



Our **700th** Novel!

DEAN OF WOMEN



Monica James

A "New Woman" Special Edition Novel

Copyright © 2009, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

DEAN OF WOMEN

By **Monica James**
[Q-Angle Fit invention of Cara Mia]

CHAPTER I. Awakening

Dean Maureen Arundel stepped into the lobby of the 'Living Spa' at precisely six in the morning. She was greeted by a friendly smile from a young girl obviously new on the reception desk. A quick glance at the wholesome young college student aroused her interest. She gave her the membership card and the girl swiped it across the computer sensors. Thanking her, Maureen noted a slight blush on the girl's cheeks. She went into the private locker room area

Tyne Tomas, her personal trainer, was folding towels and putting them away in the cabinet. She glanced at her watch.

"After all these years; five minutes late. What cataclysmic event has befallen us?"

Maureen was feeling equally playful. "I pay you to keep me in shape, not monitor my schedule. If you must know, I was delayed admiring the new girl at the reception desk."

"I did not ask but I'm glad you're feeling frisky today. It must be the right time of the month."

Maureen smiled and unbuttoned her blouse. "Right time of the year would be more like it." She stretched out on the pad, snuggled with the mini-pillow, which had her name on it and sighed. The lotion Tyne added to her back in preparation for the massage was soothing.

"You are breaking my heart," Tyne answered with affected disdain. She began the massage at the shoulder muscles. "You have the family name, position, education, more income than most of us will ever see and what do you do? You whine because you need to get laid. There has to be at least a dozen eligible morsels in and out of your office every day."

“Would you believe I am in conflict with myself? Sounds silly, I know. My dad had this affliction. He would pursue some goal he fancied and, when he had it in the palm of his hand, he closed to a fist and walked away, disinterested.”

“You call that an affliction? Fancy, but you’re describing anticipation being greater than realization. That’s not an affliction, it is human nature.” Maureen grinned happily. “Touché! I’m the gal who trips over the crack in the sidewalk. I can’t seem to get past it.”

Tyne adjusted the towel across Maureen’s hips. “Your conflict and fine wine have a common ground, time will out. But, I’m not one to fool with destiny. Are you?”

“Right; I’ll figure it out one of these days.”

Don’t be tough on yourself, Doc,” Tyne answered. She knew Maureen held a PhD.

To her, that was high enough on the scholastic roster to earn ‘doc’.

There was no doubt in Maureen’s mind that Tyne was the better informed about medical and anatomical studies. Maureen raised herself up on one elbow and faced the attractive girl she called personal trainer and personal friend. She turned over onto her back. The towel slid to one side revealing her perfect breasts. Tyne quickly adjusted it. “I like the look I just saw on your face,” Maureen said in a muted tone. “It was interest. Of all the women you see each week, is this possible?”

Tyne lowered her eyes, a shy gesture. She tucked the Terrycloth around Maureen’s hips and thighs. “You are beautiful; I can’t help admiring you.” Her voice was crisp as if answering an arithmetic question but when she said ‘admiring you’, her tone dropped, emotional.

An uneasy tension grew between them as each considered private thoughts. When the massage was over, Maureen waited until Tyne left the room to tend to the next customer. She next slipped on her bathing suit and dropped gratefully in the bubbly waters of the hot tub. She decided to speak to Tyne before leaving for work.

Fully dressed, she took a last moment to check herself in the mirror. She wore her navy blue pin-striped suit, side slips exposing shapely calves, spike heels accenting the delicate arch. Satisfied, she turned to go. She braced herself, mentally, for the rigors of Monday morning and headed for the lobby.

“You look elegant,” Tyne said catching up to her. “Were you born in spike heels?”

“Relax, Tyne; if I’m satisfied with my appearance, it reflects in what I do and say. Think I’m silly?”

Tyne was thoughtful. “And if you walk like a man, will that put you over the fashion top?”

Her mood turned shadowed and mysterious. “It’s an issue worth exploring.”

Tyne looked quickly around to be certain nobody was in earshot. “You’ve often been honest with me in your interest, uh, preferences, on the social agenda. Is there something more I should know about you?”

Maureen picked it up. “Tell you what, pretty personal trainer. Let’s do lunch and we can discuss whatever it is you have on your mind.”

They walked together onto the entrance landing. Morning traffic was filling the air with smog and street noises. Tyne touched her arm. "I have a confession to make. Saturday I went with some friends to the open-air concert. I saw a handsome man with a pretty girl on his arm. They had to pass us to get to their table in the reserved section. I was close enough to recognize you." She paused. "You are the handsome gentleman."

Maureen smirked. "And? Are you going to lecture me because I like pretty girls?"

Tyne laughed and released Maureen's arm. "I have an idea that may appeal to you. You can learn to walk like a man. You said a minute ago it is an issue worth exploring."

. "We've been saying for years we would 'do lunch'," Maureen quipped returning to the original subject. "Is today our time? Maybe we could start a routine: Lunch once a year."

Maureen reached for Tyne and hugged her. She held the embrace longer than either of them expected. She dropped her hands to Tyne's waist. "White Peacock Café at one o'clock. Ask for Griffes, he's in charge. OK?"

#

At one o'clock sharp, Tyne approached the maître d'hôtel. At the mention of Maureen's name, a broad grin lit his face. He sniffed and turned with practiced efficiency. He led Tyne to the table by the window.

Maureen put her menu down and reached to shake Tyne's hand. Her eyes appraised her friend's strict apparel in one glance. She noted the white turtle-neck with black choker. The cut of her linen jacket rode sedately on her breast line. She was properly impressed.

"Please, sit down. I would not have recognized you. That's a gorgeous outfit. This is truly an occasion." She motioned to Tyne who sat gingerly on the high back chair while Griffes assisted her. In one swift motion, the highly trained man whisked her linen napkin off the table and let it lay across her lap. The movement was so smooth, Tyne felt a sensual thrill.

Maureen noticed the response and laughed.

After a delicious luncheon served with impeccable taste, she ordered a split of white wine.

"That wasn't just a meal, it was an experience," Tyne said in a whisper. "You seem to be well known here."

Maureen winked. "This is a haven for frustrated randy females on the loose. Are you feeling adventurous?"

"Always, you know that. And, I do believe the wink you often show me turned our new receptionist to jelly this morning."

"Ah, flattery." Next, without hesitation, "Can you teach me to walk as a man?"

"I have some ideas but first, please explain your intent."

Maureen sipped the white wine and looked at Tyne over the rim of the glass. As you observed at the concert Saturday, I am a cross-dresser, transvestite. I want to improve my act."

There was a long pause before Tyne answered. "I'm the last one to criticize your lifestyle. Totally, I admire you for your honesty."

Maureen was thrilled at Tyne's reaction. She was impetuous and enjoyed the verbal shock to see how her trainer-friend would respond. "You probably already guessed that I have what some civilized folk describe as a gender perversion. In the evening, I like to go out dressed as a guy. There are lots of advantages. Other guys don't 'hit' on me — well, not exactly but ..."

Tyne burst out laughing. "OK, so you're a guy and you're on the make. That makes you a lesbian, does it not?"

"Most of the time, truly. It's a matter of experience. Uh, add in a bit of pain and unrequited love to the mix. We can discuss it some time, if you wish. The final scene before the curtain falls leaves me more interested in the charms of young girls and women than I've perhaps a right. I do not think we are here to discuss my sex life. I was interested in your comment about 'walk-like-a-man', what did you mean?"

Do you know about the 'Q-angle'?" Tyne raised one eyebrow which was her query signal.

Maureen smirked. "You mean the I.Q. factor?"

"I mean the Q-angle of the hips, silly girl. It's the factor that makes a man walk like a man and a woman walk like a woman. You know bodies well enough. Since you have the M.O. in addition to all that education, you have an intimacy with both the male and female form. Do you want to learn to walk like a man?"

Maureen was thoughtful. Well, yes. I know men generate power and movement from their thigh muscles. We gals take the more subtle attraction; we rely on pelvic motion."

Tyne grinned. "You mean we have a better hip thrust?" She laughed. "I think we went to the same school as far as exposure to the theatrical is concerned. I'll refresh your memory."

"How, pretty friend, do you intend to teach this most sought after ability?"

"Can I make a request? Explain how a lesbian transvestite exists."

Maureen grinned. "Perhaps. The definition might elude both of us. Gender preferences get nebulous sometimes."

Tyne grinned. "You didn't waste any time turning on the new girl on the desk this morning. And, you looked at me with a special interest that I don't often see in my work on an everyday basis. May I assume, therefore, you are moody?"

"Touché. We could discuss all this on an endless weekend someplace or a week cruise in the Caribbean. Briefly, I'll bring you up to date." She hesitated, thoughtful. "There are three simplistic articles of lesbianism that I'm acquainted with. First, the two women form a bond which I call mutual interest. That's a starting point. Secondly; they enjoy the emo-

tional discovery, a ready and accepting compatibility. Thirdly, noting that this item is last, a physical meeting explores the strength they've come to enjoy. Any question?"

Tyne rested her chin on her folded hands, elbows on the table. "No questions, the defense rests. I am not without experience in such matters but I've nothing to add. Now that I see your motive, I want to explain an idea I've been working on for some time. It is already named the 'Q-Angle'.

Maureen watched in fascination as Tyne opened a napkin on the table and began to sketch an appliance that a woman can wear. In her design, it was fixed like a yoke high between her thighs to have a pronounced change in the way she walks.

"Is this the interest-bond in step one of a relationship?" Maureen asked.

"You are sly. Maybe it is; time will tell." She was thoughtful as she reviewed her sketch. Now, listen up; this is the way I see it. We can build on this as we go on. The Q-Angle is the angle formed between the axis of the femur. It is less than fifteen degrees in men and less than twenty degrees in women. You can see women have the greater flexibility."

Maureen looked stark for a moment, a wave of sincere interest in what Tyne had just said. "This is amazing. Please continue.

"With the appliance in place, training for the woman who wants to walk like a man continues by balancing weights over the hips into place. She will train the gait by walking exercises. We'll have to work on that. Walking, in a word propelling, with the weights and the appliance in place will force her to use the thigh muscles. This is how the Q-Angle gets adjusted."

Maureen was speechless. "Brilliant. Please explain why you've such an interest in doing this. There is nothing masculine about you, I'd like to say."

Tyne grinned. "My ideas are more pragmatic. Once the fixture and the exercises are perfected, a patent will have to be applied for. With this done, a franchise brochure can be created and the market will absorb it."

Maureen clapped her hands lightly. "There has to be millions of transvestites, women who dress like men, who could benefit from your invention. I smell profit."

Tyne smiled her indulgence. She wasn't sure how her ideas would be accepted. "This topic has to be discussed. Is there in fact a large enough market to interest the thousands of gyms and salons now catering to such a special group of women. I'm at a loss as to how we could go about learning all this."

"Needless to say, I'm enthused. When can we get started?" At this comment, she noted Tyne's hesitation, a withdrawal. "Did I miss something?"

"Maybe; it's just an extension of the thought. There are a great many men who dress like girls to attract other men. Any singles bar has a following of guys 'mincing' about. When they get dressed in a skirt and fishnet stockings, they can put on a very convincing act once they master the spike heels."

Maureen frowned in thought. "Maybe this is the reverse of the 'Q-Angle' some way. Are you suggesting the enterprise include both genders?"

"Yes, but I'm not quite sure how. Are we partners?"

"Yes, totally. We can join our limited expertise and work out the kinks; pretty kinky, I say. Sorry about that."

Tyne winced. "You should be. As incentive I'll throw in my new desk receptionist to escort to the senior prom or something."

"Which brings us to the ultimate question. How much money do you want from me?"

Tyne laughed. "As a business woman prostituting her ideas, I have to answer like a prostitute, 'All of it!' But, a little at a time."

"You are bad. This should be the best liaison yet."

Tyne answered, "Agreed."

Maureen glanced first at the check and next to Tyne. "This is the first expense for our new business. Who gets to keep the books?"

"Might you have some apprentice in your university connections who wants the experience?"

Maureen signed the luncheon check and stood to go. "See you in the morning. We both have a lot to think about."

CHAPTER II. It's a Date

The week flew by for Maureen Arundel, busy Dean of Women. On Friday morning she stopped to chat with April Danton at the front desk. She was disappointed at the news that Tyne was not there. Some family problems, April explained.

She leaned against the counter and looked at April. "This week has been all Mondays, nothing worthwhile seemed to get moving. Are you at the University? Surely I would remember seeing you."

April smiled and displayed a slight curtsy. "I'm not one to stand out with a thousand other students," she said as if waiting for a reply.

Maureen laughed. "You are adorable. Would you like to come with me to the concert tonight? But, wait, maybe your boyfriend has you otherwise booked. Am I being too forward?"

She showed her interest by the brightness in her eyes. "Miss Arundel, thank you; I'd love to go. And I can lay no claim to a possessive boyfriend. I've actually been super occupied with this job, classes and all. I need a night out; sounds perfect."

"My driver will pick you up at six, the concert is at eight. We can get dinner and go from there. That all right?"

April jotted her address on a pad and gave it to Maureen. The brief conversation was over when another customer came in. Instantly, April was 'all business'.

"Six will be fine; thanks. Uh, I hope you don't mind the substitute masseuse this morning. I should think Miss Tomas has spoiled you."

Maureen winked, grabbed her spa bag and went into the private changing rooms.

#

That evening, at precisely six, the four-door black sedan stopped at the curb of the sorority house. The chauffeur stepped smartly to the door and, seeing April dressed in a fashionable dress with matching wrap, motioned her to the car. A porch full of coeds gaped and gasped at the scene.

The chauffeur opened the door to the passenger side and April sat sedately smiling at her good fortune. The chauffeur, very proper and saying nothing, drove past the quad and into the city proper. At the first traffic light, April watched as the driver took off the bill cap and threw it in the back. That was when the shock hit her.

The driver was not a man, but a girl. And, not a girl, but Maureen Arundel in drag. She laughed hysterically unable to do anything but point accusingly at her grinning date.

"Call me Maury," Maureen said. "Do you like my act? They'll be moving you up the social ladder since you have such wealthy connections."

April was flabbergasted. She mentally catalogued 'Maury's' uniform. It was an Anthony K design with whipcord twill knit in charcoal grey. The clip on tie was to assist the quick change. Next she saw another jacket, more formal, across the back seat.

"You are somethin' else," she managed to say in admiration.

"You are so kind," Maureen answered, eyes twinkling in the pleasure of the moment. "I just don't know what kind."

April erupted again in laughter and didn't calm down until they entered the parking lot at the White Peacock Café. The valet helped April out while Maureen quickly changed her tie and jacket, her mode for the evening complete.

"Griffes." She quickly said to the maitre d. "This is April. As you can see, she is a very special date this evening."

He was amused but in a friendly stance. "Of course, Miss. Please, this way." He led them to the favorite table and scooped up the 'reserved' sign before seating the two of them.

By this time, April was fawning at the elegant restaurant, the dress of the customers, the slick way the maitre d. handled them and, most of all, Maureen's fun-loving action. She slipped her light wrap off her shoulders in a gesture of abandon and tucked it into the fold of her chair. Her swift motion was proper, like practiced, and the moment was over.

Maureen had admired April's figure at the 'Living Spa' but to have the smooth flesh of her shoulders and the gentle rise of her breasts so close all but left her speechless.

The two girls, oblivious of the brief five-year age difference, carried on a conversation like old family friends. April blushed when she caught Maureen looking hungrily at her lips but she maintained control, smiled and made no comment. One issue, she considered in the secrecy of her mind, was the surely interesting evening they had embarked upon.

Leaving the café, April allowed Maureen to take her by the hand. They both felt fifteen again. The valet was busy with another car so Maureen lifted her keys from the board and

they went to the car. She held the door for April and, again, observed the neat turn of her legs just above the knees until she closed the door and went around to the driver's side.

"That was a wonderful dining experience, thank you," April said as she reached for her seatbelt.

"My pleasure, as you no doubt noticed. Here, let me help with that." She caught the buckle and moved it across April's lap to snap it secure. After that she moved her hand onto April's knees. "You have a marvelous figure." She moved higher before taking her eyes off the smooth thighs and looked inquiringly at the young girl.

April stopped Maureen's hand from any further progress. "Uh, Miss Arundel, I hope I didn't say or do anything to make you think, oh, I'm not saying this right. Please understand I've no experience in, uh, what you are asking of me."

Maureen removed her hand and touched April's face with the back of her curved fingers. "Are you offended? That's the last thing I'd want to do. Did Tyne Tomas tell you anything about me?"

April was relieved that the awkward connection was broken. "She only said you had admired me. I knew that."

"That's all? Do you know I'm the Dean of Women at your university?"

"Yes; I looked up your name in the directory. Miss Tomas didn't say anything about it. Am I suddenly on trial by virtue of my inexperience?"

Maureen laughed. "No, of course not. But, if we don't get going, we'll miss the first number at the concert."

Maureen waved at the valet as they left the parking area. He waved back.

After the concert, they waited in the car until the traffic thinned.

"Wonderful performance," April said in a whisper.

"Do you like Tchaikovsky? For me, his music does not contain any feelings about his sexual preferences. It's just one elegant tone poem after another."

April leaned back against the seat. She had not fastened her seatbelt and was taking the quiet moment to relax. "He sure keeps those musicians busy."

"Quite. Do you have an early day tomorrow? I know a cozy lounge where we can have a drink, just one, before I take you back to the campus."

She was alarmed; not at Maureen but at her growing attraction to the 'handsome' girl showing such an interest in her. Surely, she knew what that interest might entail and she had to cope with that. She had little to fall back on beyond a few porno videos, soft-core books and "The Well of Loneliness" which she had read. She decided to go along with the powerful gal bent on leading her down the primrose path, as she saw it. She was in no position to make an enemy, for one thing and, secondly, when the charming Dean of Women started feeling her legs a bit too high, she was easily dissuaded.

