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Madame Nelva

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Synopsis: In the world of BDSM, Nelva was a chameleon. She could alter her mood, from sadistic Domme to masochistic submissive, as easily and quickly as other woman might change into a new bra. It was her nature. But she seems confused after meeting a TG named Roberta, who is way different then the Drag Queens she normally encounters.

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MADAME NELVA

by Roberta Angela Dee

In the world of BDSM, Nelva was a chameleon. She could alter her mood, from sadistic Domme to masochistic submissive, as easily and quickly as other woman might change into a new bra. It was her nature.

For the past several years, she had delved into the underworld of drag queens. She seemed intrigued by their ambivalence - people who were distinctive feminine, nearly to an extreme, yet lacking in that feminine mystique that makes a woman real, or that make a real woman truly a woman. Perhaps, she was drawn to the conflicting possibility of a woman with a penis. Who could know. She enjoyed her life but kept her motives secret.

With the drag queens, she adopted the demeanor and disposition of the slick and sophisticated Domme. It made sense. After all, she was a lipstick lesbian - a feminine being attracted to other feminine being, yet fully capable of accepting the pleasure a thick long cock could provide her. The drag queens provided a way for her to have the best of both worlds. They were neither men nor women, allowing her to accept a penis without the hassle of accepting a man.

Roberta, however, was different. She professed to be a transgendered woman - a male born with the heart, mind and soul of a female. What does that mean? What does it really mean? Nelva wondered. In spite of Roberta's convincingly female appearance, was she really any different from any other drag queen? Or, could she possibly have captured the essence of femininity - that something that makes a woman truly a woman?

They had met through the Internet. Nelva has seen a digital photograph of the transgendered woman, and had written to her. Her hope was that she had found a new playmate - a virile drag queen willing and anxious to fuck her with the passion of a man but without the masculinity. Roberta, however did not respond as such. She responded as any woman would respond whose femininity had been questioned or challenged.

A part of Nelva said, "I dare this sissy claim to be a woman." Yet, a different part of her was intrigued by Roberta's claim.

Transsexuals claimed to cross the gender barrier through surgery. Cross dressers claimed to cross through makeup, clothes, and effeminate behavior. Neither classification had very much impressed Nelva. The transsexuals she had met still bore something that was masculine - sometimes obvious, sometime subtle, but always there nonetheless. Not surprisingly, the drag queens hadn't even come close to crossing over. So, the question was: Had Roberta managed to do what all the others had only believed they had accomplished?

A face-to-face meeting seemed inevitable. Nelva, now in her Mistress mode, extended an invitation. Roberta accepted and arrived at Nelva's home wearing a knife-pleated black mini-skirt and a red sexy top with a heart-shaped peek-a-boo cut out of the décolleté. Although her breasts were small, she proudly displayed a generous amount of cleavage within the heart-shaped frame.

Nelva approved and complimented her good taste. Unlike the gaudy and whorish queens, Roberta had presented herself as a lady, albeit a decidedly sexy lady. In fact, Roberta's sense of style was not very different from the styles exhibited by the lipstick lesbians who would sometimes frequent the

gay bar downtown.

"In the gay world, you would be called a femme," Nelva commented.

"I like that," Roberta replied. "I like being femme. Does it please you? I mean, the way I look - does it please you?"

"You'll learn what pleases me," Nelva replied while stepping closer to the demurely dressed femme.

Nelva leaned forward, gently kissing Roberta on her lips. Roberta's lips parted slightly, but it was still too soon for her to receive the fleshy gift she so quietly anticipated. Nelva smiled while reaching under Roberta's short skirt. Roberta recoiled.

"What are you doing?" Nelva asked with a disapproving tone.

"I'm sorry," Roberta replied. "It's just that I'm not accustomed to having another woman reach under my skirt."

"Follow me," Nelva ordered.

Roberta followed Nelva down the hallway to the bedroom at the end of the hall. They both entered.

"Remove the skirt and top," Nelva commanded. "I want to take a look at you."

Roberta obeyed, and soon found herself standing in the middle of the bedroom wearing only her white lace panty, white garter, and white Wonderbra.

Nelva walked over and grabbed Roberta's crotch, expecting she would get a handful of the lady's male appendage. Nothing was there.

"Take off your panty and lie down on the bed."

