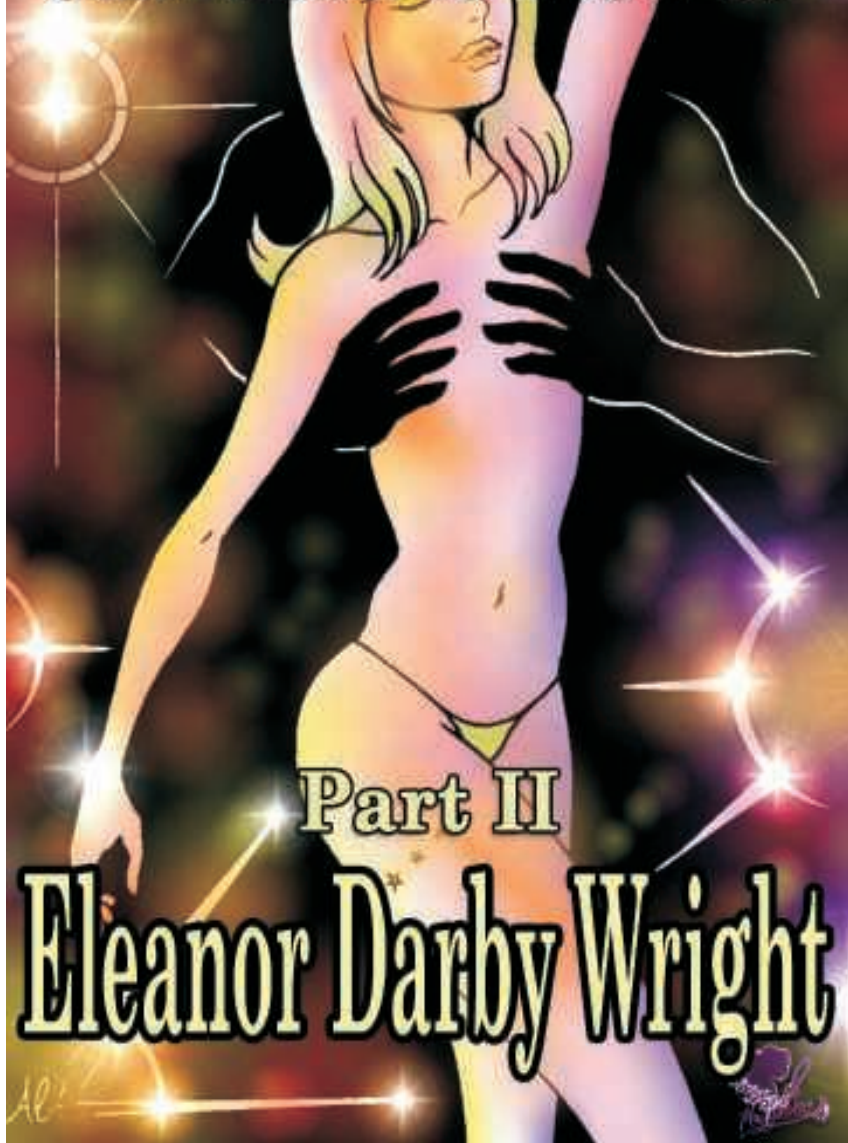


MOLL

Girl Friend To The Mob



Part II

Eleanor Darby Wright

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MOLL, GIRL FRIEND TO THE MOB Part II

by Eleanor Darby Wright

*****13. Cecilia*****

Amazing, I thought, as I watched the pretty, little frill – yes, I love the old-fashioned words that the old guys use for pretty girls – a pretty, little ‘frill’ was definitely a good description of my latest girl friend, Nancy. Yes, my pretty, little frill was giggling and bouncing really girlishly across the Volcano floor. Sue Mowbray was forcing Nancy into wiggling her pretty tush just like all of the other fems, the excessively female-dressed girls, on the dance-floor. Sue, of course,

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in pants and mannish shirt, short hair, was your typical 'butch' lesbian, swirling the girlish Nancy on the floor of *The Volcano*.

And look at those bouncing breasts on my pretty frill. She came off the floor, breathing hard, Sue's hand all over her tush, making the rounded 'buns' there wiggle even more. Nancy wiggled in delight, or so it seemed, and smiled back at Sue, who promptly kissed my femmy girl friend. Sue smirked at me as she released the little blonde who sat in my lap as I directed her to do. I stroked her tush as I kissed her, Nancy curling into me, her arm about my neck. Her kiss was clearly more frantic and loving than the peck she'd given Sue.