"OK, sure, if you wish. A nightcap, my dad called it."

"Oh, good," Maureen gushed. "Tell me about your dad, your family, where did you go to school? Did you join activities like cheerleading? I'll bet the captain of the football team

was completely smitten by you. And don't forget your best girlfriend. Have you ever kissed a girl?"

With it all, April's head was swimming with the rapid thoughts. She answered as succinctly as she could and was relieved when they stopped at the "Trident Inn". As Maureen had promised, the atmosphere was subdued, soft chamber music and a cozy ambiance.

They found a table a few steps from the dance floor.

"As for kissing a girl," April answered. "Only in a few games of 'truth or dare'. There was really no 'truth' to confess. I belong to a family of teen-trauma virgins; nothing of interest there, either."

Maureen laughed. "You are very pretty. I'm astonished you've survived this long without some recreation-minded stud sniffing behind you."

April laughed. "You have such an off-the-wall way of expression. I'm fascinated. But, my question if it's my turn. Aren't you at risk, the Dean of Women dating a mere sophomore? Or, is that why the waitress called you 'sir' when we sat down?"

"You mean the cross-dressing. I've done it for ages; it is fun and I get all kinds of responses. I loved the way you reacted and would dearly love to be in the corner to overhear what your sorority sisters are saying about now."

"The threat of scandal doesn't bother you?" April asked.

Maureen was thoughtful. "Time for a lesson. The name 'Arundel' is one you likely have not run across in your history studies. Not going into the dreary history of English kings and their acceptance or abuse of the Arundel family, there was an Anne Arundel who married Lord Baltimore about the time of the U.S. revolution. They had a daughter, Mary, who is the namesake of our state, Maryland."

"Wow!" April said, eyes blinking. "You are a descendant of royalty?"

"In an off-hand way, I suppose. The wealth, of all things, came from Anne Arundel County in Maryland that harvested tobacco for the European market. Neat huh?"

"Wealth gets my attention."

"Next time you're on the quad, look in front of the Pineville Science Building for the archway at the entrance to the gardens. The plaque there recognizes the Arundel family for donating significantly to the university building fund. It so happened, as chance would have it, that there were a few nickels left over which left me the wherewithal to get educated and have enough income to keep me for a lifetime. Not bragging, that's the way it is. Even if there did develop a scandal about my nefarious behavior, the board of supervisors would ignore it."

"You are the most interesting person I've ever met. I've enjoyed every minute this evening."

"Even when I shocked you?"

April grinned. "You mean at the house when 'you-the-chauffeur' picked me up? It was really funny."

"No, when I took the liberty of admiring your neat legs. You are what your friends at the sorority term a 'hottie'."

"I'm not offended. At first I was, like you say, shocked. Now, I'm flattered that a girl as worldly as you are would possibly be interested in me."

"Well, I am interested in you as a person. And, woe is me, I really like your neat body."

April smiled again. "I'll take that as a compliment." She looked up when several couples moved onto the dance floor. "Oh, a favorite of mine, 'No Other Love'. Shall we listen a moment?"

Maureen moved to get up. "Better yet, shall we join the dancing crowd?"

Enveloping April in her arms was the zenith of the evening. The marvelous body molded and followed with obvious practice.

"How nice," she whispered and laid her head on Maureen's shoulder.

"This happens to be a favorite of mine also. It is adapted for the string ensemble from a piano piece in the Chopin repertoire. It's from his 'Etude in E' and I'm delighted you find it so compelling."

April looked up and tears escaped to roll down her cheeks. She strengthened her hold on Maureen's waist and moved her hips closer to meld with her partner. When Maureen touched April's chin with one knuckle, April raised her face and smiled.

Maureen kissed the fledgling girl very lightly on the lips without lingering or fancy footwork. "Thank you for a wonderful evening," she said.

The music finished and Maureen clapped briefly before they sat down again.

By this time, April was feeling the effect of the delicious drink. "This is so good," she said sipping from the cocktail glass. "What is it?"

"I ordered Benedictine and Brandy over ice. It has both flavor and scent. Want another one?"

April looked at her empty glass. "Just one. You've hardly touched yours."

Maureen raised her arm and signaled the barmaid with one finger. "Just one for the road. I'll stay with this one because I'm driving."

In the car, April turned in the seat and faced her date. "That was memorable; thank you." She made no effort to adjust the hem of her skirt when it rode higher on her thigh.

Before starting the car, Maureen pulled April close to her and they kissed again. April returned the pressure and they lingered, tenderly, on each other's lips.

April was feeling heady from the evening and the fine liquors. She did not object when she felt Maureen's hand slide beneath her lapel and lower to fondle her breast.

"Do you like me doing this?" Maureen asked.

"I'm cool with it now; I wasn't at first. Yes, I like it."

Maureen lost no time. She deftly took April's chin and placed another kiss on the delectable mouth she had admired all evening. When she prodded April's lower lip with her

tongue tip, April sighed and parted her lips. She took April's hand which was on her lap, and guided it to her torso.

"Feel me," Maureen said softly. "Do you like doing that?"

April pressed and let her hand cup to fit. "You are very beautiful," she squeaked and hated herself for being so juvenile. "You better take me back to the sorority house before I explode before your very eyes."

She had said it in a kidding manner but Maureen sensed it best to not further push the young girl. She relaxed away from her, started the car and soon they were wheeling down the near-empty boulevard. She glanced at April. "Why are you crying?" she asked. "Are you full of brandy?"

April cleared her throat. "Are you mad at me for being so childish? I know you want to go further with me; you like to feel me and I like you doing it. It's just, well, I can't. I just can't." Next she started wailing.

Maureen pulled off the boulevard and stopped under a large tree. It was dark except for a street light in the middle of the block. She gathered the hapless girl in her arms. "Darling, please; I'm not angry. I'm worried you may think I've no respect for you. That would seriously concern me. It's just that you are so wonderful."

April stopped crying and sniffed. She found a tissue in her clutch purse and dabbed at her eyes and nose. "You do like me? Am I a one-night-stand?"

Maureen touched the young girl's face with her fingertips. "Please, don't be so quick to judge. Look! I'm taking you home. We had a beautiful evening. You have nothing to fear from me. I'm not going to haul you off someplace and rape you. Don't you think you're being a bit hasty?"

April sniffed again. "You're right; I apologize." She was quiet a long moment and allowed Maureen to embrace her. "You've done nothing wrong that I know of. I'm flattered you like me, body and all."

"Right, let's take you home. Come on, buck up. You're not hurt."

After a few blocks, back on the boulevard, April spoke again. "Do you pick up girls for a one-night-stand?"

"Not my style, love. Hope you're not disappointed." She chuckled. She knew it was just a matter of time that April would resolve the inhibitions. She stopped in front of the sorority house.

"Nobody here to watch, now," April whispered.

"I'll walk you to the door. Seems proper. I want to be certain you are safely inside."

April was feeling better. "Safe; it's only dangerous when I'm with you."

Maureen laughed. "That is a compliment. I'd like to do this again some evening when you're bored out of your pretty head."

April opened the outside door and, in case any of the sisters were watching, she extended her hand for a friendly shake. "I'd like to go on a date with you again."

In a moment she was gone.

Maureen returned to the car and waited a long moment before heading back to her home she called a condo. She missed the marvelous girl already. There was emptiness without her smile and the playful glint in her eyes. She sighed and drove on. "One of these days," she said aloud, "someone is going to get that sweet pussy. I hope it's me."

CHAPTER III. A Time for Invention

Saturday afternoon, Maureen called to be certain Tyne was in. When she arrived at the 'Living Spa', April was nowhere to be seen. She remembered that April worked only four days a week which often did not include weekends.

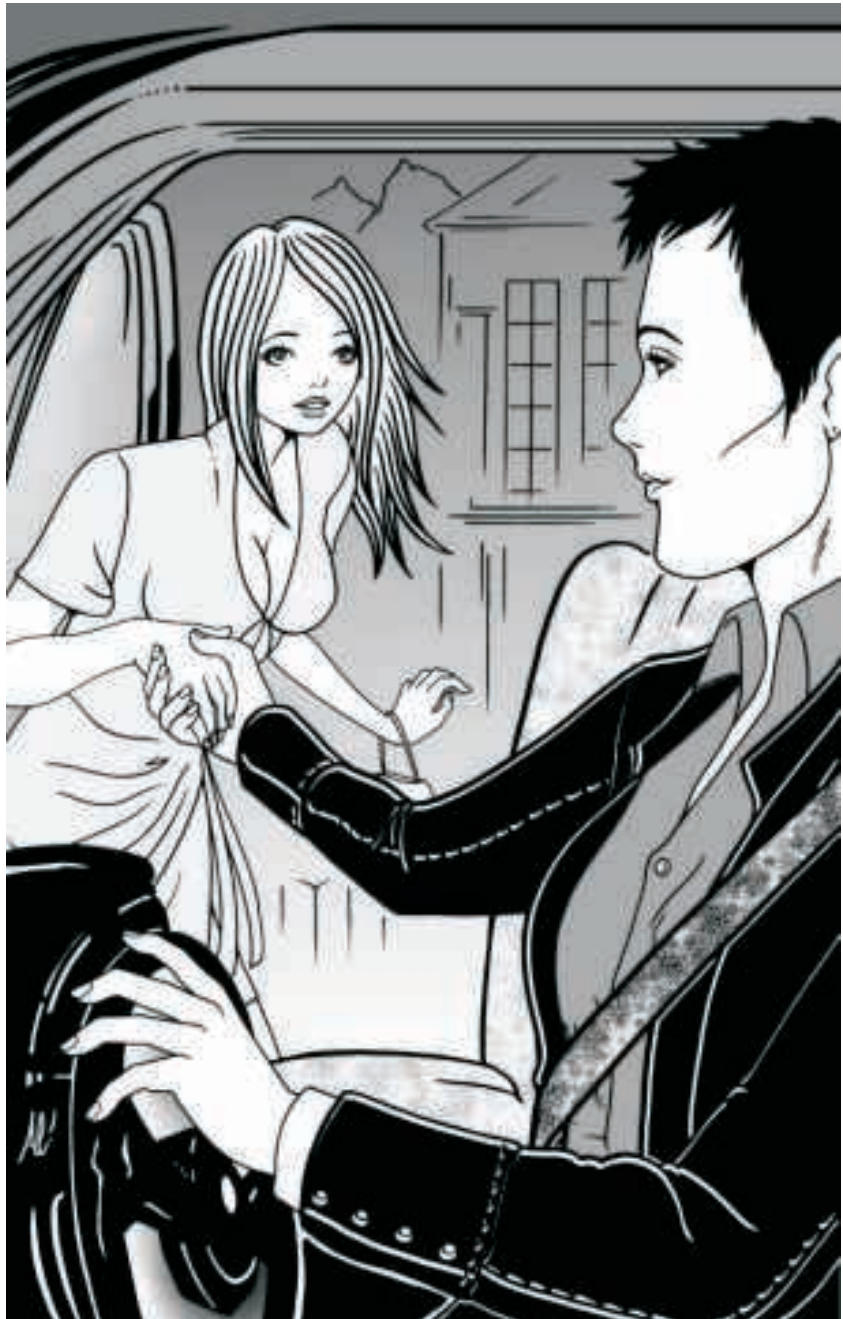
"So, I hear by the grapevine that you took our star receptionist out to wine and dine last night. How did it go?" Tyne asked with a grin and her knowing stance which included her hands on hips, heels flat on the floor.

Maureen laughed. "She is a delight. Thank you for not telling her about my dress code gender perversion. Let me tell you what I did."

After describing the scene at the sorority house, Tyne was in stitches laughing. "Poor April, I can well imagine it." She started laughing again. "You will soon be dubbed the acme of transvestites on the loose at the quad."

"Think of it; a sobriquet. New to me. Now, where can we set up to work on your invention?"

They adjourned to a workroom near the rear entrance. Tyne had a large table set up and some tools she thought they might need. "You look ready for action," Tyne said as she checked Maureen's outfit. She took off



the cotton dress that made her look like a bygone-age housewife. She stepped forward showing off in her basic black bodysuit with a flowered pareo.

Tyne raised one eyebrow. "Please remove that sarong around your middle. You're supposed to be a guy, not a flaming diesel. Get into the act. I think this is going to work."

Tyne wore a black leotard style body suit with fuchsia and orange neon stripes running down both sides of the arms, torso and emphasizing her long legs. Both girls were bare-foot; of similar height, they formed a stunning silhouette.

They assembled what materials they had gathered for reference and began an easy team spirit. When Tyne was studying some of the papers Maureen had provided, Maureen sat down on a tall cedar chest and crossed her legs. Tyne responded immediately.

"We both agree your legs are great but, dear, you are sitting on my invention. Look inside there."

Maureen smiled and tugged at the lid. In the chest was an assortment of devices — mock-ups, snaps, Velcro tags, buckles and cords. She poked around tentatively. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you are into bondage."

"Not far wrong," Tyne answered and began sorting the pieces and laying them out on the table. "OK, I'll explain this as I go." She grinned. "Remember, when the victim gets clubbed by the cave man —uh, cave girl? — the poor unfortunate was aware of the gender of her stalker. She could tell by the way he walked. What we are doing here is developing a regimen of exercises, with some help from an appliance and some weights, which will make a change from female to male in the appearance. That's what you are interested in doing."

"Fascinating; let's do it. Where do we start?"

Tyne meticulously assembled the spreader designed to put pressure to keep the thighs separate. She had stitched some buckle slots at the ends and, when the 'Q-Angle Fit' was in place, she ran straps through and tightened the Velcro. She was ready for the first trial.

"OK, love," Tyne said motioning Maureen to the table. "I'll hold it so you can step into it. Right, like you were putting on panties or a diaper."

Maureen opened her knees and steadied herself by holding onto Tyne's shoulders.

Tyne fitted the trans-bar in place and pressed the Velcro. "Wait, don't go running out to the parking lot," she cautioned with a grin. "There's more."

Next she wrapped a black plastic around Maureen's hips. The unit, made to act like a corset but look like panty house or garter holder, easily adjusted to Maureen's slender hips. She looked up at Maureen who was gazing at her in fascination. "You OK?" she asked. "You will be ready for your first steps out of babyhood as soon as I attach these weights."

She hooked twelve-ounce weights on each side. When she stood up, hands on hips, she beamed at the accomplishment.

Maureen took a deep breath and stepped onto the carpet. She swung one leg, then the other, until she had the first steps done. She smiled. "I can feel the pressure of the spreader gadget and the balanced weights forcing me to walk in a new way."

After several tries, Maureen pleaded fatigue and Tyne took off the unit. She hauled herself up onto the tall stool and grinned. "I think it will work. How long it will take will probably vary from one person to another. Hey, where do you think you're going?"

Tyne planned to avoid trying out her own invention. "Perhaps another time, OK?"

"Absolutely not; right now. If we are going to work together to perfect this contraption, we have to both be experienced in the operation. Think of it as your first bicycle lesson."

Tyne stood still while Maureen fitted her with the 'Q-angle Fit'. After a few awkward efforts, she matched Maureen in the number of steps.

They compared notes. Both agreed that they felt the appliance controlled their step and forced the body to adjust to the masculine angle. It was a success.

CHAPTER IV. Fears or Promises

Tyne looked up from her cluttered desk to see April Danton standing in the doorway. April wore a mod sunsuit, shoulder straps, with oversize pockets on each hip. The jagged cutaway hem displayed a generous portion of thighs.

"Come in, April," Tyne said admiring the young girl.

April stepped close to the desk. "You sent for me, Miss Tomas?"

"Yes; please calm down. There's no need to be frightened of me."

April forced a smile. "The other girls said you were going to fire me for my one date with your girlfriend."

Tyne grinned. "Nonsense; I'm glad you had a pleasant outing and, believe me, Maureen is not my girlfriend. We have been working on a project together which is why you see us together so often. Please, sit down. You look lovely today."

April was relieved. She sat on the straight back chair and pressed her knees together.

"Thank you. Is there something you wish?"

"Just a chat, if you don't mind. First, you've been here over the month's trial period which entitles you to the raise in pay we promised you. It will be on your next paycheck. Secondly, Miss Arundel told me you consistently avoid returning her phone calls and messages. Would you like to talk about that? Please, let me be your friend."

Her fears of being dismissed were absolved for the moment so she decided to speak out in her own defense. "If my friendship with the Dean of Women is causing trouble, I'll do whatever you suggest to mend any broken feelings."

Tyne came around, pulled up a chair and sat next to the young girl. She caught an agreeable scent and concluded it was Ivory soap. 'No doubt that this gal keeps up her personal hygiene,' she thought to herself. She reached and touched April on the knee. The sensation of the smooth flesh on her finger tips was enticing.

"Explain why you are avoiding our mutual friend," she said as soon as she removed her hand from April's leg.

Tears welled in April's eyes. "It's fear; that's the only way I can explain it."

"There has to be a misunderstanding. What happened during your evening together that makes you afraid?"

April blurted out, "Oh, I'm not afraid of Maureen; she is wonderful. It is me I'm afraid of. She did nothing improper." She hesitated and sniffed. A few tears welled and ran down her cheeks. "Just being with her aroused some feelings in me I'm not certain about. That's why I'm afraid."

Tyne relaxed back and breathed a sigh of relief. She pursed her lips in thought. 'So the charming Maureen has another conquest and the youngster is scared witless. This requires special handling.' She touched April on the shoulder.

