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“MASKS”

by Ms Bébé Talons

INSPIRATION!

The inspiration for this story came to me in a flash when I went to my local movie theater to see the movie “The Mask” starring Jim Carrey and Cameron Diaz.

In one segment, Wendy L. Walsh, playing herself as a TV Interviewer, speaks to Dr. Arthur Newman, Psychologist, played by actor Ben Stein.

I could not get that quote out of my mind, and over the next few weeks, I pondered and puzzled and wracked my brain, trying to understand the implications of what I had heard. Then, out of the blue, it struck me!

I, too, was wearing a sort of a mask and had been my whole life!

What a revelation!

After another moment's reflection, I came to realize that I was not alone!

Everyone, without exception, that I knew wore a mask of some sort to hide their true self from the unrelenting glare of "public" exposure and knowledge.

And the clearer this basic concept of "self" came to me, the more solid the story forthcoming became until it became an obsession that had to be written.

More, I was the one who had to write it!

And so was born Maxine and Max and Marianne and Michelle and Lynda and Lana and Melvin and Harriet and Henry Q. FitzMorris and Dolores Marteen and all the rest of the actors in this quasi-farcical tour de force and I freely admit that every one of my characters is totally fictional and a product of my overly-active and creative mind!

Although most of my characters have deep-rooted bases in reality, any resemblance to persons living or dead is completely unintentional and purely coincidental.

Ms Bébé Talons

PROLOGUE

It was getting late and I decided I wanted to leave. I was some tired of all the noise and my semi-immobilized state during my “reign” and everything was beginning to pall on me.

I moved to the bar, my attentive maids at my sides when I leaned over to talk to Harriet.

“Well, Dear Heart,” I crooned, “it was nice but I think I had better toddle on out of here and beat the crowd rushing to the punch!” I grinned. “Or something like that!” I added mischievously.

“I’ll be sorry to see you go, Max,” she replied sadly. “You make a wonderful Queen!”

“Yeah, well, I had years to practice for the role!” I giggled.

She laughed joyfully. “Well, take good care of yourself and see you soon?”

“Proolly!” I waved a hand in her direction and turned to go.

And came up hard against a solid wall of male! Startled, I brought my attention to bear.

“Excuse me, Miss Maxine?” grated a gravelly voice above me.

Startled, I spun about, my ankle-length white lace skirt swishing and rustling and hissing angrily against my smooth shaved thighs, its hem swirling furiously about my nylon clad calves and my feet in their four inch spike heeled granny boots with the old-fashioned pearl-button closures and the jangly Spanish spurs attached at their heels, tilted my head back and back and back, and blurted, “There is no excuse for you, you. . . you. . . you. . .” I sput-

tered, my hazel eyes traveling upwards, rising along the white-studded front of a bright pink cashmere cowboy shirt, up. . . and up. . . and up. . . “mor. . . on. . .” I stammered to a halt and took in the sight of gleaming teeth, a bushy mustache and further up to stare into twinkling green eyes below a white Stetson hat that covered a mane of pure gold!

My good God, that cowboy must have been a good seven and a half feet high, if he were an inch! He towered over my tiny six foot three (in my heels!) with an ease born of many years of enduring others’ rude stares!

As my heart leaped into my throat, my sarcastic put-down died in its infancy!

“Miss Maxine,” came that deep baritone that thrilled me right down to the tips of my painted toe nails! “You are a magnificent Queen and I would love to be your consort!” he exclaimed.

“I have no need of a consort, varlet!” I snapped as I reached out for support from the bar, slumping into a vacant bar stool.

“Be that as it may, My Queen,” he smiled lazily, “I volunteer my services for as long as thee hath need for them!” he whispered softly as my legs collapsed beneath me and I sat down on a bar stool.

“Thee art an impudent lot!” I quavered weakly.

He took my hand and bowed over it, his lips kissing my knuckles, his mustache tickling my very being! “May I introduce myself, My Queen? My name is Henry Q. FitzMorris and I am unattached and I would very much like to become attached to you!”

“Mr. FitzMorris!” I gasped. Methinks you presume much. Too much, methinketh!”

He kissed my knuckles again. “My Queen!” he repeated softly.

“Stop it!” I commanded. “I am not *your* Queen and I shall never be!” I have no need for for a consort of any kind! I have my two maids to look after all my needs!” I declared angrily.

“Excuse me, Miss Maxine,” the mountain of a man repeated, “may I have the honor of this next dance? I promise I won’t tread upon your shoe-tops too often!” His shy, infectious grin was almost too much to resist. Then, ignoring my weak protests, he had pulled me to my feet and I was in his arms and we were dancing!

