

Part Two  
**THE QUEST**  
*The Party Favor*



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**By Genevieve Just**

**Chapter One**

From the moment Jim had driven away from Samantha's house, I couldn't stop thinking about him. I had never felt this way before and I was beginning to think there was no turning my new feelings back. I was finally starting to think that maybe I was meant to be a woman all along. The feelings that were overwhelming me now, had just been buried under so many men's suits and business tie's that I had forced myself to wear for far too long.

Now that I was dressed as a woman, and felt like a woman, and was made up as a woman, I was finally becoming what I had always secretly hoped I would be. A feminine being! My daydreaming was broken as Samantha approached me from behind.

"I think someone's starting to really feel their feminine side. Am I right?"

"I don't know what to say," I stammered. "I never planned on this."

"Being courted by a man who sees you only as a beautiful woman? I was just waiting for it to happen," Samantha replied.

"I never dreamed it would happen," I exclaimed.

"But maybe wished it secretly and just didn't admit it to yourself?" Samantha looked me straight in the eye. "Sometimes, dear Genevieve, we suppress our feelings much longer than is safe for our sanity. And when they finally are released, we need the help of our friends to guide us in the right direction. Shall we get back to your training, my pretty thing?"

"Yes Mistress," I replied as we both turned and walked to the parlor.

Back in Samantha's parlor she spent no time addressing my continued training.

"We haven't talked about last evening yet, my dear, and I think it's about time we approached the subject."

"Yes," I said nodding my head in modest approval.

"Your body was explored much differently that you had ever experienced before, was it not?"

"Yes Mistress," I replied.

"Did you enjoy the strap on penis that I made love to you with?"

I nodded my head once again.

"In your mouth, it felt natural didn't it?"

"Much more than I ever thought I'd admit," I said.  
"But the man who ..."

"What man?" Samantha asked cutting me off in mid sentence. "The man who entered your mouth?"

"Yes, Mistress," I replied. Samantha only smiled in return.

"That will be the end of talk about last night, Genevieve," Samantha said bluntly. "Last evening was the beginning of your serious training. For today and tomorrow we will continue on that course. Any questions?"

"No Mistress," I said in agreement.

"Good," Samantha stated with a smile. "First let's get you out of that luncheon outfit and into something a little more suited for a new training exercise."

I began removing the beautiful chiffon outfit I had bought the day before at Ann's shop and stripped down to my bra, panties, gaff, stockings and heels.

"Do you want to be prepared for a man like Jim who will want sex from you for the taking?"

"I want to be prepared for someone who will treat me like a woman, like Jim does," I answered.

"Do you think a man such as Jim will stay and wait in earnest while you decide on how to give him what he desires? Or do you think that he would rather have a young lady that is well trained to give him what he expects immediately?"

I didn't know how to answer Samantha because I knew she was right. Jim would expect more from me than my modest experiences would give him.

"Just as I thought," Samantha said with a smile.  
"Let us see what we have, to help you fulfill a certain

admirer's expectations then, shall we? If the time arises, of course." I sensed a bit of sarcasm in her voice as she uttered those words.

Samantha opened the bottom drawer of the armoire and removed a large 8" rubber penis with two leather straps attached.

"This useful appliance you can wear all day as you do your chores, young lady. Go to the vanity stool and pull down you panties and gaff and we'll give it a try."

"It looks awfully large," I said almost under my breath.

"Does it really look too large, Genevieve?" Samantha asked.

I shook my head no, rather silently.

"Or does it appear to be something that reminds you of a certain young man. A certain young man that has swept my young lady totally off her feet?"

"I think you're right, Mistress," I replied.

"Of course, you do," Samantha said. "Now let's get going, my pretty," she added, smacking me playfully on the ass.

I walked to the vanity stool, pulled down my gaff and panties, placed my hands on the seat and bent forward. Samantha removed a tube of lubricant from the vanity drawer and slowly coated the large rubber penis. As she pressed it up against the edge of my anus, I shuddered for a split second. Samantha applied some force with her hand and the head of the rubber dildo entered me with a popping sound.

"That hurts a little," I said.

"Does it?" asked Samantha as she pushed the rubber penis totally inside of me. "You must be still in your virginal mode, young lady. Even after last night."

