



Reluctant Press presents:

Prisoner Of Women

Norman Way



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Prisoner Of Women

By NORMAN WAY

On prom night a parent's worst nightmare is having the cops come to the door to inform them that their son or daughter has been killed in a car crash. In my case, it was just the opposite. When I got home from my prom, the cops were waiting to tell me a drunk driver at a nearby intersection had killed my parents.

There is no good time for bad news but I was old enough and mature enough to accept what had happened. The next several weeks were a blur of events with the funeral, legal details and getting the house ready for sale, as well as finalizing my plans to attend school in the fall.

Fortunately the house sold quickly and I managed to find a decent apartment close to school as well as a part-time job, although finances were not an immediate problem. I pushed myself hard in school and by taking a few classes over the summer, I was able to complete a four-year program in three years.

Many of my classmates moved on to higher paying jobs in larger cities but I accepted a training position in the loan department of Cardinal State Bank. The starting salary was less than I had expected but I could always keep my eyes peeled for something better.

The Cardinal State Bank was one of the oldest in the state. Their lending policies were very conservative and their investment strategies were very sound. Other banks could brag about size but Cardinal had few defaults on loans and their portfolio had weathered many a recession. The founder's two sons had expanded the business by opening a number of branches to serve the community and its growing commercial and industrial base.

I progressed rapidly in my training and within a year I was doing well. I was the youngest staff member working at the main bank so after hours, I kept pretty much to myself. While in school I hadn't dated much, concentrating mainly on my studies so I could finish up earlier than my classmates.

Except for an occasional trip to the local Indian casino with friends and the purchase of some lottery tickets, I didn't gamble. Imagine my surprise one Saturday night as the numbers on the TV screen matched the ticket in my hand. Once the hammering in my chest had stopped, I knew I had to formulate a plan for quitting my job, moving to a state with no income tax and developing an investment strategy to secure my winnings.

I placed the ticket in an envelope and put it in the back of the freezer compartment of the refrigerator for safekeeping. I had won six million dollars over twenty years or a lump sum of three million. It was the middle of November and I had six months to cash the ticket in. That was plenty of time to decide what to do. I planned to resign at the end of the year; I would tell everyone I was going to move out west to work there. I didn't own a lot of "things" so I would not have a lot of packing to do. My car had just over 80K miles on it and was good enough to get me where I was going before I needed to replace it.

I poured the last of a bottle of wine in my glass and tried to get interested in some late night television but could not. Tomorrow was Sunday and it would be a long day with nothing to do but watch some football games and think about my future. On Monday there would be a lot of talk about the local lottery winner so I would have to be careful about what I said.

The next four weeks passed more quickly than I thought they would. I gave my two weeks notice so the next paycheck was also the last one of the year. My last loan interview was scheduled for the Friday morning of my last week. I would see two women at 10 AM; then I would clean up some odds and ends in the afternoon before I attended a planned farewell get-together in the back room.

Marilyn and Monique Barton arrived promptly at 9:45. The two sisters, both divorced, were co-owners of the M&M Beauty Shop just down the street from my apartment. After their divorces were final, the two sisters pooled their resources and purchased and remodeled a single story duplex. They lived in one half and converted the basement of one half into a four-stool beauty salon managed by Marilyn. The first floor of the other half was a lingerie and wig shop run by Monique. The business was doing moderately well but I had my doubts about loaning them enough money to open a second, larger shop with a new shopping mall several miles away. The location looked good, as the new mall was a small one located in a mainly residential area. The building they wanted to buy had been a hobby shop and was located directly across the main intersection from the mall.

I thought I handled the interview and loan application process in a professional way, though I felt the two women seemed a bit put off as if I had a bad attitude towards them. I certainly don't think I was condescending in any way. I wished them well as we concluded our business. After the women left, I finished up the day's work and spent what seemed like an eternity accepting the good wishes of my fellow employees as we sipped coffee and made small talk. Finally, with handshakes all around, I cashed my paycheck, closed out my checking and retirement accounts and left the bank.

That evening, I changed into my jogging suit and sneakers to run my usual mile or two before taking a shower and getting some much needed rest. The next morning I would be checking into a local motel for the weekend, then I would leave Monday morning for the trip out west. My trailer was packed and hooked up to my car. The only things remaining in the apartment were some bedding, toiletries, my alarm clock and the clothes I would be wearing in the morning. The new tenants would be moving in around ten so I wanted to be out early.

For whatever reason, maybe the crispness of the mild December evening, maybe the relief of not ever having to work again, or just the joy of being a truly free man, I decided to push myself to run further than I usually did. As I rounded the block on the final lap back to my apartment building, I approached the M&M Beauty Shop and saw one of the girls standing near the door, waving me inside.

