

# NICOLE'S GHOST



# Bo-Bleu



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By Bo Bleu

## Le Prelude

Nicole Aaronsen planned carefully for the chance to cross-dress at the annual Fall Festival College Bash. It was her college sorority's tradition and, though she voiced misgivings about the childish event, she went right ahead collecting the outfit that would make her look like a boy. She haunted the discount stores and Macy's basement for men's clothes that fit her idea of what the typical 'down-on-his-luck' guy would wear.

Persistence paid when she finally collected it all and tried on the slacks at least ten times. The rough masculine corduroy fabric added to the allure. For once, she told herself, she was going to be the 'Man who am in charge'.

"That's believable," her mom said coming into the room. "Much more detailed than the Victorian theme last year. You have a date?"

Nicole sighed. "For want of a better selection, it appears I'm stuck with Brent again. From what he tells me, he will be the prettiest girl on the block."

Her mom laughed. "You can drop the disdain act. One day you'll look back on these juvenile traditions with a warm remembrance. Now, when I was your age..."

Nicole continued dressing while paying no attention to her mom's diatribe. 'How my mom loves to live in the time of her youth,' she thought idly. She tried on her bill cap, two sizes too big to enclose her bountiful head of blonde hair.

Later, finally ready, she waited in the game room watching her dad and his friend, Henry Hastings, battle it out with a game of chess and a jug of Scotch whiskey.

Brent crept up behind her and grabbed her buttocks. "Oh," she gasped and turned around. "Wow, you are one good-looking groovy chick. It's a good thing this is my week for girls."

They went out together to the well wishes of her parents and their guests, Henry and Chanice Hastings. Though she didn't have much interest in Brent, the cross-dressing act appealed to her. She looked forward to seeing what the rest of her sorority and fraternity members were going

have. She had to admit, during her comfortable ride in Brent's dad's car, her mom did have a point.



## CHAPTER I A New Destiny

"Nicole, come on, get in." Brent held the passenger door open for her.

She hesitated. "Brent, I don't think so. You've had too much to drink. Let's stay here; it should be all right. Just us two cross-dressers, they will understand."

"Don't be such a wuss; get in. I'll be careful."

Nicole sat gingerly, straightened her shirt and fastened the seat belt. She looked straight ahead as Brent settled behind the wheel. "Just take me home, OK?"

A few miles down the country road, Brent pulled over at an overlook and turned off the lights.

"What are you doing?" she asked, alarmed.

"You stay here if you like. I'm feeling a little dizzy; need some air." He stepped out and away from the car. In a moment he heard the car door slam as she got out. She stood next to him.

"You did right, Brent," she said softly. "I can drive, you know. Shall we trade places? You can take a nap, I'll wake you when we're at my place."

He put his arm around her at the waist and pulled her close to him. "A nap was not what I had in mind when we left together."

"Even so; I trust you to do the decent thing. I've only known you since the beginning of the school year but you've always been nice." She pulled away from him and was acutely aware he was holding her very tight.

"I thought you were going to ask what I had in mind, other than a nap." He touched her lips. "You are the prettiest guy in the crowd. We should get better acquainted."

She sighed in relief realizing she was afraid he was going to get gross. "Fine with me," she answered. "We can do that, but I'm trusting you; don't expect any intimate moments. Carnal is not my style."

"You have many attractions — the stand-off, the invulnerable, the careless attitude."

She looked up at him. "I never asked you, I hope, to give me the puppy-dog treatment."

Without answering, he quickly came down on her lips with a brutal kiss. When she struggled, he broke the kiss but held her face within inches of his own. "You told me you don't have a boyfriend. You know I'm not attached. I think we should be together."

The violent conflict enervated her. "Enough, Brent!" She spat the words at him. "Let's go. I don't like you and I don't want what you think I will give you." She spun away from him and went to the car. She intended to grab the keys out of the ignition and begin walking.

He was too quick for her. When she reached for the keys, he was already behind the wheel. "Do you want to talk about this?" he asked.

