

Copyright © Mags, Inc - All Rights Reserved

***TG Publishers Note:***

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 Mags, Inc, 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!

# THE FACULTY

**By Mardee Louise Prynne**

At thirty years old I was about to start my first teaching job. Being older than most new teachers was, I thought, an advantage. No one would know I'm a rookie, a boot-ass recruit as they said at Bainbridge. I had come a long way from the small Pennsylvania town where I had grown up. Life there wasn't too bad but it was so limiting, so predictable. My stepfather, a good provider and well respected in town, treated us well. That he was well respected and influential was a good thing for me especially with school activities.

My mother never ever let on as to who my real father was. "He didn't want me and he didn't want you so..." and thus began the litany that was her response to my questions about my paternal side.

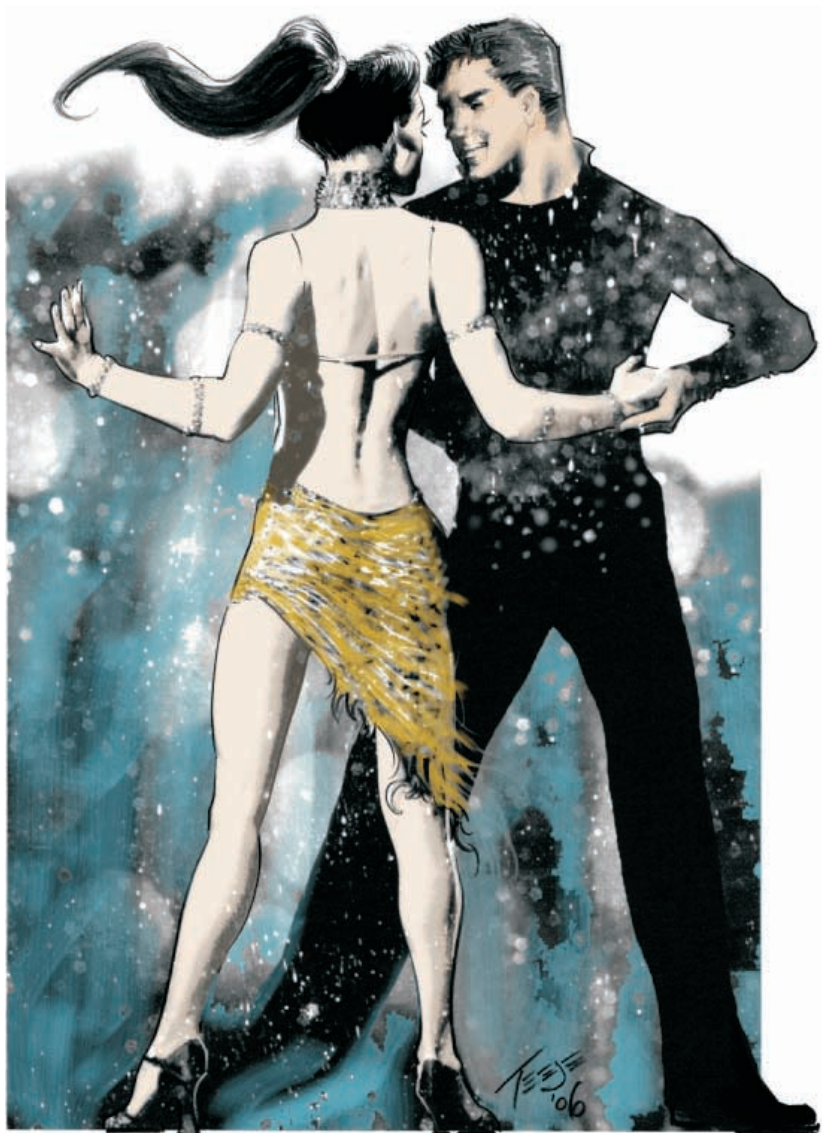
Of course I did catch flack from other kids over being a bastard. Helped me become a real good fighter even though I was quite small, small even for a girl. I had unwelcome opportunities to hone my fighting skills when guys tried to have their way with me. After all, they thought, a rah-rah majorette, even one of peculiarly inverted sexual interests, one whose mother couldn't even wait to get off high school to get knocked up, has to be asking for it. I never sought those opportunities but I always used them to my advantage and eventually began to enjoy them. No guy would admit that a diminutive girl fought off their inept groping and they definitely wouldn't want anyone to know that I had inflicted enough pain to bring them to tears. Their keeping quiet about what transpired between me and them kept guys guessing and brought me more guys whom I could hurt. Some even came back for second and third dates!

I had one really good friend who shared my tactics in dealing with boys. She and I practiced French kissing together and then some. We decided we liked each other more than we liked boys. People talked about all the time we spent together but mom and my step-dad told them it was none of their concern. They told me I would probably grow out of it and if not, well, that was my choice. Pretty broad-minded for that time and place. It made me feel all kinds of great to know that I had a family willing to accept almost any-

thing from me. I was astute enough to limit my attentions to Val and to leave other girls alone. Dates with boys continued only for appearances and as way for me to get a thrill by hurting them. Outsiders began to think my mom had been right because I seemed to be outgrowing my sexual inversion.

It was ironic that Val, my intimate girlfriend, an attractive girl with a very butch personality, had a brother named Len who was often mistaken for a girl. Len envied Val's dance lessons, and, Val and I strongly suspected, her dance apparel. Kids stopped teasing him after Valerie and I showed them the error of their ways. Nothing like being beaten up in public by a girl to show some macho ass-hole that it really isn't nice to tease a sissy boy. It was just so odd that after Val and I made it safe for Len to be what he really needed to be, several other boys became less interested in the usual boy stuff and began reading romantic novels and dressing more neatly. A few of the regular guys, really less than a handful, started being nice to Len. They were kind of friendly and even invited him to sit with them in the school cafeteria. Val and I first thought they were planning to have some laughs at Len's expense. It turned out to be not like that at all. Val never thought much about it but I wondered if at some level they liked being near Len the same way they liked being around a cute girl.

What saved me from the predictable and static life of finishing high school, marrying some local jerk and having a load of brats was my stint or 'cruise' in the navy. Girls usually avoided military service at the time I enlisted which was about a year or two before the start of the so-called Korean police action. For me it was an acceptable way to find a life in which I could explore options



that world the had to offer, come to an understanding of myself, and, above all, grow and develop.

The week after my high school graduation I said good-bye to my mother and her husband and got on a bus for the county seat. The only recruiter who was free when I walked into the recruiting office was the one for the navy. No existential decision here. Just chance. Worked out well.

I was eventually posted to Washington where I learned style and sophistication. I became classy. There was enough free time for me to think about keeping fit, not a usual pursuit for young women in the early fifties. I took a dance class that was a hybrid of ballet and modern. It was there that I met a few girls of similar age and, as it turned out, similar inclinations. Through these girls I came to spend several evenings a week at a women's self-defense club where I mastered judo, aikido, and some rudiments of karate. These activities provided a further opportunity to develop friendships with other like-minded girls, girls who could take men or leave them, but who preferred relationships with girls who today would be called 'lipstick lesbians.' There were dates of a sort, dates spiced with casual intimacy made all the more special by being free of any promise beyond the moment.

That my mom and my stepfather had allowed me to take my time in finding myself helped me avoid the self-loathing then so common in anyone with tastes and preferences even slightly out of the ordinary. Their acceptance of me set an example that taught me to accept, without thought or hesitation, the wonderfully different crowd of students and adults I would meet as a beginning teacher.

My time in Washington and the skills I learned there served me well when I returned to civilian life. I made a point of not returning to the town I came from. I no longer could even think of it as my hometown. My years away had made me too different, too independent to ever return to what I was and where I had been. More like what I had been pretending to be. Funny, but I never really thought of it as pretending when I was living that role. It was just the way things were supposed to be. The experiences I had, the people I knew since leaving had taught me I could make decisions. There were always choices, choices that were mine to make.

My first civilian job as an executive secretary put me in touch with men who were considered desirable. By that time I had come to see most men as puppets to be manipulated to for my own advantage or simply for my amusement. In those days before prenuptial agreements I reasoned that any failed marriage could be used for my own profit. Not that I wanted a bad marriage. This was just insurance if any marriage of mine didn't work out.

Thus it was, hoping for a brighter outcome than came about, that, after a whirlwind courtship, I married a well off guy who turned out to be a womanizing bastard. He came after me one night a few months after the honeymoon so I let him put few bruises on my faces before I beat the piss out of him and then called the cops. Those spoilsports arrived just as I was holding him against the wall and repeatedly kneeling him in the balls. He kept fainting but each time he did, I held him up until his head cleared enough for him to feel pain and to realize who was inflicting it on him. Then I resumed my repeated battering of his injured manhood. I must tell you I was really getting off on that, so much so that my

panties were soaking wet. I was more turned on by beating him up than I ever was by sex with him.

The bruise on my face proved what I did was self-defense so I ended up with a pretty juicy uncontested divorce settlement. I banked it all, got a new secretarial job and started seeing a psychologist to learn more about what made me tick. Therapy convinced what I had always suspected was true; I was perfectly normal, just very much my own person. My self-assurance being bolstered I decided to use the GI bill to get a four-year college degree with a double major in English and psychology. This didn't make me a psychologist but it did give me enough credits to get a job as teacher and guidance counselor at the high school level.

The odd part of my marital experience is that even though I never learned to fully enjoy sex with a man, at least not nearly as much as with another girl or even an older woman, I learned to appreciate the feeling of a hard cock inside me as long as I was in control.

Now here I was, about to start my first year of teaching and guidance counseling. If I liked it, I would go for higher degrees, become a licensed psychologist, go into private practice and maybe teach at the college level. If not, I might try law school or medical school or something like that. Pretty ambitious for a hayseed bastard girl from Pennsylvania.

Sounds like I had been around and had seen all kinds of people who were doing all sorts of things, doesn't it? I thought so too. All that paled to insignificance compared to what I was about to get into and what I was to learn from a wide assortment of pupils and staff.

\*\*\*\*\*

I smiled as I looked around after stepping off the bus in front of the school. Even though classes weren't due to start for another ten days there was quite an assortment of hangers-on loitering in front of the school and on the playing areas across the street. It was foreign to me, a woman from a place so different from this city high school. A few greasers were combing their well-oiled hair while girls with enough makeup to totally obscure youthful prettiness looked on. The jocks were across the street nonchalantly tossing footballs back and forth; really not nonchalantly at all as they kept glancing at the girls who were congregating in front of the school.

A group of baton twirlers, drum majorettes was probably what they had called themselves back then, had appropriated a section of the playing fields across the street and were showing off their skills to some freshman girls who were all too anxious to put up with harassment from these rah-rahs so that they might be allowed to try out. I couldn't help but smile at these athletic, well conditioned, superbly coordinated girls who were forced by the social code of those days to be no more than adjuncts to the boys' athletic teams, to put up with the macho bravado although most them were in far better condition than the egotistical, overbearing males. I sensed that many of these baton twirlers were the sort of kids I could easily relate to especially since they were more interested in impressing

each other with their well-shaped legs and perky butts than they were in impressing the boys. It didn't take much to realize that not a few of these fetching and very feminine girls would doubtless prefer the intimate companionship of others like themselves far better than that of any male. The fact that their short shorts only just covered the hems of their panties wasn't lost on me. If only they would bend over and allow those shorts to ride up my morning would have been made.

The self-contained, narcissistic baton twirlers weren't the only group of girls that drew my attention. The group of preppies that had congregated to see and be seen was exuding confidence and poise from every pore. Keds style sneakers, with and without socks, were part of their subtle uniform. Well-tailored Jamaica shorts in a variety of pastels and plaids were not so conservatively tailored as to prevent panty lines from being visible. Deliberately so, I was sure.

As I appraised these girls, they turned to look at a minor commotion on the playing field across the street. The bus I had been on pulled away allowing me to see across the avenue to where a few jocks and their equally moronic pals were trying to intimidate the twirlers into giving them the area they were using. One of the girls was daring them to take it. As a spindly, ungainly boy who was with the jock crowd made a move to grab her wrist, she shot the end of her baton into his solar plexus. He clutched his abdomen as she shoved him from the side. He would have fallen had his buddy not been standing there. End of that discussion. The boys laughed uncomfortably as they attempted to convince the girls and, more significantly, themselves that they were just joking. I briefly studied the boy who had been so easily knocked around by the girl. My first impression was confirmed; he was spindly and ungainly. But now I noticed his face; it was wasted on a boy.

"Oh, I really like that new girl. She really made those jerks back off. Maybe we can take a cue from what she just did." This from one of the preppies.

"Elizabeth Ann, I just can't believe you would even think of something so awful let alone say it," remarked one her friends in disgust. Darn, I was hoping that girls who liked to beat up boys might be the norm around here. It didn't seem that way but this sweet young thing had just shown some real potential. Perhaps, I thought, a little education might make assertive, even dominant girls the norm.

The image of Elizabeth Ann stayed with me although at first I wasn't sure why. She was medium height with a full body, the kind of body that might come to be thought of as statuesque in a few years time. Her quiet prettiness promised to mature into world-class beauty. Her well-filled Bermudas hugged her curves to perfection without being too tight. These weren't just off the rack but had been altered to fit. As my gaze dropped to her legs, I knew what it was that drew me to her. Under her smooth curves, curves that could be called womanly despite her youth, lay a strength and power that was waiting to be unleashed.

I strolled casually toward the building entrance as if I really knew where I was going. About ten minutes remained before my appointment with Miss Carver, the vice-principal. We had met briefly during my second interview at the school board office. She was in her mid to late forties, statuesquely attractive, and terribly intimidating. To my surprise, she turned out to be a strong advocate for offering me a position. It would never do to be late and alienate the one ally I might need in the politics of the school system.

One of the greasers stepped in front of me as I was about to climb the front steps of the school. "Hey, you're a new teach. Pretty nice..."

"Why thank you," I responded with a smile before he could finish whatever inane comment he planned to make. "I'm Miss Muller." He was more than a little surprised by my matter of fact response. His awkward reaction was to simply stare at the hand I offered him. After giving him my most sardonic smile I continued loudly enough for his cronies to hear. "Gee, I hope a tough looking man like you isn't afraid to shake hands with the new teacher, especially when she's just a girl."

Dumbfounded, he hesitantly extended his hand. He dared not look toward his friends lest they see the frightened expression on his face. I took his hand in mine and applied a joint locking hold to his thumb and wrist. His face contorted and turned white as his mouth opened in a silent scream. I smiled warmly and spoke softly. "Keep your fresh remarks to yourself or I'll break your arm off and use it to beat your balls to a pulp." I let go of his hand only to wrap my arm over his and apply another hold. This time it was a hold guaranteed to send bolts of agony through his arm and shoulder and leave enough residual soreness that would remind him of me each time he tried to use that arm for the next week at least..

His friends were staring in disbelief as the look on his face became ever more anguished and yet he appeared helpless to fight back or even try to break away from the woman who, despite being smaller than he, was so easily torturing him.

"If we keep playing around like this, I'll be late. Really, we must do this again and soon."

I released his injured arm and continued up the stairs managing to turn and smile over my shoulder. A few girls who were part of his group stared at him in disgust while the boys stared in shocked disillusionment. I made a point to remember the faces of the girls who looked at him with such loathing. That loathing might very well indicate that these girls would be eager to learn what I had to teach them.

"Say, did you see what that new teacher did to that Louis character? That was so neat. I wish I could do that to boys when they step out of line with."

"Elizabeth Ann Cohen! What's gotten into you today? That is so unladylike. This is the second time this morning that you've been excited about a girl or a woman behaving like a rowdy roughneck."

You have no idea how excited I really am thought Elizabeth Ann as she smiled blandly while resisting the urge to touch her wet panty crotch.

Miss Carver received me promptly. Her office was furnished in a traditional, no non-sense style that suited her efficient and businesslike personality. She extended a firm hand in warm greeting. I was taken by her green eyes and auburn hair which was clipped in a short, wavy style that framed her strong but pretty features. In a moment I was seated in her visitor's chair as she half sat, half stood resting one cheek of her bottom on her desk. The straight skirt of her tailored suit was long enough to keep me from becoming too distracted by Miss Carver's ample charm.

"Miss Muller, Patricia, if I may call you that..." She paused while waiting for answer.

“Please do.”

She went on to describe my program, which was left several open periods daily. I wondered what academic or administrative chores Miss Carver would suggest to fill them.

“I’m also asking you to teach an elective on significant women characters in literature. The class is mainly girls with a smattering of two kinds of boys. The first are those who need to fill up their program with electives and who think they’ll be ‘cock of the walk’ in a class of girls. That they call these young women girls is an example of their foolish male arrogance. I prefer to think of our senior girls as young women who are just beginning to realize their power. The other sort of boy is...”

She glanced around to make sure her door was closed. Her voice dropped as she continued. “The sort of boys who intuitively understand the natural superiority of women and try to incorporate into themselves those traits that make women the higher beings that we truly are Someday, perhaps soon, the male dominated society will wither away and the natural order return. Boys like these will be a superior caste along with women.”

“Are you saying these boys are sissies?”

“No, not all. It’s much more complex than that. Of course some are simply sissies. Many of the boys I speak are often perceived as sissies but they seek the power that accrues to women who understand that is they, not men, who are the superior beings.

