of digital photography manifests as I move about offering a variety of poses, modifying my wan smile as April snaps away. Finally, with dozens of poses and angles, Maria calls for a halt.

The cage door is unlocked, Maria beckons. I crawl out.

"Remove your panties. I want you naked."

Not only accustomed to presenting my nudity to a fully clothed woman of authority... but still finding thrill, I slide off the brief pink satin. But for heels, I am as naked as April.

"Spread your feet and bend."

My hands go to my head and I assume the position. I feel April's fingers rummage about my locked penis. Maria hands him/her something and I hear another click. For the first time in weeks, the small ringed appendage is free! She has the key!

"Ok, stand and face me."

Righting myself I revel in the sensation of no longer sensing the constant tugging of my penis.

“Stay.”

Maria’s right hand palms my penis. April’s camera work resumes. Snapping from afar to capture my full 5 foot 2 frame, then stepping closer and clicking... then closer... and finally a snapshot taken of just my penis and the brown hand of Maria palming it.

The intensity of the humiliation begins to take its toll. I well up; tears forming in disobedience to Miss Ramona... her orders were to exhibit happiness.

“Such a girly girl,” Maria offers in rebuke.

The session over, Maria gives the command to bend; April stoops to return the tip of my penis to its guiche piercing. In doing so I feel the quick swish of a warm wet tongue. The instance of pleasure brings a brisance of joy as I hear April mischievously giggle.

“Enough,” Maria admonishes as I hear the tiny penis lock click closed.

“Get dressed; Baldur will escort you to Miss Cortez.”

The duo leave me alone with the threatening beast. I slowly and carefully dress, cautious not to make any sudden moves. When completed, Baldur utters a muffled ‘woof’ and I know to step back to the parlor.

There, Miss Ramona and Miss Maria sit before a computer, reviewing the many photos of the ‘captive’ and caged Renee.

“Good girl, Renee. We will be summoning you to return here within a few days. No matter the time of the day you will come at once. Tell your employer you’re sick... someone died... you forgot about a doctor’s appointment... whatever the lie... just get here.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“April, go to your cage. Maria and I are going out for dinner.”

Waldorf Apartment
New York, New York

"How is it you have his email address?"

Ramona Cortez smiles knowingly.

"You should know by now I have many sources. Same source that informed of his peccadillo... the proclivity for young girls... and the degradation thereof."

Maria watches over Ramona's shoulder as she types and attaches a sampling of the photos of Renee.

"Just enough flesh to intrigue... but not enough to fully arouse. For that he'll need to pay."

"Your girl bait proved to be quite photogenic, actually seeming to enjoy modeling... to a certain extent," Maria notes.

"The hormones... the counseling... an instilled need to obey and please. Find the right male, excise his balls, deluge with estrogen, and immerse in femininity... a formula that works every time."

Ramona clicks 'send' and turns to her guardia lover.

"What do you figure the investment to date?" Maria inquires.

"Well, I got a little carried away with the earrings. But to extract a goodly initial payment, Renee has to look like she's worth it... an expensive little slave girl. So far we're in for about \$110,000, not including the cost of travel. Lots of clothing... lots of counseling."

Maria nods, never doubting her mentor's judgment, instead curious to understand the risks and rewards.

"What will he pay?"

"I will try to recoup the cost of the earrings with the initial visit... \$10,000. After that? Think we'll go for one million."

Ramona turns off the computer and stands extending her arms. Maria knows to step forth, accept an embrace and expect the light squeeze of her muscled buttocks. Having

had a sumptuous dinner, Maria knows the wine both relaxes and brings a need. It is when she takes charge.

“April fed?”

Maria nods, as the squeeze comes. In response, she takes Ramona’s hand.

“Caged and cabled,” she advises leading her lover to the bedroom.

A naked April lays in the mesh cage... a steel cable locked to his/her penis ring. The restraint is unnecessary, the cage ineluctable. But Ramona Cortez needs to send her message, insisting that things male, or once male, firmly grasp her proclivity for control... complete control.

April will only prance about freely when serving otherwise he/she is to be totally restrained.

The naked Hermaphrodite, long ago robbed of all ability for sexual pleasure, will watch as the daughters of Lesbos couple, Mr. Feeldoe plunging to bring friction and ecstatic heat.

Nipples excised, scrotum trimmed, prostate removed, April’s only joy...the sutured unusable penis tip.

He/she is never to feel pleasure... only offer such to others.

Ramona Cortez looks to the cage and smiles at the look of yearning, sensing the frustration. She knows April would like to lick... to serve... to knead and caress feminine flesh and vicariously feel what is no longer possible for he/she to feel.

He/she will not... not tonight.

“A quick reply from Escobar,” Ramona calls out, reading from the computer screen, as April gently prances on toes to serve morning coffee, the penis bell chiming.

‘Who are you, where are you, and what do you seek?’ the brief email reads.

“Came through at 3:00 a.m.,” Ramona notes as she types a reply.

'I am the girl's owner. Currently in New York. The girl needs to be put under a man's penis. She's been naughty, spending too much money on jewelry and therefore caged. I told her she'll only be released when she can repay me,' Ramona types and clicks 'send', knowing that the provocative term 'owner' will bring a frothy need to continue communication.

The bait has been taken. Can the hook be set?

"Better make sure the recording equipment is working, Maria. Escobar is not known to dawdle."

Ramona turns in the swivel chair, parts her thighs, and snaps her fingers and points. An eager April goes to his/her knees, dainty hands pushing aside the folds of Ramona's silk robe.

Returning from lunch and a shopping spree, Ramona checks her email as Maria steps to the bedroom where Baldur guards a caged and cabled April.

"There's another email," Ramona announces clicking on the 'in box' to read aloud.

'I will purchase the diamond earrings and present to the girl as a gift... if she can favor me. I agree she needs to be put under the penis. A skull fuck to start.'

"Well, that's our ruthless drug dealer... not even asking the price. He's taken the hook," a mirthful Ramona notes in typing a reply.

'Waldorf apartments... number 2207. Tonight at 7:00 p.m. Bring \$10,000. Bring your penis. Otherwise come alone.'

"Call Renee. I want her here tonight at 6:00 p.m."

New York, New York

Renee/Robert Warren

I don't get many calls at work. I am thus startled when the phone rings, finally answering on the third ring.

"Hello."

“Your benefactress wants you here at 6:00 p.m. sharp. You know the address,” the accented voice evidencing the source of the call.

“But I’ll need to go home first and tidy up...”

“You have your orders. Make sure you’re wearing your earrings. 6:00 p.m.”

An abrupt click and the call ends.

I will need to leave work early. Besides assuring hair and makeup are in order, I must pick up the diamond pendants. I dare not wear such to work.

I look at the ancient clock to which every clerk glances during the boredom of paper shuffling. It is 2:30 p.m. I arise and head for Mr. Thompson’s office, conjuring as to the reason for another early departure.

My heels click away on the linoleum, the resounding tapping drawing many eyes. With my birth gender known to all, I do not attain the looks of envy from women and the looks of guilty lust from men as I do when walking the streets and sauntering in the park. Instead there is disgust, some sympathy, some pity.

As I approach the desk of Mr. Thompson’s secretary, I think of being caged and photographed without a word of explanation... think of being fully stripped, my tiny manhood freed to be photographed in the palm of a domineering woman.

What is this about?

“I’m going to have to leave in an hour, an early appointment with my counselor,” informing the secretary and selecting the fabrication which will receive the least resistance.

No one would want this gender confused employee to miss a counseling appointment... seen as perhaps an opportunity to return to normality.

The secretary nods, knowing that I have just about carte blanche since my transformation. Too many laws... too many

lawyers... management fears a very untidy discrimination suit.

Just after 3:30 I leave work to begin the walk to my apartment, much more sanguine in noting that the looks received on the streets of Manhattan are of desire and envy.

Arriving home, I spruce up. With no orders as to attire, I change to something more informal but fashionable. The 'fuck me heels' made an impression and I don those. Otherwise I freshen my makeup, deluge myself with perfume, find the flashy diamond pendants and head for the Waldorf.

My timing is reasonably good, arriving at the Waldorf at 5:45 p.m. I decide to buzz apartment 2207 a little early rather than lurk about in the lobby, drawing attention in a place where I otherwise don't want to draw attention.

A naked April opens the door, silent as always. He/she either cannot talk or is forbidden to do so. I know to follow him/her, listening as the penis bell announces his/her presence, clamoring away with all motion.

Into the large bedroom, Miss Ramona and Miss Maria are confabulating.

"Such a prompt young lady you are, Renee," Miss Ramona compliments.

"Take off your clothes, stay in your panties and heels. Just as the other night."

I strip and when Maria opens the cage door I for some reason fall to my knees and crawl within, no command necessary. She closes and locks the door.

"Now let's review some rules. You're going to have a visitor. He, as most others, will think you are a girl... born as a girl. Do not dissuade him of that. He will be gruff. He will insult. But keep in mind he cannot harm you. Note the steel mesh. He'll not even be able to touch you should you stay at the far side of the cage. His only access will be through the feeding hatch... and only able to insert a... well let's

leave it as a hand for now. So though he may engender fear, there will be no ability to inflict injury.”

As Miss Ramona speaks, Miss Maria demonstrates by pushing her arm through the limited hatch, designed for water and food bowls. As I cower in the far side of the cage, her extended arm comes nowhere near touching me.

“I will do all the talking. But when it comes time, you will obey my orders to the utmost. You so much enjoyed your visit to the park a few days ago. I think you will somewhat enjoy this visit as well. When I beckon you to approach, I want to hear those six sordid words... and that’s all.”

I listen intently. I am not to ask questions, assuming that all will be unveiled in time.

“Maria, check the cameras and the recorder one more time. Then cable April in the kitchen.”

Maria departs, April follows.

“Baldur will be with us. Maria will be nearby. There is nothing we cannot handle. Just be obedient.”

Waldorf Apartment

New York, New York

Promptly at 7:00 p.m. the buzzer of apartment 2207 sounds. Ramona Cortez smiles, the male sex drive so charmingly predictable.

Maria steps to the door, hunting knife at the left hip, fingers eager to slice with the slightest sign of truculence.

She silently opens the door and gestures for entry. Into the foyer steps the most vicious drug lord of all the cartels in South American. Powerful, ruthless, wealthy, known to carve out the eyeballs of traitors with a hot spoon, never known to refrain from the overuse of violence... but also known... by his closest associates... to have one weakness... young girls.

Miss Ramona sits... as if on a throne. When Escobar enters the parlor, Maria signals him to submit to a pat down. He does, arms extending out from his sides.

"I am not carrying..." the first words uttered.

"Smart, Mr. Escobar. New York has tough gun laws."

Maria nods her approval, no weapons found.

"I'm on a little vacation. No business transacted. No weapon needed."

"And what man would not like a little pleasure during his vacation."

"Exactly," Escobar proclaims drawing a stuffed envelope from his pocket. "And it gives me great pleasure to buy a nice girl some jewelry. I hate to see animals caged. So you can imagine my reaction to your intriguing photos," the tone sardonic.

Ramona extends her hand. The envelope is drawn back from within her grasp.

"The girl?" Escobar politely insists.

"Caged, of course. And I think she'd enjoy having a visitor."

Ramona arises to lead to the bedroom. Maria quietly slips away to the adjoining room where resides the control panel, monitors and a recorder for the many hidden cameras and microphones.

"Don't mind Baldur," Ramona forewarns. "He'll not viciously attack and maim unless commanded... or someone makes an aggressive move."

Escobar is taken aback by the size and apparent strength of the Elk Hound.

"This is Renee, my naughty little shopper."

Escobar looks into the far end of the cage where the half naked Renee kneels in fear. Ramona looks into the face of Escobar as he assesses, his eyes gleaming, licking his lips as apparently the sight of prepubescent nakedness brings salivation.

"For the earrings, I will be thanked... for my gift?"

"I think Renee will be very grateful to be released from her cage at some point."

Escobar hands over the envelope.

"I'll want her naked."

"Not part of the deal."

"How will I be thanked?"

"I think Renee would like to know how a big strong man tastes... isn't that right, Renee?"

A quaking Renee knows to nod. He/she also notices the look of overpowering lust. It frightens.

"I want her out of the cage."

"No. The key seems to be lost for now. And I'll not bother looking for it for a mere \$10,000. It's not worth my time."

"So how shall she express her gratitude?"

Ramona lowers her hand and pushes open the feeding hatch. With its height conveniently at the level of Escobar's zipper, no more words need to be exchanged. Escobar smiles wickedly and wriggles his finger... come hither. Ramona nods her approval to Renee then steps away as Escobar unzips. Though watching a man degrade himself, being fellated in such a tawdry and desperate manner, may have amusing elements, the sight of the virile male appendage tends to sicken.

"Come here and thank Mr. Escobar, Renee. You'll not have to return the diamond earrings after all. They are now yours to keep."

Renee visually shudders but knows to crawl forth. 'Obey,' she tells herself... 'enjoy the taste'.

"May I suck your penis, Sir," the voice quaking with the six sordid words.

New York, New York

Renee/Robert Warren

I feel violated. Well... I was violated!

This Escobar miscreant became forceful. I tried to give him a pleasant and calming blow job, as in the park, but he reached into the cage with his right hand, thankfully not able to fit both through the hatch, grasped the hair at the back of my head and announced I was to be 'skull fucked'

‘No biting,’ Miss Ramona proclaimed, inaugurating another rule as the turgid manhood plunged well down my throat. I choked... violently... and Escobar laughed, holding my head and thrusting forcefully with his hips. He’s well hung, able to stand outside the cage and still penetrate well into my mouth and throat. I gasped for breath. He commanded me to suck... ‘lick, you little whore’.

Some words were in Spanish, not known to me.

Tears formed with the pain... the frustration... the degradation. Miss Ramona looked on, as I gagged her pleasant smile transforming to one of evil.

Was it watching my humiliation... or the feel of an envelope stuffed with bills?

In... out... in... out... finally exploding well into my gullet, Escobar grunted in satiation then pushed my head away toward the back of the cage.

‘She’s a natural and her tongue work is good. A little tight about the tonsils, but in time, used often enough, she’ll more readily be opened.’

Zippering himself, Ramona led the man from the room. I could not hear any further conversation as I sat in tears, my throat too sore to even break the rules and speak.

I was not released until much later in the evening, my benefactress assuring that Escobar had left and was far from the premises.

I could not believe a wealthy woman would sell me to such a ruffian for a mere \$10,000! She had certainly spent more than that in medical expenses, counseling and hormone treatment.

*Waldorf Apartment
New York, New York*

Ramona and Maria review the tapes. High definition, three different angles, the clarity of sound remarkable as the world’s most ruthless drug lord becomes ruthless

indeed, forcing himself on what he believes to be a prepubescent girl.

Scruples? None. Moral outrage should his peers and cohorts learn of the oral 'rape'? Very little. Criminals do criminal things and expect as much from each other.

But homosexual activity in the macho Hispanic culture of the drug cartels?

Verboten!

The women enjoy immensely. Maria inquires about the next step.

"The hook is set, now how do we reel him in?"

"He wants more, of course. The mesh barrier of the cage offered just enough contact, yet just enough frustration so that he wants to return. He'll want to feel more of Renee than the back of her head and the warm wetness of her mouth. Impressed with Renee's relative oral prowess, Escobar wants to open her anally. Says he'll split her backside and cover the cost of any resulting medical needs."

"Such a gentleman," Maria quips.

"And that's why this profession is so enjoyable... pilfering funds from those who deserve to be pilfered."

"What's his offer?"

"\$50,000. Complete nakedness. Complete access. No audience."

"Renee will be injured. She's not been opened there at all."

"And she'll not be. We'll take the \$50,000 and send Escobar on his way with copies of our photo collection. More cash to come of course after he contemplates his unenviable position."

Maria nods. The boss is certainly the boss for good reason.

"Do have some sharp instruments ready, Maria. And do keep Baldur nearby. Escobar is certain to become irrational and violent when the full nature of our trap dawns."

New York, New York

Renee/Robert Warren

I Google the name 'Escobar'. I am horrified to read of the accusations, the general acknowledgment that he is the most powerful purveyor of drugs in the world. The rumors are frightening... so many killed... so many disappeared... and the stories of mayhem inflicted on alleged traitors and informants bring one to shudder.

And I fellated him! Though perhaps not the proper term. The words 'skull fuck' are indeed apropos, using my mouth and throat as a receptacle for gobs of spunk.

I quiver again just thinking about it.

My cell phone rings. When I answer it is Miss Maria. Though I never gave her the number, information about me seems easy to attain.

"2:00 p.m. Your new friend wants a matinee before leaving the country. Come in heels. Wear the earrings."

No wait for a reply, the call ends. Since it is Saturday, the rendezvous is easy to comply with, just prink, preen and walk across town. No question that I can be there... yet dare I be there?

Thoughts of the cage, the mesh protecting me from all but gunshot, bring some semblance of comfort. Baldur will presumably be present also along with the divinely vigorous Miss Maria nearby. So as I shower... hands smoothing over my hairless form, lowering to toy with that portion of my scrotum remaining accessible, tweaking my nipples to spur a sigh of delight... I calm myself. The power of drug lord Escobar will be mitigated by equally powerful women. At least in the Waldorf apartment, I convince myself.

In knowing they will protect me there comes a bizarre sense of gratitude... like being dangled out the window of a twenty story building then thanking the person holding my ankles for reeling me back to safety.

Knowing how I will be presented, I do not expend much time selecting clothing. I will need little for the task. But heels, yes. There is something tawdry about a naked girl... near naked girl... in heels. Silk panties... pink of course... and makeup to the hilt... appearing as effeminate as possible.

The subterfuge of being presented as a girl... a young girl... seems key to whatever the goals are. I do not want to disappoint.

Walking across town, there come thoughts of my world, my new world. Where is all this taking me? Without friends, not able to present myself to my limited family, will all social contact and diversion come by way of seducing strangers in the park?

Yet in feeling sorry for myself, I think of April. I can impel some level of physical joy... as I did while showering... my scrotum newly sensitized as are my puffy nipples. But April? Miss Ramona denies him/her just about all, the one remaining erogenous zone cruelly sutured to his/her tummy.

How does he/she even urinate?

Arriving early again, I move to the elevator wary of some glances from an officious looking character who is most assuredly a member of the Waldorf security staff. He appears somewhat relieved when I do not attempt to enter the hotel segment of the structure. A prepubescent girl in makeup and heels certainly turns heads. But what occurs in the privately owned apartments is beyond his purview and concern.

I ascend to the 22nd floor. April wordlessly opens the apartment door. I follow within listening to the penis bell. Miss Ramona is in the sitting room, seemingly comforted in hearing her servant move about.

Every step sounds of his/her subjugation.

“Strip. Remain in heels, then bend.”

I obey. Once again something is handed to April and the dainty fingers rummage about to unlock my penis. It feels good to have it freed.