"Talk about what? No. Just take me home." She heard the angry tone in his voice and shivered in fright. She was happy her guy outfit covered her more than a dress and blouse would. She tugged at her seat belt.

"I will after we have a talk," he said. The slur had gone from his voice. It indicated he had sobered somewhat.

"So, what do you want to talk about?"

"You. Are you a virgin? Is that why you're acting this way?"

"Acting what way? My sex life is none of your business though you seem to have made it your concern. I'm living a decent life; not easy for a girl in these unforgiving times."

"If you've managed to keep your virginity this long; nineteen is pretty old, then you have something to bargain with."

"Bargain! Being nineteen means I wasn't born yesterday!"

He smiled, a rueful admission of what he was doing. "Glad to hear that. You already know I'm strong enough to do to you whatever I want." He moved closer to her and reached for her breasts neatly tucked inside the dress shirt.

In one swift maneuver she was out of the car. She had learned early on she couldn't outrun a track star. He came up behind her and pushed her until she fell to the ground in a copse of trees and shrubs away from the roadway.

She yelped when he straddled her. "Calm down. I'll tell you what to do and, the sooner you do it, the sooner you'll be on your way home."

"You won't get away with this; I promise you."

"You are worth the price, whatever you have in mind. Now, do you want to be a good little girl and come back to the car where it's more comfortable?"

She nodded. "Yes, get off me, please." She doubled her fists ready to hit him. It was a response of frustration.

"Put your hands down. I don't want to get tough with you but I will."

"You are sick, Brent." She put her hands down. It was no surprise when she felt his strong hands move onto her breasts.

"Very nice," he whispered in appreciation. His voice was hoarse with excitement.

She remained stoic. "Let's just talk about this, Brent. Do you want to know why I'm still a virgin?" It was a ploy, she knew, but she hoped it would calm him down.

He sat back and began to get up. When she shifted her hips to start to stand, the gorgeous legs he had admired so often were at his fingertips. He reached and fondled the turn of her thighs. The corduroy material of her trousers was a tight fit. "You feel neat, so sexy."

He took her hand and led her back to the car. Her mind was racing but not coming up with any answers. She started for the passenger side but he shoved her into the back seat. He tumbled in after her, reached up to the dashboard and clicked the safety locks designed to protect children from opening the doors. He relaxed back and ran one hand inside her shirt. There was just enough light from a distant street corner to let him see her young body as she struggled.

"You said you had some questions," she said out of breath.

"Do you like my hands feeling you?"

"No, I don't. I don't dislike you, Brent, or I wouldn't have accepted your offer of a date. But now, between your liquor and your fantasies, you are out of control. And that scares hell out of me."

"Did you like it when we kissed a while ago? I did; your lips are super soft."

'Maybe,' she thought, 'the longer we talk, the better are chances of him softening up.' "I'll kiss you some more, if you wish. But, you have to quit feeling me."

That overture didn't last long. He brought his mouth down on hers with a lust driven passion she'd no idea how to handle. His tongue tip was playing with her lips. She kept her mouth firmly closed. When he put his hand on her face, thumb and forefinger forcing her lips to part, she struggled. His strength was far and away from any futile resistance. She let her lips part and felt a twist of nausea as his tongue Frenched her tongue.

"See, I'm not feeling your nice body. Deal is a deal. Now, so I can get control of myself, please take off your pants so I can see your legs. You already know what it feels like for me to fondle them."

She knew further resistance was useless. She slowly opened her belt and unzipped the fly. When she raised up he grabbed her slacks at the belt loops and pulled them down. She knew he could see the black panties trimmed in lace.

"Great; let me unhook your bra. I promise only to look though you already know how your mouth waters when you open a box of candy."

She leaned forward so he could catch the brassier clasp. She felt the freedom and the rush of air when the bra fell loosely off her breasts. "Now, Brent. I've done what you wanted. Can we get out of here?"