“The course serves to raise the awareness of our young women and offers insight for those boys who are salvageable. You do understand what I mean when I say salvageable?”

I nodded diffidently wondering at what her real meaning might be.

Miss Carver removed her suit jacket and hung it in a closet. She opened the top buttons of her white broadcloth blouse. Her impressive physical charms were enhanced by a white lace-edged bra flirtatiously showing each time the front of her blouse gapped. Certainly very outré for a school administrator to wear to work under a not very opaque blouse. That explained why she kept her jacket on until she closed the door behind us. She was, I was certain, letting me know that there was more to her than met the eye, attitude as well as pulchritude.

“I would like very much to develop a core faculty that would go along with providing these boys a peer group that we help them discover who they really are, educate them in self-acceptance and in truths that are usually only shared among women and girls even as we educate them in the more ordinary sense of that word.”

“I quite understand you but wouldn’t the rest of the faculty, let alone the school board and the community balk at something so non-traditional, so radical?”

“Quite so. I hope to eventually start a private school founded on those principles. However, in the very near future we may see something along the lines of the scouts; perhaps a summer camp for our older students and graduates where we can train both the girls and these specially gifted boys in arts and skills that will suit their needs. This will give them what they so sorely lack; and that is a peer group. Just ending their solitude, their sense of isolation will, by itself, be very therapeutic. Above, we will empower them.”

I momentarily pondered her use of ‘we’ before I answered. Did this mean she was already developing a cadre of women to staff her fantastically improbable and still non-exis-

tent programs? Was I meant to be part of this bizarre but intriguing scheme? Or was this simply the royal 'we'?

"Miss Carver, this is a wonderful experiment. I had a very close girlfriend I really cared about. There were times we felt so alone but at least we had each other. She had a brother who was the kind of boy you describe..."

"Of course, Patricia, I don't mean to cut you off but this is neither the time nor place to share memories of a wasted past. I promise we'll talk more some other time.. For now we have to get on with staff orientation. My secretary will give you a packet of orientation information and schedules. I'm afraid you'll find the week quite tedious."

How dare she speak to me of a wasted past! It was by no means wasted. My memories of Val and of Len were important to me. Val was my support and my affirmation. Len showed me that the artificial, rigid social roles could be rejected without being struck by lightning from heaven. Len had made a difficult choice and often paid a price for keeping to his choice, but in making the choice he did, he was true to himself. I had profited from knowing Val and Len, had been reassured that I, too, could be whatever I decided to be. What was wasted was Miss Carver's clumsy, inappropriate turn of phrase.

Miss Carver's hollow statement made to cover up for her insensitivity told me that there was a very selfish and unfeeling aspect to this woman. My instincts told me she was a user who would take advantage of anyone who could help advance her schemes. I would have to be more guarded. She was grandiose if nothing else. Her grand plan to empower young women and a select group of boys who identified with women or even as women was imaginative and appealed to my own view of the world and of social relations. It was inconceivable that any of this could possibly come to fruition although I was thrilled by the thought. It was time to change the subject although I did it more diplomatically than Miss Carver did when she cut off my attempt to share recollections of Val and Len. I tried to bring the conversation away from Miss Carver's grandiose scheme and back to the pragmatic issues of a new teacher.

"Miss Carver, there's still an open teaching period on my program..."

"I'm fully aware of that. There's a mentoring project I'm thinking about launching. It's going to include both individual and group aspects of counseling a select group. Perhaps 'elite group' would be a more apt description. Your background and personality make you uniquely suited for what I have in mind. However, I need to be sure of your unwavering and wholehearted support before I say more. Need I add loyalty?"

Miss Carver's tone and posture told me in no uncertain terms that no further information about this mentoring project would be forthcoming; not now and probably not for a long time. Despite her haughty demeanor and her air of distant superiority, there was something about Miss Carver that made me want to know more about her, to draw close to her, to be accepted by her and to become part of her world. It wasn't simply physical attraction although that was part of it.

She sat down on a leather couch facing the visitor's chair and crossed her shapely legs. I turned to face her directly, adjusting the full skirt of my shirtwaist dress as I did.

"You're quite striking and you dress like a lady." I felt my face grow warm as Miss Carver walked toward me and ran her fingers over my cheeks. "Beautiful bones and such lovely skin.

"Patricia, have you found a suitable apartment?"

"No, I haven't. I'm staying in a small residential hotel until I learn enough about town to commit to a neighborhood."

"I have some contacts who own a few classic federal period houses as well as some brownstones they've converted to apartments. I'm sure they would have a vacancy for someone as intriguing as you. Let me take you to dinner, a welcoming gesture. Be assured that I have no intent of pressuring you but I'm certain you'll like what you see in our community."

She wrote something on a memo pad and handed it to me as she resumed her half seated pose on the desk. She extended the paper to me but it fluttered to the floor as I reached for it. I was certain Miss Carver had deliberately let it fall. As I knelt to retrieve the paper, Miss Carver shifted so that she was fully seated on the desk. She crossed her legs, an act which afforded me a very liberal view of her stocking tops but, to my disappointment, not quite the bare skin of her thighs. I don't know how she managed it but her shoe, a moderate heel pump, was now dangling from her toes. My panties weren't exactly getting wet but they were unquestionably damp as I fought the urge to take her foot in my hand, to massage it as I kissed her toes.

"I'll see you there at six." Her voice and knowing smile did nothing to slow the moistening of my panties. The sound of one nyloned leg against another as she demurely uncrossed her legs and planted both feet on the floor with her knees and ankles locked together. Good thing I had worn cotton panties that morning. My juices would have soaked right through non-absorbent satin or nylon.

Miss Carver slipped into her jacket as she escorted me to the door. There was a momentary hesitation as we faced each other. We were near enough to each other that I felt Miss Carver's breath on my skin. There was an unstated promise that the kiss we almost shared would eventually come. Was it wishful thinking on my part?

The secretary had apparently stepped out of her office leaving only a teen of indeterminate age to look after things. This child could have been anywhere in age from a tall thirteen or fourteen to perhaps sixteen. Appearances, as I was soon to learn in this case, can be deceiving.

"Babson, I'm so glad you're here. Remember I said I planned to introduce you to our new faculty member, Miss Patricia Muller. Well, here she is."

Babson was medium height and more slender than was fashionable in that bygone era. Brown hair with just a hint of auburn highlights was casually cropped to frame soft features. Side swept bangs called attention to dark brown almond shaped eyes highlighted by the cat eye or harlequin glasses so popular at that time. A loosely fitted dark blue tee with cap sleeves barely met the waist of the light blue Jamaica shorts. Despite an almost delicate slimmness there was an elegance about Babson that exuded confidence and power. What struck me as inconsistent was that the reed like Babson was wearing a girdle! That wasn't the most puzzling aspect of this sprite. What was most disconcerting was that I couldn't

decide if Babson was a boy or a girl. For that matter I had no idea if Babson was her first name or last name.

The whole image was so disconcerting that I failed to pay attention to what Miss Carver was saying. It was as if I knew Babson from some other place and time but that was impossible. She just reminds of someone in my past. That has got to be it, I thought. But who and from where and when? My focus returned enough for me to respond appropriately to Miss Carver's "good-bye for now."

The ambiguous teen smiled at me. "I'll get all those forms and schedules together for you. By the way, most people I like and who like me call Babsie. I'd like it very much if you would too." Babson displayed a self-assured charm and bearing rare in anyone so young.

Babsie turned away from me to open a file cabinet. As she did so, she raised her leg at the knee to adjust her sock, which pulled her shorts tight across her small but very adequate bottom. There was almost no separation of her nether cheeks. A girdle for sure. But why would a girl so thin wear a restricting foundation under shorts on a warm day? Whatever the reason for wearing a girdle, the fact she was wearing one further convinced me Babsie was a girl.

After taking a few forms and papers from the top drawer of the file cabinet, she knelt to get something from the bottom drawer. As she did so, her tee rode up in back as the waistband of her shorts gapped away from her body. Neither garment moved very much but it was just enough for me to get a glimpse of the picot waistband of her pink cotton panties. It made no sense to wear cotton panties over a girdle. Most girls and women, if they wore panties at all with a girdle, wore them under the girdle. Maybe I was wrong. Despite the incongruity of wearing panties over a girdle, this was further incontrovertible proof that Babsie was a girl. But why was I still so convinced she was wearing a girdle?

She smiled at me as she handed me the forms. Her smooth and elegant hands were adorned with thin gold rings some of which were quite old. Longish nails with clear polish attested to the amount of attention this seemingly casual teen lavished on even the most minor details of grooming. Babsie took off her glasses, rested the end of one of the temples between her teeth, glanced around and then spoke softly, conspiratorially.

"I just know you'll find most of the other new teachers dreadfully boring. Boring fits in around here. Some of the returning faculty members are worthwhile and a few are even...Well, you'll see what I mean when you get to know some of them."

It was rather puzzling that a student, even one as self-assured as Babsie, would discuss faculty in such an offhand manner with a teacher however new.

"Those select few were really important to me. Without their support and encouragement I would never have made it as far as I did. Eventually I had to transfer so I never really graduated from here. I can't believe it was two years ago last June that I finally finished high school. Every now and again I come in to help Eve, Miss Carver when things are hectic. She has a biddy of a secretary who spies for the administration and the school board."

I was astonished at being told this elfin enchantress, who to all appearances was at most sixteen, had graduated from high school two years earlier. That would make her

around twenty if she graduated on time but her saying 'finally finished high school' told me she graduated late which meant she was probably older than twenty. My face showed my reaction.

"Surprising, isn't it? No use pretending you didn't see me as a high school kid. I'm really quite used to it. They always ask me for proof of age in places that don't know me. (The legal drinking age was still eighteen at the time this story takes place.) Looking so young can be an awful nuisance but it's a real advantage in some of my work."

"Babsie, you're just so amazing. I take it you've become friends with Miss Carver."

"You might describe us as friends but that's not quite the right word."

Babsie's tone, like Eve Carver's a few moments back, told me that no more would be said about their friendship. Not now and maybe not ever unless I became part of the same circle. Discretion would be necessary around Babsie at least until I knew her connection Miss Carver.

"You'll be bored silly if you go to lunch with the other new teachers. Bunch of dull twerps. Suppose I meet you outside the library after the morning orientation session." Then her voice dropped to a little more than a contralto whisper as she continued. "We can go somewhere quiet and begin to get to know each other."

"Yes, I would like that very much."

A thrill of anticipation had made me feel breathless, motionless. Babsie's voice returning to normal volume snapped me back to the necessities of the orientation schedule for new teachers.

"Library's on the next floor in the corridor just above this one. Would never do for you to be late and it certainly would raise a few eyebrows if you were seen lounging around with me in Miss Carver's office when you should be in the library being lulled to sleep by a bunch of old bores of all ages. Now go."

What Babsie had said to me was anything but a pep rally for the session and everything and everyone proved her correct during the next two and a half hours. The only person who seemed worth getting to know was a new music teacher. This gentle and arty looking young man, the only man there who wasn't an oaf, seemed bright and well educated beyond the norm for the incoming faculty. What first made me notice him was a graceful comeliness that seemed wasted on a man but which somehow made him engaging as if you would like to get to know him as a friend, even as one of the girls. Like me, he avoided more than the most necessary contact with the rest of the group. Neither he nor I started out with this aloof attitude. It was the qualities of our colleagues that induced it.

We were together at the coffee urn during a break when he suggested lunch together. Lorne really didn't believe me when I told him I already had a lunch date. The sad part was that he expected to be turned down.

My thoughts wandered during this mindless conference. I couldn't shake the thoughts the elegantly attractive Miss Carver had started racing through my mind nor could I erase from my vision the allure of Babsie, the sylph who was so different from the robust Miss Carver with her businesslike yet seductive mode of dress. There was no doubt Miss Carter and I shared certain values that were well outside the norm of that era. But what of

Babsie? She puzzled me from the first. There was no way on earth that we could have met before, let alone known each other. Yet it was undeniable that so many of her traits were familiar to me, disconcertingly familiar.

I made a point of saying so long to the music teacher before I left the library to meet Babsie. We shook hands. His grip was gentle and firm, his skin soft and smooth. The smoothness of his skin made me glance down. His nails were long and well cared for, so well cared for that only regular sessions with a manicurist could maintain that look. His hand felt so good in mine that I was almost reluctant to release it.

I stepped out of the library to see Babsie pause to adjust her sock as she did earlier. Light from a hall window left her half in shadow as if in a painting. Then it struck me! She had so many mannerisms in common with Val's brother. It wasn't so much Babsie's appearance that seemed familiar but rather those mannerisms, her way of moving that made her seem that way.

As Babsie and I moved toward each other, I wondered what had happened to Val, and to her brother Len. Perhaps it was time to contact my widowed stepfather.

There were far fewer students congregating in front of the school when Babsie and I left the building. A few preppie girls nodded at Babsie by way of acknowledgement and greeting. The face of one of these girls showed the respect and adoration for Babsie that were sure signs of a crush. If Babsie couldn't figure this out it was time for me to enlighten her.

We turned the corner to be greeted by a slender, wiry boy who was, I realized, the boy who had the altercation with the baton twirler earlier that morning. The girl he was with looked vaguely familiar. Her short shorts, her sculpted legs and firm bottom were the clues that told me she was the baton twirler who had treated this boy pretty roughly only a few hours earlier. She was leaning against the side of a building, looking into the face of the boy who named seemed enthralled by her. She took his wrists in her hand and pulled him closer to her. It was typical teen flirtation, perhaps even the start of light or not so light petting. There was something off, inconsistent with what I expected to see going on. Then, as she pulled him against her, her hands cupped his butt. This girl had taken the lead in their groping. Her fingertips spread to the cleft of his surprisingly well-shaped butt as she kneaded him through his cut-off jeans. The roles were being reversed; she was the initiator of this encounter and he was the passive but willing receiver of her advances.

Distracted by the sound of our approach, the boy looked at Babsie like a puppy wanting to lick his mistress's hand as he managed an awkward "Hi." "How's it going, Bobby?" was all the greeting Babsie returned but it was enough to put a smile on the boy's face. Babsie also smiled at the girl who smiled back in a knowing. We continued without breaking stride. "Let me know when you're ready," she called over her shoulder after we had passed him. The boy shuffled awkwardly. He was clearly discomfited by Babsie's remark. So was I.

Babsie pulled a set of car keys from her pocket and unlocked the door of a blue impala convertible. She cranked the engine and, after releasing the latches over the windshield, pressed a button that lowered the roof. As the roof folded down, she pulled a scarf from the glove compartment. "Put it on. Keeps your hair from getting too windblown."

It was nearly one o'clock when we were seated in a little restaurant in the out of the way neighborhood where Babsie lived. It reminded me of D.C.'s Georgetown or of what I thought New York's Greenwich Village must be like. There were interesting shops selling all sorts of things from clothing and shoes to art works and antiques. The restaurant itself was the neighborhood, family run Italian style, the kind with checked table cloths covered with glass and topped with candles stuck in Chianti bottles. The thing that didn't fit was that this place was staffed by entirely by young women. From the cashier/hostess to the wait staffs to those in the kitchen, all were attractive women.

Babsie and the hostess kissed as we entered. We shook hands after Babsie introduced us. I couldn't help but admire the woman's tiny waist and ample hips. Her bust was so perfect that I wondered if it were all hers or one of those padded brassieres that were becoming so popular. We opted for a rear booth to give us privacy in the restaurant, which was still moderately full despite the lunch rush being over. As she filled our water glasses, the woman bent slightly forward but that was enough for me to notice the curves of her full breasts, the slight swell of her fullness over the edge of the bra. No padding here. After the hostess left us to study our menus, Babsie put her hand over mine, leaned closer across the table and whispered "Gina's real. You know what I mean." After seeing my puzzled look she added in a normal voice, "Oh, you really don't know what I mean, do you? I'll explain later."

I found myself staring up at the waitress who took our order. Her dark hair was pulled back in a ponytail. There was a wholesome, outdoorsy all-American girl look about her that was as endearing as it was engaging. It would have been no surprise for me to find out she had been a cheerleader or the star of the girls' softball team. Her smooth alto voice suggested she might have been a regular in the church choir back in her hometown. According to the name badge on her uniform she was Louise and, by the cordial greetings they gave each other, a friend Babsie. They were so friendly in fact that Babsie got up to kiss her right on the lips. It was a quick kiss but I was certain that a flicker of tongue passed between them. Wishful thinking again?

Babsie's hand was on mine as she whispered, "Louise isn't. She's like me."

"Isn't what?"

"You're honestly not getting it, are you? I'll explain everything after lunch."

I was being put off, dismissed like a child. Not something I usually tolerated but coming from Babsie, I was willing to take it.

Louise served our salads and turned her attention to another table. The sturdy shoes and white opaque stockings couldn't begin to detract from the beauty of her sculpted calves and slender ankles. The high curve of her seemingly muscular bottom confirmed the impression her legs had made on me. This girl was either a professional dancer or a very serious dance student.

I thought we would chat over our food, chat about ourselves, our values, our interests, our backgrounds. Then again, I reminded myself, this isn't a first date. Before the conversation went very far Babsie turned serious.

"Patricia, there are some things you must know about Eve." She paused as if waiting for an unruly child to give her full attention.