"As I am sure you have surmised, your new friend Pablo Escobar wants to meet again. He will once again bring money and a load of sperm. This time he'll leave only the money behind. You'll be locked in the cage. Safe. Do nothing unless commanded. Things will get a little intemperate. Stay away from the hatch and you'll not be harmed."

She summons me to approach and I step forth folding my hands on my head. An arm reaches, the hand turning upward to palm what remains of my maleness... all three inches. Miss Ramona inspects and snickers.

"For now don't play. But if you can get this little thing hard for our Mr. Escobar it would greatly add to the fun and games."

I shake my head, the only stiffness experienced since my castration coming as a result of nocturnal penile tumescence and that was well before the deluge of estrogen.

"Tsk. Tsk. Well perhaps you should consider a more permanent modification to keep your thoughts off becoming turgid... as with April here," Miss Ramona taunts.

I shake my head... forcefully... to convey my disinterest.

"Ok, to the cage. Knowing the level of eagerness, Escobar is sure to be on time... perhaps early. And if Escobar enters, I want you to speak... the six sordid words you uttered on that first date you had. Otherwise you are to remain silent."

April leads me to the bedroom. Baldur greets with a 'woof' as I know to step to the cage, go to all fours and crawl within. As April snaps closed the lock, I continue to seek comfort, examining the lock ... the large lump of high carbon steel and thick loop which holds me captive... and also keeps me isolated from the most vicious purveyor of drugs in the world.

Naked but for heels, I am beginning to understand the game. The subterfuge of my gender will temporarily end... my vestigial maleness... my penis... to be displayed.

April departs, presumably not to be part of the 'fun and games'. So I just lie back and wait, the irony of being caged while Baldur is free to roam occupying my thoughts.

*Waldorf Apartment
New York, New York*

"Maria, you'll need to stay with us in the room. Leave the video system on in case things get completely out of hand, but it need not be monitored. When he offers the money, take it, stash it to prevent a grab and run. He may get a little irrational."

The soldier in Maria listens intently and calmly. She has spent the morning honing her knife, imagining and mentally role playing. Pablo Escobar is not to be harmed unless absolutely necessary, that she understands. He is about to become an ATM... to gush cash... not blood.

"Is April tucked away?"

"Cabled in the closet of the video surveillance room."

"Good."

Slightly before 3:00 p.m. the early arrival symbolizing the intensity of the testosterone laden male sex drive, the apartment buzzer sounds with the extended press of an enthusiastic finger.

Maria responds, opening the door to Pablo Escobar. He carries a package, square, wrapped in brown paper. Stepping into the sitting room, once again an alert Maria pats down for weapons.

"The funds, I assume?" Ramona nodding to what is cradled in Escobar's hands.

"\$50,000. I want her naked... I want her alone."

"Of course. But there is something you should see first."

Maria steps back, positioning behind Escobar, right hand on the knife handle, as Ramona hands Escobar a folder.

“Thought you’d like some pictures of your *date*,” giving the word mocking emphasis.

A perplexed Escobar takes the folder and opens. He is aghast. His jaw clenches. His face reddens with rushing circulation.

“I lied about the age. Actually twenty four years old. And you can see why she hasn’t grown bigger breasts, Pablo.... hope you don’t mind if I call you Pablo. Something about organs descending to become testicles instead of remaining within to become ovaries. I had such removed, and you can understand the resulting confusion.”

Maria steps forth and takes the brown package from a stunned Escobar.

“You bitch!” the voice raspy and threatening as he quickly rifles the many pages, finally coming to the extreme close up of Maria’s bronzed hand palming the tiny male organ.

“So, taking Renee anally will not be a problem. But I hope you don’t desire vaginal penetration as well, nothing there I’m afraid.”

“Give me my money!” the voice loud and demanding as Maria briefly steps away to lock the funds in a drawer.

“Calm yourself, Pablo. You need to think about some things. This is not a drug deal you can walk away from and just forget. There’s more.”

Another folder is offered, still shots of the skull fuck... amazingly clear, the identity of Escobar not in doubt, the blonde head of Renee most apparent.

“You photographed me!”

“And videotaped as well. Every thrust, every word recorded. Makes for great recreation. Who do you think should be entertained by this?”

Pablo Escobar indeed calms. One does not control 50% of the world’s supply of cocaine through irrational acts and thoughts.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I’ve posted all this, what you see... plus the full color high definition video of you performing a rather indecent sex act on a boy... on the internet. A secret IP address. No one knows it’s there... for now... no one knows how to access except Maria and me. It will remain in cyberspace, unknown, and unviewed if certain remuneration is made.”

“Boy? You said he’s 24.”

“You know that now. I know that also, but will any viewer come to that conclusion? You were certainly convinced.

“I have not posted his age. So let’s give that some thought... the most notorious drug dealer in the world... forced from his secret closet of homosexuality by a rather explicit video... and some provocative photos. What would that do for you in the testosterone laden world of narcotics, Pablo? Escobar, the ruthless fag? Doesn’t instill much fear and intimidation, now does it?”

A fuming Escobar remains silent, indeed excogitating all the ramifications of disclosure. Ramona pauses then continues. “And all that esteem you’ve nurtured with the poor coca growers in the mountains... not much fealty to be offered to a *maricon*,” Ramona sneering in using the despicable Spanish profanity for homosexual.

“It’s nothing more than computer editing, you can do anything with software,” Escobar counters.

Ramona arises, Maria staying most proximate.

“Come. Renee sometimes likes to lounge about without her panties... the naughty little girl.”

Ramona leads to the bedroom. There, an apprehensive Renee lays caged in nakedness. A prevenient Baldur senses potential aggression and stirs. Maria follows, knife at the ready.

“Your date,” Ramona sardonically offers with a sweeping motion of her hand.

Renee goes to all fours and crawls forth near the hatch opening.

"May I suck your penis, Sir?" the offer so humble, the words seeming to beseech the attention which all males delight in giving.

Then Renee rises to kneel, displaying in full his/her remaining maleness.

"This is sick!" Escobar blurts, the contrasting morality most ironic... orally sodomizing a young girl versus an adult male.

Becoming physical, he steps forth and violently shakes the cage door, testing its ineluctability. Baldur growls in warning. Maria's right hand moves to her left hip. Renee timidly shrinks in fear.

Noting the combined threats, just as quickly Escobar steps back. Resigning himself to being ensnared, he composes himself.

"Take the \$50,000."

"I will. Jet fuel is expensive. But you'll offer more. Much more," the voice of Ramona quite cool as the catch is reeled in.

"You women have cojones. How much more?"

"One million dollars. I can give you a couple of days. Even provide wire instructions if you like."

Escobar shakes his head.

"If there's to be a deal... it will be cash. Leave you with the problem of laundering."

Ramona nods... a reasonable concession.

"How can I trust you? If I arrange the funds, how do I know you'll not disclose the web address any way?" Escobar reasons, stalling for time to think.

"In a way, Pablo, you'll never know. All you can do is offer the money and hope I'm a good business person," Ramona replies with a quick laugh. "But think about it, once paid I'm done playing here. This feline is going to move on to the next mouse. Though I normally shy from politicians, I understand there are some high ranking Chinese officials

hitting the casinos in Macao with large sums of purloined government funds. Ideal customers, don't you think?"

Escobar understands he is dealing with a professional... and that he has no choice but to pay and hope.

"You'll get your money, bitch... but I want *him*," Escobar fervently pointing to the cage.

"So you *do* find interest... in men," Ramona laughs.

"Yes, every man that has betrayed me..."

Finally calming, a more composed Escobar is led out of the bedroom, guardia Maria close behind.

"Renee is no longer of use to me," Ramona offers, out of hearing range. "I prefer fresh bait. There's a young male in Singapore visiting the doctor tomorrow. I am predicting another diagnosis of testicular cancer. Thereafter it's on to Macao... another trap... another payday. But more importantly, I so much enjoy games. Do you like games, Pablo?"

"Like guessing how long before death overcomes that I can torment and torture those who betray me?" he sneers.

Ramona laughs... such emphatic vitriol.

"No, I was thinking of engaging in a little detective game. For another \$200,000 I will offer a clue... where to find Renee. When the funds are received, I can email you."

Escobar moves to the door and turns.

"When I find him, I'll have what little remains of his machismo removed with a blowtorch... slowly," he hisses.

Ramona laughs, Maria smiles.

"I believe Pablo, that if you put your own machismo aside, Renee can probably benefit your cause. Quite obedient, as you are aware... eager to please. The gender thing could be used to your advantage."

Maria steps forth to unlock and open the door as Ramona returns to the sitting room.

"I prefer the hot knife," she in turn hisses into Escobar's ear. "Much more close and personal," her hand lowering, a

powerful grasp brazenly closing over the pubes area of the merciless drug lord.

Escobar shows not any pain, instead stepping out to release himself.

“We’ll meet again,” he sneers.

“You won’t enjoy the experience,” Maria counters.

Part Three

New York, New York

Renee/Robert Warren

I am cut off. I am rebuffed by my counselor's secretary, every call suggesting the appointment book is filled.

Other calls to the doctor's office to make an appointment there end with a reminder that the last bill remains unpaid and I will need to bring a check if I am to visit again. The balance, over \$1,000, is considerable for me. Numbers oriented, it quickly dawns that even should I pay and bring myself even, I cannot possibly afford future visits.

So Nurse Sueann... her gloved hand... her penetrating fingers... become a thing of the past.

I am disheartened to report that after the departure of Pablo Escobar, Miss Maria plucked away the diamond earrings, those I planned to have appraised. I was then told to dress, leave the Waldorf apartment and that I would be best served by forgetting the address and all that occurred there.

The humdrum of work drums onward. There is sort of a standoff. I detect that Mr. Thompson and management are constantly conspiring in an effort to have me terminated without triggering one or more of the several laws which protect the likes of me from discrimination. Fortunately with doctor's and counselor's appointments a thing of the past, absenteeism and unreliability are off the table. And in my solitude, my productivity seems enhanced.

My penis, freed from the guiche piercing for that final encounter with Escobar, was not returned to the locked position. Strangely, I could not become re-accustomed to having the little thing flop about. Seeing it there... well, it seemed to irritate and confuse my feminine psyche. Plus in tight panties it bulged... however slightly... but it bulged. So unsightly...

So within days I laid knees high and spread, mirror in hand and reconnected the small Prince Albert ring with the

guiche using a thin cable tie. I pulled, tightening to return the tip to its hiding place, then snipped away the loose end.

Unlike the tiny padlock, I can free myself with scissors or wire cutters, but to what end?

I continue taking the estrogen, not wishing to incur the unknown effect of stopping. And something very curious occurred when weeks after the Escobar encounter, a small package arrived in the mail, return address a post office box. I opened and discovered a fresh supply of pills.

Someone was being very thoughtful. But whom?

I have no desire to restock my wardrobe, replacing that which Miss Lalique sent down the garbage chute. I think about it... but it does not happen... the thought of trying on clothes in a men's store is incongruous. Instead I indulge in about the only thing I have left from the strange affair, the extensive collection of fine apparel bestowed by my benefactress.

I become more than adequate doing my nails.... attention to my manicure and pedicure persistent. The application of makeup continues to improve. And I visit Molly at the beauty salon every two weeks, finding her prognostication correct about the need for maintaining the luster of my blond locks. She has me remove my clothing in the back room, panties remaining in place. Near naked with Molly fully attired, it is one of the two remaining thrills after the many months of indoctrination... acclimatization.

I try my best to refrain from taking those walks in the park. As promised, Miss Ramona gave up the photos she used to inveigle me into the Escobar affair... and indeed I keep them in a special drawer that zoom photo of me offering good head... the in flagrante delicto shot. But the memory of being unveiled brings horripilation.

And so I deny myself that only other thrill... the offering of myself to men when I once again touch, feel, sense virility... and know that stimulating the male organ is about the only thing left for me to control.

So I am a good girl.

It is Saturday. I am making breakfast. As usual I am nude. With the many mirrors I have assembled about the apartment, catching glimpses of my plumping effeminate form brings a quirky joy.

The buzzer for the building entrance sounds.

Who can it be?

"Yes," pushing the intercom button.

"It is Miss Lalique, Renee. I have something for you."

"I'm not dressed."

"Does it matter?"

I suppose not, recalling the long evening of being trained while naked to walk in heels.

I press the button for the electric lock. Within minutes there comes a knock on my door. I consider grabbing a robe... but decide not to deny myself one of the two remaining thrills, instead pulling the latch to offer entry.

The large woman enters and smiles. Once again I am naked in the company of a fully clothed woman. I sense the power exchange and inwardly smile.

"You so much enjoy showing off, no?" the French accent bringing memories, her hand extending to tenderly tweak my right nipple.

"Coffee?" I inquire, feeling myself blush, feeling the twinge below.

I become apprehensive when it dawns that, sans Nurse Sueann's prostate manipulation, I am given to ooze... down there. Very unladylike. I sometimes find my panties to be moist, particularly after visiting Molly to have my hair done. Without a stitch of covering, such a reaction will bring drool to my inner thighs.

"Yes, thank you."

I prance on toes to the kitchen. Catching my reflection in a dining room mirror, I pause to straighten my hair.

“Miss Ramona has sent a gift,” Miss Lalique calls out.
“She knows you miss those diamond earrings.”

The mention of her name brings distress... but I do indeed regret the loss. I have purchased cheap replacements. A girl needs something to occupy the unsightly holes, but such are disappointingly dull. When I passed Tiffany’s one afternoon I spotted pendants similar to those worn for Miss Ramona and the price astounded. I will be wearing fake for a long time.

I return with a tray and two steaming cups. Miss Lalique sits, having placed a small box on the living room coffee table. As I sit opposite she unwraps.

“Very unique, very rare,” heightening the anticipation as a wad of cotton is removed.

She extracts a set of baubles, the size considerable, the shape rather ungainly. Two lumps of clear Lucite. In holding them in the room light, gray spheres within occupy the center of the cubes, the edges rounded presumably for comfort in wearing.

Miss Lalique smiles... a pleasant smile... perhaps tinged with Schadenfreude... and she beckons me to lean forward.

“Large... but precious.”

The left hand pushes back the locks of hair about my right ear. My cheap paste earring is removed. In its place a stud is thrust through my earlobe... and another penetrates the second opening in the body of the cartilage... offering added support for the bulky lump.

It is comparatively heavy.

Miss Lalique does my left ear as well then turns her attention to her coffee. I arise, anxious to model my gift for myself, heading for one of my many mirrors.

The Lucite somewhat shimmers, calling attention, but certainly not that garnered by diamonds. And the spheres residing within foster inquisitiveness... mainly because of the unsightly grayness.

“What is it? What are they?” I can’t help inquiring.

“Something you’ve been missing. Your balls!” Miss Lalique laughing huskily.

“The gift comes with a note... from Miss Ramona.”

Not overly impressed with my ‘gift’, I am in fact sickened. I dash back to the coffee table and retrieve the note.

Renee,

Thank you so much for your valued assistance with our latest contributor. I have asked Miss Lalique to offer a token of my appreciation, returning to you something lost a few months back at the doctor’s office. Had them preserved and plastinated. And I think where you now have to wear them they’ll look good on you... certainly be more useful to you now.

By the way, I took the time to have a second biopsy performed before preservation. Not a speck of cancer to be detected. So wear them in good health...

Regards,

Ramona

The note falls from my hand. The emotions roil. Disbelief... denial... anger... then self pity. Miss Lalique smiles as I begin to cry.

“There, there, Renee, whatever would you have done... where would you be... had they remained attached,” the words console, but her devilish smile suggests wicked delight.

Then her hand reaches between my thighs, the fingers quite knowing in kneading the scrotal flesh to the right and left of my penis shaft.

She touches almost precisely where months ago my testicles exited my scrotum.

The hand retreats. The calloused woman sits back and continues sipping, seeming to find delectation in my grief. Then she finally stands to excuse herself.

“Calm yourself, Renee. It’s a nice day. Why not take a walk in the park?”

Yes, having denied myself for several weeks... it is time.

In a fog of depression, for some reason I leave in place the ghastly baubles the taunting Miss Ramona chose to bestow on my ears.

Did the follow up biopsy really show nothing? Have I really been castrated unnecessarily?

And such cruelty from Miss Lalique...

I am upset.

Filly diaphanous blouse, the shortest flimsiest skirt I can find. No panties. Not the 'fuck me heels', but the most feminine footwear I can use to traverse the slopes and craggy paths of the park.

Mid Spring, the weather is warming. There will be many celebrating the return of photosynthesis. The libido of the 'hibernating' male will be piquing. A quick application of makeup... gaudy red lipstick, a quick comb and I am ready... returning to my role of prepubescent harlot. Ready to once again touch, feel, sense virility... that so callously ripped from me. Once again in stimulating the male organ, the only thing left for me to control, I seek the unexplained thrill of spurring ejaculation... that of which a woman has deprived me.

To the park, by now I know where to attract... and where the clandestine rendezvous points permit follow up. My skirt flips a bit. I know my stride reveals the bottom most crease and curvature of my amazingly effeminate backside. Heads turn, women offer looks of disgust yet tinged with envy. And once again I seek that one male head that does not sheepishly turn away when I return the gaze with a coquettish smile.

Desperate for my thrill, one prospect seems to drool in fantasy with the sight of my near nakedness. I smile then brazenly flip up the back of my skirt, ending the tease and revealing in full that which female hormones have shaped to girlish perfection. I then nod toward a winding narrow path

which I know leads past dense undergrowth. When I move onward, I see him rise from his perch on a park bench.

I slow my pace. Rounding a curve, most visitors are left behind. My prospect catches up.

“Do you need some candy, little girl?”

Wow, do I indeed have a reprobate on the hook. The selected words begin the playing of a game. I indulge, stopping to turn and assess.

He’s handsome... young... the zipper area of his trousers bulging. For a hasty choice... otherwise too eager to spend time surveying the field... I have not done badly.

“I always seem to need something in my mouth,” I counter in my most girlish voice.

Then I hold up my right hand, extending three fingers.

“Hamilton’s?” he inquires.

I nod.

“But only for a little taste,” I advise, discouraging any contact beyond fellatio.

With that my tongue, so conveniently altered for oral gratification, thrusts from my mouth, circles my lips then extends to rise and touch the tip of my nose.

My prospect is initially taken aback with the nimbleness, furnished by a quick flick of a scalpel bearing hand. But as I step from the pathway into some dense Rhododendrons, he follows, fishing in his pocket for the three ‘Hamilton’s’... the \$30 I demand.

I neither need nor necessarily want the money, but it so much enhances the sense of being wanted. The psychological aspects need investigation, I realize. But my counselor is unavailable. Therefore I fellate then seize the money with zeal. Analysis can follow.

There’s a large, smooth rock within the copse. I often wonder how many have sat squirming to polish the granite as some form of licentious interaction is undertaken. For sure enough, my prospect sits, exactly where I have so many times indulged in ‘candy’.

