

NOELLE

"Forced to be Female...Forever"

Volume Three.



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"Forced to be Female...Forever"

by M. Renault

Volume Three.

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Chapter 4

Helene released me from my bonds afterwards. She removed the tit clamps and had me take off the female underwear. I put the pink lingerie in a neat pile on the bed, but since she had taken all of my clothes earlier, I could only wait. She had disappeared into her mirrored dressing room.

She returned wearing a smart-looking pale green wool business suit with a white ascot-tie blouse. The boots and black stockings were gone, replaced by beige hosiery and beige sling pumps with black tips. She looked elegant, cool and refined. Helene was without a doubt the best looking older woman I'd ever seen. She outdid a lot of younger beauties, too.

I felt embarrassed standing there in the nude.

"What's all this shit doing here?" She swept the pink lingerie to the floor. "Pick it up and put it in one of those empty bags. Here, this one. Your clothes are back in the bathroom. Hurry up and put them on. I've got to get into town. Get a move on!"

I scrambled to obey. When I went into the oversized bathroom I found my male clothes in a heap on the floor. On top of them was the

pair of gold panties and pantyhose.

Helene leaned in the doorway. "That's right, sweetcakes. Those are the things you jerked off in at Mara's. Inan's old stuff. I picked it up when I was over there this morning. Since I threw your old male underwear into the incinerator, you'll wear this. Put it on!"

She stood watching while I dressed. I still had a slight erection. She hadn't allowed me to have any satisfaction in the bedroom. The gold panties made a familiar bulge in front. The pantyhose felt sleek and sexy under my male trousers. I got dressed fast. Helene handed me the bag of pink lingerie and told me to take it with me.

When we went out to the car she unexpectedly handed me the keys. "Here, play chauffeur."

She got in the back seat and I slid behind the wheel. It was already late afternoon.

With Helene's instructions guiding me I steered the shiny car over the country roads and onto the expressway towards Philadelphia. From time to time I'd steal a glance at her through the rear view mirror. She sat in the back seat reading the Wall Street Journal. Her eyes never left the paper.

We separated in the downtown area. When I pulled up to the curb she emerged from the back seat and got behind the wheel.

The Mercedes zoomed off, leaving me on the sidewalk, holding the bag of lingerie.

She'd given no indication when I'd see her again.

Under the late afternoon sun I walked through downtown Philadelphia, the little bag of lingerie clutched in my hand. I thought about what would happen if it spilled out onto the sidewalk. Passerbys would probably stop and stare at the young man carrying a bra and panties. I thought about what they would think if they knew what I was wearing under my regular male clothes. That would really shock them.

Two days earlier if someone would have told me I'd be walking down the street wearing female panties and pantyhose I'd have said he was nuts. But now it was happening. Women had so much nicer things to wear. Their clothes were smoother, sleeker, more silky and sheer, more feminine. I like the way the panties and hosiery felt against my skin. Putting on the burgundy dress the previous night had been a nice feeling, too. The way I had looked in the cabine mirror had been somewhat feminine. That had been a big surprise for me. The biggest surprise, though, had been the way the female clothes had made me feel. I'd never been so turned on before. They made me feel I could have an orgasm all day long.

As I walked down Walnut Street I studied the women walking past. I didn't pay attention to the young girls in their blue jeans and clumpy shoes. They dressed no better than

men, anyway.

The well-dressed women who walked by got my full attention. Knowing how panties felt, how stockings felt, what it meant to wear high heels, all made me feel closer to these women. It was like sharing a sensual secret.

It was evening when I found myself at Rittenhouse Square. I decided to go over to Mara's. We hadn't seen each other since before her big show.

Mara wasn't at her offices, but the handful of people still there said she was expected back at any time. I killed time by wandering through the workrooms. Dresses were all over the place. On one rack I saw at least two dozen copies of the burgundy gown. It must have been selling well.

As I walked through the long gallery I touched the beautiful fabrics. They felt scintillating in my fingers. I saw Mara's creations, and her work, in a new light. The reason behind each dress was clearer to me, and I understood her need to create beautiful things for women. The revelation was fantastic! I became more enthused about her career than ever. If only I'd felt that way before!

Mara walked in the door, greeting her people with a big smile. She looked wonderful. I walked towards her slowly. Her smile was infectious. When she saw me she called my name and held out hands. I took her in my arms and we hugged. She was still excited about the impact of her show, and I listened as she described the boom her business was under-

going. I told her I thought it was great, that she was great. I never felt so close to her. She hugged my shoulders and then raced off to her office to take care of some paper-work.

My offer to help was eagerly accepted. Soon I was filling orders, checking fabrics, counting racks of dresses and straightening up the place. The employees had long since gone home. It was night outside and the light in Mara's office glowed.

When I went in she was perched in her big swivel chair, her feet up on the desk with her shoes off. She looked at me sleepily and smiled.

"God, Byron! I'm tired! What a day. Whew! Ever since the show I've been running around like crazy. Jeez! I'm bushed!"

I told her she looked beautiful and she smiled.

"Oh, is this yours? One of the girls said she thought she saw you come in with it." She picked up the bag that contained the pink lingerie."....don't know what it is..."