I smiled up at Sue as my little fem swished her pretty dress about the pair of us. Sue pulled a face and pouted as she went off to find a new fem for herself.

"Did, did you get all your work done?" asked Nancy in the breathy, little-girl voice that I'd insisted she use now.

"Of course," I told her. "Jane Molloy," yes, the fashion designer, "says she would love to have another pretty dolly in her pre-season fashion show. She's seen you here with me, you know, and out with Yvonne and Stacey, shopping in her part of *Marvelous Fashions*."

"Oh, I love that dress store," giggled my fem, in just the way that I had been teaching her to talk, to me and to my lesbian friends. Nancy smiled at me for approval. So, I stroked her bare arms and tush, making sure that my fingers caressed the line of her panties and her garter belt. That made her squirm with delight. I was sure it was that. "Is that where the fashion show is going to be? Yvonne and Stacey will love seeing me as a fashion model. They've been telling me that I should ..."

My phone rang then. I waved to Ann Lemay, who took my fem, my frill, away for more dancing and drinking. Nancy was used to me treating her like that in *The Volcano*, used now to being the pretty fem for all the mannish butches who dominated the place.

It was Carl, of course, doing what I'd asked him not to do. Yeah, I was sure the Grungeman had us all bugged. I was pretty sure that Johnny Steps was linked in to that c--s-ck-- Fed apology for a policeman.

"He ain't there," was all Carl said.

Yeah, so he should have phoned me. I'd apologize to Carl if he'd ever known what I was thinking before.

"Abort," I muttered, in as scratchy a voice as I could make. Yeah, I had to do the opposite from Nancy. I tried to sound like I was a man while she was always trying to sound as if she was a woman.

"Yeah," came the reply and a click. I listened. I'd have sworn I heard another click after I'd held on for what, nearly five minutes. I was about to wish Phil sweet dreams, but stopped myself. I didn't want his operative to know more than he should about me.

Nancy came dancing over to me. I stood, smiled, tried not to think of the failed hit on Johnny Steps, took her in my arms and nuzzled her forcefully. She knew now how to be a little girl and let her 'butch', me, do whatever he wanted to her to amuse himself. If you want something done right, I thought, you should do it yourself. Yeah, see you soon, Johnny, I thought to myself, while I made my 'girl' swish her lovely dress all about me.

*****14. Nancy*****

I took my nightie into the bathroom with me, my fingers shaking as I slid the thin, spaghetti straps of my dancing dress over my shoulders. I moved it around me and undid the zip that had kept it tight to me. Shuddering, I did the same with my bra, swinging it in front of me. I undid it and took it away from me.

There I was, naked to the waist after I removed my bra. And no, I hadn't worn any padding in it for Ceece's and my night out at *The Volcano*. What I was looking at, the round humps on my chest were all me. Yes, I had a woman's breasts growing on me. I stared at the woman looking back at me from the bathroom mirror.

I must have given away what I'd been thinking of because Ceece opened the door and came in, standing beside me, looking at what I was looking at.

"They're really pretty, you know," Ceece said gently, her hand just the same as she ran it over my bare shoulders and swished the long hair covering my neck.

"You're doing this to me," I whispered to her, my voice sounding girlish to my ears, despite how low and quiet I was trying to make it. "You're drugging me."

"And doing a really great job of it," Ceece whispered back at me. Her natural, womanly voice sounded really pleased with herself. "When did you first notice?"

"That I'm deformed?" I asked her, my voice sounding just like hers.

"If you want to put it that way," whispered my lover, pulling my dress down from me, down my stockinged legs, her hands undoing my garter belt and

pushing my panties down my legs as well. I quivered as I viewed the disguise I wore over my manhood and other tender, male parts of me, between my legs.

I was a woman. Well, I looked like a real woman. The artificial vagina, the *ava* as Ceece called it, claiming that men like me wore them all the time, disguised me thoroughly. "I'm a woman," I murmured to my lover, leaning back against her as, tenderly, awfully, she caressed the mounds on my bare chest. She squeezed each nipple so that I felt how womanly I'd become in all the time that Ceece had said she was 'hiding' me, from my enemies. I told myself that I hated her.