"Do you mind if we talk about this? I do have some experience and knowledge about what is causing your fears. It might well be that Miss Arundel's cross-dressing fetish is bothering you. Also, after all these twenty-two years, all the trials with teen-growth behind you, you suspect you are attracted to pretty girls. No crime has been committed so don't get upset. How close am I to the truth?"

April reached for a tissue from the dispenser on the desk. She pressed her nose and eyes. Next she forced a smile. "I want to talk about it but I don't know what to say."

"Then answer a few of my questions. But, before we begin, I want you to know that anything we say here will stay here; no sordid tales."

April nodded. "Thank you. I realize this could affect my reputation as well as Miss Arundel."

Tyne laughed. "I'm afraid Maureen already has a reputation beyond tarnishing. We both admire her greatly but, I don't think either of us want to emulate her behavior. I know I don't."

For the first time, April smiled in agreement. "You wanted to ask questions?"

Tyne glanced around and decided to move to the sofa against the wall that viewed the manicured lawns outside. April did not resist and Tyne took the girl's hand in both of her own. "How long has this been brewing in that pretty head of yours? Do you like to look at pretty girls? What do you see? It's agreed, I think, that women like to be admired by other women. Nothing surprising in that. Did you have a girlfriend in high school? Did you feel each other's bodies or kiss on any pretense at all? If you did not, did you want to but were too afraid to enter into it?"

April looked at the floor and next settled a naked stare on Tyne's eyes. "I prefer to be around girls. I like to catalogue in my mind how they dress, how they walk and talk, how they show off their bodies trying to appear innocent. There is an art to being a girl in our society. Being accepted at the sorority is a goal to be worked for. Unfortunately, the girls at my sorority don't speak to me. They don't like me. I believe it is because I don't join in their simple, juvenile head games."

Tyne nodded and waited for April to finish her thoughts. "Have you ever kissed a girl?"

April's eyes bulged. "Miss Tomas, please; the answer is no. Wait! That isn't true. When Miss Arundel and I were dancing, she kissed me very gently on the lips. Later, in the car,

when we were talking, I was a bit upset and when she kissed me again, I returned it. So the answer is yes. I have kissed a girl; once."

April smirked. "I'm afraid that doesn't qualify you as the hot date of the month, darling. Did you want her to kiss you? Did you want her to feel your legs or breasts in an admiring way?"

She frowned. "Maureen put her hand under my skirt, I liked it. I wasn't offended. When she cupped my breast, one time only, I liked that as well. There is no hope for me."

"Did you want to do that to her, too?"

"She guided my hand to her breast and I cupped it. I admitted to her that I liked doing that which was the truth."

Tyne put her arm around the hapless girl and held her in a light embrace. "Darling, you did nothing wrong. You honor yourself by having integrity. Have you thought about what all this means? Do you know you are going to eventually fall prey to some attractive partner who wants to enjoy your charms?"

She nodded 'yes'. "OK; I admit it. The fine dinner, symphony concert, elegant drinks and dreamy music at the Trident Inn, all came together for me. I was aroused, turned on. And frightened. I don't want to be a social outcast, a disappointment to my parents who are now looking to me to provide them grand children to spoil. Everything we've ever been told, or taught, by text or innuendo, points to the steady Victorian lifestyle. Be born, learn arithmetic, have babies and die."

Tyne hugged her again. "Consider one more thing and we'll close our discussion for now. Let's play 'What If...?' She looked into April's eyes. "What if you get married and have babies, a family, diapers from the baby aisle of the market, and all you want to do is get in bed with the pretty girl who lives next door? Who wins? Nobody. Who loses? Your kids, your husband, your self-respect by the way you behave; everybody loses including you. Do you honestly think you can beat it? Would you be like the girl in a wheelchair who has never walked. No amount of effort or desperation will change her circumstances. If you think life is not fair, get accustomed to it."

At this April broke down crying. Sobs wracked her body, shoulders shaking, while Tyne continued her embrace. "I'm sorry I'm such a mess. Thank you for putting up with me."

Tyne abandoned the embrace and again dropped her hand onto April's naked thigh. "If you are a mess, you're a beautiful mess. Do you like my hand feeling your smooth legs?"

April started crying again. "That's what Maureen asked when she did what you are doing. I'm not naive; I know what 'they' want of me. I'm afraid too that I won't be able to perform. I just don't know." She looked up abruptly when the telephone jangled. "You can answer that, I need a moment to get myself together."

Tyne went to the desk and patiently ordered supplies for the laundry of the 'Living Spa'. When she was finished, April was standing in the middle of the room ringing her hands in despair. She realized then that her April Danton was no longer the young girl she

saw so many times. April had just graduated to 'young woman' and, from all accounts, was going to be a credit to herself and the people around her.

They embraced again. "Darling, please call Maureen and tell her you've changed your mind — that you want to see her again. It's a woman's prerogative, you know."

She went back to her desk and started digging into the mound of paperwork that needed her attention. She pondered the final design of the "Q-Angle Fit" appliance and felt a mild accomplishment. Maureen did in fact assist in bringing the idea, along with all the junk in her 'hope' chest, to fruition. When she looked up she saw April sitting on the sofa, staring at her cell phone. She slammed the paper weight on her desk top. The clatter startled the ambivalent girl-turned-woman.

"Oh, OK," she answered and pressed the phone number.

Tyne watched with interest as they discussed something on the telephone. When April rang off, she again admired the perfect legs as April slid forward to stand up. "Any news I can pass on to the gossips in the aerobics class?"

April smiled. "You better not. Maureen is picking me up in a few minutes. She said she didn't want to risk me changing my mind."

Tyne watched April take a deep breath, fluff her hair and walk confidently out of the office. 'Ah, ain't love grand,' she said in a resigned whisper.

#

Maureen Arundel stopped at the curb in front of the 'Living Spa'. The striking girl with shapely legs in her fashionable yellow sunsuit, approached the car.

Maureen rolled the window down. "Come on, get in; it's my chauffeur's day off."

April slid onto the front seat and smiled. "I thought at first you'd lost your cap."

"Smarty," she said and they drove off toward the campus.

"Where are you taking me?" She noted that Maureen was in her business garb and surmised she had come directly from her office in the Admin Building.

"Wherever you want to go," was the answer. "First I have to run a quick errand to pick up some supplies for my home computer — paper and an ink jet pack to be exact."

"I'm happy to just ride along. Aren't you curious as to why I called you just now?"

"Very but I didn't want to upset your sensitive soul. I do believe I have a champion somewhere who you trust enough to talk to. Am I right?"

"Yes, Miss Tomas is your champ du jour. We had a long talk and she set me straight on a few issues that had been bothering me."

Maureen's eyes glistened in interest. "Are you going to tell me about this mystery or do I have to get it from Tyne Tomas?"

"Oh, she is sworn to secrecy but I'm not."

Maureen parked in front of the Office Supply Mart. "You stay here. Don't run away. I'll be right back." She took another glance at the marvelous girl who sat smiling at her. Then she went into the store.

April sat mesmerized in admiration. Maureen was wearing a navy blue pin-striped suit, side slits exposed shapely calves, spike heels accented the delicate arch. For April, the worldly woman was a study in poise. She strode, buttocks swaying in rhythm, trim waist, full bosom straining at the merino-silk wool blend jacket. Her crisp tailored white blouse allowed a mere hint of cleavage.

Maureen dumped her packages on the back seat and settled behind the wheel. "Sorry, I took extra time to listen to someone else's troubles. It seems I'm elected hero to the luckless and oppressed."

"Nothing amiss here," April sang out. "I was enjoying a quiet moment."

"Thinking about what?"

"School, work, pay raise from Miss Tomas and, some extra thoughts about you. Where are you taking me?"

Maureen shook her head in wonder. "You are a marvel. I'm on my lunch hour which is a misnomer since I often take twice that. If you've no objection, we can go to my place for a snack. Just a modest condo." She pulled out into the traffic and headed toward the upscale 'LakeView' section of the city.

'Uh-oh,' April thought and made an effort to control the swarm of butterflies in her stomach. 'Maybe I was too hasty, or too willing, or too naïve.' She thought it over before saying anything. "Fine with me."

Maureen picked up her car phone and punched her home number locator. She gave instructions for the luncheon. "That was Philip; he's my house boy, sort of. His dad and my dad were in the Boer War together. I inherited him when my dad died."

April's chuckle sounded like a gargle. "Yea, right! Boer War indeed. I'd guess it was really the Boxer Rebellion."

Maureen roared with laughter. "Touché. Wrong wars, right? Well, Philip is part Korean and part Philippine. The war they survived was a fist fight on the lower East side of New York.

April shook her head in amusement. Her nemesis, she feared for that, was a never-ending stream of insanity, comedy and contradictions. All she could think of to say was, "I see; I promise not to ask Philip any probing questions."

Maureen drove up a winding one-way road, lightly paved, with an assortment of trees on both sides. The 'modest condo' Maureen had often spoke of was a huge two story southern colonial. The white columns supporting the porch roof were each larger than her entire house at home. This was no 'condo' — it was wealth. Struck dumb, she remained mute.

Philip was standing on the front steps smiling as they drove up. He hurried to open the door for April. He said nothing, only nodded his approval when Maureen raised one eye-

brow in question. "Shrimp chef's salad for lunch," Maureen said like she was at the Chinese Restaurant.

Inside, Maureen took April's hand and hustled her to the kitchen which was on one wing. April assumed the living quarters were somewhere but she didn't see signs of clutter.

After a delicious lunch, Philip uncorked a split of white Mouton-Cadet and poured, first for April, next for Maureen. He picked up a few dishes and left the dining area.

April sighed and looked through the picture window. There was a well-kept lawn with patio, swimming pool and gardens extending to the grove of trees in the distance.

"If you think I'm impressed by this expanse of decadent excess, you're exactly right."

Maureen laughed. "Remember, I didn't earn this; it's in my family. It's probably a stretch that they let Philip and I live here but there has been no communication from the mausoleum in quite some time now."

April grinned. "That is gross. I feel like I should ask for a guided tour."

"Always available, that's me. There is some artwork and sculpture lurking in strange places you might find worthy of your adorable eyes. Let's go sit on the patio."

They found some chaises longue under a wide umbrella. They set their wine on the small table and stretched out. "I do believe decadent was the right word."

Maureen sipped her wine. "Are you going to tell me?"

April acted the innocent, surprised. "Tell you what? That I'm happy to be here because we are together. The answer is yes."

"Do you want to play twenty-questions? Out with it! I suspect you were super uncomfortable because I kissed you or touched your breasts. You said you liked it at the time but, when you had a chance to think about what it is that fascinates me, you decided to pull a snail act with the shell you've used all these years. Am I right?"

April hesitated. She didn't want to create a scenario that would alienate either of them. "Perhaps; but I confessed to Miss Tomas that I was afraid."

Maureen was shocked. "Afraid? Of me? How could you possibly conclude that?"

"Not you; I was afraid of me. I was beset by feelings I'd not recognized before. I told you I am completely without experience. You were supposed to realize that the lack of any carnal contact in the past also extended to my self-esteem, at how I saw myself. I'm convinced I liked what you did and said, the food, the concert, the dancing, way too much."

Maureen was pensive. "How did you resolve all this?"

"Miss Tomas explained the possible reasons for my enchantment with you. I'm not the complete innocent. If I'm a snail, then you want some escargot."

"Was I ever dishonest with you? I like my adventures as a transvestite but I didn't ask you to join in. I admit my admiration for you is sincere; in a word, you turn me on. Also, and this is essential to both of us, I respect you as a person and do not want to offend you. That is, possibly, what was bothering us. You found yourself in the clutches of a reckless lipstick lesbian and it scared you. I can understand that. I so totally want to earn your re-

spect and friendship that I'm willing to be reticent if that's what you need. I do not want you to go back to act out the snail."

April had to control the sobs building in her like ocean waves ready to crash on the beach. She looked at Maureen who sat waiting, an expectant look on her face. The classy lady wanted an answer, she realized. At that moment, all she wanted was for Maureen to hold her, embrace her and tell her it will be all right. Crying would not be an appropriate answer. Finally, she cleared her thoughts. "I now know I want you. There is so much of all this that adds up to who you are, that I'm overwhelmed. You did this to me the night of the concert. I couldn't handle it but I wanted you to put your hand under my skirt and inside my bodice. I wanted to be a part of your life and I was afraid all I had to offer you was sex, my body for your love. It is an essential and, you're right about the choice of words, I'm witless." She broke down and cried, the sobs shook her but a valiant effort brought her back to reality

In a flash, like an Olympian sprint, Maureen was sitting on the lounge next to April. She opened her arms and they embraced. "Darling, please; let me love you."

April raised her chin bravely and welcomed the passionate kiss Maureen settled so incredibly gentle on her lips. "I don't know what to say," she whispered. "It's all so confusing."

Maureen kissed her again and next arose to brush April's forehead with her lips. "I didn't say 'make love with you'. I said love like the feeling between two people that form an emotional bond. That's what I want us to have. If you need me with a strong urge for sexual release, I can give you that. But, let sex be in our future until we both iron out what has happened to us."

"Oh, you are the giant emotion kissing me and touching me in private places. Can you be patient with me? You already know I'm emotionally immature. That probably means you will have to endure my mercurial ways, I don't know."

"We have an agreement. The next time we go on the dance floor and swing our bodies together to the strains of "No Other Love", you can lead." She touched the tip of April's nose with her finger. "Terms never did bother me particularly. I agree to what I must to get what I need. Right now, it is back to escargot, an interesting metaphor you came up with. Are we all right with each other?"

This time April quickly captured Maureen's lips with her own. She moved one hand along Maureen's leg onto her hips. "Yes, when I told you I liked what you did to me, I meant it. I just didn't know it at the time."

Maureen brought her hand to April's throat to part the lapels of her blouse. She kissed the smooth skin and let her tongue linger there. She nudged April's breast with her nose and looked into the adoring eyes. When she dropped one hand to caress April's naked legs, the adoring eyes closed and April's lips parted to emit a low moan of acceptance.

"You touch me like you're not sure I'm really there. That's flattery," Maureen whispered and fondled the lovely girl's legs.

"I guess my first thought was correct. I've nothing to offer you. I feel unworthy of your attention to my poor person." She snuggled closer to Maureen on the lounge. "Tell me what I may expect if sex is all you need from me."

Maureen broke the embrace and moved to stand up. "I'm looking forward to getting all your thoughts. I'll catalogue them like an old time library. Let's get back to the hustle-and-bustle of the big city. We both have some thinking to do. How about a date tonight? If you behave, I'll take you to the Trident Inn for a B&B."

April walked with Maureen to the kitchen where they thanked Philip and they were soon on the winding road back to the city life. April touched Maureen's shoulder. "I'm so happy we had this really important lunch date. Maybe we can get them to play "No Other Love" at the Trident tonight."

"Did our friend, Tyne Tomas, help us both out of this emotional quagmire? Did you admit to her that you found girls more attractive than guys?"

"Yes, I did. She seemed pleased, not judgmental as I probably expected."

She stopped and carefully entered the flow of traffic. "Did she also mention that my penchant for pretty girls like you might cause some disruption in our relationship?"

April was taken aback briefly. "No, she did not, you just did. You're right, we do have something to think about. I'm not sure I can handle knowing you are with another girl. Am I grown up enough for this?"

"Right now it's not a problem, believe me. You are the one I want. You make me happy just being next to you. If this changes, you will know. I place a great value on the virtue we call fidelity. Not often, but sometimes, I really need what only a woman can give me. When that happens, I'll call on you. That should be clear enough."

April frowned. "Transparent."

CHAPTER V. Color Me Jealous

Maureen decided on a taxi for the evening which would give her freedom to have more to drink. She stopped the cab in front of April's sorority house and, with an affected swagger, went up to the porch. It appeared all the residents were either on the steps or on benches in the yard waiting to see who would show up to escort April Danton to a sinful night on the town.

Maureen wore a bulky cowboy shirt with string tie. The French beret had a tiny tassel in the center that gave it a casual look. The ankle boots were wide enough at the tops to keep the trouser cuffs in place. To complete the ensemble, Maureen had applied a light cosmetic made specifically for transvestites that made it appear 'he' had a 'five o'clock shadow'.

April came through the door and burst out laughing. She took 'his' arm when offered and both stepped gingerly to the waiting taxi. Once away, April snuggled up to her date. "Talk of the town, that's me," she said and grinned happily. "You are hilarious."

At the Trident Inn they felt lucky to get the same table location they'd had previously. Maureen ordered the extra large tray of hors d'oeuvres. They snacked on the different

tasty concoctions and sipped draught beer. Satisfied, the waitress took the near empty tray away and brought them the cocktail glasses filled with chipped ice and B&B. It was a happy moment.

"You can quit ogling the waitress with the short skirt," Maureen said to April. "I don't think she is your type."

"She was looking at you, not me. And, what is my type?"

"Female and hot, of course. Drink up, lass, our dance number should be coming up soon." Maureen looked carefully at April and licked her lips. "You look stunning in that dress," she said.

April had a simple empire style dress, cut low to hint at the breast cleavage. The ribbon that held her hair away from her ears matched the crimson colored belt. The skirt was short enough to make Maureen's fingers itch but nothing happened. Maureen was saving exploratory thoughts for later.

April snuggled and let her head rest on Maureen's shoulder. "I'm glad you like my looks. This dress is a hand-me-down from Miss Tomas. She altered it for me." She looked serious a moment, then, "Tell me about your first girlfriend. You already know mine."

Maureen smirked. She knew a spicy story, however embellished, would set the stage for some intimacy later.

"Well, her name was, get this, Mala Petrarca; Greek. She had long, flowing black hair, flashing eyes and was about ready to give up her trainer-brassiere."

April punched her on the shoulder. "Go on; you're making this up."

