



Reluctant Press

Irresistible Forces

Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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IRRESISTIBLE FORCES

by Patricia Smith

CHAPTER 1

I lay on top of my bedcovers, stark naked, my limp pecker in my right hand, my head turned to my closet door where hung the poster of a pretty and naked girl. She was young and well dimensioned and with my vivid imagination to work with her image I would soon have my erection. I had to get my rocks off at least once a week these days and self satisfaction was the only release available to me.

I could never bring myself to pay cash for sex and no one else seemed willing to come near me. I had grown quite tall, quite early on and now stood six feet ten inches tall and weighed in at three hundred pounds. I'm not handsome and I'm smart enough to realize it. I was also lacking the charm that some men had to lure women their way.

It was a life-sized poster and the woman was five foot seven inches tall with the large and unblemished breasts I longed to touch for myself. Small in the waist and quite narrow through the hips, she appeared to be lithe and leggy. I focused my eyes on the few wispy curls of blonde hair that was her bush and imagined the feel of it as I stroked my hand across it. My cock came to life and stood to attention at its full length of fourteen inches, ready for the stroking I was about to give it.

My eyes closed briefly as I tried to imagine her naked form laying on my bed with me, but my imagination wasn't that good. I looked again towards the closet door and saw not the naked image I sought, but rather the fully dressed image of my Uncle Marvin. I lost my erection then faster than I had gotten it and sat up in my bed shaking my head to wonder if I really had seen him. I looked again and it was the poster girl.

“I must be going crazy,” I said aloud to myself. I had to talk to myself since there was no one else in my penthouse apartment. I would need much more stimulation now to get it up again so I climbed out of bed and went over to my dresser where I opened the top drawer and rummaged about in it.

I found the black lace panties I sought and tossed them onto my bed. Then I lifted out the sheer black negligee and laid it out too. The things I had to do to get an erection! I picked up the panties again and finding the waistband and the tab that indicated the back of them, I turned them around in my hands, stretched them open and stepped into them. I pulled them up my hairy legs and into place about my hips, then arranged my flaccid flesh so it would pop out the top when excited enough. I picked up the negligee then and found the spaghetti shoulder straps, putting my left hand through them. Holding it up I searched the layers of sheer nylon at the hemline for the opening into it. My right arm in, I put my left arm in too, then pulled it over my head and arranged the nightie down and over my hair covered body.

Walking over to the closet door I looked down at the image of the pretty blonde woman hanging there. “Okay babe,” I said to her. “I am you and you are me now.” No other fantasy would get me hard enough to work out my frustrations.

“That is what you want, isn’t it?” I heard a voice say. I quickly looked around my bedroom and saw no one. I opened the door and searched the hallway and found it as empty as it should have been. I searched my whole apartment while wearing only my sheer black nightie and found I was all alone, just as I always was.

Was my loneliness driving me into madness now? First off I thought I saw Uncle Marvin standing in front of my girlfriend’s picture. Then, I could have sworn I heard his voice as I prepared for my next fantasy. What was happening to me?

I went back to me bedroom where I sat on the bed facing my dream girl. “If you’re going to talk to me,” I said to the picture, “try using a more feminine sounding voice.”

“I use my own voice dear boy,” it came back.

“Who are you? Where are you?” I shouted as I looked around the room.

“In life, I was your Godfather and Uncle Marvin. In death, I am still your kindly guardian, your Fairy Godfather, so to speak.”

“Fairy Godfather! Yeah, right! And I’m Cinderella!”

“Not even close dear boy. No, you are my Godson, Marvin James. A thirty year old man and still a virgin. Tsk, tsk. What a waste!”

“I don’t believe in Fairy Godfathers so go away and leave me alone,” I shouted.

“No need to raise your voice my boy. And whether you believe in me or not, I am real and I am staying until you are happy.”

“Okay, I’m happy. Now get lost.”

“I’ll decide when you are happy, not you. I am here, and with you I will stay until the time comes when I feel that you are truly happy.”