"Let's go to bed," said my lover, drawing me back against her soft, silky, purple blouse. She played with my breasts as I stood there, a naked woman, my lovely, femininely styled hair moving as she kissed my neck some more and attempted to arouse womanly feelings in me. She was succeeding.

Cecilia took my hand as if I was a little girl and drew me after her. Yes, my tush was really female-shaped as well as my chest. No wonder all the butches, in the night club we'd been to, had been caressing me so passionately, on the dance floor there, my dress swishing so girlishly about me.

Ceece made me lie down, removing the covering on the mirror that showed me as this young woman, hair blonde-streaked, lying on her bed. "I'm to keep my *ava* in place," I whispered girlishly to her.

"Of course," said Cecilia, taking off her shirt. Her breasts were several times the size of mine. Her vagina was shapely as well, but it would be soon obscured with the dildo that Cecilia had used so often before, on me. No, I wouldn't look like the obscene partner in our lovemaking as she, soon she'd be half-man and half-woman, crawled on top of me. I knew I had to

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greet her, a woman, a lesbian, as if I was a woman just like her. I spread my legs wide and put my thin arms about my lover's neck.

Ceece lowered her head and began to kiss my breasts. There was nothing else for me to call them. I gurgled and rolled beneath her as she stroked me. "My little woman," Ceece murmured, pressing me down as she always had since the start of our relationship, almost a year old now. "Say what you are, Nancy. Tell me who you are."

For the first time in an age, I didn't respond to my lesbian lover exactly as she wanted me to. Oh, I looked up to the mirror. There were two women there, lesbians, I guessed, starting to make love. Yes, that was me, caressing my lover's breasts as she was caressing mine. We writhed together for a while. Ecstasy, we'd decided that that was what it was, and we should call it that, rose between us as her so agile and educated fingers did their work on me.

Cecilia was more aroused than she normally was. This time, she turned so that I wound up with her vagina on my mouth, she telling me to kiss it, to put my tongue in her. Oh, it made her squeal as I'd only rarely heard her before in all our lovemaking. Then, she buried her head in my ava. It was my turn to shriek wildly as her tongue entered the fake vagina. She wouldn't stop until she'd located my writhing manhood inside the bindings that shook so much. I reacted with overwhelming tremors as I was made to come and come, a man inside what looked like a woman's sexual equipment. At least, it would have looked that way, I was certain, if there had been anybody there to raise Ceece a little from me and see what her tongue was doing to me, her 'woman'.

I was sobbing with emotion as I fought off Cecilia's attacks, she in one of her fierce, lesbian moods, I was

sure, feeling so debased and so womanly, too. But, worse was to come. Yes, Cecilia donned her dildo and drove it into me, all the time caressing me and telling me what a wonderful woman that I was. Somewhere, in the middle of all that sexual melee, I started kissing her and bouncing my breasts against hers, just as if I was a real girl. Yes, it would have looked like that to that person watching us if there had been someone. Then, I was taking her. Yes, I 'took' her as if she was the man and I was the woman.

"Tell me," Cecilia whispered again. Yes, I whispered to her that I was her little woman. I writhed and wriggled as if I was, knowing that I was never going to get out of this trap I was living in. I was going to be Cecilia's woman forever, or at least until she got tired of me. Then, it would be a bullet, wouldn't it, if not from her, then from one of her men who likely, by then, had found out about me, that I was a really a man, just like them.

*******15. Cecilia*******

"How many bikinis does my little woman have?" I asked her as Nancy stared at me, she wide-eyed and starting to shake her head.

"None?" I said to her. "Then, we'll go out shopping tomorrow and see what we can find."

"Tomorrow?" Nancy gasped. "B-But I'm supposed ..."

"Oh, yes," I teased her as if I had just realized what she had the following day. "Your debut on the runway as a fashion model, right? Isn't there a section in Jane Molloy's show where you girls go to the beach in your bikinis?"

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The look of fright on Nancy's face told me that what Vicki, another girl in the offices of Madden-Strauss, who wanted to be a model, as well, was talking about, at our investment firm, was pretty accurate. My little girl, Nancy, was going to be the hit of the show in the bikinis that showed off what a shapely, womanly model that my girlfriend was.

"I, I'm n-not in that p-part of the sh-show," gasped my little woman, lying to me. It was easier to tell in the light as she couldn't help whenever she was blushing over something to do with how pretty she looked or what pretty clothes she was wearing.

