

Too Naughty For Bedtime



Nick Lorange



A "New Woman" Novel



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By Nick Lorange

The Island

The small plane leaped into the air. Roger Kramer watched the dials nervously as his older brother Vince took them out low and fast. Behind him, Dasher Conroy chuckled, running his hands through the money.

The armored car job had been perfect. Roger had come home from Iraq with ten kilos of C4 hidden in his bags. He had also spent four years learning how to blow things to hell, and a year disarming IEDs at about two bucks an hour. Vince, his older brother, had been in stir when he left, but he'd had connections for other things. Like this plane.

But Dashel had brought it together. He had worked at that armored car company for fifteen years. He'd driven the trucks, then moved over to dispatch. He knew all the routes, and especially knew the delivery schedules. The second Friday of every month was the Federal Reserve delivery. Never less than five million in brand-new bills. Usually a killer when you try to fence it, the going rate was 10 to one. You walk in with a mil, and leave with 100 grand.

But Vince had the connections. He could trade that five mil for 500 keys of coke, and that was worth 100 million when it hit the streets.

“We made it!” Vince screamed. “We’re outta here!” He was aiming at Jamaica. Things had been going south relations-wise between the island and the U.S. and he knew that if he hit the ground the local authorities would not turn him over. At least before he left the island again with a new ID.

Roger bit his lip, going over it again. Vince had picked up a .50 caliber Barrett rifle somewhere, and they had been ready. When the truck had hit the narrow section of highway, they drove in front of them. The door popped open, and Vince put three rounds into the engine through the radiator. Using armor-piercing incendiary rounds, depleted uranium, it blew the engine back into the cab, killing the driver. The truck spun and rammed a tree. Roger leaped out, laid a strip charge on the hinges, and blown the door clear. Dash popped up with the A.K., blew the guards in the back into hamburger, and began throwing bags.

The entire thing from the first round fired had taken less than a minute and a half.

The plane flew out over the ocean. From there it was less than an hour to the island, less than a minute to international waters...

Something came by them in a blur of speed and missiles. Vince rolled to avoid it, climbing desperately. A goddamned F-16! The fighter rolled, coming up behind them at twice their cruising speed, then seemed to stop as it matched the speed of the little plane. The pilot tapped his ear, then signaled for them to descend. Vince flipped the switch on the radio, switching the radio to 121.7, the Guard channel.

“Private aircraft 321, you are ordered to land immediately. Come to 331, and climb to 2000.”

“What do we do?” Dash screamed.

“Tough it out.” Vince snapped. “I ain’t going back to stir!” He looked around. “There, that cloud. He can’t see us.”

“He can still fucking kill us!” Dash screamed.

“Sure. But he can’t fire without clearance,” Vince snapped back. “Local authorities don’t have that kind of pull.” He dived, pulling out so close to the water that it was a rippled sheet rushing past at almost 300 miles per hour.

The cloud was...odd. It came down almost to the water itself, like a fog bank unwilling to touch the ocean.

Something flashed past the wing, and Vince rolled, 20-millimeter cannon shells shredding the delicate surface. One moment they were flying, then, just as they entered the fog, the plane slammed into the water.

Roger wiped the blood from his eyes, frantically kicking the jammed door. His brother was crumpled over the wheel. Dash was unconscious. If he didn’t

get the door open, they would die! The metal bent and water began to pour in. He kicked harder and one of the hinges broke, the water becoming a flood. The other broke, the door swirling away as the flood inundated them.

Roger gasped a breath, then unhooked the seat belt that pinned Vince, shoving him toward the door. He caught Dash under the arms, kicking in a swimming stroke into the water beyond.

The plane, minus wings and tail, drifted toward the bottom as he kicked for the surface. He came up, gasping in a breath of air, then looked around. Vince. Where was Vince? He tossed Dash up on a piece of debris and dived. He found Vince drifting downward and caught him by the neck, pulling him upward.

He took another breath as he broke the surface, and carefully swam toward the debris where Dash still hung. It wasn't large enough to hold them all out of the water.