I stand between his knees, letting himself warm his engine, letting his hands slip under my skirt to fondle the buttocks which so attracted. I am careful to press together my thighs, the inner flesh keeping my trapped penis tip well concealed. Meanwhile my hand goes to his zipper and rubs. The first brisance of deviant sexual delight brings my nipples to a stand.

I am found to be attractive... I am alluring... I am seductive. As always, such thrills.

I unzip him, fearful that his hands, though sensuous and caring, will uncover my secret. His raging manhood pops into view. I meekly fall to my knees. Guys like the sense of power when a little girl genuflects. His hands go to my head to guide. I engulf. He moans. As my tongue swirls there comes a voice. It terrifies.

"Vice. Move away. Slowly. Then freeze."

It is a female voice... deep... sounding middle aged. My prospect appears apoplectic. I do not feel so good myself.

The officer is in plain clothes. As I raise my head from my prospect's lap, a badge is flashed between us. The woman grabs my hand bag and wrestles it from my shoulder, concerned with flight, knowing to secure the identity of at least one of her culprits.

"Zip it up, he man," the patois that of a New York cop.

Wavering hands somehow tuck away a swollen but rapidly shrinking organ.

"This is serious stuff. This girl appears to be not more than 15 years old. That's five years minimum and a lifetime on the sex offender's list," the officer lectures.

"How old are you, sweetheart? Are you a runaway?"

I cannot let my prospect go down... even begin to go down. It is my folly, my seduction, my thrill, my proclivity.

"I'm twenty five."

The officer is shocked. My prospect exhales in relief. When the officer rummages into my purse and finds my

identification there is more silent shock. For some reason knowing not to say anything more, she backs off.

“Ok, Don Juan. Take a hike. And remember, from the 65th Street bypass down to Park Central South, you’re in my territory. So pass through with care... and keep your hands... and everything else clean.”

My prospect jumps and runs... my virile source of ‘thrill’ leaping from the rock like a frightened hare in a rabbit hunt, wordlessly leaving me holding the bag.

“Did he know you are a guy...? Mr. Robert Warren?”

I shake my head.

“It’s my fault... I just have this thing... just a little sex... some thrill... blow off some steam.”

“Hands on your head. Spread ‘em.”

I know the search for weapons is mandatory... but should be brief. There is no place to hide anything. Still the woman’s hands smooth up my inner thighs, reaching the ‘Y’ where my tiny ringed penis is attached to the guiche piercing on my perineum. Feeling the cable tie there brings confusion. In not knowing what she encounters, she commands that I place my hands behind my back. I am cuffed. Then, having indeed come to the park for a thrill, my objective is attained. This officer gamely releases the clasps of my skirt, whisking it away to leave me standing naked from the waist down.

Now she can inspect... search for weapons without impediment.

Normally I would feel that twinge... that experienced when being exposed to a fully clothed authoritative woman, but instead with the fear and concern, I begin to well up. Tears form and though the officer notes, she ignores and her hands lower to my pubes for further inspection.

“Spread your legs more. I saw the hand signals for the exchange of money. \$ 30! You’re way below market. Plus if you’re really a pro, you shouldn’t be crying.”

As she speaks, my secret is fully revealed in the sun light of a May afternoon. Fingers rub over my penis tip. Then she begins kneading the loose flesh which once nestled my testicles. Now comes the twinge... and the more she caresses the more the flow of tears dissipates... turning instead to the deficient, frustratingly incomplete ecstasy of the neutered.

Intrigued, the officer brusquely stands, opens the buttons of my blouse and pushes the flimsy material back over my shoulders, exposing my nipples and taking the time to press the material such that it bunches at my waist between my cuffed wrists and my elbows.

More nakedness! My prepubescent girlish chest exposed. Not a strand of hair to be seen!

She then coolly sits on the rock, retrieves a cigarette, and alights facing me as I stand... her prisoner. The woman is handsome... not beautiful... but not hurtful to the eyes either. Broad shoulders, short raven hair, green eyes, her demeanor is forthcoming... the type of woman who grew up with a half dozen older brothers and more than endured... in fact thriving. The smoking habit has prematurely deepened her voice. I assess her age at less than 40.

"You've been depilated. Not a strand... not a stubble on your entire body. Your work? It's a lot of effort. And you've been cut... quite professionally," the right hand extending, the fingers finding where some nine months earlier, the doctor incised my sac and extracted what defined my gender. Though the scarring is minimal, in being hairless I have no covering to conceal the evidence of the orchiectomy.

Right side then left, she demonstrably smooths a finger emphasizing where my male globes exited. Then for the first time she notices the bizarre earrings, for some reason I did not have the inkling to remove before my excursion to the park.

“Are those what I think they are?” exhaling a puff of tobacco.

I nod.

“A gift,” sardonic words upon which I fail to further elaborate.

This gives rise to a long interval of thought. It is not entirely apparent to her as to what to do.

“Well, here’s the deal, young lady... or whatever. If I run you in, you won’t survive Riker’s Island for your Monday court date... not that I can imagine where they’ll even put you.”

Yes, the city jail at Riker’s Island is abound with stories of violence, abuse, mistreatment of prisoners, fights, injuries, the source of so many tabloid headlines.

I will not survive without harm... guards... other inmates... even admin staff will offer potential threat. She knows it.

The rummaging hand lowers and slips between my thighs... to the penis tip. I dread what is happening there. For sure enough, when she retracts it, the tips of her index and third fingers glisten with the pre ejaculatory fluid I can no longer naturally expunge... no longer to be harvested by Nurse Sueann.

“You’re oozing. Is this the steam to be ‘blown off’? Is this the thrill? I can’t even begin to know how to write this up. Maybe I’ll take you in just like this. The boys in the station will have a good look and enjoy... until they find out that you have a penis.”

I cringe.

“Please no.”

“Yes, guys like you enjoy that... the exhibition... the exposure... the humiliation... they revel in it.”

I am chagrined to know... and feel... that such is true. For with her words and indeed the rising intensity of humiliation, the drool begins in earnest... dribbling down my inner thighs. Yes, stripped... restrained.... outdoors and naked

before this commanding woman, I cannot deny that there is a continuing brisance of odd delight.

“Or maybe I’ll walk you home like this... 105 West 63rd street,” reading from my wallet.

The thought both horrifies and excites... and she knows it!

More drags on the cigarette, leaving me to mentally squirm in the seclusion of the dense copse of Rhododendrons. With deliberation, the timelessness demonstrating her level of control, she folds my skirt, brief and gauzy, stuffs it in my bag then returns my wallet. Next she arises from the smooth rock and momentarily releases my cuffs, slipping the sleeves of my flimsy blouse from right wrist then left before securing me again.

I am completely exposed but for my footwear.

“So here’s the deal,” likewise folding my blouse and stuffing it into my bag. “Detective Sergeant Kelly Rogers apprehends a stripper... a flasher in Central Park, some misguided soul who feels it is Spring and time to worship the sun. It’s May... it’s New York... why be burdened with clothing?”

I am dismayed when she reseats herself, apparently in no hurry to end the emotional turmoil of my pending arrest and exhibition.

“Yes. I’ll walk you out of here in the line of duty, having no clue as to where you left your clothing. You will get your thrill. And then, in crossing Central Park West, you tell me where you wish to go... your apartment or the precinct. It’s only another two blocks.”

She pauses and smiles. She is entertained. She is in charge.

“And one other decision,” she postulates, drawing a small pocket knife from her vest and thrusting it toward my restrained penis. “Do you want to be led from here

appearing as a girl or as a guy?" her hand extending to the cable tie which cloaks my maleness.

Sergeant Kelly seems to understand me better than I do. Stripped naked, standing cuffed and in heels, she forces a decision... seeming to know that this estrogen laced male mind is easily befuddled. Thus she manifests her control... well beyond the threat of arrest and that imbued by the shiny steel which encircles my wrists.

Ultimately I decline the snip offered by her pocket knife. I arrived appearing girly... I will depart appearing girly... I hope.

"Come. We have to make a first step. There's a bit of a short cut to Central Park West... though I doubt we'll go unseen."

She grasps my elbow and I have no choice but to walk with her. I am under arrest... I think.

Out of the Rhododendrons to the isolated path, my bag in her firm grasp, she thankfully turns away from the main concourse where I am known to draw many eyes. Yes, there is relative seclusion. And when we encounter an occasional stroller, Sergeant Kelly fervently displays her badge, momentarily drawing eyes from my prepubescent nakedness, silently announcing to all that official police business in being undertaken.

But we approach Central Park West, as busy a thorough as any in New York. Pausing on a covered pathway, some fifty yards from a crossing traffic light, her fingers once again explore between my thighs, discovering that which I feel... the continuous vestigial ooze of maleness. She chuckles.

"Three blocks north along Central Park West to the precinct?" she inquires. "Or one block west to your apartment?"

I fully understand the message. The way to the precinct... including formal arrest and overnight incarceration... is

fraught with pedestrians. To my apartment... there is the relative inactivity found on any cross street at dusk. Plus, perhaps my pending arrest will be quashed.

I am happy to be offered the choice. It is an easy decision.

"My apartment please, Sergeant Kelly."

I panic as Sergeant Kelly searches my bag for my keys. In only passing two strollers on West 63rd Street, neither of which I recognized, it has been a relatively uneventful walk in the nude. But the delay in unlocking the main door may reverse all the advantages of the choice of being taken home if a neighbor spots me without clothing and Sergeant Kelly flashes her badge as she's already needed to do four times.

I am sure a note or visit from the landlord would result.

Finally I nod when the proper key is displayed and we promptly enter the building and safely ride the elevator. On the ascent, Sergeant Kelly checks her watch.

"Off duty," she announces, mercifully holding the key for quick entry to my apartment.

Mission accomplished, I sigh in great relief stepping into the confines of my abode. In the panic and trepidation of my detainment, I had not thought of the next step in this encounter. As Sergeant Kelly leaves me alone in the living room, instinctually checking the adjoining rooms for possible interlopers, I realize that no discussion, no offer or explanation, has been forthcoming.

She returns.

"Nice. Not overly flashy, but livable."

Remaining cuffed, strong hands grasp my shoulders and guide me to kneel on the carpet.

For some reason her brief hold brings comfort. I feel safe in her care... as she has adequately demonstrated in extracting me naked from the park... no questions... no interference... she was totally in charge.

She opens her purse and pulls forth my blouse and skirt.
“Put these on for a moment,” releasing my cuffs.

I slip on the garments. She then slides a cell phone from her pocket. Aligning and pointing, I know the camera function is being used. A flash comes then another. I am once again photographed and I meekly position myself, offering myself to the camera lens as I did so often naked for Nurse Sueann.

“Now strip again.”

She sits on the couch and lights another cigarette and types out a quick text message, pressing ‘send’ she resumes speaking.

“You are one submissive boy,” Sergeant Kelly notes, my silent obedience prompting the comment.

“We see a lot... on the Vice Squad. Many strange and horny guys... many kinks... many girls exchanging their youth and their bodies for dough. Most just rolls off... if you know what I mean. It’s not that we’re not asexual on the squad... we’re more or less inoculated.”

She leans forward while commanding me to spread. I comply, knees parting, and her free hand slips to my perineum, once again I feel a pang of joy as she again coats her fingers with my essence.

“Let’s see the rest of you,” she forcefully declares, once again retrieving her pocket knife.

It’s sharp, the cable tie giving way within a moment after she carefully aligns the blade. Then into full view comes the ringed vestigial organ I labor to conceal. She palms it, the disheartening three inches bringing a smile.

“Cute,” her only word as she releases and sits back to draw more nicotine.

“I assume you have more cable ties. I understand the need to keep this little guy tucked away. A girl does not need to show a bulge there.”

I nod.

“Well, Robert,” she begins.

"I prefer Renee, Ma'am," I correct, hopefully not sounding pretentious.

"Yes, of course. Well, Renee, having seen so much in my eight brief years, I must confess you're the topper. Working Central Park in broad daylight, for next to nothing, in drag, with your balls dangling from your ears.

"What brought you to getting them chopped?" the street vernacular charming, had I not been kneeling naked before her.

"A diagnosis of cancer. At least that is what they thought."

"And it was not?"

I shake my head.

"I'm no longer sure what the truth was. But whatever... they're gone."

Sergeant Kelly laughs... shaking her head.

"They're hanging from your ears, silly girl."

She begins clearing the coffee table where hours ago Miss Lalique presented me with the gift of my plastinated testicles.

"You're not too heavy. This should hold."

She approaches and finally releases the handcuffs from my wrists.

"Let's have a full exhibition, shall we? We'll both be happy."

She guides me to the coffee table and in wearing the precarious heels assists as I know to step up. Then the cell phone reappears and I by rote begin to model myself on an improvised pedestal, turning and listening for the click, then turning again, then bending, then turning, then spreading. Nothing escapes the lens... not one square centimeter of shorn, plumped flesh. I feel exposed... violated... my privacy desecrated. I also feel a glow of comfort. Sergeant Kelly protects... sparing me from ignominious arrest.

Sergeant Kelly utters encouraging words and instructions, filling the memory of her phone.

The drool streams to my knees.

Fortress Mansion of Pablo Escobar

Secluded Mountains of Colombia

Plangent beeps indicate an incoming message. The private cell phone of Pablo Escobar sounds not often. Too much potential surveillance, too many potential electronic traps. He thus has an old model phone... no GPS capability... and he only uses it to receive... never to send.

'Think I've got your boy. If so, I will establish control and maintain contact,' the message reads.

Escobar reads then clicks to view the attached photo. It is indeed Renee, the transsexual who fellated him on videotape months before. Somewhere posted on the internet is high definition evidence of the depravity. And gratefully, after parting with the one million dollars... plus the \$200,000 for the mysterious clue promised by Ramona Cortez... there have been no repercussions.

As unsavory as the deal was, the woman has been true to her word. No known disclosure of the web address... no request/demand for more money... and the clue... inspiring one of the many games that Ramona Cortez enjoys... was emailed forthrightly.

'Take a walk in New York's most noted park. I suggest a sunny weekend afternoon.'

The words meant nothing to Pablo Escobar. He engaged professional help. And now, gazing at the photo of Renee, the money seems to be well spent.

"Eduardo," Escobar's booming voice summoning his security commander, as he writes a message.

"Yes boss," the ex soldier stepping into the vast tiled living room with haste.

"Go to the village, buy a disposable phone, and send this message to the number at the top."

No one on Escobar's staff, not even his most trusted lieutenants, knows of the homoerotic debauchery in New

York. It will stay that way. Only his New York agent is aware of the intense desire to find some girl named 'Renee', the reason withheld.

A loyal Eduardo departs. Escobar sits and ponders, looking at his phone, rereading the message. Something is bothersome and it finally dawns...

His agent was given the clue and instructed to find a **girl**, offering one of Ramona Cortez's less provocative photo's, lengthy description as well... height, weight, hair color, style, etc... along with the suggestion that she could possibly be involved in the sex trade.

Yet... the text message received... *I've got your boy!*

New York, New York

Renee/Robert Warren

I arise with giddiness on Sunday morning. Though my mind reels in wonderment, I am physically calm and relaxed. Ridding myself of all that male goo? Obviously no orgasm to be had... but can the elimination indeed bring the castrated male to a glow of contentment similar to that of the ejaculating intact male? Sergeant Kelly had me drooling for nearly an hour... I believe I became as drained as with Nurse Sueann's milkings.

Prior internet searches offered little information. It seems there is no scientific funding available to determine the level of sex drive and the needs of the neutered.

But I have a new friend! Sergeant Kelly! Commanding, authoritative, certainly not shrinking from the quiriness... the kinkiness... of the demented needs I have developed.

After the extensive photo exposition, she took notes as she cross examined.

As a result she knows everything... adding to her knowledge of my name and address all available phone numbers... place of employment... type of employment... supervisor's name... doctor's name and address...

counselor's name and address... even Molly my hair dresser was duly entered into her notes.

Not disclosed... the regal Ramona Cortez... the imposing Maria Sanchez... and certainly not the frightening encounter with Pablo Escobar.

Our tête-à-tête ended with a warning similar to that offered to my prospect in the park... *'from the 65th Street bypass down to Park Central South, you're in my territory. So pass through with care... and keep your hands... and everything else clean.'*

Offered in the patois of New York police enforcement, I suspect the advisement comes often. And in understanding her proposed arrangement, I will indeed refrain from seeking the sultry thrill of exposing myself and soliciting the resulting attention my loneliness craves.

'I'll stop in from time to time. When my shift ends - you'll fix me a drink... make me dinner. I like to be served,' my heart leaping as she first tweaked then continuously played with my right nipple and then left.'

She then stepped to the door, ending what could have been a most traumatic ordeal.

'And clothing... you'll need none... and you'll feel better.'
Yes, she knows me... so aware of my needs.

Co workers look my way as my phone rings. I ignore their inquisitive gazes and answer.

Yes, it is Sergeant Kelly, as I suspected. Payable clerks receive few business calls... just paperwork.

"Buy me a bottle of wine... white... otherwise nothing special. Most times don't know what I am drinking, but it soothes. You going to entertain me, little girl? Be naked and pretty for me..." the suggestive timber of her voice not in any way resembling that articulated when considering my arrest.

"Yes... Ma'am," offered my sotto voce.

Those who can hear are intrigued... interacting with a woman... who would bother with me? What have I to offer?

The day finally ends and I prance... a young girl in love... to the wine store... then to home.

There I ice up the wine, disrobe and spend inordinate time on my makeup and nails. Sergeant Kelly wants me naked... and pretty.

The Vice Squad has an offsetting shift... beginning the day later than their compatriots... ending the day later. Very little vice to pursue early in the day. So my buzzer sounds near seven and I offer entry without exchanging words over the intercom.

I know who visits.

"Why look at you!" Sergeant Kelly gushes moments later as I swing open the apartment door.

She just stands without entering, knowing to let me blush, aware of the relative arousal as my hairless skin turns to pink, my circulation rushing. I have added rouge to my nipples and empty scrotal sac, highlighting where her fingers grazed over the vestiges of the doctor's openings.

"Such a cute little naked girl to greet me."

For some reason I curtsy. I don't know why. It just seems appropriate. Finally Sergeant Kelly steps within, satisfied that she has spurred the cascade of senses and emotions leading to a drooling member.

As she unwinds... gun belt unbuckled, badge dislodged, hand cuffs withdrawn, all placed on a credenza near the door... I dash to the kitchen, open and pour two glasses of wine. When I return carrying on a tray, she feigns concern.

"Two glasses? Little girls don't drink," she politely admonishes.

I offer her glass then return mine to the kitchen. As always with a domineering woman, I am obedient... and learning... and open to the whims of she who controls.

She sits on my couch and points... to her shoes. Not stylish, practicality required in patrolling many acres of park.

I go to my knees and begin to untie the shoe laces.

"No silly girl, I want them cleaned first."

I rise to retrieve a wet cloth and a strong hand moves to my shoulder, pressing me back to the carpet.

