



Reluctant Press

Coerced Into Womanhood

Susan Sweet



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' COLLECTION

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THE CLUB

By Susan Sweet

Bob was an accountant at a bank. He stood five foot eight, and weighed 138 pounds sopping wet. Ginny was his fiancé. She stood about six feet tall and weighed 170 pounds - most of it muscle in her arms, shoulders and back. She was a wrestling coach at the local Jr. College.

Bob had been living with Ginny for about four months. She had inherited a rural house on thirty-four acres of foothill country when her parents died in a ferry accident. It was a large, four bedroom home, but unlike most houses in the West, it also had a roomy cellar that had been converted into a game room.

Being rather shy and introverted, Bob couldn't believe his good luck in having a girl so... well... not really pretty, but, handsome. They hadn't had sex as yet, Bob insisting that they wait until they were married. Ginny seemed to be of the same mind.

Ginny had been doing some fund raising work for a local politician, Roberta Vasquez. Ms. Vasquez had taken quite a liking to Ginny, and as a result they had been asked out to a number of functions and dinners. They were always seated at Ms. Vasquez' table and Roberta seemed fascinated by Ginny's background.

Frankly, she made Bob nervous. He had caught her looking at him with a strange sort of appraising smirk on her face more than once!

Bob wasn't too wild about going to the party that was their destination tonight. Ginny, however, had been intrigued by the invitation. In gold letters it clearly stated that she should wear a man's tuxedo. Bob on the other hand, was requested to appear in casual attire.

“What's that all about?” asked Bob when the invitation arrived.

“Why not have everybody either formal or casual?”

“Well, I'm sure I don't know.” Replied Ginny. “But if Roberta Vasquez wants us to come, then I think we should regard it as an honor and attend.”

Bob didn't pursue the question and the matter was settled.

After a short trip by car, they arrived at the country estate of the Vasquez family. It was a rambling western style mansion of about twenty rooms.

Roberta greeted them at the door.

“Oh! Hello! I'm so glad you could come!” she said, shaking Ginny's hand. “That tuxedo is perfect on you!” “Why, thank you, Ms. Vasquez.” Said Ginny.

“Roberta! Please, Ginny. OK?”

Ginny nodded. “Now you come with me. I have something to show you that you just won't believe!”

Completely ignoring Bob, Ms. Vasquez led the way through the empty mansion and into a library. She stopped at a bookshelf and smiled at Ginny.

“Haven't you always wanted one of these?”

She pulled a thick book from a shelf. There was a metal click, then the whole section of the bookcase slowly recessed into the wall, revealing a descending staircase.

“Oh, for goodness sakes,” said Ginny. “Look at that!” “Come,” said Ms. Vasquez, starting down the staircase.

Bob put his hand on Ginny's arm.

“Ginny, this is weird.” “Oh, come on,” Ginny replied. “Don't be such an old scaredy-cat”

Ginny followed their hostess down the stairway and Bob reluctantly followed.

At the foot of the stairwell, Roberta withdrew a large brass key and unlocked a steel door. Ginny and Bob followed her inside.

At first, Bob thought that they had finally found the party. There was a large underground room set up with a dance floor and a bar with tables at which to sit. Music was playing.

About half of the twenty or so guests were dressed in tuxedos, both men and women. The other half were all dressed as provocative females.

Bob began to realize that this was a MOST unusual party! He saw a harem girl, several people in scanty lingerie, and two that were stark naked! Some were obviously women, one or two were clearly cross-dressed males, but the rest...

They looked like girls... But something seemed somehow subtly off! Were they really girls? Hard to tell. All of the “Girls” were attending to the “Men”. Several were held in a loving embrace by their tuxedoed Masters. One, dressed in a yellow shorty eighty, was on her knees attending to a grinning hulk of a man whose white tuxedo threatened to burst his chest.

“It is my hope that you won't be too shocked by what you see here tonight, my dear,” said Roberta.

“What is this?” asked Bob. “Some kind of sex orgy?”

“Hardly!” sniffed Roberta. “This is a very exclusive club. We are very, very choosy about the people we invite here.”

She turned to Ginny.

“We have been watching YOU, my Dear, for a very long time.”

“What is this club?” asked Ginny.

“You are present at the biannual meeting of the International Slave holders Club - Phoenix Chapter.”

“Slave holders club?!” breathed Bob. “Ginny! We've got to get out of here!”

Ginny was looking with fascination at the feminine costumes of the “slave girls”.

“Those people are REAL slaves?” asked Ginny, wide-eyed.

