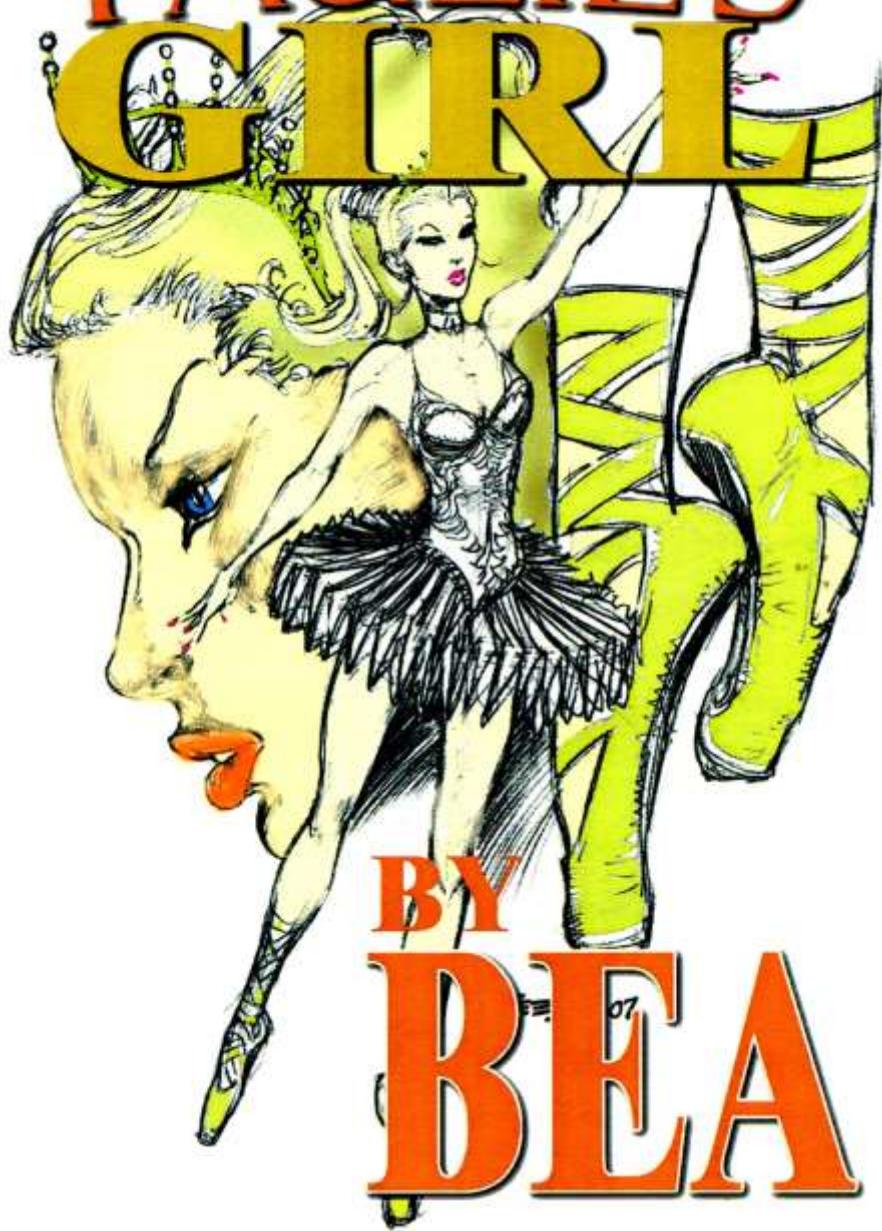


PAULIE'S

GIRL



BY

BEA



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Paulie's Girl

By Bea

I was surprised at the size and quantity of the male company that surrounded me. Size mostly.

To begin with, I'm small and petite, so it's been a rarity for me to be in any kind of group, male or female, to find myself as big, if not bigger than my companions, but in this case I was probably bigger than one or two of my twenty companions – and the ones that were bigger than me weren't that much taller – maybe an inch or two. They all wore the same uniform as I did – a sort of half-assed military 'cammo' outfit of pants, tunic and forage cap, which gave us all a sort of military appearance. I real laugh, if you ask me!