"What!" I screamed, really putting it on. "I'm going to phone that Molloy woman right now ..."

"Please, please, Ceece!" my little woman cried to me. "I, I don't have the body for it, Cecilia. I don't! I'm not going to ..."

"Yes, you will as you are a real woman," I said to this woman, trembling so prettily in her lovely, dance dress. "Let's go shopping now! Carl, I need you!"

"Boss?" asked Carl, politely tapping on our door before entering the main room of our domicile.

"I need you to come with us," I said to him as Nancy was shaking her lovely, arranged hair, "and see if this woman is real or not in a bikini." I indicated the shaking Nancy to him. "Oh, I didn't tell you. We'll all be going to Miami this weekend, as soon as the fashion show Nancy is in, is over. And I might have to be away as well, Carl, which means that you'll have to protect my girl then from all the predators that will come out of the woodwork to prey on a pretty girl like mine."

To say that Nancy's face was a picture wouldn't have done justice to the trembling look she gave to Carl or the pleading one she gave to me. Yes, Carl had smirked a little. He did know all about my girlfriend. Not who she really was, of course. He only knew the

invented story about how I had made Mrs Nancy Felton, now my Nancy Mitchell, into my girlfriend, and he did know that she had all of the same sexual attributes as he had, as she had been, still was, really a man. But when I was away. On 'family business', Nancy was completely at Carl's disposal. I made sure they both knew that, instructing them on how they were to behave in public, as lovers, one male and one female, and in private, whatever turned them on, which meant, whatever Carl wanted, of course.

She should be happy. Hadn't I told her that morning, after we'd made love, that her breasts were fantastic, so erect and delicious when she let me play with them, but, most importantly, they weren't permanent for her. Yes, that had made her slow down on her writhing over me, her hair caressing my face as I'd just taken her nipples to my mouth. My attentions had made her little man firm up and stand really forward, making me enjoy Nancy's attempt at manliness for a change.

"Your pills," I'd whispered to her. "You can stop taking them if you like. You won't lose your lovely titties right away. It will take time. But, by this time, next year, Nancy darling, you could be back to being a little boy like you were in Toronto."

"You'd let me do that!" Nancy had gasped at me, sitting up, her breasts completing the fabulous look of femininity about her if 'she' did but know.

"You can flush the pills down the toilet," I told 'her', rolling on top of her to kiss her gorgeous face, my hands caressing her thin, shapely waist and tush, so girlish to my touch and so arousing to me as I pressed down on my lovely girlfriend's thrusting, little breasts.

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"You, you'd let me do that," whispered Nancy, looking up at me, her eyes shining with unshed tears. "You, you're not joking with me?"

"No," I told my dainty girl, kissing her forcefully again, caressing her little man gently, her mouth opening in whatever feeling of pleasure she was receiving from my fingers. "I've been so cruel to you in the last year, haven't I? But you have enjoyed some of it, haven't you? The parts where I've made you dress and live as a girl have been really lively and stimulating for you, haven't they, all the pretty dresses you've worn ..."

"No," said Nancy throatily, trying to talk, I guess, in the way that she had when everyone identified her as Jeremy Fulton – which I was determined that she would never be again, my sweet, little, girlie-whirlie.

"It's all right," I told her as I patted her lovely tush and sat up in bed, pulling on the bra I'd brought for myself earlier, when I'd been preparing to leave. Now I must do it, I told myself. There was a very important job that I had to do, one I could never discuss with my pretty Nancy girl.

"I know all about girlies like you, my darling," I told Nancy, stiffening as she stared at me, me getting dressed as a woman does. She'd be dressing, in a few minutes' time, just like me. Like a woman, that is, only she would be cuter and dressed in clothes meant for a girl who was younger and a fashion-setter for other pretty girls. Yes, like her.

"The tip-off for me was when you dressed up as a girl to escape from St Paul," I told her. "Guys just don't do that, not looking as pretty as you did. And then you carried on to Newark, didn't you, being a pretty girl, and even across the border, on to Toronto. And all the time, you were dressed as a woman, being treated as a woman by the men and women around you, who

worked for the airport and airlines. You wanted so much to be a pretty woman."