“Each girl you see is under the complete domination and control of her Master. Each has been fully brainwashed to be completely passive and obedient, and each has been trained to function as a completely uninhibited feminine love toy for any partner - male or female.”

“And you want Bob and me to join this club?” asked Ginny. “That's why you are here,” responded Roberta.

Ginny frowned. “Well thanks all the same, Roberta. I don't exactly see myself parading around in skimpy costumes like that! It's just not my style.”

“Damn straight,” said Bob. “Ginny! Let's get Outta Here!”

Roberta started laughing.

“Oh my goodness. No. I mean, Ginny, naturally we wouldn't think of asking anyone as beefed-up as you to take the role of the slave girl!”

Roberta gained control of her mirth.

“No?” asked Ginny. “No,” came the response. “The slave girl must be small, weak, docile, passive, and loyally obedient...”

Ginny looked at Bob.

“Like you, Sweetie.”

“Me!” said Bob, looking shocked.

“Bob?” said Ginny, then paused, as if seeing her lover in a new light for the first time.

“You've got to be kidding, right?”

Roberta looked him square in the eyes. “Not at all. If Ginny is willing to go through the ritual of conquest, you will be taken as her slave girl and lifelong servant this very night.”

Bob was shocked to speechlessness.

“You mean, Bob would get turned into a girl?” asked Ginny.

“Yes. He would be trained in body and mind until he is your complete and utter sex toy. An empty-headed pretty bit of fluff who will only exist to please and satisfy you. What do you think of that?”

“Now wait just a goddamned minute!” shouted Bob. “If you think I'm gonna be Ginny's... or anybody else's slave girl...”

“He'd be trained?”

“In our private school to begin with, then by you, later, once you decide how you wish him conditioned.”

“Ginny! This is crazy! You can't seriously be listening to...”

“And I would really own him, like a pet?”

Ginny was growing excited by the idea of completely mastering a feminized Bob.

“That's it! I'm outta here!” Bob started for the door.

“Of course, this won't come to pass if you allow your slave to get away.”

Roberta looked meaningfully at Bob.

Bob was reaching for the door when he felt Ginny grab his arm and twist it into a half-nelson.

“Ow! Ginny! Stop it! What do you think you are doing?” Ginny easily controlled her struggling fianc.

“OK. What do I do with him now?”

“Do you really wish to take your slave in conquest and join our club?” asked Roberta in a formal tone. “I do!” came the enthusiastic response.

“NO!!!” screamed Bob. “Then first, take your slave to the middle of the room so everyone can see.”

Ginny took hold of the back of Bob's neck with one hand, still holding his arm with the other; and marched him to the middle of the room. The other guests at the party stopped their fun and games, and gathered about to watch the ritual.

“Ginny! Now stop this at once! Come on now! Ginny!!!”

“Now what?” asked Ginny, looking at Roberta.

“You must prove your mastery over your slave by undressing her, feminizing her as best you can in these rude environs, and dressing her in suitable feminine clothes. Once you have done that, you must bind your slave and claim her by right of honest conquest!”

“Dammit Ginny! You stop this! Enough's enough! You let me go, and I mean right now!!!”

“You'd best begin by gagging her. Cecily! Come over and give your panties and head scarf to our new pledge.”

“Oh no! Oh Ginny, please! Don't!” cried Bob.

The slave girl Cecily skipped over and took off her panties, handing them to Ginny.

“Don't make me into a girl! Please Ginny. Oh God!”

Ginny tripped Bob, causing him to fall onto his back. She straddled his body, her legs holding his arms against his sides. Satisfied he was helpless to stop her, she began to shove Cecily's panties into his mouth.

“No! Please!”

Bob was completely panic stricken.

“You can't! I don't want to be a slave girl.. mmm!...mmm!...mmm!!!” woo... ulm ... ulp. Bob's hysterical protests were stifled as the panties filled his mouth. Ginny quickly secured then in place by tying Cecily's hair scarf about her unfortunate lover's head.

“You may take her into the slaveroom behind you and prepare her. The other girls will help you. You are a Master now. They will do anything you ask to help get your slave ready for the claiming. Make her as pretty and feminine as you can, and we will judge the results when you bring her out.”

Ginny stood, releasing Bob from the pin she had on him.

“Bring her.”

Five of the slave girls took hold of Bob and lifted him off the ground. Screaming his objections against the panty gag, Bob struggled in vain as he was carried into a small slaveroom behind a beaded curtain.

The Masters turned their attention to drinking and discussing the possible charms that such a delicate slave girl might be trained to employ. One and a half hours later, Ginny appeared from the slaveroom carrying her new slave girl. The Masters stopped partying and turned to judge the results of Ginny's efforts.