Maureen raised one hand. "I swear it. We were both fourteen and anxious to learn what love was all about. We were both virgins at the time. That's another story for later."

April grinned. "OK, continue."

"Mala was already 'boy crazy' which I didn't mind because she allowed me to feel her body on the pretense that it would be like that when she dated a cute boy. She did not return the caresses but I let that pass. One Saturday night her parents were out so we slept together. It was the first time I went down on a girl and my poor friend was horrified."

"She didn't like it?" April asked, her eyes sparkling in amusement.

"Correct, that was the end of our romance; Eighth grade affair that it was."

They were both silent for several minutes. They sipped their drink and told themselves they were waiting for their favorite dance number to play.

April moved one hand through Maureen's arm and they clasped fingers. "Is that what you call it? You said 'go down on a girl'."

Maureen held the dainty hand and rubbed the palm with her thumb "Technically, I later learned, it is called cunnilingus; it's the lapping and licking of the girl's vaginal lips. Of course, it's all a prelude to putting a firm tongue inside. After that, we understood how to use the fingers to excite her while the tongue gently pressed the clit. I believe you are familiar with your own anatomy, are you not?"

April flushed crimson. "Yes but I'd never heard it explained so bluntly."

Maureen kissed her on the cheek. "Maybe that was blunt but, when there is love between the partners, it is an affectionate touch much valued by each lover. Also, in those days, there was a concern about pregnancy in our teen group. Cunnilingus allowed us to have multiple orgasms without danger of getting, what did they call it? Oh, yes, knocked up."

"So, what about the guy and his girl. How did that work?"

She touched April's leg just above the knee. "I don't believe you. Are you teasing me?"

"Honest; I want to know."

"Guys like to have their girlfriends give them head. That also is referred to as 'going down' but the guys want their girl's mouth. It's in the genetic, I think. Naturally, either sex can go down on either sex. In the case of a guy getting head from his partner, it's called fellatio. Now, if you've finished the sexology lesson, how about a dance to keep my knees from locking up."

April giggled and moved to get up. "I thought you were going to tell me you were getting wet. I hear the girls at my place talk about that."

"You are naughty, you know that?"

They went onto the floor and, just as Maureen had promised, April took the lead. To a casual observer, it may have looked slightly ridiculous to have a girl leading a guy in the dance routines. April didn't mind how it looked; she felt in control and, with that, a certain power.

After about the fifth strong drink, Maureen excused herself to go to the rest room. The waitress approached and spoke to April.

"Would you and your boyfriend be more comfortable in one of the booths against the back wall?" the girl asked. "The crowd has thinned out and you seem to be in the mood for some serious drinking. Just a suggestion."

April realized the girl was correct. She was feeling slightly dizzy from so much to drink. Being able to relax against the back of the booth would be better. "Thanks, we'll do it. And, by the way, later we'll depend on you to call a taxi for us, OK?"

"Sure, I understand," the waitress said. She added their drinks to fresh napkins on her service tray and brought along the trail mix as well. April stood waiting for Maureen to come back. The waitress felt it more discreet to wait also in case there was an additional order. "You are very pretty," the girl said. "You two seem to be enjoying yourselves. Nothing like a guy and his gal to keep the spirit young."

That did it! April laughed and pulled at the girl's arm. "My date is not a guy," she said smiling. It's what she does for amusement. I hope you're not shocked."

The waitress grinned. "In my business you see all kinds. I'm not one to judge but I'll be thinking about you when I go to sleep tonight. Ah, here he comes now; oops, she. I won't let on you said anything."

Maureen came up and they slid into the booth. "You getting cozy with the girl with the short skirt and neat legs?"

"Maybe," April answered with an air of mystery. "You just never know what I'll do when I get in one of those moods you told me about."

Maureen looked at the vivacious girl. She was thoughtful. After running her hand along April's thighs, she whispered. "I really think there is a real relationship coming down for us. You just admitted you are interested in being with another woman."

"Hey, wait a minute; you've had too much to drink. I haven't been with a woman, at least not yet."

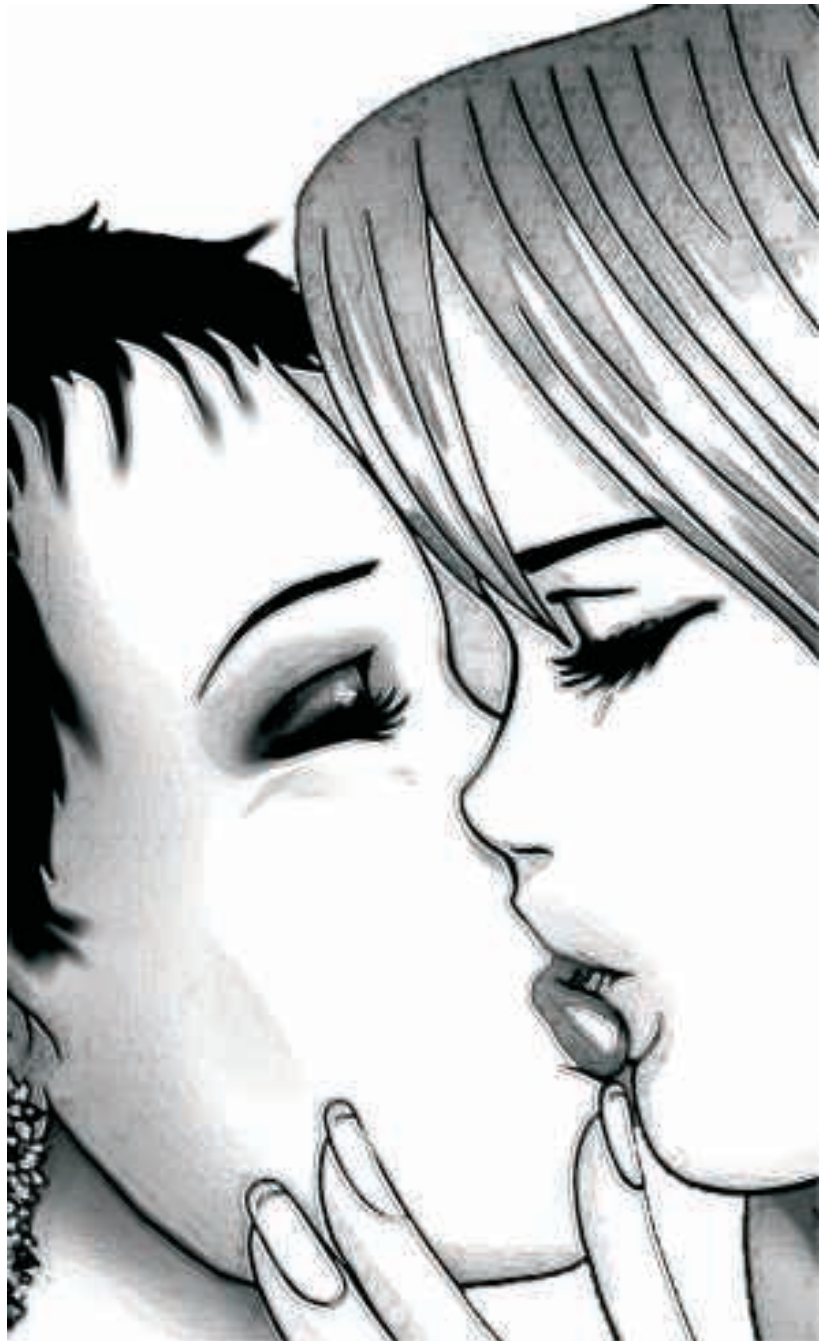
"Don't get uptight. I only said I can see you having sex with a girl. Nothing wrong with that." She slurred her words and April discounted the thought. Yet, she considered, interesting things were being said.

The waitress came for them when the cab arrived. She checked to be sure they were not leaving any of their belongings and assisted Maureen when it appeared she was a bit wobbly. She went out with them to the cab stand and April realized they were getting the royal treatment because Maureen had tipped the girl generously.

Maureen was first into the back seat. April helped her get her legs in far enough so she could get in.

She turned to the waitress to thank her. She was startled when the girl quickly kissed her on the lips before going back inside. 'Well, that's somethin', she thought absently. 'How many customers get kissed at the taxi cab stand? Ultimate.'

In the cab, April gave the driver the address and settled down next to Maureen. She wondered that Maureen was so drunk when she her-



self had either the same amount to drink or perhaps a bit more. 'Well', she considered. 'I wonder if my girlfriend is drinking to drown her sorrows; maybe she needs me. Am I ready?'

Maureen opened her eyes and smiled. "Darling girl, come here for a minute," she said and put her arm across April's shoulders. One hand deftly found the hem of her dress and dove beneath it.

"Hey, take it easy. Don't make a scene." She kept looking at the driver who was concentrating on the traffic and the directions to the sorority house. She shuddered when she felt Maureen's fingers slide past the elastic leg band of her panties. Next she gasped when

Maureen began a gentle, tantalizing, finger wave. She reached to cover Maureen's hand with her own hands as an effort to keep privacy. Still, she observed, the driver was not concerned. She reasoned he saw a lot more than a guy feeling up a girl in the back seat of his cab.

"Oh," she said when Maureen's middle finger slipped deeper past her pussy lips.

Maureen seemed to know exactly where to touch to excite the inexperienced girl. She worked her hand expertly and whispered to April. "You can come now." With that she increased the fondling to a more rapid pace. She was pleased when April threw her legs apart and let out a moan signifying her first orgasm at the clever hands of her girlfriend.

When April came back to reality, they were parked in front of her sorority house. It was dark which pleased her. She knew her skirt was soaked from the glorious discharge she had experi-



enced moments before. She made certain the driver knew how to get to the Arundel Estate and made her way into the house without looking back.

CHAPTER VI. The Apprentice

Tyne Tomas smiled when she saw April enter for her shift on the reception desk.

"Hello, welcome. Did you see the increase in your paycheck?"

"Yes, thanks. I wasn't really expecting it until you mentioned it. Everything OK with you?"

"Hope so; such is the lot of us slavers who are uninformed." She grinned. "Come see me after your shift. I'll be around here someplace, maybe in the back workroom."

"Sure," April answered and turned to admit a customer by swiping the membership card through the sensors.

When the water aerobics instructor arrived, she whistled at appreciation of April's short skirt and tight blouse. She grinned happily when April reacted by raising herself up on the balls of her feet and flicking her tongue tip on her lower lip.

"Look who is grown up all of a sudden," she said and waved going into the employee lounge.

About ten o'clock, April was finished her shift and walked back to find Tyne. Not seeing her in the lounge, she went to the workroom in the back.

"Ah, here you are, April," Tyne said as she stood up. She had been concentrating on some appliances on the worktable. "I want to chat but nothing like our last one."

April smiled. "I can't thank you enough for setting me straight last week. I really needed that."

Tyne blinked. "Maureen told me you two have been dating. Congratulations; she is one fine gal. Wish I could send more time with her."

"Don't get too close," April quipped. "I get jealous easily."

Tyne laughed. "That means you have something to be jealous about. Good going, I say."

"Why did you want to see me?"

Tyne frowned briefly. "Maureen asked me to explain our project. She thinks, if you are interested in what we are doing, you might get on our team. We do need some help."



April hauled herself up on the tall stool and let her shoes jam against the rungs. "And what is it you are doing, exactly?"

"We have perfected an appliance that will provide special exercises to women who want to improve their posture while walking. Briefly; our marketing slogan is "Walk Like a Man." Maureen thinks we are ready to begin supervising interested parties in its operation. The desired results would be the goal. We both think you are ready to come off the reception desk and start accepting appointments. We will set up in half-hour intervals. You'll be paid a base plus bonus on the business you handle."

April was stunned. With Maureen involved, no scenario is static. "Uh, if Miss Arundel wants me to do this, sign me up. My concern, while appreciating the opportunity, is how much time I will have to take away from my school work. My folks are going heavily into debt to get me this degree in physical science."

"I think we can set up appointments that will not interfere. There will be times, no doubt, when you will want to be here, but there will be no customers, 'patients' if you will. You can do your homework during those quiet times. We'll give you a private booth in our office to keep your clothes, books and so on. What do you say?"

"Show me; is this the gadget?" she asked pointing at the 'Q-Angle Fit' on the table.

"Yes, Maureen and I have both tried it and it works. With experience we will learn more."

"Why would any woman want to walk like a man?"

Tyne put her arm around April's shoulders. "You haven't figured that out? The reason we want you to be with us in this project is because you understand lesbian transvestites."

"Yes, I guess you could say that. Why are you feeling my legs?"

Tyne removed her wandering hand from April's thighs. "Maybe like Mount Everest; they are there. Honestly, April; you are lovely in so many ways. I'm delighted you and Maureen are an item. Do you mind me asking how far you've gone?"

April sighed. "Seems every hot gal wants a piece of me, Miss Tomas. The most I can report is a very satisfying finger wave. The orgasm was shattering. I was so turned on I could have received all the networks. That's for using that old ploy about Mount Everest."

Tyne grinned. "Maureen did mention your sparkling wit. I can see that now. I guess I'm surprised you've not had more experience but I have to respect Maureen's opinions."

"Hey, I am not in a relationship like baking a cake. We take one step at a time."

Tyne smiled. "Sure, you said it. If you haven't done it already, Maureen will be urging you to give her the finger wave."

"Perhaps she will let you know."

"I'm prying I know. An active rim job should give you an explosion."

"Rim job? Please explain."

"Cunnilingus but with the emphasis on the outer rim of the vagina. Some over-zealous partners include the anus as well."

"You do have a lot of answers. Should I try this out? If I'm going to be a lab partner to some bygone transvestite, I should know what I'm talking about."

"Right! Let's do it." Tyne answered and picked up the 'Q-Angle Fit'. She handed it to April. "This fits between your thighs, as high as you can go and still be comfortable. It serves to shift the hip-and-thigh action to make a change in how we walk. Next, you give your patient these weights, low at first, to balance when she is learning to walk. Here, I'll help you get it. Take off your skirt."

April shrugged and dropped her skirt. Her sweetheart panty was stretched tight. Holding the 'Q-Angle Fit' by each end she fixed it in place by spreading her legs and fastening the Velcro straps. Next she wrapped the corset-like rig around her hips and attached the weights Tyne handed to her.

"Great, you catch on quick. Now, try to walk with all that on you."

April swung one leg forward and nearly tumbled to the floor. Tyne caught her. "Thanks, it looks easy but it isn't."

"Take your time and try it for awhile. I have some office work to attend to. Let me know what you think." Tyne left the room as April stood holding the 'Q-Angle Fit'.

After a few minutes to think it over, April tried again but didn't set the spreader as high between her thighs. This time she was able to walk without stumbling.

About then the water aerobics instructor came into the workroom. "Ah, here you are, April. I wanted to ... what is that?"

April grinned. It's called the 'Q-Angle Fit', Tyne invented it. We are going to market test it here when we can get some guinea pigs. Want to try it?"

The instructor looked doubtful. "What's it for?"

"It's a special supportive exercise to teach the customer to walk like a man."

"What gal wants to walk like a man? We get along perfectly well as we are. You think this is tough, get a teenager into high heels."

"It's for theatrical folks or, maybe, transvestites who would have a need for it. I don't think they've thoroughly thought out all the applications. Anyhow, I'm the first lab-rat in this laboratory."

The girl smiled and moved closer to April. "I came by to invite you to my place on Saturday night. We are having a pool party to celebrate the up-coming Spring break. Our regular aerobics gals and all employees are being asked."

"I'll consider it. Just wear my bathing suit?"

"With that figure, your birthday suit will stop traffic."

"It was then that April realized she was wearing only her skimpy panties and blouse. She reached for her skirt. "Sorry, I don't usually run around like this. I had to take off my skirt to fix the angle-thingy in place."

"Don't apologize to me. You have a luscious figure; very edible I've no doubt. Several of our regular girls have noticed you and asked if you might be available for a date."

"I wouldn't know how to talk to them, totally, truly."

"I don't think talk is what they have in mind. Have you had sex with a girl? If not, you are missing a good time."

April snapped her belt in place and began to walk out. "One of these days maybe you'll tell me about it. I've no experience you'd be interested in."

"Well, if you turn any girl down, get the name and phone number for me. I like to swing occasionally."

"Certainly, glad to oblige. Any measurements you are looking for?"

She smiled. "Don't be sarcastic. I still drool when I see Maureen Arundel on her morning massage trip. What a hot one!"

"Good luck," April answered and smiled as she left the room.

Tyne stopped her in the hallway. "Come on, sweet girl, I'll show you the office we set up for you." She led April to a cubicle in the employee lounge. It had a desk, swivel chair, phone and a file cabinet. A tall storage cabinet with hasp for a padlock was in one corner. Tyne explained the tall cabinet was for her laptop and the padlock was to keep prying fingers out of her website.

"This is terrific!" she said and sat in the swivel chair. "I hope I can justify your confidence in me."

Tyne walked behind her as she sat in the chair. She ran her fingers inside the light blouse and fondled her breast line. While she was taking the liberty often enjoyed by management, she continued feeling the younger girl's torso. "And, one more thing," she said as if in passing. "There is a catalogue of uniforms in your desk drawer. Pick out what you would like to wear and we'll order for you. Are you happy?"

Her first thought was to snap at Tyne for taking such physical freedom with her. She thought better of it and said nothing as Tyne finally relaxed her hand away from the white starch blouse. "I'm happy, thanks," she said in a squeak. She knew the overtures the boss had made were just that and could expect more of the same. One random thought was to mention it to Maureen but she, again, considered it best to not make waves.

#

"Darling girl, congratulations." Maureen said on the telephone. "Tyne told me you've accepted the position and you now have a private office."

