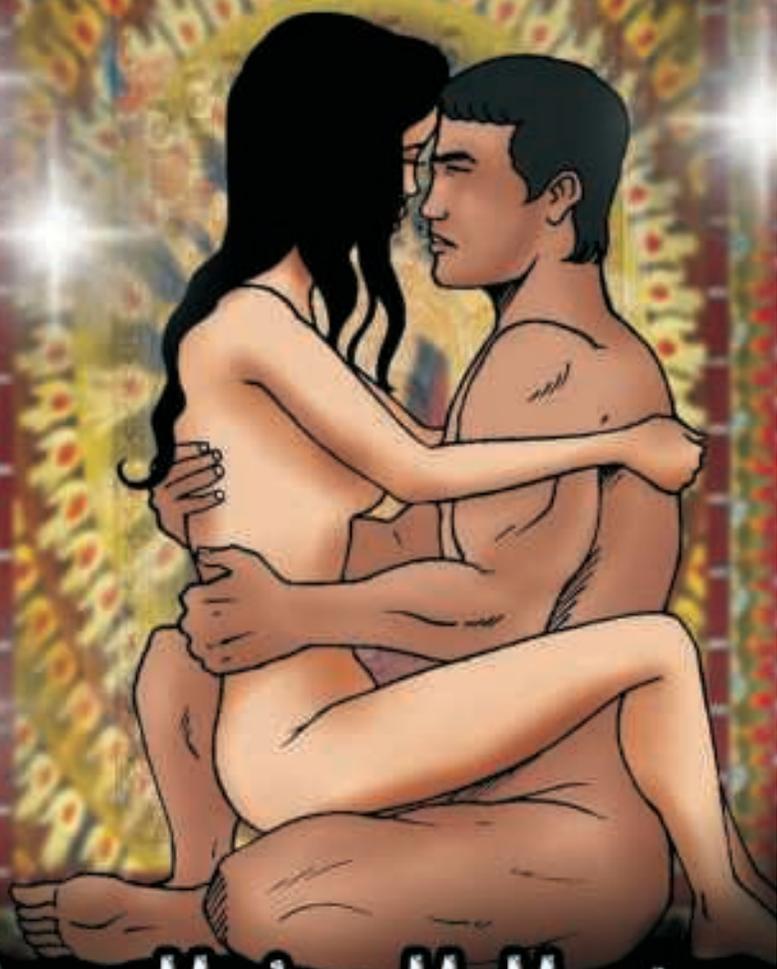


Violette Enters Utopia



Rose Major-McMaster



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Violette Enters Utopia

by Rose Major-McMaster

Chapter 1

I'm not your average professor of electrical engineering, I think it would be fair to say—or rather I *wasn't*, even when I still lived in the United States. I'm pretty sure your average EE professor isn't a gay crossdresser who might imaginably have become a professor of English instead, if only the study of English literature hadn't been such a promising pathway to a career as a dishwasher, a grocery clerk, or some such thing.

It's not that I don't find electrical engineering fascinating; actually, I do, at least some of the time. It's just that I find English literature at least equally fascinating. That was one big reason why, in my previous life, I was close friends with Orson Rangeline, who taught Renaissance and post-Renaissance English literature at a local university. (His definition of

“post-Renaissance” was pretty broad, extending at least to Jane Austen.) As for the other big reason: read on, gentle reader, read on.

Orson and I were accustomed to meet on Friday evenings, at his home or mine, to relax, drink a little wine, perhaps watch a movie or discuss a book—and to do what, on one particular Friday evening in the spring before I left, it was quite obvious that both of us were eager to do. As soon as Orson opened the door of his home to me, I could feel the electricity, though not the engineerable kind.

“Oh, Violette, you’re so lovely tonight!” Orson said. “I’m so glad you can come!” He didn’t say “*could* come.” He was talking about the near future, not the past.

Orson’s house was full of mirrors. There was one staring me in the face at close range as soon as I entered the house. Orson stood beside me, put his arm around me, put his hands on both my breasts through my clothes, and said, “Don’t we make a lovely couple?” My breasts were fake back then, but Orson didn’t care.