I took the bag and put it on a chair. "Just some junk." It was better Mara didn't know about that. I sat on the edge of her desk and we talked. We remembered our old times, laughing over the funny parts. I told her I was very proud of how far she'd come.

"Yeah, Helene's helped a lot."

I asked her if she was thinking about

moving to New York, but she pleaded fatigue and said she'd rather not talk about business any more that day. She yawned and stretched her arms.

I perked up. "Hey! Want me to give you a neck rub? Just like I used to?"

With a lazy smile she said she'd love it.

I moved behind her chair and began massaging her neck. Her shoulders were stiff with fatigue and I worked them in deep circular motions. Small sighs escaped from her as I kneaded her tired body.

"Heavenly....oh, just great." she said as I continued over her shoulder blades. She was wearing a white knit sweater, so it was difficult to really work my fingers well. I whispered the suggestion that she remove it. Sleepily, she rose to her feet and leaned on the desk. She put her hands on my chest and poked me with a finger.

"You mean," she said quietly. "You still have some stirrings for your old Mara?"

"Mara! Are you kidding?" I put my hands on her waist. "I've always wanted you! I wish we could be closer than ever. Oh, Mara!" I pulled her to me and we kissed slowly, savoring the familiarity of our skins. She wrapped her hands around my neck and I reached to feel her breasts. My caresses brought more urgings from her. She reached down and peeled the sweater over her head, then pressed against me. Her body was warm and smooth. My erection pressed against her and she began rubbing her hand against my pants. As I darted my tongue

in her small mouth I felt her undo my zipper and pull it down. She fumbled there for awhile then broke away.

Her voice was puzzled. "Byron, what is this? What are you wearing?..."

"Byron!" she screamed.

I'd completely forgotten about the panties and pantyhose. Through the opened zipper of my pants, they bulged with my stiff hard-on.

"Byron! What the hell is this? What the hell is going on?" She yelled and my erection withered. I reached to close my trousers but she batted my hands away.

"No! Let me see! What the hell is.... Byron! What are you doing? Those are Inan's panties!"

I pleaded a lie.

"The hell they're not!" Mara screamed at me. "She was running around here all day accusing everyone of stealing her precious gold panties! But it was you! You!" She backed away and grabbed her sweater. Turning her back to me she struggled into it. I managed to close up my pants.

"Mara, please listen...."

"Listen to what? you...you...creep!" She spat the words at me. "I thought you were a man! A nice, ordinary guy! Boy, was I ever dumb!"

"Mara, please. Calm down,"

"Calm down, hell! You're nothing but a queer!"

"No, that's not true! Let me explain..."

"Queer! That was a pantyhose, too! You steal girls' underwear and then get a kick out of wearing it, huh? Big college man! Bullshit!"

I took a step forward, but she retreated and held out her hands.

"Don't come near me, creep! Don't touch me! Just get out of here!"

"Mara, please..."

"Get out, you queer! You're nothing but a pervert! Don't you come near me! Just take your stuff and get out!" She swatted the paper bag to the floor. It tore open and the pink bra and garter belt tumbled out. Mara recoiled from it. I stood speechless.

Her voice changed to a hoarse, strangled whisper. "Get out, you ugly queer! You're disgusting! Pick up your dirty girlie underwear and get out! I don't want to see you again! Ever!"

"Mara."

She leaped to the phone on her desk and picked up the receiver. "Get out right now or I'll call the police! I mean it! They'll come over and beat the shit out of you, you little queer."

It was awful. I couldn't stand it. Without trying to say a word I picked up my things and slowly walked out. Mara locked the door behind me.

I stood on the sidewalk in front of the building. The lonely darkness made me feel even more defeated.

A car came up the street and rolled to a stop at the curb a few yards from me. I squinted to avoid the headlights but they were switched off. The driver's door opened and someone got out. The door chunked shut and the figure approached.

It was Helene. She took a look at my face and asked what had happened. I tried to describe it to her, but I'm not sure my words made sense, they were all jumbled and slurred.

She took me by the arm and led me to the car. I got in the passenger's side and she told me to wait there. I watched her disappear into Mara's building.

I started to cry.

I don't know how long I sat there alone in the car, crying and beating my fists against the dashboard. When I got control of myself I put my hands in my pockets and slumped down in the seat, staring out at the darkness.

Later a taxicab passed by and pulled to a halt in front of the building. After a few minutes, Mara and Helene came out. They stood on the curb talking, then Mara got into the cab and it departed. Helene came to the car and got in.

In silence she looked at me and put her hand on my arm. I looked back in defeat and bewilderment. She started the car and we left.

Before I knew it we were gliding to a stop in Helene's driveway. We walked around the back, the way we'd gone earlier that day. Not a word had passed between us during the drive.

Walking into Helene's beautiful home at that late hour felt wonderful. It seemed so warm and reassuring. It was incredibly quiet; the only noise was what we made. There was a kind of peace and security within the walls, comforting me and relieving my sadness. It was a haven filled with luxury and beauty and secrets.