“This is nuts!” I mumbled more to myself than to whoever was here. Then a little louder I said, “You’re a figment of my imagination! That’s what you are! Uncle Marvin is dead and there is no such thing as a Fairy Godfather!”

“Come along now Marvin. You were named after me and I was named as your Godfather at your christening. I was your father’s only sibling and when your parents died in that accident, I was your only living relative.”

“Well, if you’re here, where are you?” The apparition that took the form of my dead Uncle appeared right before me this time. I reached out a hand to touch him and it went right through him.

“My world is something you cannot touch dear boy. But to help you in this life, I have been given the power to touch you, to help you achieve that which you long for the most. Only you can see me, only you can hear me and you will obey me. I can make you do what I want you to do and I can make you say what I want you to say and through it all you will find a greater measure of happiness. Trust me dear boy.”

“I am happy! Go away!”

“Thirty year old virgins are not happy people. You lack the ability to communicate with people on a personal level. Yes, you are self confident enough to deal with them when it comes to business, but you don’t have a life. Look at you. It is a Saturday evening and only nine o’clock yet here you sit all alone in your bedroom wearing a very pretty black nightie and dreaming of being a pretty, young girl. This isn’t happiness.”

“Everyone needs a hobby,” I said almost to myself, “and I don’t knit.”

“Well, your hobby needs expanding and refining until you can meet people with confidence and put an end to both your virginity and your loneliness. To that end, I am here, and here I’ll stay until I am satisfied that you are truly happy.”

“You can sleep on the floor, I’m going to bed.” I reached for the hem of the nightie I wore to pull it off but my hands refused to grasp the filmy material. I reached over my shoulders then to find the lace trim at the top of the nightie but again I couldn’t grasp it.

“Yes, I agree that perhaps you should sleep on it. But you are perfectly dressed for that event so you will not take it off until the morning. Pleasant dreams my dear.”

I stood up to reach under the nightie and tried to remove the lace panties I wore but my fingers would not obey my mind. I saw the image of my dead Uncle holding my hands as I turned back the bedcovers and figured that maybe I should sleep on it. I climbed into my bed, pulled the covers over my head and tried to blot out all that had just happened.

CHAPTER 2

I awoke at six the next morning and wondered if the night before had all been a dream. The process of retirement at age thirty had taken its toll on me and I imagined

that my dead Uncle had come back as my Fairy Godfather. Stress! That's what caused it to happen! I needed a good, long vacation!

I pulled back the bedcovers and found my body attired in my sheer black and lace trimmed nightie with the matching pure lace panties. I have only put it on before to help myself get my erection and always took it off immediately after shooting my cum into a wad of tissues. This was the first time I had ever worn the sexy feminine garment to bed. Why did I do that?

No matter really. I had worn it the night and it was due for a washing anyway. I would have my breakfast in it first, then hand wash it in my laundry room sink before I relaxed in my bubble bath. I felt the swirl of the sheer nylon against my body as I made my way to my kitchen, turning on lights as I went, and it didn't feel half bad. I turned on the coffee maker and put the bread into the toaster and recalled the conversation I'd had with myself the night before. At least I wasn't hearing things now, I thought to myself.

Toast and coffee was enough for now. I could go to a restaurant later and have a proper breakfast. I went to the laundry room and easily removed my nightie and the panties and placed them into the sink as I filled it with hot water. I gave both items a good rinsing, then hung them on a hanger on the bar to dry. I walked naked down the hall to my bathroom and climbed into the oversized tub that could have held four normal sized people and began to fill it with water for my bath. I used a generous amount of my bubble bath and adjusted the temperature of the running water to suit myself. I always enjoyed a relaxing soak in the sea of unscented bubbles.