“Ooh, yes, I think we do,” I agreed in my well-trained feminine voice, pressing his hands more firmly to my breasts with my own. We *did* make a rather lovely couple, I thought. I exuded the perfect combination of intelligence and eroticism, with my neatly brushed dark brown hair, my dark-rimmed glasses framing my bright brown eyes, my very light golden-brown skin, my small but full and deep red lips, my fairly small fake breasts, and my slender figure beneath my royal purple silk dress. Orson was as slender as I and even taller, with kindly-looking blue eyes, short brown hair, and a soft reddish-brown beard. The loveliness of our appearance, and of the accompanying feelings, was intensified when Orson kissed me on the neck.

“Would you like us to make an even lovelier couple?” Orson begged to know when his mouth was free. I knew exactly what he meant.

“Yes,” I said. “Please. Now.”

Still standing in front of the mirror, we embraced and kissed each other on the mouth, first delicately, then deeply. Before the kiss was over, I could distinctly feel Orson’s erect penis, only three inches long but incredibly excitable, through our clothes. My giant clitoris, more than twice as long as his penis at seven inches, was rising fast to meet him.

After the kiss, we almost raced to Orson’s bedroom and stripped each other nude. My clitoris was long but not yet fully hard; I seized the opportunity to press it down between my legs for the sake of feminine authenticity. We kissed again on the mouth, more frantically this time, gripping each other’s butts with urgent desire.

“Shall it be 69?” Orson asked. I agreed, knowing this was one of his favorite positions. Orson and I had done it with each other in almost every conceivable way but one: I had never admitted him into my rectum (nor, of course, had he admitted me into his). I wished I could do it with him in the way most like a woman having intercourse with a man, but the very thought of having a man penetrate my rectum was too disgusting to consider.

So, 69 it was. We lay on our sides on his big, wide bed. My lips and tongue caressed his short erection; his hips responded with rapid thrusts. My clitoris was still hidden between my legs. Orson pressed his head forward between them to engulf my bulb, now as big as a ripe plum, in his mouth. I clutched his neck between my thighs and bucked my hips hard as he skillfully blew me up toward maximum excitement.

Orson's orgasm came first, but mine was not far behind. Having him ejaculate in my mouth was not my favorite part of the experience, but I dutifully did the deed before discreetly spitting out his semen. Ejaculating in Orson's mouth *was* my very favorite part of the experience. I underwent the most extreme delight when he kissed my bulb to maximum heat, my shaft was pulsating hard and fast, and my semen flooded his mouth, while my thundering thighs were gripping his head and neck as if I were a woman uniting fully with a man.

"So what's new in the world of English literature?" I asked when our breathing and our temperatures had returned to approximately normal, we were dressed again, and I was sipping some chilled white wine.

"Well, I decided to include More's *Utopia* in my Renaissance graduate course this semester, and now we're discussing it," Orson said. "It's evoking a great variety of opinions from the students, to say the least. There's even one who insists, allegedly from textual and extrinsic evidence, that Utopia must be a real place." He smiled.

"Well, how do you know it isn't?" I challenged him. My memory of More's *Utopia* was pretty fuzzy, but I had actually read it some years ago.

Orson laughed. "Well, I know from textual and extrinsic evidence," he said. "The very name Utopia means 'Nowhere.' It's obviously a satire on England and Europe at the time of Henry VIII, in the form of an account of an imaginary voyage to a nonexistent place that doesn't have the faults of Western civilization. And I'm pretty sure Utopia would have been discovered by now, if it existed."

“Unless the Utopians had something to *prevent* it from being discovered,” I said, “as they would, if they could, so as to prevent themselves from being over-run by undesirable elements from the outside world.”

“Perhaps they would,” Orson said, “but, in that event, they’d have something that would prevent *you* from discovering it too.”

“Only if I’m an undesirable element,” I retorted. We both laughed.

“Well, look, I tell you what,” Orson said genially, still glowing from the superb mutual blow jobs. “I’ll introduce you to the student who maintains that Utopia is real. You two can discuss the book, and then you can see what you think. Fair enough?”