"With your tongue," offered with a smile but a firm no nonsense tone.

I am careful in complying, having spent the past hour making myself look pretty for her, not wishing to smear anything.

"You must remember, Renee. I watched you in the park the other day. Saw more of your act... and your inducement... than you think... lifting your little skirt... then swishing that barnyard tongue of yours... touching it to your nose... naughty little girl."

I smile sheepishly. The doctor's quick scalpel did imbue certain talents... and my tongue usually seals the deal... so to speak... after flashing my charms.

And so I learn how Sergeant Kelly likes be served... most obsequiously... without an iota of compassion or concern for my dignity... having me lick clean her shoes while relaxing with a glass of wine.

Minutes pass, a second glass of wine is presented, and then it is back to my knees to remove the shoes and begin foot massage. It is much appreciated. When I bend lower and kiss, she insists that I reach up beneath her skirt, roll down her stockings and begin laving her bare feet with my tongue as well.

"Oral servitude... very important."

She sips... I lick, finding that touching a woman there... under her skirt... brings new joy.

"You have your penis tied down again, Renee," she notes.

I pause to nod.

"You don't like showing it to me?"

A hand lowers to tug on my left ear, signaling an end to the oral servitude.

"It shows... makes a bump in my panties," I explain.

"But you don't have panties on. I want you naked when I am here and you're serving me. It makes you feel better. Very docile... very meek... very subservient. A girly boy like you enjoys that."

I lower my gaze and nod in agreement. The penis thing is problematic, the cable tie tugging constantly to remind me it's there... yet when I free it, it either flops about sans underwear or makes a telltale bump in the front of my panties. Neither is welcomed.

What's this 'girly boy' to do?

Sergeant Kelly senses my glumness. The hormones constantly affecting my thinking, I tell myself. I have not before had difficulty making decisions, trouble doing the logical thing. I need guidance. She seems to sense that. I am grateful.

"Got something for you," she announces with enthusiasm. "Go get some hand cream."

I jump to my feet, naked toes pattering to my bedroom, returning with a jar of stuff that makes my smooth skin moist and even softer. Meanwhile Sergeant Kelly retrieves a hideous looking lump of rubber from her pocket.

"Visited one of those seedy sex shops we keep our eye on," she explains. "Got a nice butt plug for you. Notice the shape?"

My eyes widen in apprehension. I suppose it will fit. All types of bumps and ridges, the carved conical shape tapering to where it appears my rectum will hold it in place. Sergeant Kelly takes the jar, opens and slathers.

"We really need to keep that prostate in condition," echoing the words of Nurse Sueann. "Come, across my lap. Head down, part your thighs for me."

I scramble to assume the demanded position, finding that pressing my nakedness against her warm thighs feels good. I feel the fingers of one hand splay my plump cheeks.

Then the tip of the monstrous lump begins to glide up and down my crevice, spreading the hand lotion.

I gulp in concern, but then I recall the only faint pleasure received at the hands of a woman... the bi weekly fluid samples extracted by the imposing Nurse Sueann.

"And in we go," a laughing Sergeant Kelly proclaims as my tight, rarely challenged sphincter is made to yield.

"It's too tight, Sergeant Kelly! Too big!"

"Relax. Stop whining little girl. You'll get used to it. And we'll move on to bigger and bigger sizes... you're going to be one popular little girl."

She is correct of course. As I learn to relax my muscles there, the pain of the tension eases. Noting that I calm, she pats my buttocks and rubs. It is a rapturous feeling. Finally, all squirming curtailed, she gently pushes me from her lap.

"Walk for me. Be a good girl. Work it in nice and deep for me."

I do and feel the well designed shape wield its magic. With each step it feels like Nurse Sueann's fingers have returned. The footfalls bring a smile... and Sergeant Kelly notes the reaction.

"Too much neglect back there, Renee. Though you're a girl... thinking... acting... and presenting yourself as such... you need to take care of your male gland."

I begin to prance in happiness. Sergeant Kelly beckons. I approach and she brings out her pocket knife. She wants to see my penis... and she shall. I pause, careful to remain motionless as her hands work between my thighs. The frightening sharpness quickly slices the cable tie and my unimpressive three inches dangles in view. Sergeant Kelly smiles then takes the tip between thumb and index finger to gently pinch and diddle.

Then her hand retreats and she shows me the slickness, the anal insert spurring the flow of ooze.

"There now... that's better. So nice and soft for me. Walk some more. I want to see it flop about. Lift your knees for

me nice and high. Yes, that's a good girl."

Yes, I enjoy being under control of a governing woman... and entertaining... and pleasing.

"To the kitchen, more wine," handing me her glass and patting my right cheek.

Tame stuff, but needed I suppose, thinking about last night's antics as I grind away to shuffle about the papers on my desk. I was and am once again being acclimated, I realize.

Toward evening's end, Sergeant Kelly noted the cheap earrings, expressing disappointment that I was not wearing the 'gift' of my plastinated gonads.

'If you don't feel good wearing them, then let's get you some nice pretty ones. Something real.'

I gushed with the thought, telling her of the pair of pendants seen in Tiffany's window. And of course that I could never afford such.

'We'll see. I think you'd like to earn some fine jewelry. You'll both feel good and look even prettier.'

The phone rings again, ending my thoughts. The ancient clock tells me it is Sergeant Kelly. She calls while on her afternoon break.

"Let's go out tonight. Meet me downstairs at 7:00 p.m. Look pretty and be naked...nothing... not even shoes."

"I can't be seen like that!" I whisper.

"You will meet me in the lobby barefoot and naked, little girl. You're going to learn to trust me. I have something for you. And have your little bottom lubricated. You can keep your penis secured while we're out."

The call ends and my shaking hand hangs up the phone. My building has no lobby to speak of really. Just an outer door, a short hallway serving as a small foyer where the mail boxes and intercom reside, then an inner door with the electronic lock. Not much traffic. There are ten floors, but few apartments per floor. Mostly older folks. But there comes more panic as I realize that 7:00 p.m. is dog walking time.

So even if I successfully skulk to the foyer, there are sure to be tenants nearby on the street.

Well... Sergeant Kelly can certainly foster thought and concern.

What am I to do? Obey of course.

Arriving home I bathe, prink and preen... prettying myself. My thoughts run wild. Whenever I attempt to envision what Sergeant Kelly has planned for the evening, I cannot mentally get past the foyer.

I recall the walk from the park... my 'arrest'. Will that be the gambit? She will 'arrest' me again?

Mine is not to question, I tell myself.

The mirror suggests everything looks good. I really am accomplished with makeup.

So I liberally slather my gluteal cleft and look at the clock. If I am not to raise the unwanted attention of my fellow tenants, my timing must be superb.

Next I take the main door key and the apartment door key from my key ring. The demand is for nakedness... nothing to be brought with me... yet I must be able to return.

So, at 6:59 I poke my head out the apartment door. Nothing... no one to be seen. I prance down the hall, feeling

the divine squishiness of a well lathered backside.

The stairs, my only salvation. The older tenants never use them. Particularly those on the eighth floor. My bare feet tapping noiselessly on the linoleum, I push open the door and begin my descent. I feel excited... stimulated. Yet I must be careful as I approach the lower floors. Tenants living there sometimes have no patience for the elevator. So at each landing I pause and listen for activity.

Nothing.

I slow my pace to better hear, soundlessly taking one step at a time, instantly prepared to reverse course should I hear the squeakiness of a heavy swinging fireproof door.

Finally, the bottom floor. I push open the heavy metal barrier and peek. No one in the hall and at the far side of the security door, through the glass meshed with wires, I spy the silhouette of a woman.

I pray it is Sergeant Kelly. I hold my breath and dash. Now it must be Sergeant Kelly. If not, there will be much to explain.

"One minute late, little girl," I smile in hearing the rebuke.

She tweaks a nipple. I giggle, indeed like a little girl. Under her tutelage once again, the entire world can observe my nakedness now.

"Very good. Very obedient," she compliments with a smile of her own. "I have something for you. You don't look enticing enough in grown up clothes."

As I stuff my keys into my mailbox she reaches to her pocket and produces two of the tiniest wads of pink cloth imaginable.

"Hands over your head like a good little girl."

Stretchable, some type of spandex, she pulls at it right to left. It is a loop. Broader than a rubber band, but not by much. Sergeant Kelly reaches up and threads it over my extended arms pulling to stretch and lowering so it goes

over my head and shoulders. Finally it encircles my chest at my nipples and she slithers out her hands.

It is a tube top only extremely brief... designed for young girls without developed mammary glands.

The second wad is dropped to the floor. Her booted foot adjusts to form a circle. This second wad of pink is broader than that about my chest... but not by much.

"Step in."

My bare feet move to comply. I can just about fit within the circumference. Sergeant Kelly stoops and again stretches the material right to left, this broader garment requiring much more effort. She lifts, over my ankles, calves, knees and thighs up to my hips.

"Feel good?"

I am more exposed than during those naughty walks in the park, for when stretched the thin material outlines every bump, nook and cranny it covers. Such depravity!

But then, I am a little girl. It appears I am coming from the beach... or a swim party.

Oh, the dichotomy of thought this presentation will foster, I realize. I appear to be a very alluring but underage girl... very fuckable. Males will look with guilty lust... females with contempt.

My gushing smile answers her question.

"And what do we need to make you feel even better?"

Sergeant Kelly inquires, holding up another anal plug.

A larger version, I begin to protest again as she turns up the hem of my tube bottom. It is to no avail. I am impaled... and though larger... I note it slides inward with more ease.

"How does it feel?"

The intensity cannot be described, standing in near nakedness, that which is covered in thin pink nylon is perfectly outlined, my nipples coming to points beneath the sheer tight fabric.

I may as well be enshrouded in Saran wrap.

"I ... I..." my thoughts cannot be completed.

Sergeant Kelly smiles.

"Let's walk. Hold my hand like a good girl."

The first step sends a brisance of joy to my cerebral cortex. The nerve endings about my impaled squishy backside celebrate the attention... the extended hand and fingers of a woman. The cool evening air rushes up between my thighs to remind that there is little separating me from decency and complete exposure.

Out the door onto 63rd Street, barefoot. No dog walkers nearby. I breathe a sigh of relief.

"My car is down the street. There's this nice little avant garde restaurant near Fort Tryon Park. Very much off the beaten path. I think you'll be comfortable there."

Sergeant Kelly's auto appears as if she purchased it from the police department. A sedan. Plain. Missing are blinking lights and radio communications.

"I'm Miss Kelly when showing you off, little girl. Drop the Sergeant," she forewarns.

A long drive for Manhattan, but Riverside Drive moves well as the rush of commuters dwindles. We reach 207th Street in minutes.

"Now, let's talk about some nice earrings for you... and how you're going to earn such. You can't keep selling your youth for \$30 and expect to make yourself comfortable. A girl has to... well a girl has to do what a girl has to do..."

I'm not picking up on the gist... but then again the deluge of female hormones flooding my male mind... my counselor adequately explained the indeterminable results on the brain when testosterone levels plummet and estrogen levels peak...

Miss Kelly parks the car in an illegal spot, turning over a placard on the dash to suggest police business. She opens the passenger door and I know to extend my hand... I am to be walked.

The illegal spot is serendipitous, only steps from the destination restaurant. It is somewhat dilapidated, as with

many of the older finer restaurants of New York. When we enter, the Maître, probably the owner, somewhat wizened and speaking with a deep unrecognizable accent, greets Miss Kelly quite warmly. She is known.

"Mr. Smith's booth, Anwar."

"Mr. Smith not here, Miss Kelly," the old wretch ogling my near nakedness.

"He will be. We'll wait in his booth."

The wretch gathers two menus and leads to the very back of the musty near empty dining area, the atmosphere darkening, becoming darker with every step. My hand in Miss Kelly's, she guides, directing me into the booth first then sitting to the outside. Memories of the odious 'date' in Greenwich Village come to mind.

"I'll have wine. Nothing for her," Miss Kelly orders, an albescent head nodding understanding.

He steps away. A controlling hand easily slips under my 'tube' bottom to find my ringed penis and the moisture expected.

"You're wet, just like an aroused horny little girl," Miss Kelly laughs. "You like being led about barefoot and nearly naked."

I blush.

"Well, young lady, you're going to very much enjoy meeting Mr. Smith. Hands high, arms straight up."

I obey. And just as quickly as my tube top was pulled over my head and shoulders, Miss Kelly removes, sliding it up and away with notable adroitness.

I am topless... only the relative darkness and the paucity of patrons offering modesty.

"What's it feel like? Getting your thrill?" Miss Kelly laughing at my blushing reaction of modesty as she stuffs my top into her purse.

There reappears the old reprobate, ogling more as he plops a glass of wine before Miss Kelly.

"One of his dates?" he inquires.

Miss Kelly flashes her badge.

"You'll not have a problem, Anwar. As you know, Mr. Smith is a gentleman with... shall we say 'refined tastes'."

I surmise this Anwar originates from a country where harems, deeply guarded and secretive, have survived the onslaught of moralism and modernity. For he momentarily glares at my prepubescent appearing nipples, seems to nod with approval and once again retreats.

Miss Kelly next reaches with both hands, grasping the tube 'bottom' at the hips.

"Scootch, pretty little girl. Lift."

"Please no, Miss Kelly," fully understanding that I am to slide out of my only remaining garment.

She smiles, nonchalantly... flippantly. I begin to realize how quickly and easily me and my new garb can part.

Powerful hands tug. I feel the tight stretchy garment slide away reversing the earlier effort... over the hips... down the thighs... knees... calves to my ankles.

"You excited?" she asks in leaning to pull the taut garment from beneath my feet.

I am. I am quivering... and not due to cold. I can feel my drool on the hard wooden bench of the restaurant booth. The scene and the anal plug have me secreting.

Then she stands, taking the time to gather the potential covering of napkins and toss to a nearby table, and steps away, leaving me completely nude in the booth. Though somewhat dark... a passing patron will have no doubt about my lack of attire.

In the gloaming of a May evening, Miss Kelly pauses as we step from the restaurant, grasping the bottom hem of the tube bottom, pulling to turn it up over my belly and lower back. She once again demonstrates how quickly and facilely she can bring exposure. This leaves me naked from the waist down and I feel this added urge to get to her car.

“So you enjoyed being with Mr. Smith?” taking my hand for the short walk.

I remain silent. The man was old... and creepy... with hands exploring everywhere. Not an inch of flesh escaped his examination. I never before felt so violated. There was no gender subterfuge, his fingers quickly finding my trapped penis. He smiled wickedly and still referred to me as ‘little girl’.

Then came the six sordid words. Yes, he later had me fellate him, slowly, casually eating a meal as I knelt under the table partaking otherwise.

“Well, it’s better than three ‘Hamilton’s’,” Miss Kelly lectures, referencing my impromptu demand for \$30 cash in the park. “Mr. Smith paid a rather heavy ‘fine’ for his exploits... Benjamin’s,” Miss Kelly patting her purse.

She tightens her grip and walks slowly, building the trepidation of discovery. I attempt to increase the pace, spying local dwellers exiting Fort Tryon Park as the sun has set. She resists... the power of her badge will extract her from difficulty... but not me from the intense humiliation offered by onlookers.

“Yes, we’ll be getting you some nice earrings. One benefit of being in Vice, Renee, we know who can pay... and who must instead go to prison. Manhattan is chock full of Mr. Smiths.”

Reaching the car she pauses, surveying my nakedness with a gloating smile similar to Nurse Sueann. Then she again demonstrates both her power and my obeisance, tucking fingers under the tube top and turning it down to join the bottom at my belly.

“Ready to ride?” playfully flicking my nipples as I squeal in delight.

I certainly am.

I am to learn that Sergeant Kelly is correct concerning the plurality of ‘Mr. Smiths’. Meetings are thereafter arranged

Thursday and Friday evenings. Different men... different places... larger anal inserts... similar results... with Sergeant Kelly keeping my interest piqued utilizing varying levels of undress, mentally tormenting me with possible exposure to the unwary, offering vague reports as to how close I am coming to owning diamond pendants.

Saturday she demands my attention for the entire afternoon.

‘Have copies of your apartment keys made for me,’ she more than suggests on the phone. ‘Tired of ringing that buzzer. Leave them in your mailbox.’

Yes, it is an appropriate step. Who am I to have the ability to deny her access to me at any time?

And so I am frolicking about in nakedness on late Saturday morning. Catching the reflection of my glabrous, soft and rounded flesh brings an inward smile.

I hear the scratch of metal at my door. A key inserts and before I can hide or find covering, Sergeant Kelly enters unannounced. I am most chagrined to see that another woman joins her and I make a dash for my bedroom and the covering of a robe.

“Stop, Renee. You know you are to greet me in the nude. Where are you going?”

I indeed stop... feeling that twinge as, without benefit of covering, I must confront the unknown woman.

“This is Candace, Renee... Miss Candace. She’s going to teach you a few things... expand your *repertoire*,” Sergeant Kelly seeming to find delight in using the word.

This Miss Candace is in black leather and carries a matching black leather brief case. Tall with short black hair, combed as would a man, she appears quite masculine – I am to learn how masculine.

“Cute,” uttering the word I hear so often, her voice deep and husky.

Sergeant Kelly beckons me to approach then points to the knee high boots of her cohort. I know to kneel and kiss.

Then in not being excused I know to begin to lick as well.

"Nice touch," Candace suggests, not at all surprised by my truckling greeting. "You've been opening her?"

"Slowly. Progressively larger anal plugs."

"Good. Girly boys like this really learn to enjoy it. In time they even beg."

Miss Candace speaks without vocal inflection, a woman with apparent experience as I note Sergeant Kelly nods in agreement.

"Yes, Renee has not overly resisted yet... once I have her plugged all protest ends," her smile somewhat knowing.

"The coffee table is too low. Perhaps the kitchen?"

Candace suggests as she opens the black brief case and places it on the coffee table.

Why should I be surprised to spy a vast array of dildos with accompanying straps and other paraphernalia?

To the kitchen, Sergeant Kelly lifts me like a child to seat me on the Formica table.

"Let's start supine. Many will enjoy playing with his nipples... and also enjoy the look of distress as he must accept something larger than he'd like," Miss Candace lectures as a dildo harness is removed from her briefcase.

The woman is adroit, buckling the many connecting straps of leather about her waist and thighs as nimbly as one would don shoes. Meanwhile Sergeant Kelly bids me to lie back.

"Knees to your chest, little girl," Miss Candace firmly advises. "And it's also best to convey some expression of fear... a little play acting... guys like that," more lecture.

There is no need to act, as Miss Candace selects a sizable dildo. My concern is genuine and palpable. The black rubber is longer than any of the anal plugs... and seems stouter. Yet without the bumps and ridges it may glide easier.

"Now some guys will like to play here a bit... heightening the sense of power and subjugation... others will just

plunge,” her fingers toying about my anus.

I am chagrined to find enjoyment, and that such will soon end.