I tilted my head and looked skyward at this giant of a man. ‘He has to be at least seven tall!’ I thought wonderingly.

As if reading my thoughts, “I am six feet ten inches tall even,” he explained. “The added height is an optical delusion caused by my high heeled cowboy boots.”

“Don’t you mean ‘illusion,’ cowboy?” I asked stupidly.

He laughed. “Whatever!”

Pulling myself free, I stumbled back to my bar stool.

“Did I offend thee?” he asked, coming to me and bowing down before me.

“No, not really, it’s just that I did not want to dance. I wanted to leave to go home.”

“What? And ruin the best chance I will ever have of getting to know you?” he teased.

“Sir! Please!” I begged. I think. Actually, I am not even sure my voice was working!

“Oh! My! Good! God!” I murmured irreverently as my trapped, swollen sex part throbbed with a desire and excitement I had not felt since the untimely death of my late husband, Max! My nylon encased knees turned to jelly in their sleek tubes as a new feeling of need washed over my now trembling body! Awestruck, I slipped from my stool and curtseyed, my eyes downcast with shamed pleasure as I blushed furiously.

Respectfully, the cowboy bowed low. “Your obedient servant, Miss Maxine!” he whispered, his ten-gallon Stetson hat sweeping the floor in polite reverence.

“Oh! My! Good! God!” I repeated inanely as my brain turned to mush. “It’s just plain ‘Maxine,’ not ‘Miss Maxine!’” I corrected automatically, shyly (Me? Shy? Picture that!), and my lowered lashes brushed my rouged cheeks as I blushed helplessly, furiously, curtsying anew to this man-mountain!

He smiled shyly, took my hands in his and drew me to my feet while kissing my lace-gloved knuckles gently. “Yes, Ma’am, Miss Maxine!” he repeated, a twinkle in his eye.

“It’s just plain ol’ ‘Maxine’,” I insisted.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he agreed, “whatever you say, Miss Maxine! ‘Ceptin’ you could never be ‘just plain’ ol’ anythang!” he insisted with a shy grin.

My!

Good!

God!

I must have died and gone to Heaven!

Back on my bar stool after the dance, I turned to Harriet. “Who is that great ape?”

“Beats me. Never saw him before in my life. Why, was he bothering you?”

I nodded. “Yes, he was very pushy! Kept calling me His Queen! Of all the nerve!”

“Yeah, I could see how much you were bothered while you danced! Honey, it’s the most relaxed and full of life I have seen you since. . . since. . . you know. . .” her voice trailed off.

I stared at her, dumb-struck. My heart was still thumping madly in my chest and I put my hand over my breast to still the pounding. Feelings and emotions I had thought died with Max were crowding their way back into my consciousness and I was beginning to feel overwhelmed by it all!

I started in sudden recognition! “You’re right! My good God! What have I done?” I murmured.

“Well, he’s gone now,” she stated. “I just saw him go out the front door.”

“Oh!”

“You blew it, girl!” she giggled.

I became aware that my two maids were rubbing my hands and arms and asking the same dumb question over and over, “Are you all right, Mistress?”

I shook my hands free. “No, I’m not all right!” I stood and glared at them. “We’re leaving, now!”

And we did. I motioned for my two maids, Michelle and Marianne to keep quiet, and drove the rest of the way back to the farm in silence.

What an upsetting night it had been.

And how exciting!

No!

What was I thinking?

What about Max?

What about Max indeed?

Max was dead!

The cowboy was very much alive!

Vibrantly alive!

Oh, be still my heart!

* * *

CHAPTER 1 A RUDE AWAKENING

“Maxine? You awake?” Max demanded imperiously, yammering loud enough to wake the dead while shaking my silken shoulder vigorously. “C’mon, Babe, rise and shine! Time to get up! Time’s a wastin’!” I rolled away from him and covered my head with the pillow, trying unsuccessfully to ignore him.

But, there it was again, that damned voice cutting into my peaceful dreams, insisting that I wake up! ‘No!’ I thought angrily. I waved my hand in dismissal. “Go ‘way! I don’ wanna!”

But, that damned voice would not go away! Groggily, I raised my head to see my husband, Max, looming over me, a great big grin wreathing his lips. “You awake, Babe?” he repeated.

“Well, I wasn’t,” I grumbled groggily.

“C’mon, Babe! Wake up!” he insisted excitedly, “We! Are! In!”

‘In what?’ I wondered as I gave him such a glare and pulled the pillow over my head, nestling down into my warm, inviting nest.

But, he still wouldn’t go away! His work-hardened hand descended onto my up-thrust bottom with a resounding whack and I yelped angrily.

“Wha’d’ya wan?” I muttered, opening one eye and glaring at him.