I was fortunate enough that I had been smart when it came to business and have been able to afford myself many luxuries. I owned the building I lived in and when I had it built, I had many features built in just for me. Six foot eight was the standard height of most of the doors in the building and I didn't want to be bumping my head at home so I had them increased to eight feet even. I had made the width four feet as well. The ceilings were all ten feet high. The kitchen counters had been raised to accommodate my height and all of the bathroom fixtures were oversized. I'd had all of my furniture built twenty percent larger than normal sized furniture in an effort to make myself feel more normal.

So now I relaxed in a sea of bubbles and hot water and was able to lay back and soak all of me at once. I had to raise my knees slightly to allow my head to slide under the water, then straightened them again to come up for air. It only took a half hour for the bubbles to disappear and the water to become tepid and my soaking was over. I sat up then and ran more hot water to become comfortable in my tub again.

I shampooed my short and thinning dark hair, then lay back to rinse it out. I ran a hand over my face before I reached for my shaving supplies and removed the stubble that had grown back in the past twenty four hours. Taking the face cloth from the rack I lathered it up with soap and proceeded to wash my hair covered body, arms and legs. I had to stand to wash my lower body and sit again to rinse it off. I was clean and it was time to get out of the tub.

I reached for the chain that was attached to the plug and found that my fingers refused to grasp it. I couldn't let out the water! I placed my hands on the edges of the

tub to raise myself up but my muscles wouldn't work. I would have to see a Doctor if I ever got out of this tub alive!

"Where are you going my dear?" I heard the voice from the night before say to me. "The job is far from being completed."

I turned towards the bathroom door and saw the apparition of my Uncle Marvin standing there in a dressing gown, pajama pants and slippers. "You're not real! You're dead! Get out of here and leave me alone!" I shouted at it.

"Of course I'm not real. Yes, I am dead. But I cannot leave and I will not leave you alone until you are happy. It will take time, but you will learn to be happy."

"I'm happy now! Go away!"

"Let's not have a repeat of last night my dear. You will not get out of that lovely tub until you have finished your bath."

"I am finished! I am clean! What else is there?"

"All of that unsightly hair on your body and limbs I'm afraid. It has to come off so you can really be clean!"

"I have to shave my body!? This is ridiculous!"

"Now, now dear boy. Let's not fuss. You are not leaving that tub while a single hair still shows below your head. Either do it yourself or I will do it for you."

"I am not shaving my body!" I said flatly and finally.

I couldn't believe my eyes as I found I was no longer in control of my limbs. I watched in horror as my hands, of their own volition, picked up my shaving cream and began to lather up my legs. "Stop!" I commanded them verbally as they picked up my razor but not even the spoken word caused them to hesitate. My right leg raised out of the water, lathered from the toes to the waterline, my razor in my right hand carefully glided over my skin and removed every hair in its path. Stroke - stroke - rinse and repeat. The lather and my leg hair came off! I closed my eyes in a vain effort to stop my denuding but even not watching I still felt my razor running up my leg. I couldn't stop it so I opened my eyes again in fear of bleeding to death there in my oversized bathtub.

My horror turned to amazement as I watched my arms and hands twist and turn to get every single hair that had been lathered up. The right leg done as high as it could be, I saw it reenter the water for a rinsing before my left leg came out for its lathering. I had no power to physically prevent what was happening to me so my mind raced to come up with a logical argument to present in my defense.

"This can never work," I said to my unseen Uncle Marvin. "I am far too tall and too heavy to ever make a presentable woman. I have a receding hairline too so I would have to wear a wig to appear feminine. They don't make them in my size. I don't even have any women's clothes to put on."

The shaving paused briefly as Uncle Marvin spoke to me again. "Not to worry my dear. I am here to help you with everything. Trust me." That said, the shaving began again. I watched as my hands changed the blade to work on the hair that grew on my fingers, the backs of my hands and my arms all the way up and over my shoulders to

my neck. Then the underarms were cleared of hair too. Another blade change and I saw my hands removing the hair from my chest and stomach.

I had no idea that I was double jointed and was amazed that my arms and hands could reach behind my back to lather and shave it completely free of hair without a single nick or cut. It was over, at last! My hands put down my razor and grasped the tub to lift me up so I could get my legs under myself. But they didn't do that!