“Eve has some very grandiose and unworkable ideas about erasing the boundaries between societally determined roles. Her big problem is that she never goes far enough. She’ll get new teachers all worked up and let them take the heat and lose their jobs. With some of the kids it’s even worse. She encourages them to show more of their inner nature than is discreet and then abandons them. Some of these kids end up getting beaten up or having more severe emotional problems than they had before Eve intervened. Most drop out or transfer for one reason or another. It’s not because they’re finally facing who they really are but because Eve chickens out, pulls her support away from them at some critical point.”

“Then why do you keep coming back to her?”

“Good question. I try to keep an eye out for some her would be ‘projects.’ If I can get them to be a little more prudent, I can keep them out of trouble, out of harm’s way. That boy we saw outside the school, Bobby; he’s one I watch out for. He’s wanted so much to end the performance he’s been putting on forever. That’s why I keep asking if about being ‘ready.’ You’ll understand that part as we go along.

“I also don’t want any of the guys pushing them around or making fun of them. Sometimes the guys will put these boys through a sort of hazing by asking them to do something to get in solid with the group.”

That had to be why Bobby tried to start up with that baton twirler and got knocked around by her for his effort. Ironic that only a few hours later they were enjoying each other’s company in a most affectionate manner.

I was quite upset over what Babsie had just told me about Eve Carver. However, I now felt justified that earlier that day I had decided to be guarded around the formidable woman who was now my boss. Babsie decided we had enough talk of Eve Carver for the moment. She ended that part of the conversation with a smile and what I hoped was a sincere request. “Why not tell me a little about your own growing up and then I’ll tell you about mine.”

Before we finished lunch Babsie knew all about my relation with Val, that she seemed so familiar and why. A smile like that of a little girl with a secret crossed her face when I spoke of Len and all the mannerisms they had in common.

“Len and I have more in common than you might guess.” She tilted her head and winked as she said this. For the second time that day I was glad I had worn cotton panties.

Our fingertips kept brushing as we walked out of the restaurant. It was all I could do to keep from taking her hand in mine.

“Thanks again for treating. It wasn’t my intent to chisel a lunch from you when I suggested getting together. Have you got time to stop at my place? It’s just a few blocks away. I’ll drive you home afterwards.”

Babsie, I’d love to see your place but Miss Carver has asked me to have dinner with her. I do need some time to shower, put on my face and dress.”

“You’d be wasting your time. Phone her to confirm. Dollars to donuts she cancels.”

I used the phone booth in a pharmacy leaving the door partly open so that Babsie could hear my end of the conversation.

“Oh yes, Miss Muller. We’ve been trying to reach you. I just left a message at your hotel. Miss Carver won’t be keeping her appointment with you later today. She will reschedule...She’s unavailable to talk with you now. I can take a message if you care to leave one.”

“I don’t care to leave a message. Just tell her there will be no rescheduling.”

I hung up the phone and turned toward Babsie for consolation. *This wasn’t the way it was supposed to work. I’m thirty years old, divorced, a self-made woman, a navy veteran and I’m looking to a twenty-year-old child for comfort. Patricia, I said to myself, you may be an expert in self-defense but only when it comes to things physical. As far as emotions go you’re vulnerable to any attractive woman of the world no matter how young.*

I bit my lip as I spoke. “Oh, Babsie. I really thought you were only...Oh; I don’t know what I thought. I was just so taken in by Eve Carver. Damn her for the manipulative bitch she really is. Well, wait until I tell her off. Please take me home.”

“I think you had better pull yourself together first. No sense getting worked up over Eve. She’s not worth your sweat. Better you caught on now than later when she really got her teeth into you. You would have been hurt so much more. Really, really hurt.”

We strolled back to her car pausing to window shop along the way. An unusual window display caught my attention. Brightly printed flowing skirts, ethnic jewelry were artfully arrayed. The adjacent shop featured dance equipment and costumes but with a part of the store devoted to everyday intimate apparel and what were prudishly referred to as foundations.

It would be wonderful to be able to wear those free flowing skirts and artful bracelets and earrings. It was time to loosen up my wardrobe but I was so ambivalent about opening myself up, showing anything personal. I saw myself becoming aloof and distant in the mode of Miss Carver. Hiding my femininity, my sexuality behind a veneer would, I sensed, bury my feelings, destroy my soul. Despite my anxiety I wasn’t ready to give way to my instincts and rush into the store to outfit myself as I wanted to.

A salesgirl in the dance shop smiled and waved to Babsie who seemed to be well known and well liked in this neighborhood. This assured me that when I would be ready for those wonderfully free spirited skirts, Babsie could guide me back to this place.

Babsie opened her shoulder purse, took out a pack of cigarettes and offered me one. I was as surprised as she was at how much my hand was shaking as I took the cigarette from the pack she held. Babsie brought the pack to her mouth, took a cigarette between her lips and pulled the pack away. In the meantime I dug my lighter out of my purse. It was a windproof with a navy emblem on the side.

“That’s a very butch lighter for so femme a lady,” remarked Babsie. Her use of those terms reminded me that she wasn’t as naive or as unsophisticated as she appeared. I snapped the lighter and tried to light Babsie’s cigarette.

“Whoa, Patricia, you want to set me on fire?” She caught my wrist in her hands to steady me, bent her face forward and lit the cigarette. Her hand guided mine to my own cigarette.

“You’re shaking and your hands are icy. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing; nothing is wrong.” Of course I knew something was wrong but I wasn’t sure what. One thing that should have felt wrong was that this skinny kid was taking charge of a situation that I should have been controlling.

“Patricia, I’m not taking you home until we know what’s bothering you. You’re coming to my place until you can pull yourself together.”

I wanted to tell her off. Instead, I cried.

Babsie motioned to her friend who came out of the dance shop.

“Take her in the back and give her a cup of tea while I pull my car around.”

\*\*\*\*\*

The car pulled onto a small driveway or ramp that led to the garage. I looked up at the wide front of the four-story building. Its art deco design placed the date of construction well before the Second World War. Babsie reached out the car window, unlocked a small box on the wall and pressed a button that opened the door. After parking her car in a reserved space, she then guided me to staircase that took us to the lobby of the building where Babsie had her apartment.

I remembered little about the lobby or the elevator ride. We got off on the third floor and walked to the front of the building. Babsie’s apartment wasn’t luxurious but it was impressive for a girl no more than twenty-one or so. The entrance foyer opened onto a living room/dining room, dominated by a baby grand piano, which overlooked the quiet street. An eat-in kitchen was visible through a door to the side. There were three doors off a short corridor; one at the end and two along a wall.

She opened a cabinet among the bookshelves and took out a couple of glasses. “Scotch, rye, bourbon, sherry?”

“Whatever you’re having.” I was studying the photographs that were interspersed along the shelves between books and objets d’art. Among family and childhood photos, were several of a very young Babsie who was as beautiful and as attractive at every stage of growing up as she was now. I was particularly struck by Babsie in a scout uniform, her beret worn at a jaunty angle. There were some other shots of her in a nautical style uniform; sailor blouse, neckerchief, tightly buttoned cuffs with contrasting piping and pleated skirt spread demurely over her knees, her beret rakishly tilted forward.

“These are just so adorable.”

I lifted the framed photo of a ten or twelve year old Babsie looking serious as befits a young girl in her uniform. After replacing that one, I studied one of her in the sailor uniform. Her legs were crossed to show a bit of thigh against a white slip.

“Like them?” she asked with a proud enthusiasm.

“Love them. It’s like knowing you when you were a kid. You look so proud, so satisfied.”

“I was. You can’t realize how much I wanted to join those groups and what mother had to go through to get me in.”

"I don't understand. Why was it so difficult?"

She ignored my question but a passing expression of pain told me that there was a story here a story that was not easily shared.

"I promise to tell you everything, just not now. This was later," she said as she pointed to the sailor girl photos. Mother helped organize a sort of girls' sea adventure club where we vacationed. I guess saying 'adventure' is a little overly grand because we didn't do much more than learn to sail competently and to handle a skiff or a dory in fairly open water. It was such a great thing though, so special to all of us."

A sigh and then she poured us each some bourbon.

"I take it neat. Okay for you that way?"

I nodded.

"Powder room's at the end of the hall. Slip off your shoes and put your feet up."

"Great idea."

As I lay back waiting for Babsie, I began to understand what had upset me.

Babsie, her makeup redone, returned in a few minutes clad in white short shorts. Her legs were superb. She sat on the hassock on which I had rested my feet.

"Excuse my familiarity," she said as she put my feet on her lap and began massaging them. Her fingers were strong, reassuring.

"Babsie, I'm sorry to lay this on you but I need to talk to someone or I'll scream. I'm so scared, so lonely. I don't even know what I'm doing here in a place with no friends. Eve Carver was supposed to be a support but I can see already that she's just a user who can't be relied on or even trusted... That new music teacher, name of Lorne something or other. I've already alienated him. What a mess! I'm in a world so different from what I've ever known and I don't know what to do."

Tears were trickling down my cheeks. Babsie slipped onto the couch and hugged me to her. She kissed my forehead as she rocked me in her arms. Then I kissed her lips.

Babsie pulled her face away.

"Have I ruined our budding friendship? I didn't mean to start anything."

"That kiss didn't start anything. It started when I saw you eyeing my panties when I was bending down at that file cabinet this morning."

Her lips were over mine, nibbling at me and pulling away so that the hunger I was feeling became more intense each time I tasted the moistness of her lips against my own. My hand was in back of her head as I pushed her face against mine. My mouth opened to receive her probing tongue. The kiss was fraught with promises of intense sex and lasting love. Then, instead of giving herself over to our passion, Babsie pulled away and, sitting on the edge of the couch, stared tenderly, caringly into my eyes.

"Be sure you want me," she whispered.

I rolled off the couch pushing Babsie to the floor as I did. Grasping her wrists, forcing her arms over head, I straddled her in a schoolyard pin. My skirt was at my waist offering Babsie an unfettered view of panty crotch with its widening wet spot. My mouth was over

hers as her tongue met mine and set off shudders that went down to my toes. Babsie bucked her hips in a wild attempt to move me off her. With surprising strength she bridged like a wrestler and rolled over. I fell on my back as she slid her hand between my knees and caressed my inner thighs. Another kiss, a kiss that was intense, desperate.

Babsie was seated on her haunches as she pulled her tee over her head. A pretty white bra that was little more than a training bra contrasted with the tan skin of her shoulders and upper body. Her midriff, with its deep navel, was less tan. Rising to her knees, Babsie undid her shorts and eased them down her thighs. She fell back on her tush as she slid the shorts to her ankles and kicked them aside. My eyes were fixed on the crotch of her innocent pink panties, all the more alluring for their suggestion of little girl artless purity. Babsie was doubtlessly aroused but her panty crotch betrayed nothing of her intense excitement.

I got to my feet to more easily get out of my dress. Babsie reached up and opened the belt as I undid the buttons. I shrugged the dress from my shoulders and let it fall to the floor. My lover pulled my petticoat from my hips and wrapped her arms around my thighs as she burrowed her face against my panty front. She pulled her arms toward her body and pressed against my belly with her face. I fell to the floor as she spread my legs and yanked my panties to my feet. Her fingers spread my nether lips as Babsie's lips and teeth teased my stockinged thighs, found their way above my stocking tops. Then her tongue darted forward, flickered over my hard clit. Her swirling tongue against my clit had me making all sorts of sounds I never heard before but never before was I able to let myself go, to give myself over, body and soul, to any lover, male or female, like I was so easily doing with Babsie. It was as if she engendered all that I had ever enjoyed both in men and in women in one total and complete lover.

I was aware of her tongue working its way along my pussy lips, darting deep into me. Babsie cupped my ass as she worked a finger into me while the fingers of her other hand fucked me in the more usual place even as she continued to eat me. Then almost everything ceased to exist and all awareness faded but for one thing. I was conscious of nothing but the orgasm that billowed through my being and shut off all other senses as I came in wave after wave of an intensity I never conceived of before.

I smiled up at Babsie with an exhausted satisfaction that I had never before known. She bent forward and kissed my eyelids, the tip of my nose. I sat up and wrapped my arms around my knees. Her hand slid into my bra, her fingertips found my nipple.

"Your breasts are sooo beautiful. Makes me jealous. I can't believe I ignored them. I promise I'll pay more attention to all parts of you...I mean unless you don't want me to..."

"Just try and not be my lover...Say, it's my turn now. Come on now and be a good little girl and let me eat you." I watched her reach back and unhook her bra as she spoke. I understood why she might envy my tits. Babsie was almost totally flat except for a slightly puffy area about the size of a silver dollar around each of her nipples! She squirmed as I kissed those pubescent looking nipples and sucked gently.

Babsie smiled at me as she lay back, lifted her hips and slid her panties down. I could have sworn there was something under her panties that she pulled down along with them. This peculiar undergarment was of a sturdy elastic fabric like a very brief panty girdle.

Then things began to make sense! I now knew what she meant when she had said the restaurant hostess was 'real' and that Louise the waitress and she were alike, what she had meant when she said she had more in common with Len than I knew, and why her mother had to do so much to get the scout troop to accept her. Her very hard and very ample cock newly freed from the confines of her gaffe was the explanation to all these puzzles!

Babsie reclined on the couch, her legs slightly spread, one arm behind her as if in a painting of an odalisque. Her beauty defied categorization. Her upper body was that of a lithe female in the first throes of adolescence, her rounded but firm tummy was highlighted by her small waist and tapered hips. Her erect cock detracted not one whit from her incredibly powerful, clearly female attractiveness. Rather, it added to her unique and commanding beauty.

At that instant I understood why Babsie had seemed familiar to me earlier that day. Somehow, at some deep level, I knew or intuited that Babsie was the same kind of boy that Len might have turned out to be. I was able to unconsciously sense when a girl had a dick in her panties! I still wasn't ready to accept that this was the kind of lover who could satisfy me best over time but that didn't stop me from enjoying Babsie.

I knelt before her as if preparing to pay homage to an androgynous goddess. In a sense I was. What I felt for this special being at that moment was adoration, adoration in the sense of spiritual devotion and veneration that lifts one out of the self in a numinous ecstasy.

Don't be deceived by my chatter about the spiritual level of my love for Babsie. At that moment I wanted nothing more than to possess her physically, to taste her physical essence as well as to experience an ethereal union that I had longed for.

I smiled up at Babsie as I licked the underside of her cock. A deep sigh and a beaming smile that came deep from within, that showed in her eyes as much as on her mouth. Rising to my knees, I kissed her nipples, tugged gently with my lips while my hand grasped her balls. Babsie drew a deep breath and whimpered as I brought my mouth to hers and increased the pressure on her balls. Releasing her tight scrotum, my fingers flickered over the sensitive skin as our kiss continued.

I wrapped my fingers around her shaft as I teased my way down her chest, her belly with lips and tongue. A screech from Babsie as my mouth covered her cockhead, my teeth nibbling at the rim. My fingers grasped the base of her cock as I swallowed as much of her cock as I could. Babsie was moaning and twisting her head as I loosed my fingers from her cock. My mouth moved up her cock as I slowly disgorged more and more her twitching cock. Her back arched, her legs flailed as she grabbed my hair. A series of crescendoing moans as she came in wave after wave of cum pumping orgasm.

Need I add that I swallowed every delicious drop? Well, almost every drop.

I took my sweaty lover in my arms and kissed her. Spit and cum mingled in our mouths as we slowly came down from the heights of our very satisfying lovemaking.

"That was so good..." I started to say,

"Don't you dare ask if it was as good for me as it was for you. If you have to ask then it wasn't that good at all."

“It was fabulous and then some.”

“And we haven’t even fucked yet...” We laughed as we kissed; a staccato series of kisses on lips and noses, on chins and necks, on earlobes and on eyelashes.

We lay back exhausted and exhilarated by the intense lovemaking we had shared. A dark thought popped up in my mind as Babsie gathered up her clothes and walked down the hall. The sense of doubt that had been dogging me since morning had returned. What if this wasn’t lovemaking for the ever surprising Babsie? What if it was just sex as far as she was concerned? Great sex could be just that; sex and nothing more. I wondered what she was thinking as I watched that firm little tush wiggle away from me.

Babsie reappeared a moment later knotting the sash of a mid-thigh length robe.

“A penny for your thoughts,” she said with a smile. “Why so glum?”

“Nothing really...I just feel so lonely, I mean a new town, a new career...”

“Patricia, you’re in no condition to spend the night alone. I’ll drive you to your hotel so you can get a change of underthings and some clothes. Don’t say a word. It’s no imposition. You can sleep on the convertible in my spare room. I won’t take no for an answer. Borrow a pair of my panties, I mean new ones, unworn, a sweatshirt and a pair of jeans. We’re about the same size.”

She took my hand and half led me; half towed me to her bedroom. God, I was hoping for the best, a chance to try out her bed. No luck.

She pulled a pair of jeans from her closet, opened a drawer and handed me a brand new pair of white cotton briefs. She shrugged off her robe as she threw a sweatshirt at me. I wanted so much to stay and watch her dress but she shooed me out the door and pointed me toward the bathroom at the end of the hall.

The phone rang just as we were leaving the apartment.

“Excuse me.” She picked up the phone. “Hi, Aunt Eve.” That was a shock.