“We’re in, Baby Girl!” he chortled. “We! Are! In!” he repeated inanely.

“If you don’t go away and let me get some sleep,” I threatened coldly, “you are the one who’s going to be in. . . in deep doodoo!”

Again he swatted my up-turned rump. “C’m’on, Max!” he insisted. “This is important!”

I looked around at the alarm clock beside the bed. “11:30,” it read. Yeah, but A.M. or P.M., that was the question. The way I felt, it had to be P.M. That meant that I had been asleep for less than an hour, and this great ape wanted me to get up? “Go suck an egg!” I snarled at him as nastily as I could and yanked the blanket back over my head.

The next thing I knew, the blankets had been snatched away and he was pulling my leg, hauling me bodily from the bed! I hit the carpeted floor on my nylon covered rump with a loud thump, rolled over and sort of lunged for him. I missed! Dammit all! I wanted to kill him so bad!

“C’m’on, Hon! Get up! It’s almost noon!” he urged. “The big do is tonight and I wanna be lookin’ my best for the guys!”

‘You!’ I thought. ‘What about me?’

“We are in!” he insisted, as joyful as a speckled pup.

“Trust you to wake me up early!” I grouched, modestly tucking my granny gown around my knees, then folding my arms protectively under my breasts.

“I just heard from Snake (Bobby Harris - he was president of the local motorcycle club chapter),” he crowed before gathering me into his arms and hugging me tightly. “We’re in, Baby Girl, we’re in, and tonight’s the night we get in!” he enthused, much to my utter disdain.

“Big frapping deal!” I muttered.

He cringed visibly. “But, Baby, I thought you’d want to know and I never gave it a thought about waking you to tell you the good news. . .” he started to apologize.

“That’s just it, you didn’t think. You never think!” I snarled nastily.

“Aw, I didn’t mean to disturb you, Baby, I just thought. . .”

“I know. I know,” I mumbled, forgiving him his lack of manners as usual.

Dimly, through my sleep fogged brain, I vaguely remembered something about The Club and being sponsored by Snake or someone, but I was not at all sure of the gory details.

Then it hit me, tonight. . . did that mean, tonight tonight? “Tonight tonight?” I croaked. “Like in later today after this afternoon tonight?” I asked stupidly, still groggy from sleep. Had I really been asleep for more than twelve hours? Couldn’t be! I was still tired! Farm work can do that to you!

“Yeah! Tonight! Like later today after the afternoon today tonight! Hey, do you think I’d be out of place if I wore my leathers?” Like most men, he only cared about himself. I wondered anew what I found to like about him. . . besides his fat ten inch cock, I mean!

“Well, it is a leather club,” I answered as sarcastically as I could, “and all the rest of the members will be wearing their leathers, so why not you too?” I placated him.

I should have saved my breath because it went right over his pointy little head! As usual.

“Yeah!” he enthused, and he was off! “Yeah, I figured we could go as the Leather Queen and her leather wearing Prince Consort again!” he enthused as gently as he could.

Several years before, I had won a TV beauty contest at the Club while wearing a fringed hem leather mini-skirt, a long-sleeved suede blouse, my leather bustièrè, my high heel granny boots, a pair of supple shoulder length leather gloves, my cowgirl Stetson, all in bright red leather with my half-face leopard face mask. I had been the sensation of the evening! And, with my seven foot bullwhip snapping angrily, I was a *hit* in more ways than one!

Ever since that night, Max had called me “His Leather Queen,” and we soon had earned a reputation in a few local circles as leather fetishists, as leather aficionados, and as “dominant leather fetishists” of the first order!

To tell the truth, we reveled in the glow of that adoration.

“And you want to impress them, right?” I asked, smiling brightly.

He nodded eagerly. "You bet'ch'yer-sweet-fat-li'l-ass, My Queen!" he chortled.

"Max!" I exploded angrily. "I do not have a fat ass!" I squealed, then dropped my bomb-shell. "Besides, I do not have a thing to wear!"

"Sure you do, Baby," he chuckled. "You got two or three closets crammed full of nice leather clothes! Hell, you could wear that red cowgirl suit of yours and that'd knock their boots off! And there's your black satin wedding gown, and there's your white. . ."

"Oh, no! Everyone's seen me wearing those!" I wailed. "No, I'll need another outfit. You know, something brand new!" I leaned back, closed my eyes and drifted.

"Whatever you say, Baby!" he agreed, going away. . . finally!

Yeah, leaving me alone, sitting on my bed and reaching for the phone. Absently, I dialed the only person I knew who could help me out on such short notice, La Modista herself, Lynda Graves, a life long TS recently having undergone her S.R.S. and preparing for her up-coming marriage to her long time escort, Ms Lana Garvy, a g.g., a devout Lesbian who was not only her partner in business, but her lover in private.