I found myself on my knees in the dirty, hair littered water and to my horror again I found my hands lathering up the tops of my legs front and back. But they didn't stop there as they lathered up my lower stomach, lower back and all of my ass. More shaving cream was put on my hands, then spread over my groin, my penis and scrotum. "Not that too!" I heard my voice say in protest.

"All the hair below your head!" came the voice as my hands changed the blade in my razor again. Horror filled me again as I watched my body being completely denuded by my own hands and was completely powerless to prevent it. Stroke - stroke - rinse. Stroke - stroke - rinse. All the lather with all of my hair was now floating in my bathtub!

I stayed on my knees and my hands worked again as I pulled out the plug and washed most of my hair down the drain. Some of it stuck to the sides and bottom of the tub and there was loose hair on my skin still as I knelt in the drained tub. I got to my feet then and found myself reaching for the hand held shower nozzle. I adjusted the water to a temperature that suited me before I rinsed myself and the tub free of all loose hair. Only then did Uncle Marvin release me and let me leave the tub.

I dried myself off, then went to stand in front of the mirror to look at my totally denuded body and limbs. What a sight I was now! An extra tall, well muscled, overly endowed man without a single hair showing on my glistening snow white skin. Not a pretty picture as far as I was concerned. I headed to the door and intended to go to my bedroom to dress for my day when I suddenly stopped short.

"You must put on your panties first my dear," came the voice and I resisted once more. I had bought those panties and the nightie for one reason only. To help me get an erection so I could stroke myself into a blissful state without stress. Again, I could only watch as my legs carried me into the laundry room and my hands retrieved the now dry black lace garment from where it hung, stretch it open and hold it there as my legs of their own accord lifted one at a time to step into it. I felt my hands pull it up my hairless legs and into place about my hairless hips, covering my now hairless groin. My hands took my now dry nightie from the hanger and I was allowed to carry it to my bedroom.

Free again I folded my nightie and replaced it in its dresser drawer. I got out a pair of clean white socks and pulled them onto my feet. Tailor made beige slacks went onto my legs and fastened about my waist, then deodorant under my arms before a yellow polo shirt went over my head. All of them, the clothes, I had chosen to wear and put on myself. I slipped my feet into my size fifteen and a half loafers and stood before my mirror to straighten out my now dry hair. Then I reached for my after shave and only got my hand halfway back with it before it stopped in midair. I was not allowed to use it so I put it back down again.

CHAPTER 3

Uncle Marvin stood in my living room as I entered it from my bedroom. “Now tell me you don’t feel so much better without all that awful hair on you,” he said.

“Alright,” I replied. “I don’t feel better without my hair.”

“Nonsense dear boy! You’ve never felt better! You will be so much cooler now in this awful summer heat and it had to be done so we can work on your hobby together.”

“What hobby?” I asked curiously.

“Well! You did tell me last night when I asked about your nightie that it was your hobby since you didn’t knit. I think that the only way for you to be truly happy is for us to work on your hobby together. Do you have an automobile?”

“A car? Sure! Its down in the garage. Where are we going?”

“Shopping dear boy. But first, I want you to pick up the phone and dial 555-4141, ask for Linda Conway and make an appointment for one o’clock. Then we will go out for brunch at a divine little restaurant I haven’t been to since before I died.”

“Its Sunday Uncle Marvin. Stores aren’t open now.”

“Come come. I know what I am doing. Linda keeps odd hours seven days a week and boasts that she can dress anyone at any time, day or night, seven days a week. Do you have some cash on hand my dear?”

“Just my walking around money. About ten thousand dollars. Why?”

“That is more than enough I think. Linda only takes cash. Make the call and we shall be off!”