Ginny strode to the center of the party room and placed her completely feminized lover on her feet, holding “her” by the arm to keep her from falling.

Bob was dazed and exhausted from fighting a losing battle. The slave girls had completely shaved his body from the neck down, and his hairless body had been moisturized and powdered. The slave girls had shown a delighted Ginny how Bob's testicles could be snuggled up into their natural pelvic cavities. They had pulled his penis back and up between his legs, then they had taped the whole thing in place to remove any sign of masculinity from his crotch. His hair had been lightened and curled, cut in a sort of pixie style to take advantage of its short length to the fullest. It was extremely cute. His face had been made up with bright red rouge and mascara, and a deep blue eyeshadow.

He had been dressed in pink silk panties, a garter belt, pink silk stockings, pink heels with ribbons tied at the ankles, and a pink teddy. A white ribbon was tied at his neck in a small bow, and he had tiny heart shaped earrings dangling from his ears. Bob's hands and feet were tied with pink ribbons. All his nails had been polished bright red.

The Masters were all transfixed! So delicate! So helpless! So ineffably feminine! It was astounding! He was BORN to be a girl!

“She is truly beautiful!” said Roberta. “I knew you were a perfect candidate for our club, but this slave! Oh, MY! Believe me honey, if she looks this good now, just wait till we're done training her!

“Do I claim him now?” asked Ginny.

“Her. Your slave is yours for now and forevermore.

“That's right.” said Ginny, giggling.

“Uh, uhhh!”

Bob shook his head. His earrings tinkled.

“All right. This is going to be fun, I think.”

Ginny smiled at Bob.

“I claim you Bob. I claim you as my slave girl by right of fair conquest!”

“She needs a girl's name.” said Roberta.

Ginny looked hard at Bob, measuring his new, girlish appearance.

“Cheri!”

Bob groaned.

“Cheri. Oh, that's perfect!”

Roberta took Ginny by the arm.

“Why don't you come and meet some of the guys? Rico will no doubt attend to your Cheri. He always likes to get to know the new girls right away.”

Ginny walked away with Roberta. The Masters returned to their amusements and Bob found himself alone, trying to balance on his heels with his wrists and ankles tied.

Two large hands were gently placed on “Cheri's” shoulders. They slid down her arms, caressing her bare flesh. She looked over her shoulder to find one of the Masters behind her. It was the giant in the white tux who had been receiving the blowjob earlier.

“Hello, Cheri. Let's get to know one another better, yes?”

He lifted Cheri into his arms, cradling her like a child. He smelled of beer and stale cigarettes. He carried Cheri to a chair by the wall and sat down in it heavily.

Cheri was terrified.

“How soft you are, Cheri. I like that!”

His ran his hands down Cheri's legs, then up and through her empty crotch.

“I will remove your little gaggy now. You better be a good girl and not try to bite Rico or he will beat you! You will like this, Cheri! Rico is going to show you how a slave girl is kissed!

Rico untied the hair scarf from around Cheri's head and pulled the panties from her mouth. He pulled the helpless slave girl close and took a handful of her curls in his right hand.

“What a pretty girl's mouth you have, Cheri.”

Someone shook Ginny's hand and someone else handed the newest Master a drink.

Rico's mouth descended on Cheri's...

...And that's how Bob and Ginny joined the Slave holders Club International - Phoenix Chapter.

THE GYPSY'S DOLLS

By Susan Sweet

Bill Hickson was a reporter; a damned good reporter. Bill had a reputation for going to any length it took in order to land a good story, but this assignment! It seemed altogether too silly for someone of his abilities, but nonetheless he was on his way to the address in Greenwich village that he had been given.

'Dolls!', He thought. 'A fabulous collection of Dolls. My editor's gone completely loony this time. Well, they'll have to be pretty fantastic indeed if they're going to get any real interest from me!'

Bill found the address his editor had given him. It was a small shop with heavily curtained windows. A sign in the lower part of the window advertised Palm and Tarot readings.

Bill knocked on the door and it was eventually answered by a very Old Woman in a long brown dress that reached to the floor. The dress was hung with beads and odd animal pins, and her wispy hair was pure white. Bill was momentarily taken aback.

"Oh! Ah, sorry..." He said, consulting a paper in his hand. "I'm here to see a Miss Roxalana...um...would you be she?"

The old woman looked him over slowly.

"What's your business with Roxalana?" Her voice! It had the youth and golden beauty of an opera diva!

Bill was totally thrown off.