Helene led me to her huge circular tub and turned on the faucets. She adjusted the lights very low and went around the room setting out little squat candles and lighting them. Without being told to, I stepped out of my clothes. Warm perfumed scents filled the air as the candles flickered. It was beautiful. Helene reached in and tested the bathwater with her hand, then motioned for me to get in. As I slid into the warm soothing water she asked if I was hungry. I nodded yes and she said she'd bring something for me.

I laid in the warm tub for a long time, watching the shadows from the candles dance on the mirrored walls. The water was lukewarm when Helene returned. She carried a silver tray with some food and glasses. When she put it down on the steps of the bath, I

watched her nightgown.

I'm not sure it was a nightgown, or a robe, or just an incredibly sheer and sensuous dress. It was long and flowing, an ankle-length affair of blue chiffon. It had decorative lace designs in certain areas for propriety, but it was still virtually see-through.

I never felt so pampered and good in my life. As Helene sat gazing across the room, I watched her. That beautiful body of hers was quite in evidence, but I studied her face. She had amazed me time and time again over the past three days. Through her hands I'd experienced fear, excitement, embarrassment, humiliation, incredible lust, pain, pleasure and now compassion. She had, if not actually introduced me to the incredible desire to wear women's clothes, certainly taken a small spark and fanned it into a raging need. I didn't know exactly how to love such a woman, but I wanted to.

When I was done in the tub I stepped out and Helene wrapped me in a big soft towel, rubbing furiously. The huge towel was hot. When I turned to her with a quizzical look she told me her towel racks had electric heaters in them.

Wrapped in the warm towel, I followed her down to a guest room. I had half-anticipated spending the night with her in the big bedroom, but realizing my physical and emotional fatigue, I welcomed the guest quarters without regret. The bed was already turned down and I slid between the deliciously cool, clean sheets.

I went to sleep so fast I don't even remember Helene leaving.

Chapter 5

In the morning I woke to a gentle electronic tweeting. It came from a small digital alarm beside the bed. As I reached over trying to figure out how to shut it off, Helene burst through the door.

"Get up!"

She wore tight black slacks tucked into black knee-length boots, a black vest and a crisp white blouse with the collar turned up in back. With her hair pulled back as usual, the whole effect resembled that of a lion tamer.

I bolted from the bed and Helene ushered me into the guest bathroom. I shaved quickly with the things she'd provided.

"Shave off your sideburns," she ordered, and I did so.

Under Helene's supervision I dressed in the pink panties, garter belt, and nude stockings. She tossed me the male clothes I had worn the day before.

"We'll have to use these for today. Hurry up!"

As I slipped in my male trousers and shirt, I mentioned that perhaps I should stop by my apartment and pick up some fresh clothes.

"What kind of clothes?" she asked.

"Oh, you know, a fresh shirt, clean pair of pants."

"Male clothes?"

"Yes, you know..."

She came up to me and gave me a hard slap across the face. "Fool!" The blow stung and I raised my arm to protect myself, but no more blows came.

"I'm going to turn you into a girl, you stupid idiot!"

"A girl? But I thought..."

"Yes, silly! A girl! A cute, cuddly, frilly young lady!" She yanked open the front of my trousers and reached inside the waistband of the panties, grabbing my sex and squeezing with her fingers. I winced from the pressure she applied.

Helene drew her face directly in front of mine, very close and menacing. I could feel her breath as she tightened the grip. It hurt terribly.

"This is the only part of your puny manliness that I'm interested in keeping intact! The rest of you repulses me!" She released me.

"But...I thought you liked me..."

She laughed. "I only like what I can do with you, sweetcakes. You're nothing but raw material."

"But I thought I was...special."

"Oh, you are, sweetcakes! You are! Why, you're going to be the most special girl in Bucks County!"

"Girl?...But, I don't...Look really, I don't mind wearing women's underwear. It's nice. I mean it feels really good and it's, you know, sexy and all, but..."

She cut me off. "What did you think I had in mind, cretin?"

"I thought...around here...in private... you know, alone with you,,,or under my clothes where no one would see..."

"Oh, shut up, you little jerk! You're so dumb you don't know what's happening." She drew herself up to her full height and placed her hands on her hips. I saw her hands were empty, but I expected to see the riding crop appear there at any second. Her voice grew terse and hard.

"Listen, sweetcakes, and pay real close attention. You're mine! You belong to me! You're going to live my way, and do everything I tell you. Understand?"

"Yes, but..."

"But nothing!" She took a deep breath and slowly let it out. "Jesus Christ, you try my patience."

I was scared.

She fought to keep her temper under control, speaking softly. "I'm going to change you in many ways. You're going to live, eat, sleep, and maybe even fuck like a girl. You'll learn how to do everything in a feminine, womanly way, and you'd better learn your lesson well! You know that little device in the ceiling yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Want me to lift you off the floor with it?"

I involuntarily pressed my legs together.

"Want me to whip you black and blue? No, you don't. I can see the fear in your eyes. That's good. When I see that fear, I'll know you'll obey. Won't you?"

"Y-yes."

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"You slept like a man last night because I felt sorry for you, but that's the last time that happens. Today we have to go out and buy some things because you don't have any clothes. Female clothes! So you'll have to make do with your clumsy old man's pants and shirt and shoes. Tonight they'll be thrown away for good! I'll burn them in the incinerator.