The warden was a stocky lady with short dark hair, a man's watch, and a very military bearing. The guards, mostly women, got us formed on ranks in front of her, then stood at attention behind, and to the sides of us. She put her hands behind her and addressed us.

“Gentlemen! To our new arrivals. I haven't had enough time to meet some of you individually in the few days you've been here at this correctional institute, but I hope that you are all settling down all right?”

She paused as if waiting for an answer, but she would have waited for a long time before anyone in my group said anything. Settling down? How can anyone settle down who's built like me in a male correctional institute? I have a very youthful appearance and practically no facial growth – so knew that I had already attracted the interest of some of the more predatory males. The only thing that had saved me from being raped was the fact that I had still been interred in the “Indoctrination” compound set up by the warden and taking a mess of psychological tests, had therefore not yet been allocated my cell in the main facility. To say that I was concerned is probably a major understatement. It was more like the fact that I was scared out of my mind.

I have few illusions about myself. Know that I'm tiny and very weak. Know also that I'm of the 'pretty' school of boys. It's not my fault that I'm that way. I've tried gyms and such like, but knew that the best I could ever do was not cut out to be much more than I am. Let's face it, you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear – right? At the same time, I am heterosexual – absolutely and categorically. I've actually dated a few women but am not very aggressive, so none of the relationships had ever come to

anything. Let's face it, it's kinda hard to come across as all macho and masculine when most of the women – even the small ones – match you inch for inch and pound for pound. Especially if they wear heels – look down on you, sort of thing.

I was in prison for embezzlement – I was as guilty as sin – no sense in denying it, but had become terrified of what the sentenced amount of time behind bars was going to do to me. I'd already been advised by fellow inmates to pick myself a 'Hunk' and become his girlfriend, and to do it quickly, otherwise my ass was going to become a 'playground' for a LOT of my fellow prisoners. It was advised that if I could act the girl part well enough, I'd only have that one guy to contend with as he'd be my protector. I could see the sense in this, but trust me, the idea made me shudder with dread – there was absolutely no way I could see myself doing anything along those lines. Acting like a girl for some guy? The idea made me physically sick! Then I realized that the warden was talking again.

“I need ten volunteers to work outside the prison. The work is clerical in nature – nothing heavy. To qualify, you should be heterosexual. You MUST be proficient with office equipment, particularly Personal Computers – and if you have any accounting background this will be a decided plus. If you qualify, step forward. But before you do? Let me tell you something. You'll be tested both for your office skills and your sexual proclivities. If you do NOT meet the requirements I just stated, you will be punished for wasting my time. Is that clear? I need hetero guys with a strong background in Accounting or Personal Computers – and believe me! DON'T waste my time!”

I met all of the criteria – and then some, having worked as a male secretary when I started in my career, then advanced through the ranks – mainly in accounting. I was well versed in most of the Accounting software used in PC's as well. I stepped forward, but was dismayed to see that quite a few of my companions had done the same. Then it dawned on me that some pre-screening must have already been done. That would probably explain the absence of any tough appearing guys in the whole group. At this thought my confidence went pretty high.

There were twelve of us that stepped forward. The ones who hadn't volunteered were dismissed, and we had to wait a minute while the room was cleared except for the warden, us, and a few of the guards.

The woman relaxed her posture a little. “Very good! But I only need ten of you – so this might be a good inducement for you all to try your best at the tests that you'll be going to be going through. But before you start your testing, let me explain what the job you're volunteering for entails.”

She smiled. “It may be very hard for you gentlemen to accept this, but the Federal Government has discovered that the best people to build the prisons we need so badly – are probably women! Yes, I can see that

some of you are surprised, but think along these lines instead of just reacting. In the first place, nobody – and I mean NO BODY - wants to have a prison built close to them, which means that the prisons are generally built away from any urban areas. This does NOT go down with the general male population. Women have less tendencies to fight along racial or ethnic gang lines than their male counterparts. We have also discovered that some of them – the lesbians in particular, are just as strong and less easily distracted than males. Accordingly, while we're building the next prison scheduled, we are testing this hypothesis by having a work force comprised totally of women. We do need secretarial support however, and that's where YOU come in.”