"Hey, Lynda!" I almost screamed when someone answered, "it's Max and I'm in deep s***!"

"Yeth, Myth Maxtheen!" It was Melvin, a somewhat androgynous person of indeterminate sex who did odd jobs around the shop while he learned to be a Modista! "She'th out front. Juth a minute and I'll get her! Pleathe hold?"

A moment of silence, then, “Hi, Maxie! How’re they hanging?” Lynda chortled, referring to my avoidance of my own S.R.S.

“Lynda!” I broke in breathlessly. “That f****n’ Max just told me that the initiation of new members at The Club is tonight, and I don’t have a thing to wear!” I moaned through my pretended distress.

She laughed heartily. “Yeah, this from the gal who has at least umpteen closets full of clothes for any and all occasions! What d’ya have in mind, girl?”

“I don’t know! Everything I have has been seen by everyone in that crowd, so I’d like something that will knock their eyes out! You know, leathery and revealing, but covering me up completely. . .”

“OK, but does it have to be leather?” she asked.

I thought a moment, then, “Well, it is a leather club, but this is a special occasion, so I guess I could make do with something just as appropriate. . .” I weaseled.

“Honey Doll, I have just the thing! Can you be here by six?”

“Yeah, if Max will let me drive!”

“Oh, don’t kill yourself, Honey! No man is worth that sacrifice!”

“I’ll see you at six,” and I hung up.

‘Let’s see,’ I mused, ‘a bath, then a quick trip to get my hair and nails done, and. . .’ A moment later and I was talking to Joyce, a g.g. friend of mine who owned the best beauty shop in the area and she gave me an appointment for four, so I was covered there.

Shoes? Stockings? Corset? Another call to Lynda, another short conversation with Melvin, and assurance from Lynda that all I needed to bring with me were my biggest hoop earrings, my daintiest wrist watch, a silver cross on a silver chain, my gold wedding ring, my black patent-leather granny boots with the five inch heels, my Spanish spurs, my seven foot bull whip and my naked body!

She had everything else I would need!

Muttering to myself, I took a quick shower, bound myself into my loosest corset, rolled stockings up my freshly shaved legs and fastened them to my garter tabs, then stepped into a pair of my favorite taffeta bloomers, settling them around my hips, thrilling to the smoothness and the rustling of the material! An afternoon frock, a touch of lipstick, a dash of perfume, and I was out the door with my accessories and seated in my classic Model T pick-up, headed for town. Max could get there on his own, by motorcycle!

It was just before four when I parked in front of Joyce's Nails 'N Things and hurried inside, to be greeted by Joyce herself. An hour later and she was styling my hair while Joyce Jr., her teenage son, was burnishing my nails and scolding me for letting them go so long. I made some excuse about having to work for a living, which got a huge laugh from both of them!

I relaxed in the chair and let them work their magic on me. I glanced sideways at Joyce, Jr. and wondered again if he were a natural swish or if his Mother had made him one! After all, she had named him Joyce when his biological father had deserted her when he discovered her pregnancy. Joyce hated her ex so much for that that I would never have put

it past her! He was an extremely pretty boy, short and curved like a teen-aged girl and he was wearing a closely fitted white nurse's uniform. I could see that his legs were encased in shimmery nylons thrust into sandals with four inch high heels, heels he managed with the ease of years of practice. When he moved just right, one could see the soft swellings of adolescent breasts bulging the bodice of his uniform. Of course, he wore full make-up with his lips a bright red, his nails manicured and burnished brightly and one could see the same polish on his nylon covered toes. I could detect the faint aroma of a sweetish girlish scent surrounding him as he worked. His ears had been long since pierced and were sporting two small diamonds proudly on each lobe.

Heck, he even spoke with a sort of breathless lisp, but it was nowhere as pronounced as poor Melvin's was! I wondered if the two boys knew one another. . .

Probably did since Joyce was a close friend of Lynda and Lana. My mind whirled with the imagined sight of the two of them together. . .

Oh, stop it, Maxine! Stick to *your* story!

Right at 5:30, I emerged from Joyce's and I drove carefully to Lynda's so I wouldn't muss up my new hair-do. That would be adding insult to injury in my book!

It was but a short drive to Lynda and Lana's Shoppe where I was greeted by the fawning Melvin and ushered into Ms Lynda's presence.

"Ah, Max!" So glad you could make it!" To Melvin, "You may be excused, thing!"

Melvin curtsayed low, his fingertips holding his skirt hem politely. "Of courth, Myth!" he murmured before disappearing into the back, his high heels clicking daintily, his swirly skirts swishing noisily around his nylon encased thighs.