"I worked your angle-thingy and I think I can master it. A few more tries and I'll be ready for some patients. I ordered a set of uniforms from the catalogue; one in white slacks and lab coat, the other in short skirt and brief jacket with a coat-of-arms deco on the lapel. I will probably need the skirt to demonstrate the 'Q-Angle Fit'.

"Wonderful. I just talked to Griffes and made a reservation for us at the White Peacock Café for this evening. Now that you don't have to be at the spa at dawn, you should take advantage of some night life. I'll pick you up around six or so. Don't worry, I won't have more than one drink."

April laughed. "You keep getting labels on your arm band. The first label says trans-vestite. Next one says lesbian. Now, alcoholic."

Maureen guffawed at her pertinent humor. "Six," she repeated.

With her usual promptness, Maureen pulled up at April's and tapped on the horn. She was pleased when April came down the steps to walk briskly to the car. April wore a breezy short-cut jacket curved to fit around her breasts and held in place with a large button. Her blouse was open at the neck showing a generous upper torso. The skirt was quarter length, the hem a few inches above the knees. She smiled and sat down in the passenger seat. "Hi, is Griffes ready for a gal with an appetite?"

"You look smashing. Success hasn't spoiled you. I brought some marketing samples for you to look over. You might want some changes in the wording." She handed a manila envelope to April. "This is going to be a great adventure for both of us."

As they drove down the boulevard, April was thoughtful. "You look nice as well. I didn't expect you to still be in your business suit."

"I came direct from the office. No time for niceties this time. Would you rather see me like this or as a French cowboy?"

April laughed. "Either, just as long as we're together. Uh, one thing. What did you say to Tyne or any of the girls at the spa? I'm getting hit on and it's making me nervous."

"Wait, I said nothing to anybody. You're getting hit on because you are both beautiful and desirable. I've no control over what other people see in such a pretty girl as you."

She sighed. "OK, I'll just have to handle it; can't be too much of a problem. There is a pool party this Saturday to kick off Spring break. I'm invited but I didn't say I would be there."

"Is that one of the hits? I'm not surprised."

"You shouldn't be. It's the water aerobics instructor, you recall the blonde with short hair and blue eyes? She told me she has the hots for you. I didn't answer her."

"My, my ... guess you'll have to add another label. Honestly, love, I can't get excited about some schoolgirl type gossip. I have you, it is enough for me." She pulled into the parking area at the restaurant and they went inside.

To top off a delicious meal, Griffes poured an after-dinner aperitif with the practiced flair he was so proud of demonstrating. Maureen smiled and looked at the younger girl with an appraising look. "Is your passport up to date?"

April was surprised. "I don't have a passport. Do I need one?"

"I'm thinking of a trip, just the two of us, this summer. Please apply right away, passports take time."

April recovered. "Trip to where? When? I have not yet enrolled in summer classes. If I take the summer off to be with you, my mom and dad will be happy to skip the costs they are no doubt expecting. What do you have in mind? Maybe a slow boat to China or some such?"

"You have mentioned the burden your folks are carrying to get you the degree. I believe they are correct in doing that. The extra certificate is a huge plus. With this in mind, I approached Tyne about the apprentice job. It will double your base pay. With an occasional bonus check, maybe you can take some of the pressure off your family. What do you think?"

"I'm not asking for a handout; not my style," April said, indignant. "It's enough that you always pay the charges when we go out. I feel obligated to repay you in some way. Now you are talking about a trip out of the country? I can't afford anything extensive."

Maureen smiled her indulgence. "I was thinking of Paris. I have a friend there who has asked me to 'house sit' for her while she is on holiday on the Isle of Capri. When I told her I had to consult with you, she was delighted. I'm to let her know as I was her first choice."

April's mouth dropped. "I'm speechless. Never could I get a deal like this. What would be my share?"

"I hope you will allow me to pick up the expenses. I will not go without you."

April touched her temples with her fingers as if she had a headache. "There is much to consider. I don't want to lose my job at the 'Living Spa'. Also, if I act right away, I can avoid my sorority fees planned for the summer. That's a saving." Maureen signed the dinner check and picked up her purse. "I've already told Tyne you would not be there for a three week period this summer. She thinks she can cover depending on how busy you are with the new, what did you call it?, thingy. She pointed out, and rightly, that once a program is in place, it would not do to interrupt if it can be at all avoided."

They went out to the parking lot. The valet had the car waiting. "I want to think it over," April said. "It sounds marvelous but I have people, like Tyne and my parents, who depend on me."

"I thought you would say that." Maureen turned left instead of right to return to the campus. "I'm taking you to the Trident Inn for a nightcap."

April sighed. "You're the boss."

"Don't be sarcastic; you know I'm no such thing. Unless, perhaps, you want to award me another label."

They both laughed. The mood was jolly on their early evening drive.

Entering the Trident, April immediately searched for the waitress whose impulsive nature ended in a kiss the last time they were there. When she came from behind the bar with a tray loaded with mixed drinks, she spotted them but only nodded. April was uneasy thinking the pretty waitress might give away Maureen's secret identity. As it turned out, Maureen was treated like a different person altogether.

They each had one drink and danced several numbers. There seemed no distraction caused by two women dancing with each other. They said goodnight to the waitress and April was pleased when the girl winked at her. She knew, April realized, and was beset with a warm feeling about the waitress and the Trident Inn.

In the car, Maureen reached for April and pulled her close. They kissed long and deep, breathing through the nose and settling their bodies to meld with each other.

"Tyne made a comment today that gave me pause. To begin with she had no idea that what she said to me would have so much meaning."

Maureen kissed her cheek and next the smooth skin beneath her ears. "Tell me about it."

"I'm totally embarrassed, really. I didn't say anything to her, of course. She just mentioned in passing that if you gave me a great orgasm, which you did, with a finger wave, it would next be my turn. She said you would ask me to do it for you."

Maureen chuckled. "Now I see what prompted your question about me telling the folks at the spa about our neat relationship. I didn't say anything. Some people, Tyne qualifies, will say something to learn something different. It's an art actually. She probably reasonably assumed we were experimenting with some sex. She no doubt watched you very closely to see your reaction."

"I have a lot to learn, it seems. She has been very friendly, uh, forward in fact, since I got this new job. I think she wants to exercise some property rights since she is the employer. I am the property she apparently has in mind."

"My but you are a diplomat. So she felt you when you weren't sure you wanted her to do that. Did you decide to be passive because Tyne has been so good to you?"

April choked at Maureen's rapid insight. "Yes, I said nothing. I know she'll be back and I'll handle it. This is not a new problem in the work-a-day world, I'm sure of that."

Maureen kissed her again and licked at her lips with her tongue. "Darling, it is your decision but, since you brought it up, I'm guessing you want my viewpoint. We both agree Tyne is a nice person as well as attractive. She works long hours which is paying off for her but leaves her little time to cultivate outside friendships. I've no doubt she is very attracted to you. It's rather like opening a box of chocolates and not sampling any of the contents. You are there for the taking. If you make too much of a fuss, she may go negative. What do you think?"

"I know she is your friend of a long time. Doesn't it bother you that she ignores even a degree of loyalty by hitting on me when she knows we are together like we are?"

"Probably hasn't thought it through so thoroughly. You are both pretty and available. That is sufficient. Do you really mind giving her some privilege?"

"Um, she is very knowledgeable. I know because she went into detail on sex topics when we were discussing my early feelings which I was having difficulty understanding. I think, if given the chance, she will act out her fantasy and go down on me. I would consider that a violation of confidence."

Maureen smiled. "Nothing wrong with your insight. I do think you might offer passive resistance. If, and a big if, it happens that she gets too pushy. At that point you might have to object if that's what you want to do. There are emotions at work only you can handle to your own satisfaction."

"I'm glad I brought it out into the open with you. It proves, in my mind anyhow, integrity in our relationship. When I think of what you've done with me, it is breathtaking."

"I like your body; the way you respond. You're a lucky girl. We've talked about this before. Sex isn't everything."

She sighed. "Guess you're right, as usual. Not everything but it ranks right up there with oxygen or you wouldn't be enjoying me the way you do."

Maureen moved to kiss her again. She caressed April's breasts and moved her hand onto the shapely legs. "When we were drinking the other night, you admitted some possible urgency might come into play with another girl. I would openly share you but only if that is what you want. I do not need you in conflict over some feelings so totally natural. You have to agree it's no fun to be constantly tripping over your lower lip."

She returned Maureen's kiss and casually ran her hand over her lover's knees onto the smooth thighs. At the top of the stockings, she let her fingers linger. "You asked me before if I liked doing this and I told you I do. Now you are suggesting I might feel the need to accept another lover in my life, however brief that calling might be. I'm happy with us the way we are. I can't say what I will be doing a year or two from now but I sincerely hope we will be together," April said with a low emotional tone.

"So do I and we can weather the storm. Um, your hand feels good there. Touch me."

April moved her hand onto Maureen's sexual center to do a simple act she had never in her life believed she would want to do. She moved like Maureen had shown her and, while feeling the excitement build, she was aware Maureen was unbuttoning her blouse.

In a few moments, Maureen unhooked April's bra and moved the shoulder strings down. When her firm young breasts were bare, Maureen leaned over and added to the building lust by taking April's nipple between her lips. The passion was fleeting and Maureen spread her legs to give April more room.

April kept a busy finger wave and, in a quiet minute, decided to go further. She slid her hand inside Maureen's panty and reached for the crinkly bush. She resumed the stimulation. She was getting the rhythm and knew Maureen's fondling of her breasts was adding to the rapture.

"It is your turn to come," she said to Maureen as the attractive woman raised and lowered her hips. "Am I doing this right?" Next, on a hunch, she asked, "Should I encourage Tyne to go down on me? Does that idea excite you as much as it does Tyne?"

Maureen screamed and shook as the orgasmic shock skipped across her sex, to her breasts and her brain, touching every nerve until she fell back fully content. "You knew exactly what to say and when to say it," she said to April. "It does excite me to think of you enjoying another woman. It might happen some day. It could, you know, to either of us. Have



you thought about it more since you know what Tyne wants to do?"

April sighed. "Yes, I guess so. I might even allow her if you say it is OK."

"Unfair. I can't make that decision for you." She kissed her again. "Tell me, sweet love, when I had the fantastic orgasm just now, did you have one as well?"

April closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "Is that important?"

"Yes, if you did we are more than compatible; we are lucky human beings."

"Take me home, please," April said softly. "I have to think about all these things."

"Did I move too fast for you?" Maureen asked as she started the car. "If I did, it's because you are so beautiful, so easy to love." She drove happily to the campus while April rested her head in her lap.

CHAPTER VII. "...Back at the Ranch"

Tyne found April diligently working at mastering the "Q-Angle Fit". She smiled as April awkwardly navigated about ten feet from the table. Next, after putting the weights in place, walking was steady. April had learned to work the balance in her favor.

She applauded. April turned around and tried an exaggerated bow for her lone audience. She almost lost her footing.

"You are doing great," Tyne said admiring the younger girl's tenacity. "Neither Maureen nor I can do that well."

April hobbled back to the work bench and released the Velcro pads. "Thanks; I hope to have a customer soon so I can teach by example."

Tyne sat on the tall stool. "Are you going to the soiree tomorrow night? I heard you were invited and that you might go."

"I think not. Maureen isn't ecstatic about it either. "Too juvenile for me."

Tyne chuckled. "Maureen probably would show up as a simulated Tarzan of the Apes. I'm just kidding. If the social climate doesn't lend itself to her cross-dressing fetish, she doesn't go. She might go if you tell her you want to."

April removed the weights and the 'corset' from her hips. "Whew! That was a workout. OK if I jump in the swimming pool?"

"Of course. While we are discussing activities, what are your plans for Spring Break? It will be very dull around here with most of the faculty and students frolicking on some sandy beach someplace."

"Nothing fixed as yet. Maureen did mention some time off this summer which she said you could cover. I've applied for a passport."

Tyne winced. "Paris is for lovers, I know. Maureen has so many wealthy connections, she can go trotting off anywhere in the world, it seems."

April grinned. "And not a stitch of fast food plastic anywhere to be seen."

"Sounds great. She said her friend was going to holiday on the Isle of Capri. I didn't know it was a real place." She stepped closer while April was getting dressed. She raised one hand to block her fastening her bra. "Were you offended the other day when I enjoyed feeling these so much?" She cupped April's breasts.

"Offended? Um, surprised would be more accurate. I know I should be flattered that you find me 'touchable'. When I realized you were exercising your status as 'boss', well, I had nothing to say."

"Did you mention it to Maureen?"

"Briefly. I asked her if she has said anything to the people she sees here everyday. The swim instructor hit on me, and you, and unless I'm mistaken, a couple of our regular workout customers."

Tyne sighed and looked resigned. "Such is the lament of a pretty young woman these days. What did Maureen say?"

April finished dressing and was on her way to her cubicle office. Tyne was in sharp pursuit. "Are you going to answer me?"

April sat heavily on her swivel chair. She closed the lid on her laptop and, after another long pause, decided to meet Tyne head on. "This has come up before. Maureen takes the position that sex between consenting adults is natural and shouldn't be inhibited. I follow a different path. I think people who care about each other should respect one another's principles as a matter of support. There is no rancor here on the topic; it is academic."

"That's not an answer," Tyne said, hands on hips.

April again decided. "I don't want to be gross but when I suggested you, as my boss and as my lover's partner, did not respect my integrity by asking me for sex, Maureen fell back on the ploy that if you want to go down on me, I shouldn't object."

Tyne stepped closer. "Maybe I was too graphic when I explained these sexual diversions to you when you were grappling for some answers of your own. At the time you came to me for help, you admitted no partner, boy or girl, had enjoyed cunnilingus with you. Is that still true? Are you a virgin? If a woman, twenty-two years old and as beautiful as you are is untried in the annals of sex, well, I think you are still searching for answers. The rest is cloud-cover or sham-thinking."

"Perhaps; a starving man who has never tasted steak no doubt has many rational and irrational thoughts as the sizzle enraptures his senses. So much for my virginity."

"I realize you find young attractive women, and youthful girls, worthy of your thoughts, fantasies and dreams. We are sisters in that regard. But, as I see it, and no reflection on Maureen as I love her too, if you agree to step outside the boundaries of your relationship and engage in some recreational sex, no matter how brief, you do so with your lover's sanction. All that comes down to *carte blanche*. The minute you admit such a diversion, you have given your lover permission to do the same. That's where Maureen is aiming and, from my viewpoint, it is a plain as day."

April felt like she had been kicked in the stomach. She quickly began numbering the comments and discussion she had entered into with Maureen. The teasing about the waitress; "short skirts, neat legs" is what Maureen had said. She had posed numerous refer-

ences to sorority house residents, fellow students and, of course, Tyne's forward insistence on taking advantage of her position. In every case, Maureen urged her to follow her own desires. Engaging in innocent sex play is all right. All this served to further compound her confusion about her own interests, carnal feelings, in conflict with her early teaching including catechism. She could not get past the marker in the road that told her to take a path that would solve all these issues and free her. It was suddenly no wonder that she was reduced to tears often without knowing why. Clearly, some action had to be taken and Maureen was key.

April looked at Tyne long and hard. Their eyes locked. Tyne had an 'I-told-you-so' expression. "You better tell me what is on your mind? Where will this go, how will it end?"

"Now you are being intelligent. I've consulted by crystal ball. Facing the winding path you are on will no doubt be an enticing adventure into conjecture. Maureen loves these kinds of games. It might be in the realm of reason that Maureen will 'fix you up' with another girl, or an attractive couple, just to learn what you will do. She is skillful at organizing a "ménage B trois" or arranging a sex 'swap' with some young housewife or employee who strikes her fancy. The combinations are endless. The bottom line is that Maureen is betting, knowing the risk, you will go along with whatever she wants in the belief it will strengthen the bond of love." She paused for thought. "Maureen has had some tragic love trysts gone sour in the past. Also, it is essential she make a reasonable effort to avoid scandal which would throw more shadow on her name. For this reason, you both probably find some private location to enjoy each other rather than being a guest at the Arundel mansion. You no doubt have wondered about that little item."

"She is defending her person, her family name; that is not deceit."

Tyne seemed satisfied. "We will have to continue this discussion when you have had some time to think it through. I have the utmost respect for your intellect, in the way you handle these ideas. I can see a light in your future. Uh, if you are going to take a dip in the pool, this is a good time. The water aerobics is scheduled in a half-hour."

The swim was refreshing but did little to erase the growing fears unleashed by the discussion with Tyne Tomas. She went automatically to a back-stroke for two laps and, after that, slipped into the hot tub. The gurgling water was invigorating.

Later, out of the shower, she toweled herself off and took a moment to look at her naked figure in the full length mirror. She had to admit, in a passing thought, that she was indeed well-proportioned and that there was a mystery, an ambiance, in her as a person.

#

Tyne came into April's office with another girl. "April, this is Loyce Larsen; she heard about our "Q-Angle Fit" project and wants to enroll."

April stood and offered her hand in introduction. She had to catch her breath. Her first client to learn to 'walk-like-a-man' was stunning. The girl appeared as twenty-something, athletically built, with short cropped blonde hair and blazing blue-green eyes. It took a positive effort to avoid staring at the beautiful girl.

They both laughed nervously as they realized they had a similar attraction. April was briefly angry at Tyne who stood near the office door with the grin that says, 'I caught you.'

"Uh, come along, Loyce. I'll show you what we have done so far. Really, you will see why we are so encouraged."

Loyce nodded and followed April to the workroom.

April had to concentrate to make a cogent presentation. She showed Loyce the spreader unit and how it fit between the legs. Next she displayed the corset and weights on the table like she was in the mercantile exchange. She could tell Loyce was interested.

