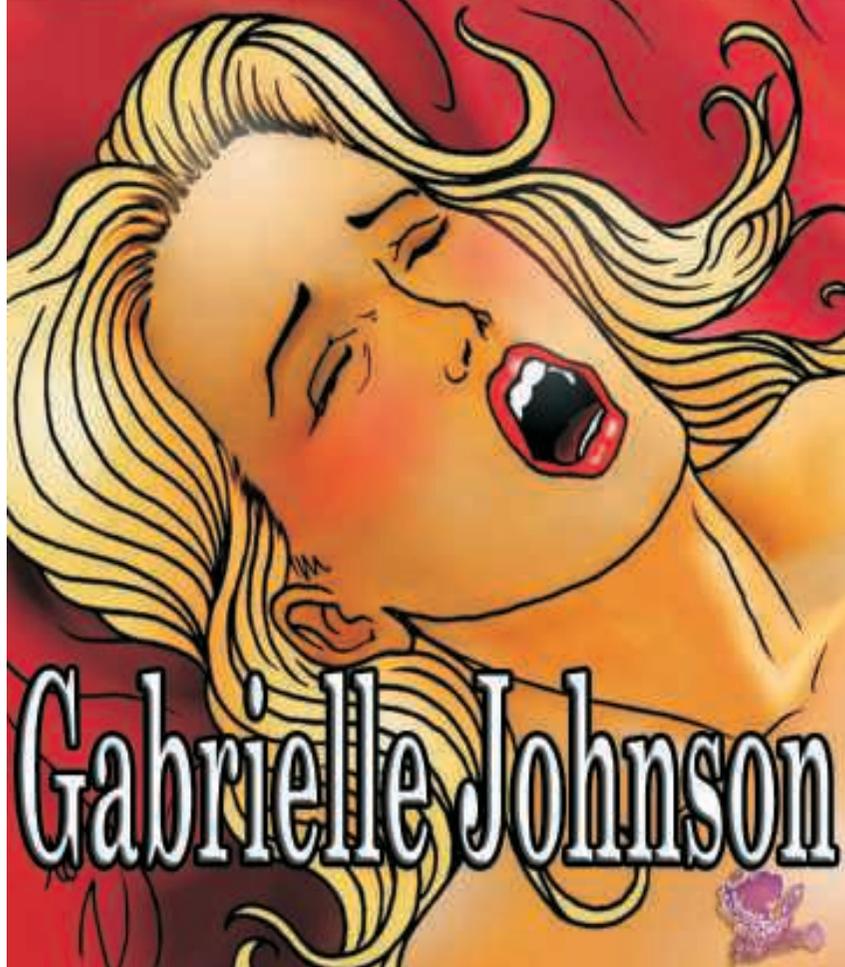


Whatever, No More
Muth-er!



Gabrielle Johnson



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Whatever No More, Muth-er!

by Gabrielle Johnson

“Time for bed, my darling girl,” said the man almost lifting me out of my high heels. “Bed with me.”

“Oh yes,” I whispered girlishly, knowing exactly what Joseph planned to do to me, Diana, and thinking how wonderful it was going to be to be a girl loved so strongly by a man like Joseph.

Joseph kissed me so adorably, pressing me against the walls of the hotel elevator. His hands caressed me so gently, all down my back and onto my tush, Oh, oh, he could feel my panties through the silky material of my dress, couldn't he? But I was Diana, wasn't I, and I would, should, did, adore the way I was being so femininely caressed.

Joseph even found my padded breasts, bouncing more than a little as they were supposed to in my tight dress. Oh, and his wonderful mouth didn't stop enticing me, his tongue gently touching mine as well as my quivering lips. Oh, 'French kissing', that's what we'd called it, was so erotic, something a man would do to a girl he wanted to do more to. Ooo, I let his tongue take possession of my mouth as I clung to this man who stroked my hair and bare shoulders exactly as if I was a girl.

We almost fell out of the elevator when the door opened. Oh, how my dress swirled about me as I wobbled on my high heels. I giggled as Diana would have done as he pressed me against the wall, finally giving up all pretence at gentleness as he kissed me passionately as Diana put her arms about his neck and held him to her. Oh, yes, Mummy would give her an A plus rating for the way that Diana was behaving with her man.

I could hear her saying, "It's the Method, Diana! You have to be Diana and feel what she feels, what she'd love to feel when she kisses Calvin, not what John feels. Ugh, no, don't even think of him at all. Don't bring him into any of this. This is you, being Diana, feeling how she feels, and loving making lots of lovely money as an actress as you do this, what you must, with Scott, Cal or Grainger!"