"You'll stay here in my home. I'll teach you how to act, dress, and look like a young lady. You'll never be treated in any other way from now on. Understand?"

"Yes."

"If you rebel, or try to fight me, or don't take to your lessons with enthusiasm, there will be punishment. Severe punishment." She moved her face within an inch of my nose and hissed, "You know I can hurt you!"

She backed away and I swallowed hard.

"Your old life is finished! Today we start putting together your new one. Oh, don't look so dejected. Your new life will be exciting and pleasurable beyond belief, I promise you. Come on, have courage, you little wimp! I'm going to turn you into a ravishing creature. All the men are going to want you!"

The thought of physical contact with other men stunned me. I'd never considered that and it scared me. I wasn't like that, never had any inclinations that way. The idea petrified me. She must have detected my horror.

"Don't worry about it, sweetcakes. You're going to be a girl after all. Think nothing of it. Besides, that's way in the future. You've got a long way to go before anything like that happens. It's going to take a lot of hard work, so we'd better get started. We have to do a lot of things today. Let's go! Oh, don't worry about the things at your apartment. I've arranged for a moving company to go there, pack them up, and put them in storage. I gave them your keys I found in your pockets last night." She took a look at her expensive wristwatch. "They should be doing it about now, I should imagine. Come on now."

She led the way into the kitchen. On the way she called over her shoulder, 'Oh, I sent a letter to the Dean at your university, too, telling them you won't be coming back. They're used to kids dropping out, anyway. It's all taken care of.'

It was indeed all taken care of. Everything was arranged. Helene was a very thorough woman. My whole world had collapsed and was laying in her hands. The only thing I was required to do now was obey--while she changed me into a girl.

Before she fed me a quick breakfast, she used a tape to check my measurements, then we zoomed off in the car.

The first stop was in a small suburban area lined with shops. I followed her into a photographer's studio. She'd evidently made arrangements with him previously. I was told to sit on a stool in front of a blackbackdrop and look directly into the camera. It clicked and I was turned to the side. Click! The camera got my profile. Next came a three-quarter shot and it was over.

"They'll be delivered this afternoon?" Helene asked, apparently confirming a previously agreed upon arrangement.

"Oh, yes ma'am," the photographer said, and hurried to his darkroom.

The next stop was down the street. We climbed to a small second story shop that had a sign "Foundations--Specially Fitted. Mastectomy Bras." There was a small woman who spoke with a thick accent. Hungarian, I think.

"Good morning, madam!" She smiled sweetly then gave me a suspicious once over.

"Yes, good morning, I want a corset for this young boy. Something to hold him in here." She poked me in the side. "And here." In the stomach. "Something quite restrictive. You know, to train his figure."

"What figure does madam wish him to have?"

"Very girlish. Narrow waist. Surely you have something?"

"But of course, madam! Come here young man. Remove your shirt."

As I did so, the little shopkeeper took a tape measure and checked my chest and waist size. She asked me to take down my trousers to measure my hips. I blushed and turned to Helene, pleading with my eyes to keep the woman from seeing the pink panties, garterbelt and stockings I was wearing. She merely crossed her arms and sternly ordered me to obey.

I swallowed and blushed, then slowly dropped the trousers to the floor and stepped out of them. I tried to put my hands in front as a form of modesty, but Helene told me to keep them at my sides.

"Madam is training the boy?" the woman asked with a raised eyebrow. A conspiratorial glance shot between them.

"Yes. I thought with your expertise in foundations it was only natural to bring him here and rely on your judgement in the matter

of figure control."

"Oh, madam is too kind!" She smiled brightly with a gleam in her eyes. "Yes, I think I have something for such a nice young boy. I shall see. Perhaps...yes, this. Here we are." She took a box from a shelf and opened it. Inside was a white satin boned corselet. She held it up to my front and judged its fit. "Shall we try it on, ~~hmm~~?" Her smile was unbearable. I felt like crawling in a corner and hiding.

Helene broke in. "What I had in mind was something in pink, a pretty shade like his panties." My face went red.

"Ah, yes Madam, I see. Madam has great taste in these things, I can tell. Ah, here we are. Would the boy look better in this perhaps?" She held up a boned corselet of pale pink satin with white lace trim and lacings at the back.

Helene was pleased and the little woman helped me slip it over my arms and head and pull it down to my waist. I thought women were supposed to step into such things, but then I was used to stepping into everything like my usual male trousers. The stiff, waist-nipping corselet extended from my upper rib cage down to my hips, matching almost perfectly the shade of my lingerie.

"How tight does madam wish it to be laced?"

"I rely on your judgement," Helene said. "Surely you are experienced with these items?"

The little woman chortled in delight, then gave such a tug on the laces that the air whooshed out of me like a balloon. She laced the corselet up with all the strength she could muster with her tiny hands. My whole insides felt like they were being pinched in a vise. When it was done she tied the ends of the white laces in a neat little knot.

"This is most important," she told Helene. "The laces must not be allowed to pull apart during wear. That wouldn't do at all!"