One of my cohorts was holding up his hand. She saw this and nodded at him.

He spoke at once. “Begging your pardon ma'am? But why then do you want us volunteers to be heterosexual?”

“Good question, young man!” she boomed. “Just think about it? What male will be the LEAST attractive to a masculine woman? Would it be a swishy effeminate gay, or a heterosexual male, confident in his own gender identity? It's also obvious why we don't think that having a secretarial staff comprised of real women would be a good idea – they'd draw the masculine women like flies. Understand?”

He, as all of us did, got her point and nodded.

“Any other questions?” she asked.

“How long will the construction of this building take ma'am, and where will it be?” someone asked from the group.

“The one that's currently in construction that you're being considered for? It's well underway, with all the administrative and prisoner areas completed. It's also out in the desert somewhere, though close to the foothills, so the climate should be pleasant.”

She surveyed us all, a strange smile on her face. “If there are no more questions? I'd suggest you follow the guards into the next room and start the testing.”

There was a sense of excitement amongst the group as we found ourselves being herded into the testing area, and it dawned on me that with the physiques we had, I was not the only one who had dreaded being placed amongst the general population of the prison. A lot of us were small and physically dainty.

I creamed the clerical and computer knowledge tests. Was finished so far of everyone else that I had time to go over all of my answers and check. Was almost positive that I had scored 100 percent. The psychological testing was more difficult, simply because I had no idea of how to respond to the myriad questions I was asked by a lady psychologist who was

distant, but professional enough. Full of a nervous excited fear, I was finally escorted back to my cell by one of the guards. She seemed very nice and had been consistently smiling at me every time our eyes had met. I asked her how soon I would be informed of how well we'd done on the tests.

"Probably no later than tonight sweetie, maybe tomorrow at the latest" she said, patting my backside. "As far as I know, the truck for transportation of the ten of you that are accepted will be leaving early tomorrow morning." She patted me again, softly. "I'm kinda hoping you don't pass – you're a real cutie. We could maybe be good friends if you stayed?"

I was confused at the overt admiration in her tone. She was a fairly nice looking woman, though a little heavier and bigger than me and, let's face it, a damn sight more attractive than most of the dates I'd had. But there was something predatory about her that scared me a little. Her uniform was also doing things to me. Still, I didn't see any sense in burning any bridges with her if I was to fail in the testing. Having a guard for a girlfriend might pay off handsomely I thought. I gave her a smile, and sort of wiggled my bottom under her hand. She smiled and opened my cell gate and I entered, blushing a little at the look in her eyes.

"Just one thing sweetie?" she spoke softly behind me.

I turned back to face her. "Yes?"

"I notice that you haven't had your hair cut yet?"

Defensively, I put my hand to my hair. Blushed because it was so damn long. "My lawyer wouldn't let me get it cut – thought it made me look younger and more innocent during the trial, and I haven't had a chance since." I explained. "But I suppose I'll be getting it all cut off in the next day or so – if I'm still here. Don't know what chance I'll have to get it cut if I'm okayed for this new project."

She had followed me into the cell and I felt that I was being crowded back into the wall. She reached up and stroked my hair tenderly. "Oh no, sweetie. That won't do at all! I don't know what'll happen if you are picked for the project. But if you're not picked to go and stay here instead? Just tell the barber that Paulie likes your hair, just the way it is. Pretty! He'll leave it alone then. Okay?"

"But Paulie? I want to get my hair cut – it's getting awfully long and girlish. I really want to get it cut short!" I answered firmly.

Then I let out a squeal of pain as she pushed her forefinger into my soft upper arm. "LEAVE IT ALONE! Understand?" She was hissing in my ear as she continued to force the finger into my arm, rotating it painfully now. "Leave it if you want to be Pauline's friend!"

"Ooh Ooh Ooh!" I moaned softly as she kept on inflicting the pain. "Yes Paulie. I'm sorry. I just didn't understand. Honest."

She smiled softly. "Good!" Then she came forward and embraced me. I felt that I should struggle but was powerless in her arms as she was so much stronger than I was. She turned my face up to hers by using one hard hand, kissed me full on the lips, then stuck her tongue deep into my mouth. I was gasping for air when she finally released me. She spoke to me again, still embracing me. "If you stay here? Want to be Paulie's girl? I'll show you a good time. Keep you away from all those horny guys out in the jail. Get you a soft billet, easy assignments. Would you like that?"