He was sure they would die but suddenly a yellow shape burst from the depths. It was the emergency life raft automatically deploying. Carefully, he rolled Vince into the raft, then retrieved Dash. Only then did he drag himself from the water. The fog was all around him, deep and dark. He sagged against the edge of the inflated boat, and found himself drifting into unconsciousness.

He felt a thump in his head, a massive headache from the sound of it, like a kettledrum being beaten. Again and again. He rolled on his stomach, and vomited up the sea water he had drunk during the frantic rescue. Someone spoke, he didn't recognize the voice,

and hands rolled him on his back. Something was thrust into his mouth, and he coughed as

brandy filled his mouth and went down his throat.

He snapped upright, staring around him in shock. He wasn't in the raft. He was on a boat he had never seen outside of a fantasy movie. A Greek style Pentconter, a lot like the Viking longships. It was long and low, and dozens of oars flashed as they lifted and stroked in time to the beating of the drum. At the bow was a carved figurehead, looking like a woman stretched in a supple arc, her hand reaching toward the forward horizon. Back where he was, a figure stood at a giant oar slung off the starboard. His eyes caught on something, and he closed them, shaking his head before opening them again.

A pair of bare breasts hung before his eyes, above a smooth stomach with rippling muscles and a bikini bottom. He looked upward. The woman looked Greek or Italian, her long flowing curly black hair held back by a bandanna tied around her head. Unlike the boat, he recognized the Harley Davidson Logo on the cloth.

"Are you back with us?" she asked.

"Yeah." He tried to stand, but his legs wouldn't work. She grinned, reaching down, and pulled him almost effortlessly to his feet.

"Your friends are below."

"Where are we?"

The woman shook her head, waving. The boat was running through the same fog he had seen before he fainted. "The Mistress told us to pick up the survivors."

"How did she know there were any?"

“She always knows. Come on.”

He followed her to the hatch going below, and they went into the darkness. The narrow passageway led aft, and she threw open the door into opulent splendor.

The cabin was wide, spanning the ship from side to side; on a large bed, Vince and Dash lay unconscious. Roger checked them out, then turned back to the woman.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“Philomena,” she said motioning toward a table set with food and drink. “I’m captain of the Mistress’s pleasure barge. We will be ashore in a short while. Sit, rest.” She turned, leaving the cabin. Outside, her long-legged stride took her to the ladder, and she went back up on deck. She looked at the black woman on the helm.

“Poor bastards,” the black woman commented.

Roger turned as his brother moaned. The burly man squirmed, then his eyes opened, and he sat up.

“I feel like shit,” Vince moaned.

Roger walked over, handing him a goblet of wine. “Hey bro, chug that.”

Vince took the container, sipped, then spat. “Wine? No beer?”

“It’s what they have.”

Vince cursed, sipping the bitter beverage. “When we get to Jamaica, I’m going to drink Red Stripe until

I puke! Where's the money?" He waited, then turned an eye on his brother. "You did save the money, didn't you?"

"It was the money or you two," Roger said. "You'd be fucking dead if I had thought of it first."

"So we get nothing?"

"We're alive, and we aren't in jail."

"So we fucking get nothing." Vince stood, stalking over to the table. He snatched up a handful of grapes, stuffing them in his mouth. "I don't have the thanks of a grateful nation like you do, bro. I need money."

It was an old argument, and Roger wasn't in the mood. "If you're alive, you have a chance to steal more." He stormed out of the cabin. He went up the ladder and stopped, stunned. The sun had come out, and ahead of them was a rocky island. On the spit above the cove sat a Victorian mansion.

"The Lady's home," Philomena said. Roger turned. He noticed the full-figured black woman at the steering oar. "That is Charon. She is our helmsman. Slow beat," she said conversationally. The drum beat slowed, and the oars matched it still.

"How many people does it take to row this fucker?"

Philomena looked hurt. "None. It is done with magic."

"Bullshit."

"Look for yourself." Philomena motioned toward the deck below.

He walked down there, then stared around in amazement. The oars hung in the air as if on wires, moving to the beat of the drum. He picked up one of

the drumsticks, but the beat was not affected. The other laid across the drumhead, bouncing at every stroke.