I laughed. "Still have yiour f****n' li'l fairy, I see," I commented snidely.

"Oh, it serves a purpose, believe me!" Lynda giggled. "Besides, Lana would be lost without its personal services. It has so many talents, you'd be surprised!" she added with a knowing smile.

"Thumone menchen my name?" Lana asked, sweeping into the room. She took me into her arms and kissed me soundly. "Always a pleathure to thee you! How may we help you?"

"Well, like I told Lynda over the phone, Max got invited to join The East Enders Motorcycle Club tonight and I don't have a thing to wear that they haven't seen!" I explained.

"Oh, my goodneth!" Lana whispered in awe. "Thathth juth terrible!"

"You could wear your black velvet wedding dress. . ." Lynda began.

"No! I've worn that twice already," I explained petulantly. "It was the hit of the March Madness Ball and the Welcome Fall Event."

"We could do it in black satin. . ." Lynda mused.

"No," I demurred. "Too obvious!"

"Thuth a wathe!" Lana smiled.

"Lynda said she had an idea. . ." I prompted.

"Honey, you'll never know!" Lynda laughed heartily. "I can picture you as a Spanish flamenco

dancer. I have a very thin black leather tulip skirt that will look fab with your black granny boots and black nylons! I have a black, sheer satin, long balloon sleeved blouse trimmed lavishly in frilly black lace with a cleric's collar and. . .”

“Sounds good, girl, so far. . .” I agreed.

“I have a black, flat brimmed leather hat with little ball tassels all around with a black chin strap to keep it in place when you dance.”

“I like it more and more!” I squealed excitedly.

“Well,” Lynda cautioned, “you’ll have to wear your tightest waspy-waist corselet because the skirt will not let out more than thirty inches, if that.”

“I’ll make the supreme sacrifice!” I chuckled.
“Anything for Dame Fashion!”

“Yeah, right, picture that,” she snickered sarcastically.

“No, seriously, Lynda, I been working on my waist, and I am just under a thirty inch waist now. . .”

“No s***, Sherlock?” she gasped in surprise.
“God, I wish I could get there!”

“Will power, girl,” I laughed, “or rather, *won’t* power!”

“Oh, well, some of you have it and the rest of us don’t!” she sighed wistfully. “Now, how about a Lone Ranger mask with a black veil to tie around that hairy chin?”

“My beard, you mean?” I giggled.

“Yeah, you really should shave the damn thing off and have it depilated!” she scolded.

“Maybe someday,” I sighed half-heartedly.

“Now, with those blood red talons of yours showing through fingerless black lace gloves and your spurs jingling merrily at your heels, that should do it.”

“Works for me!” I agreed.

“You in the back!” Lana raised her voice. “I haf need uf you!”

In a second, Melvin appeared, curtsying to Lana. “Yeth, Myth?”

“The black leather tulip thkirt and the black thilk blouth!” she commanded.

“Yeth, Myth,” he curtsyed and was off like a shot.

“You’re gonna love how your naked nips feel under the silk,” Lynda giggled.

“What, no bra?” I pretended shock.

“Nope, and no panties nor petticoats either,” she continued, “there just ain’t no room! And it’s a damned pity that you’re so addicted to thigh-his!”

“Hunh?” I gasped. “But I have to have my ny-lons!”

“But leather feels best when worn next to fresh-shaved, naked skin, and with a pair of knee-his, you get the full benefit and no one knows, less’n you tell ‘em!”

“Oh, I don’t know about that. . .” I objected, my heart racing madly. “I really prefer something silky underneath to slide around in. . . and besides, everything’d show. . . wouldn’t it? She knew what I really meant! It was just so. . . so. . . thrilling!”

“So what? You’re gonna love it girl!” she enthused. “We all know that you’re an exhibitionist of

the first order behind that demure mask of yours!" she laughed. "Come on now, 'fess up, girl! Remember who you're talking to!"

"Am not!" I whispered, blushing with pleasure.

"You'll love your big tits flopping around in the blouse, your nips at full attention!" she teased.

"Oh, Lynda! No!" I whispered, aghast. "I couldn't!"

Hell, I'd walk naked down Broadway if she told me to!

And she knew it!

"Whatever you decide, Maxie, Baby," she giggled. "You're the Boss!"

But, we both knew who was Boss in the dress department.

And it wasn't me, not by a long shot!

Then, I was in the back where Melvin disrobed me right down to my skin, his hands all over me, exciting me with their insistent caresses, caresses that meant nothing to him!

F****n' little queer!

* * *

CHAPTER 2 GETTING DRESSED

"Hold still, Maxie!" Lynda commanded querulously. "And suck that damned gut in, OK?" she panted, pulling the laces in as tightly as she could.