"I'd like to try it on," Loyce said softly, her eyes scanning the appliance equipment and ending on April Danton's face.

"Fine, I'll show you. May I? I'll set it in place for you and, it is so simple, you'll be able to do it yourself. No problem. I'd like to ask what your interest is in our gadget. Your posture, the way you walk as well, does not need improvement. Just an observation."

Loyce grinned. "I have a confession to make. I'm acquainted with Maureen Arundel by way of the Dean of Women's office. We met some time ago in the men's department of Macy's. I was working there as a vacation gig. It wasn't long before we both learned of our fetish for cross-dressing, if you want to term it a fetish."

April smiled. "Maureen is very accomplished at her art, as she describes it. Just these few minutes with you tell me you are handsome as well."

"Thanks, shall we proceed?"

April noted a shadow out of the corner of her eyes. Tyne was spying. She decided to ignore it. "Here, Loyce; let me set this spreader in place. You can raise it or lower it to fit your comfort level before you fasten the Velcro straps."

Loyce raised her skirt and watched April with a quizzical expression. "Are you into bondage, maybe S&M?"

April chuckled. "Not so far but I do keep an open mind. How does that feel?"

"Restricting; is the corset next?"

April wrapped the weight support around the girl's hips and snapped it in place so it rode easily. Next she added the smallest weight. "Take off those heels; just walk on this strip of carpet and we'll see what adjustments we can make."

Loyce caught on quicker than April had done which April ascribed to the pretty girl's athletic condition. She adjusted the spreader between her thighs several times before she found the optimum fit.

"I can see this will take some practice. Already I feel the pressure to change my walking posture. How often should I come in for exercises?"

April set the weights aside on the worktable. "We feel, that is Tyne Tomas feels, the exercise regimen will be different with each patient. Miss Tomas is the inventor and Maureen Arundel helped perfect it. I am supposed to be your trainer."

"I see, thank you. I guess about a half-hour would be optimum, maybe start with ten minutes and work up. Next week is Spring Break and I have the entire five days to come in and practice walking. That sound OK?"

"Certainly. Miss Tomas will work out the schedule and costs with you. If you sensed you took my breath away when we first met, you are right. No apology intended. I'm looking forward to working with you. I suggest you wear a mini-skirt or maybe a wrap-around that you can take off to place the spreaders accurately each time."

Loyce kissed April on the cheek, the continental gesture, and went to look for Tyne Tomas.

April Danton was in shock.

#

"Hello?" Maureen said in her best business tone. "This is Miss Arundel." She next heard April's enthusiastic voice coming through the headset.

"Maureen, the girl you sent, Loyce, has signed up for the week to learn to walk like a man. Your sales talk worked. She explained she has known you for quite some time. You might want to explain that." She was so excited she ran all her words together. "I know you don't want personal calls to your office but I had to tell you about your success."

Maureen's voice was purring, silky. "So, now you know why we've discussed what might happen when you meet some interesting personality. Let's talk it over at dinner tonight. Usual time? Sorry, I have people waiting; one disagreeable disciplinary matter to attend to." She rang off.

Tyne came into the office. "I signed up Miss Larsen for five sessions beginning at nine each day. That should fit your schedule."

April smiled happily. "Yes, thanks. Let's consider scheduling half-hour sessions beginning on the hour all day. That will give me time for tidying up the area to keep prepared. This is going to take off, I just feel it."

Tyne moved next to April's desk and spread out a construction plan. "I am confident, modest me, that this "Q-Angle Fit" is the next upscale exercise. I've drawn a tentative layout in that back part of the aerobics workout area." She pointed to one feature after another; the setup table, the runner with crimson colored carpet, and the small office next to that. Access to the showers and swimming pool indicated there would be a door created opening onto the hall way that separated the men's and women's areas.

April bent over the sketch and concentrated. Her thoughts were interrupted by Tyne's hands on her back. The skilled fingers were working the usual miracle on her tense shoulder muscles. "Easy, Miss Tomas; your educated hands mesmerize me, as you well know."

Tyne kept massaging. "Think of that lovely Larsen girl that was in here today. You will totally like her hands on your body like this. When you met I could see the sparks fly. Monday it will be fireworks."

"Don't tease me for harboring thoughts about my weakness. She is pretty, as you saw, but she is a client as well. We need to keep a clear business head." She moved one elbow to hold down the corner of the construction plan that was beginning to roll. Tyne deftly slid one hand beneath her shoulder and onto her breast.

"Wait until that girl tells all her friends about what she is doing. It will be April's harem from then on." She caught April's head with one hand and pressed her upper body forward. "Do you like that? You enjoy it; feel me so close to you."

April shut her eyes and made a futile effort to get out of the sensual embrace. She knew if she turned to face Tyne, it would be an invitation for the attractive 'boss lady' to be even more daring. "I have senses as you know, Tyne. Please, don't make this difficult for me. It cannot end well."

Tyne ran one finger along April's cheek, onto her jaw and next to lightly draw on her lips. She knew April was in conflict so pressed her advantage. She was doing her best to win her favor. "My affection for you is real, Miss Danton," she whispered. "I can't deny how I feel about that." She gently turned April's face to see the drawn features showing the strain. April's brow was knit as if concentrating; her pursed lips quivered.

Her voice squeaked, a ragged emotion as she spoke. "This isn't affection, Miss; it is carnal lust and I'm not ready for it. I don't know what to say to you."

Tyne whispered again. "Yes; just say yes. When my kiss warms your lips, you will welcome me. Think about that. Nobody need know."

"If I allow it now, will you leave me in peace?"

"Yes, the smallest crumb reflects the richness of the pastry. That will suffice for today. I will consider your defeat at my hands encouragement for another day. Does that satisfy you?"

"I don't know; we are already well known to each other. One crumb will lead to another, to keep your analogy. Worse than that, I am beginning to crave that pastry."

Tears escaped and ran down her cheek. She raised her face to show her vulnerable surrender.

Tyne caught April's trim lips and held the kiss until she felt April's mouth opening in invitation. She moved her tongue tip to seal the kiss. April opened wide to let the ambitious woman in. "Wanting you as intensely as I do, knowing your weakness as well as my own, the passion builds every time I see you. This explosion had to happen." She returned to keep a lingering kiss while April slowly moved one hand up her arm.

The physical space had been violated in April's mind. The rush of desire flashed in her brain like slow-motion scenes in old movies.

Maureen's face was there, smiling, offering her encouragement. The bar waitress at the Trident looked seriously involved. Loyce Larsen wet her lips. It was more than enough.

She moved against Tyne with the full length of her body; hips and breasts melded. The kiss still held.

Tyne moved both hands lower to caress April's tight derriere. She felt the heat of April's lips and reveled in what that told her. She withdrew the kiss and again whispered in April's ear. "Admit it now, darling girl. Confess; you want my mouth, don't you?"

"Oh, dear Sappho, yes. Yes! Take me and be done with it."

Tyne took the distraught girl by the hand and led her to the privacy of her office. The sofa next to the wall was next. She latched the office door and caught April in a studied embrace, arms holding and fondling, lips moving to kiss the girl's long white neck and the fleshy bare skin at her throat. April only moaned her acceptance.

She lifted one foot, next the other, so Tyne could slide her shorts and panty off. She allowed the older girl to position her on the sofa; her knees felt like they could not have supported her even if she tried. She felt each touch as Tyne moved both hands over the shaking body. April knew she was craving a new rapture, a new experience, a new freedom. She helped Tyne open her blouse and remove it with her bra until she leaned back on the pillow and closed her eyes.

It was the moment never to be repeated. Tyne took full advantage of the luscious young body trembling in her hands. She kissed the budding breasts, lapped at the pert navel and forced April's legs to part so she could settle comfortably between them. She didn't miss April's deep-seated moan of pleasure when her tongue began a practiced rim job on April's vaginal lips. She licked and kissed, pressed with her tongue and moved her lust-driven fingers along the girl's thighs onto her stomach and up to her breasts. She looked up at April's angelic face.

"Are you ready to come or shall I do it some more?" she asked in the full knowledge that the emotional girl had been captured and was near the edge of her first really deep orgasm.

"Just do it," April managed to say. "I love it; I knew I would."

Tyne moved two fingers into April's sex and next caught the erect clit between her lips. She sucked gently and prodded tenderly with her tongue. She moved her other hand into position and, in a study in timing worthy of a ballerina, brought a strong lustful attack on April's willing body. Her fingers worked the vagina, her lips fondled the sensitive clit and brought up her other hand, index finger poised, and invaded April's tight anus. The girl erupted. Her orgasm was an opaline rainbow of city lights. It was over.

CHAPTER VIII. Hyde Street Hideaway

After dinner, Maureen squired her effervescent date out to the parking lot. It was their usual rendezvous. She had dressed more officiously than usual with a satin waist-coat and lace ruffled cuffs suggesting Victorian royalty. The tight-fitting shirt sported a button-down collar and mini-tie that did little to hide her abundant breasts. April was fascinated by the heavy belt buckle inscribed in black-and-red coat-of-arms.

In the car, Maureen put the keys in and, before starting, she turned to April. "Honey, you can tell me now. Your mood this evening keeps sending me previews. Was it Tyne Tomas? It's far too early for the cautious Loyce Larsen."

April decided to be coy. "Why, whatever do you mean?" she asked, teasing.

She picked that up and the game began. "Even with you properly showered and powdered, I know you had sex today while I was slaving away at the office."

April patted Maureen's cheek. "Poor darling; would it upset you if I did engage in a little foreplay?"

Maureen laughed. "If it was Tyne Tomas, I know from experience it was not minor foreplay."

April lowered her eyes, a shy gesture certain to capture Maureen's heart. "It was Tyne Tomas, the 'boss-lady' who became very aggressive. She went down on me. I don't feel I was raped because I welcomed every hot breath on my nakedness. She is talented in so many ways."

Maureen was amused. It was precisely as she had hoped. She put together the scenario; Loyce Larsen showed up and turned the hapless April's head. Loyce had that ability, she knew. After that, with April literally on the sexual drape, Tyne took advantage and the deed was un fait accompli as the French would say it. "You seem pleased with yourself," she said when she interpreted April's impudent attitude.

"It had to happen, I know that; so do you. I was in no position to refuse Tyne. She came in my office with a sketch showing the layout for the workspace using the "Q-Angle Fit' appliance. There was a table for the different parts and even a red carpet to walk on. Truly, I was in bondsman heaven with all the opportunity. It was no time to refuse the marvelous advances she was making."

Maureen started the car. "That mini-skirt you are wearing has inspired me all through dinner. In addition, I noticed some admiring glances from some other patrons at the White Peacock Café. I've decided to finally introduce you to Hyde Street, a gathering place for many people with as many more diverse interests. I think you are ready."

"Careful," April said softly. "Ready for what?"

She chuckled. "You had to notice my apparel this evening is not to hide my feminine form but to show I am a woman with a masculine interest. Quite a different picture, isn't it?"

"Yes; I saw it right away and assumed you had some devious plan to entice me."

"You are precisely on target. Now, the 'Hydeaway' is a tavern. The décor is old English, like a pub with a big mirror over the liquor supply, like that. The furnishings are comfortable, not rustic as you might expect. There are rooms to rent on the second level if some inebriated patron needs to crash. Other patrons as well, you can imagine."

"And what do we do there?"

Maureen slowed at a stop sign, reached to finger April's knees and turned onto Hyde Street. "Have a few drinks, food is good if you get hungry, and dance. Nothing new in that but I want to show you off to some good folks I know. It is entirely possible you may see Loyce Larsen. She is sometimes there but often only for a brief appearance as she considers herself a TV-celebrity." She turned into a tri-level parking garage and found a spot near the stairway. "Let's go, love. If you get lucky, this may be your big night. A coming out, of sorts."

For a Friday evening prior to Spring break, the tavern was not as crowded as on other Fridays when so many people met there to begin the weekend or drown their weekly sorrows. April's eyes, wide in wonder, took in the sights.

After they ordered a tray of hors d'oeuvres and some cocktails, they found a table. Maureen enjoyed waving and smiling at some people she knew. She pointed at April and gestured with a 'thumbs up'. April thought the act was overdone but didn't take offense.

They moved well together on the dance floor as they enjoyed the slow numbers. It gave April a chance to look around. Most couples were transvestites on a date with a pretty and very feminine girl. They all seemed happy with the arrangement.

After an hour or so, one couple came to the table and Maureen happily introduced them. April minded her manners, reached to shake hands and dutifully touched the cheek of the girl who beamed at her.

"Ah, hello you two," Loyce Larsen said stopping at their table. "This is a surprise. Maury, I thought you were keeping a girl hidden someplace. Now that I see April here, I know why."

"Don't be nasty, love," Maureen answered. She fully enjoyed Loyce's good-natured jabs. "Do you think it would be safe to leave April here for a moment while we danced the light fantastic?"

"Definitely not; don't risk it." She reached for April and pulled her onto the dance floor. They quickly adjusted to each other's stance and were swaying with soft music in a slow tempo.

April was speechless. The charming girl that had so enervated her earlier that day and who was her first client as trainer, was comfortably



holding her. They turned a few times with a twirl and danced cheek-to-cheek after each move.

Loyce had on a ship captain's wide cap, white, a very masculine suede jacket and a loose fitting blouse. After a few close moves, April realized Loyce wore no bra, apparently did not need it. She was entranced. As the second dance number ended, Loyce moved one leg between April's knees and pressed so there was a fleeting sensual contact. Saying nothing, she returned April to the table where Maureen sat chatting with another couple, both obviously feminine and wearing mannish 'Early Salvation Army' handouts that were well-worn hardly appropriate to their young years. Loyce thanked Maureen formally and disappeared. April was devastated as she realized she did not want the handsome transvestite to leave her. She hoped, in vain it turned out, that the mysterious Loyce Larsen would return but apparently it was not to be.

At midnight the barmaid rang the warning bell that the tavern would close in an hour. Maureen ordered more drinks and they danced to some soft music that appealed to them. Some couples came by to say goodnight and to wish April success in her venture. It was obvious the word had spread that a new exercise was in place at the 'Living Spa' that would teach transvestites to walk like a man. It was then that April realized Maureen's motive for bringing her there, it was good marketing.

Maureen went to the bar and returned with a room key on a wooden paddle. She had a sheepish look on her face that told April right away something was up.

"No taxi-cab tonight for my pretty date," she said, slightly slurring her words. "We have a room to enjoy until we're able to drive safely.

"Oh, I don't know, Maury," April said, hesitating.

"I ca guess; you'd rather spend the rest of the night in jail with a bunch of really randy dykes. Take your choice."

April stood up and smiled. "No contest," she said. "I'll go with you."

The room, first one at the top of the stairs, was spacious. The queen-size bed had a flowery spread and assorted pillows. There was a small table, a chest of drawers and an entrance on one side to a private bath. To April it seemed unnecessary expense but, she reasoned, so had so many other nights they'd spent together. She went into the bathroom to freshen up. She returned wearing only the half-slip she had worn beneath her skirt. Maureen was stretched out on the bed. She had stripped to only her bra and panties. April took Maureen's tee-shirt and pulled it over her head. She turned out the light and snuggled up to Maureen on the bed. She soon welcomed Maureen's arm around her as the two warmed to one another.

"I'm so proud of you," Maureen whispered. "Everyone tonight was so complimentary. You are more than just another pretty girl. They could all tell you have that confidence, the quiet manner, elements of class." She kissed her on the neck and to her lips. Notice I didn't offer you to any of those cute girls for sex. How do you feel about that now? Are you thinking about it with Tyne's expert attention to inspire you?"

April returned her kiss and let one hand rest on the inside of Maureen's thighs. "Is there such a thing, in this world of varied interests, as an intellectual voyeur?"

Maureen casually caressed the younger girl's breasts. "You never cease to amaze me. What, Miss Sapphic Flower of 2008, is an intellectual voyeur?"

She kissed Maureen again. "You take great carnal interest in manipulating me into sexual situations. You enjoy the expectations when I have no clue as to what to expect. You knew Tyne would go down on me sooner or later. You further knew Loyce Larsen would sign up for the new exercises and excite me at the same time. All these issues load up on me, keep me aroused as well as confused; my contact with the manly ethic is only through you and your transvestite friends. You relish the thought of me in a passionate meeting with the girl at the Trident. You probably fantasize on my interest in some of the girls in my sorority house. I didn't miss it when, at the height of sexual stimulus, you exploded in a delicious orgasm when I said I knew Tyne Thomas wanted to go down on me. It's more than I can process sometimes. Next you are planning some extra and super sensual antics on our trip to Paris where I will have no option but to cooperate and no escape. How intellectual is that?"

Maureen smiled. "You don't seem angry or resentful. May I point out that everything that has happened to you since I rescued you from that dreary reception desk has been a sensual journey? You were not pushed or coerced or forced; you were willing. Of course, there remain some erotic outings for you but, again, no rape in mind."

April moved her hand off Maureen's hip onto her thighs. "I'm not complaining and if you don't want to know what I'm thinking, don't ask."

Maureen burped; the whiskey had an effect. "Let's get some rest, pretty girl. I seem to have had too much to drink. I'm in no shape to get amorous with my ardent friend who turns on the entire lesbian populace."

She laughed. "That's ambitious. With this new job at the 'Living Spa' it is likely I'll meet some interesting people. And, of course, Loyce Larsen will head the list."

She dozed for awhile before turning her head on the pillow. "Did you like dancing with Loyce? Did you notice she does not wear a bra? You know she is very feminine and yet has a brief breast line. Are you curious about that?"

"Maybe; I did notice she has no need for learning to improve her walking posture."

She burped again. "I paid Loyce to go on today's interview. I am also paying for her lessons in your capable hands. The result will be two-fold. I envision you and Loyce in an erotic tryst. Also; when she sees what Tyne has invented, the word will get around fast."

