

Prisoner of Gender

Part 2



Darlette Davis

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Prisoner of Gender 2

By Darlette Davis

I turned to Juanita.

“I can understand your puzzlement, Maria, but it’s not going to last any longer. The Dolores in Manuela’s picture has a faint but undeniable resemblance to the cute potential young lady whom we’ve come to know and love as Maria Martinez.

“Ramon commented on it directly to me the very first time he saw you serving at one of Manuela’s dinner parties. And how do we know it wasn’t evident to him at the prison when he learned of your mistreatment, then met you face-to-face for the first time?”

I had slowed down and pulled off at a convenient overlook following this shocking revelation. I turned to look at Juanita who was smiling at me. Still in amazement, I guessed at what was coming next: “So you think Ramon might have mentioned the resem-

blance to Manuela, which in turn might have stimulated her to think of a program that would entail my emerging as a reasonable facsimile of the beloved Delores?”

“Not only that, Maria, but as a feminized male, you could become the supportive female-appearing person Manuela feels Ramon needs in his life, without in any way threatening her position as his real First Lady. She naturally would have to happily continue to preside as hostess at all his social functions at which time you would appear, if at all, as a servant. You would occasionally be detected as a former member of Manuela’s program so it would be impossible for you to appear in some other capacity, let alone be seated at his table.”

“It sounds almost too shockingly pat to be true,” was all I could say as I continued to look, now in awe, at the deceptively shrewd person who sat beside me. “I should have questions that might disprove such a supposition but a crazy situation such as I am in suggests that a crazy answer may be its only explanation. One thing that doesn’t fit does come to mind, however. With everything progressing along the road to the final objective you seem to think both Manuela and Ramon want, why is she resisting his desire for me to go on hormones to effect a noticeable step in the direction of ostensible womanhood?”

“Good question, Maria!”

Juanita was again the teacher complimenting her good student.

“And I think I can guess the answer. It’s that Manuela got caught up in the huge monetary rewards her little scheme to help her brother was promising to provide her. You were the key person responsible for its success and she didn’t want to tamper with the possibility of your going impotent and causing the program to crash on takeoff.

“She saw it both as a thrill to be earning a substantial living and as a way of decreasing, if not eliminating, her financial dependence on Ramon. I wouldn’t be surprised though, now that Ramon seems hooked on you, if she might be ready to adjust her thinking. Felicia and Donna are more than holding their own as substantial money-makers.”

“Thanks, I needed that, Juanita,” I said, surprised that I was hurt by an obvious truth. “She wouldn’t lose much if I were to be removed from the program.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, Maria, I didn’t mean it that way. All I was thinking about was the attention she’s been lavishing on you every step of the way to have you stoke, even feed, the fire in Ramon’s breast. You know, her interest in every detail of your dress when you’re going to see him and wanting to keep up with every little thing you’re doing with him. She makes no bones about her enthusiasm for your affair with him and you know what, come to think of it?”

“Sounds like you have another nail to drive in making a solid case out of your conjecture,” I observed.

“No, But what she said to me just the other day certainly doesn’t do anything but lend it the strongest support. She had been talking with Ramon about you and how they both thought you reminded them so much of Delores when she said Ramon made an interesting observation. He said that the resemblance was no longer just a physical one but emotional and intellectual as well.

“He remembers Delores, who would have been about your age when she perished, as the perfect ideal of an old-fashioned Mexican señorita. Well, he told Manuela that you exhibit the same endearing qualities. He thinks you are as bright as they come, equal to him mentally. But he claims you don’t flaunt it and you know how to be completely obedient and submissively feminine at all times without losing your lively personality.”

There was a momentary silence between us and then Juanita added, “I really believe Ramon has had trouble finding his ideal lady because, although all of them go for him, they’re either too forceful and independent-minded or too soft and anxious to lean on him. You don’t threaten his dominance at any time and yet he can respect you as an intellectual equal.”

I turned to slowly pull out of our parking spot as a subdued but enlightened individual. I wasn’t yet prepared to evaluate the implications of what I had heard but it was apparent they indicated a sharp departure from the comfortable “boring” life that lately I had been complaining about, thankfully just to myself.

Soon after leaving my pull-off, our country road peaked among several stands of scrub pine and we began a long, slow descent back to desert landscape.

We were quiet for a bit, my thoughts racing between what Juanita had revealed, or speculated with me, I wasn't sure, and the fact that she had chosen to be so suddenly open about Manuela and Ramon. Both had been most surprising developments.

After several minutes with our own thoughts, Juanita finally spoke. "Supposing I am right, Maria, how will you react if Manuela sounds you out on taking estrogen as Ramon has been suggesting? I'm almost sure she will."

My growing suspicion that Juanita had not been talking out of turn to me but had somehow been following Manuela's advice, astonishing as that seemed on the surface, grew suddenly stronger. I must be careful, I thought, if pressed on the subject, but I saw no reason not to be honest.

"I've thought about it, Juanita. It's seemed a real possibility that I would be asked about it ever since Manuela told me that Ramon had suggested it. And I've been aware that Manuela might not be feeling so strongly in the negative as she once had. So I do have an answer and it is that I would go along with it so long as it's not irreversible. As long as I have to live the part of a woman, I might as well be feeling more like one."