"My god! Um...I mean...The Dolls! I'm here about the Dolls!"

At the first mention of the Dolls, the old woman hissed and backed away from Bill. Now she spoke again, but her voice was that of an old crone.

"Who are you?" She screeched. "What do you want? Who sent you?"

Her eyes opened wide, then narrowed. She sucked wind in through her teeth.

"Ah! I see now! Yes! I see your fate...perhaps! You go away! You go away now if you know what's good for you! No Dolls here! No! No Dolls here!"

She slammed the door in Bills face.

Now Bill wasn't a pro reporter for nothing. His instincts smelled a good story here. Perhaps even a great story! He left the old woman, secured lodging in a third rate hotel nearby, and began his stakeout of the building. Late that evening, about two in the morning, a light appeared near the pavement at the rear of the building. Bill moved in to have a look...

...The light was coming through a crack in some boards that covered a lower room in the tenement building. Getting down on his hands and knees and peering with one eye, Bill could see the lower half of the old woman's brown dress as she moved about the room - but little else. Then Bill smiled to himself when her hand dropped for a moment, and he saw an exquisite doll in period colonial costume gently held in her fingers.

'So there are no dolls, Eh?' he thought to himself.

Bill returned to his hotel and retrieved a little gadget that had helped him several times in the past. A miniaturized video camera with a fiber optic lens. It reacted to light. When the room was illuminated, the camera would silently film. The fiber lens could fit into almost any sort of opening, and soon Bill had it in position on the rear of the building.

There were no lights on in the room on the following night. But the night after that, the lights came on twice.

Bill eagerly prepared the films for viewing, but he was not prepared for what he saw...The Dolls were ALIVE! The first time the lights came on Bill saw the old woman arranging the dolls in a circle on the floor. The second time however, the old woman put a glowing red ruby on a small dish among the dolls, and they began to move!

One by one they stretched their small bodies and got to their feet. They appeared to greet each other, laughing and chattering among themselves as they primped and fussed at their costumes. The ruby's glow began to fade after a while, and the Dolls seemed to grow stuporous, laying themselves down in delicate poses before all movement ceased.

What a mystery! What a story to reveal to the world. Bill saw the challenge and vowed to rise to it. He would learn all about these "Living Dolls", or die in the attempt! The next evening, Bill was at the back of the building early, about eight PM, long before there was usually any activity that he had observed. Prying off the loose boards took only a moment, and he was about to open the window with his crowbar when he heard the old crone's voice behind him. "Yes. Yes. You are the persistent one! But that is not a wise way in which to confront the Dolls! Oh, No!"

Turning from the window, Bill saw the Old Woman standing a scant fifteen feet away. He hadn't heard anything of her approach!

"You must be prepared, Oh, Yes!" She intoned.

"You will take me to see the Dolls?" Asked Bill. "Come." Said the old woman, turning away from Bill and walking rapidly down the alley.

Bill hastily gathered up his tools and ran after the old woman, who was already turning a corner. He managed to catch up with her at the door to her shop, where she turned once more to speak to him.

"The Dolls have great power. They are dangerous! Do not enter with me, Persistent One, unless you are willing to risk much!" "Don't worry about me, Lady." Bill replied. "I've been in some pretty strange situations before." "Very well, then...enter."

The Old Woman led Bill into the building. The front room was a sitting parlor used for psychic readings and seances. A hallway led toward the back of the building, and a single door was in the right wall. It was this door that the woman opened.

Bill followed her into a bedroom of sorts. Boxes, books, and various arcane objects if paranormal studies lay everywhere. The Old Woman faced Bill.

"You are a man of the West." She stated. "You only believe in cold facts. But you MUST believe me when I tell you that there is grave danger here. Any who are introduced to the Dolls must be as one of the Dolls themselves. Otherwise, a quick and painful death will follow!"

"Sure, Lady. Whatever you say. Just so I get to see them. So, you got some kind of adult sized Ken costume you want me to put on, is that it?"

"Oh, No! I thought I made that clear. No! In order to be introduced, you need to appear as one of them! A girl doll. Make-up, hairdo, nails, clothes, other things...everything! If you are presented as a man, you will die!"

"Are you sure all that's really necessary? I'll admit, these Dolls are pretty odd; but, death from meeting them? Why can't I just get a few shots of them moving around, and then interview you?"

The old woman's voice lost the sound of the old crone, and once again took on the golden sound it had had when he first met her.

"You know that they move, do you? Then I am surprised that you do not fear them all the more. However, that is the requirement. Accept. Allow me to prepare you... or go away! The Dolls will be moved. You will never have another chance."