"Hungh!" I grunted, "The damned thing's way too damned small!"

“Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! Quit’ch’er damned belly achin’!” she panted, her knee digging into my spine while I hung on to the lacing pole for dear life. “There!” she crowed at last. “Finally! It’s closed all the way! I thought you said you were smaller.”

“Bout time!” I groused, my fingers smoothing my waist instinctively.

“I thought you said you’d lost a couple of inches?” Lynda complained.

“I did! You must have made a mistake. . .”

“You said thirty, so I made it a twenty-eight. . .”

“I meant thirty!” I yelled. “No wonder it’s so tight! Loosen it!” I ordered Melvin who stood there, his eyes shining with excitement.

Lynda shook her tousled head emphatically. “No way! The skirt’s made to fit that corset. It won’t fit you otherwise.”

“Way! It’s too tight! I can’t breathe!” I gasped melodramatically.

“Oh, pooh on you, you big fake!” she chided. “You’ll get used to it quickly. After all, Melvin got used to that twenty-one incher and if it can do it, so can you? Now be quiet and Momma work!”

“You planned this!” I scolded, smiling dreamily at my image in the mirror.

“So? Sue me! Besides, it looks great on you! Doesn’t it Melvin?”

“Yeth, Myth,” Melvin agreed. “It’th abtholutely delithiouth!”

“But, I feel so exposed with just my pussy pocket and nothing else between my waist and my knee-his!”

“Oh, pooh! In a minute, you’ll be wearing a skirt. . .”

“I’ll still feel utterly naked!” I complained, knowing I was flogging a dead horse.

“You’re supposed to,” Lynda giggled. “But, don’t worry about it, no one’s gonna know but you. . . well, not unless you tell them. . . or *show* ‘em!” she teased.

“Lynda! I’d never. . .” I pretended horror at the very idea.

“Yeah, right!” she sneered. “And the R’s don’t want to give the f****n’ country away! Give me a break, will ya?”

“Well, all right. . . I suppose,” I murmured dreamily, giving in to her urging as she had known I would when pushed.

“Let’s get those boots on,” Lynda ordered, pointing at a near-by chair.

“Shouldn’t I get dressed first?” I asked with some surprise.

“Later, my Queen,” she smiled, “that is, unless you don’t mind standing around fully dressed for the next couple of hours.”

“Oh, yeah, I forgot that,” I admitted sheepishly as she went into the back room.

As I sat, Melvin knelt before me and guided my nyloned foot into my open boot, settling my foot in place gently, then using his button hook on the tiny pearl buttons, closing it securely about my ankle.

Suggestively, I lay my ankle atop Melvin’s soft shoulder and he laid his cheek against the smooth leather of my boot.

“Ummmm,” he murmured with pleasure, “*thath’t*h tho nith. . . but thith ith tho mutch nither!” Then, before I realized what Melvin had in mind, he was sliding his face between my quickly spreading thighs and was pressing his ovalled lips around my pussy pocket, kissing and sucking avidly!

“Hey!” I protested, sliding forward to offer myself eagerly. “Stop that!” I ordered weakly.

But my heart wasn’t in it!

All at once, I wanted the little fairy right where he was. . .

Doing exactly what he was doing. . .

“Make me!” he teased, biting my mound gently.

OK! OK! You win!” I squealed as my concealed organ popped free under his manipulation. “I’ll give you an hour to stop that!”

He grinned up at me. “Really, my Queen? Only an hour?”

“OK, two hours! But that’s my final offer!”

His eyebrows arched questioningly, but when I closed my eyes in pleasure, he took me fully into his soft mouth to suck and bite unmercifully.

As you might have guessed. . .

It didn’t take me very long to make a mess in his mouth. . .

Which didn’t faze him in the least!

Nor, me. . .

It was pure bliss!

* * *

CHAPTER 3 THE DRESS

“There,” Lynda exclaimed, clapping her hands in delight. “The Leather Queen is all ready to rule her subjects!”

I gazed at the reflection in her full length mirror, scarcely recognizing the imposing figure I saw. But, it *was* me, of *that* there was no doubt! Still, I was amazed at the total change from an every-day appearance into this regal personage who was obviously someone to be reckoned with!

I was wearing a calf-length, form-fitted, black leather flamenco dancer’s tulip skirt, its flared bell drawing attention to my granny boots with their four inch high heels with their jangling Spanish spurs and my nylon encased calves while it discretely hid my waist high nakedness while leaving nothing to the imagination, it was that revealing!

My upper body was covered by an extremely thin, almost sheer black suede blouse over my naked breasts, their steel nipple rings quite evident beneath the thin material whenever I moved. My throat buttons were fastened, but the blouse had a heart shaped cut-out that reached well down into my cleavage so that it was patently obvious that my huge breasts were not only real, but were not hampered by a confining bra either!