What was I supposed to say? 'NO'? I had absolutely no idea of what was going on. I was a guy for Christ's sake – and she was a woman – no doubt about the full softness of her breasts that had pressed against me as she'd taken me in her arms. And? To tell the truth, there HAD been something very pleasurable in what she'd done to me – there was no denying the erection that was trying to burst out of my pants.

It's also a fact of life that cells in a correctional institute are NOT roomy – I was being cornered already by the wall behind me. So I took what I considered to be the best course I could see. Smiled at her shyly. "Well Paulie? I'm not a girl, but I'd really like to be your friend."

"My special friend?" she asked.

"Your very special friend!" I answered – and found myself in her embrace again, being kissed lustily, this time her hand down on my groin, caressing me gently. Then, she opened my pants and her hand slid inside. "Think I'd get you some pretty undies to wear. Would you like that?" she whispered. "All silky and satiny? Nice and lacy? Paulie likes her friends to feel all nice and soft."

Luckily, I didn't have to answer her question, because I would have said 'no' and probably got her angry again – but for some strange reason I ejaculated forcibly there and then – which she seemed to take as a 'Yes' answer from me - as she laughed happily and used her hand to spread my cum all over the front of my underpants as I wriggled helplessly in her grip. Then she withdrew. "G'night sweetie. I sure hope you don't get picked for this project, I'm sure we could make some beautiful music together."

Exhausted, I could only gaze dully at her as she locked my cell door and left. As there is only a sink in the cells, I had to wash myself as well as I could, and change into dry underpants. I finally flopped down on my bed – and before I fell asleep had enough sense to pray fervently that I'd be picked for the new project. I wasn't sure what my fate would be at Paulie's hands, but it was not really something I wanted to think about too much right at that moment. Fell asleep immediately, exhausted by the developments of the day. Had strange dreams. Knew I'd enjoyed them when I woke up, but had a tremendously guilty feeling – as if I should

have disliked them instead. Luckily, I could not remember one thing about them.

It was lights out still when I woke up, and very dark, so I got a terrible scare when I heard my cell door creak very silently open, and felt rather than saw a presence in my cell. Even then, I still let out a frightened little squeal just before a hand slid under the back of my neck and my mouth was lifted upwards into a passionate kiss and a tongue found its way forcibly into my mouth while, in the meantime another hand found its way into my groin – and the erection that should not have been there.

“Hi cupcake! Still Paulie's girl?” Her voice whispered in my ear softly.

What was I to do? “You gave me an awful fright Paulie!” I scolded her.

This was NOT the reply she wanted. She grabbed me in the groin and started to squeeze forcibly. I let out a moan of pain. “Please Paulie. Please don't”

“I asked you if you were my girl!” she demanded. “Now answer!”

“Yes Paulie.” I answered meekly.

“Say it! Say 'I'm your girl Paulie' and kiss me back!”

I still didn't know if I'd been selected for the new program or not. Could not take the chance of alienating this crazy woman who, after all, HAD to be a better protector for me than anyone else this prison offered. I couldn't see too well in the darkness, but could at least make out the shape of her head. Twined my arms up and around her neck. Arched my back upwards, making my lips soft, inviting, and succulent as I knew how. “Of course I'm your girl, silly!” I cooed softly. “You just gave me such a fright!” Kissed her seductively.

“Oh life can be such a bitch at times!” she complained when our lips parted.

“What's the matter darling?” I whispered sympathetically.

“Just when I find the girl of my dreams, she gets taken away!” she said bitterly.

My heart jumped inside me. “Why dear? What do you mean?” I said.

“You've been picked for that goddam project! I tried to speak to that bitch of a warden, but she said that you were a perfect fit for the position. Wouldn't give me the time of day!”

I took an awful gamble, but knew I had to do something. “Maybe I could decline. Say I wanted to stay?” I said tentatively, worrying about what I could possibly do if she thought this a good idea. But I'd played it perfectly.