"I think I'm still a bit sore," I said trying to catch my breath. Taking such a large object inside of me was still a new learning experience and one I was yet not quite totally accustomed to.

"You'll get used to it," she stated. "Stand up." I rose slowly as I felt the huge rubber appliance pressing deep inside of my ass. Taking the first leather strap that connected to the rubber penis, Samantha fastened it around my waist, tightening the silver buckle in front of me over my abdomen. The second leather strap ran the opposite way, through my legs, and between my testicles. One end was already connected to the waist strap in back, and Samantha quickly buckled the second end to the waist strap in front, pulling the rubber penis tightly inside of me.

I let out a small groan but tried to hide it under my breath.

"That'll be enough of that," she said. "Pull up your panties and let's get that maids uniform on you. This is a large house and a good cleaning for a party will take the better part of today and tomorrow.

I walked rather slowly over to the armoire to retrieve the black satin outfit that I had worn before. With every step I could feel the huge penis inside of me, pushing it's way deeper as the straps pulled it tightly in. I groaned uncontrollably as I walked, trying to keep my moans stifled. I removed the maids outfit from the armoire and Samantha approached. She held it near the floor as I carefully stepped in, then pulled it up and fastened it at the back.

"There, you look beautiful," Samantha said with a smile. "Pretty as a picture and ready for work! But..." she continued, withdrawing another device from the drawer, "I'm afraid we won't be needing to hear you grunting and groaning all day as you do your chores. It's not very ladylike and very monoto-

nous. Let's try this mouth trainer on you," she said pulling another leather strapped device to my face. "Open wide," she added.

The mouth trainer Samantha held before me was much more elaborate than what I was previously used to wearing for enhancing my lips. This one appeared to be strictly made for keeping me quiet. It looked quite efficient and had a long rubber tube ending in a pump mechanism hanging off the front. Another penis type piece of rubber was dangling directly in front of my lips.

"I call this my pump retainer," Samantha said with a gleam in her eye. "Open wide!" she said with a smile. Naturally I obeyed her request. She quickly pushed the rubber penis into my mouth and pulled the leather straps up and over my head. Another strap went across my cheeks and the two met behind my head where they were fastened together. "This will not only keep you from making those unnecessary groans I've heard, but will help to train your mouth in giving Jim pleasure."

Samantha was now back in front of me and she picked up the pump that dangled before me.

"A man's penis can grow quite large when stimulated and with an attractive woman such as you Genevieve, that will obviously be the case. When I pump on this device, the rubber bulb in your mouth will grow, simulating a man's erection. A young lady, such as your self, needs a bit of stretching I like to say, in every available orifice so let's get under way, shall we?"

With a few quick squeezes of the rubber bulb she held in her hand, the penis I held in my mouth began to grow. Soon it felt like my cheeks were bulging out from the inner pressure.

"Just about full?" Samantha asked. "Good. Then will just give the trainer one more squeeze for good luck." She then turned a small button on the side of the pump to keep the penis from deflating in my mouth.

"Now, you are nice and quiet for the afternoons work," she said. "And you mouth will have plenty of fulfillment, much like the right man will give you." She studied my free hands for a moment, then looked back to meet my eyes. "Your not going to let any of the air out, are you Genevieve?"

I shook my head no, although the pressure on my tongue and mouth was intense.

"Let's just make sure of that, shall we?" Samantha said as she bent down one more time to the armoire drawer and produced a large leather belt. Fastening it around my waist, she buckled the closure in back. The belt contained two leather wrist restraints, one on either side, and my hands were quickly fastened into them.

Samantha then walked over to her vanity, picked up the feather duster I had used the day before, walked back and placed it in my right hand.

"I think you should start with the dining room, my dear. Give it a good cleaning and then proceed to every open room in the house. Get along now," she added, patting me on the butt.

## Chapter Two

I slowly walked down the hall of the house, feeling the rubber penis inside me with every step. And my mouth seemed full to the point of bursting with the inflated rubber bulb in it. At the first hall table I



reached down with my left hand, picked up a vase, and dusted the table with my right hand which held the feather duster. Making sure it was clean, I then replaced the vase. The leather strap that constrained my arms made the effort of cleaning tedious but what choice did I have? I knew Samantha was only training me for my own good, although her methods sometimes did seem a bit overboard. But because of her I had met Jim, and I truly thought she had the best intentions for me.