I couldn't imagine what they wanted at this time of night but jogged up to the entrance to find out. When I got to the door, both the outside and inside lights were out. I opened the door and stepped inside the dark stairwell. A rag was suddenly placed over my nose and mouth. It smelled like diesel fuel and as I stepped back, I began to feel faint. I was trying to recover my balance when a hood was placed over my head. The smell was stronger than ever. My legs felt rubbery and couldn't seem to support me. Hands were grabbing at me and pulling me forward. My limbs were barely co-operating as I was dragged down the basement stairs and onto the beauty shop floor. My sneakers, socks, and jogging suit were quickly removed. I was exhausted from the run and whatever was soaked into that hood prevented me from putting up much of a struggle.

The lights in the beauty shop came on and the hood was yanked off. My vision was blurry but I could make out several women in the room. They pulled me over to a rack on wheels and stood me up against one side. Quickly, they shackled my wrists to the left and right sides of the top of the rack, and then my ankles were similarly fastened to the bottom. My spread-eagled form then wheeled around to the middle of the beauty shop floor. No one said a word to me during this entire time. The only sound had been my panting from my long run and the effect of the chemical in the hood. I was about to say something when I heard Monique's voice behind me. In a soft but ominous tone she said:

"Stay still and do exactly as we tell you or you will be so very sorry, do you understand?"

"I guess so," I answered. "But I..."

"But nothing!" she screamed. "Just do as you're told!"

The next sound was the crack of a flat wooden paddle against my buttocks. I grimaced as she applied several more strokes. When she was finished, I hung limply against my restraints. I knew any further resistance would be futile.

"All right girls, lets get started," said Monique as she stepped back from the rack.

My vision had cleared enough now to see what was happening to me. Two beauticians were pouring rubbing alcohol on small towels. After wiping off my body, I was cleansed of sweat and my skin felt dry. Next the two girls, one in front of me and one behind me, used electric clippers to remove the body hair from my legs, chest and arms. After sweeping the hair from the floor, the girls applied hot wax. Shortly thereafter with great glee,

they pulled the strips off, bursting into laughter as I grimaced in pain. When I looked down, my body was not only hair free but had a definite feminine sheen to it.

"Very good," remarked Monique. "He looks better than I expected. Let's continue."

The girls then wheeled me around and lined up the rack with one of the beauty shop's four chairs. My wrist shackles were unlocked and I plopped down in the chair behind me, relieved at least to be sitting down. Almost immediately, my wrists were duct taped to the chair's arms palm down. When my leg shackles were released, my feet were pushed together on a small pedestal and my ankles were duct taped together, one of the girls began shoving something between my toes.

I watched them work quickly as in short order I received a manicure and pedicure as well as a single coat of hot pink nail polish. While the polish was drying, the girls left the room. I couldn't hear what they were talking about, though occasionally they erupted into laughter. In about twenty minutes, Monique came in and looked me over.

"Very good, now finish him off," she said with a smirk on her face.

One of the beauticians returned, brandishing a scissor-like device in one hand. She grabbed my hair with her left hand.

"Sit still and don't move!" she commanded.

Then she proceeded to curl my eyelashes. Next, she picked up a pair of tweezers and began plucking my eyebrows. I flinched several times as she worked quickly; despite my obvious discomfort, she seemed to take great pleasure in what she was doing.

The last of my painful experiences came when she pierced both of my earlobes and inserted little gold plugs. While the first beautician put her instruments away, another pushed a button on a small machine behind me. She had a handful of warm, pink, sweet-smelling shaving soap. Quickly, she lathered my face and neck. Several minutes later, I felt a burning sensation. Tilting my head back, she rinsed off the pink foam and my whiskers with a spray of warm water. Next she wrapped a warm towel around my face and neck and when it was removed several minutes later, my skin felt dry and tight. She removed the cover from a jar of face cream and applied some of the sweet smelling stuff to my face and neck. The cream had a soothing sensation but a feminine scent to it. The burning feeling soon subsided and when she held up a mirror, I saw that my face was incredibly smooth, almost girly smooth. The duct tape was cut, freeing my hands and feet. I massaged both my wrists and tried to stand up. The girls helped me to my feet. Standing in the middle of the beauty shop floor, I was being examined by Monique and the two girls as if I was a lab rat and they had just completed an experiment.

After admiring the two beauticians' handiwork, Monique barked "Okay girls, last step."