The semi-sheer balloon sleeves ended in black satin French cuffs that had enormous pearlized buttons in them. The collar was made of stiff black satin, fastened at my throat (as I have already

pointed out), and covering completely what was still left of my Adam's-apple and forcing me to keep my chin high. When the wide black leather belt was buckled, it immediately drew one's eye to my tightly corseted waist where its steel rings gleamed brightly in the soft light.

I shivered as Lynda pulled a supple face mask over my head, hiding my beard and concealing my identity from all who knew no better and giving me a quite believable feminine appearance!

My ash blonde hair (all mine!) bounced lightly on my shoulders, the ends turned up under, reminiscent of a page boy cut with bangs. When we had tried the flamenco hat, the effect was electric!

I loved it.

A black lace veil attached to the hat covered my face, covering but not concealing my Lone Ranger mask, and was quickly tied in place holding everything in place. Melvin knelt before me, locking an eighteen inch steel chain between my ankles to restrict my stride. I was surprised he didn't clip chains to my wrists too! And, as I thought about it, he did that very thing so that my wrists had an twenty-four inch chain between them that ran through a ring on my belt.

Talk about restraint!

I was hampered like you would not believe!

And yet, I made no protest, then, and certainly not later. . .

Lynda stood back. "There! I'm satisfied."

I gazed worshipfully into the mirror, loving what I saw reflected there.

I had to admit it, I looked damned good!

“Gloves!” I snapped. “My whip! Make-up! You forgot my lipstick! And don’t I need a dash of perfume?” I asked querulously.

“Yes, Your Majesty!” Lynda curtseyed. “I did forget the lipstick, but I think you should have more than just a dash of perfume! And I have your gloves and whip right here!”

“Good! There’s hope for you yet as a personal lady’s maid!”

Lynda curtseyed again. “One does one’s best!” she quipped as she spritzed me liberally with a light fragrance.

“Damn, I sure look good!”

“Your Majesty looks great!” Max enthused, coming into the room. “Damn, Babe, you’re a violation of the Pure Food and Drug Act! You’re prime eating stuff!”

“Thank you, varlet,” I smiled, going into his arms to be soundly kissed.

“I’ll *varlet* you, Your Majesty!” he quipped, slapping my leathered behind a good one.

SMACK!

“Oooh!” I cooed in delight. “Only one?” I wriggled my bottom under his caressing hand.

SMACK! SMACK!

“Hey, watch it, varlet! “that there’s private property!”

“Yeah, all *mine!*” he growled menacingly.

“Your Majesty?” Lynda interrupted, holding out an ankle-length velvet cape for me to drape around my shoulders. “This will help ward off chills before you make your grand entrance at The Club.”

“Thanks, Lynda,” I murmured, hugging her tight for a moment and kissing her on the cheek. “You sure you won’t come with us?” I urged.

“No, I wasn’t invited, and besides, I wouldn’t want to detract from your hour of glory!” she teased.

“Oh, well, never say I didn’t give you a chance!” I giggled, my heels clicking softly on the parquet floor, my spurs clinking softly as I minced quickly across the room and hurried through the front door, my Max hot on my heels.

* * *

CHAPTER 4 HO HUM

I parked the van as close to the Club as I could, in a handicapped space three spaces down that no one else had claimed. No, I was not breaking the Law! My van has a handicapped license plate, duly issued by the State some years before when I was medically retired from the Service (First Lieutenant, US Army, if you must know) with one hundred percent disability when the C-47 we were in for a practice parachute jump crashed. I got out, but was only two hundred feet above the ground when my chute opened and I landed HARD, leaving me with a slight paralysis on my left side when I had recovered. Two fitness physicals later, I was shown the door. . . permanently! So much for job security!

So, once away from the Army’s, “don’t ask, don’t tell,” philosophy, I went whole hog and indulged my inner girl. While still on active duty, I had lived with (been engaged to) a WAC Captain, but we had been too much alike, both of us wanting to be the wife!

“You ready for this?” Maxc asked.

As the engine died down, we could feel the deep thump-thump of the bass as it kept time to what passed for modern music. “Nah,” I added sardonically, “you’ll never be able to hear yourself think!”

“What’s your point?” Max asked, laughing at his stupid joke, hastening around to open my door and help me alight. “C’mon, Your Majesty, time for your entrance!”

“Maybe we should go home and forget it,” I whispered, suddenly afraid when an unmarked police car cruised by. At that moment, Snake Harris, the president of The Motorcycle Club, The East Enders, came out of nowhere and walked up behind Max. “Hey, Dawg? Is that you, Man?”