"You pick the damnedest times to switch voices." Observed Bill. "OK, Lady, you're on! I've always said I'd do anything to get a good story. I'm not going to let a little dressing up get in my way. If you want to get kinky, OK, just as long as I get my story."

"Then submit to me. Allow me to do what I must," said the honey voiced woman.

Bill resigned himself to some personal embarrassment as the old woman went to work on him. She completely shaved his body, powdered him; then she washed, cut, and colored his chin-length hair before putting it up in curlers.

Bill was placed under a hair dryer, and the Old woman gave him a manicure/pedicure, and painted all his nails. Taken from the hair dryer, Bill was given a prettily made-up face, then the Old Woman brushed out his new hairdo and sprayed it in the style she wanted.

Bill's most embarrassing moments came when the Old Woman cemented a pair of realistic tits on his chest, and then, pulling his genitals back and up between his legs, she cemented a lifelike vagina over his crotch.

Looking in a mirror, Bill was shocked to discover that he really did look like a pretty, naked female.

“My God!” Said Bill, ogling his voluptuous female image. “Now you are ready.” Said the Old Woman. “Drink this.”

She held out a small glass containing a bright pink liqueur.

“What's that?” Asked Bill. “A potion of protection from the Dolls power.” She noticed his hesitancy. “Humor an old woman.”

With a “Damn the torpedoes” sort of attitude, Bill took the proffered glass and quickly gulped down the contents; it was very sweet. The Old Woman grinned and her eyes sparkled.

“Come then.”

The Old Woman led Bill down the hallway to the back of the building. She stopped at a padlocked door and opened it. Turning on the light, she led Bill inside and shut the door behind them.

The Dolls were lined up on two shelves. There were nine of them. Each was posed sweetly. The Old Woman began to place some of them on the floor in a circle. Bill picked up a beautiful doll in a southern belle's costume. It was warm to the touch! Slightly heavy for it's size, and the eyes...they were aware! Bill gently set the Doll down in the circle on the floor as the Old Woman finished putting the others on the floor.

“The detail of their costumes is quite amazing.” Said Bill. “Why, they even have tiny lingerie and bras.”

“As any woman does.” Said the Old Woman, removing a box from the shelf. “Now hush, silly girl!”

Bill ignored her comment, considering the way he looked, and watched, fascinated. The Old Woman took a small dish from the box and placed it in the middle of the circle of Dolls. Next, she once again took out the glowing red Ruby and placed it on the dish.

As soon as the Ruby appeared Bill felt a warm glow throughout his body. What a rush! He felt like he was actually radiating with life energy! He was dimly aware the Old Woman had moved behind him, and was making little sounds of pleasure; but his attention was on the dolls...They were coming to life again!

The Ruby's glow seemed to energize them. They stretched, yawned, woke up, then stood. They greeted each other with clear, sweet, voices, then began to cluster around Bill.

“Oh look! A new girl!”

“How sweet!”

“She's really quite pretty.”

“Darling.”

“Her hair color is perfect for her eyes!”

Bill sat on the floor, totally entranced as the Dolls climbed into his lap, chattering happily about how pretty he was. Bill was too amazed to ask them any questions. How real they were. They WERE real! How could this be? He was only dimly aware of the Old Woman moaning softly behind him.

Then, suddenly, Bill noticed the change. The dolls were all much bigger!

Barely ten inches tall before, they all suddenly seemed to be almost a quarter of Bill's size! Alarmed, Bill looked around, and his senses got another shock. The room had gotten much bigger! And the Woman had gotten huge!

“What's happening?” Asked Bill. “Why are you so big?”

“Silly Girl!” Laughed the Woman, who now looked thirty-something years old. I'm not growing...You're shrinking!”

Bill realized with horror that what she was saying was true.

“It's the essence of the Dolls that you drank, sweetie. Why, I'd say you were no bigger than a four year old girl now - and shrinking fast.”

Bill jumped to his feet in panic and leaped away from the Dolls clustering around him. Running to the door, he found he could barely reach the doorknob with his hands. He stared up at the Young Woman in horror as she reached out and held the door shut, foiling his puny efforts.

“Please let me out!” Bill screamed. His voice was already high pitched and tiny.

“You are going to make a very beautiful Doll.” Said the Young Woman in her golden voice. Her features were now those of a woman in her early twenties. “I can see it in your face.”

Now hanging from the doorknob, Bill dropped to the floor and explored his body with curiously failing strength. He now stood about nine inches tall. His fake pussy and tits have merged with his body. They feel real!