She covered the mouthpiece and told me what I was already sure of. “It’s Eve Carver.” She resumed the phone conversation.

“Aunt Eve, Patricia Muller is an independent adult. She’s under no obligation to re-schedule any dinner appointment after you stood her up...I don’t care how desperate you feel...I will not let you know where she is nor will I tell you what her plans are, even if I knew her plans...Yes. I’m going to play one set with Lorne this evening. Eight o’clock. See you then.”

She turned to me as she hung up the phone. “I’m supposed to perform one set tonight in this restaurant. Pretentious but warm. I play harp at Sunday teas and piano at cocktail hour. The gig tonight is just to audition a new flute player. See if she can play with me when I do harp. Don’t think it’ll work out. Why not have dinner there while I play? On the house. Eve Carver might show up ‘cause she helped set this up. Don’t look so surprised. She’s not really my aunt but a very close friend of my mother. That’s why I have to keep tabs on her sometimes, help mother keep her in check so she doesn’t get too carried away with her ideas and blow everything.”

I must have looked as confused as I felt because Babsie promised things would be clear in time. As soon as one riddle about the mysterious Babsie was answered another emerged. Why would looking younger than her real age be an asset as a part-time musician? Maybe she has a day job.

“Just relax. You’ll understand everything as we go.”

As we rode down in the elevator I realized I was entering a new world, a world so unlike anything I had ever known. I was excited, stimulated in so many ways. Babsie grasped my hand and squeezed gently in a way that conveyed a sense of peace, of hope, and of promise.

Then the cynic in me came to the fore. Babsie was less unique than I could have imagined. Surely there were other such girls. Of course there were. I remembered Louise, the waitress with her superbly muscled dancer’s legs and grace. Yes, she was that special kind of girl. Babsie herself had said so. Had I been so taken with Babsie because she was the first boy/girl with whom I made love? Still, she was exquisite beyond belief. The one thing I knew for certain was the only kind of lover who would ever bring me lasting satisfaction could only be someone like Babsie.

Had I known that all along? Was that why I sought lovers among men and women? Was that why I had been so interested in Val’s brother Len?

\*\*\*\*

Bobby put his fingertip on the cradle of the phone and redialed the number. Again no answer. *Darn that Babsie, I’ve got to talk to her before I change my mind.* He pulled the tee shirt over his head, looked the smooth taut skin of his narrow torso. Bending at the waist with surprising flexibility for a boy, he unlaced his tennis sneakers, straightened up, and stepped out of them. His jeans fell to his ankles. He looked at his image and was satisfied with what he saw; satisfied but for one thing. The tight white briefs he wore were clearly for a boy. He managed to make them seem ever so slightly feminine by wearing one or two sizes smaller than most boys his weight would have taken. The tightness emphasized his shapely rump but that only seemed femme when viewed from the rear. Yet if one ignored the wide flat waistband of his briefs the effect was both convincing and attractive. The fly front would betray his biological nature to anyone who might have thought he was a girl. Not that anyone saw him in his underpants except when he was changing for gym. If only he didn’t have to take gym he would risk wearing panties to school and everywhere else. Mummy had always indulged, even encouraged his growing need to be like a girl. She had never told him that he would outgrow these feelings, never offered to get him help to give up this need. But how far would she go along with him now that this opportunity had come along?

Babsie had told him that Miss Carver would get his gym requirement waived for alternative activity if he would participate in a special program she was interested in starting. Miss Carver knew about his proclivities and had even discussed them with him. He wanted to reach Babsie and answer the question she had asked earlier. Bobby was ready but he had to commit before fear of social pressure made him hesitate.

The coarse, thick boy briefs were shed. Now nude, Bobby took the white cotton panties from the bag, removed the price tag and slipped them on. The experience was so intense that he couldn't will himself to remain soft. It wasn't quite a hard-on but he was hard enough so it became difficult to properly tuck himself.

He called down the hall to his stepmother. "Mummy, I'm ready for you to help me."

"Come to my room."

Spread on Mummy's vanity table was an assortment of new make up. Nothing more elaborate than lipstick, eye shadow and liner, some blush as befits a teen just learning the intricacies of doing her face. Bobby sat as Mummy did his makeup, changed his face from that of a soft-featured boy to a very attractive girl.

"Now, Bobby, you must touch up your lipstick. First of all because lipstick always needs touching up; trust Mummy when I tell you it's a sure fire way to gain the attention of almost any male and most women, too. Oh, dear. You're getting just too hard if you plan on going out as a girl. Ohh, that must hurt, it's so hard. Stand up and let me help you relax."

Willingly, moving slowly, Bobby got to his feet. Mummy faced him. Her fingers brushed over his almost non-existent but very hard nipples. Grazing his erect cock, resting her palm against his balls, her hand drew back and then slapped. He winced in pain, cried out in surprise and anticipation. She placed her hands on the rapt boy's shoulders, forced him to his knees. She turned her back to him, pulled his arms so his face was against her rear. The warmth of her body came through the satin of her panties. He thrust his tongue against the crack of her curvaceous rear.

"Mmm, you're very good. So few males can ever hope to satisfy a woman as only another woman might. Bobby, you're just so talented and I'm going to help you develop that natural talent." She faced him, pushed him onto his back and used her skilled fingers to relieve him in a screaming orgasm.

He became aware that she was smiling at him as she eased his cum soaked panties down his legs. "So yummy," she purred as she licked him clean.

"Now throw those panties in the hamper and Mummy will tuck you into one of her panty girdles so that no one will ever guess what you have. Put on a pair of my panties first. Aren't you just going to love wearing my things?"

He nodded in embarrassed anticipation. His cock twitched at the thought of wearing Mummy's grownup styled intimates.

"Darling, we're going to have to shop for things that are more appropriate for a young teen. For now we're going to use some of Cousin Ellen's outgrown things. She saved them for you"

"Why can't I have my own things?"

"Now don't be so petulant. You know that for years I've wanted you to pick out girls' clothing for yourself. You've wanted to but then you were always too scared when the time came. Well, it wouldn't look real if you were to go out in all new things."

He nodded.

"But Mummy, can't I have more grown up things? I'm not..."

"Yes, darling, I know you're a getting to be a big girl now but you haven't had the same experiences that real girls your age have had. You need much more experience with makeup, with learning to walk in heels, to sit, to stand in skirts. Starting out as a girl just becoming a teen will give you a command of the intricacies of femininity in what will seem like no time. Just trust Mummy and be her little girl for now."

"I love you, Mummy. And I'm going to love being your little girl."

Half an hour later Bobby faced Mummy as she clipped small gold hoop earrings to his small lobes. No, that's wrong. It's no longer accurate to use such words as 'his' or 'him' when referring to Bobby. This different Bobby was clad in white mid thigh Jamaica shorts, a powder blue polo that buttoned right over left. Shapely sun tanned legs ended in a high arched foot with toenails done in clear polish. Such a waste that those graceful feet had to be covered by tennis sneakers. Bobby was, to all appearances, the flawless image of a healthy fifteen-year-old girl. A true self was emerging from under the lie that was Bobby the boy.

Mummy handed her the car keys. A pause.

"But if I'm supposed be so young, should I be behind the wheel?"

"You're right, darling. Here's cab fare. But do show some caution and sit like a lady. You don't want to give the cabby a free show in his rear view mirror. Wait a second. Maybe that isn't such a bad idea. It could be your first taste of how we girls can toy with men."

"I'll be careful, Mummy," she promised as she took the shoulder purse she handed her. "I just want to show Babsie that I really am ready."



“That’s my girl. It’s important though because you really must learn every nuance of being a girl in every way and only then can you really apply your gifts.”

\*\*\*\*

“Tell you what,” suggested Babsie. “Jeans and sweats aren’t the best for Lynn’s so...”

“Lynn’s? I don’t understand.”

“The restaurant where I’m going to help audition that flute player. Anyhow, you might feel out of place if you were really dressed down. You can borrow a skirt and top. Problem is the right bra to go with it. Besides you’re going to need shoes and hose. I’ll phone that shop we looked at and ask them to stay open until we get there.”

Jeans and a tee were acceptable for our shopping tour so off we went. It was only a few minutes of brisk walking until we arrived at the row of shops I had been so impressed by a couple of hours earlier. Babsie watched approvingly as I was fitted for a bra, several in fact. Then I was shown a garter belt to match one of the bras. Matching brief panties completed the ensemble. Babsie chose three pairs of stockings in various tints to complement whichever skirt and top ensemble we chose.

A few doors down the street Babsie supervised my purchase of a pair of strappy sandals with a low heel but not so low as to be unnoticeable.

“You’ll need something for school tomorrow. It just won’t do for you to wear the same thing two days in a row,” Babsie intervened as I was getting ready to pay for the sandals. “We’d like to see some cordovan penny loafers.” The salesgirl obliged without as much as looking at me. What sort of ensemble was Babsie planning for me to wear tomorrow that would go with these shoes? No need to ask because, again, Babsie was in control and I was beginning to like it that way.

Back at the apartment, I showered in the guest bathroom while Babsie got ready for the evening. A long skirt in a predominantly dark blue paisley had been left in the spare room along with a matching blouse. Exotic jewelry was on the table under the window. My new underthings were spread out on the open convertible bed.

I let the towel I had wrapped around me fall to the floor as I stepped in the panties. It was while I adjusted the straps of the bra that I became aware of Babsie standing in the doorway. Was she admiring me or evaluating me?

I wiggled into the garter belt, lowered my panties ever so slightly, slid the garters under the waistband, and readjusted the panties. The garter belt showed under the light fabric of the panties for a very exciting if every day look. My butt was deliberately turned to Babsie as I took a pair stockings from the package. I sat on the edge of chair as I rolled the stocking prior to slipping one onto my foot. There was now no doubt that Babsie was admiring me as I slowly rolled the stocking over my leg, which was pointed at her. Not dropping my leg, I fastened the clasps to the top of my stocking, smoothed the sheer dark nylon and repeated the performance.

“You do that rather well,” smiled Babsie. “One of these days I have to teach you how to turn getting dressed into a totally erotic exhibition. You real girls never get that to the

point it should be. You all seem to show your talents when you remove your clothes but you never realize that putting clothing on can be just as much a turn on for the beholder. Got to admit it though; you're better than most."

Babsie abruptly turned on her heels and left me to finish dressing alone. The effect of the blouse and skirt was unlike anything I had ever worn before. It was arty and free while, at the same time, sophisticated and seductive. The thought of Babsie presuming to teach me how to make a seductive display of dressing should have angered me. It didn't. I was more than a little turned on at the thought of Babsie and me dressing together.

It didn't take long for me to slip into the skirt and blouse Babsie had left out for me. I was like a little girl in her first party dress as I twirled to flare out the paisley skirt Babsie had selected for me. This time the sound of clapping made me I was being watched from the doorway.

"I thought you might want some jewelry to go with that."

Babsie was fully dressed in a dark green chiffon dress with a flowing midcalf skirt. This chameleon like sprite had transformed herself into sophisticated young woman.

She sat me down and tilted my face up toward hers as she clipped silver coin earrings to my earlobes. Then a matching necklace followed by a few bangle bracelets. She bent forward and kissed my lips.

A rasping buzzer stopped the kiss from going further. The noise had startled me, made me jump.

Babsie ran her palm reassuringly over my cheek. "Just the house phone. It's in the foyer."

"Did you say a Miss Bobby Schiller? Yes, of course. Send her up."

She turned to me and smiled partly in joy and partly in triumph.

"Remember that boy we caught making out with that tough little baton twirler? Well, she is here!"

Babsie opened the front door and left it ajar while she turned me to face a full a large mirror. It was me but it wasn't me. The free spirit clothes and jewelry Babsie had selected for me changed not only my outward appearance but conveyed a whole different persona, the persona that I had been hiding behind the 'ice water in her veins' mask I had been wearing since I hit my late teens. Granted I had enjoyed a very varied and active sex life but I had been so careful to cover up what I really was behind a veneer of cold efficiency until I was so very certain that I might be with a kindred sort. The kindred sort had always been another woman. I clapped my hands together in girlish glee. This was the true me I had hid from myself, that I buried under a wrapper of outward conformity. This was the look that would say I'm not bound by outmoded restraints, I'm pretty, sexy, flirty and I'll consider all comers whether they're women or men, both or neither. Just watch out world because I'm in charge.

A fleeting flash of sadness came over me. I had wasted almost my whole life hiding behind the image of the icy lady while I really should have been the free spirited lipstick lesbian.

“Darn, Babsie. I look like I take all kinds of far out dance classes and shop in health food stores.”

“You look great, good enough to eat.”

We giggled for a second or two but fell silent as we heard the elevator door open. The young girl who looked at the apartment numbers was fresh faced, appealing likeness of Bobby but with none of his gawkiness. Her face lit up with a gentle radiance as Babsie called to her from the doorway. A quizzical expression added to her charm.

“You look so fabulous, as fabulous as I knew you would and then some. What took you so long?”

Bobby’s eyes filled with tears.

“The main thing is that you’re here now,” consoled Babsie.

Bobby nodded and smiled notwithstanding the tears that were running down her pretty face.

Babsie caught the boy/girl by the hand and guided her into the apartment. My heart leapt at the site of this adorable being. I couldn’t even begin to think of Bobby as ‘he.’ She was just so pretty and so vulnerable. I wanted to rock her in my arms, to comfort her, to console her, to heal all the hurts she suffered while being forced to pretend she was a boy.

“Patricia, why don’t you take Bobby to the bathroom and help her wash her face...Her makeup could use refreshing after that cry.” Babsie added the latter in a whispered aside.

Bobby sat on the toilet seat lid while I redid her makeup which I was finding a very sensual and, therefore, a very enjoyable experience. Brushing the boy/girl’s hair gave me an excuse to run my fingers over it. By now I was feeling something very different from protectiveness for the naturally beautiful teen trannie. In order to keep from thinking I was becoming a cradle robber I had to keep reminding myself that, although she looked like she was at most fifteen, Bobby was an eighteen year old who until that afternoon had been forced to pretend to be a boy, to suffer through a lie just because she had been born with a penis.

So here I was, dressed in a way I would have put down as outrageous only a day before, being turned on by a trannie who looked like a juvenile in the apartment of a second trannie who had me totally fooled until we made love only a few hours before. Okay, Patricia, do we get out of this or do we just enjoy it and see where it goes? But with whom?

“Bobby, why not join us for dinner? Might be better if we could just stay here and talk but I can’t get out of this gig. I’ve got a skirt you can change to and it’s just perfect for the look you want. Come on. You come in here too, Patricia. We can always use the fashion eye of a woman of the world.”

The bluish gray knee length a-line skirt was a perfect match for the polo. Bobby seemed so natural, so comfortable as she held it in front of her as she checked herself in the mirror. My eyes widened as she shimmied out of her Jamaica shorts. The brief panty-girdle was almost blinding in its silken white intensity. Her groin line was almost but not quite flawlessly female but it was made all the more fascinating than if it were flawless by the very slight swell that betrayed the existence of her dick. She was, by having a dick, more desir-

able than any of the female lovers I had known. Was she more desirable than Babsie who only hours ago was the first trannie with whom I had ever made love?

Bobby sat on the edge of a chair, still clad only in panty girdle and polo, as she drew her knee to her chest and slid the cable knit knee sock over her foot and smoothed it along her calf. The view of her crotch wasn't wasted on me. Her fleeting half smile told me she, too, was aware of the effect she was having on me. Saddle shoes followed. Finally, to my relief and disappointment, she stepped into the skirt and zipped it closed.

Babsie suggested we could use some fresh air and that we walk over to Lynn's. We were a motley trio; Bobby looking like a prep school girl in town for the weekend walking with a much more formally dressed girl who might have been her older sister. In a sense they were sisters, but not siblings. They were part of a very special sisterhood, a sisterhood of girls who were endowed with pricks. Then there was me, dressed for the first time in my adult life as the uninhibited spirit I had kept hidden even from myself. But I was odd girl out because I had a pussy.

Passing wasn't a consideration for me, a thirty-year-old real female. The glance I caught of my companions in the mirrored wall of the lobby assured me that they, too, were at least as convincing girls as I was myself. The heads we turned as we walked along the busy main street of the community told me that an awful lot of men and not just a few women were finding us a very appealing trio.

"Why don't you two have a seat at the end of the bar," suggested Babsie as we approached Lynn's. "We can move to a booth or a table if we decide to stay for dinner."

Bobbie literally stopped in her tracks. "They'll proof me. I just know they will. Then they'll know I'm not what I appear to be."

"You have your draft card and your driver's license so it's okay for you to be served. I promise you won't have a problem being who you really want to be; not in here."

She took Bobbi's arm and guided her to the far end of the bar. Bobbi took a deep breath and seemed to hold it as she opened her pocketbook and took out her card case. The barmaid gave Bobbi's draft card and license a cursory glance. She smiled warmly as she spoke. "What are you drinking, Miss? Since this your first time, whatever you're having is on us."

"Thanks awfully. Guess I'll try a bourbon Manhattan." Bobbie lowered her voice and looked down with an endearingly sheepish smile. Her head was still tilted down as she raised her eyes to ours. "I've never had anything like that ever. It just sounds so worldly and so naughty at the same time that I know I'm going to learn to enjoy them in no time."

"Bourbon Manhattans all around?" asked the barmaid.