“But you don’t feel like you might want or even accept going all the way, Maria? With surgery, I mean, if Manuela or Ramon were to cover all the expense?”

Another light went on, illuminating my feeling that Manuela might have been perched on Juanita’s shoulder as she was expressing her all-too-believable suppositions.

She suddenly edged over to sit pressed against me, taking my arm, and putting it around her shoulders.

“I wish it would make you as happy as it would make me. I could then love you as I want to do. Wouldn’t that be pleasing to you?” Juanita asked, almost plaintively.

“Of course it would, querido,” I said, pulling her even closer, as I took my eyes off the road to briefly kiss her forehead. “But for now, I couldn’t agree. Someday I’m going to be released from prison, I hope, and I can’t imagine going back to my family looking like I do now. They’d disown me.”

“You’re really not thinking clearly, Maria. It’s what *you* want. Family may object at first but, if they if love you, they’re eventually got to accept what you think is best for you. Don’t you think you could be happy as a woman for the rest of your life?”

“I don’t know. I don’t think so. And I doubt that anyone can force such a situation on me. The worst they can do is throw me back in jail as they wouldn’t dare do such a thing and have it eventually come out that it was against my will.”

“Oh, I agree, Maria, I don’t think anyone would ever force you. It’s just that you should have been a girl all along, with the way you look, even the way you seem to like to talk and enjoy making believe you’re female.

“And haven’t I seen you more than once primping and enjoying looking at yourself for minutes at a time in front of a mirror when you thought no one was looking? Also remember, the hormones would do nothing but increase any little desire you have to undergo a sex change. It could be you would develop a really overwhelming desire so you couldn’t wait to wear your beautiful dresses and heels and as much makeup as you want with the perfect freedom of knowing you are physically and legally a real mujer.”

“Well, I’ll say this for it, Juanita; if it would make it so we could make love and be amanitas, that would be a big factor in my decision.”

“Well, as for that, please pull off into that lane up ahead, Maria. I want to show you what it would mean to me.”

I applied squealing brakes and turned abruptly down a rutted path that quickly eased out of sight of the road and we came to an abrupt halt.

With that, Juanita raised her head and put her arms around my neck, pulling me down to meet her open mouth and darting tongue.

I was in paradise, I thought; while we kissed she was unbuttoning her blouse and undoing her bra.

“Here, Maria, this is a sample of how much I would love you if you had your own breasts and a vagina to match mine.”

With that, she pulled my head down to her firm, jetting bosom and thrust herself into my eager mouth while patting and brushing my hair with her free hand. Eventually she pulled down her panties and placed my hand over her opening, encouraging my fingers to rub her skiff clitoris and enter her with my finger. She was hot and wet and, thrillingly, a virgin. Moaning, she shortly came and I held her tightly, not speaking until she pulled away, tugging up her panties, adjusting her bra and re-buttoning her blouse. I was left with a hard-on that refused to give up and a dull gut ache to match.

“You’ve given me a lot to think about, my darling,” I offered solemnly.

“I really hope so, Maria,” she responded with a smile. Then she added facetiously, “I had to do something to make changing back to me driving a little exciting. We’re getting close to civilization again and the last thing we need is for you to be picked up driving cross-dressed on an expired Americano license.”

It had been a week since that grand day in the country with Juanita and I had been performing my professional duties with little or no contact with Manuela. I had begun to believe my suspicion of Juanita’s being a mouthpiece for Manuela was a figment of my imagination when one evening the latter



summoned me to a private meeting. Now at last I would be told that hormones were what she had in mind for me.

I was therefore not surprised and a little smug when, after I closed the door, she said “Maria, it’s been awhile since I told you my opinion of your taking estrogen. I’ve changed my mind.”

I smiled, pleased that my guess had been precisely on target. But I did wonder what had happened to her original concern that it would make me increasingly unable to cater satisfactorily to my clients.

“I’ve been looking over the accounting figures with Juanita, Maria, and I’ve discovered that while my volume and profits on Donna and Felicia keep rising very nicely, yours are falling off a bit.”

I was confused. Was I in for a warning that I must do better or else?

But still, she had mentioned hormones. My mind was racing. If I were to start estrogen, she at least was not considering remanding me to El Palacio. She maybe had in mind a return to maid’s or yard work while I was being ripened. Not bad for a temporary occupation, I thought. And for Ramon to look forward to. I could do worse than reminding him of a beloved sister while being respected for my intellect yet.

Not wanting to mention any of these disconnected thoughts, I merely murmured, “I’m sorry, I’m always trying to please you.”

“I know you are, bebe, it’s not that I think you’re shirking. I’ve just been mulling over for some time how we can better use your services. Up until now, you’ve been invaluable in helping develop our program into a very profitable venture as well as an effective protection for you and the others.

“So, as I’ve been concentrating on the need for some kind of change, it occurred to me that the answer has been staring me in the face right along. I never for a moment came close to recognizing it.”