The two beauticians put on latex gloves. After removing the lid from a large jar of face cream, they dug their fingers into the jar and began slathering the white cream all over my body. With a spatula, they dug the remnants of the stuff out of the jar and applied it to my face and neck.

"There, we're all done," remarked one of them. "He's sissy smooth and smells sissy sweet."

Monique returned and handed me my jogging suit and sneakers. "Get dressed!" she ordered.

Marilyn came into the room as I pulled on my clothes. She laughed and said, "The video is just fine. You're going to love it!"

After I had laced up my shoes Monique got right in my face. "We changed your arrangements. You'll be checking into your motel tonight instead of in the morning. Remember to keep your mouth shut if you know what's good for you. We know all about your so-called plans, so just do as you're told."

I nodded in agreement and followed the girls out to the car. They drove me to the motel where I saw my car was already parked but without the trailer attached. Monique got out and I followed.

"Don't worry about your stuff," she said. "The folks at the local charity store were glad to get your donation. Besides, where you are going, you aren't going to need them anymore. Marilyn has you all checked in, so let's get to your room and join her."

We walked in a side door and then down the hallway to my room. Monique knocked on the door and Marilyn let us in. One of the beauticians was crushing empty gallon milk jugs and putting them in a large black plastic garbage bag.

"Take off your clothes and get into the tub!" screamed Monique as she jammed a pink shower cap over my hair.

I removed my sneakers, socks and jogging suit and placed them on the chair. I walked into the bathroom to the edge of the tub to find it filled with pink foam.

Suddenly Monique pulled my jock strap down around my ankles and yanked back. I put my arms out and caught myself on the opposite side of the tub but a solid push from behind sent me sliding into the frothy, slimy mess. As I recovered and sat upright in the sea of pink, my nostrils were assaulted with the sweet scent of the perfumed bubble bath that had been mixed with about ten gallons of whole milk and warm water. When I looked up, Monique was grinning from ear to ear.

"Enjoy yourself, sissy boy!" she taunted as she tossed me a bar of perfumed soap. "Scrub yourself all over. I'll be back in fifteen minutes!"

I began soaping myself down. The soap had the same feminine scent as the bubble bath. Despite the feminine odor, I had to admit the feeling of the mixture of milk, warm water, bubble bath, and soap on my hairless body was quite erotic. Except for a few tufts of hair around my manhood, I had been pretty well plucked clean. A few minutes later, Monique returned. Marilyn was behind her with the video camera.

"Smile for the camera, pussycat, and make it look like you're enjoying yourself!" said Monique as she stepped back and Marilyn started the camera.

I smiled as instructed and tried to act playfully girlish with the soap and bubbles.

"Show us your pretty nails, girly boy!" shouted Monique.

Again I followed her instructions and turned my hands toward the camera to reveal their pink color while raising my feet about the level of the foam so my pink toenails were also visible. Marilyn stopped the camera and walked out.

After putting a large bath towel on the adjacent toilet seat, Monique said, "When you're finished rinsing off all that sissy girly stuff, dry yourself off and put this on."

She was holding the bottom half of a baby doll nightie. She turned and hung the panties on a small hook and walked out of the bathroom.

Minutes later, after I dried myself off, I looked in the mirror above the sink. I had to admit I looked pretty feminine with my plucked and shaped eyebrows and curled eyelashes. My hairless smooth skin had a very nice sheen, as well as a sweet feminine smell. I turned from the mirror and removed the panties from the hook on the wall. They were pink satin and when I stepped into them and pulled them up to my waist, the feeling of the satin against my smooth skin was quite sensuous. Nervously, I opened the bathroom door and walked out to the main room where the girls were waiting for me. Both girls looked at me with smiles on their faces.

"Oh my!" sighed Marilyn as she picked up the camera. "He is just a doll!"

I cringed at the description. Monique approached me with a small round container in one hand.

"Raise your arms above your head and spread your legs farther apart, sweet pea!" she instructed.

I did as I was told as she took the cover off the container and removed a powder puff. Starting with my neck and shoulders, she proceeded to dust me from head to foot with the perfumed powder. With a single elegant nail, she pulled back the waistband of my panties and gave my manhood a liberal dusting. After putting the puff back in the container, she replaced the lid and set it on the table. Picking up the top of the baby doll, she handed it to me.

"Put this on now!" she ordered.

I took the light pink chiffon top from her and put it on and adjusted the large pink bow on the front. Marilyn put the camera down and began picking up the things they had brought, along with my jogging clothes and shoes put them all in a large bag.

"We'll be back in the morning, so get to bed and get some sleep."