Roberta did as she was told and, Nelva saw the black gaff that was beneath the panty. It kept Roberta's penis securely folded between her thighs.

"So, that's how you hide it," Nelva commented.

"Yes, ma'am," Roberta replied sweetly.

"Take it off."

Roberta removed the gaff. Her 4-inch flaccid penis fell loosely between her legs. Nelva reached for it and began fondling it, expecting at least a mild reaction. There was, however, no response at all. She continued for nearly five minutes. Still, there was no response. Roberta was clearly chemically castrated. The part of her anatomy that appeared to be male was only useful as a means to urinate. It had no erotic feelings, and could neither become erect, nor eject semen.

"Well, you truly are a bitch. Aren't you? No wonder you love cock so much. It's the only way you can climax now. Isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am," Roberta answered.

"How do you masturbate?"

"I use my fingers or sometimes a vibrator."

"So your male part is truly useless except to me?" Nelva inquired with an inquisitive tone.

"Yes, ma'am. It's useless. It's of no concern to me now. The only reason I don't have a sex change is because I don't believe that surgery makes you a woman. I believe it's what lies in your heart, mind and soul."

"Well, we'll see exactly how much of a woman you are after you've made love to a woman and after you've been fucked by a lipstick lesbian. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am. I believe I understand you totally."

As Nelva undressed, Roberta could clearly see why Nelva was a lesbian. Her body was beautiful -- too beautiful to be appreciated by a man in the same way another woman could appreciate her physique. In the dimly lit bedroom, Nelva truly appeared to be a goddess -- the perfection of womanhood and femininity.

"Okay, bitch," Nelva began, "let me explain the deal here. I prefer girls who are well-hung and have a functional tool. You are not such a girl. You are more female than male, and that's not what I was looking for. However, as a lipstick lesbian, you might serve me in a way that no drag queen could ever hope to do. So, I intend to train you to be a lipstick lesbian like myself. Understand?"

"Yes, Nelva. I believe I understand what you want."

"It's not just what I want, sweetie. It's what I need and what I insist on having."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Your world is about to change. I just hope you're ready for it. I'm giving myself three months. At the end of those three months, I intend to have made you so much a lesbian that you will never want to be with a man again -- at least not the kind of men you've served in the past."

Roberta stood quietly. It appeared that the thought of never being able to suck a man off or to feel his hard cock inside her kitty kat was not what she had in mind. Still, she stood there, quietly, obediently, and submissively.

"Kneel before me, begin by licking my toes. Work your way up to my womanhood and then eat me until I've reached an orgasm."

For the next hour or so, Roberta licked and sucked. She sucked and licked Nelva's feet., devoting her delicate lips and tongue to each toe. Next, she began kissing and licking Nelva's calves, then her knees, finally arriving at the portal of her womanhood. She greeted it with a kiss.

Patiently and deliberately, she brought Nelva to an intense climax. The orgasm caused Nelva to cry out with the pleasure and joy of having been satisfied by another woman, and satisfied so lovingly.

As she relaxed, her pussy still wet with the juices that flowed from her body, she said, "I think this is going to work. I have much to teach you, Roberta. But I think this can work."

"Thank you, madam," Roberta replied. "I have no desire to displease or disappoint you."

Having reached her orgasm, Nelva's demeanor dramatically changed. She slipped into her strap-on cock, then lied on her back.

"Blow me, bitch," she ordered.

Nelva watched as her lesbian student took the long slender penis into her mouth. It aroused Nelva in a way she had never experienced. She sensed her own power as her sense of sexuality exquisitely grew more intense.

When Nelva was satisfied with her blow job, she turned Roberta over onto her back, then mounted the soon-to-be lesbian, and inserted her cock. She fucked her, very slowly at first. But when she sensed that Roberta's pussy had adjusted to her took, she fucked Roberta, until she Roberta had reached her own orgasm and was near to slipping into an unconscious trance.

Nelva smiled as she thought about the possibilities she had in store for her new student. Roberta provided Nelva with an opportunity to shape a woman to be precisely what Nelva thought a woman should be. And Nelva had no intention of wasting this opportunity.

(To be continued) Mistress Nelva by Roberta Angela Dee

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Novellas by Roberta Angela Dee may be found at Reluctant Press.

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