“For today we’ll lube you up, pretty little girl. But when with a man, you best do it beforehand. Most will not care whether you’ve taken the time to protect yourself against tearing... some will even revel in splitting you open. So be clean... be well greased.”

Spoken as a handy jar of KY jelly is found in her black leather brief case. The fingers return, more pleasure as I am indeed thoroughly lubricated.

The dildo tip is aligned. Her hips roll effortlessly. My sphincter yields. I whimper. The women laugh.

“And in we go... for now nice and slow. Always look into the eyes of your sodomizer, Renee. A meek fawn-like look. He’s mastering you... taking your sphincter...and your pride. He’s big and strong and you are just a soft and warm lump of putty to have his way with... a tight place for his penis...”

The words are even toned, forthright. As stated... it is a lecture on the art of submitting to anal sodomy. Thrust, withdraw, thrust, withdraw... it hurts. The dildo is large. But more than the physical is the emotional... the psychological... submitting to a woman... with another looking on... it’s a three point attack on the psyche.

Plus I am to time the tightening and relaxing of my sphincter, concentrating on maximizing male pleasure.

“Squeeze the very tip when you feel it withdraw. Challenge reentry, be a little minx. First defy the penetrating virility then whimper when your man forces you to take it... again... and again... and again. He’s besting you. Forcing you to offer pleasure. It so much builds his ecstasy.”

Gloved hands begin to toy with my secured penis, positioning it such that some of the friction of each thrust abrades the tip. Her fingers toy with the loose flesh of my empty scrotum... adding a tinge of delight. This brings a smile, spurring some endorphins, loosening my sphincter.

The experienced Candace knows. In feeling my reaction, she also smiles... for the first time.

How many... how often has she taken? And how deeply?

"See how quickly they learn to enjoy," she notes... the gloved hands rising to my nipples to tweak and broaden both my smile and my delight.

Sergeant Kelly nods, equally joyful... but hers is so differently derived.

"He's drooling... the little whore," her comment drawing all eyes to my penis tip.

I am.

Sunday I find myself sore. It is understandable. Miss Candace had fucked me smoothly and consistently, her stamina unending. Tiring of the supine position, I was placed tummy down. A larger implement was deemed appropriate... having been 'properly opened'. Then the sodomy resumed.

Lastly on the kitchen floor.... doggy style. Knees parted, head down, gloved hands grasped my hair. It was disconcerting... knowing where her hands had been.

After each segment I was instructed to engage in a very polite ritual.

'Thank you, Sir, may I clean your penis for you?' the words so obeisant... the act of humbly licking that which penetrated my anus so humiliating. Yet, Miss Candace assured that each dildo subsequently gleamed with my saliva. Quite an insistent woman.

Yes... more acclimatization.

Yet... the advantage... in so interacting... there would be no need to continue the subterfuge over my birth gender. My assailants will be well aware of the vestigial remnants of maleness. So from what dregs of New York will Sergeant Kelly draw to obtain more 'Benjamin's'?

With Miss Kelly's eight years on the Vice Squad, I will find out... I am sure.

The long afternoon ended with Sergeant Kelly snipping my cable tie. I served drinks to them in the living room, Miss Candace finding my floppy little penis to be most amusing.

‘Good oral skills you say? I suppose nature must compensate in some manner.’

Right hand in Sergeant Kelly’s left, the feel of her power and presence assuages the trepidation of walking Fifth Avenue in nothing more than slinky tube top and bottom and high heels. Full makeup, it cannot be determined whether I am a little girl or an underdeveloped woman. No one would ever begin to guess my birth gender, except she has me donning my special gift from Miss Ramona... my plastinated testicles. And in being anally plugged, my own motion kneads my prostate and brings forth the drool. I hope it does not show... very unladylike.

“Lots of Benjamin’s, pretty little girl,” Sergeant Kelly patting her purse and building my eagerness.

I cannot imagine how many after the many weeks of indecent rendezvous. In offering myself anally, I am well opened. I am a neutered guy... and still there is little circumspection among the eager, well paying patrons so desirous of the Greek style. Thankfully, I have not been anally subjected to the penis two nights in a row... Sergeant Kelly well aware of the soreness after fervent plunging... each phallus seeming to become larger and plummeting deeper.

So I am to offer fellatio on alternating evenings. For those patrons seeking oral gratification the gender ruse continues.

Where does she find them?

Most humiliating, the abundant seed, that which I will never again expel in ejaculation, oozes freely down my thighs, no underwear to offer modesty or to absorb the evidence of sodomy. Chocked full of sperm, the cloudy essence is quite evident, much more notable than my clear prostatic fluid. In being walked about after such coupling,

Sergeant Kelly seems to be in a nirvanic state... the ultimate in feminine power... control... selling one lowly male beast to another. And I suppose having her bag stuffed with cash does not at all detract from the thrill.

We reach Tiffany's. In the window, many diamond pendants. I smile. I blush. My circulation pulsates. I am a little girl at her birthday party.

"We can buy any pair you want, Renee, but we'll need to negotiate a deal."

Why would I think this would be without emotional trauma?

We enter. Since it is Tiffany's attention is immediate and detailed. A man in his fifties introduces himself to Sergeant Kelly. He assumes me to be a minor, thus focusing on the adult. I am given to blurt out that every dime of expended cash will be from *my* earnings! Yet I know to remain silent. Little girls don't talk to men in big important stores.

"Earrings. I'd like to look at the largest, most ostentatious pair you have... for little Renee."

The man is not impressed with the choice of words. Nothing offered at Tiffany's is 'ostentatious'. He is also not impressed with the manner of my dress. Probably agreeing that *any* jewelry on such an audaciously attired strumpet would indeed appear unwarranted.

"If you can join me in a private room, I can show some very favorably priced items..."

"Price is not a consideration," Sergeant Kelly understanding that the man does not want me seen in the store. I can assume with reasonable assurance that the wealthy and notable are not invited to a private room... Tiffany's preferring to have them display themselves to impress the lesser clientele.

"Of course. Any preferred range?" he inquires as he ignores Sergeant Kelly's rebuttal and leads to the private room.

“\$10,000 to \$15,000. In cash. Plus we’d like to negotiate a trade.”

Not uncommon in the jewelry business... but what have we to trade?

The ‘private room’ is small and windowless... austere... four chairs about a table, a modest mirror on the wall. Nothing more. I assume the bleakness is part of security. And sure enough, the salesman asks Sergeant Kelly to hang her bag on a wall hook... well out of range of possible legerdemain while examining precious jewelry.

We are seated. Then he steps out and returns with trays of glimmering gold and diamonds.

I am giddy. Months ago I would be perplexed... not understanding my reaction. I still don’t fully understand my reaction. But now I accept it. Estrogen!

Sergeant Kelly holds some of the larger, gaudier baubles to my ear, pointing to the mirror. I begin to once again blush as I admire.

I look so pretty!

We take our time. The salesman is patient. Finally there is a pair of interest... to Sergeant Kelly. Long slim, dangling well below the cut of my page boy, diamond encrusted, tiny golden gewgaws decorate the bottom and ring incessantly. Such are annoying... and indeed render the overall design ostentatious.

“These will do. I like to hear the little girl when she moves about.”

I pout. I sulk. Sure to be expensive, yet the earrings appear as something drawn from a carnival game of chance.

“\$11,000,” the salesman announces... more of a forewarning.

Sergeant Kelly nods.

“Acceptable... and agreed... as long as we can find something more practical for... well she has an intimate need which I believe can be fulfilled by Tiffany’s.”

The salesman nods, leaving the selected items in plain view on the table while stowing the remaining trays and pushing such aside.

"Intimate?"

"I am sure you've seen your share of body jewelry over your career."

The man somewhat squirms, yet is not completely uncomfortable with the subject matter.

"There is indeed a propensity of late to pierce and decorate certain anatomical areas which are not generally displayed, yes."

"Well, we have a deal on the earrings... I'd like to acquire one more item. And I want it to chime... perhaps more robustly than these," Sergeant Kelly picking up and shaking my earrings.

"Yes, I think I have just such an item. Purchased mostly for the treasured family pet... for the collars of dogs and cats."

The salesman arises, taking the many trays and leaving behind items he assumes to be sold. When he steps out, Sergeant Kelly smiles, gesturing for me to stand. She removes the bulky cubes of Lucite from my ears.

"These are mine for now. A trade. I like the idea of carrying your little balls with me."

She attaches the new earrings and I smile proudly. Then I will never cease to be amazed at how quickly I can be brought to nakedness. Remaining seated, her hands reach, grasp my tube bottom at the hips, pull to expand and loosen then draw downward with noted rapidity.

"Please no... not here."

"Step out," ignoring my plea, the tube bottom encircling my heels.

I am bottomless and begin to quiver... exposing myself in Tiffany's!

"But the man!" I further protest in obeying her command.

“Yes, he’s a man... and therefore a lecher. On cue, you’ll utter your question... your six words... and I’ll conveniently step out to pay for your jewelry.”

The salesman returns, closing the door behind him, initially not noticing my nakedness, and the fact that Sergeant Kelly has her pocket knife at the ready.

“I only have one item that may be appropriate...” his words truncate as he notes I am sans covering from my tube top to my footwear. With my penis attached to my guiche piercing there can be no immediate determination of my sex, despite his intense stare.

The stunned salesman holds up what can only be described as a small wind chime... a clasp to be clipped to a collar and two hollow cylinders of gold hanging beneath. As he wordlessly hands it to Sergeant Kelly, the tubes clang together raucously... leaving no doubt as to kitty’s presence.

Sergeant Kelly smiles and nods then twirls her index finger. I know to turn about, displaying my finely shaped effeminate cheeks to the past middle aged salesman. I turn my head to look back over my shoulder. He gawks lustily. Lecher indeed.

“We’ll see if it fills the need. Bend and spread, Renee.”

I comply, knowing that the pose not only hints at my anal insertion but also causes the tip of my trapped penis and the small cable tie to pop into view. Sergeant Kelly cuts. I cannot gauge the man’s reaction, his enlightenment as to my former gender. But the silence is meaningful. There is no objection... not with an \$11,000 sale at full price.

“For reasons that may be apparent to you, she prefers to keep this little thing tucked well out of the way... musses the front of her panties... when I allow her to wear such.”

I feel Sergeant Kelly’s finger gently brushing my penis tip as the clasp replaces the cable tip, reconnecting it to the guiche piercing and trapping my tiny organ between my thighs.

“Good girl... take a few steps.”

I do. My earrings sound... high pitched... barely noticeable. But below there is clamor... embarrassing... humiliating... the tubes hang a full two inches below the clasp which entraps.

“Excellent. Now, I will see the cashier about paying for the earrings. I’d like the chimes adjusted to hang an inch or two lower,” the man nodding with the request, “and Renee will pay for this,” her hand extending to flick my wind chimes. More clamor results.

With that Sergeant Kelly arises and takes her bag.

“What are you offering for it, Renee? Make the man an offer,” Sergeant Kelly chides as she opens the door.

I finally find the words, hearing Sergeant Kelly chuckle as the door closes behind her... “May I suck your penis, Sir?”

Part Four

Fortress Mansion of Pablo Escobar

Secluded Mountains of Colombia

“Make arrangements to visit New York, Eduardo. And we’ll need to bring some muscle. You did send that text message two months back.”

“Of course, leader. And it went through.”

Pablo Escobar, prompted to viewing the internet posting of the ‘skull fuck’, is concerned. He has advanced funds to the New York agent, received an initial reply and then nothing. Though the advancement is insignificant, he is not one to be taken advantage of... not again... and having received the IP address where the high definition video has been posted, the reminder of the distasteful shakedown irritates... bringing to mind the possibility of more extortion... from Ramona Cortez... from her bulldyke knife wielding companion... perhaps even his New York agent is plotting... having this Renee transsexual under wraps and squeezing him for details as to Escobar’s interest.

Can no one be trusted?

New York, New York

Renee/Robert Warren

We stroll 59th Street. I can feel the slime of the most recent coupling trickle down my inner thighs. I trust many Benjamin’s were offered for this latest anal penetration. A flashy coop apartment on 55th Street. Sizable. Worth millions. I was taken doggie style kneeling, gruff hand forcibly pressing my forehead into a thick shaggy carpet. The man became intrigued with my chiming baubles, thrusting away and having fun getting everything, earrings included, to ring in unison. Sergeant Kelly sat in the kitchen, drinking wine and casually conversing with the man’s maid... apparently regularly complicit in her employer’s escapades.

The task completed with a manly grunt, the maid entered with a warm wet towel as my assailant donned a silk robe. I was denied any offering to cleanse, a smirking Sergeant Kelly following with my tube top and bottom.

'I like the heels thing,' the man complimented, 'adds some curious panache to the deed,' sitting on a barstool as he lit a cigarette, the kneeling maid dutifully dabbing the pubes area offered by his open robe.

Spoken as I struggled to my feet, the deep shag denying stability to pencil point stiletto pumps, my unsteadiness bringing more ringing from earrings and penis clasp. His smile broadened.

We walk and I am heartened by the darkness. Though the chimes of my penis clasp, dangling between my thighs well below the hem of my tube bottom, draw curious looks, few will see the crusting semen in the dwindling light.

Strolling west toward my apartment, Sergeant Kelly holds my hand. Over her shoulder is a pocket book, hopefully stuffed with cash, my sodomizer quite satiated and pleased with my performance. I trust he paid well.

We cross Fifth Avenue, the Park to our right, the street name transforming to Central Park South. Sergeant Kelly's rote warning comes to mind... *from the 65th Street bypass down to Park Central South, you're in my territory. So pass through with care... and keep your hands... and everything else clean.*"

So I will traverse her territory quite unclean, I ironically think to myself.

Suddenly a black limousine pulls up beside us... tires screeching. Two swarthy men of size exit with speed. Sergeant Kelly releases my hand as they rapidly approach.

"Run, Renee, into the park... the bushes... you know where to hide. Run."

I do, her voice uncharacteristically urgent... stressed... bringing alarm and the instinct to take flight.

My heels clip clop... and my baubles chime with resound... I somehow clamor over the low stone wall which delineates the park. The street lighting quickly fades. I duck into a thicket and look back... in shame. The men grab Sergeant Kelly... and as a man I should be protecting her. Yet I am not a man... and protect her with what? I have not the muscle structure of a timid church mouse.

With my pusillanimousness, I feel rage... yet my reaction is to cry. I curse the hormones.

Not a robbery, the men take her... and her purse... to the limousine. She does not appear to overly resist.

New York, New York

Sergeant Kelly Rogers

"A little over dramatic, Escobar. You could just call me."

I sit in the back of the limousine facing the world's most wanted drug czar; a muscled henchman sits to my right another to my left. Next to Escobar is an older man, less physically imposing, of some degree of authority.

"I have an aversion to phones," his accented voice hissing.

"That's understandable," I keep my voice calm as the limousine pulls from the curb, the pace much more leisurely.

Though I am Vice, I am certainly aware of the criminal exploits of Pablo Escobar... as is most of the world.

"I send you money, I send a photo, send a description. I think I have the right person to help me... she who regularly patrols New York's most noted park. That's what the information suggests. And indeed it seems I have the right person... initially... finding the girl in question. Even a photo comes back to confirm... and then nothing.

"Should I have concerns, Sergeant Rogers? \$50,000 is not a lot of money to a man of my means, but it is very bad for business to be swindled. Yet, if you were a swindler you'd be after the \$100,000 I promised upon having the girl surrender to me.

“So you have suddenly found scruples... is that the problem? I assure you the girl is no good. Appearing young, she’s nothing but a hooker... and of considerably more age than she appears. Yet I will take care of her... I assure you.”

Escobar foments and though he offers little I do not already know, I let him talk.

The \$50,000 advance is nothing. I have earned more than double that in the two months since putting Renee on the streets... into her spandex tubes and teaching her the real money to be earned in prostitution. Tonight alone... \$5,000... from a successful television producer who I am quite certain will become a regular. Perverts run that way... like a foodie finding a delectable dish. They eat to excess until they vomit.

What am I missing... why does Escobar have such strong interest in the transsexual Robert... Renee... Warren?

In consistently referencing Renee as female, he either does not know of the birth gender of Robert Warren... or he chooses to continue the subterfuge. Yet there is no point in continuing it with me. The text I sent made it clear... referencing Renee as ‘your boy’.

So, Escobar has either considered my text to be a sloppy typo... or the jumble over Renee vs. Robert is to be continued for the benefit of his cohorts... ala los hombres grandes sitting next to me.

For me this is about money... has been from day one. Escobar has it... I want it. So I listen to his frustration then go to work... continuing the gender ruse as it seems Escobar would desire.

“Kidnapping her will be treacherous and cost you money and muscle. You don’t need more heat, Mr. Escobar... neither from the FBI nor politicians using your antics as a catalyst for more drug enforcement and border patrol. She will be missed. People just don’t disappear with no one noticing... not in this country,” my reasoning seeming to calm the venting of frustration.

A pause. Escobar thinks. He must know that I am aware of Renee vs. Robert. Yet with his cohorts he explicitly uses the female gender. Yes I am missing something... and it is most likely worth more than my \$150,000 total stipend. I will test.

"For the agreed upon \$100,000, I will offer all the information needed for you to snatch her. But then what? Lots of time... lots of risk... lots of money getting her out of the country. Suppose... for an additional \$200,000... I deliver her to the place of your choice... peacefully... lawfully... without harm to anyone."

I am fishing... and gambling... probably somewhat overstating my influence and my ability to produce.

Still, Escobar does not need this conversation extended. He risks the disclosure of Renee vs. Robert. I am heartened when he bites.

"\$200,000 even."

"No... an additional \$200,000... added to the \$100,000 agreed upon for finding him... rather her."

The gender slip is intentional and it works. He hastily agrees.

"There is a chain of islands off the Colombia coast near Cartagena... Islas Rosario. They are well patrolled... but by Coast Guard on my payroll. Here are instructions and the coordinates," Escobar handing me a sealed envelope.

"You deliver the *girl*," added emphasis for my benefit, a hissed subtle warning... no more gender flubs.

I nod. I will miss the steady income provided by Renee's purse string muscles... mouth and sphincter... but my potential client list dwindles. Some vomit... i.e. tire... more quickly than others. The novelty of the 'prepubescent' tube topped Renee will wear. At that time a quick \$300,000 will be welcomed.

The command comes for the driver to pull over. I exit the limo finding myself on Amsterdam Avenue and 70th Street. It

is late and a long way from my apartment. Renee's abode beckons... and I have a key.

New York, New York

Renee/Robert Warren

It is ironic that I rush through the park... where formerly I leisurely trolled for 'admirers'. I curse my chimes. I do not want to be noticed. I fear the brutes who snared Sergeant Kelly... Miss Kelly... will want me as well. But with every hurried step, my earrings and my penis clasp announce my presence. People stare. I am attracting the eyeballs I normally desire. But not tonight. I am too frightened and scamper like a scared kitten.