Babsie and I nodded agreement.

Bobbie swiveled around to face the dining area. A few twenty-something men noticed the lovely trannie who was so convincing in her prep school girl mode. The real girls followed their dates gaze only to cast envious looks at the innocent looking siren who effortlessly caught their dates' attention. Bobbie, unused to and uncomfortable with the unsought and unwelcome attention, turned back toward the bar. Her modesty assailed, she tucked her skirt tightly under her to prevent further ogling of her silken thighs. The

momentary discomfort didn't prevent her from smiling openly at her ability to draw men's attention from the older and worldlier real girls they were with. The boy/girl relaxed as she began to exult in her first taste of the power of femininity.

The remains of Bobbie's male veneer were rapidly dropping away as a musical laugh came from the very comfortable trannie. Her gestures, never very guy-like, were more animated, more expressive, more graceful as befits so beautiful a young lady.

The men she had attracted were now leaving with their dates. But now it was Bobbie's turn to make them uncomfortable. She made eye contact with the one who was taking a last appraising look at her. She smiled, tilted her head flirtatiously and winked. He blushed like a little boy caught eyeing the cookie jar and turned awkwardly away.

A glimpse of Bobbie's face in the mirror behind the bar showed a loss of innocence as a smug expression replaced the coy smile of a moment ago. She turned to face me as if asking for approval of what she had just done. Our knees were almost touching.

"You did that so well, girl," I offered as I rested my fingers on her thigh. "Don't ever stop."

"And it felt so good to watch them squirm when their dates got pissy. This is just the beginning. I've eaten too much shit from guys to ever want to stop making them uncomfortable. It'll feel even better when I can really hurt them. Hurt them in every way I can. Break their spirit, destroy them emotionally and, if I can someday, physically. Make them beg for me..."

"Of course you can and will. And the day when you do it is a lot closer than you think."

The rage that had been contained in the awkward, inept boy was coming to the surface but with such intensity that I wondered to where Bobbie would direct that anger were she thwarted in being the girl she was meant to be. Would she turn it against herself?

Babsie, who had been keeping her eye on the entrance, suddenly got up. I watched her as she greeted a mid-twentyish woman who was conservatively dressed in a black cap sleeved sheath and narrow brim straw hat. She carried a raincoat and a flute case. Her legs were a wee bit too thin to be considered shapely but interesting all the same. The dark tinted stockings and black leather t-strap heels piqued my interest in those legs.

She introduced the new comer as Lorna. Up close Lorna was even more attractive than at first glance. The smile I got from Lorna accelerated the feelings I had for her. This is wild, I thought to myself. First I make love with a woman who isn't really even female and then I get an instant crush on a kid who just changed from ineffective boy to adorable girl only to get the hots for this uptight looking but so sexy lady. I mean most of my sexual liaisons have been with women and I liked it like that until Babsie and I went at it together. Then I get this instant crush on Bobbie who's the same kind of girl as Babsie. Wait a second! Does the fact that I'm instantly turned on by Lorna mean she has a dick?

Now I was dying to get into Lorna's panties if only to find out whether she has a pussy or a cock. This may be total madness but it sure as hell is interesting.

Babsie was about to introduce each of us to Lorna when a smile of recognition lit up her all too serious face.

“Lorna, I want you to meet...”

Babsie never got to finish her sentence.

“Of course, Patricia Muller. We met earlier today. You don’t remember me, do you?”

“I don’t think so. But I wish I did.” It was true. I really did wish I could remember where she knew me from. Maybe it was just a prank that Babsie cooked up because there was no way I would forget a woman who turned me on like Lorna did.

“Think back a few hours. It was during new teachers’ orientation. I suggested lunch and you turned me down.”

My jaw literally dropped open.

“But you weren’t Lorna then. You were Lorne.” I felt my face grow red as it warmed with my blushing over not having realized just what it was about Lorne that drew me.

Wow! I’m three for three today. Every girl I’ve been drawn to has a dick. Now I know why I never stayed very long with any lover over the years. There were two problems with my sex partners. The first was that I really don’t like guys except to use as sex toys. The other was that my female lovers, although most were great company, lacked a dick. Now that I knew what I needed but how was I going to sort this out?

Babsie and Lorna stepped onto a small stage along the wall and, after a brief tuning up, began to play with no introduction. Chatter stopped as the diners and bar patrons started to pay full attention to the performance, which had been intended as background music. I took advantage of the lull in conversation to survey the crowd. There were at least as many same sex couples as there were mixed couples which was not very common back in that closeted era. That made me wonder how many of the girls in those mixed couples were real and how many were girls like those that I knew I would be dating. Then, too, how many girls among the female couples were real and how many were girls like Babsie? Could it be that in some of the female couples both partners were endowed with dicks? This could be paradise on earth for a woman like me. But then again, how many of these special ladies would settle for me and my pussy when they could have a more complete girl?

The only thing I knew for sure was that I was going to enjoy exploring this new world. It was something about one of the pieces that Babsie and Lorna played that made me think back to Len. What ever had become of him.? Did he transition to femininity as smoothly and as well as I had seen Bobbie do? Did he go back and forth like Lorna did? Wait a second. Is Lorne or Lorna primary, the preferred persona for this being who has me so turned on?

My gaze drifted over to Bobbie who was having an enjoyable conversation with a couple barely out of college. A nice looking young man was with an attractive girl whose voice, although not terribly masculine, told me she was the same kind of girl to which I had so recently become committed. I might not have picked up that clue but for being in a classy restaurant and bar that catered to an unusual crowd.

The conversation ended when the hostess showed the pair to their table. Bobbie looked as though she felt pretty good over her decision to give up the role of being a boy, role she

had never handled with nearly as much style as she handled her new but natural personality. She turned to me, smiled, and took a sip of her Manhattan.

"This is so neat. I mean being me, really me and not having to hide."

It was the long, contemplative pause that began to disturb me as her eyes seemed to be surveying a distant prospect.

"God! I mean I always knew that this was going to feel great but I had no idea how really free it would make me....I'm never going back. Not ever. Not for a single second and sure as hell not for whole days...."

The newly hatched boy/girl was becoming more intense. Her pauses became longer and she was breathing unevenly as she fought back what I knew would be hysterical crying. I got her onto the street just as he began to sob uncontrollably.

Hugging her to me and admonishing her to let it all out seemed to help but the catharsis of tears continued. Babsie came out and steered us into the side entrance and to a dressing room of sorts. Lorna was waiting for us.

Bobbie had calmed down enough to speak coherently if not fully rationally.

"I'm going to drop out of school. I'm never ever going to be a boy again. And if they try and make me go back I'll kill myself. I just can't live that awful lie anymore."

Babsie stood in front of the determined trannie and took her face in her hands.

"Look at me, Bobbie. I did it and so can you. You're not going to drop and there's no reason to kill yourself. Call your mom and tell her you're going to be late, that you'll be at my apartment. We'll get this straightened out tonight."

"Really?" Bobbie looked and smiled.

"I promise."

"Cross your heart?"

Babsie nodded, bent forward and kissed the boy/girl's eyelids.

No sooner had Bobbie finished the phone call to her mother, Babsie made a very brief and whispered phone call. I couldn't follow the conversation but the more experienced trannie's tone brooked no opposition. "I need you there now or it's going to be all over for you and all your so called projects. Is that clear?"

She turned to me and spoke in a whisper. "Eve Carver will meet us at my place in a few minutes, a very few minutes."

Babsie walked ahead holding hands with Bobbie who was showing total trust and faith in her newly acquired mentor. Lorna and I strolled along at a discreet distance on back of them. Lorna seemed to want to talk while I fought the urge to take her hand or, better, put my arm around her waist. That would have only stimulated me to grab her and kiss her on the spot, which would have led me to slide my hand under her skirt to reassure myself she had a dick. I kept my urges in check. Later, I promised myself. Then I felt Lorna's hand on mine.

"I know how awful she must feel," she began.

"Do you? Does anyone?"

"I feel something akin to what she must be experiencing. I feel it every time I have to go back to being Lorne. It gets to me sometimes. I would love to stay Loren. There was a time when I almost did. Led to a major family quarrel. Lost my confidence. I need someone to help me get it back. I want someone who'll need me to be Lorna. Hopefully some woman, a real woman, could accept me as Lorna, give me back the edge I need to live as Lorna." She pressed my hand in hers.

"I think I could do that. Now's not the time to talk about it but I only just woke up to what I really need and that's a woman with a dick. My love life has been a mess. Leave it at that for now. Our immediate object is to get Bobbie straightened out before she does anything rash."

"Believe when I say I know how important that really is. I want you to realize that I know the anguish that poor child is going through. I know what you're thinking. Don't you dare say anything like 'how could you possibly know that.' I know you're thinking that. Here! See for yourself."

She paused under a street lamp and turned her wrist up at me. The scars were unmistakable. This beautiful trannie had once slashed her wrists!

Timing is everything. A taxicab pulled up in front of Babsie's apartment building just as we were about to enter the lobby. A voice caught our attention. It was Eve Carver announcing her presence as she slid from the back seat of the cab. Somehow she sounded different from the supercilious way she had during our meeting earlier that day. There was a tone of genuine concern her voice but was it concern for Bobbie or was it concern that, were she to fail to help the boy/girl, Babsie would make things very bad for her?

Something else was different, too. The hard-ass look was gone. She wore an off-white broadcloth blouse and a full lavender skirt with a wide leather cinch belt. Snowy petticoats gave the skirt a modest fullness that both concealed and called attention to Eve's trim waist and full hips. Dark stocking and cream-colored leather opera pumps highlighted her legs.

I swallowed hard. She may not have a dick in her panties but she can turn me on anytime with any style. The question I really had to answer was which would keep my interest longer, a woman with a pussy or a woman with a dick?

"Well, we timed this right. I didn't take my car because I didn't want to waste time looking for a parking space. Let's get up stairs. See what we can do for this young lady." She hugged Bobbi. "Good to have you with us." She smiled as she kissed the new trannie's forehead.

We settled ourselves in Babsie's living room at about a quarter past nine. It had been a long and eventful day and it wasn't nearly over. I ended up in a club chair with Lorna perched on the arm. Bobbie was in a Queen Anne chair. Eve sat herself on the couch and tucked her legs under her, a process which, from the right angle, showed off her thighs enough to let us know she didn't bother with a panty girdle that evening. Babsie poured the drinks

"Bobbi, do you feel together enough to explain what we're here to talk about?"

The boy/girl nodded and began. She froze now and again but Babsie, with a wisdom and insight that was impressive, asked the right question to get Bobbie speaking each time she froze.

Eve began as soon as Bobbie finished.

"I have a friend who runs a girl's school. She would love to have you as the first special girl. No one the need know what you really are."

"I'm sorry to defy you, Miss Carver, when you mean well. You just don't get it, do you? What I really am is a girl, a girl with a penis, but I'm just as much a girl as any girl whose birth certificate says she is. Babsie had to drop out of school, hide somewhere else while she finished high school. Hiding's not for me. I'm going to graduate from the same high school I started in."

"But that can't be. You can't be a boy when vacation started and come back as a girl in September." Eve showed she was willing to be supportive but only if was done her way.

"Listen to me, Eve." Babsie's voice took on a hard edge. "Time and time again, you've said you always wanted to start programs in and out of school for girls like Bobbie. Just look at her. No one would suspect she wasn't always as she is now. Here's what's going to happen.

"Bobby with a 'y' will go to the office tomorrow and be given a transfer. The real Bobbie, Bobbie with an 'ie,' will register as a new student. We'll have to get her mom to go along with it."

"She will," interjected Bobbie.

"I'll doctor the records to show that only Bobbie with an 'ie' ever really existed in school. You got that, Eve?"

She nodded, paused and spoke. "Yes. It'll work. It's an opportunity for Bobbie to begin the life she's been denied for too long and it's forcing me to finally do what I've been afraid to do for decades."

She paused, lit a cigarette before continuing.

"Now that we're taking the first step, there are going to be some very innovative programs for all our girls."

Babsie, ever the realist, burst her bubble.

"Let's take it slowly. We don't want to call too much attention to these things. Not just yet."

\*\*\*\*\*

Lorna and I walked hand in hand along the streets hoping to find a cab. The night was cool enough to anticipate the heat of Lorna's skin against mine as we snuggled under the covers. I could almost feel her warmth through what I thought her panties would be like as her cock twitched as it began to harden. I tried to clear my thoughts. After the way I brushed Lorne off at lunch I had no reason to be sure that, as Lorna, he would want to

have sex with me. Matter of fact, I wondered if Lorne, now Lorna, would ever want sex with a real woman.

It was close to ten when we finally found a cab. Lorna's apartment hotel was turned out to be only a block or two from the hotel where I was staying. The cabby asked if we wanted to go through the park. "Nicer route, less crowded and probably faster, too, at this hour." We agreed.

Lorna settled in closer to me than the wide back seat demanded. Her hand was on top of mine. As the cab turned on to the dimly lighted park drive, Lorna raised my hand to her mouth and kissed my palm, sucked gently on the tip of each finger.

"How would that feel on your nipples?" she purred. "Bet you would like that."

"Only if I can do that to you in return."

"You might find me a little flat compared to other girls. But just so you don't forget what I really have going for me."

I gasped and held my breath as Lorna placed my hand on her knee. Her legs parted slightly as her hand guided mine along the curve of her thighs. My fingertips sensed the rougher welting of the stocking tops, the radiance of the bare skin above. Her legs opened further as my hand glided between them. Then the unequivocal reminder of why Lorne was so uniquely enticing. The outline of her cockhead strained against the confines of her panties as Lorna put her hand in back of my head and guided my face to her waiting mouth.

A generous tip for the cabby as we thanked him for taking the park route.

Lorna unlocked the door and led me into the small apartment. She closed the door behind us without turning on a light. The light from the window was enough for me to follow her into the living room/dining room as Lorna towed me by the hand. She bent forward and switched on a small lamp.

She shrugged the raincoat from her shoulders and let it fall to the floor. Her dress followed. The opaque black slip glimmered in the soft light. Her left hand pushed the strap of the slip from her right shoulder. I could see the lace edge of her bra. Then the slip was at her feet.

My heart froze in fear that this gorgeous apparition before me would vanish. She had kept her wide brimmed hat on so that it shaded her features while framing them. The black underthings gave an aggressive, powerful tone to this delicately made androgyne. Her lace edged bra barely concealed the flesh tone falsies. This didn't lessen Lorne's attractiveness one iota. Indeed, the glimpse of falsies under her bra reassured me that she was a woman who had something more fascinating than my own pussy. My juices flowed more freely. Her naturally flat tummy had no need of the high waist, open bottom girdle that added so much to her allure.

Lorna's thighs were surprisingly firm, even muscular as were her slender but well shaped calves enhanced by the t-strap heels. The off-black stocking were pulled smooth by the garters of her girdle. Her white brief panties showed through the girdle. I dropped to my knees and hugged her thighs as I kissed my way to her panty crotch.

Her rigid cock pressed against my face as I nuzzled her balls through her satin panties. She pulled her hat off and flung it toward the couch as she dropped to the floor. She freed her cock from her panties and I needed no prompting to wrap my mouth over her cockhead. Somehow we found ourselves in a frantic sixty-nine that ended in that almost legendary phenomenon, a mutual orgasm.

An hour later I was kneeling over Lorna, once again taking her cock in my mouth, trying to get her to come alive for the third time since we got to her place. She, for her part, rose to the occasion as she rolled me onto my side. We lay facing each other. I spoke first.

"Think we find a two bedroom apartment that we can share? No strings. We're each free to date."

She responded by kissing me. As the kiss ended, Lorna began to cry. "God, I hate men. I hate them as lovers; above all, I hate being one. Patti, I just can't go back to that school tomorrow. I can't ever be Lorne again, not even for a few hours."

I hugged her close to me. Then an idea hit me, a pretty obvious idea.

"Listen to me. I think we can work it out. Could you be Lorne if Lorne were a woman?"

She nodded.

"Look, you weren't especially guy at the orientation. We could say you were wearing slacks and polo. No explanation or if anyone asks, your bags were late. If Bobbie's going to be a going to the same school she went to for three years as a boy, then you can be the woman you are. You were a man there for only one day and I'm willing to bet that being the knockout lady you can be, no one will even think you were ever there as a guy."

Lorna hesitated and then her features lit up in a wide smile. "That is just too, too outrageous, so outrageous that it's going to work. You make me so happy."

"Lorna, can we look for that apartment after work tomorrow?"

"Of course we will. Just don't try to back out. And call me Lorna from now on."

\*\*\*\*\*

"I'm so "I'm ever so glad Mummy's coming to drive us. I'm sure you're both going to like each other."

"I hope so, sweetie," answered Eve Carver as they waited in front of Babsie's apartment building.

"Oh, I'm pretty sure because Mummy has always been really nice to people who can accept me for what I am. At least she used to be. That was along time ago when I was really little. When I started to go to school, Mummy felt we had to keep the real me under cover 'cause of how mean most people can be. Now that I'm becoming a girl full time they wouldn't know my secret so that they won't have a reason to be mean to me."

"I hope you're right."

"Of course I'm right, Miss Carver. How can Mummy not like you when you're doing so much for me?"