To say I was skeptical was an understatement but I knew better now than to try and not do as I was told. Uncle Marvin would just take control of me and I would end up doing it anyway. I dialed the number and got a husky voice on the phone and asked for Linda Conway. “This is she,” the decidedly male voice answered. I requested the one o’clock appointment and gave my real name, then she gave me the address and instructed me to come to the back door and knock three times.

“Remember my Fairy Godson, only you can see or hear me and if you hesitate to say and do as I command, I will take charge and see to it personally. Do you understand?”

“Yes Uncle Marvin. But you understand that I don’t like any of this.”

“You only think you don’t like it, but you are going to love it! Trust me!”

I followed my Uncle Marvin to the front door of my suite and he walked through it into the hallway. I had to stop, unlock the door and open it to go through it, then close and lock it behind myself. Uncle Marvin walked into my private elevator before I could push the button to open the doors. Being a ghost had its advantages to him.

He babbled on as we went down to my car about the menu at this place and all of the cute boys who worked there. Uncle Marvin had stepped out of the closet just bef-

ore my parents had their accident and had become an extroverted Gay queen over night. But he had never tried anything with me so I always had liked him. Now I wasn't so sure that I should have. He was more of a pain to me now that he was dead than he had been when he was alive.

The restaurant that he took me to was one of those all male Gay places down in the village. I didn't have prejudices against anyone, or so I thought. I had people of all ethnic backgrounds working for me and I never asked about a person's sexual preference or their religious or political affiliations. All I made sure of was that they could do their jobs. I was proud of the fact that I was one of the first employers to offer equal pay and benefits to all employees. Women got the same pay for doing the same job as men. Men got paternity leave when their wives gave birth. And people with same sex partners got equal spousal benefits to what heterosexual couples got. My companies did not discriminate.

Uncle Marvin had me ask for a back booth and I had to walk past everyone in the place to get to it. With my size I stood out to them like a tree in the middle of a football field. I got seated and asked for a cup of coffee and a menu. This was my first experience at knowingly entering any Gay only establishment and I could smell trouble looming on the horizon as I watched a pair of young men approaching me holding tightly onto each other's hand. They stopped right at my table. I looked up at them and said, "Yes?"

"Uh, you're Mister James, aren't you? Mister Marvin James?" the first one stammered slightly.

"What of it?" I asked him.

"You don't know me Sir, but my name is Bobby and I work for you in your warehouse."

"If you have a problem you should take it up with the managers there," I told him.

"Uh, no Sir. No problem at all. I just wanted to make sure it was you. I never would have dreamed of seeing you in here. I just wanted to thank you personally for the spousal benefits you have extended to same sex couples. Billy here was sick and in the hospital last month and the company paid for everything."

"As I see it Bobby, a couple is a couple whether they are opposite sex or same sex. Since you work for me, you should know that. Now, if that is all I hope you will excuse me?"

"Yes Sir, thank you Sir!" They returned to their own table then.

"Marvin!" Uncle Marvin exclaimed as they walked away. "I never realized you were so open minded! You have surprised me!"

I picked up the napkin to cover my mouth as I spoke so people didn't think I was talking to myself. "I have your life and influence to thank for that," I said. "You were so obviously Gay and effeminate in life that I tried to see things from your point of view, as well as others. Besides, its just good business when you think about it. Happy employees are productive employees. I thought you knew everything?"

“Heavens no dear boy. Only God knows everything and He hasn’t spoken to me yet. Probably never will. There are a lot of sins in this world, but being Gay is not one of them. Having died doesn’t stop me from learning. Having been Gay in life makes me the best equipped of your relatives to teach you what you need to learn.”

“How are Mom and Dad? I miss them.”

“They miss you too, but I am not allowed to speak about them. I am here to work with you. Suffice it to say, they know of the plan and are in full agreement.”

“So what’s the plan then?”

“No no! You will know what the plan was when I leave you forever. Not before.”

I had the cheese omelet with sausages and relative peace and quiet as I ate my meal. I say relative peace and quiet as no one in the restaurant came over to bother me unnecessarily. But I did have the ghost of my Uncle there and he seldom stopped talking since he couldn’t eat or drink a thing.