Max turned and stuck out his hand. “Nah, it’s me twin brudder, Wolf. How they hanging, Bro?” Max wanted to be a member so bad, he would have done anything to be accepted into their ranks!

No, it wasn’t a Hell’s Angels or Outlaw sort of gang, these guys all had different sexual and societal tastes. Most of them were bi and the rest were definitely homo, in my humble opinion. Yes, there were women in the club, but not all of them were “old women.” At least not for a male member! And not all the single women were Lesbians either. They were just overly aggressive and dominant in their tastes and attitudes towards men and were accepted and treated as such..

Anyway, there I was, being arm candy for Max, on a cool Saturday night, wearing tissue thin black leather from head to toe and not at all sure I wanted to go inside.

I knew the place would be hot, crowded, smoky and stink of unwashed bodies and stale beer and all those other smells and things that go with a place like this. Harriet's Bar was an acknowledged "exotic" bar, a place where anyone could go and not be asked a lot of questions about what you were doing there nor what you were looking for nor anything else.

In other words, under different circumstances, it was my kind of place!

"Hey, glad you could make it, Dawg," Snake went on. "Wow, who's the Babe? Does your wife know about her?" he joked, casting an approving eye over my leathered form.

"Snake, this here's my wife, Maxine, The Leather Queen! Max. . . er, I mean, Your Majesty, this here's Snake, Snake Harris."

I exited the van, my skirt riding up slightly to show my calves above my high button leather boots with everything else just a vague shadow to his imagination. I curtsyed slightly. "Mr. Harris. . ." I held up my gloved hand, fingers curled downward with a learned naturalness.

Instinctively, he bowed over my out-stretched hand, raised it to his lips and kissed my knuckles in obvious approval. "I am so very pleased to meet Your Majesty at long last!" he enthused. "I've heard so much about you. . ."

"I'm sure that we can be friends in spite of what you've heard," I teased.

"Hey! A broad with a sense of humor!" he chuckled.

“You wanna wear your cape, Hon. . . er, I mean, Your Majesty?” Max asked.

“No, just lay it over the front seat, Varlet,” I replied. “It’s only a quick step to the front-door and I doubt there’s a cloak room inside to leave it.”

“Hey, you got that right, Babe. . . er, I mean, Your Majesty!” Snake chuckled, taking my elbow and guiding me across the street.

I heard a soft thud behind us, some quick footsteps as Max passed us, and the door magically opened before me. I swept through it like The Queen I am!

The place was packed, wall-to-wall bodies, all yelling to get the bartenders’ attentions at the same time, the din making it impossible for anyone, or anybody, to hear anything at all clearly.

Without stopping, I cracked my bullwhip smartly against the nearest outthrust, rounded bottom, then another and another as the crowd parted magically. Without a word of warning, I pushed through them, and suddenly, it got very quiet.

“Goddess! Who’s that?” I heard someone ask sotto voce.

“She must think she’s the Queen of the May!” one hot-pants clad woman snarled cattily.

“No, I am The Queen of the Night, Wench,” I replied, slashing my ready whip briskly across the few feet between us to crack painfully against her unprotected, unsuspecting belly. “And don’t you ever forget it!”

A startled look came across her face and she blushed furiously. Then, with a wry smile, she curtseyed low. “Your Majesty,” she greeted, “I am so

sorry. I didn't know. . ." she apologized. "Please, forgive me?"

I touched her bare shoulder with my recoiled whip. "Now you know!" I replied regally. "So, don't forget again!"

She flushed with embarrassment and curtsayed again. "Yes, Your Majesty!"

"Make way for Her Majesty!" Snake called. "C'mon, make a hole there!"

Without pausing to see whether anyone heard him, I strode forward, the bodies melting from my intended path like so much chaff blowing in the wind, helped along by my cracking, snapping whip. At the far end of the bar, I stopped, turned, and gestured imperiously.

"I would sit!" I announced to the world at large.

Like magic, a tall stool appeared and I sank into it with assumed nonchalance. "Ginger ale!" I ordered, and an icy glass was produced instantly. Glancing about the dimly lit room, I saw that many of those in attendance were leather devotees, their escorts, attendants and/or wannabees.

So many of them were dressed like peas in a pod; leather harnesses with steel rings on their upper bodies and chaps and jeans below. Some of them wore leather vests with their Colors on the back. Some of the men had scraggly, unkempt hair, with ragged, greasy beards to match; perpetuating the "macho male" stereotype, the kind that turns my stomach with its hypocritical falsity!

As the noise started up again, Snake approached my stool. "Hey, Maxie. . . er, I mean, Your Majesty, how about a dance?"