“Fair enough,” I said.

“Violette,” Orson said after his next Renaissance course session, “this is Tina Wazuma. Tina, this is Professor Violette Valkner. She’s interested in your theory that Utopia is a real place. Would you like to discuss it with her?”

“Uh—well, sure!” said the student, giving me a shy smile. I took her looks in at a glance. Her glasses were almost identical to mine, though in a slightly smaller size, but her face looked rather different: darker than mine, with more than a hint of Polynesian or East Asian ancestry, or both. She was short, and her presumably real breasts were even smaller than my fake ones. Her hair was pulled straight back, with no concession to fashion; her clothes were neat, modest, and quite plain.

“I’m pleased to meet you, Tina,” I said, shaking hands with her. “Have you got a few minutes to talk?”

“Sure,” she said, “if we can talk while I’m walking back to my study carrel in the library.” This young woman, I could see, was really earnest about education.

“So, Tina,” I said as we walked out of the humanities classroom building and headed toward the library, “tell me why you think Utopia is real.”

“Well,” the young woman said, “I know Professor Rangeline thinks it’s just a satire, but to me it doesn’t read like one, and I don’t think Sir Thomas More would have written it the way he did if it was one. He was *executed* for refusing to say things he didn’t believe were true. I don’t think he would have deliberately misled people, and I think it would have been misleading for him to put in all those historical facts in the first part, and all those details about Utopian life in the second part, if he didn’t believe they were true. Plus, the Utopians had some good customs and some bad ones, just like real people do. More thought some of their customs were absurd, and he said so.

“What would be the point of *that* if it was just a fictional satire, like, ‘look how bad and stupid we are, compared to the Utopians’? And if Raphael Hythloday was *lying* about having been to Utopia, would More have believed him? I’m sure More had a lot of experience with people lying, since he was a lawyer and a judge. I don’t think he would have believed lies too readily.”

“Hmm,” I said. “Well, you’ve obviously thought a lot about this.” I looked at her. Did I detect, I wondered, the yearning of a lonely, honest young woman for something greater and better than life in an American graduate school?

“Would you like to live in Utopia, if it does exist?” I found myself asking.

“Well, I don’t *know*,” she said. “I’d certainly like to see it, or at least to find out about it for sure. I don’t

know if I'd like to live there. For one thing, I don't know how much it's changed in 500 years, and what the changes have been."

"I thought the Utopians weren't too fond of change," I vaguely recalled.

"Not change for the *sake* of change," she said. "Like, you know, some people seem to think, *wow, change, therefore good*. The Utopians had some absurd customs, but they were nowhere near *that* idiotic. But if they thought a change was an *improvement*, they'd adopt it readily enough."

She was really getting me interested. What if Utopia did exist—and what if it had changed, perhaps for the better, perhaps even more than the outside world had changed? What if it had even changed in ways that would make it a far finer place for someone like me to live than America? Wouldn't it be well worth some expense and effort to find out?

"Well, I tell you what," I said—surprising myself at how readily the words rolled out of my mouth. "I won't be teaching during the summer session. There's some engineering research I could do during it, but that shouldn't take up all my time. I think I'd be up for some other research too—like on whether Utopia really exists or not. Where would you suggest I start?"

Tina's eyes opened wide with delight. "Wow!" she said. "You really mean it? Well, then, I'd suggest you start in Tahiti. See, Utopia was near what were called the Antipodes in More's time—about halfway between Tahiti and Antarctica, and far east of New Zealand. Tahiti's the closest place with an international airport. If anyone in the known world has any idea how to get to Utopia, I'll bet they'd be in Tahiti."

"And they'd probably speak French?" I said. "I know some French, and I could brush up on it before I go. Well, Tahiti would probably be a good place for a

vacation, anyway. If nobody there knows anything about Utopia, I could go on to visit New Zealand and Australia. I've never been to either of those places."

"If that happens, at least you will have tried," Tina said, "and I'll be terrifically grateful to you for trying. I wish I could go myself, but unfortunately I don't have the time or the money."