Eve Carver smiled at the trannie's naiveté. She and Mummy might well get on but it was the idea that people might be mean to Bobbi that troubled her.

'Mummy' Schiller was politely thankful but not effusive toward Miss Carver as they drove back to the Schiller apartment, which occupied the second floor of a two family house. Mrs. Schiller was clearly a realist and anticipated problems that had to be resolved if Bobby was to successfully transition to Bobbi in school and out.

She suggested that Bobbi shower and get ready for bed while she chatted with Miss Carver.

"Please call me Eve." Eve Carver's tone indicated that the please was only a polite formality, that only Eve would be acceptable. It wasn't lost on Mummy and that showed on her face. Eve Carver's attempt to undo the damage produced a very different result from that which Eve hoped for. "My friends call me Eve. I'm sure we'll learn to feel more comfortable with each other that way.

"Do call me Harriet. Perhaps when we're more comfortable with each other you can call me Honey...But that's later."

Eve was taken aback by Harriet's firm directness. She realized she had been living in the unreal world of a school system where roles were determined and where she had wielded power and control in transactions with students and parents. This was no longer the case when it came to Bobbi and everything associated with the transition.

Harriet interrupted her thoughts.

"Cigarette?" She extended a tabletop cigarette box toward Eve who took one for herself. Harriet took one, tamped the tobacco and reached for a table lighter. She



allowed Eve to light her cigarette before lighting her own. Taking a deep inhale, Harriet eyed Eve before letting out the smoke.

"I appreciate your interest in my child, Eve. Just understand that there's no need to patronize me. I knew this transition would happen in the next few years and this is certainly a good time so that Bobbie can enter college as a girl, a practiced girl so to speak.

"You're being quite Pollyanna about this. There are more aspects to this than you seem to realize. Simply adding an 'a' to Robert wouldn't really fix her records adequately. And besides, do you think any student or teacher will be taken in by Bobbie Schiller showing up as a newly admitted girl? Then there are our neighbors. What sort of reaction will they have to the transition? Unless we can deal with all these issues we'll be risking Bobbi's safety."

Eve Carver blanched as she realized how many details she had overlooked in conceiving her project. "What do you suggest?" She winced as she finished the question. Her voice sounded like she was sitting behind her desk in school.

"Eve, I'm not suggesting. I'm telling you what has to be done. I know you'll cooperate because you're truly interested in helping to save Bobbie and others in her situation.

"I was planning on moving to an apartment in a better neighborhood so that will cover the thing about neighbors reactions and it will eliminate the obvious fact that Bobbie Schiller lives at the same address as did Bobby Schiller. Don't you think that's too much of a coincidence to be believed? What we need you to do is to admit Bobbie to the school even though she'll be living outside the district.

"The name issue is a little more difficult because there will have to be a whole new set of records for Roberta Berman, records that go back to kindergarten. You can't simply doctor old records because the last name will be changed as well. I've been preparing to legally change my name back to my maiden name. I'll have the lawyers draw up papers for Roberta as well.

"Now that you know what has to be done, I trust you'll follow-up with the records."

"I will." Eve was breathless. There was something thrilling about Harriet's directness, about the way she took control. Eve felt relieved at being able to yield control and responsibility, something she hadn't done since she was a girl.

"I'm sure you will. Excuse me. Bobbie's calling me. Do stay a few minutes and then I'll drive you home."

Harriet ground her out her cigarette, shook her skirt to restore its fullness and smiled at Eve. Eve noticed that a little more knee was shown than was absolutely necessary for this ordinary action.

"I know I came on more strongly than was necessary but I really had to make my point."

It wasn't quite an apology but somehow Eve felt more comfortable with the extraordinarily straightforward and authoritative Harriet Berman Schiller.

Bobbie sat brushing her hair at a dressing table that wasn't quite a vanity table. A short robe parted at the vee above her thighs to reveal yellow cotton panties. As she moved the

brush through her hair, the front of the robe gapped to reveal her smooth skin and flat chest.

“Mummy, I’m so excited that I just can’t sleep. Besides I only have boy pajamas. Yuk!”

“Why not use one of those cotton camisoles Ellen gave you? They’re pretty enough to make you feel like the girl you’ve become.”

“Oh, Mummy, you always know the right thing to do.”

“You can stay up and read until I get back. I’m going to drive Miss Carver home.”

“Kiss me goodnight in case I fall asleep.”

Their lips met in a kiss that was just a little moist and a little too prolonged for mother and daughter.

“Sorry for holding you up. Bobbie needed some reassurance about what to wear to bed tonight.”

They paused at the door. A glance turned into a lingering look as Harriet’s tongue moistened her lips. Eve moved toward her. Their lips met and parted. Then the kiss resumed in earnest. Eve’s tongue hungrily flickered over Harriet’s palate as she tentatively placed her hand over Harriet’s breast. They were locked in a tight embrace as Harriet slid her hands over Eve’s full bottom and pressed against her. She managed to raise Eve’s skirt even as she stroked her nylon clad tush.

“Hold me, hold me,” begged Eve. “Don’t let me go until you make me spend.”

Harriet rested her hand on Eve’s mons. She smiled sardonically at the formerly overbearing woman she was so easily dominating.

“Eve, you sound like a Jane Austin novel. ‘Spend!’ That sounds like something out an erotic version of Jane Austen. Just say what you mean in plain language and say it like you mean it.”

There was disbelief in Eve’s eyes; disbelief tempered by pleading.

“Cum, I meant to say cum. Make me cum.”

She was kissing Eve’s mouth with a wet hunger that permeated every fiber of her being. She knew she needed this woman to make her cum and not just tonight but every night of her life. By so dominating her, Harriet allowed Eve to give up responsibility to drop her disguise, to allow herself to be the sexual animal she ad buried for too many years. Even in the depths of her passion, Eve knew that the Sapphic being she had denied for a wasted lifetime was her true self, and that being that true self was the only possible way she would gain satisfaction and find fulfillment.

Eve squealed as Harriet’s fingers slid under her panty crotch, felt the wetness of her lips. Eve tasted her own wetness from Harriet’s fingers even as the fingers of her other hand slid into her wet cunt. Eve was out of control and at Harriet’s mercy as she felt an arousal she hadn’t known for years and years. “Please,” she whispered. “Please...make me cum.” Harriet pushed her onto a table, parted her legs and knelt before her. Her finger was in Eve’s slit as her tongue swirled over the older woman’s clit. A screech and it was over.

"Thank you, thank you. That was so wonderful. Please let me return the favor," said a breathless Eve as she recovered from her orgasm.

"Another night. I promise."

"We will have another night." It was part statement, part question.

"Lots and lots of other nights, a chain of nights that may stretch to eternity."

"I want to please you, to satisfy you." Eve's voice had taken on a tone of hope and of promise.

"I know and I want you to just as I want to please you."

Eve began to laugh. "My panties are so wet. Makes me feel like a naughty little girl who just had an accident."

"Then you should be spanked like the impish little girl that you really are."

Harriet twisted Eve's arm with surprising strength and forced her to bend forward over the edge of the table as she flipped her skirt over her waist. A few solid slaps to Eve's rump showed that she relished the role of naughty girl being disciplined.

"I can't believe how wild that feels," responded Eve.

"I was hoping you would. I think we're pretty comfortable with each other now. You might even say intimately comfortable...or is it comfortably intimate? Just call me Honey from now on."

Honey pulled parked in a bus stop down the street from the Regency style house in which Eve occupied a duplex apartment.

"Nice work if you can get it, remarked Honey as she admired the quiet tree lined street. "Is that the smell of old money?"

Eve was almost embarrassed by Honey's off hand remarks.

"Sure is. There was more old money around here a few years ago but some people who've made their money more recently have been buying these buildings from some of the more, let's say, weakened families. It's okay though. The newcomers made their money in the arts or in university teaching."

She hesitated and took Honey's hand in hers, held it for a few minutes, and then put it on her own thigh.

"Honey, I don't know what's going to happen between us or for how long something so intense can go on, but I really want you near me. I have some friends who have vacant apartments in some of the houses here. This would be a great place for Bobbie to grow..."

"Do you say that because this is becoming a neighborhood where people whose inclinations are likely to cause trouble for them in most places can feel secure?"

Eve nodded.

"I've been trying to get more women like us to move to this area. If enough of us do come here, it will be a safe haven, a place where we don't have to pretend we're something we're not. Please tell me you'll at least think it over...for Bobbie's sake if not for mine."

Honey leaned over Eve and kissed her.

“Does that answer your question?”

\*\*\*\*

The sun awakened her early. She put her hands to her thighs and smiled. No pajamas. She ran her hands over her hips and smiled as she traced the hem of her panties, ran her fingers over the curved rear seam where the gusset was sewn in. No boy briefs ever felt so soft, so sexy. The narrow shoulder straps of her cami were further proof that yesterday had really happened. But had all of it happened?

Bobbie kicked aside the covers and swung her feet over the side of the bed. Mummy had already left for work so there was no way of knowing if that late night conversation had really happened or had been a dream. She got up to go to the bathroom.

A smile crossed her face as she eased her panties down and sat to relieve herself. She would never again take any female way of doing things for granted. The phone rang as she dabbed her pee slit with a piece of toilet tissue.

“Hello.”

“Bobbie. Hi, this is Miss Muller. Sorry if I woke you. I guess your mom told you what she and Miss Carver were able to arrange for your school papers... She did. Good. Miss Carver asked me to take care of all the records. I did things like that when I was in the navy. You know, create a history for whatever reason. Come to school as soon as you can and we'll go through the motions of discharging you. Sorry to tell you this but it would be best if you came in dressed as a boy this morning. Probably be the last time you ever have to do that.”

Bobbie was grinning from ear to ear as she stepped into the shower. Her cock was almost rigid as she shaved her underarms, washed her hair with Mummy's shampoo.

Back in her room she reached for a pair of boy briefs, held them up and flung them to the floor. She held the panties in front of her face, turned them front forward and stepped into them. Then she put on one of the camis Cousin Ellen had given her. She wasn't going to push her luck beyond that. The cutoff jeans were a little too short for a boy but Bobbie no longer cared about what the other kids at school thought about Bobby Schiller. Why should she? Bobby Schiller would be leaving the school to be replaced by Bobbie Berman. The ineffective and rejected boy was about to reemerge as the attractive, assertive, and very special girl he had been meant to be. Bobbie was, it's fair to say, about to claim her birthright.

Bobbie carefully slipped a polo shirt over her head so as not to muss her hair. She rejected socks as uncool for a girl who was being so casual and slipped on a pair of white sneakers; low cut, of course. No self-respecting girl would wear high tops. She borrowed one of Mummy's clutch purse/wallets, stuffed it in the waistband of her shorts, pulled her polo shirt over the wallet and headed out the door.

Miss Muller was so very helpful to Bobbie. She just happened to be in the office with Miss Lorne Hobson to straighten some errors in Miss Hobson's paper work. Could you believe that they had her in the records as a man?

Miss Hobson and Miss Muller offered to take Bobbie to lunch to celebrate his move. "We'll meet you in front of the school in about an hour."

It was a softer, warmer Miss Carver invited Bobby into her office to say good -bye. "I'm really so very happy for you, Bobbie," she began once she had closed her office door. Your mother and I find ourselves...very drawn to each other. I want you to come along on Saturday when we look for a new place for you and Honey to live. You're a young lady now and should be part of making decisions that affect you."

It all seemed so natural, so right, especially the part where Eve said she was a young lady now. Then something beyond impish crossed Bobbie's mind. Now that she was a girl she wanted to compete against Mummy. She wasn't so naive as to not understand what Eve meant when she said she and Mummy were "very drawn to each other." Could I, thought Bobbie, make Eve feel drawn to me?

"Miss Carver, I want to thank you for being so nice to me and especially for giving me the chance to stay as my new self. I'd like very much if I could kiss you good-bye 'cause this is the last time I'll ever see you as a Bobby Schiller."

She stepped close to Miss Carver who felt more than a little awkward at a show of affection in school. Then Bobbie moved her mouth close to the older woman's, slipped her arms around her waist and cupped her full bottom as she ran her tongue over her own lips.

"Mmm, no girdle," teased the impish trannie. "Love that natural feeling, don't you?"

Eve Carver covered the boy/girl's mouth with her own. It was a long kiss, nothing more.

She watched the boy walk out of her office for the last time ever. It was strange to know that Robert Schiller was leaving the school never to return. The same being would, of course, be returning in the guise of Roberta Berman. It was stranger still to know that Roberta Berman had aroused her even as she performed the illusion of Bobby Schiller for the very last time. It was even stranger for Eve to realize that this fantastically alluring child of the woman who had so recently started her down the path to the fulfillment of her lesbian destiny was as adept as Honey in arousing her.

She closed her door, thought about locking it but reconsidered. This was neither the time nor place to relieve her tensions. Eve opened the window wider and saw Bobbie moving lightly down the front steps of the school building. She imagined the pert bottom in only panties. What color, what fabric what style would Bobbie prefer? In her mind she saw the panty clad Bobbie turning to face her. Her eye would follow the smooth tanned skin, pause at the tiny dark nipples, the firm tummy, before coming to rest on the very unfeminine curves where the panties met the top of the tan thighs. Her heart beat faster as she imagined the outline of the rim of Bobbie's circumcised dick against the thin cover of the pastel panties.

Eve turned back to her desk. Here was a new conundrum. She was falling in love with Honey and falling in lust with Honey's trannie daughter. Oh, but it wasn't simply lust she felt for the boy/girl. There was a tenderness she wanted to bestow in all, a world of art and culture that she wanted to show to this beautiful child. She knew it was ridiculous. Even if she and Bobbie were to become lovers, how long would a girl with Bobbie's unique attrib-

utes and youth stay with a ridiculous old woman, older even than her mother. It was a momentary fantasy, nothing more. Just a passing infatuation. Beside, she didn't dare risk losing Honey, the woman who might bring her love that would go on even when the fires of passion burn less brightly.

Eve focused her thoughts on Honey. She thought of how good that spanking felt, how great it felt when Honey dominated her, made her cum at her will. She leaned back in her chair as her hand went under her skirt, between her thighs. She thought back to her student days in Berlin but recalled a French phrase: *Ménage à trois!* She would bide her time as Honey's lover and pray that somehow Bobbie might join them in bed.

This is ridiculous, she thought. Honey would never dream of sex with Bobbie even though she's not her natural mother. Unfortunately for her, Eve hadn't the slightest inkling of what had transpired between Honey and Bobbie the evening before. At least not yet.

I was settling into my tiny office a few days later when I was interrupted by a knock at the open door. "Miss Muller..."

"Please come in if you need to see me although I'm not at all sure why you would want to?"

To my annoyance, the girl averted her eyes and began to blush.

"I'm really sorry to bother you, Miss Muller. I thought you might need a student secretary, you know, to help you with clerical details and things.

"I'm really smart and I have a really high average."

I knew perfectly well who she was but I asked as matter of form.

"I'm Elizabeth Ann Cohen. I guess you didn't notice me outside of school last week when you first came to staff orientation. My friends and I wanted to see the new teachers. I thought you might have thought I was silly because my friends were shocked and embarrassed because I said thought it was neat that a girl beat up a boy who was bothering her. Well she didn't really beat him up but she put him in his place.

"Don't you think it's a good thing for girls to be able to take care of themselves? Why should we always be pushed around by males and then have to rely on them to protect us? No, not really rely on them; just pretend to rely on them. Buying into a stupid farce is what we're really doing."

"Of course I agree with you and I think you know that. That still doesn't explain why you sought me out. You saw something after that incident, something that impressed you the same way."

Elizabeth Ann blanched and held her breath. When she finally answered, her words came out as rapidly as machine gun fire.

"Yes, I did. That awful Louis Minkoff tried to have some laughs with and you almost broke his arm. He was so humiliated, I just loved it. You were so wonderful that I decided I wanted to be your secretary and..."

"And?"

"Nothing. I guess it was silly of me to come here today. Sorry for taking up your time."

"You didn't waste my time at all. I just know you're going to be more than a student secretary; we'll have to think of you as my confidential aide."

"Oh thank you, Miss Muller. I promise you won't be sorry."

"I am puzzled by something you said though. Elizabeth Ann, can you tell me more precisely what you meant when you said you loved it when I hurt that boy?"

A pause as she blushed once more. She took a deep breath and spoke.

"Is it all right if I close the door?"

I nodded.

She closed and moved closer to me.

It felt so weird you know...down there. Maybe I shouldn't be saying this but..." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "My panties felt damp. That never ever happened to me; well, almost never. Am I strange?"

"Not at all. If anything, you're going to turn out to be better off than most people. You're very lucky in that you can be honest with yourself about how you feel and react. Believe when I tell you there are lots of men and women whose feelings are different from what most people admit to. You'll understand better as you become more experienced."

"You mean you still want me to be your secretary after what I just said?"

"No, not my secretary but my special confidential aide; and I know we're going to be great friends as well."

"Thank you ever so much, Miss Muller, for accepting me."

"Do call me Patricia when it's just the two of us."

She smiled and nodded. "I'd like it very much if you call me Liz Ann."

Now it was my panties that were damp.