April stretched and was ready to continue the discussion when she realized Maureen was sound asleep.

After a few hours of very light rest, April woke and slipped quietly out of bed. She went to the bathroom for water which further enhanced the alcoholic effect on her addled brain. She shook her head in wonder at herself that she would allow such excess. There was a light tap at the door. It aroused her curiosity. Her first thought was that some drunk had mistaken the room for her own. The rap-tap came again. She opened the door just a few inches to tell whoever was there that they had the wrong room.

It was Loyce Larsen.

She gasped then shrieked as Loyce grabbed her and pulled her next door to her room. Once inside, she realized that Maureen had once again been at work with her devious schemes. But, she reasoned, here she was with the girl of her dreams; well, maybe.

Loyce embraced her and they kissed long and deep. April was already tuned in to more physical touches. Loyce led her to the wide bed and settled her so she sat on the edge of the mattress, feet on the floor. While April watched completely mesmerized by the dazzling girl, Loyce slowly stripped down to her panties. She sat on the bed next to April and took her hand.

"Did you know Maureen enjoys playing these kinds of tricks?" Loyce asked.

"I found out the hard way."

"Isn't that always the story? When we were dancing I could feel your nice body moving next to me. Very erotic. Did you like it when I kissed you? Do you like to think of my lips on your breasts?"

The mix of lust and alcohol had the assured result; her head was spinning, dizzy. Her usual sober senses told her she was vulnerable and that nothing she could do would change that. "Yes; what do you want of me? Uh, are you going to, like, make love to me?"

Loyce tugged the young girl and they lay facing each other on the bed. "Do you want me to go down on you? Do you like my mouth?"

"I'm full of booze for one thing, my reliable inhibitions are elsewhere. I had my first oral experience today and it is still keeping me on a high."

"Ah, yes; that must have been the pretty 'boss lady' at the spa. I knew as soon as I met her she is on a power trip. Bet she is good once she gets between your legs."

"I've no experience to compare but, yes, very good."

Loyce kissed her again. "Did Maureen, uh – Maury, tell you about me? Do you know my personal goal?"

April was wide-eyed. She wondered at the importance of that question at such a heightened time. Her mouth dropped. "No, what goal? If you think having me for a sex toy is a worthy goal, your sights are low indeed."

"I should tell you before we get too involved with each other. One: I'm not a girl. Two: I'm saving for a transgender operation, a sex change. Three: I've taken some drugs, hormones and other stuff while in the supervision of a doctor trained in such matters. My breasts are enlarged and certain drugs have brought out more of the feminine body you see." Loyce waited until April had a chance to respond.

"I'm struck dumb. There is so much I don't know. This is insane. Isn't there a high risk? What about the medical establishment?"

"I wanted to tell you because I'm so attracted to you. I'd like us to be together. I want you next to me. To answer your question: There are qualified therapists, counselors, who follow what's known as the 'Benjamin Standards of Care'. It is for gender identity disorder. That's the tag they put on girl/guys like me."

April let her eyes wander down to Loyce's crotch. She did not see what any girl might expect. She pointed. "What's happened to you? Have you had the surgery?"

She laughed. "No; I'm wearing a 'pussy-gaff' — a specialized jock strap that holds my genitals between my legs so they don't make embarrassing bulges. For one thing, your "Q-Angle Fit" may well make me more comfortable for longer periods of time. I see it as a discipline."

She seemed doubtful. "I've never seen a guy's cock; just some photos, like that. At the sorority house where I live some of the girls get together and pass around pictures of girls playing with their boyfriend's penis, that sort of thing. The message is that, as a guy, you like the sensation of a warm mouth. I know that much."

"You are amazing. I thought you would be judgmental and turn off. Instead you are genuinely interested in what is important to me. That is a kind of support I did not expect, even from a girl as sincere as you are."

She sighed. "What do we do now?"

"You've already had your day's ration of cunnilingus. Being flip is part of who I am; ignore it. I want you to let me show you how to use your hands on a horny guy. It may be an advantage some day but I can't say for sure."

"Wow; is there no end? It is probably true that you had to get me drunk to get in bed with a transsexual. OK, I don't know why I'm turned on by you but I am."

"I know; it is because you are willing to be dominated by me. Not only me; there is Maureen and Miss Tomas to keep you excited. Probably there are or will be others."

Loyce shifted her hips, spread her legs and removed the bothersome strap. It was dark in the room, only a sparse light from the window that faced the parking garage. April couldn't see clearly what had piqued her curiosity. She did not resist when Loyce took her hand and moved it onto the semi-flaccid tool.

"Do it like this," she said to April and moved the young girl's hand until she could wrap the fingers in place. "Move up and down, gently, and you will feel it getting harder. That is a wonderful, sensual feeling. Ah."

April caught on quickly and continued stimulating Loyce until the penis was extended and extremely firm. "Is this right? I want to please you," she whispered.

"Yes; you are beautiful. Wet your fingers in your mouth and get the sides damp. That makes it easier. There is no rush. Do you know what happens when a guy has an orgasm?"

"Yes, sex one-oh-one; he ejaculates, pumps sperm out to get the girl pregnant. I don't want you to put that in me. As much as I like you, and I like doing this for you, I don't want the risk."

"You are doing just fine. Let me know when you get tired. We can do something else."

"Loyce, what else is there?" she asked and moved her hand over the stiff rod.

"You've been good to me. I'll be good to you. Do you like my mouth?"

"Yes, of course, but ... oh, you mean? Are you sure?"

For answer Loyce shifted her body until she was on top of April. More kisses caught her lips and the side of her neck. She removed the tee-shirt. April's melon-breasts poked out, ready, and Loyce found the nipple with her mouth.

April was warming to the idea, feeling more comfortable with the growing lust in her loins that signaled she was ready for cunnilingus from this interesting person. Guy, part-guy or almost-girl didn't interest her. She knew what she needed.

Loyce moved lower and played with her navel before pushing her legs apart. The joy of the first contact with April's puffy lips so aroused Loyce that she knew only April's sex, her mouth tantalizing April's sexual nub, and the moans of passion while April threw her hips up to meet her expert fondling. "You want me now?" she asked looking up at her.

She had both hands on Loyce's shoulders pushing her down. "Yes, do it; I can't wait any longer."

When Loyce's skillful tongue and active fingers brought her off, she fell back in a near ecstatic coma. A new feeling of sexual fulfillment was upon her, Loyce had said dominance. She closed her eyes to let the sensations drift on her body like warm sand on the beach.

It was later before she opened her eyes and smiled. Though it was shadowy in the room, she knew Loyce was kneeling next to her. The strong penis was moving between her breasts. How she knew to grasp it, guide it and move her thumbs along the side, she was not aware. She only knew she was doing it because she recognized this intense need Loyce was asking her to satisfy. In the dark corner of her aroused mind, she realized Loyce had not had the orgasm they had discussed. She did not know why and, in the quiet of the moment, realized Loyce was intent on her mouth. She began to resist. Loyce was asking her to do what she had never considered doing. She did not like boys and, even with all the physical altering, Loyce was still a guy. After she had criticized Tyne Tomas for being on a power trip, a heinous awareness sobered her. This transsexual she had a severe crush on, was going to dominate her in ways she was not ready to accept. Her stomach was giddy with a gnawing panic.

Another shock and, with the reality, April knew she should not have been surprised. Maureen Arundel was on the bed with them. Loyce was leaning forward to bring the quivering penis closer to April's face.

April was momentarily stunned with Maureen there. Maureen began to expertly stimulate Loyce's penis by moving one hand back and forth, over and back, along the length. Maureen leaned over and kissed April on the mouth while still working the hard cock with her hand.

"Darling," Maureen said. "It looks like I came in just in time. Loyce wants you to put her cock in your mouth; the need is great." She waited until what she had said sunk in. Next, she encouraged the inexperienced girl. "Open those pretty lips, bring out your tongue and get it wet; lap the sides. You already love oral sex; that is what is being asked of you."

April resisted and raised herself up on her elbows. "I don't want to do it," she said firmly and squirmed to get away. Loyce's weight, with hips on hers and legs folded next to her, kept her bound.

Maureen grabbed her throat with thumb and forefinger to force her to open her mouth. "Open, do it; suck. It's a new need for you."

"No, I don't want to; you are forcing me." She looked at Loyce's face contorted with passion and took a deep breath. "Oh, Sapphic angel, forgive me." She opened her mouth wide and choked when the hard cock entered. She retched for a moment and with some discipline, that was controlled.

Maureen was stretched out next to them. She was still giving orders. "Close your lips; let Loyce see your cheeks sink in; suck. Breathe out when she moves away and hold your breath for the next thrust. Bring your hands up and work until you get it all in your mouth, the top at your throat. Loop your finger under the testicles. There is a duct there; when you feel it throb you will know the end is near; swallow it all."

And so it went. Loyce finally shook and moaned. The copious load of sperm pumped into April's throat. She worked to swallow it all. She had to do that to keep from drowning. She pushed her away and started to cry. She had said she didn't want to do that for her. Her reckless weakness told her she really liked the weird girl/guy. She was frantic when Maureen prompted until she fell into the fellatio rhythm. Next, she pushed away and cried some more. Her trust in Maureen and Loyce had been violated and she ended up with a tummy full. She didn't want to ever do fellatio again.

CHAPTER IX. Unfinished Business

April woke with a start. The partly open drapes allowed a shaft of sunlight across her face. Fear and panic grabbed at her — the huge bed, the strange room, her short night shirt and the awful feeling of 'hangover grist' in her mouth all assailed her at once. She sat up and blinked.

Maureen came into the room. She was dressed in worn overalls with one torn tool pocket, a polo shirt, and wore a baseball cap turned backwards. She smiled.

"Hello, sweetie, welcome back to the real world," she said and stepped forward balancing coffee and Danish on a small tray.

April shook her head to clear the cobwebs from her stunned brain. "What happened? What is this place?"

Maureen sat on the edge of the bed after putting the tray on the night table. "You had some drinks and entertained us for awhile last night. I didn't want to bring you back to your sorority house in the condition you were in so Philip helped me put you in bed here."

April reached for the coffee. "I should have guessed; your modest condo. Why do I feel so awful?"

Maureen was sympathetic. There are two kinds of hangover; physical and emotional; you have them both. When you are feeling more alert, we have some issues to discuss."

April swung her naked legs off the bed and tried to sit up. She next sat back down and smirked, uncertain of her balance. "Maybe a shower."

Maureen helped her into the shower stall, stacked some towels and fresh jeans with tank-top tee next to the vanity table and left. "Come out when you're ready. We waited breakfast for you so long we are now waiting lunch." She chuckled and left the room.

#

Thunder rumbled in an overcast sky when April found her way to the breakfast nook overlooking the gardens. She wasn't ready for a rainy day added to her already diminished self-esteem. "Gloomy days always make me gloomy," she said sitting down.

Maureen was happily sipping black coffee and turning the pages of the Sunday Chron. She poured April a Texas mug of coffee and offered some rolls with date jelly. "I'll be right back with some breakfast for you; scrambled eggs OK?"

April felt better after some food and three glasses of water to cool her alcoholic pipes. "OK," she said with a sigh. "I have the distinct memory of being abused last night in some seedy bar on Hyde Street. Can you elaborate on that?" Her voice was strained and she was unsuccessful in hiding the anger welling up inside her.

"We all had a lot to drink. You were a delight the entire evening. I admit it did take some, uh, encouragement to satisfy Loyce, your heart du jour. But once you were into doing it, you were absolutely marvelous."

"I remember it very clearly and I don't ever, ever, want to do that again. I'll rely on you to keep me out of such situations. How awful Loyce must think I am."

Maureen raised an eyebrow in question. "You confuse me. Nothing so terrible took place. If anything, you were so enthusiastic I was jealous."

"Jealous? How can that be? I didn't want to use my mouth as a receptacle from some frustrated transgender hopeful. I did it because you forced me. It was physical violence and I don't like it."

"I'm jealous because you would do that for Loyce but not for me."

She ran her hands through her hair and glared at Maureen across the table. "What you are saying is that Loyce's desperation was greater than yours. You elected me to make it right. Did you both have orgasms at my expense?" Her tone dripped with disdain.

"Perhaps, but you best put your amorous adventures behind you as valuable experience. You learned your lessons well. Tomorrow, Loyce will be in your exercise room for a fitting and some instruction. You might best be thinking about that. Let the ardent tryst be a memory. She is a 'looker' as the Brits say and you can well imagine what a handful she will be after her transgender operation."

April lost control and sobs shook her body. "I don't want to see Loyce. She will remember what I did and will know what she took from me, oh, this is totally ungood in the extreme." She broke down crying and reached for the table napkin.

"You are astute as always. Loyce took your innocence from you. It happens to everyone, men and women, at some time in their lives. You might confront the loss and realize your personal integrity, though suffering a loss, is stronger now."

April frowned. "Your homespun philosophy is inappropriate as was your behavior forcing my mouth open last night. I know I cooperated, it really bothers me, but something in my human, or humane, genetic was at work. You told me what to do and I was more than willing to comply. F--- ugly, that's what it is."

Maureen sipped her coffee. "You were vulnerable and people who are of that persuasion have to expect to be dominated. Your beauty enhances the act. You were ravished and it is very likely it will happen again. Tyne used you to her satisfaction. You loved the hours of joy we shared. Now, you whine that you've been abused; not so. But, still evaluating us together, I'm beginning to understand your love for me is strong because I dominate you, feed your vulnerability and enhance your sexual response. It is good for both of us because of who and what we are."

April was distraught. "So, last night was your dominance game. We need to broker a truce here and now. No more men! With you making the arrangements, I now see how desperate you are to feed on my willingness. You can't believe I'm totally inept. Can you accept my boundaries if I agree to your prurient interests?"

Maureen was in serious mode. "Yes," she said finally. "If this new spa position of yours gets popular, all sorts of personalities will respond to the fluff of our marketing. You will meet lesbians who are merely horny and need relief. Once in a while you will be observed by a girl who needs what you have; not the physical like the others but the giving up of part of your soul, your self, your need. You will be as attracted to her as she is to you. You will know without effort. It's as easy as it is natural."

April crossed her legs and drummed her knee with her fingers. She was nervous, not only strung out or hung over. Maureen was leading her into an unreal phase of her life and the abject truth of what she had just said struck her like the gathering clouds and thunder had disturbed her early wakening.

"I understand where you are going with this and I'm looking forward to the challenges. Right now, I'm just tired. Is it too early for a nap?" She yawned.

"A friend at the sorority missed you this morning; maybe you had a coffee date with her. Anyhow, she called the spa and Tyne called here. I didn't get any names."

"Thanks, I know who it was. She is the one girl who thinks well of me. I better call before they report me as missing. My parents will be frantic." She made the call, yawned again, and walked unsteadily back to the bedroom.

CHAPTER X. Hot Shots

Tyne poked her head around the corner. "Your first appointment just called; she will be a few minutes late."

"Thanks; I'll get my stuff ready. Any construction news on my exercise room?"

Tyne grinned. "They can start this week. This is all so exciting. A dream come true." She came into April's office. "There was a call from your sorority yesterday. Is every little thing OK with you?"

"Yes, thanks for thinking of me. I went to a party and drank too much. Didn't make it home." She offered Tyne her best dazzling smile. "Didn't make it at all, if you can understand that."

Tyne grinned. "You don't seem too worn out. Youth serves us all better than we've a right to expect. Has Maureen taken you shopping yet?"

She was curious. "Shopping? For what?"

"Guy clothes, of course. You can expect to be the first transvestite in your sorority house. Tongues will be buzzing."

"Oh, I don't know; maybe. We'll see. I appreciate your comments, as always. It's amazing how you know the hurdles before I get anywhere near them."

She touched April on the shoulder. "You give me pleasure; I want to return what I can."

April headed for the workroom. "If this "Q-Angle Fit" program works like we all hope, I'll be through school and independent. It's a goal, two-fold."

Tyne looked at her with the all-too-familiar, longing look. "I see," was all she said.

#

Loyce Larsen found April arranging the appliances in preparation. "Hi, good-looking," she said in a jolly mood.

"Be ready in a flash, flash," April answered. "Drop your mini skirt and I'll get you hooked up." She knelt and adjusted the spreader. "Loyce, now that I know your true calling, why do you want to bother taking these exercises? Doesn't make sense."

Loyce moved both hands onto April's breasts. "Depends on your point of view," she said. Her voice was ragged. "Maureen is paying me. She figures I can help get your enterprise started. You already know my other reason for wanting to be close to you."

"I wasn't going to bring that up but since you did, we need to come to an understanding." She ran the straps through the loops and pressed the Velcro in place. "I did not enjoy what I did for you Saturday night. I don't ever want to repeat it with you or any other guy, kindred soul or no."

"Are you pissed because Maureen persuaded you? You did put up a battle as I recall. But, when you let yourself get involved, wow; you are a great talent."

"I should be flattered but I'm not. Talent or no, I was trying to keep from choking to death. You were totally unaware of that. Talk about anxious; oh, forget it." She wrapped the corset and attached the weights. Thinking about that a moment, she removed the twelve ounce weights and replaced them with pound ones. "There, teegee guy, try that."

Loyce was awkward at first but soon mastered the step. "I can see how this gadget works. It's pulling me; I can feel the pressure. Since I already have the posture well in place, it is easy to manipulate. I have about a thousand, give-or-take a hundred, people I can tell about this."

“Call for an appointment. We only charge aerobic exercise rates; no confusion.”

After a few minutes, Loyce was satisfied with the effectiveness of the “Q-Angle Fit”. When April refused her offer of a date for Chinese take-out and a video at her crash pad, she left in a huff.