With all I had learned, and all I had discovered, the past few days seemed like weeks or months. I felt feminine in my maid's outfit with the ruffled petticoat beneath it and even though I was only dusting, it was a feminine chore. My makeup and hair were as perfect as they had ever been, even though the leather head harness partially crushed my wig.

I dusted two more tables and slowly entered the dining room. Robert sat at the dining room table, reading the newspaper. As I approached, he looked up to me and smiled.

"Looks like you're cleaning today to get ready for your 'Coming Out' party," he said.

I nodded my head and proceeded to the far right side of the room. Slowly and methodically I picked up every item on the china sideboard, dusted, then replaced them. Robert kept reading, but occasionally glanced in my direction.

Making my way around the room, I carefully moved every item within my contained reach and cleaned it. Finally all that was left was the dining room table. The remains of our luncheon with Jim still sat on the table. Robert had not removed them, so I figured he must have thought that I'd be cleaning this afternoon.

"Let me get out of your way," he said, pushing his chair back from the table. I carefully passed in front of him, picking up several of the china dishes as I went. "You can just put those in the kitchen, Genevieve," Robert added. I turned with several of the plates in my hand, but when I did my foot caught on Roberts. As I tripped, I began falling and the sudden fear of not being able to catch myself from hitting the floor flooded my mind. I saw the china plates leave my hands and crash in front of me as I was suddenly caught inches from the floor by Robert. But the damage to Samantha's good china had been done. Several of her exquisite serving platters lay in pieces at my feet.

"What happened?" Samantha said as she quickly dashed into the dining room.

"I'm afraid Genevieve's had a bit of an accident," Robert stated. Oddly enough he looked like he was stifling a smile.

Samantha stared down at the broken china on the floor and then quickly up to me. "I thought this would be too much for you!" she stated harshly. Calming herself she stated, "Finish dusting and just be careful. And when you're done report back to the parlor immediately."

Turning, she left in a huff. Robert bent down and began gathering the pieces of broken china.

"I'll get these," he said. "I'm a little more able to get things off the floor."

I stared at him unable to speak, but raised my hands in a 'what am I supposed to do?' motion.

"Just keep cleaning, I suppose," he answered. "And try not to break anything else."

Robert left the room with the broken china and I carefully made my way around the rest of the dining room, dusting with even more care than before. From

there I went from room to room, cleaning with my duster as best as I possibly could. With each step I could feel the plug deep inside me, and my breath was short with the huge mouth trainer filling my cheeks that Samantha had installed.

Within a few hours I was finished with the dusting and made my way slowly back to the parlor. When I walked in Samantha rose from her chair and approached me quickly.

"I'm sorry dear Genevieve for acting so mad in the dining room," she stated as she undid my wrists from the cuffs. As soon as they were free she released the air from the pump trainer that filled my mouth and removed it from my head. My jaw ached and I moved it from side to side.

"I guess I expected too much from you, dear girl," Samantha added. "That was way too much for you to do restrained like you were, now wasn't it?"

"I was alright, Mistress," I replied. "Just a bit clumsy."

"Nonsense," she added. Now just go up to your room and prepare yourself for dinner. It's time to relax. Change into something soft and flowing," she added.

"What about the..." I stated, motioning to my back side where the large dildo still plugged my swollen ass.

"You can remove it in your room while you're freshening up, Genevieve. And douche yourself with this."

Samantha handed me a large rubber squeeze bottle filled with a liquid.

"But clean your trainer well with soap and water. You'll be needing it later tonight," she said with a smile.

Dinner was beautifully laid out by Robert and I felt like it was almost my first night at Feminine Flavor once again. Samantha and I chatted freely and she was all smiles. I wore another one of my flirty, sensual chiffon dresses and felt quite like a queen dining on a delicious meal. White wine accompanied a beautiful salmon salad and desert was an airy and light chocolate soufflé.

“Tonight will be some advanced training for you, Genevieve,” Samantha stated. “I want to present you in the best possible light for your party guests.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” I replied. “Thank you for always thinking about me. I really, truly appreciate that.”

“I know you do, my sweet thing. Finish your desert and meet me at eight sharp. The special room,” she added.