Knowing the territory, knowing that there are few places where the ominous limousine can cruise the park, I negotiate the many winding paths, offering even more seclusion and cover in the darkness than when I exchanged fellatio for a few Hamilton's.

Finally I reach Central Park West, taking the path on which many weeks ago I was led naked and under arrest. Traffic moderately busy, I observe from the bushes. No limousine. I cross and hurry down the dimly lit 63rd Street puffing to reach number 105. As always, with no pockets, Sergeant Kelly not permitting anything more than heels, tube top and tube bottom, I have left my keys in the mail box.

Looking over my shoulder with concern, I enter the safety of my building, satisfied that no one has followed.

To the elevator, calming, sighing in safety, the full perception of my cowardice begins to dawn. A woman was in plight... and I scooted like a skittish sparrow. I could not run and hide fast enough! I am so shamed!

What to do? I enter my apartment, strip and jump into my bed... quivering under the covers. I cannot muster any mettle. Such has been plucked away by a woman's hand.

And now Sergeant Kelly is gone!.. she who protects... she who provides... she who nurtures this thing of mine.

I hear noises at my door. I have not the courage to arise. Have the brutes taken my keys from Sergeant Kelly? Am I next?

The cowardice resumes. There is no inclination to confront whoever enters. Instead I push my head under the pillow and pull the covers over. Given appropriate tools I would dig and dig in order to hide. I am an ostrich... a 'possum. But will anyone truly think I am dead? Yet I don't know what else to do!

Someone enters the bedroom. I listen for the click of a gun, the unsheathing of a knife. Perhaps I am to be silently garroted. I shake more. Then I hear the rustle of clothing. There comes a quiet laugh and the mattress moves.

"You're making the whole bed shake, little girl."

I am heartened to hear the voice of Sergeant Kelly, sitting on the bed and speaking softly, as if not to awaken anyone.

Tears begin to flow again... this time in happiness.

"I was scared," the meekness of my own voice bringing disgust.

"It's okay. I am here to protect you," Sergeant Kelly's voice soothes.

"But is it not fascinating... they not only took your balls... but your pride... all self esteem as well. You are as timorous as a neurotic cat... have been so nicely transformed into a frightened little girl."

The mattress dips again. I hear water running. Sergeant Kelly has moved to the bathroom. She returns and lifts the covers. With my disgrace, my head remains under the pillow. I cannot face her. Then I feel warm wetness about my cheeks. Her touch is soothing... tender... she washes. In my haste I did not take the time to cleanse the remnants of this evening's coupling.

“Deep within you enjoyed being with Mr. Depraved TV producer, Renee. It is something ingrained... and you should know, though you’re probably aware, that it is lucrative as well.”

The warm wet cloth swaths along my inner thighs, right and left. Then she teases, tantalizes where Mr. Depraved entered me. Her touch is divine and with penis secured the tip benefits from her tendance as well.

Then the covers ruffle, yet for some reason I still cannot shift my head from under the pillow. I remain shaking. Then I feel more warmth. I feel the smoothness of feminine flesh. Sergeant Kelly slips under the covers and presses herself against me. And she is as naked as me!

My trembling stops. I revel in what I have felt so rarely... the intense desire for which was quashed when my testicles plunked into a waiting metal dish.

The strong knowing hands begin to push and press at my head and shoulders. I have an inkling of her desires... her wants. I adjust myself accordingly. Head from under the pillow, eyes closed, I slip lower under the covers. And indeed Sergeant Rogers is without a shred of covering. My heart leaps as in moving lower there comes the fragrance of her love nest.

“I trust you can still please a woman, Renee. The doctor took the time to modify, imbuing you with that which can offer pleasure in place of that tiny organ you prefer to keep hidden.”

She softly laughs again. I know to begin licking. Thinking of my Greenwich Village episode, I will not need water... I enjoy her taste.

I serve naked, as always, Sergeant Kelly finds a robe. It barely fits and her fine breasts challenge the ‘V’ at the neck formed by the lapels.

It is Sunday morning. The adrenaline of last night’s ordeal finally dissipating... the expenditure of energy and

lust in unending cunnilingus... we slept late in exhaustion. I awakened her with my tongue.

"You have not been entirely truthful with me, Renee," Sergeant Kelly lectures, taking an offered cup of coffee from the tray.

I have an inkling of what she references. It required someone with considerable resources and boldness to confront a New York City police officer in such a manner... seizing her on the sidewalk of a busy street.

Yet she endured.

"Did they take the money?" I find I must humbly inquire. She shakes her head reaching for some toast.

"Not money they were after. They wanted something... something I promised them."

She chews. I remain ashamed in not helping her... coming to her aid. I still harbor fear... yet the dauntless Sergeant Kelly takes breakfast most serenely.

"You know Pablo Escobar, Renee. And I'm not saying 'of him'... I am saying that you know him," her tone most direct.

I bashfully nod. Weeks ago... during my 'arrest'... in narrating my life story... my life of transformation... I omitted all reference to Pablo Escobar and the frightening encounters at the Waldorf. Deep within... I know it is he who has for some reason found interest in Sergeant Kelly. But I do not know why. So I can no longer hold within the story. To some degree, I have duped my protector... and last night could have been very dangerous for her. So I break down... slowly and in great detail telling of Miss Ramona... Miss Maria... and the Waldorf affair.

Sergeant Kelly listens intently, but at the end comes her only comment, "Think I'm going to get you a hood... a cunnilingus hood. Tight rubber... smooth... without sight... without sound... it will help you focus."

New York, New York

Sergeant Kelly Rogers

Mid Sunday afternoon I depart Renee's apartment. I need to think. Though I feigned a degree of indifference, I am somewhat incredulous over the story Renee told.

Considering what Pablo Escobar is offering me to deliver Renee, these women must have had the cojones to separate him from what is presumably a considerable sum!

Well... business is business. Escobar's sealed instructions offer not only the coordinates of the Islas Rosario, but how I am to present Renee... effeminately... in makeup, heels, hair styled... and with a very telling article of apparel.

For this task I need to review my list of perverts. I need to find more information about Islas Rosario. But most of all, I need to uncover what so much concerns Pablo Escobar... to travel to New York and joust with a police officer in such a brash manner. Do his fears bring irrationality? Or is what he perceives to be on the table worth the risk of capture and incarceration.

The Waldorf Apartments will be key. What sources have I there? Vice does not get called into such a ritzy environment very often. But I know the security personnel assigned to the hotel operation are wary of extremely high priced call girls. That's a start.

If there is one thing I have learned about the sexually depraved it is they are consistent. There just does not seem to be an effective avenue of reform... assuming any of the perverts would even choose to take a single step down such a thoroughfare. So in my eight years I have kept personal notes... a log... with names, phone numbers and addresses of every deviant encounter... even those I let off with a warning. It is from this log that I pimp out Renee... those I sprung... after negotiating 'bail'... money for myself. And none of them has been borne again, instead readily agreeing to a tryst with my little tart whose fellatio is becoming renowned and whose cheeks open on command.

So I review my log... who is wealthy... who has a yacht... who can take the time to cruise the Caribbean and benefit from unending debauchery? The question not needed to be asked... who has the inclination... they all do.

I search. Locate a candidate. Make a call.

Next it's to the Waldorf; I have the name of retired Detective Sergeant Manny Matthews, now on security detail. We meet. I introduce... with the badge. He is uncomfortable knowing I am Vice. The Waldorf? Vice? We speak sub rosa in a secluded corner. I have Renee's pic remaining on my cell phone. Seen him/her? Yes, he has... but not in the hotel. Went to the apartments. Which one I ask? Number 2207. He's good, the childlike Renee raising suspicion. He followed up.

Progress!

Monday morning the progress slows. A call to NYC Buildings and Records suggests that Waldorf apartment 2207 is owned by a trust based in the Cook Islands, the level of confidentiality concerning ownership, etc. not to be broken... the paper walls of the trust not to be penetrated.

Correspondence. Someone pays the bills... monthly maintenance to the Waldorf for heat, power and cleaning. I write a note, to whom it may concern, offer my name and phone number. I return to the hotel and leave it with the Waldorf apartment's administrative office.

Of course they explain the high level of confidentiality... everyone anonymous... no assurances offered that my note will go to anyone of responsibility... but it cannot hurt to try and make contact.

Leaving the Waldorf, I realize that I will need to arrange a vacation for Renee. But when he/she does not return? Too many questions will result. So I call this 'Mr. Thompson', he mired with the task of supervising Renee and maintaining sanity in his department. I introduce myself... 'Sergeant Rogers, NYPD Vice squad'. Some questions concerning a

‘Robert Warren’, all information offered to be kept confidential. He is upset by the call... but not surprised.

And that is all it requires, a transsexual Renee being on thin ice since his alteration. It will require a couple of days, big companies need the approval of legal counsel, but Renee will be terminated. So from an employment standpoint, my ward will not be missed.

Ending the conversation with Mr. Thompson, my cell phone rings, my call to Wadsworth Danforth McBride being returned... and promptly.

“Waddy, so good of you to return my call...” I offer in jest.

He dares not defy me. Waddy, I caught in flagrante delicto some three years ago, standing in a Times Square alley, receiving oral sex from an underage runaway. Well, one would normally say... ‘a guy’s got to do what a guy’s got to do’. But in Waddy’s case, it wasn’t a situation in which he could not keep it in his pants. Waddy was dressed in drag at the time, the head of the girl bobbing away under a flowing pleated skirt.

So, what’s a mega wealthy guy like Wadsworth Danforth McBride do when confronted by such an ignominious situation? Bribe everyone and everybody with a wallet or a pocket book.

I spared him a trip to the precinct and bought a nice watch.

I have not yet ‘introduced’ Waddy to Renee, saving the low hanging fruit, not to be puny.

“Been sailing lately, Waddy?”

“No Ma’am.”

“How about a little cruise? Where’s your yacht?”

Waddy has some sinecure position at his family’s trust company. And yes, he does wear male clothing when tending to business. But among the trust officers and his family his ‘eccentricity’ is known, though not details like the Time Square alley episode, and therefore very little responsibility is delegated to him. Matter of fact, I believe

the more accountable employees at the trust company are probably thrilled with every long weekend taken.

"Fort Lauderdale. New sails. Engine rebuilt."

"Excellent. I have a proposition for you. Something a man with your refined tastes will not refuse."

"Word is out on that young trollop, Sergeant Rogers. Have you no shame?"

Yes, the depraved talk to each other... really communicate over the internet in squalid secrecy... and in anonymity, of course.

"Shame that I was not offered first go," he adds with a snorting laugh.

So Renee's exploits have been made known to him. The question... known to him as a purveyor of oral sex or anal... the difference being whether Renee's birth gender has been divulged to Wadsworth Danforth McBride.

Yet, with Waddy's propensity to cross-dress, does it matter?

So we arrange a little cruise. I tell Waddy the ultimate destination is Cartagena, Colombia, conveniently countering his concern over security by stating that I will be adequately armed. His ketch is roomy but can be sailed by two. And though Wadsworth Danforth McBride's choice in lifestyle is quirky and peculiar, his seamanship is known to be worthy. I know he'll plan and chart an appropriate course.

I patrol the park for the remainder of the day. Nothing exciting... a usual Monday. In finishing my shift, I stop at a sex shop and purchase a hood for Renee. Black latex, very stretchy, it will cover her entire head, one convenient hole for both the nose... in order to breathe... and for the tongue and lips... in order to... well in order for Renee to be Renee.

I return to Renee's apartment. My little bundle of joy awaits. Naked, finely made up, nails glossy, earrings ringing, penis clasp chiming as she prances about... offering me a glass of wine then licking my shoes.

I move to Renee's computer, my little girl squeezing under the desk to worship my feet. There I log into a website from Germany. Instructions in Escobar's note... Robert Renee Warren is to be delivered in chastity, secured by the most ineluctable device made... The Neosteel belt. I click and find the model which will cover well the evidence of Renee's birth gender, but also offer access to his tight little bottom. I read over the measurements to be taken and instruct my little treasure to find a measuring tape.

The Neosteel is expensive but of noteworthy quality. I measure Renee then order... express shipping.

I also give thought to my planned Caribbean excursion, then shift to another website to purchase a second device... less expensive... no measurements required.

Yes, Mr. Thompson was quite annoyed being contacted by the police... the Vice Squad. End of my shift Tuesday, I enter Renee's apartment and am greeted with dejection.

'Suspended,' Renee glumly proclaims.

To me that means the legal department is weighing the risks of a wrongful termination suit versus the 'inconvenience' of an employee whose very presence is disruptive and, with questions coming from the Vice Squad, could become an outright embarrassment. She'll be fired... it is a fait accompli.

Renee is not effervescent. Has not spent time looking pretty for me. His naked toes don't glide and patter about. When she hands me a glass of wine I reach forth to tenderly tweak a nipple. This brings a reluctant smile.

"Let's travel. You've garnered a pile of cash for me. I'll spend a little on you."

She smiles... wanly... Renee as aware as me that she will probably soon be jobless. I surprise myself in feeling sympathy.

"Bought something for you, little girl," I announce with enthusiasm.

Time for the hood. I display it... dark... foreboding... it will be as tight as a condom when stretched over my little one's face and head.

"Take off your earrings."

It must be disheartening I am sure, Renee spending so much time trying to look pretty and ending up deaf and sightless, but I need to instill concentration and discipline. So I stuff her ears with thick wads of cotton, slip the hood over her head and pull tightly.

Snug indeed... denying sight and sound, I lead her to the bedroom. If I cannot cheer her I may as well cheer myself. So I disrobe, push and prod and within a moment have Renee lying prostrate, her hooded head wedged between my thighs.

Good cunnilingus... yet with much possibility for improvement. The sensory deprivation will heighten her attention to detail... seemingly enhance my taste. And that tongue... so strong... so nimble...

Wadsworth Danforth McBride comes through. As expected of the depraved, nothing musters enthusiasm like the semblance of debauchery. He calls to announce his refurbished yacht, 'The Crosser D', is ready to sail. We can depart for Fort Lauderdale any time.

While we speak, I click to my email where there has been sent a web address offering the status of my Neosteel belt. Due to shipped air freight in two days.

"I'll make flight reservations, Waddy. Looks like we can leave Sunday."

And while we wait, I can set up more 'dates' for Renee. A girl can never have too much cash. And now that Renee is unemployed, the otherwise debasing fellatio is the only thing that separates her from loneliness... that and lapping away at my quim.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Renee/Robert Warren

An uneventful flight, though airport security gave great pause when comparing my photo driver's license to my pretty effeminate looks. Sergeant Kelly interceded, badge in hand, explaining that I was undergoing therapy, a 'very delicate matter', and offering assurances that this blonde girl... well made up... nails polished... in heels with frilly blouse and short skirt... was indeed Robert Warren.

Curious, but after finally passing through, Sergeant Kelly relieved me of my purse... all identification included.

At the airport we meet this Wadsworth Danforth McBride character. He looks at me as if I am a cupcake to be devoured, stepping forth to closely examine my attire and complimenting with gusto. Handsome, six foot, dark hair, there is masculinity, but also something foppish about him.

Sergeant Kelly introduces him as an old friend. I refrain from offering the six words I am ingrained to utter whenever Sergeant introduces me of late. After all we are in an airport... with much security.

Before departing, Sergeant Kelly suggests a visit to the lady's room, always a mental challenge. For the flight, in order to breeze through the metal detector, my penis clasp and attached chimes were stowed in Sergeant Kelly's purse, inspected, but not confiscated as a potential weapon.

But the three hours of airport waiting time and flight time were all the time she is going to allow my penis to be freed.

To the ladies room... to a stall... I know to bend. She flips up my pleated skirt at the back, left hand pulls back my tiny appendage, and right hand clasps the penis ring to the guiche. I once again chime with every step. And perhaps it is imaginary, but I do believe the hollow tubes dangling between my thighs extend below the hem of my skirt.

The ringing attracts much attention. It is what Sergeant Kelly desires for me. The humiliation intense, I feel the twinge. I begin to ooze... I know the drool will follow.

Please, I need to exit the airport quickly.

To the claim area, our luggage comes. Very little for me. A heavy suitcase for Sergeant Kelly. I am to later learn of the contents. She has used her credentials and specially arranged to check through some weapons.

The yacht of this Wadsworth Danforth McBride proves to be ideally suited for a very private voyage in the idyllic sunny waters of the West Indies – large but capable of being sailed with two... plus a cabin girl... me.

Within minutes of exiting Fort Lauderdale harbor a smiling Sergeant Kelly steps proximate and unhitches my skirt. Accustomed to being naked in her company... but not outdoors... and not with ‘Waddy’... there comes concern. Of more dismay, she tosses the garment overboard. Waddy turns and observes from the cockpit as next my blouse is removed... then my shoes... leaving me completely exposed. There also come splashes as my cheap platform shoes are tossed. My blouse is launched skyward, fluttering about in the ocean breezes to settle into the wake of the Crosser D.

“I suspect you’ll not be feeling the luxury of clothing again, my little one,” Sergeant Kelly ominously proclaims, tweaking a nipple.

I smile and blush... at first. Then I recall the limited packing done on my behalf. It would seem my only covering is now among the fishes. How will I return to New York?

Then my purse is tossed as well, all identification within bobs then sinks. It seems I shall not be returning anywhere.

Well out of the busy port, Waddy also disrobes. I am shocked though, when he playfully dons a grass hula skirt.

Sergeant Kelly disappears into the cabin then returns within moments.

“Time for my crew to be properly outfitted.”

As Waddy navigates, Sergeant Kelly lifts the front of the grass skirt. I now note that Waddy keeps himself neat down below, his pubes shorn. I recall from college days some of

the more lecherous guys so shaving... claiming it facilitated more oral attention from otherwise squeamish and reluctant girls.

“What are you doing, Sarge?” Waddy having to keep his eyes and hands tending to navigation.

“Just a little something to enforce discipline amongst the crew.”

It is apparent that though this Waddy owns the craft, Sergeant Kelly is assuming control. For he docilely lets her have her way, as her hands rummage about under his skirt.

Finally I hear a click and Sergeant Kelly gestures for me to approach.

“Boys like Waddy here need a little extra support in walking the straight and narrow,” Sergeant explains, her hands parting the many strands of the grass skirt.

I look to see Waddy’s male package encumbered in plastic, his member caged, attached by way of a lock to a large ring encircling his penis and scrotum.

“A CB-3000. Not the most thorough of chastity devices, but good enough for our little excursion about the Caribbean. And Renee, feel free to lick his scrotum any time. It will deliciously build his frustration.”

Waddy appears distraught. I assume he was inveigled into this ocean jaunt with visions of sun filled days of debauchery... my reputation amongst Sergeant Kelly’s band of sexual deviants spreading rapidly. Instead he is placed in chastity... with the intractable Sergeant Kelly Rogers holding the key.

“Come, little girl. I have something for you as well.”

Down into the cabin, Sergeant Kelly opens her luggage. Amongst guns and ammunition there is an odd contraption of shiny stainless steel and rugged looking curved rods... rubber coated metal.