“That is amazing.” Her face was still cold. “I am sorry about calling the ship that.” He shrugged. “I seem to hang around with the wrong people.”

“The one thing to remember about life here on the island is that you get out of it what you bring into it.” She looked at him as if hoping he would understand the cryptic statement.

“I’ll try to remember that, and behave myself.”

The galley moved around the edge of the cove, heading now toward a pristine beach. Figures moved on the shore, some of them headed for the area where the galley would beach. Every one of them was a woman. The drum rolled, then stopped. The oars lifted, then slid inward as the ship slid up onto the beach. Philomena ran forward, throwing the lines down to the waiting women, who tied them off to stone pillars sunk in the soft soil. A ramp was carried from the trees, and laid against the side.

“Two more below!” Philomena shouted. “One is still unconscious.”

A dozen women ran up the ramp, and headed for the ladder leading down. Philomena motioned to Roger. “Go ahead, we will bring your friends.”

Roger stood, and there was a hush on the beach. The women stared at him as if they had never seen a man before. Then they began giggling and chattering to themselves. They were dressed in an odd mixture of clothing. Some wore Greek style chitons ending at mid-thigh. Others wore bathing suits ranging from an old-style single-piece down to a woman who stood there wearing a thong and nothing else. He walked



down the ramp, and there was a sigh as his feet touched the sand.

“Well don’t just stand there!” Philomena shouted from the deck. “Take him to see the Mistress.”

A girl who looked about seventeen came running up. She was dressed in a cute bikini that looked to be from when the garments were first made; her long brunette hair had been braided. “I am Chastity,” she said, bowing her head slightly. “Please follow me.”

Roger followed her. His eyes caught on her cute little ass as she sashayed up the stone steps. He looked up and blushed when he saw her slyly watching her. “Do you like my ass?” she asked.

“Very nice.”

“I am glad, sir.” She shook it again, then continued walking.

The house was huge, with a stone pool behind it, sauna, hot spring, and large open spaces around it. From here he could see that the island wasn’t that big. Maybe half a square mile. On the opposite side of the island he could see docks.

“Why didn’t the boat go to those docks?”

“Our guests arrive there.” She motioned toward the beach where women were carrying a stretcher down the ramp. “This is for the staff only,” she said. “It’s where we relax when we don’t want our guests disturbing us.”

“Staff?” He looked at the house. It was a rambling structure that looked like it must have a hell of a lot of rooms. “How big a staff do you need for this place?”

“Our Mistress allows guests to come here. We service them as well as our Mistress.”

He looked at her. "Service them how?"

"In any way they wish us to."

"Wait a minute." He stopped, turning to face her. "When you say any way..."

"Any way," she replied. "Shall I demonstrate?"

"Here?"

"Why not here?" she asked, moving closer. "Some of our guests enjoy such things in the open air. Or before audiences." Her hand brushed his thigh, moving around to the front. "Wouldn't you love to be in my mouth? To feel me sucking upon you? To be inside me, ramming this into my body, knowing that the others will be coming up the steps with your friends at any moment?" She chuckled, squeezing him. "I see that it does interest you." She released him, standing there expectantly.

He shook his head. "I...think we had best go on and see your Mistress."

She sighed, smiling a little sadly. "If you are sure."

He reached out, touching her face. "Chastity, you were told to take me to see your Mistress. I don't want you to get in trouble."

"She would not complain if I did that first," she said softly. Her fingers ran across his crotch. "She would say that I was doing my duty." Her fingers caught the zipper. "Shall I?" When he didn't complain, the zipper hissed down, and her petite hand reached in. "Oh, it's so hard!" she gasped.

She dropped to her knees, and he moaned as she began to suck him. Her hands played with the shaft, his balls, then one caught at the back of his pants, pulling him forward as her mouth sank on him. She

slid up with a pop, hand sliding on him as she looked into his eyes.

“Give it to me,” she whispered. “Come in my mouth, drown me!” She gasped, then sucked, dropping her mouth until it brushed his pubic hair.