She conferred with Helene in whispers for a moment and Helene took from her purse the pink bra I had worn yesterday. The shopkeeper inspected it and nodded, then took a large box from a high shelf. She placed it on the counter and took out some white mastectomy breast forms, offering them for Helene's inspection. I watched as she took one of the false breasts in her hand and squeezed softly. It seemed to be filled with some sort of liquid or gel. The saleslady explained that these were the latest type, the most natural looking and feeling. I was made to put on the bra and the woman slipped two forms into the cups. They felt heavy as their weight pulled on the shoulder straps. I stood still while the two women inspected me.

"Larger," Helene said.

The woman removed the soft pliable forms and produced two more, slightly larger. Once they were in place I was again inspected.

"Yes, much better," Helene told the woman with an approving smile, then listened while the little shopkeeper whispered something to her.

They huddled together for a while and I saw Helene nod with agreement.

The woman went to the back of the store and returned with a small box. She removed an odd looking belt device and held it for Helene's inspection, pointing out various parts of it. She then mentioned for me to step into the thing.

Helene had me remove the garter belt and panties, and I put on the unusual looking device. It was snug and stiff between my legs and in front, with little belt tabs at the sides. There was a strap that ran from both sides of the crotch, between the legs, and up the back in the crease between the buttocks. Once it was in place the woman tightened the straps, making the stiff device press firmly against my sex. There were little flat locks on the belt tabs at the sides which she snapped shut with a distinct Click! It was a chastity belt!

The woman dropped a pair of little keys into Helene's outstretched palm. "Madam is pleased?"

"Madam is very pleased." She came up to me and smiled. "Now you won't be playing with your ugly man's sex while you're dressed up like a girl. I think I'll have you wear this at night, too. No telling what dirty little things you might do in the dark with your hands, hmm?"

The breast forms and corselet were wrapped and put in boxes. I had to wear the locked chastity belt under my panties and garter belt. As we left the shop, the little woman bade us a smiling farewell. With a twinkle in her eye, she urged Helene not to hesitate to return.

We drove to the posh Bala-Cynwyd shopping area just outside Philadelphia. Helene led the way, walking with a brisk, determined stride. It was Saturday and the crowds were everywhere, but Helene moved through them like a knife. I mused that I too would move aside if I saw her approaching with her fast, authoritarian pace. I hurried to keep up.

In the better quality clothing stores Helene breezed along the racks, picking out armfuls of blouses and tops in assorted colors and styles. I carried them while she selected skirts and dresses. On the way to the cashier, she picked up belts and scarves. "This is just some cheap ready-to-wear stuff," she said. "We'll get some good things later when I can take you out shopping as a girl." I hoped the clerks and other customers hadn't overheard. Helene didn't seem to care. She plunked a gold American Express card down and soon we were off again. I lugged all the packages.

Helene inspected the window display of a women's shoe store, then beckoned me inside with her. She went up to a salesman and spoke quietly, nodding in my direction. He looked at me with repugnance and then shrugged his shoulders. I followed them through the back of the store past long rows of shelves stacked with boxes. In a small area between piles of boxes, I perched on a stool while the salesman brought box after box for Helene's approval.

"Black sling pump," she said.

The salesman brought out a pair, checked the size, then held out the gleaming high heel shoe.

"Well try it on, stupid!" Helene said with a good deal of exasperation.

It fit and I said so.

Helene went on to name shoe after shoe, and each time the salesman dashed through the rows of shelves and emerged with the requested style in my size. They were all high heels.

"Beige pump."

"White sandal."

"Maroon sling, patent if you have it."

"Gold bedroom slippers."

Helene put ten pairs of shoes on her credit card. I deposited them in the trunk of the car, then met her back at another shop. She picked out some soft turtleneck sweaters, a beige trenchcoat, some jackets and a brown suede cape. "They don't really have what I want around here," she said in frustration. "We'll have to go to Saks." She American Expressed it again and we were on our way.

At Saks Fifth Avenue Helene wandered through the elegant lingerie department. With the help of a salesgirl, she amassed a huge assortment of panties, bras, garter belts, slips, half-slips, stockings, nighties, gowns, sexy baby-doll pajamas, camisole tops and matching tap pants, teddies and robes. Most things were in pink. I didn't see what the final bill was but it must have been awesome. Helene had me carry the large packages to the car and come back for more.

She led the way to the glove department and, after I had sheepishly tried on a pair for size in front of a suspicious saleslady, bought a dozen pair in various colors. Some of the gloves were the driving style with the cutout backs like Helene wore when she was behind the wheel.

Next to the glove counter was the huge handbag department. She selected some shoulder bags, clutches, roll-style bags, totes and a couple of elegant black peau-de-soie evening bags. I made another trip to the car.

There were a few more dresses Helene picked out in the Misses Department, and then several more pairs of elegant high heel shoes.

When I returned from another trip to the parking lot, Helene guided me towards the cosmetic counters. This part of the store was spacious and airy, with long counters for each brand of makeup. We began working our way along the aisles. I was amazed and dumbfounded with all the little cases, bottles, tubes, pencils and jars. Makeup seemed the most bewildering aspect of what Helene was attempting to do with me, and I approached the idea with a good deal of trepidation. As we slowly walked along the display counters, she would occasionally smudge a sample of some makeup on her fingertips and apply it to my face. Some of the young salesgirls watched this with mixed amusement and puzzlement. Behind my back, I felt them giggling at me.