She stoops, reaches between my thighs and releases my penis clasp, the chiming sounding for what I would learn to be the last time.

“Your little penis is going to be nicely tucked away. Very safe... very secure... covered in this thick shield of stainless steel.”

A set of curved rods go around my waist. Snug but surprisingly comfortable. Then her fingers work to align my penis into a little tube attached to this shiny crotch piece. That done, the shield attaches to the waist rods, covering my entire pubes... penis and puffy folds of my empty scrotum. Finally, I watch with concern as a dual set of rods are attached to the bottom of the shield and then pushed up to attach to the waist band at the small of my back. Once again snug, the smooth rods press into my gluteal cleft, the curvature such that my cheeks are well parted at my anus, thus holding me open... presumably to defecate... but permitting penetration as well.

Sergeant Kelly holds up a key, smiles then works a lock at the front, the contraption tightening slightly more to the sound of a most ominous click.

She then pats my head and toys with my nipples. Despite the concern, I join in her smile and giggle like the little girl I have become.

“All safe now. No one will ever determine girl or boy while you’re wearing the Neosteel belt. And no one will ever get it off... unless you’re dead... or they have the key. Tempered steel, Renee. Very hard... very expensive. But this key is worth \$300,000. A good return on my investment.”

I am once again befuddled. Neutered... yet locked in a chastity device... and one of considerable ineluctability. Why?

“Now Waddy needs to be entertained. Go lick his balls like a good little girl.”

The weather outstanding, I begin to better understand the CB 3000 adorning Waddy’s male package. Sergeant Kelly strips to a bikini bottom. More like a thong... a postage stamp covers her mons... barely... some strings about the

waist and between her cheeks. She is otherwise naked. Poor Waddy beseeches for release, his penis challenging the plastic cage. And that is when I am instructed to lick his balls.

“Discipline, Waddy, you cannot have everything you see.”

And so we sail the Caribbean. I serve, Waddy navigates, and Sergeant Kelly occasionally mans the sails... otherwise offering maddening temptation.

Evenings we anchor and moor, the Caribbean offering hundreds of islands with protective coves. I cook, Waddy rests... tries to rest. After some wine there comes a curious ménage a trois as Sergeant Kelly stuffs my ears, slips my cunnilingus hood over my head and my tongue and lips are put to work... bringing delight to my protector... and frustration to Waddy and his entrapped package.

Yes we sleep together, a naked Sergeant Kelly seeming to revel in her sexual power... only she attaining orgasms... too many to count.

I am chagrined to conclude that the Neosteel contraption is disconcertingly comfortable. There is no reason to remove it... no chafing... no pinching. The stainless and rubber coated bars are cleaned by way of a quick dip in the ocean. My penis stuffed into a tube, it drains into the toilet as I squat to pee. And so I must wonder... will I ever again see the vestiges of my maleness?

Somewhere in the Caribbean

Sergeant Kelly Roberts

Such great scenery... such great oral satiation. Tormenting Waddy while feeling Renee's nimble tongue dance then thrust can bring a woman frothy multiple orgasms. Hearing Waddy beg for the key... amazing exchange of sexual power.

Somewhere east of Aruba my cell phone comes back into range. I have a text message. I click... a Miss Ramona

Cortez... politely responding to my note left at the Waldorf apartments.

‘Good to know Pablo Escobar has not escaped the concern of the NYPD. I prefer to remain above any raucous, but I believe if you log into www.esco1345681345, you will find something of interest. Something my friend Pablo paid much money to see. You may find it useful in protecting yourself. The source not to be divulged, please.’

Interesting.

It’s difficult to use the satellite dish while sailing, but Aruba is in sight. The calm waters, a stilled yacht and I can visit www.esco1345681345.

Meanwhile, though there is a steady trade wind, I still somewhat perspire. So I have Renee lick away... every drop from my entire body.

I will miss her.

We moor, I angle the satellite dish. The clever device picks up a signal and locks on, gyros moving the dish with the slight rolling of The Crosser D.

To the internet, I type with fervor, hopefully to learn of the intense craving for Renee’s presence... \$300,000 plus dollars worth of craving.

And it all unfolds... bondage... a meek and humble Renee in her ‘little girl’ near nakedness, pink silk panties her only covering... crawling in a formidable cage... the barbaric Escobar beckoning... then comes the meek voice and the six beseeching words... sodomy... a turgid manhood ramming into the face of what appears to be a prepubescent ingénue.

I know of the true gender... and the true age... but not any other viewer. Then comes even more... a montage of Renee. Completely naked... penis somewhat visible... but there come close ups. One after another rolls forth and the tiny thing is finally, and conclusively, shown in the palm of a governing woman.

The feared and mighty Escobar has had homosexual relations... with what appears to be a boy! In even the most rancorous and vile of environments... prisons... amongst the inmates such conduct is considered verboten. I am sure it is the same in the world of illicit narcotics.

Is he seeking revenge? Will he torture then kill my little oral dumpling?

But what will that do? The evidence is posted... no one can retract video and the photos except the mysterious Ramona Cortez. And that is what is protecting her... the coded website not to be found without knowing the complicated address.

So for a sum of money offered to Miss Ramona Cortez, a good and obedient Escobar will have his secret kept... except now I know of it.

In thought, I review the text message... 'You may find it useful in protecting yourself.'

Yes, protection... and for Renee as well.

Tonight I will celebrate finally unraveling the mystery. I'll let Waddy perform cunnilingus in place of Renee. She instead can work that tongue between my cheeks.

But there comes another mystery... what plans has Pablo Escobar for Robert 'Renee' Warren?

West of Aruba

Sergeant Kelly Rogers

Knowing of Escobar's deepest and most dreaded secret is a source of danger... but can be a shield as well. Those who know of the web address are... will be... targets. I am sure given the opportunity to silence this Ramona Cortez, Escobar would not hesitate to do so. So the acuminous Ramona has taken precautions I am sure... purchased some life insurance so to speak. There is no question in my mind that in the event of her untimely demise the web address will be disclosed... some how... some way.

And I must do the same.

I split the coded address in two parts. The second, 5681345 I will offer to Waddy. Instructions for him to keep until contacted by a police officer friend.

The first part, www.esco134, I will mail to an old friend on the squad, Lieutenant Roy Duncan. Instructions to him to be more specific... in the event of my suspicious demise or disappearance, visit the trust offices of Wadsworth Danforth McBride. He will have the second part of this vital web address. Such will offer clues as to any foul play involved in my death or disappearance.

So I am protected and so is Escobar, since neither Roy Duncan nor Waddy can access the site... unless something nasty happens.

Very fortuitous of this Ramona woman to send the address. It appears all the guns and ammo are for naught.

"Waddy," I call out, "I'll need to mail a letter before we reach Cartagena."

"We can dock in Aruba."

"Good and I have something for you. The key to the CB 3000... to be offered if you're a good boy and listen very carefully. I have a piece of information that will mean nothing to you, but must be turned over to a Lieutenant Roy Duncan if anything suspicious happens to me. Deem it to be another element of your trust company's functions."

He listens indeed as I wave about the key. His penis has been fighting the plastic cock cage harder and harder over the last two days. Renee can certainly frustrate a man, licking away at the scrotum... the nimble tongue slowly laving every inch of exposed pink... soothing the irritation brought by the constant abrasion of the cock cage and the tight scrotal ring. The squirming, the pleas, the grunts, the moans... all quite entertaining. And it certainly puts a girl in the mood for cunnilingus.

To date, I have been the only person enjoying orgasms on our voyage. Maybe it's time for Waddy to shoot... his wad of course.

"Easily done," Waddy offers in a businesslike manner. "We handle many similar requests... stuff people want to pass on without probate."

I nod. He gets it. And he'll get his reward.

"Hands in back," I instruct in my most charming voice.

His look instantly turns to dejection as I secure his wrists together utilizing a belt. Then I remove the silly grass skirt and call for Renee.

"Unlock him. Bring him up... don't bring him off."

Renee, well acclimated in orally pleasuring the male, offers an impish smile, takes the key and goes to work as Waddy sputters protestations.

Yes to date, I have been the only person enjoying orgasms. And on second thought, we'll keep it that way. Enforcing Waddy's chastity, the equivalent of having a man on a leash, is too much fun. So I will have Waddy shoot later.

Off Islas Rosario

Sergeant Kelly Rogers

Only a man of Pablo Escobar's immense wealth and power... plus his penchant for corruption and complete disdain for the law... could build an immense home in what is otherwise a national preserve.

Islas Rosario are a string of coral islands... some quite small... all magnificent in lush vegetation, white powdery beaches, and the teal blue crystal clear waters of the Gulf of Mexico... just a few miles from Cartagena.

The larger islas to the northwest are visited daily by boaters and beach goers. Smaller islas to the southeast, some not larger than a city block, remain isolated. The string ends with this isla of size, well away from frolicking vacationers, where Escobar has somehow built an abode.

As we approach, a sleek frigate begins to converge with our intended path. There comes a radio message taken by Waddy. It is the Colombian Coast Guard... protecting the country? Protecting Escobar? Waddy offers the number of

souls on board. When I tell him to stress the name Kelly Rogers, I note the frigate slows. I am expected. After a pause the ship moves off, but remains within sight.

We moor The Crosser D about three miles offshore. Binoculars reveal a sprawling compound, well designed... certainly not visually disruptive.... unobtrusive and most likely not noticed by the unwary. There is a well disguised cell phone tower. With Cartagena just miles away, nothing to impede the relay of communications. Two satellite dishes suggest that the world of technology has not been left behind. No question that Escobar can reign over his drug empire from the seclusion of an otherwise little noticed island. There is a dock, but one must navigate numerous coral reefs, weaving about in shallow waters.

Escobar will never be surprised by visitors.

Renee pretties herself with enthusiasm. She knows not the details of this rendezvous. I have simply explained that she has a date with an extremely wealthy reprobate.

'He'll want me naked,' Renee suggests, the minx coaxing me to be released from the Neosteel belt.

I shake my head, offering a 'nice try' look, and encourage her to doll up to the max. I also offer heels... Escobar's instructions. Renee has been otherwise barefoot for the entire cruise.

The Crosser D has a small row boat. I want Waddy to remain on board, well away from Escobar's henchmen, second half of the web address well in hand, the first half mailed to Lieutenant Roy Duncan days ago.

Then with everything prepared, I send a text to the cell number offered in Escobar's instructions.

'One hour. I have a pretty package of pink for you. Have one of green for me.'

Waters calm, rowing will be easy, the scenery quite pleasant. My last task, writing the web address... www.esco1345681345, on a small sheet to be slipped to

Escobar. It will bring focus. He'll be enraged to know I have arranged an unusual form of life insurance.

But it is also insurance for little Renee... as I will explain to Pablo Escobar. The most wanted and dangerous man on earth has assured Renee's well being. I will assure it as well.

Islas Rosario

Sergeant Kelly Rogers

Pablo Escobar takes the time to greet us on the dock.

Eagerness? Or does he not want me surveying his curious hideaway?

In caution, he maintains his distance, standing some fifty feet away where the dock greets the coral of the isla. To his right and left are two henchmen, not those in the back of the limousine in New York. One carries a satchel. I assume it is well stuffed with greenery. The other keeps an Uzi at the ready. I must assume the precaution is not concern over the 5 foot 2 inch 118 pound little Renee... stunning in full make up... most provocative in her Neosteel belt.

To Escobar's rear is a dour looking woman, middle aged, wearing a nurse's uniform which seems to radiate in the Caribbean sub.

I step onto the dock reach down and extend my hand to assist. Renee is quite unwieldy in her four inch Stiletto heels. Appearing rather incongruous in the tropics... but Escobar insisted.

"Welcome. Thought it would be best to exchange our gifts right here," Escobar advises, pointing to the satchel.

I nod, fully aware that with a short burst from that Uzi I could rapidly become shark bait. I therefore hold up an envelope to focus attention on something he wants, needing to set the rules of engagement as soon as possible.

"Is that the key?" he inquires, his eagerness apparent.

I nod waving my hand and the envelope in reply. Inside is indeed the key to Renee's inescapable chastity device. But also is my note.

Escobar signals the henchman with the satchel. He drops it, steps forth, lumbering the fifty feet to retrieve the key along with a few written words and coded website which will save lives.

“For Mr. Escobar’s eyes only,” spoken in my authoritative ‘you’re under arrest’ voice as I hand it over.

The henchman takes the envelope and returns. The walk seems interminable with the Uzi, loaded and pointing, wielded by someone with the empathy of a reptile.

Escobar opens the envelope, turns and hands something to the nurse, presumably the key. Then he reads...

‘www.esco1345681345. I too know the secret. And it will remain most closely kept as long as both Renee and I are unharmed.’

I watch as the face of Pablo Escobar reddens. It is not within his plans to have knowledge of the website spread about. But it is what it is. I know the secret behind the intense quest for Robert Renee Warren.

He turns to the Uzi henchman. Unheard words of Spanish are uttered. The barrel of the weapon is lowered. He cannot afford to suffer the ramifications of having it accidentally discharge.

More words to the henchman delivering the note and key. He picks up the satchel and steps forth to return. I accept the comfortingly bloated bag and toss it into the rowboat.

“Renee will live a long and happy life here. I have a nurse to tend to all her needs... keep her healthy and eager to offer pleasure. And I have so much planned for her... so many interesting men for her to... *entertain*,” pausing to sneer with emphasis.

Time to leave. I turn to my pretty little bucket of cash and kneel. Tears are coming to Renee’s eyes. In recognizing Escobar, she is apoplectic in fear and concern. She cannot talk... instead just sobbing. And I suppose the realization of my duplicity is also somewhat painful.

“Do be a good girl,” I admonish in reaching to the expensive diamond pendants.

Next comes my final message to Escobar. Removing the expensive ‘gifts’, I replace them with the lumps of Lucite... Renee’s plastinated balls. Escobar will know what they are. Perhaps some of his more astute cohorts will as well. It is appropriate that the person owning and controlling Renee should also own and control what at one time defined his/her gender.

But I suspect such will be removed quite quickly and locked away out of sight.

Yes, the secret of Renee’s birth gender will be well guarded on Islas Rosario.

Islas Rosario

Robert Renee Warren

Nurse Rita takes my hand. It is impossible to walk on sandy soil in pointy heels and in constantly stumbling, I need to rely on her for assistance. She is strong, her grip oddly comforting as I tremble in fear.

“I want to show you something, my little Coca flower,” Senor Escobar announces as we approach a sprawling structure.

Low in height, not overwhelming the skyline, the white stucco walls spread to the right and left, seeming to visually blend with the pearl white sandy soil.

We enter. Senor Escobar leads, his guards disperse, I suppose to preassigned stations. I am surprised when we descend a set of stairs and enter a subterranean room cut out of the coral... lots of digging and blasting.

“Leave us,” Senor Escobar commands the nurse as I visually examine.

The contents of the room are both industrial and medical. In the center is a hospital bed with sturdy metal rails and dozens of straps to firmly hold in place a patient in need. But in the corner are large canisters, rugged with paint

chipped and scratched. Gauges offer the level of content within. Tubes emanate ending at a nozzle obviously tempered by intense heat.

"Men who cross me come here to die," Senor Escobar lectures.

"To rule over what I rule over, many dozens of devious, deceitful, lying, greedy cutthroat thieves, I must do so by fear."

As he speaks he steps to the nozzle hanging atop one of the canisters. He turns a valve. There comes a hiss. Then he grasps a metal object and squeezes. There comes a spark and a blue flame erupts. There is a low roar and the heat is instantaneous.

"An acetylene torch. Hot enough to cut through metal. It does wonders for those who betray me. If one is patient and knows how to properly apply the flame... not too close... for not too long... a man can be tortured for lengthy intervals before life ends. Killing is easy... doing so in a manner which imbues fear in all who find temptation in betraying me... that requires some skill. The first 'lesson' I taught was too brief. Yet with so many traitors needing a visit, I can now slowly sear almost every inch of flesh before death overcomes. It requires hours, much patience and smelling salts."

I shudder, quaking in feeling the intensity of the heat, the insouciance of the voice, envisioning the burnt flesh, hearing the screams for mercy. Senor Escobar laughs in noting my reaction.

"So word gets out. Pablo Escobar is to be respected... to be obeyed... to be feared. If not, one is invited here for a barbecue. I do all the grilling."

He turns off the torch.

"The sharks eat well here, my little Coca blossom. In not too many places their food is cooked for them," Escobar laughing boisterously. "If you ever betray me and inform

anyone that you have a penis, I will burn it off... slowly... and you too will keep the sharks fed. Do you understand?"

Somehow I nod, otherwise frozen in trepidation.

"Fear, it is the only way to instill obeisance in the profession I have chosen. Word of my many barbecues is quite effective. But word of being a maricon... of being pleased by a maricon... must never be heard."

I nod again.

"Nurse Rita will take care of you. She has your key and is the only person who will ever know of the subterfuge over your gender. But meanwhile, I must protect myself. You will offer yourself to everyone... my guards... my visitors... my special guests... even those with whom I compete against and I occasionally need to consult with... everyone.

"And what words do you think they would like to hear from such a charming little prepubescent girl?"

"May I suck your penis, Sir?" my voice creaking, the words so meekly offered on cue.

"Exactly. You're catching on fast. And as punishment for that peccadillo at the Waldorf, I have arranged a special diet for you. You will never again taste food. Nurse Rita will assure you are nourished, but you will not taste anything other than a man's seed. You so much enjoy bringing forth sperm... it is the only taste you will ever again enjoy."

My new life... sperm repository.

Nurse Rita prefers bondage. Is it a sexual proclivity? Or is there an overwhelming concern about possible escape... naked and showing my penis... thus incurring Senor Escobar's wrath? I assume both... because it is overdone.

Every day ends with Nurse Rita escorting me to a special room... really more like a windowless cell. In the center is a bed, very similar to that in the basement where Senor Escobar demonstrated the horror of the acetylene torch. There I lie supine with thick comfortable straps and cuffs encircling wrists, forearms, biceps, chest, waist, thighs,

calves and ankles all securing me to the bed. A broad posture collar completes the ensemble, its function nothing more than to emphasize my helplessness and Nurse Rita's thorough dominion. Completely immobile, my Neosteel belt is then removed to expose the remnants of my sex to the only person associated with Senor Escobar who will ever know.

"Now a nice sponge bath for you, my pretty little girl."

Nurse Rita's hands are firm, examining every inch of my feminized form as a warm soapy cloth smooths over my hairlessness. Many months of hormones, what muscle structure remains is visually undetectable, covered with a gelatinous layer of girlish fat. She playfully pinches to induce a squeal, my docile reaction bringing a smile.

As she washes, she pauses to graciously play with my three inches, seeming to revel in its diminutive softness. She mimics the motion of masturbation, driving home the impotence.

"I will make it hard for you some day. Would you like that, Renee?"

I can barely nod. But the question gives rise to thought, which I am sure is intentional... whatever would I do with a hard on?