CHAPTER 4

I found the back door and knocked three times at exactly one o’clock. The door opened and I had to duck to go through it. Uncle Marvin hadn’t waited for me to knock and had walked right in through the closed door. Linda Conway was there to greet me and was about six feet tall, though somewhat taller in the high heels he/she wore. The gaudy gown she wore didn’t suit her overweight figure and she teetered on the heels when she walked, leading the way into her store.

“I knew of another Marvin James some years back,” the husky voiced she-male said to me. “Much smaller and older and very swishy.”

“My Uncle,” I said. I had Uncle Marvin prompting me with what to say. “I have some of his things and found your name among them stating that you specialize in ladies wear for men at all hours of every day. That you claim to be able to dress anyone. Is this true?”

“I hadn’t anticipated your size, but I think I can. I only accept cash and it will be more expensive for someone of your height and weight.” Linda was about ten inches shorter than I was but I estimated that she was about the same weight as me. I didn’t get into that with her as I needed her help, according to Uncle Marvin anyway. Personally, I could have gotten by just fine on my own without making this acquaintance.

Linda gave the order and Uncle Marvin backed it up. I felt pretty foolish getting undressed in front of this she-male but if I was going to purchase ladies wear for myself, it only made sense to try them on. This was not fun but I knew that Uncle Marvin would make me do it whether I wanted to or not.

I had to hop around on one foot to remove a shoe and the sock from one foot, then the other. Off came my polo shirt, then down went my slacks as I stepped out of them. I stood before her wearing only my black lace panties as she looked me over from top

to bottom and down to my feet. She had a large smile across her face as she took out a tape to measure me with. Fifty inch chest, forty inch waist, forty four inch hips.

She stumbled about the store on her too high heels as she looked for the ladies underwear for me in all the right sizes and colors. I was no connoisseur of feminine underwear but I did know that the panties she found for me that would fit me were very pretty. Silk, satin and nylon, all trimmed with lace and in a variety of colors and pretty patterns. I pointed to the ones that Uncle Marvin pointed to and she set them aside for me to take. Then she was off again for several minutes and came back with a variety of solid colored garter belts, all of them lavishly trimmed with lace. Since my own panties were black lace, she helped me into a fairly similarly styled garter belt. It was a snug fit, but that is the way that item was supposed to fit to hold up the stockings. Uncle Marvin made the selections again and I passed them along too.

Stockings! She actually had them in the extra long length that my extra long legs would require. She got me a chair to sit in and Uncle Marvin gave me directions on how to put them on properly and fasten them to the dangling garter tabs. I was trying on a pair of sheer black nylons with reinforced toes. He chose several pairs of nylon stockings for me in each color and shade that he liked, then silk stockings with seams up the back in several more shades. His final choices were several pair of black fishnet stockings.

“Cup size?” Linda asked as she piled up my stocking choices.

“D”. Uncle Marvin told me. I passed it along.

“No, no, no!” she cried. “For your size I would think DD, at the very least!”

Uncle Marvin changed his mind then so I said, “DD it is then.”

Linda tripped around to where she kept the bras in my size and found several of the pretty ones to go with some of my panties and garter belts. She helped me try on the black one to go with my panties, garter belt and stockings which I still wore. I felt constrained by the harness she put onto me and the large lace cups hung empty before me. I had never had any interest in bondage yet I couldn't help thinking that this was part of what that must feel like. “Breast forms?” she asked me then.

“No. You have some at home,” Uncle Marvin said.

“Uh, no thanks,” I said. “I have some at home that should fit.”

Linda busied herself trying to find a dress that would fit me and after several attempts, she finally found one that would work. It was black, without sleeves and had a drape that hung from the shoulders over the low cut front and back. The bottom of it was well above my knees and although the dress would have been longer on anyone else, on me it was like a minidress. But it was the only one I could get my well muscled arms through and the zipper could still be closed up my back.