"It, it wasn't like that," Nancy protested huskily. She was going to tell me how difficult it had been, how she'd been so frumpy, just womanly enough to get by in her plane rides. Any man like her, and in her position, could have got away with it, as 'she' had, she would tell me. Probably, she was right.

"I recognized what you were, of course, being the woman that I am," I told her. "I could see that you were a tranny of some kind – " That wasn't true. I had no idea what she was. I only knew that disguising her as a woman was something she'd done before. It was the easy way to get her out of Toronto, into my home and under my thumb. The rest is history, as it's said – and so I've helped you to meet every dream you must ever have had, growing up as a boy, haven't I?"

"No!" Nancy squeaked, clutching bedsheets to herself as she got out of bed and slid over to her underclothing, draped over a chair, where I'd put it for her. She was going to be sensational in her black, lacy panties and her bra. She'd look like she was in a bikini, even before she took her turn in the beachwear section of the show Jane Molloy was directing of her summery designs.

"So, here we are, oh goddesses!" I exclaimed. "It's been ten months since you became my darling Nancy, hasn't it? And you are so pretty. All the butches at *Lesbos* and *The Volcano* will be drooling when they think of taking you away from me. You know that, don't you? Well, I do have some things, my darling girl, that I have to do for the family. So, much as I love you as you are, my darling, I feel that I must give you the choice of your future. What would you like to be, a boy or a girl?"

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As I would have predicted to Carl, whom I'd instructed most carefully on what he must say and do with Nancy when he was taking care of her in my place, she wouldn't make a choice to me, not of such choices as I offered her.

"Just toss the pills away," I said, giving her the vial, clearly marked as containing 'female hormone pills'. A further label confirmed that the 'estrogen' pills should never be taken by any male child or adult male as the results would be dire, producing attributes of the opposite sex in whoever was taking them.

I didn't tell Nancy again not to take the pills as she stood there, shivering, in front of me, weighing the pills in her hand, as if she really was deciding what she was going to do with them. I didn't care, of course, what she did with the phoney pills. I'd already arranged for all of her foods and drinks, that she'd have to take in our home or on the road, contained what she needed to continue with her journey into womanhood.

No, Nancy, my lovely girl, would throw away the pills and come all girlishly and lovingly into my arms, for now. That's how I'd know what she'd done, 'she' thinking that she might be Jeremy again. But, I was about to cut off that avenue of escape for her, from me, as well. No, I couldn't let my girl get away from me. I loved now the way that she accepted my making love to her. No, I wasn't ready to let her go, not at all. Change our relationship and her behaviour, making her more femmy? Yes, that I would love to do, and I would.

I didn't stay in our bedroom to watch her disguise her manhood to something resembling a real woman's. I had breakfast ready for Nancy when she came sashaying into the kitchen and sat opposite me, her lovely, petticoated dress swishing noisily every time that she moved.

I played out the little scene of me forgetting that she had her fashion show that morning, bringing in Carl at the appropriate time as I talked about her wearing a bikini, that he could buy for her, I told him, laughing inwardly as I saw her blush and girlishly wiggle as she finished her morning cereals and tried to leave without us.

"Oh, no," I told her, "Carl is going with you today, my girl," I said to the shivering Nancy. "I'll join you later, hopefully before the beach-ware part of the show. If necessary, though, Carlo," he raised an eyebrow at that use of his Italian name, a signal between us that I was going to be on a 'Family assignment', "will bring you home, if I'm late. And she's going to need a dozen of the prettiest bikinis, Carlo, for all the times we'll be on the beach in Miami or on St Paul's. Help my little girl to pick out a dozen, will you, Carl, and pay for them for her."

"I can't ..." murmured Nancy anxiously to me, glancing fearfully at Carl. He smiled at her as I had instructed him to. No, he didn't use his sardonic smile. He actually looked pleased to be taking her to the show that she was a part of.

"I'll enjoy today," said Carl, with a smile at me, adding a little to the instructions I'd given him. "This will be my first fashion show to see from the inside. Don't hurry back, Donna Cecilia."

That was a title given to me in the caporegime, the organized gang assigned to me, by the members of the pack, as I sometimes called them. Johnny Steps had sneeringly called me Madonna, after he'd heard Carl refer to me as he just had. That was being used, I didn't doubt, by Johnny's men, in places where I wouldn't hear them. I'd even heard, from Phil Grundman, of course, that I was now Madonna Cecilia in a lot of low places.