The Ruby's glow is fading, and all the Dolls, including Bill, are growing stuporous. The Young Woman picked Bill up and gently placed him on a pile of scarves. “Why?” Asked Bill. His voice was now as sweet and clear as that of the other Dolls.

“Why?” Echoed the Young Woman. “It is your fate, that's all. You will live for a very long time. Perhaps forever! I created my first Doll over fifteen hundred years ago. Elizabeth. You'll meet her of course. She is first among my dolls.”

Bill can no longer move his muscles or speak. His arms and legs stay where they were put as the Young Woman goes about dressing him. She is quite gentle, lifting him up to slide tiny lace panties onto his female body.

“They made me high priestess when I was a girl. Then I discovered the secret of the essence, and I had my revenge. With every Doll I transform, I gain another 70 years of life. Your life energies have regenerated my cellular structure, and you will have to be periodically exposed to the Ruby for the effects, and your life, to continue. You will never leave me. I will take great care.”

Bill was dressed in a garter belt, silk stockings, bra with tiny underwires to push his new breasts up, high heels, a short stiff petticoat, and then his costume - that of a barmaid. Short red skirt over the petticoat, white cotton blouse with puffy sleeves and a very revealing cut, and a wide belt at his waist.

“I am going to call you Cindy. It goes with your costume.”

The Young Woman finished dressing Bill, and held him out at arms length for inspection. “Just precious!”

The Young Woman posed 'Cindy' provocatively on the shelf with the other Dolls.

“Ladies, I would like to introduce Cindy the Barmaid.”

The Young Woman left 'Cindy' on the shelf, walked to the door, and opened it. Turning back, she smiled at her new girl. “You will live forever now, thanks to me. But I don't believe that the Dolls ever sleep.”

The Young Woman turned out the light and shut the door.

A small wailing sound began somewhere in the back of Cindy's tiny mind.

STOWAWAY

By Susan Sweet

The Starboard List was a fine looking ship. She was 130 feet long from bow to stern, and her main deck showed a number of fine sleeping cabins on the starboard side which faced the dock. It looked as though she might have once been a pleasure yacht that had been converted for cargo purposes. Cargo hatches covered a limited cargo space at the aft end of the ship.

From my hiding place in a pile of old tires I could see the piano crate I planned to hide in. It was just visible on the aft end of the ship by one of the small cargo cranes.

With only one crewman on duty, getting aboard the day before to look around had been relatively easy. I had been pleased to find a loose board on the side of the piano crate and with some wiggling, I had managed to get inside. Luckily, I have a small build, and I have always been rather slender, even skinny.

The Starboard List's engines had been purring softly for some time now. A crewman came up from below decks and cast off aft, and then went toward the bow. I quickly left my hiding place, and, crouching low, I ran across the small open area on the dock, and quietly slipped over the ship's side.

As I dropped onto the deck, I thought I saw a curtain move in the cabin window above me. I ignored it, intent on hiding, and quickly moved to the piano crate. Squeezing inside, I listened for sounds of discovery. I heard none, and gradually relaxed. 'Piece of cake!', I thought.

The ship soon pulled away from the dock and headed out of the harbor toward the open sea. Finding that I could stand inside the crate, I had a good time peeking out of a hole in the wood to watch the harbor pass by. 30 minutes later, I felt a change in the pitch and roll of the ship as we left the harbor and entered the shipping lanes.

I had traveled this way five times already, and each trip had been an adventure. I never knew what my destination was, which was part of the fun. Once, I had come out of hiding too early, and the captain turned around and put me off back at port. Three other times, the captain was angry at first, and I had to work on the ship to pay for my keep, and once, the captain was so taken with my audacity that I was treated as his guest for the entire trip, a leisurely sail through the Greek Islands.

The harbor behind us, I sat down in the crate and tried to get comfortable. “I’ll wait for a couple of hours before revealing myself to the captain,” I thought. “We should be far enough out to sea by then that they won’t want to turn back”.

A woman’s voice interrupted my overconfident thoughts.

“You can come out now.”

I was suddenly still. Had there been someone at that cabin window after all?

“Did you think you were unobserved when you came on board?” continued the voice. “Stop wasting time and come out now!”

Wondering why I hadn’t been put off the ship in port if they knew I was on board, I squeezed back out of the crate and found myself standing in front of a young woman in her early twenties.

She had short blonde hair, blue eyes, and she stood about two inches taller than I, making her about five feet eight inches tall. She was dressed in the same uniform that I had seen on the male crew member earlier—blue jeans, a blue work shirt, and tennis shoes. She stood with her feet apart, arms akimbo, looking me up and down with a very odd smile on her face.