Oh, Mummy was so right, I thought, trembling as I tried to think where the voice in my head was coming from. I don't know if it was that single, little doubt or if it was Kathy, clattering out of another elevator and clicking speedily down the hallway to confront us.

"Joseph!" she began, Kathy's voice surprisingly shaky to my ears. "Diana, what do you think you're doing with ...?"

But Diana wanted another passionate kiss from her 'swain'. She swished her flirty, dance dress about the handsome 'Hollywood' man kissing her, smiling at the mess she'd made of his lips, knowing that her lipstick must be

smears on her own lips just as badly as it was smeared on Joseph.

“Go away, Katherine Judith,” snarled the man holding Diana, me, in such a wonderful, darling, tight caress. “This is between a man and a woman. You’ll know more about it when you are one.”

Oh, that’s cruel, I thought, as I heard Kathy gasp. No, it was more of a sob coming from the transgender ‘girl’ who had called me her sister as we dressed for this outing with Megan and her clients. I broke my kiss with Hollywood, beginning to shake as I realized what I, Diana, no, not Diana, was doing with a man, swaying my body against his, his hands making me feel pleasure as I’m sure he felt pleasure in touching my wriggling hips.

“D-Diana,” whispered Kathy, her cheeks redder than they had been when she’d used rouge to make herself look prettier. Her lovely, femininely outlined eyes were gleaming as she stared meaningfully at me and wouldn’t look at the fuming Joseph at all. “Mrs Ward told me to remind you that she’s making what she promised your mother come true ...”

I don’t know if it was her words or if it was the crudity of Hollywood’s words to my ‘sister’ woke me up into what I was doing. Joseph was looking at Kathy as well in a most resentful manner as if her interruption meant something else to him. No, I wasn’t in a play as I’d been thinking I was, as Diana. I didn’t have to use The Method at all. I wasn’t Diana.

And my ‘sister’ was Kathy, a transsexual, a boy who really wanted to be a girl and longed some day to have the operation to turn her fully into a girl. And Joseph knew all about ‘her’, and had said what he did deliberately to make her cry. Oh, goodness, she couldn’t have girlish feelings for Joseph, could she? Was I being manipulated by the man

kissing me so passionately, that I really had thought of being his woman, totally, for him?

But Joseph didn't know about me, that I'm really John, and neither did Kathy, who called me her sister. They both thought that I really was a girl! Oh, this was becoming too complicated for words, particularly as Joseph took hold of my chin again and forcibly kissed my lips with the passion a man like him would use. Oh, it was so shocking, and so arousing. All through me, I could feel everything about me that was so womanly wanting to react in simpering pleasure to this man enticing me, as a girl, to want him to make love to me, Diana. And right in front of my 'sister' as well, who clearly would like to be in my place, I believed.

"Diana," whispered Kathy, her high heels clicking again, her dress swishing as noisily as mine was doing as Joseph pressed his lower body tightly against mine. Boys do that, we girls in my acting classes had all said, when they wanted us to feel how aroused they were, how they wanted to make love to us. Oh, and fear suddenly coursed through me as Joseph lifted my leg as I felt his manhood pressing into me.

"N-No, Joseph!" I gasped, pulling my lips free from his as he squeezed my thigh and dress down on his arousal. Oh, he hugged me so crazily, kissing and mauling me, his hand lifting my dress so that he could caress my stockings and my garters, even as he held up my leg. I could feel his manhood against my panties!

"Oh! Oh!" I think I shrieked between passionate kisses as Joseph bore into me, exposing my dress and panties as he stroked my wriggling tush.

Kathy saved me. She grabbed Joseph's exploring hand and pulled on him. I managed to get my leg down as he cursed at her and pushed her away.

"Joseph, you can't ..." Kathy, tears spilling over her lovely makeup, pleaded with this man, he trying to pull me to him again and direct me down the hallway with him.

The clanging of the elevators brought laughing people from the party down below into the hallway where Joseph was holding me, kissing me, while a quivering Kathy looked on, wiping at her face hastily with a small tissue.

“I told you that he wouldn’t be satisfied with just one girl, didn’t I?” asked one of the middle-aged, blonde women. “Come and join our party, Joseph Williams, you and Kathy. Oh, and that’s Diana Kelly with you, isn’t it? Bring her to our room. Teddy will love to get re-acquainted with her!”