How would the answer be preparing my body for Ramon? What kind of money was that supposed to earn? With all my self-satisfied confidence suddenly drained away, I couldn’t imagine what had been staring Manuela right in the face that had eluded me?

“Maria, you are extremely pretty. As Juanita never gets tired of telling me, you should have been a girl. If you had been, I’m sure you would have been a beauty contest winner, maybe a chorus girl, or even an actress.

“You are different from Felicia or Donna and probably anyone else I train from prison, in that you are instantly taken for a female when you are dressed and made-up, and on meeting you, people find it hard to believe you are not. As much as they try, the others still look like pleasant-looking hombres in drag. So while their manly appearance is a plus for the women, your natural prettiness is unfortunately not quite so appealing, especially as most of our women are normal and prefer virile-looking men.

“Now what suddenly occurred to me, Maria, is that you would therefore be an ideal person to explore a related business that keeps presenting itself to me and being ignored as if I had blinders on. Maybe you can guess. What do my brother and Henri and a couple of other men, who have contacted me that you are not aware of, have in common?”

I was startled and suddenly concerned at the implication that was all too obvious.

“You mean that they are men who like me just because I look so much like a natural woman and want to have a relationship with me?”

“Exactly, querita and except in Ramon’s case, it is strictly a sexual interest. Your looking like a beautiful girl turns them on that you are really a guy. When this finally hit me, I did a little research among friends who are far more worldly than I. They inform me that in Mexico City this type of person commands sky-high prices as a professional, far more than the average call girl. Men and their ridiculous imaginations! And they think we women are hard to understand.”

“So how do hormones fit in?” I asked weakly. “If some men like boys dressed as girls, wouldn’t hormones detract, making the boys too much like girls?”

“No silly, ” replied Manuela, “but in all honesty, that was my first reaction also. Then I found the kinks actually prefer their boy-girls to have real breasts, the bigger the better, it seems, to stretch the

possibility they're not dealing with a male to the maximum."

"But how can I be of use to them if I get less potent?" I queried, noting plaintiveness in my voice.

"Easy, Maria, remember we're not dealing with women here who put a premium on your erections and your orgasms. These people may be off-the-wall but they are basically heterosexual guys who want to test new thrills, and they could care less about your enjoyment. No, they still want to be taken care of the old-fashioned way, either by your letting them hump you or you serving them orally.

"So how is this any different from prison, Manuela?" I was now experiencing a heart-throbbing anguish.

"Ah, wait a minute, I'm letting my enthusiasm carry me away, muchacha," interjected Manuela, smiling.

"Let me explain. The difference is manifold. One, you will be dealing only with carefully screened clients, with no repeats for anyone who breaks the rules. Two, there will be no bugging. We will demand that as a condition and fix it so anyone who gets out of hand over a couple of drinks has an almost impossible time of getting to you. Three, this program has a definite end for you. I'd say six to twelve months when we can give you gift-wrapped to Ramon, full time. By then you will be very skilled in the art of providing pleasure for a man. From there it's up to you and he to make whatever you honestly

can out of your relationship. By then I'll have the structure in place for a cute new call boy who will be entering an ongoing profitable program.

“What do you think, querida? I don't see that there are any drawbacks. Incidentally there's a little plus to please your transvestite nature. I never asked you and maybe you still haven't admitted it to yourself, but you are a real *disfraz de mujer, bebe*. Therefore you should love knowing you're once again going to get a new wardrobe, one you will like better than girl's, junior miss, and maid's dresses. You will be wearing things ranging from flamboyant gowns to really brassy street girl stuff that I suspect you will go for also. I am told that appeals to this particular *cliente*.”

“But what will Ramon say to all this?”

I was groping and any question to put off giving my opinion would do.

“This will be our little secret, *muchacha*. All he has to know is that in the foreseeable future you'll be all his full time, with the real boobs he's been dying for you to have. That should be more than enough to satisfy him.

“Plus you ought to know Ramon will be no problem. He never asks questions about your professional life. You told me that yourself. I don't think he would like it if I put you back to full-time maid's work while we wait for your little buds to emerge as melons. With the little pedestal he's built for you, noth-

ing but your living with the angels would be anything he'd want to hear about."

"What do you foresee as my schedule?" was the best I could come up with next. Manuela's caveats had convinced me my liaisons might be similar to what I had already experienced with Henri; while it wasn't as exciting as melding with Consuela or Juanita, the times with him and Charita had not been unpleasant.

"At the beginning, it will be a little slow. You'll need plenty of rest at the outset anyway to put up with what they tell me are pretty unpleasant symptoms the first few weeks on estrogen. But I'd guess once you're feeling good and I get you some business, you'll be able to service eight to ten curious gentlemen a week. A lot more than the number of women you're taking care of. And at two or three times the price. I can't wait, bebe. Now what have you got to say?"

"Manuela, in the States they would say you could sell iceboxes to the Eskimos."

"Or like down here, I could sell hornos in a alluvia basque," Manuela rejoined with a laugh.

It had been three days after Manuela's brief remarks about my need for "rest." Just the day before I had a physical examination. I then was given my first estrogen shot and a supply of pills for daily use.