\*\*\*\*

The student body reconvened for an abbreviated session on Tuesday following the long Labor Day weekend. They reported to their new homerooms where programs were distributed. A few announcements over the public address system were followed by excited confusion as friends compared schedules which led to lines at the program office where all sorts of reasons were given for the requested changes. Patricia Muller and Lorne Hobson were among the teachers who were pressed into service to assist the harried clerks. Several student aides, the kind called brown-noses, were there to help but succeeded primarily in looking self-important as they officiously added to the turmoil. Among those was Elizabeth Ann Cohen.

"Excuse me, Miss Muller." Elizabeth Ann rested her palms on the table as she bent her head close to Patty's. "Louis Minkoff, that worm, wants a program change. Is it okay for you to see him?"

"Elizabeth Ann, you're not making sense."

"Louis Minkoff is the greaser whose arm you hurt last week." There was a breathy quality to Elizabeth Ann's voice as she reminded Patricia of the incident.

"I see I made a deeper impression on you than I thought. That explains why you were so anxious to be assigned as my aide."

"Oh, yes. You were wonderful..."

"We'll talk more about that some other time. I promise you we will." Patricia smiled at the intense girl and patted her wrist. "Just send Louis in."

A girl waked by on her way out of the office. She managed to accidentally on purpose jostle Louis as they passed. "Faggot," she whispered derisively. "Careful not to piss off Miss Muller or she'll give you another hard-on like she did last week."

To Patricia's surprise Louis seemed pleased to have been assigned to her.

"I guess you don't remember me. We had a kind of run in the other day."

"Perhaps I do. But that isn't why you're here." Patricia cut him off as she took his program card and request for change form. "Now why do you want these changes?"

"I need to get away from some of the guys I was hanging out with. When you messed up my arm I got to thinking that I'm in with a crowd that's going nowhere fast and I don't want to go nowhere with them."

"That is certainly and admirable motivation, perhaps even a noble one. No other reason?"

The youth averted his eyes.

"Your refusal to answer is more eloquent than words. It has something to do with that girl who just left. I'm going to give you all the changes you're asking for but in return you're going to tell me what happened between you and that girl. You can meet in my study at one thirty."

"Thank you, Miss Muller. I promise I'll be there."

"Excuse me, Miss Muller. Miss Carver says to tell you there is a new girl to register. Her name is Roberta Berman."

"Surely, Elizabeth Ann, I'll just see Louis out and then I'll be right with the new girl. Do join us. What did you say this new girl's name is?"

Miss Muller and Louis walked down the hall together toward Miss Carver's office where an attractive demurely dressed girl sat waiting on a bench. She fussed with the full skirt of her summery shirtwaist dress as she glanced at the approaching trio. The copy of Seventeen that she laid aside further enhanced the wholesome American girl image that the fledgling trannie had so adeptly created for herself. No one except those who had been involved in her transition had even the slightest idea that Roberta Berman was the same Robert Schiller who had transferred out of the school a few days before.

"Welcome to our school, Roberta. I'm new here myself so we can be partners in learning our way around. This is Elizabeth Ann Cohen and this is Louis Minkoff. They're old hands here and I just know they're going to help you settle in."

"Hi but please call me Bobbie. That what I want all my real friends to call me from now on."

"Roberta, you come with me. Louis, I'll see you in my office this afternoon. Elizabeth Ann, you be there, too"

"Things are going too well," remarked Patricia over lunch with Lorne. "Remember that boy I put in his place our first day her. He came to me, to me of all people, for a program change. There is more to him than meets the eye. I've no doubt his hard guy image was a cover up; but for what? Something is bothering him and I'm sure we'll have to help get through it. As a matter of fact it will be great fun what ever it is we have to do for the poor suffering boy."

"I suspect his suffering will begin in earnest when we start to help him." Lorne kept a straight for more a few seconds before breaking into an amused smile.

"Darling, you're missing the point. Suffering is what he needs. It will purge him of his errors."

"And you're going to enlighten him as to what he needs, right?"

"Not at all. He already knows what he needs. Why do you think he sought me out to change his program when there were so many others to choose from?"

"Sorry, Louis, but you have to wait. Miss Muller has that new girl in her office." Elizabeth Ann spoke harshly to Louis as he approached the office.

"Oh, I thought I was supposed to be here right after lunch break."

"You may have thought wrong or things may have changed. Do you have a problem with waiting to see Miss Muller?"

"No, no. Nothing like that..."

"If you do I'll be happy to move your papers to some other advisor."

Silence form Louis.

"Answer me! Do you want to wait or do you want to see someone else?"

Louis squirmed. He wasn't used to being pushed around by girls. To his surprise, he realized he liked it. The boy couldn't understand why until it occurred to him that his prick was twitching. This was a turn on just as he had been turned when Miss Muller locked his arm in that very excruciating but very arousing hold. Stop thinking about it he said to himself. Do you want to walk into her office with a hard-on?

Elizabeth Ann sat on the edge of the table and stared at the boy in away calculated to add to his discomfort. She eased the leg of her Bermuda shorts higher on her thigh as if to scratch an itch but did nothing. Knowing she had fixed Louis's attention, she smiled at him.

"I'm glad you decided to wait for Miss Muller. You're really kind of okay."

"Thanks, I guess. Miss Muller seems okay and she doesn't know how bad my reputation is so maybe she'll cut me a break."

"Okay! Say, she's more than okay. She's totally neat."

"I want to get out of the classes I'm in with my pals; hopefully my ex-pals. You know, so I can get off on the right foot this year."

"I hope you can do it." Elizabeth Ann smiled warmly sending a new and encouraging message to Louis.

"Me too. You know you made feel real good by saying that. Would it be okay if I walked you home after? I mean we could get an ice-cream or a soda."

"I thought you have a girlfriend."

"Had. I told you I'm trying to break loose from that crowd."

"Okay, then. Just don't think you have to treat me for us to walk home together."

She slid off the table and started toward the corridor. Louis was staring at the girl's full, shapely bottom when she stopped and bent over to tie the laces of her Keds. The light fabric of her Bermuda shorts tugged across her bottom to reveal the leg bands and the semi-circular gusset seam of her panties.

"Tell Miss Muller, I'll be back in a few minutes." It was an order.

"Better do it," she smiled over her shoulder. "You don't want me to have to punish you, do you?"

She was teasing, making a joke. Right? Had to be. Still, if he had to answer honestly he would have to say that he would want her to punish him, to hurt him. Too bad she was just joking. What would it be like if she were for real? Again he felt his prick twitch, but this time it started to stiffen.

Louis glanced at the clock and, without thinking picked up the copy of Seventeen that the new girl had left on the bench. The cover girl was just so saccharine, so pure that only a few days ago he would have been tempted to tease her had she been standing in front of him. Now he felt something entirely different. This girl was supposed to be like Miss Innocence or something. But along with her underlying purity, her spotless femininity was a strength, an allure that challenged men to approach, a poise that could deflate the most self-assured macho blockhead in an instant. Was she like Miss Muller? Was it she tough enough to physically hurt a guy? Was her personality determined enough to bring him to heel as Elizabeth Ann had so deftly done?

Without thinking, he started to thumb through the pages. He studied the ads for intimates, intimates so demure that the girls who ran with his old crowd wouldn't wear them on a bet, not even to church. These silly petticoats with layer upon layer of netting that so hid the curves of nice girls held his attention. He dared not linger over the sketches of the more intimate garments although he wanted to study everything the ads had to see about panty girdles, a garment almost always worn all the time by those nice girls, especially on dates. Then harsh voices jarred him back to the reality of the moment.

"Hey, Miss Louis, watcha reading?" Some of the guys from his old crowd had paused in the doorway and saw what he was reading. Shit, he thought. Wait, who cares what these dopes think? I'm done with them forever.

Miss Muller returned with the new girl in tow, a new girl who might have stepped from the magazine that had so absorbed Louis. Miss Muller introduced them to each

other. He felt awkward in that only a few days before he would have shown his indifference to such girls with hurtful remarks, his way of rejecting the challenge that these secure, confident girl offered by their indifference to male attention. Maybe this disdain was his way of distancing himself from what he needed most? But just what that was he couldn't yet say.

To his mortification, he found himself telling her that she could easily be one of the girls in the magazine.

"That's so sweet of you to say so but nice Jewish girls don't become fashion magazine models. We're just not the right type. Now, may I have my magazine back?"

Elizabeth Ann was looking daggers at the new girl as she shocked Louis by speaking up for him!

"Roberta, just cut it out. I don't know how it worked where you come from but around here when a nice guy gives you compliment, we accept it with good grace."

Roberta stared disdainfully at Elizabeth Ann as her nostrils flared with anger.

"Really? I would have thought he was being overly familiar."

Patricia Muller was secretly pleased for a number of reasons. One was that her new protégée Elizabeth Ann Cohen was already asserting her power over the self-reforming tough guy; number two was that the newly created Roberta Berman was standing up to her with all the snobbery of a practiced bitch and she had drawn the attention of the aforementioned tough guy.

"Miss Muller, I would like to see you in your office. This won't take long at all but I would rather we speak now."

"Of course, Miss Carver. Elizabeth, please show Roberta to her locker. You might also give her a tour of the school. Louis, I'll meet with you as soon as Miss Carver and I are done."

Eve Carver closed the door behind them and dropped into the large chair behind the desk. She put her feet on the desk and made no effort to keep her skirt in place.

"Nice panties," remarked Patricia, "but you didn't come here to show off those lush thighs. What's this all about?"

"I'm exhausted with all these ridiculous administrative changes from these spoiled brats. Give me a cigarette...Do you realize what we've accomplished since you came here? Roberta is just lovely and so ready to pay back the male sex for treating her as a freak when she was Bobby. And I've always suspected that Elizabeth Ann Cohen was born to control. I've found a romance in Honey Schiller and you seem to be doing just fine with Miss Babson.

"You're the catalyst that's making my dream materialize. Now all we have to do is find a way to open our own school. And it better happen soon. We don't want to be caught with our panties down."

Eve Carver inhaled, held the smoke deep in body before finally blowing a series of smoke rings.

"We can't go back now that we're at last able to bring about some of the changes these young people need to be satisfied in their own being."

"What do you suggest?"

"Nothing at all. I'm just venting. The reality is that we'll never be able to open a school that will encourage these youngsters to become their real selves. Well, even what we've done so far feels good. Unfortunately, we can go no further."

"That's true, Eve, but isn't supporting the metamorphosis of a boy as unhappy as Bobby Schiller into someone as beautiful and as self-assured as Roberta Berman something worth having done?"

"You're right, but only if she survives in her present incarnation."

Patricia shivered as she thought of those awful scars on Lorne's wrists. Eve's remark about surviving posed a real and serious issue. How awful it would be to lose Roberta when she had so much to offer albeit to a world that wasn't quite ready for a girl with a penis.

Eve got up, smoothed out her skirt and took a final drag on her cigarette before snubbing it out.

"Patricia thanks for listening to me vent."

Eve waited for Patricia to open her mouth speak before planting a kiss on her lips. Patricia enjoyed the kiss more than she cared to admit. Again the young teacher wondered whether Lorne with her penis or Eve with her juicy twat was the kind of woman she could be happy with over the course of time.

"Louis, you may come in now."

Perhaps it was the imp in Patty Muller but she assigned Louis to as many classes with Roberta Berman that she could possibly arrange. It would be interesting to see if the pair could go beyond the hostility of their first meeting. Poor Louis, she thought. He means so well. He just hasn't an inkling that he's going to be the guinea pig for two experiments. Just how much will the poor lad squirm as Roberta practices her bitchiness on him? And second, how willing a subject will he be for Elizabeth Ann's instinctive dominance?

Much to Elizabeth's chagrin, Roberta stopped by the office later that afternoon.

"Elizabeth Ann, you may leave now. Thank you for being so helpful. I'll see you in the morning."

"That's okay, Miss Muller. I'll stay a little longer and tidy up."

"Suit yourself," she said with a smile as she gestured Roberta into her office. Elizabeth Ann took a deep breath as the door closed behind them.

"Miss Muller, just what am I supposed to do about that loathsome Louis? He's in some of my classes and he's already making a total pest of himself."

"He's a boy isn't he? He's one of those creatures who made life difficult for Bobby Schiller. Treat him like the piece of dirt he is. Make him miserable and then humiliate him."

"I want to start teaching you some fighting techniques. You're really very attractive and I don't want you on the receiving end when some jerk tries to force himself on you."

Besides, it'll be great fun for you to take some of these male egotists down a few notches by knocking them on their useless butts."

"Yes, I think I'm going to like that very much."

Patricia smiled approval. Of course Elizabeth Ann was going to enjoy her domination of Louis but Patricia hadn't an inkling of how much he would enjoy it as well.

\*\*\*

Elizabeth Ann stared at Louis as he sat with his cronies in the school cafeteria. His obvious discomfort was increasing as a cynical smile played across her lips. Try as he may, Louis found himself unable to avoid eye contact with this very self-possessed girl. Despite her feminine allure, or perhaps because of it, she exuded a commanding authority that both fascinated and frightened the bewildered tough guy. Elizabeth Ann rested her foot on the edge of the bench and refolded her crew sock. Louis stared transfixed at her thigh.

Louis's heart pounded as Elizabeth Ann got to her feet, shook her skirt to fluff out her crinoline and picked up her books. He was transfixed as she moved toward him. Her hand touched his shoulder. "Hello, Louis," she smiled. Her hand closed ever so slightly yet a bolt of pain went through the ill-fated boy's arm and neck as her fingers reached under a muscle. "See you later, sweetie."

Sweetie! Louis's friends broke up laughing.

Louis left his pals and went to a five and ten out of the neighborhood, a place where no one knew him. He managed to get up enough gumption to buy a pack of cotton panties and a single pair in nylon. He waited until his mother was asleep and then tiptoed to the bathroom. He stepped into the panties, tried them on, posed in front of the mirror only to have his femme posturing marred by his ever-growing hard-on. He tasted his own pre-cum on his fingertip.

"Louis, whatever are you doing?" His mother stood in the doorway.

"Ma, I swear, I never did this before."

"From the look on your face you should be doing this. Louis, love, if this is what you need that's fine with me. I would rather this than that awful leather jacket tough guy image you've been affecting. When you were little you loved girls' things, girls' games. I like you better this way. Come kiss Mommy good-night."

The kiss was more than Louis anticipated. His mother's lips met his as her mouth opened. Her hand was between his legs before she realized what was happening. Waking to the reality of what was about to happen, she stepped away from her panty-clad son. She grabbed his balls and applied agonizing pressure.

"Louis, you are never to mention this to anyone, ever."

Louis kept his panties on as he lay in bed jerking off until sleep overcame him.

Louis awoke the next morning feeling more at peace with himself than he could recall having ever been before. She had bought his own panties with as much aplomb as if he were a girl who had been doing this forever. *Now I can start getting my own things. I just got*

*to get up enough guts to wear those pretty things under my jeans and stuff. No! No more wearing jeans all the time. Chinos and slacks. Yeah! That would be more like what a girl would wear around. Got to get some Bermudas. That dream last night about Mom was so wild. It seems so real still. Maybe it wasn't really a dream.*

\*\*\*

Patricia Muller looked at her appointment book and at the school calendar. She realized that this was mid semester of her second term at Midside High. Her first year at this seemingly ordinary school was turning out to be quite extraordinary.

"Miss Muller, can I have some time with you today?"

"I'm so pleased that you're enjoying our talks but I can't always see you at the drop of a hat."

"It's just so that you're making a real difference in me. I feel ever so much more myself than I ever felt before I met you. You've changed my direction so that the real me can come out from behind that awful boy duped myself into thinking I was. I was living that lie for so long that I forgot about the real me. I like the path I'm taking and I even like myself better the way I'm going. But it's really, really important we talk as soon as possible. Besides that spring break is in a week and that means graduation is coming soon..."

"I understand but I must dash right after school. Say, could you stop by my place this evening? It's easy to find. Lorna is going to spend the weekend with a friend so we'll have all the time and privacy we need."

Louis sat on the edge of the couch his legs crossed demurely at the ankles. Patricia Muller smiled as Louis crossed his legs slowly by slowly sliding one thigh over the other. He clasped his hands over his upper knee.

*God! If he were wearing a skirt he would be the most convincing sexiest trannie ever not too mention the sexiest in that innocent way that's so irresistible.*

Patricia smiled as she continued to reflect on the beautiful teen sitting opposite her. She had accomplished so much in the school year that was drawing to a close. Her affair with Lorna had been therapeutic for them both but more especially for Lorna who had started dating average guys. She was certain that Lorna had never told her dates about her true nature. That was scary. The average guy can become very nasty when he realizes he's being turned on by someone who has a dick. She feared for Lorna.

Patti got up to turn down the volume on the radio. Roberta Berman was another accomplishment although Babsie was more the force in that one. The pretty trannie had gotten a reputation as a 'grind,' a student who would rather study and devote herself to her own interests than to date and flitter around like so many social butterflies. In her case the interest was modern dance for which she had discovered some considerable ability. Bobbie had chosen this persona in order to boys from trying to get close to her.