Helene went about her tasks with detachment and disdain. I felt very nervous.

It was hard to ignore the curious gaze and open stares of clerks and other customers. "Don't worry, sweetcakes. I'll make you look better than any of them. When you come back to this place, they'll never recognize you."

She selected things from Elizabeth Arden, Revlon, Lancome, Estee Lauder, Helena Rubinstein, Clinique, Borghese, Germaine Monteil, Orlane and Charles of the Ritz. I was flabbergasted by the price of cosmetics. On the way out of the store, she picked up a few samples of various perfumes. "We'll have to find one that suits you," she said brightly.

The car was stuffed with boxes and packages. The trunk was full and the back seat was piled high. It was like Santa's sleigh. We drove off through the suburbs, stopping periodically at various stores. At a beauty supply house, Helene got a lady's electric razor, shampoos and conditioners, a styling dryer, combs and brushes, manicure set, a curling iron and a set of hot rollers. I added these to the bulging pile in the back seat.

It was late in the afternoon when we made our last stop. Helene pulled up in front of Gigi's Wig Salon. The place was bright and busy with women getting their Saturday night hairdos styled. One of the stylists, a young girl, came up to us and looked me over.

"Is this the one?" she asked Helene.

"Yes."

We were led through the shop to a private styling room in the rear. I sat in a cushioned armchair in front of a mirror while the stylist conferred with Helene.

"What color did you have in mind?" she asked.

Helene studied me. "Well, that's really up to your judgement. You're the expert, though I think we ought to work with his natural coloring." I had light brown hair and a fair complexion.

"Yeah, right, He'd look good as a blonde. Maybe a redhead, too, light auburn."

"Go with the blonde."

The girl left the room and Helene sat against the counter in front of the large wall mirror. "Until your own hair gets long enough, we'll have to make do with wigs and hairpieces, like falls and chignons. This girl knows what she's doing, so you'll turn out looking fine."

The stylist returned with two blonde wigs on styrofoam heads. They were long and full and very attractive looking. She asked Helene's opinion.

"One of them is okay. This one." She indicated the longer one. The girl delicately took it off the stand and pulled it onto my head, carefully tucking the ends of my own hair underneath. She adjusted the elastic headband, then, in small quick tugs, positioned it correctly. Using a wig brush,

she poked at the curls and waves. In the mirror I saw the effect. The wig was golden blonde, like honey, but it didn't have any cheap brassiness to it. It was set with a side part and flowing waves. The ends, which came a few inches below my shoulders, were gathered in curls. The girl worked on the top and sides, adjusting the style and proportions to fit the features of my face. The end result was an amazing transformation. The beautiful blonde hair flattered and softened my face, feminizing me to an incredible extent. She stood back and admired her work. Helene nodded her approval.

"Bingo on the first try. Now, how about something shorter, say, a pageboy with bangs?"

The girl returned with one almost the same color as the first wig, but the hair fell almost straight down from a center part and bangs covered my forehead and brows. Its length didn't even reach the tops of my shoulders. She worked on the sides and curved them forward to emphasize the shape of my cheekbones. Helene studied the effect in the mirror and frowned.

"How about the same thing without the bangs?"

Without bangs, the short style looked prettier and Helene was pleased. It framed my face attractively and affected the same softening and feminizing as the first wig. The ends curled inward along my jawline and turned forward near the front. Helene said she'd take it.

"Another?" the girl asked.

"Yes, another blonde." Her voice turned cool. "Something very, very sexy. I want him to look like a whore."

This startled me. Whatever she had in mind, though, I could only accept.

The girl returned with a teased-up show-girl wig. It was longer than the first, and the crown and sides had been teased and sprayed stiff. It had bangs to give it an unconvincing little girl look and to offset the sides. The blonde color was brassier and more fake looking than the others, but Helene was pleased with it. Once on my head the wig was combed and styled a little, but the effect was not one of softness or demure femininity. It was blatantly sexy. I couldn't imagine any woman having the nerve to walk down the street in something like it. The only place I could think of seeing it was on a stripper at a burlesk show.

"Fine." Helene plunked down her charge card.

Riding home in the car I had to sit with one wig case between my knees while holding the other two in my arms. It was dusk.

There was something about riding back to the house with all of those packages that seemed to cement my commitment to a new life. People usually talk about doing all sorts of things, making grandiose plans, but rare are those who carry them out. Helene had meant every word of her plans. My whole life was going to change under her tutelage.

I looked down at my shirt and male

trousers. This was the last time she'd said I'd be wearing them. My new garb, my new existence, all lay inside the carload of boxes and bags. The harsh feel of male clothes seemed very evident. I wondered if I'd miss it.

When we got home, there was a large flat envelope from the photographer on the front step. All the packages were placed in the second guestroom, across the hall from where I'd spent the night. As promised, Helene took my male clothes and tossed them into the incinerator chute. I suddenly felt very cold in just the pink panties, bra, garterbelt and stockings.