He whimpered. It had been a long time and he wasn't ready for the rush of pleasure at her actions, His hands touched the back of her head, and she paused, looking at him. Instead of holding her head, his hands slid down, cupping her face. Her eyes softened and she began moving again, eyes locked on his as he came in her mouth. She slurped the offering down, licked him clean, then slid the shaft back into his pants, zipping him up.

He helped her up, and she put her arms around his neck, kissing him. “We must go,” she said, taking his hand.

Vince growled as he staggered on the steps. The only thing he hated worse than the way he felt was the solicitous way these bitches were acting. He shoved yet another pair of hands away, finally reaching the top of the cliff. The House was right there, and he stormed toward it. Behind him two of the women carried Dash on the stretcher. Ahead of him he could see Roger on the porch, watching.

“Why the fuck did you leave us down there?” he roared.

“I couldn't very well carry you both,” Roger replied.

“So instead you went up with the slut?”

Roger stiffened, half stepping between Chastity and his brother. “Vince, don't call her that.”

"I'll call the bitch whatever I want to," Vince snarled. He glared at the girl. "Does his dick taste nice, whore?" Her hand reached up and came away with a thread of semen that had escaped her mouth. She licked it from her fingers, then wrapped her arms possessively around the man beside her.

"Yes he does taste nice," she replied levelly. "Jealous?"

Vince stalked forward, but Roger stepped between them. "Leave her alone."

"You're throwing me aside for some slit?"

"Vince, I said leave her alone."

"Fine." He turned around. "Where do I go from here?" he snapped.

The woman at the head of the stretcher motioned with her head. "Chastity, take this... gentleman and your friend to see the Mistress. I will put this one in the red room."

"Yes Felicia." Chastity motioned, then walked ahead of them. Her ass muscles were tight. Roger figured she was still pissed.

The interior of the house was all dark lacquered wood and shiny paint. The decor was as ancient as the design. Heavy furniture stood in the rooms and a dining table almost twenty feet long stood in the dining room.

Chastity took the hall toward the back of the house, stopping at a door. She knocked, then at an unheard command, opened the door. The room beyond was an office, and a tall statuesque woman sat at a desk. The phone on the desk had an antique loose handset with the speaker in a separate spindle right out of the 1920s. There was no sign of anything

more modern in the room. She looked up, then stood. Her fiery red hair ran in a sheet down to her waist, her clothing a simple shift dress that fell to the floor.

“Mistress, these are two of the survivors,” Chastity reported. “The other has been taken to the Red Room.”

The woman nodded gravely then looked at the two men. “I am Merida. Have you been well treated?”

“My bro got a blowjob, but beyond that I don’t think so,” Vince snarled.

Merida looked at the man, then at Chastity. “Was this solicited?”

“I offered, Mistress.”

That seemed to be that as far as Merida was concerned. “Sir, hospitality upon my island is never forced. If you have not received it, you obviously have not merited it. My guests can have such things, but nothing is ever forced on my staff. Not more than once.” She looked at Chastity. “Condition of the other?”

“Unconscious. No other report.”

Merida nodded. “Gentlemen you are welcome on my island, but as I said, my patience and my mercy are not infinite. You will behave, or you will suffer the consequences. The Blue Room is next door to the Red Room. You can both move into there until I can find a way to deal with your presence. See to it.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Wait a fucking minute!” Vince snarled. “Who the hell do you think you are, telling us off like that?”

Merida had been turning to return to her seat when Vince talked. She turned, looking at him appraisingly. "I think that this is my island, and my house. My word is law on the island, sir. Transgress and you will discover that for yourself. Have you any other pithy comments?"

Vince was taken aback. Like the character of Bill Sykes in *Oliver Twist*, he had never really had to beat anyone unless he felt like it. His size and rumors of his violent nature had carried him through life, causing people to assume violence even when none had been overtly offered. To have a woman simply ignore that danger confused him. He turned, stalking from the room. Chastity motioned for Roger to proceed her.

"Return when they are situated, Chastity. I think you and I should talk."

The girl led them down the hall, then up the main staircase to the second floor. The Red Room was a large suite with red velvet wallpaper. Dash lay still out of it. The girl led them to the next room, which had a blue velvet trim instead.