“Well now, Mr. Stowaway, did you think you were going to get a free ride on this ship?”

“Gee. I hope you aren’t too upset because I sneaked on board. I want you to know that I’m more than willing to work or do whatever you want me to in order to pay for my passage.”

“Are you? Are you indeed, pretty one?” She laughed. Her manner was strange, condescending. I couldn’t figure her out.

I nodded.

“Then tell me just what you are good for. You’re really too small to do any of the regular sailors chores around here. You can’t weigh more than a hundred pounds!”

“One hundred and ten! And I can do anything you ask me to, you just watch.”

“Actually... that’s good,” she smiled. “I already have something in mind for you to do, but it depends on the Captain. Follow me.”

She turned and walked away from me toward the front of the ship. I followed, hoping that they would not turn back. A short distance up the starboard side of the ship, we came to a cabin door that she opened, disappearing inside.

Following her, I found myself entering the ship’s office—two desks, charts on the walls; and seated at a chart-table, looking at me very intently was a man in his fifties. His black hair had some gray at the temples, and he looked fit and trim in a tan turtle-neck and jeans. His blue eyes had a piercing quality to them as he sat and stared at me.

“Stand right there, Honey,” said the woman, pointing to a spot in front of the two desks.

“Look...” I began.

“Say nothing, dear! Just stand there!” She pointed again.

Feeling weird, I stood where she had indicated, and the silence in the cabin grew as the Captain continued to stare at me.

“Yes!” he said finally, his voice a deep bass rumble. “You were right Gloria, this one shows amazing potential.

“So?” said Gloria.

“I wouldn’t mind having another one of your special pets around for a while, Angel,” the Captain mused. “She’ll get the full training of course?”

“Oh, absolutely! So I can keep her?” exclaimed Gloria.

“What did you say?” I asked.

“For a while,” the Captain nodded.

“Oh goody! Thank you Daddy!”

“Wait! What did you...” I began.

“Well, Mr. Stowaway!” said the Captain, rising from his seat. “It looks like you've gotten more than you bargained for, for there is only one way that I am going to allow you to remain on board this ship!”

“And what's that sir?” I said. The way these two were acting was getting me nervous. I was still wondering what the Captain had meant by 'one of your little pets'!

“You must agree to become Gloria's plaything until we decide when and where to put you off the ship.” He smiled at me very oddly. “Until then, you are hers.”

“What?” I was confused. “What do you mean 'become Gloria's plaything', sir?”

“Perhaps it would be best if you told him Gloria.”

Gloria moved to where I was standing and put her hands possessively on my shoulders.

“You are going to be my playmate, that's all. You'll dress in the clothes I tell you to wear, act in the manner I tell you to, and keep me company on the voyage. We'll have oodles of fun! That is, as long as you do exactly as you're told!”

I shrugged her hands from my shoulders and stepped back.

“Wait a minute! You make it sound like you want me to be your slave or something!” Things were getting too weird!!

“Why how clever you are, Dear. Slave is right! That's exactly what I want you to be dear, my slave.”

“What! You're crazy!” I backed toward the door.

“You're charting a dangerous course, Stowaway. Are you sure that's how you want it?” asked the Captain.

“You're all crazy!” I grabbed the door handle and jerked it open.

Standing in the passageway was the biggest man I had ever seen in my life! A bear of a man; he must have stood almost seven feet tall! He was dressed in the same blue

jeans and shirt as the rest of the crew, and I backed away as he came into the cabin, bending over to keep from hitting his bald head on the cabin ceiling.

“Look at his hands!” I thought, “as big as catchers mitts!”

“Stowaway, Lars,” said the Captain. “Doesn't want to become one of Gloria's play-things, apparently.”

Lars smiled and grunted. He crossed over to where I had backed against the wall, then he grabbed my upper right arm and upper right leg in those huge hands of his and lifted me easily up into the air.

“Hey!” I yelled.

Gripped in his huge hands, Lars carried me sideways back toward the cabin door.

“Hey! Hey!” I yelled, struggling in his grasp. “Hey! Let me go!”

Lars carried me out onto the starboard passageway and started toward the aft of the ship. I flailed at him with my free hand and leg. but he didn't seem to notice my struggles at all. Gloria and the Captain came out of the office cabin and followed us.

At the aft end of the ship, Lars set me on my feet and reached down for a line of rope.

“What the Hell's the matter with you people?” I screamed.

Lars pulled me against his legs, where he held me and entwined the rope around my body; tying knots, sailor fashion.