"How fortunate that I do, then," I said with a smile. "I promise I'll do my best to find Utopia, if it exists—and I'll also do my best to let you know what I find out." I laughed. "If they have e-mail in Utopia, I'll send you an e-mail letting you know I'm there, if you'll give me your address."

Tina laughed too. "I've never heard of anyone getting e-mail from Utopia," she said, "but it will be fine with me if I'm the first!" She gave me her e-mail address on a piece of paper, and I put it in a safe place in my purse.

"You've got to be kidding," Orson said when I told him about my vacation plans.

"I'm not," I assured him. "Tina actually had some pretty good reasoning. I've reread More's *Utopia* myself now, and what she says matches what's in the book. I think it's at least worth finding out whether there's a real Utopia, if possible. If there isn't, or if it isn't possible to find out, then I'll move on from Tahiti to have some richly deserved R&R in New Zealand and Australia."

"Well, have a good time in New Zealand and Australia, then," Orson said with a wry smile. "And you'll still be welcome in my home any time when you come back."

"Especially on Friday evenings?" I inquired.

“Yes, of course,” he said. “And you know, if you ever change your mind about accepting my standing invitation, it’s still open.” He meant his standing invitation for me to marry him.

“Thanks, Orson,” I said, “but I’m still not the marrying kind.”

“That’s still really a shame,” he said, “and I still don’t know why you’re not. I really think we’d make a—a damn near perfect married couple.”

“Orson,” I said, “look at it this way. What if we got married, and then I promptly ran off to Utopia and never came back?”

“I’d just have to deal with that, if it ever happened,” Orson retorted. “But, as I’m sure even *you* are well aware in your heart of hearts, it won’t.”

Chapter 2

When my flight touched down near Papeete, I was still thinking my trip would most likely just be a vacation in Tahiti, New Zealand, and Australia. I would diligently inquire, in French, whether anyone here in Tahiti knew how to get to *l’Utopie*; I would get some laughs and learn that no one knew; I would bask on the black sand beaches, return to Fa’a’a International Airport, and fly on westward. Still, for Tina’s sake and my own, I was going to pursue the diligent inquiries as far as I could.

As expected, I did get nothing but quizzical looks and laughs at first. Nevertheless, as it turned out, news was spreading fast about the tall, slender American lady who was searching for Utopia. So it was that, before too long, a stout, dark-skinned, Polynesian- or East Asian-looking man appeared at my hotel inquiring for that lady.

“Hello, may I help you?” I said to the man in French, on being introduced to him in the lobby by a member of the hotel staff.

The man looked me over carefully before answering—in English, with a British-sounding accent.

“I’m Vic Brahmaswami,” he said. “I’m told you want *me* to help *you*.”

“Do I?” I asked, raising my eyebrows. “Uh—that’s very interesting. Would you mind letting me know *how* I want you to help me?”

He looked around the lobby, in which there were several people. “Let’s go for a walk,” he said.

We emerged onto the busy, noisy street in front of the hotel. “They say you want to go to Utopia,” he said, apparently after satisfying himself that no one was listening.

“Well—yes, I do,” I said. I stared at him, feeling unsure that this could really be happening—and equally unsure whether it was a good thing that it was.

“Why do you want to go there?”

I hesitated, but I knew I had to say something. “I made a promise,” I said. “There was a—a person I knew in the United States who believed that Utopia was a real place. I promised I’d find out for her whether it was or not.”

“Why *you* and not *her*?”

“She didn’t have the time or the money, and I did. I’m a university professor on vacation for the summer; she’s a graduate student.”

“Do you know that, when people come to Utopia, they usually don’t return?”

I didn't know that, of course, and I wasn't sure I was ready to hear it. "Uh—well," I stammered, "is that because they can't, or they don't want to?"