My empty sac seems to bring glee as well, her fingers pulling and kneading to highlight my missing glands.

"All gone," she mocks with a smile, pulling at the excess flesh... soft and hairless.

"How many did my little girl please today? Did the men feed you well?"

"Four," I reply, my role to gratify each and every guard, lieutenant and drug mule who chooses to feel the pleasure of my tongue and lips.

"And did you bend over for any one?"

Yes, I am to offer myself anally as well. And with the Neosteel belt splaying my cheeks, there seems to be a propensity for many to finish deep oral penetration with

manly thrusts to my backside as I kneel head down, knees spread on the carpet.

“Two.”

“Well I’ll let you sleep filled with gism... tummy and anus. Makes a girl like you feel fulfilled.”

I do in a strange way.

Bath completed there then comes the daily procedure to which I cannot become accustomed. A feeding tube, well lubricated, is slipped into either my right nostril or left, and then pushed through my sinuses to the back of my throat. There she knowingly jostles it, triggering the gag reflex. I forcibly swallow and the tube continues to my stomach. With a stanchion resting nearby, a bag of life sustaining thick liquid hangs in wait. When connected to my nostril tube, it slowly oozes directly into my stomach that which sustains me. And as promised, I never taste a thing.

Also dangling from the stanchion, my testicles, the plastic cubes which formerly adorned my ears. The gray spheres within remind... and they mock... giving rise to much thought. Free of cancer... what was the basis for the doctor’s diagnosis... other than a substantial payment from Miss Ramona Cortez?

Lights out, I lie in complete immobility for more hours than I need to sleep. It brings tedium, the level of boredom not to be described. And that makes me eager for morning release... each new day bringing more turgid phalluses to service and from which I am to coax and savor the male effluent... the only taste permitted.

Sometime midmorning, well after I have awakened, Nurse Rita returns. The nostril tube is slipped away, reversing the procedure as aggravating as the insertion.

“To the enema table,” she announces with irritating enthusiasm as the myriad of cuffs and straps are loosened.

Specially designed for one function, the metal top is beveled and has a modest lip at the edges to assure all sloppiness is directed to a drain in the center. I seem to

spend an inordinate amount of time lying as Nurse Rita plies her expertise. Resistance is futile and just as the bondage makes me eager for release... to roam the isla and offer myself... the massive high colonics provide incentive as well.

I hop up. Lie back and bring my knees to my chest. The table is short and when so positioned my buttocks are fully exposed at the very edge, offering Nurse Rita easy access. Straps at the front legs await my wrists. Ankle cuffs dangle from above and when attached hold me spread and well open.

With my liquid diet, there is little firm fecal matter to be expunged. Still Nurse Rita is thorough.

In preparation for the day I am to be 'squeaky clean' and my rectum is lubricated and stuffed with an inflatable nozzle which cannot be expelled. Then comes the deep cleansing enema, slow... seemingly as slow as the sludge offered by my feeding tube.

"No hurry. I'm going to fill you until it comes out your nose," words offered in whimsy, but there are times when the humorous threat feels real.

And indeed, since not much stirs at the villa of Senor Escobar until noon.... demands for fellatio and anal sodomy mostly delayed into the afternoon... Nurse Rita has her way with me most of the morning. She fills with leisure.

She seems to enjoy feeling my tummy as it slowly bloats, ostensibly judging my fullness. But I believe for Nurse Rita it emblemizes her power, for no matter my pleas and protestations, squirming with the intensity of the cramping, it is she who decides on eventual release. She knows I am filled yet the flow continues.

Finally, there comes the cheering hiss of air, the deflated nozzle is slipped away and the soapiness gushes to the drain, along with remnants of the prior days anal coupling. Then come rinsing enemas of course... Nurse Rita not to be denied more delight.

There follows an application of alum, an astringent to keep my sphincter tight. Clever stuff, it offers tension, that which most pleases. And without such tendance, the daily penetration by some of Senor Escobar's well endowed underlings would stretch me, rendering me incapable of offering the pleasure sought.

It works, I feel myself involuntarily tighten back there, my sphincter actually offering a modest level of resistance to Nurse Rita's lubricating fingers. The abundance makes the inside of my cheeks glisten in the tropical sun and beckons the penis... as desired.

Then it's a return to the Neosteel belt, a playful pat to my buttocks and I am released.

I don my makeup to pretty myself, and am then free to roam the house... somewhat like a pet cat. Senor Escobar has offered me to all. And when a guard does so much as wriggle a finger, I approach, kneel and utter the six words. The smiles are wicked. And the subsequent fellatio results in the only thing I am permitted to taste. Hot ejaculate jetting down my throat, my tongue and lips dutifully cleansing as trained.

I note that Senor Escobar never partakes. Yet all around him are encouraged to use me... and they do. And then the explanation dawns. Should light of the video from the Waldorf ever come to pass, he is day by day buying a degree of protection. All around him have engaged this maricon as well.

Who is it that will dare condemn the boss?

The rigorous Neosteel belt is passed off as Senor Escobar assuring himself that only he... the boss... will ever take me vaginally. And after experiencing the heat of the acetylene, envisioning some miscreant strapped down and being scorched... inch by inch... it will never be within my purview to divulge the absence of a tight female passage.

There are many who tire of my mouth and throat and chose to use me anally. The clever steel bars at my gluteal

cleft do not inhibit penetration and actually serve to abet such... separating my cheeks most invitingly... beckoning he who prefers the style of the Greeks.

And thereafter come the ten words taught by Miss Candace... 'Thank you, Sir, may I clean your penis for you?' Such a debasing deed.

"Just a little pin prick," a pleasant Nurse Rita apprizes.

She is correct, but the prick is to my penis! But for the many straps of my sleeping table my tensing muscles would thrust me into the air.

"Give you a nice big hard on... well... a hard on any way," she adds with a giggle.

I feel something... down there... that I have not felt in over a year. The skin on my penis is stretching!

Nurse Rita moves to the top of my sleeping table where my head rests, held almost completely immobile by the restrictive posture collar. Her hands work to lift, straining against the thick layer of foam. She slips a pillow beneath. In my lower peripheral vision I can see what I have not seen since being locked in Neosteel and being exiled to Islas Rosario... my penis!

"Nitric oxide, Renee. It relaxes certain blood vessels and fosters what you can no longer achieve... an erection."

Yes, it is firming, the tip rising, deepening in color from pink to crimson to purple. But it is distressingly small.

Nurse Rita glides her hand to my chest and begins toying with right nipple then left. She is surprisingly sensuous, her touch normally quite clinical. The brisance of joy seems to enhance the celebration of my penis, the organ seeming to be no longer attached.

"Wouldn't you like to stroke it? How long has it been?"

"Long," my meek voice conveying distress, my right hand involuntarily tugging against its restraining cuff and strap.

I know the date of my castration... that is not to be forgotten. But I have not the slightest inkling of the current date. Time is now measured in blow jobs and anal penetration. Lost in memory is normal male gratification... self gratification. That is now something I only offer to others... at their demand.

So Nurse Rita adds a layer of mental stress to the physical... forcefully cultivating an erection I neither desire nor can enjoy. I merely look.

"May I touch it please, Nurse Rita?" my quest so humbly posed.

She laughs.

"No. That's for me. It amuses. So I'll get you hard again... when I decide. When I want you to entertain me."

Of course. I am to amuse the female... and pleasure the male... my only roles. Why would I ever think otherwise?

Within three weeks, the days really not counted; there is added commotion at Islas Rosario. As I stroll the beach, wary of being beckoned by a guard for quick fellatio, I look out to see a large yacht with a patrol boat nearby. The Coast Guard, on Senor Escobar's payroll, has interceded. Over the open water, nothing can come within ten miles without notice... Senor Escobar's first line of defense to send the Coast Guard to ascertain friend or foe.

Something passes muster, for a skiff is lowered, and a party from the yacht disembarks. With the faint roar of a motor they approach, weaving amongst the many reefs.

I take cover in the shade of the palm trees, the steel of my belt heating rapidly in the direct sun.

As the skiff nears I note a boatman, a rather well groomed gentleman in his forties and two girls, young just as Senor Escobar likes them... and without covering... not a shred of cloth. Bronzed skin, raven hair, they just smile sheepishly, their state of complete nakedness apparently not of comfort.

From a nearby path, a guard approaches me.

"Senor Escobar, he want you on dock," hands gesturing in support of the accented broken English.

"Yes sir," more than aware that in my lowly status, provider of oral satiation to all, I am to offer courtesy to even the lowest animal on the isla.

I skip and prance on my toes, emulating the little girl Senor Escobar so much enjoys. There at the dock is my owner and protector awaiting the skiff, a burly guard with an Uzi at the ready.

"An old acquaintance, and now my fiercest competitor. You will offer yourself to him... as you do to everyone, my little Coca blossom," Senor Escobar commanding more than suggesting.

The skiff docks, Senor Escobar maintaining his distance. The well groomed gentleman lifts himself from the small boat extending his arms, hands palm up in both a gesture of welcome and being unarmed. Senor Escobar smiles and beckons him to come forth. The man leans and helps the two naked girls from the boat.

They are charming... so young, the smooth bronze flesh seems to gleam in the Caribbean sun. Not twins but so similar in stature, the ethnicity is the same.

"I have brought gifts, Pablo," the man calls out arranging the shy girls to his right and left to fully display the frontal nudity.

Limited breasts, if there is pubic hair it is not abundant. For a man with Senor Escobar's proclivity... gifts indeed. My protector smiles lasciviously.

"Come, Ramon. Let's share some Sangria. And I have something else to share with you as well," Senor Escobar reaching to tousle my golden blonde locks.

The trio approach. There is an air of caution. But there also seems to be a need to talk... a friendship somewhat strained but required. Senor Escobar reaches to place his left hand on the arm of the guard bearing the Uzi,

symbolically pushing it lower, diminishing the perceived threat.

"They are from your favorite mountain village, Pablo. On loan... the families so willing to please a man of distinctive tastes. When they become of age, you merely send them home."

Yes, the girls are of Indian, most likely Incan, ancestry. Young firm breasts high on the chest, nipples pointing skyward, the cooling trade winds bring an alluring crinkle to the pink brownish nubs.

Senor Escobar's right hand moves to pinch my left cheek prompting the expected six words.

"May I suck your penis, Sir?" curtsying with the question I have been instilled to pose to all beings male.

This Ramon smiles, his teeth white and perfectly aligned.

"Such a warm welcome, Pablo. How can I not concede to your simple demands?"

The men embrace. Then Ramon turns his attention to me.

"So this one needs to be kept under lock and key. In denying her vaginal penetration she must suck very well indeed. Much practice."

"She craves the male essence... it is all she is permitted to taste," Senor Escobar proudly explains.

Ramon appears to shrug off the information as an exaggeration. If only he knew how true... my lifetime punishment. I will never again taste anything else, other than the equivalent saltiness of the sweaty flesh of the aroused male.

"There is so much territory. I began to realize on the cruise to your isla... why disagree on such petty matters, Pablo?"

"I have given orders... nothing to be distributed in Cali."

Ramon smiles with the concession.

"I would like that Sangria," reaching to tweak my left nipple. "This one truly serves?"

“Anything you’d like... any way you’d like her. She can offer her backside as well. The belt... it’s very well designed.” Senor Escobar grasping my shoulder to turn me.

I know to bend and spread, offering my sphincter as well. With the lubricant, the inside crease of my effeminate globes gleams in welcome. Such degradation... to be talked about as a side of beef.

“Tight?”

“I have a nurse tending to her every morning and every evening. Not only tight but well cleansed,” Senor Escobar explains. “She is kept supple there but in addition there is applied a special astringent cream which retains the tension a man desires.”

Senor Escobar places his arms about the shoulders of his new concubines, leading the group to the villa.

“Enough sun.”

There ensues within the vast reception room of the Islas Rosario compound a very business-like discussion over territorial matters. Senor Escobar directs me to the kitchen where a maid has prepared Sangria. I serve, tiptoeing about with a tray and glasses.

On occasion, Senor Escobar directs his attention to the two ‘gifts’, learning their names... Tia and Maria. And being the perverted lecher that he is, he unzips and directs the girls... alternating... to demonstrate their level of oral skill.

“Do avail yourself of my little Coca blossom, Ramon. You know how well I have my girls trained. How obedient they are...”

With the business discussion winding down, Ramon likewise unzips and I know to kneel and take him in my mouth.

“Show the man how skillful you are, Renee. And take your time,” Senor Escobar commands. “You’re hungry, but there is always a plentiful supply of tasty nutrition here for

you.” With this ‘Ramon’ laughs with zeal in hearing the instructions.

And so I do, fully understanding that Senor Escobar’s ‘generosity’ in offering me to Ramon is nothing more than a ploy... to garner a hedge against the possible disclosure of that Waldorf video. I have felled every one of his cohorts over the past weeks... and they thanked him for it. And so now we begin on his rivals. I suspect within months, this little ‘Coca blossom’ will have orally served the entire drug trade.

So who is to offer chiding ridicule when and if it is disclosed that the ‘girl’ felling Senor Escobar on the web posting has a penis? If that brands Senor Escobar as a maricon... then what of his compatriots?

My head bobs energetically. I know precisely where and when to apply pressure, swish my tongue, teasingly draw with my mouth to suck and coax forth the only taste to be had. Finally I purse my lips, vigorously swirl at the underside of the penis tip and Senor Ramon explodes deeply into my gullet. I sometimes amaze myself with my gag reflex completely under control... no reaction to be felt or heard by Ramon. I have been trained to understand that such is a distraction to a man’s pleasure. So I not so much swallow as open my throat and let the hot ejaculate spurt directly into my stomach.

I lift my head, my tongue darting about to gently cleanse as trained. I note that Senor Escobar has Tia on his lap, the naked girl facing away her back arched most invitingly. After testing her oral prowess he buggers her. The girl winces, but Senor Escobar plunges, slowly opening her, ignoring her pleas. He thrusts, bringing tears. This seems to heighten his lust, for he begins fucking in earnest... jack hammering the cleft of her buttocks... grunting... gasping for breath... finally, in one last deep thrust, spending in complete satiation.

“Come here next, my little Coca blossom. I have a new source of sperm for that hungry tummy of yours. Henceforth, you’ll keep my two little girls nice and clean here,” patting Tia’s buttocks as she gingerly arises from the anal sodomy.

I note the cloudy white effluent streaming from her forcibly stretched portal. Yes, it is all I ever taste. I am sure if one could live on the male essence, Senor Pablo Escobar would deem such to be all I ever ingest, the nostril tube and Nurse Rita’s thick glob deemed superfluous.

Senor Escobar positions Tia on her knees pointing to his semi hard penis, evidence of anal coupling apparent. The girl, though bashful, knows to extend her tongue and begin cleansing, completing the demanded protocol and bringing a most degrading conclusion to anal penetration.

“Clean the girl, Renee. I left a nice wad of your favorite meal,” Senor Escobar’s fingers snapping then pointing to where his manhood assailed.

I obediently kneel behind Tia, in turn extending my tongue to lave between her cheeks, listening to the wicked laughter of Ramon. Senor Escobar joins in the expression of merriment, but the source of his glee different. Just as Pablo Escobar was entrapped in the Waldorf apartment, it is Ramon who has now been entrapped... I presume a camera and a video recorder documenting the unsuspected homophilic relations.

“Rest a bit, Ramon... then try her backside. You will find my little Coca blossom to be marvelously tight.”

I am.

Epilogue

Ramona Cortez and Maria Sanchez bag another degenerate in a seven figure extortion scheme... the governor of a province in China with access to unlimited public funds... until he is caught embezzling, of course. And adding to the common place charge of corruption... is the possible charge of sex with an 'underage' boy. 'They'll squeeze my balls' the governor is quoted as pleading before paying promptly... but not before Maria filleted the penis of a very imposing bodyguard in emphasizing the earnestness of her boss's endeavor. Yes, Ramona's coffers grow.

Sergeant Kelly finally unlocks Wadsworth Danforth McBride while the Crosser D is moored near a small island off Puerto Rico. She commands him to masturbate (no second effort required), taking digital pictures as Waddy shoots his wad over the starboard rail. The humiliating photo evidence assures that the coded message will be delivered as instructed to Lieutenant Roy Duncan upon any suspicious harm to the Sergeant. Otherwise the Sergeant plans retirement, her nest egg as a result of the Robert Renee Warren affair quite tidy.

Miss Lalique forever works her magic, teaching boys how to become cute, tempting girls. So many to cross-dress, to pierce and to prettify. Her work is unending.

The doctor and Nurse Sueann continue their unscrupulous medical practice. For the right price a false diagnosis is for sale, male tidbits trimmed away for avenging wives and other disgruntled members of the fairer sex. For the priapic male deemed to have gone astray there is also offered adult circumcision... 'accidentally' transforming to the degloving of the sensitive flesh of the penis tip. The latter is becoming quite a common request... the procedure terminating most male penile sensation while leaving the organ capable of stiffening at the behest of the female desiring to take her pleasure and offer none in return.

The counselor begins to expand the duress of her clients, insisting that her charming young secretary receptionist sit in on sessions, the humiliation of the mandatory nakedness brought to a peak with two fully clothed women present. A new client, a prolific writer of most nasty D/s erotica, wants to masturbate for them... such sordidness! The counselor will plan a doctor's appointment for him.

Robert Renee Warren indeed fellates most of the South American drug underworld, Pablo Escobar taking the time to videotape, entrapping others just as he was entrapped. And Renee learns to experience both vicarious pleasure and a degree of power... his proficiency excelling to the point that the male organ spurts at his behest... and only at his behest... his tongue strong, nimble and knowing. Over time, those knowing the secret of his penis expands. When Senor Escobar journeys from Islas Rosario, Tia, Maria and his band of henchmen travel with him. This leaves Nurse Rita and an assortment of maids and housekeepers from whom the vestigial male organ need not be hidden. Care for Renee is thus easier with the Neosteel belt temporarily put aside, letting the oral servant roam the island totally naked, the Lucite cubes of his plastinated testicles dangling from his ears to serve as a constant reminder of his status.

Comments, criticisms and feedback are welcomed.
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The Male Concubine
The Predator

About the Author

Chris Bellows, a nom de plume, is single and on the north side of middle age. He lives an astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write some ten or more years ago when he found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into 'mush'. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of 'Lady Constance', he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the present day. Most of Chris's work can be found on Pink Flamingo's new site

www.eroticbooknetwork.com.

Other offerings maybe found at www.lulu.com.

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s..., has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to 'work outside the box'.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including 'first person female'. He avoids duplicating themes and attempts to introduce new forms and methods of manifesting Dominance with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty to his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down offers from other publishers when such have sought to trim his efforts in order to more

suitably conform his writings to their envisioned 'box' of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably..., readers with an interest in D/s who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Chris enjoys reading and responding to readers comments. Visit his blog, <http://chrisbellows.blogspot.com>. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.

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