With that, the girls left the room. I was exhausted. I had been thru quite an ordeal and didn't have a clue why. I walked over to the closet door and stared at my reflection in the full-length mirror. What I saw was hard to believe. If my hair was longer, I could be easily mistaken for a female. I walked over to the bed and pulled the covers back and got in. I tried not to think about what the girls had in store for me next, I was too tired to care, truth be told. My head had barely touched the pillow when I fell asleep. The next thing I knew, Monique was standing over me, shaking me awake.

"Let's go, girly boy, we can't afford to waste any time. Get in the john, shave your face, and be quick about it!"

I walked into the bathroom and stood at the sink. My beard stubble was almost nonexistent. Whatever was in that pink foam at the beauty parlor was an excellent beard retardant as well as a shave cream. After wetting my face, I applied some pink lady's shaving gel from the can Marilyn had left on the sink and with a disposable razor; I shaved my face



as quickly as I dared. When I finished, I opened the door and Monique handed me my jogging clothes and sneakers.

"Get dressed and put your baby doll nightie on the hook. For God's sake, hurry up, we don't have all day!"

When I finished dressing, I walked back out to the main room. Marilyn handed me a pen.

"The man who bought your car wants his title. Sign at the bottom by the X."

I took the pen from her and signed my name on the correct line. I was now a man without a car, clothes, money or assets. I had no idea what was next on their agenda but things were obviously going from bad to worse.

"What time is it?" I inquired.
"My watch is missing."

Monique turned around and glared at me. "You no longer need be concerned about the time. We will inform you of everything you need to know and when you need to know it. Now let's go!"

We left the motel and got into the car. Traffic was light and after a short drive to a nearby mall, Mo-

nique parked behind a women's department store. Marilyn got out and pushed a button at the employees' entrance. A few moments later, a short middle-aged woman opened the door.

"Good to see you, come right in. We're ready for you."

With Marilyn in front of me and Monique behind me, we walked into the store. As I passed the woman, she smiled at me with a mirthful grin. We continued past the unloading and storage areas to the main office.

"Sit here, girly boy and watch this movie," ordered Monique.

I sat down as Marilyn turned on the TV and pushed the tape into the VCR. The women left the room. As I watched the video, I could not hear their conversation though it was oc-

asionally interrupted by laughter. The movie was an account of my transformation process from my abduction at the beauty shop to the bath and powdering at the motel. The clarity of the tape was quite good. The women returned as the tape went blank. I had no doubt there was more to come.

"Enjoy your little performance, sissy boy?" queried Monique.

I stood up to her face and said, "No, I didn't and I sure as hell would like to know just what is going on here! What is it you want from me? And another thing, my name is Bobby and I resent being addressed by those feminine nicknames you have been using!"

I never saw the slap coming but I'm sure you could have heard it out on the store's main floor. I had just recovered from the impact on the left side of my face when she back-handed me on the right side.

"Enough! There will not be another insubordinate outburst like that from you again or so help me God, a copy of that unfinished tape will be circulated around town and put on enough internet sites to make your life so miserable you will wish you were dead. Is that absolutely clear?"

I was too stunned to answer anything but "yes."

"Good, now let's get started. We want to be finished before the store opens."

I followed the women to the lingerie section where we stopped in front of one of the dressing rooms.

"Get in there and change into the garment on the chair and be quick about it!" barked Monique.

I stepped inside the dressing room and removed my sneakers and socks and hung my jogging clothes on the hook. I picked up the white spandex garment. It was a combination of a long line bra and panty girdle all in one piece. Gingerly, I put one leg in, then the other and pulled the garment up. It was a tight fit. I thought it was too small as the spandex compressed my waist, legs and chest. Worst of all, my manhood felt crushed.

When I stepped out of the room, Monique placed two gelatinous breast forms in the bra cups to fill them out, and then adjusted the straps. Marilyn measured my chest, waist and hips with a measuring tape and the woman who had let us in wrote the information down on a clipboard. Next she handed me a pair of pantyhose.

"Roll the legs down one at a time. After you step into the stocking, smooth it carefully all the way up to your waist."

I did as I was told. I was surprised at the erotic feel the nylon had on my now hairless, satin smooth legs. I must admit I liked it. Marilyn handed me a white half-slip and matching camisole. I put these garments on and Marilyn adjusted the camisole straps. The manager checked the fit around my false breasts, then measured the hem length of the half-slip.

"Okay take those off and put on this slip," ordered Marilyn.

I did as I was told and couldn't help but feel myself getting excited with the cool tricot slip over my nylon-encased legs.

"Take off the slip and turn around", said the manager.