"They don't want to. A few have left, but I believe they generally keep pretty quiet about it. If people in the outside world claimed to have really been to Utopia, I think, their story would be taken about as seriously as if they said they'd been to the planet Mars and back in a spherical spaceship with an undisclosed power source." For the first time, a hint of something resembling a smile crossed Vic's lips. "As you know, I'm sure," he went on, "the existence of Utopia was reported about 500 years ago, and presented to the outside world by one of the leading men of his time, a man with an impeccable reputation for honesty—and yet very few people believed the report was true."

I walked in silence, hardly noticing the noise of cars and people around me. In the space of a few minutes, I had gone from expecting a pleasant little vacation to being faced with a decision that could affect the rest of my life. I wanted to back out, especially since I couldn't even be sure Vic would take me to Utopia. For all I really knew, he might be going to rape me up the butt in a boat and dump me in the ocean. He didn't *seem* to be that kind of guy, as far as I could tell, but I could easily be mistaken. I knew only one thing for sure, or rather two things: I had promised Tina that I would do my best to find out if Utopia was real, and this might well be my only chance to do it.

My voice was usually pretty strong, as it had to be for lecturing, but it wasn't now. "So are you saying," I said in a high, weak, wavering voice, "you'll take me to Utopia if I want to go?"

"I might," he said. "Who are you, and what can you do? We want immigrants who can contribute to Utopian society right off—unless they're refugees, who get more time to start contributing. My people were

refugees from the island of Pala, and they moved to what's now called New Pala in northwestern Utopia—but now they're Utopians, the same as anyone else, and they contribute too.

“Me, I'm the superintendent of immigration for the polity of New Pala; different superintendents rotate duties coming to and from Tahiti, which is one of the obvious jumping-off points for anyone wishing to come to Utopia, the other being New Zealand. What about you?”

“Well, uh, my name is Violette Vaultkner,” I said, “and I'm a professor of electrical engineering. I hope that's worth something.” Hardly even noticing it, I had crossed a great line in my life. I was starting to think of myself as a possible immigrant to Utopia.

“It is indeed,” Vic said. “Electricity is immensely important in Utopia nowadays, as you'll see if you go there.”

I would see indeed. I was going, if this man was who he said he was, and would accept me on the voyage. “Well, then,” I said, “I *will* see, if you'll allow me.”

“Very well,” he said, sounding even more British than before. “We'll aim to leave at 8:00 tomorrow morning—or earlier, if we're ready, since you'll most likely be the only immigrant on board. Here are your directions to the spot in the harbor where our boat is moored. You can't miss it; it's the *Utopian Princess III*, white with the name in bright green letters, clear curved canopy over the front, sits fairly low in the water.” He handed me a sheet with a map and directions printed on it. “And let me be the first to welcome you to Utopia.” Now he actually smiled as he shook my hand.

I got at least as little sleep that night as you would expect. I didn't really think Vic was going to rape me up the butt and dump me in the ocean, but I wasn't at all sure what I did think was going to happen. Most alarmingly, even if Utopia was real and I got there, I wondered what would happen if I was found out as a male—a *gay* male—in female's clothing. Were people like me really accepted in Utopia nowadays? And, if not, what was going to happen to me?

My bags were packed; my clothes were set out; my alarm went off; I groggily arose and dressed. I had selected my most conservative-looking outfit, with a fully opaque, high-necked, cream-colored blouse and a full dark blue mid-calf skirt, for I wasn't sure what the Utopians would think of something more revealing.

A member of the hotel staff helped me get a clunky, poorly-driven taxi to the harbor. I looked around; as predicted, I saw a white boat, shaped a bit like a large hydroplane, with big, bright green letters spelling out "UTOPIAN PRINCESS III."

Vic was on the boat already, and so was another man, also stout and Polynesian-looking, but taller. "Good morning, Lady Violette," Vic called out as I approached. "Very fine day for a voyage to Utopia, don't you think?" The weather was fine indeed, with not a cloud in the sky.

"I do," I said, trying to keep my voice from wavering as I carried my bags across the narrow walkway over the water to the boat. "Is there a reason why you call me *Lady Violette*?"

"Utopian custom," he said. "Men and boys are *Sir*, women and girls are *Lady*. In Utopia, I'm called Sir Victor Brahmaswami."