In the big master bathroom, Helene spread some newspapers on the carpet and, unlocking the chastity belt, told me to strip. When I was nude she took out a barber's clippers and started shaving off my body hair. It fell in dark clumps on the newspapers, leaving me covered in stubble. When she was through with the clippers, she took out the lady's electric razor we had purchased that day. She made me do most of the shaving, assisting only on the fine down at the base of my spine. For the hair on my buttocks, she made me bend over and spread the cheeks of my rear, then ran the buzzing razor up and down. She instructed me to shave the top of my pubic across in a straight line like a woman's.

My body felt sleek and wonderful. It was smooth and feminine, and I couldn't help examining myself in the mirrors from every angle. The sensation that titillated me most was not sight, but touch. I ran my fingers up and down my legs, over my chest and arms, around

my buttocks and down my thighs. The delight was thrilling. Helene stood back watching me as I marvelled at the newness of a more feminine body. She smiled in approval and had me gather up the newspapers and toss them in the incinerator. My male clothes had gone into the flames, and now one of the most obvious male vestiges had followed them.

I took a quick shower in the guest bathroom and put the pink lingerie back on. There was an incredible difference now, and it was most apparent when I put on the sheer stockings. Never had my legs looked or felt so feminine and sexy. It was unbelievable---the smoothness, the femaleness, the sensuality of seeing my clean legs encased in beautiful stockings. The sensation was overpowering. I got a tremendous erection and remained in the bathroom while I secretly took my pleasure without Helene knowing.

For the next few hours I opened and sorted all the purchases from the day's shopping spree, carrying them across the hall into my room, then hanging, stacking, shelving and storing them under Helene's supervision. She sat in a chair and smoked while I put all the things away. All the cosmetics she had me leave in the other room, saying she'd have to help with those later.

It was after ten when I finished. The closets were filled with rows and rows of clothes, shoeboxes filled the top shelves, and the drawers and dressers were stuffed with items. The time consuming part had been the removing of all the labels, tags, prices and pins. They filled a wastebasket. Helene

had given me a sheet of coarse sandpaper and shown me how to scuff the soles of the new high heel shoes so I wouldn't slip on the carpet the first time I wore them.

She made comments during my sorting and hanging that I looked very girlish in my lingerie now that the body hair had been removed. She seemed to make a special point of complimenting me on my feminine legs.

I couldn't be sure---I may have imagined it---but I thought that I seemed to be acting, walking, stooping, and sitting in a more feminine way. I certainly felt more female without the body hair, and the mirror confirmed that I certainly looked more female. There was something more, though.

When I had dressed up in the silky lingerie previously I'd still felt perfectly and totally masculine. It was evident in my outlook, my attitude, my stature and even in my sexuality. The sheer, sexy lingerie itself was only a very scintillating turn-on. That was then. Now the lingerie was becoming part of me. It flattered and enhanced my body. Helene had forced me to accept it, to wear it, to revel in it, to indulge in the heightened sensuality of it. I had the first inklings that the transformation she was beginning to take me through was actually possible.

There was a frightening eroticism to it.

After a late supper we sat in the book lined library. It was around midnight and very quiet. I sat in a deep armchair in my pink lingerie and gold high heel slippers. The chastity belt had been locked on again. In the

low lights of the room I admired my sleek legs and my stockinged feet in the gold heels. Helene sat at her Louis XIV desk, flipping through the 11x14 blowups the photographer had developed. They were black and white shots of my face, and the blown up format made them lifesized.

She sat studying the photos for a long time in silence, periodically glancing up at me. Beside her on the desk was her usual tall narrow glass of champagne. She took a sheet of tracing paper from a desk drawer and laid it on top of the full face photo, tracing the outline of my face with a black felt pen. My eyes, brows, nose, nostrils and lips were outlined. She sat gazing at this drawing for a while, then motioned me over. I walked behind her chair and looked over her shoulder.

"Your eyes are a little too close together to be really beautiful," she said, pointing to my features on the paper. "The ideal look for an attractive woman is wide, well-spaced eyes. You're not perfect in that regard, but we can correct this with the right use of makeup." She took out a box of children's crayons and began drawing.

"You see, if we use brown eye shadow at the outer edges, and here, to deepen and enlarge the eye socket, the effect will be to make your eyes look further apart. It's an optical illusion, but then, that's what good makeup is all about. We can increase the effect here," she took another crayon, "by using white highlighter on the bridge of your nose in the shape of a diamond. It will serve to push your eyes farther apart. Naturally, we'll tweeze the eyebrows to a nice feminine shape."

She drew an arched brow.

"You've got good cheekbones if you lose a little weight, which you will, I assure you. We'll emphasize them by making the hollows of your cheeks look deeper, here." A brown crayon shaded in the crescent under my cheekbones. "That's how to achieve that gaunt, well-boned look all the models have. Your nose is a little funny, not quite right, but here, and here, along both sides we can use the same contouring effect to make it look slimmer, straighter, more feminine. A strip of highlighter down the middle will do wonders, too. Naturally, all the shaping and contouring will have to be blended extremely well, but I'll show you how, here, and here, on the highest part of your cheekbones, is where you'll put rouge, extending it back towards your temples, like so. See?"

The drawing was my face, feminized. I could see how the right makeup would soften my features, feminize them and make me look believably female. To my eyes it looked exquisite.