Shoes! I wore size fifteen and a half in men's shoes and we found that I needed a size seventeen and a half in ladies shoes. Linda had them in sizes up to twenty four so it was no trouble at all for her to find me several pairs of high heeled shoes that fit. I had no experience with them and would have to practice for hours and days before I could ever learn to walk in them. But Uncle Marvin was adamant and insisted that I

buy at least four pairs in different colors, all with four inch high heels. I did as I was told.

“Nighties!” Uncle Marvin said then and I gave him a long scowl. “Come come my dear boy! I know how much you like them so we may as well get a few since we are here already.”

“Nighties,” I said to Linda then.

“Yes, of course! A girl with your complexion should enjoy the finest money can buy. Silk and satin, baby dolls and gowns. I should have plenty to fit you dear.”

She helped me out of the dress as I slipped off the shoes though she left me in the bra, garter belt and stockings along with my own panties. She showed me two and three piece baby doll sets in a variety of styles and colors. Sleeve lengths varied from long and straight to short and puffed up to no sleeves at all. She helped me try on the gowns and jackets though no attempt was made to change my panties. When the fit was right and the nightie felt comfortable to me, Uncle Marvin told me what colors to buy it in.

In the small store there was only the one dress that fit me and I got it. I got a pretty good selection of underwear too. But it was in the area of nighties where I got a lot more than I thought was necessary. A dozen baby dolls in a variety of colors and styles and another dozen knee length gowns as well. I wasn't happy at all but Uncle Marvin was thrilled beyond words. “Why me God?” I thought to myself.

I refused Uncle Marvin's suggestion and he took over control of my body again. He made me get dressed again in my own male clothes over top of the feminine underwear I still had on. Linda was smiling broadly as I saw her watching out of the corner of her eye as she added up the final bill. My yellow polo shirt easily showed through the black bra I wore underneath it. Her trained eye took in the fact that my slacks couldn't hide the fact that I also wore panties and a garter belt. Uncle Marvin didn't care about that! But I was terrified, almost to the point of being sick.

It was one thing to dress up in feminine things in private and quite another to wear them under male clothes that allowed all to see what I had on. I was embarrassed just to see it myself, never mind going out like that! Uncle Marvin released his hold on me once I was dressed and allowed me to pay the bill. I took out my wallet and counted out the hundred dollar bills into Linda's hand.

Everything was put into bags then and she helped me carry it as far as her back door. There was no way she was going outside dressed as she was so I had to make several trips myself to get it all into the trunk of my car. She waved good-bye to me before she closed her door lest any of her neighbors see her dressed like that.

Uncle Marvin was giggling in the seat beside me as he gave me directions to the next place he had in mind for me. I felt much more secure inside my car since no one could see much more than my shoulders and head as I drove. The seat of my Jaguar was low enough and far enough back that I could drive it comfortably. I was told where to park and did as instructed.

There was no one around then so I opened my door and got out. Uncle Marvin couldn't open the door on his side so he went right through it. As I walked up to the

door he had indicated I felt him taking control of me once more. “What was he up to?” I had to wonder. It had to be something bad as he didn’t tell me and just took control of me like that. I was dreading what was to come yet felt my face spreading out into a smile.

My hand knocked on the door and several times before a slightly balding older man opened it. I could see and hear everything and I had the sensation of touch still working for me though I was unable to control myself. “Hello Marilyn,” I heard my voice say to him. “Open for business?”

“Certainly!” was the surprised response. “What would you like?”

I walked inside as my voice replied, “Shave and a haircut please.” I was smiling so broadly that my face began to hurt.

Marilyn took me over to a barber’s chair and I felt my body sliding into it. A cape was fastened about my neck as the barber got to work. I watched in horror as that was all I could do as this balding little man shaved my head as bare as a cue ball. He even went so far as to completely remove my eyebrows too. I had nothing to say about it since it was Uncle Marvin who was in control.

“Shave and a haircut, two bits!” Marilyn sang out. “After shave?”