*Smart girl that Roberta Berman. Damn it all, I wish Lorna had some of her good sense. God, she's twenty-seven and acts like a babe in the woods, the way she trusts every guy who reacts to her*

*flirting. Most of them don't have any idea of what she has in her panties. Sure, some of them might really like it but most of them would knock her teeth down her throat or worse.*

Patti poured herself a bourbon and poured an anisette for Louis. She glanced in the mirror at the boy who was becoming more and more graceful. His style of dress and grooming had gone from greaser to androgynous to clearly effeminate. Liz Ann was a big factor in that. But Liz Ann was going off to Vassar come the fall. She had enough of games with Louis. However much she liked the strange scene she had been so willingly introduced to by Patricia Muller, the girl couldn't gather the courage to break free of the middle class values that had been drilled into her by the surrounding culture. The one good point was that she wanted to go beyond being a good wife, an adjunct to some man's success. No, Elizabeth Ann wanted to establish herself as an independent professional, a physician or a lawyer. That was quite a reach for a girl back in the fifties, assign that there was still some hope for her.

Patricia handed Louis his anisette and smiled at him as he brushed his longish hair back from his forehead.

"What's on your mind, Louis?"

"You do know it's really over between Liz Ann and me what with her going off to college soon. She taught me a lot about myself. I need your help though." He looked at his hands, fingers extended, palms downward. It was a totally femme mannerism and yet, like so many femme qualities that Louis was incorporating into his developing persona, it seemed so natural and unaffected.

"I'd love to help you in any way I realistically can."

"I need to learn to dress as a girl. No, please let me finish. I think I know about Roberta Berman; I mean where she came from I'm not like her. I don't want to live as a girl, not all the time. You see Liz Ann and I went to some places where they had folk singers, mostly girls. I went back a few times on my own and realized I could sing like that so I practiced when I was home alone but I sounded more like a girl than a boy. I went back to this place where I had heard some of the singers. The hostess talked with me. She took me back stage and introduced me to some of the entertainers. They were all guys but they were so much like real girls and so sexy but not cheap or slutty."

"I understand, Louis. You want to be like they are, perform and entertain in ways they only can. You want to be admired and adored as they are, to revel in the power that you will hold over the men and the women who will vie for your attention. You instinctively realize that the key to your dreams is to exist as both a girl and a boy. You do know that this is very different from what I was able to do for Bobbie."

Louis looked up at Patricia and smiled as he nodded.

"I know it's weird but I don't know who else to ask for help. It may turn out that I won't be attractive enough to be all that you say I might become but what happens in the end isn't nearly as important as being able to...I just know I can't go on being a boy all the time."

“Louis, we’ll work together but it’s going to take some time and a whole lot of effort on your part. You’re going to learn how to move as a girl, how to do your makeup and hair. And that’s only for openers.”

Louis settled back on the couch, rested his elbow atop the cushions. His eyes twinkled as he dangled his penny loafer from his bare toes. He pursed his lips as if in thought.

“And what comes after the openers?”

“You’re so neat.” Patricia’s laugh was friendly and musical. “You’ll need dance lessons; all kinds. And we’ll have to get you a wardrobe and not just for performances. You’ll have to learn to shop for yourself. Sizes, styles and not just in clothing but underthings and foundations as well. Oh, my gosh! Jewelry! Those fingers of yours were meant to be adorned with rings and those wrists are made for bracelets. It might feel awkward at first but I’m sure you’ll enjoy it soon enough.”

Patricia took Louis by his hand, pulled him to his feet and led him to the bathroom. Louis stared in openmouthed disbelief as the teacher turned mentor unbuttoned his shirt and pushed it back over his shoulders. She started the water running in the sink, pushed his head under the running water and proceeded to wash his hair. After toweling it nearly dry, she brushed and combed it into a very definitely girlish style before taking a scissors to it.

Louis smiled at his reflection as he started to don his shirt.

“Not that one. Really, Louis.”

She came back a minute or two later with a silk look blouse. Buttoning right over left took some getting used to.

Patricia kissed his forehead as she turned up the collar of Louis’s blouse. She shoved Louis back onto the toilet, tilted his face up and applied lipstick.

“Now blot,” she ordered cheerfully as she jammed a tissue between his lips. “Great! That’s the look you need. We want to make people wonder if you’re wearing lipstick or not.”

“Let’s go. You might as well start getting used to being seen as a girl.”

Louis wasn’t convinced that anyone could ever see him as a girl. The boy broke in a cold sweat as he doubted more than ever if he could achieve his newly discovered ambition of passing as a girl. He was aware that they had walked several blocks from the apartment building where Patricia and Lorna had their apartment. They were on a commercial street filled with odd little craft shops and clothing stores. Anxiety bordering on panic possessed him as Patricia led him into a late night pharmacy and to the cosmetics section.

“I need a lipstick and matching nail polish for my niece here. She’s just come to visit from Pennsylvania where her folks are very strict about that sort of thing.”

“She’s quite lovely. It’s almost sinful for her to be prevented from bringing her beauty to the fullest.”

Louis exhaled and began to relax. Even in the bright light, the cosmetics saleslady had no difficulty accepting that Louis was a girl.

Their purchases completed, Patricia glanced at her wristwatch.

“Get a move on. The specialty shop closes at eight.”

Louis blushed as Patricia took him into a fitting room where a motherly saleslady took several measurements of his bare chest.

“Why did she need to do so many?” Louis whispered as soon as they were alone.

“She needs to figure out your cup size. Didn’t they teach you anything in Pennsylvania?”

Louis giggled as Patricia perpetuated the white lie that Louis was her niece from back home.

The saleslady returned with bras in several colors. White, blue, yellow, pink; all colors suited for naïvely innocent but very lovely girl.

Louis’s dick began to stiffen as he tried on the first bra.

“These will do nicely,” said Patricia in most matter of fact tone. “She’ll need matching panties. Let’s have one of each color in both nylon and cotton. Oh, she’ll wear the one she has on.”

The saleslady left to write up the sale.

“Do something about controlling that dick of yours. We don’t have time to buy you a panty girdle right now. And besides, having her measure you for that would give away our secret.”

Louis adjusted his blouse as he looked at himself in the mirror. The faintest outline of his bra showed through the opaque blouse. His anxiety was fast fading.

“We really should finish our shopping tomorrow. As soon as we find a phone you’re to call home and tell your mother you’ll be spending the night with me. We have convertible couch and a dresser you can use to stash your femme things for now.”

They walked on in silence. From time to time the now androgynous Louis smiled as he sensed that one of the arty attractive young girls were kindred souls. Pausing to glance at the creative merchandise so temptingly displayed in the boutique windows gave Louis a heightened sense of his new being, and the knowledge that he would soon be able to accumulate the things he was denied by himself and by the role and unfeeling world had imposed on him.

Louis studied a skirt and top displayed together with a print sash. Patricia spoke soothingly as she drew him from his reverie.

“You would look so super in that ensemble. Sandals would be a perfect complement. You do know you have to learn to walk and even dance in heels.”

“That doesn’t sound like a chore to me.” A half smile showed at the corners of his mouth. “Perhaps a challenge, one that’s been too long coming.”

Their eyes met. Patricia put her fingers to Louis’s lips.

“Listen to me very carefully and don’t ever forget what I’m about to say, not for a single second.”

Louis nodded as Patricia paused.

"You're about to fulfill your destiny and your going to be very good. Right now you feel you're about to soar. That's true but you must show caution at every step of the way; not just now but forever. Oh, sure. This neighborhood is almost safe for all of us who travel different paths. Still, there's danger. Do I need to spell it out?"

"I understand."

"Then for now you'll confine your transition to your visits with me. I'm sorry if I upset you but I don't want you hurt, physically or otherwise."

The dark mood of the conversation lifted as they strolled on.

The waitress in the café approached them as if to seat them. Louis found himself wondering if he could be like her. He looked at Patricia intending to ask the nature of the bohemian girl. Patricia nodded before he opened his mouth.

"She started as you are starting."

"I feel so out of it. There's so much I need to learn about this new world."

"Don't be so hard on yourself. It wasn't so long ago that Miss Babson was introducing me to this very same world. As soon as we order I want you make that phone call."

"Patricia, I'm so glad you're here. Babsie's been calling everywhere trying to reach you. She's waiting for you at her apartment. It sounds urgent."

Patricia was ashen as she stepped from the phone booth.

"It's Lorna. She's been assaulted, hurt, seriously hurt. The police are there, at Babsie's. They want to talk to me."



\*\*\*

They got of the cab in front of the federal period building where Babsie lived. A mid-twentyish uniformed patrolman leaned against the fender of the double-parked police cruiser smoking a cigarette. The tell tale police radio in the very plain sedan at the curb confirmed it was an unmarked police car.

"I'm Patricia Muller. I understand you've been trying to talk to me."

"Yes, Ma'am. The sergeant and a couple of detectives are upstairs with Miss Babson. You're friend is badly hurt but she'll make it. You and Miss Babson were listed as emergency contacts. Your friend, Lorna Hobson was awake for a little while and asked if you would come see her."

The sergeant took Patricia aside in the hall outside Babsie's apartment. "You're the Patricia Muller from Midside High school, right?"

Patricia nodded uncertain as to what the police sergeant's conspiratorial tone suggested.

"There's no official reason for me being here right now. It's just that I answered the call when your friend was found and took an interest in the case. You'll understand why before we're finished talking. I recognized your name. If nothing else I need to thank you for being so nice to Bobbie Berman. In case you're wondering what the connection is, she's my niece. You did Bobby Schiller and Bobbie Berman a real kindness. So I figured I better stay involved in this situation so if by some likely chance one of these guys decides to write off your friend as a queer who got what was coming to him. Worse, some headline hunter might figure out something and make a real case out of the goings on at Midside. That won't happen if I can help it. No one's being hurt and some confused kids are being saved from living a miserable life being someone they're not...or worse. Getting beaten to death or driven to suicide."

"Thank you so very much for understanding. Right now I'm so devastated by what's happened tonight. Poor Lorna was too trusting of every guy who made eyes at her. Ironic, though; I was just trying to convince my young protégé downstairs that if he wants to live even part time as a girl he, she has to be wary of all these nuts. Oh, shit! He was going to spend the night at my place so we could go shopping tomorrow. He absolutely cannot go home wearing a bra."

"We won't send her home. My driver will take her to your place. She can change there or stay over; whatever you want. Do what you have planned for tomorrow. It'll make things seem more normal after tonight. If you don't, the kid downstairs may panic and give up her dreams forever, never become who she really is supposed to be. Then the bastards, sorry, will have destroyed your pal Lorna and this new, if I can say so, girl."

"Sergeant, you amaze me. You're just so neat."

"Thanks, lady. You're pretty neat, too. Look, here's my home phone number. Call me if you need any help getting through this mess. I'll make some calls to be sure the system is kind to your pal Lorna. Or just call me to..."

The sergeant paused as if he had something to say but couldn't. Patricia's words filled the void.

"I understand and appreciate your compassion. Expect a call tomorrow so we can fill each other in and...and talk some more."

Patricia felt strange at being drawn to this caring, insightful cop. Why did she feel she wanted to talk more with him and where, she wondered, might their next conversation lead.

\*\*\*

Louis helped me clear the breakfast dishes. As we turned face to face I just couldn't resist touching Louis's hair with my fingertips.

"Louis, you look lovely. Let's try a touch of makeup before we go out. You know 'Louis' just isn't going to work. How does Luce sound to you? When you're in girl mode people will assume it's short for Lucy."

"I'm keen on it," smiled Luce

Luce sat at my vanity table as while I applied lipstick and eyeliner to the pretty girl who was so recently playing the role of street corner tough guy. The radiance in Luce's eyes declared that there would be no going back. Luce was here to stay.

"Stand up and turn slowly."

Luce obeyed as she wondered what was on my mind. I twisted my mouth in disapproval.

"That fly-front on your slacks doesn't quite do it. Your male apparatus is making a bulge, too. Take off those pants."

Luce blushed as she began to harden. I backed onto the bed, knelt over and eased her panties down to her knees. Luce's cock was now fully erect as I covered her cockhead with my lips. Luce began to whimper under the ministrations of my skilled mouth. Granted that my experience in lips service had, until that very moment, been limited to other women but that didn't prevent from transferring my experience to this adorable trannie.

"Oh calm down, you silly girl. You are going to wear one of my panty girdles to keep you in place but my getting you off will be our insurance that you don't get hard at the wrong time during our shopping trip."

Luce responded by writhing as I nibbled the rim of her rampant cock. I release her from my lips and teased her even harder by running my tongue up and down the underside of her shaft.

"See, baby girl, you know you're going to be turned on each time you finger the silken fabric of those lovely underthings that you've always envied, that were so taboo until now. You know how could those things will feel on you and to you, how wonderfully sexy you'll be, how powerful you'll feel when men and women vie to please you."

My chattering added to the arousal I felt at seeing and feeling this slender boy/girl. A few minutes later Luce's back arched as she emitted a very non-masculine series of

screeches. My hands were on the side of her face as I drew her open mouth to mine. Luce's hand was now under my skirt. Her finger massaged my wet vagina through my panties. I lay back against the pillows and spread my legs as I pulled my panty crotch aside to allow Luce's tongue unfettered access to the folds my skin flower. I came all too soon.

"Oh, Patty, I just loved all the things we bought. Thanks ever so much. It's not just that you're teaching me so much about being a girl but you're giving me a new life, new possibilities that I hid even from myself."

We were seated in the patio of a small restaurant near my apartment. Like Babson did for me so many months ago, I pointed out to Luce who were real girls among the waitresses and who were girls like Luce. The delight faded from Luce's face as she toyed with her new earrings.

"Patty, this is so neat. Everything feels so right." Tears were forming in her eyes as she momentarily stared into the middle distance. "It's going to be hell to go back to school, to go back to what I never wanted to be."

I reached across the table and rested my hand on hers.

"Luce, sweets, you'll go back but as a gentler and more determined Louis, someone with purpose and direction."

Luce nodded as a determined smile rekindled the bright light in her eyes.

"That's the brave girl I want to see. Suppose I got you excused from gym. How would that be?"

"Okay, but why?"

"Wouldn't it be easier to go back to school if every day you could wear panties \*\*\*

I decided we'd done enough shopping for one morning as Luce picked out her first pair of heels. The poor kid tottered as she rose to her feet and took a few awkward steps. The sales girl, a fashion plate with the body and graceful movements of a dancer, smiled as she caught Luce gently under the elbow and steadied him.

"Do be careful. I remember how difficult it is to learn to walk on heels especially when you're getting used to be a girl at your age. Don't be offended. I'm not making fun of you at all. You see, only three years ago I was where you are now.

"Oh, and you needn't be concerned about being read. Darling, you're one of the best ever. It's just that we girls with that something extra have a sixth sense about recognizing each other."

A hint of a smile showed at the corners of Luce's mouth as her eyes shone with a power that Louis had never imagined.

\*\*\*

It was difficult to go back to thinking of Luce as Louis or to even call her by that name, the name of a very weak boy who hid his inner nature even from himself behind a façade of bravado. I wasn't at all certain that Louis would dare to wear panties to school. It would

have been foolish to put him at risk should he wear panties and have to change for gym so I was in early that first day back from spring recess to see that my protégée would be safe.

Luce's former pals were already outside the school even though I was among the very first to arrive that sunny morning. This boded no good for Luce. I was certain they were there to force him to rejoin their group and to go back to jeans, tee shirts, garrison belts, and engineer boots. If he resisted, they would surely jump him. Louis could handle any one of them and I had no doubt that the newly energized and confident ever so Luce would acquit herself at least as well. This was going to be interesting. I decided I would intervene only if it became absolutely necessary.

Louis got off the bus and crossed the street toward the school. A bus coming from the opposite direction stopped to discharge a few early arrivals. Roberta Berman was among them. No one could possibly have guessed that the attractive girl dressed in a powder blue short sleeve blouse, darker blue full skirt, crew socks and saddle shoes was an ineffective and confused boy at the start of the school year. She smiled and waved to Louis as he approached. Were they becoming an item?

AS the pair strolled slowly toward the building Louis's former buddies moved toward them. Roberta's smile changed to a belligerent glare as the greasers demanded a private chat with Louis. It was clear that the new Louis wasn't about to leave her friend in the lurch.

One of the greasers stood in front of her and put his hand on her shoulder as if to send her on her way. A look of shocked disbelief as Roberta dropped her books and stomped on his foot with the heel of sturdy saddle shoe. Before he could recover his wits, the trannie grabbed his ears started to shake him as her nails pierced his skin. Roberta released her grip as her opponent struggled to stand up straight and defend himself against this fury. His recovery was short lived as her knee connected with his crotch. He dropped to the sidewalk only to have his ribs kicked by Roberta.

Two of his cronies moved toward Roberta.

"Try to touch her and you're dead," threatened Louis as he grabbed the nearest greaser by his shirt front. That left only one to confront Roberta. "Well, big boy, make your move. I'm just getting to like this." Roberta sneered as she defied the tough to try to take her. He thought better of it and backed away.

The greasers abandoned their fallen pal and sulked off.

Louis knelt down and gathered Roberta's books. She smiled as she studied his tush. From my vantage point at the top of the steps leading to the entrance I could see why she smiled so knowingly. The lines of Luce's panties showed through his tan chinos.

Roberta slipped her arm through Luce's.

"Do you want to come over to my house and study after school?" Roberta looked up smiled at Luce as she leaned her head against the budding boy/girl's shoulder.

"That would be so neat...Say, we don't have any classes together. What are we going to study?"

"Oh, we'll find something. How about biology?"

###