"Of course, there'll be electrolysis to remove your facial hair.

"We'll shape up your lips a little, and you've got a little crease below the lower lip, but I don't think that it will detract too much.

"Not bad, really. It's not going to be very difficult at all to make you look like an attractive young girl, if, of course, you pay attention and do exactly as you're told."

Putting aside the photographs and tracing, she sat back and took a sip from her glass of champagne. "Now, we have some serious things to talk about." She motioned for me to sit in a chair beside the desk.

"I have to outline a program of development for you. You have a lot of work to do, and so help me God, if you don't put your heart into it I'll break my riding crop over your ass!

"First of all, you'll be on a strict diet. You've got a little flab to lose, especially around the waist. It's not much, but an attractive girl wouldn't have it." She described a daily regimen of diet and exercises designed to tone up and firm my body without building any muscle, things like sit-ups on a slantboard and some stretching exercises designed for ballerinas. "I'll give you some special vitamins, too."

"You'll have to learn how to walk, sit, act and stand like a female. To get your posture right you'll be walking around here a lot with a book balanced on your head. Old, but quite effective. We'll use the videotape system to check your gracefulness and posture. Learning how to live in high heels isn't hard, and once your feet and calves have adjusted to it, it will feel like the most natural thing in the world.

"You'll take care of all of your own clothes, and I'll show you how to care for mine, too. That means ironing and washing, rinsing out lingerie, folding things properly and hanging things correctly. There's no sense in my giving you nice things if you won't

take proper care of them. Never put on a soiled garment. Wash out your things like stockings and undies every night before you go to bed.

"I usually have an Oriental couple keep house and cook for me, but now you'll do those things. You don't know how to cook? Well, you'll damn well learn! Any idiot can follow a recipe. You'll learn how to serve a meal properly, too. As for the housework, it's not that strenuous, just vacuuming, dusting, changing linens, making my bed in the morning and turning it down at night. There's a laundry room downstairs. I've ordered a cute little maid's outfit for you. It should be ready next week. Believe me, you're going to look very, very cute in it, and it's sexy enough to keep you from getting bored.

"When you're here alone and I'm out, you'll wear ankle cuffs and chains. They'll be locked on so you don't get any silly notions about running around on your own. From time to time I'll be having guests over for dinner, cocktails or whatever. Until you're ready to be presented to them, and maybe even after, you'll be kept in another part of the house, tied so you won't make any noise, and of course, gagged. I can't have you making a nuisance of yourself for my company, can I? If I have a friend that stays overnight, you'll just have to remain bound and gagged until morning.

"You'll have to have a name, of course. Byron won't do anymore, because really you're not Byron now, are you? Let's see, I'll have to pick something that suits you. When I start

taking you out with me as a girl in public, I'll be introducing you as my darling niece, so you'll have to have an appropriate name. Charlayne? No, maybe too pretentious. Suzanne? Vivi? No, too much like something from a cheap dance hall. Hmm. Marlene? Ugh, too Dietrich-y. Oh, what name for you? Muffy? I like that, there's a lot of sexy humor there, but that might make it too ridiculous. I'd break out laughin all the time. Noelle? I've got it! Noelle! Yes, Noelle! It's beautiful for you, like a pretty Christmas package all wrapped up with a surprise inside, only your little surprise will be under your skirt. Noelle! I like that. Say it!"

"Noelle."

"Again!"

"Noelle."

"My name is Noelle."

"My name is Noelle."

"Oh, for Christ's sake, say it with some conviction, like you mean it! It's your name! Nobody is ever, repeat ever, going to call you by anything else from now on. Say it!"

"My name is Noelle."

"Very good. I'll give you a little voice training so you'll sound a little more feminine. It's not hard, actually. People see a girl and they'll hear a girl. It's psychological.

"There are other things that will come

later, after you're able to go around in public with no suspicions that what you've got between your legs is a cock and not a pussy. You'll be taking dancing lessons and riding lessons. There are fox hunts in the area and I keep some horses at a stable nearby."

She finished off the last of her champagne and leaned back in the chair. Her voice changed to a slow, measured tone. "Now, I suppose that you've had sex on your mind a lot, especially with regards to me. It's time to set some things straight and shatter any illusions you might have. First of all, you will never, ever have straight sex with me. Absolutely never! There's no way in hell I'm ever going to let you stick that absurd little prick of yours inside of me. Forget it! If I want a good fuck, I'll get a real man. Second, you are my sexual slave, and you'll do what I want, when I want, and for as long as I want. I don't care if your tongue falls out and you drop dead from exhaustion, as long as you please me. Most young men your age are pretty unsophisticated about sex and I'm sure you're no exception. Well, I'll change that soon enough. I'll train you to be the best woman-pleasing, and then maybe man-pleasing piece of tush around. And once again, need I remind you, that if you disobey me in any way, you'll be punished severely?"

Her tone softened and she looked at me with warmth in her eyes. She reached out and put her hand on my stockinged knee. "Don't be too scared, Noelle. Life now is going to be just beautiful for you. You'll see!"

That night, alone in my bed with the chastity belt locked on under gold baby-doll pajamas, I laid awake for a long time.

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