He was feasting his eyes. The shapely legs and firm breasts were a painting for a master. "We're just going to talk, right? When you've necked with a guy, could you feel it when he got a hard-on?"

"Yes; there has been a curiosity as any girl can tell you."

He grinned. "Give me your hand. Notice I'm not touching you; that's our deal, right?"

She knew what was next. "Sure, Brent; as long as you keep your word."

After he hiked up his skirt, he grasped her fingers and wrapped them around his erection. "Feel that for me, squeeze a little; yes. You have a nice touch. You ever felt that before?"

"No, Brent, I haven't but I know how a guy gets aroused."

He shivered in expectation. "Keep doing that, uh, yes, good. Have you ever been frenched? Uh, between the legs, I mean; not just your mouth."

Again she sighed and looked up at him. "No; I've heard of it. Girls talk about that, you know."

"I know you are acquainted with Geraldine. She's in your sorority."

"Yes, she's very nice; everyone likes her. We call her Geri." She was wondering where he was going with this.

"I was at a party your sorority was sponsoring, couple weeks ago. I know you weren't there because I looked for you. Anyhow, I saw Geri and another girl dancing so I watched them for a while. Eventually they drifted to the bar, drank some whiskey then went out on the patio. I followed them. Geri soon had her hand under the other girl's dress and they were kissing like the libido was on fire."

"None of my business, Brent. Why tell me?"

"Geri thought that her lesbian style would not be accepted; she was afraid of being ostracized. Of course, she learned later of her error in judgment. She was brought into the group because she is a nice person who channels some of her dad's money into the building fund."

Nicole smiled in spite of the offbeat discussion. Then it dawned on her why he was telling this tale. "So you blackmailed her, that right?"

He shifted his hips to loosen his dress a little. She continued to stroke his hard penis. "Yes, she was willing, no, eager, to keep me from telling it



around school that she's queer. What she gave me was a very fine blow job. Do you know what that is?"

She sighed. "Yes, Brent, I know what that is. Do you think I'm a lesbian?"

"I've no idea; don't care really. I just know I want your mouth. I'm so hot right now it will probably take you three licks and a tug to finish me."

It wasn't much but she decided to try for a trump. "And if I should go to Geraldine and tell her how you abused me and bragged about her talented mouth? You wouldn't want that to get around, would you? Get a reputation like that and you'll only get a date with one kind of girl."

He smiled. "You said a little while ago I would pay the price. What is the price for your silence?"

She felt the flush of victory. "Yes, can you handle that?"

"Sure; who would believe it? The locker room set would love it; I'd be a hero to them." He moved down in the seat and spread his legs. "You are naïve, Nicole. And you are about to give me some head, just like your friend Geraldine and a few others. It's something I need you to do, right now. Get closer."

"I can't do that, Brent. I've never as much as considered doing oral sex. When I get a husband, he'll have to understand that is one thing I will not do." By this time he had his hand behind her neck pushing her down. She let go of his throbbing cock and tried to back away. His strong hands kept her firmly in place.

"So, tell him a story; I don't care. I want you to lean over."

She had to will her fingers to stop shaking so she could keep up the rubbing. She tugged at his briefs until he came to her rescue. He let her remove the underwear and deftly brought his entire genital package out for display.

She gulped, shocked. When he guided her hand again to excite him more, she felt a strange compulsion in her mind. She grasped it and moved her little fingers along the sides, lightly, a slight tickle, and rubbed the corona with her thumb. At that moment it was as if she was alone with this masculine tool. Everything else, the forcing, the beating, the threats, all faded from mind. The pressure on the back of her neck continued.

"Don't, Brent. I don't want to do this, it isn't right."

He chuckled. "Open that beautiful mouth and I'll show you what you can and cannot do."

She willed her lips to part and tentatively brought her tongue tip out to caress his hot meat. He pushed a little harder. She opened her mouth and, far easier than she ever imagined, his hot beef was sliding on her tongue. She closed her lips around it and sucked.