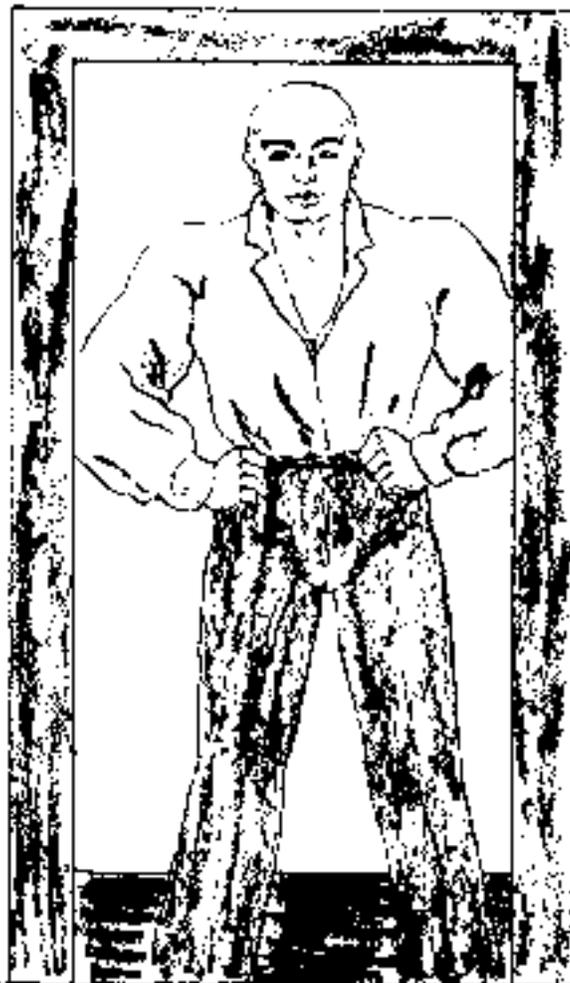
“What are you doing? Stop!” I yelled, but he ignored me, and soon I was completely bound and helpless in the lengths of rope.

Lars picked me up and lay me on a storage box that was level with the ship's railing. Gloria came over to me and, once more, took my face in her hands.

“Are you certain that you don't want to be my slave, Honey?” she asked. “We really could have a lot of fun you know.”

“You're all crazy! What do you think you're doing?” I yelled.

Gloria looked disappointed. “Al-right sweetie, if you insist. But I sure thought you would be different from



the others we had to throw off the ship.” Gloria moved away from me.

“What? Throw me off the ship?”

“What?”

“Do you think you can stowaway on my ship and expect nothing to happen?” rumbled the Captain. “I have every right to toss you off my ship if I choose!”

“Oh please, mister. You wouldn't! You couldn't!”

“Oh yes, I can! And I have! And I will if you don't agree to be Gloria's plaything until we decide to put you off!” he said, menacingly.

“God, Mister! You can't really expect me to be someone's slave!”

“Of course I can. I do it all the time! But if you won't willingly agree to it...well then.” The Captain turned towards Gloria. “Go ahead Honey, it's your party.”

Gloria began to shove me across the top of the storage box I was lying on - toward the edge of the ship's railing!

“Wait! Wait!” I screamed as she struggled to push me over the side.

My head cleared the edge of the railing and I could see the ocean looming green and cold below me.

“Oh God! Oh God! Wait!” I yelled.

Gloria got enough of my body over the ship's railing for gravity to take over. I fell, screaming, into the wake behind the ship.

Cold and shock hit me as I entered the water. God it was cold! My mind refused to accept what had just happened to me. I bobbed for a moment, then the slack on the rope was taken up, and with a jerk I found myself being hauled along behind the Starboard List, which, luckily, was only doing about five knots.

The manner in which I was tied kept me from sinking, and kept me face up and looking in the direction of the ship, but seawater was constantly sloshing into my nose and mouth, making me cough and sputter.

My teeth began to chatter, and I could feel my body going numb with the cold. I could see Gloria, the Captain, and Lars at the aft end of the ship. Lars was pulling on the rope, bringing me closer to the aft and the churning propellers underneath.

“Well, Mr. Stowaway!” called the Captain, “What are you going to do now?”

“Please!” I yelled.

“Please, what?” called the Captain.

“Don't do this to me! Pull me back on the ship!”

“I'm sorry! We only have two kinds of people on my ship— Crew, and Slaves! And I'm afraid that stowaways simply aren't part of the crew.”

“You can't do this to me!” I yelled, shivering in the water.

“But I am doing it to you! It's nothing unusual you know. People have been thrown overboard throughout history!”