April shook her head in wonder that the intelligent, attractive Loyce Larsen did not listen to what she told her. ‘She only hears what she wants to,’ she thought. She went to her office and reviewed the advertising plan and the brochure layout.

Near the end of the day, April began putting her work away. Tyne came in after first knocking, a new sign of respect for April. ‘Boss-lady never was so courteous before; bet on something coming down,’ she thought.

Not far wrong, Tyne began her usual approach of massaging April’s shoulders. Her strong skillful fingers untied knots April didn’t know she had. “Three appointments for tomorrow; seems the word is getting around. I’ll be locking up in a few minutes. Please come by and I’ll give you the names and other notes I took on the calls.” She slid both hands beneath April’s blouse and cupped the firm breasts. Next she walked away.

This time it was April’s turn to knock.

“Come in, honey,” Tyne said smiling. “Lock the door please. Maybe I should get one of those ‘do-not-disturb’ signs like they have at the hotel.”

April went directly to the sofa and sat down. While Tyne put together some last minute notes, she thumbed through ‘Curve’ magazine. She was interested in a suggested exercise routine for strengthening abs and looked up when Tyne sat down next to her.

Tyne embraced the younger girl and, turning her face, kissed her gently on the lips. “Um,” April answered and brought one hand onto Tyne’s shoulder. She strengthened her hold and they kissed again.

“Maureen called me this afternoon,” Tyne began slowly selecting her words. “She told me about the Saturday Orgy on Hyde Street. I understand your crush on Loyce Larsen was short-lived.”

April squirmed briefly. “Such is the nature of an ill-advised crush, I suppose.”

“To get to the point. ‘Blow job’ is not only an offensive phrase, it is kind of like an act of violence when entered into like Maureen described. I’m very sorry but I do understand. Maybe it was part of your education. My interest is that you were able, if not entirely willing, to use your exquisite mouth to good advantage. Am I correct in assuming you’ve never had a girl in that way? Instead of ‘blow job’, it is cunnilingus.”

“You mean oral? No, not so far. I know one day it will happen but, you are correct, I’m the picture of innocence.”

Tyne laughed. She kissed April again, long and tender. April let her lips part when Tyne worked her lower lip with a firm tongue tip. “Open, darling; yes, press my tongue with your lips.” She brought her finger up and caressed April’s lips. Again, April parted and Tyne brought her finger into April’s mouth. She worked with the sensitive mouth for a few thrusts and relaxed back. “Do not be angry, sweet girl,” she said as April opened her

eyes to stare in question at Tyne. "You can't be surprised if I confess I want your mouth as well. That might be a first time for you; the idea thrills me."

April lowered her eyes, shy. "I am in no position to argue, am I?"

"Perhaps not but I don't want you to endure another act of violence even if it is coercion. It's better when you are willing; ecstasy between two people who care for each other."

"You are not only my employer, you are my friend. Not to mention how good you have been to me. I was happy to get the 'dawn patrol receptionist' job and now that I can see a real future, I'm more than just ecstatic as you used the word."

Tyne unbuttoned April's blouse and slid it off her shoulders. The bra followed. She fondled the perfect melon-breasts.

April kept her eyes closed. She enjoyed the expert touch. When Tyne sat back and opened her blouse, April watched her.

"Do me," she said. April brought busy lips and a firm tongue onto tyne's breasts. She soon had Tyne's belt loose and tugged until the linen slacks were away. Tyne folded her knees and pushed her hips up to let April remove her panties. "Go ahead, I've waited far too long for this."

April was glad to oblige, she saw a new strength in the bond between them. While it was true that Tyne needed the young girl's touch, April needed the influence of the elder girl's position of power. 'This is not intellectual,' April considered in her secret ear, "I really like this woman's firm body. She has the class of a high-born aristocrat and



tony spelled backwards in why-not'

"This is really it," Tyne whispered in April's ear. "No better place than right here where our long discussions did little more than whet my need for you."

"Is it true? You needed me all those times I needed you to set me on the right path? That's mind-boggling when you think about it and, as well, very selfish on my part."

Tyne kissed her again and moved onto the soft flesh at her throat. She licked a sensuous line over April's shoulder and onto her breasts. Next she dipped her head lower and, with a strong arm holding the young girl, fondled her pert navel with her tongue. She sat up and found April's parted lips ready and waiting. "A babe at her mother's breast is not selfish, she has needs."

April blinked back some gathering tears, a wistful moment. "I should know what to do after so many lessons but I'm still uncertain. I so totally want to please you."

Tyne kissed her again and cupped her crotch through the lace panties. "Take your time, pretty girl. Nobody is going to force you; not here anyhow."

April shuddered with the lustful reality upon her.

She allowed Tyne to gently pressure her shoulders to bring her into position. She raised her hips to help April get comfortable.

"You are beautiful," April said and began a methodical probing to part the pubic hair with her tongue. She brought her hand up, tender touches on Tyne's hips, and snuggled her nose in the scented thatch of hair. Her tongue began a sensual journey; busy, twisting, pushing beyond the outer folds, gently sucking the nectar of the beautiful woman's body.

Tyne exploded with the gathering orgasm; she held April's head in place. Breathing heavily, she sighed and relaxed back. It had been a christening of sorts and the marvelous April Danton was her acolyte.

....

CHAPTER XI. Celebrity Status

Next morning, April pondered the guy-garb on her bed. The bulky flannel shirt, worn-at-the-knees jeans and light windbreaker; all very masculine. She was preparing for lunch with Maureen. That was when there was a knock at the door.

"Can I come in?" Jayne Lansing said as she poked her head around the door frame.

"Oh, hi, yes. The door is always open, you are the first sister to visit."

Jayne giggled, came in and closed the door. "I'm aware, by what the others say, that you are a mystery around here. Uh, the reason I wanted to see you — I missed you Saturday late, Sunday early and was worried. I hope you're not offended."

April grinned. "They told me someone had called. I guessed it was you."

Jayne turned the straight chair backward and straddled it. Her legs stretched wide seemed awkward. She wore the spacious Pi-Epsilon sweat shirt that did nothing for her figure.

"I'm happy you took my call as concern, not prying into your personal life."

April laughed. "Personal life, indeed. I was drinking too much and making an ass of myself to the amusement of several friends and as many strangers. I'd been better off watching TV with you and retiring early."

Jayne was pleased. "It's hard for me to imagine you doing that. But, well, uh, my brother sent me an article in last month's 'Advocate'. What is the 'Q-Angle Fit'?"

April glanced at the newspaper clipping. "Thanks; I didn't know we were getting such publicity. It's good for business."

"You are a celebrity; a first for this old house, I do believe."

April pursed her lips in thought. "I wondered what Maureen Arundel wanted when she arranged lunch for today. She is probably enthused with this publicity. She and Tyne Tomas, my employer at the spa, are getting a patent on the gadget. It's all there in the article, I assume."

Jayne's eyebrows went up, eyes sparkling. "You mean Ms. Arundel, Dean of Women? You know her? That's awesome."

April stretched out on the bed and smiled. "Maureen talked the spa lady into giving me the exercise job as we introduce the 'Q-Angle Fit'. It's designed to train, like an exercise, people who want to improve their walking posture. There are some women, transvestites mostly, who want to walk like a man. That's what we do."

Jayne stood up and pushed the chair back to the desk. She was enthused. "Wow, will you introduce me? She is a famous faculty person; certainly the most attractive." At this, Jayne eyed the guy-clothes April was wearing. "You dress like a boy; are you a cross-dresser? My brother does that. It's so cool."

April grinned. "Aren't you afraid to be seen with me? The board of regents in charge of Greek Row might throw you out."

"You're kidding, I know. The rest of the girls are afraid of you, I think. You are different so they feel you are a threat. I think it's stupid."

"I am different and, truly, there aren't enough intelligent people like you who accept other folks. It's old thinking; if I am different, ergo I am a threat."

"Nothing we can do to change people's traditions, I suppose. Do you pal around with transvestites? Are they all gay?"

April chuckled. "One of these days, when they put a tattoo on each forehead, we'll know the answer to that. Do gays bother you? I hear you say your brother is gay; does it run in the family? That's a dumb question, isn't it?"

They both laughed. "Wouldn't be much of a family without the PP, power of procreation. I made that up."

April moved to leave. "Come on. You want to meet the infamous Arundel? Join us for lunch. I guarantee she will like you and, do you know why?"

Jayne jumped up. "Why?"

"Because you are neat; pretty, sense of humor, very intelligent and, most of all, my friend."

They left together.

#

The taxi lurched into the passenger zone and came to a stop. April paid the fare and the two girls went into the White Peacock Café.

"This is too up-scale for me," Jayne said. Her voice faltered, afraid. "I've never been in here before."

April took her by the hand and they got in the lunch line. When Griffes saw April, he smiled and made a show of telling everyone their reservations were for the Vista Table. In a moment they were seated and gazing out the picture window. Griffes whipped the napkins open and expertly spread them over their laps. Jayne's eyes were wide.

"How did I know getting up this morning, this would happen? You are somethin' else."

April laughed and stood up as Maureen came to the table. She was out-of-breath from rushing to their meeting. She was dressed in a poplin three-button blazer, very chic. Her unmatched tie had an exaggerated knot loose at the throat. A careful scan revealed the firm breast line but it was mostly hidden.

April introduced Jayne and they sat, ready to relax. Jayne suddenly felt out-of-place. She was the only one of the three dressed like a female office worker. April patted her hand.

"Jayne brought me this newspaper article about the 'Q-Angle Fit'. She received it from her brother. It was in the Advocate."

Maureen glanced at it. "You've upstaged me," she said to Jayne, smiling. The warmth in her voice made Jayne blush. "I called this luncheon to upgrade our friend here to celebrity status. Here, you've already done that. Congratulations. Are you a student here?"

"Not only that," April interjected, "she is an admirer of the Dean of Women."

Jayne was off-balance but she recovered swiftly. "I'm one of your constituents," she said in a spirited tone. "You run for office, I'll vote for you."

They all laughed. "She is adorable," Maureen said to April.

After an excellent luncheon, Maureen offered to drive to the sorority house and next to the spa when April was ready for her afternoon appointment.

Jayne jumped gingerly out of the car and ran into the sorority house. Heart still pounding from the excitement, she took the stairs two at a time and collapsed on her bed.

On the drive, Maureen seemed preoccupied for a time. April knew well enough to never interrupt that mood. Finally, "How did you happen to bring your friend to lunch? Not that I'm complaining, she is charming."

"She is the sorority girl that called when I was missing over the weekend. Actually, the only friend I have there."

"Sounds to me like you better get out. You've not been accepted by the inmates."

"True, I don't fit in. Now that I have a good job and can take some of the pressure off my folks, I'm planning on finding a studio or a loft someplace within walking distance of the spa. It's easy to bum rides from there to the campus."

Maureen was silent again. Next, she said, "Are you going to seduce that lively young girl?"

"Time will tell. I value her friendship so this is no time to alienate her. She has an open mind, from what she has commented, but I'll be careful with her."

"If she is your friend, and now that you have celebrity status, maybe the girls will give her the chill-treatment as well. You might consider her to share that studio when the time comes."

"Good thought; thanks," April said and skipped into the spa. The issue left unsaid with Maureen weighed heavily like a fleeting guilt. 'Maybe,' she considered, 'it's up to Tyne to tell Maureen about my first adventure.'

Within a few minutes she was in her uniform and ready for the first appointment.

CHAPTER XII. The Patent Office

It was Friday before they could get an appointment with a lawyer that specialized in patent rights and registration. The three of them sat sedately in front of the polished walnut desk.

Maureen explained what the 'Q-Angle Fit' was, how it worked, and that they felt required to register with the patent office before marketing it as a franchise. She provided sketches and some photos for the lawyer's file.

The lawyer, a tall bony woman with large features listened with interest. She collected the exhibits and answered their questions about a time frame; the length of time before they could begin putting the franchise promos together was foremost in their minds.

"It is the franchise that needs the review with someone familiar with the law. I can help you with that. Now, which name goes on the application for patent? Who invented this contraption?"

Tyne Tomas grinned and raised her hand like she was in the fifth grade. Maureen added that she had private capital if that might be needed. April sat primly, her uniform skirt at her knees.

"I'm the exercise assistant," April said tentatively. "That's me in those demo photos."

The lawyer broke a slight grin, possibly the best she could do. "Endorsements? Who has actually benefitted from this and, if so, did it last permanently or does it require regular visits like a dentist?"

Tyne was expecting that to come up. "The technical aspects are in the attachment in case it's needed for review. Briefly, the degree of success depends on two physical factors. First, the 'Q-Angle' in the client which we measure when the initial fitting takes place. Secondly; the weight distribution. Slender clients can expect early results. The higher the weight on the hips and thighs, the more attention is required."

The lawyer closed the ledger carefully after collecting the file. She looked at the three of them curiously. "Miss Arundel, you are well known in this office. We thank you for your continued confidence in us. Miss Tomas, if you don't mind my curiosity, who specifically will benefit from changing their stride in some fashion?"

Tyne was quick. "Thanks for asking. I'm confident we are in good hands. Any client who wants improved posture can take advantage of these exercises. This could include handicapped or physically challenged clients. We feel the best market to approach will be female transvestite or transgender who want to emphasize their masculinity for reasons of their own."

She raised an eyebrow. "Ah, yes; I see. Personally, I question the validity of what you are doing but marketing physical attraction has never gone out of style. The use of lipstick was at one time restricted to one group of women. Now it is widespread as you know. Thank you for coming. It's been an interesting meeting. I'm looking forward to helping you off to a good start."

With that, the lawyer's face returned to stoic. The meeting was over. The three girls left the room feeling they'd been dismissed from the principle's office.

"I have to get back to work," Maureen said as they got into her car.

"And I have a client in about a half hour," April chimed in.

Tyne just smiled, folded her hands across her stomach and sighed. "Thanks to you two, I think we have a going concern. I guess you know who the original lipstick users were?"

Maureen and April both chimed in, "Prostitutes."

Tyne laughed. "Yes, they wanted a prospect to see their painted lips in the hopes it would stand for the pink folds of the vagina. Seems to me these gals were ahead of their time."

April chuckled. "It pays to advertise."

#

Jayne Lansing was waiting for her when April came into her sorority room. April looked at Jayne who was stretched out on the bunk.

"Is my bunk better like green grass on the other side of the fence?"

Jayne flexed her legs and sat up. "Sorry; guess I dozed off. I wanted to see you. I have another clip from my brother. An interested possible client wants to get in touch with you."

April sat on the side of the bed. Jayne moved over to give her room. "Where is your brother? You never did mention it."

"He lives on Castro Street in San Francisco. Here's the clip." She handed April part of the classifieds from the Advocate paper.

April read it, folded the clip carefully, and put it in her bag. "The first of many to come. I'll give this to Tyne. Are you in touch with this guy? Can you thank us for keeping us in his mind?"

"He rarely calls but I get letters if there is something he thinks will interest me. Also, he has an Internet address but I don't see much more than the occasional 'hello'. There is a story there but I don't think you'd be interested."

April looked at Jayne with a serious stare, her eyes narrowed. "Let me be the judge of what might be of concern. Did you enjoy lunch the other day? Isn't Maureen fab?"

"It amazes me how you two flit about this college campus town wearing guy clothes. Why do you do it?"

"To attract pretty girls such as you," April answered. Her tone was playful.

Jayne was quiet. Finally, "I've decided to give up my sorority membership when it expires. I'm not happy here. Except for you, nobody will talk to me. If I sit at a table in the lunchroom, nobody will sit there with me. I don't know what I've done to deserve the chill treatment."

April leaned back and folded Jayne's arm over hers. She grasped Jayne's hand. "That's precisely it, strange as it may seem. We are both outcasts because of what we do or not do. Namely, we do not engage in their petty political head games. We don't gossip or scheme for some inept cause. Ergo, persona non grata."

"I need to get out. I don't want to quit school. I'm a junior next year. I will have to get a part time job to support me in a private house someplace."

"Did I tell you about the 'Dawn Patrol Receptionist' at the spa? They have an opening. It's the job I had when I first started there. Are you interested? It's an early morning gig; not many girls like it. They need a pretty face to meet the jocks who come there at five in the morning. You qualify for the pretty face."

Jayne looked hopeful. "Can you get me in? Why are you being so nice to me?"

"My but you have a suspicious nature. Yes, I can get you an interview with the owner. Secondly, you were the only one who came forward when I was missing last weekend. Doesn't that deserve something?"

Jayne smiled. "I guess I was worried it might be something different than that."

April caught that like a free pass to the circus. "If you question my interest in your neat body; relax. I don't push people around, not my style. With a brother in the gay community, you should be thankful you're not in the hands on some diesel bent on a one-night stand."

"I apologize. It's just that I've not much experience. My brother is three years older, has a good job and a lifestyle he enjoys. He doesn't push people around either."

April stood up. "Come on; let's go. Uh, you better put on a skirt and your Latin Club blazer. Tyne likes the collegiate types."

On the way to the 'Living Spa', Jayne was visibly nervous. "Are you and Tyne good friends? Is that why you have this new position there?"

"Yes, we're friends and, I see no reason why she would not accept you into the fold. No, I got the job through Maureen Arundel's influence. There is one thing I should tell you in case it comes up. Tyne is a lipstick lesbian. She is firm in her business dealings but, under all that, she is a warm, outgoing person. You could do well to have her as a friend."

Jayne was doubtful. She shook her head 'no'. "If you stay with me during the interview, I'll be OK. It's my lack of experience that scares me."

April laughed. "Tyne is very poised, worldly, svelte; she won't jump you."

Jayne sighed, relieved. "I'm ready, let's go in."

##

End of Dean of Women

To be continued