“Yes, please!” my voice said as my hand dug out the quarter from my pocket. The cape was removed and I felt myself standing up. The little man came around in front of me then and began to undo my pants. They fell to the floor about my ankles as he said, “Very pretty,” when he saw my feminine underwear. The garters from my garter belt were over top of my panties so he could only slide them down just far enough to release my ample sized cock from within. It was all he needed. “Bald is what I like,” he said.

I was stunned stupid when he bent down and began to fondle and kiss my limp and flaccid penis and try as I did, I could not prevent myself from getting hard at his touch. He stopped to lick his lips, then I saw him take the head of my cock into his mouth. I could feel his tongue working at me as he sucked and blew and slid as much of me into his mouth as he could before letting it slide back out. His mouth worked the few inches at the end of my fourteen inch length and he worked both hands on the rest of me, and tickled my balls inside my scrotum as well. My first sexual contact with another person and it had to be an older man sucking my cock!

Marilyn was a practiced cocksucker and it didn’t take him long to get me worked up to the point where I shot my load of hot cum directly into his waiting mouth. He knew it was cumming and was ready for it as he swallowed as much as he could greedily, then milked me dry and licked me clean. He used his hands to scrape the drops from his chin and licked his fingers clean too.

Uncle Marvin used my hands to replace my panties and pants while this little man named Marilyn just watched and smiled. “Come back any time,” he told me as he let me out the back door. I felt Uncle Marvin leaving my body as we approached my car and the people who stood around it, looking at my burgundy Jag.

CHAPTER 5

I felt the full flush of embarrassment wash over me as I had to pass through the small crowd to get to my car. But I was big enough that no one wanted to tangle with me, even though they could plainly see what I had on for underwear right through my clothes in the bright sunlight. Wordlessly I dug out my keys as I approached it and hit the button which disabled the security system and unlocked the doors. I folded myself into the seat, started the engine, shifted into reverse and backed out of there.

As I toiled my sports car through the streets, heading for home, I felt the presence of Uncle Marvin, even though I couldn't see him now. "Why did you do that to me?" I had to ask him.

"Come now dear boy. You cannot remain a virgin your whole life! Marilyn is quite talented in the art of performing oral sex on a man is he not?"

"I wasn't talking about the blow job! Why did you have him shave my head? The only hair I have on me now is my eyelashes and what grows in my nose! I have meetings planned for this week and I can't show up looking like this!"

"Oh! I didn't know that. But I do know that you refuse to pay for sex and the only way Marilyn would do it for free was to let him remove that hair. It had to go anyway my boy. Now your hair can grow back at an even pace. I knew of Marilyn's penchant for servicing totally bald people and since I don't know of any females who would provide such a service for free, it had to be him."

"Don't tell me that Marilyn is his real name either."

"Oh no no! It is the name he has chosen to do this work under. All week long he is Melvin the barber. He just uses Marilyn evenings and weekends. Most men who enjoy crossdressing chose a fem name to be called by when they indulge in that pastime. I think its time you had a fem name too dear boy. What shall it be, Mary? I know of several nice men who use that name, but you don't look like a Mary. Melody is much too light for you. I doubt there are many names beginning with M that would suit you. Matilda? Martha? Melanie? Margaret? Missy? Pick one!"

"Why does it have to start with M?" I asked.

"It doesn't have to. It's just that most men seem to prefer to keep their same initials when they chose a new name for themselves. Is there one that you like better?"

"What M name did you use Uncle Marvin?"

"I was Maria. Oh how I enjoyed hearing a man call me by that name! Having his strong arms around me as we slow danced together and hearing him tell me how pretty he thought I was in one of my elegant gowns. I was the belle of many a ball and the memory of them all excites me still, even though that one part of me can't get excited anymore."

"I'm not Gay Uncle Marvin. Never have been and never will be. Not if I have any say about my life. You may be able to make me do things but you said you won't be here all the time and when you aren't controlling me, I refuse to do those things."