"There is clothing in the closets. I am sure you can find something in your size. The bath is there and there are refreshments in the cabinet there." She looked at the two men. "Is there anything else I can get for you?"

"Yeah, some peace and quiet, and a schedule of the boats out of here," Vince said.

"I will see what I can do," she demurred. "And you, sir?" she asked Roger.

"When he wants his dick sucked, he'll call you."

Roger shook his head. She rolled her eyes, drawing a smile out of him, and left.

“Stop making eyes at the bitch. We have to get out of here.”

“Yes, Vince.” Roger moved to the table, listening to his brother.

Chastity walked past the maids that were working on the rooms on this floor. They were all dressed in the same manner. French maid style uniforms with short ruffled skirts, six-inch heels, small caps perched on their heads, ball gags locked into place.

“Marina, make sure those two men have enough towels,” she told the maid. The woman curtsied, head down. Chastity went down the stairs, knocking on the office door again. Merida was staring out the window when she came in.

“That was not in character, Chastity,” Merida said. “How often have you just initiated a sexual contact?”

“I know that, Mistress,” Chastity replied. “But he seemed like a nice man. I asked him what he might want, as our instructions tell us to. He was at first embarrassed. When I actually touched him, he was more worried that I might get in trouble than his own satisfaction. During the act when most men force a woman’s face, he merely caressed mine. It was...pleasing.”

“So you gave of yourself to him,” Merida replied. “I think you have progressed well, my dear. It has been what, sixty years?”

“Eighty, Mistress.”

“Soon you can move to the next level. No, not soon. Now. Have you an interest?”

“Could I...” She blushed. “Could I remain on staff near this man Roger for a while yet, Mistress?”

“Ah.” Merida nodded. “As long as he does not transgress, you may place yourself at his disposal.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Up in the Blue Room, Vince was pacing. “Just like prison.”

“What you had velvet and women around you there?” Ralph asked.

“Fuck you, bro. I mean being stuck and you can’t get out.” The older man went through the closet, and picked up a pair of shorts. “I’m going to scope out the docks. See if I can find a boat for us to heist. You watch Dash.”

“Right.”

Once Vince was gone, Ralph stepped from the room. One of the maids was walking toward him, and he walked up to her. She looked at him with doe-like eyes questioning.

“Is it possible to get a beer? Or a shot of whiskey?”

The girl motioned, leading him back to his room. Behind a section of wall was a full wet bar. She picked up the ice bucket and held it up, questioningly. “I don’t need ice. But thanks for the offer.” Her eyes twinkled and she gave him a deep slow curtsy before going back to her duties. He poured a single shot of bourbon, and knocked it back before going next door.

Dash was lying there, eyes wide open. He looked at Ralph, then at the room.

“Are we dead?”

“Nah. We were rescued by a group of women.”

“Women?”

Ralph explained. Dash stretched, standing. “What about the money?”

Ralph glared at him. “Damn it is that all you and my brother can think about? I had to get both of you out of the plane and it was already underwater when I did! So we lost it. Sank with the plane. We can’t win every time.”

“Hey, chill, man,” Dash said. “I understand. It’s just this was my only chance to get away. I’ll never be in that position again and it’s a little hard to take throwing your life away for nothing.” He smiled sadly. “So we’re surrounded by women in a whorehouse, and can do anything?”

“I don’t know if it’s that simple. The lady who runs this place is major league creepy. She acts like she’s God or something. It’s her island, she makes the rules, and if we break them, she punishes us.” Ralph shuddered a bit. “Reminds me of my Aunt Katherine.” He shrugged. “Anyway there were clothes in our closet, so there must be here.” He walked over, and there was as he had anticipated, a bar. “Need ice?”

“Yeah.”

Ralph picked up the ice bucket and walked into the hall. A maid was mincing by and he raised a hand. She flinched as if she expected him to hit her. Like the other one, she had doe-like eyes, but her hair was a mass of curly blonde. “My friend needs ice,” he told her. She cocked her head, then walked into the Red Room. She pointed at the bell on the table. “Sorry.” Her eyes softened, and again he was given a slow curtsy before she walked away with the bucket in hand.

“They all like that?”