I had no idea who she was, or who Teddy might be.

“He’s got his own room and two girls,” laughed a younger woman, as the elevator sounded again, as if more people were coming. “He’s got his own party! He doesn’t want us!”

“Hey, are you two girls all right?” one of the men with the women asked us, the three of us frozen in the hallway, Joseph pulling on me while Kathy helped me to resist the man wanting to make love to me as a woman.

“You need some help?” asked another man as a crowd of people came in a rush from the elevator, yelling about where the party was going to be and Teddy should hurry and get the door open as there was another crowd coming up and the hallway wasn’t the place for music and making out!

Joseph cursed again. “Let’s go to my room, Diana,” he pleaded with me. “You wanted me before, in the elevator, as well as out here.”

“I-I can’t!” I said to him, shuddering as he was only speaking the truth. I didn’t dare to look at Kathy and see what she was feeling as he said that to me. “I-I have to talk to Megan!” Megan Ward was my attorney and Kathy was her assistant.

I could scarcely believe it then when Joseph abruptly let me go and stalked off down the hallway where the partygoers were headed, shouting and laughing as if they were half-drunk already. Several of the men put their arms

about Kathy and me and tried to drag us off into the party room.

I felt so weird as I moved where a quivering Kathy wanted me to go, towards another set of elevators at the other end of the hotel. I still felt as if I was in Joseph's arms, as if he was holding me and kissing me forcefully. I didn't know where he'd gone. If he'd come out of one of the rooms we passed, I'd have gone with him if he put his arms about me, about Diana, me, I'm sure of it.

"Did, did Mrs Ward tell you about me?" Kathy asked as we entered another elevator for a ride down to the level where we'd been before.

"She told me about Whitney ..." I began. Whitney was the boy-mad transvestite that Megan was employing as her receptionist. Whitney had had to phone me earlier and practice the female voice she was to learn how to use with me.

"You looked just like her, with Joseph," whispered Kathy, taking a wet tissue from her purse and beginning to clean my lips and chin. She held the door closed for a while as she took out her compact and checked out her own slightly mussed face. Then she waited until I nervously got out my compact and powdered my nose and face before re-doing my lipstick, thinking of all the tricks Mummy had made me learn to make my lips girlishly perfect.

"Whitney said something about me giving him a kiss she owed him," I murmured femininely as I put my makeup away and tried to think again that I was Diana as we waited for the elevator door to open.

"He's had her, you know," said Kathy, giving me a furtive glance. "And he's tried to have me as well. Yes, Joseph knows about what he speaks. I told him what I was and I wouldn't go that far with him. I wouldn't, not until I finally have the operation, because, you know, well, because I'm not gay, I told him. I'm not but, well, he's Hollywood, isn't he? He promised me every step we went that he wouldn't go



any further in kissing and fondling me as if I was a girl but he always did.

“Oh, when he found what I had in my panties, well, you wouldn’t guess what happened. It didn’t stop him at all. He, he just penetrated me in the, the other place, you know, as some girls are supposed to let men do. He just had me and had me there, all night long, as if I was his girl. I was in love with him all through it and walking on heavenly clouds all the next day. But then I realized what I’d done when I watched Whitney making out with Drew from Megan’s window. I was just like her. And Joseph came in and thought he could just have me, right there on Megan’s couch.

“If he’d romanced me and told me what a lovely woman I am, I’d probably have let him fuck me as he said he wanted to. I told him that I wouldn’t ever again, not until I became a real woman. He could have me then if he still wanted to.

“Megan interrupted us and he stalked out. She said I was an idiot. She’d let Joseph fuck her any time he wanted, she said, and she’s married, well supposed to be, to Barry!

“Joseph asked me out a half dozen times after that. I wouldn’t go, even though he touches me every time I’m near him. It really arouses me, makes my breasts really hurt, wanting him. Well, they did, until he came into the office with this beautiful blonde, she wearing the ring he’d bought her at some summer sale. Oh, I was such a fool for that man.”

The door opened, Kathy directed me, the shakes having definitely returned to me as she spoke. I felt so silly with all that I’d let Joseph do to arouse me as a woman. And if he’d found out the truth about me, it wouldn’t have ended with just kissing and cuddling, would it? He’d made love to Kathy and wanted to again. He’d even, according to Kathy, made love to Megan’s flirty transvestite receptionist, Whitney. He’d have had me the same way that he’d had the other ‘girls’.