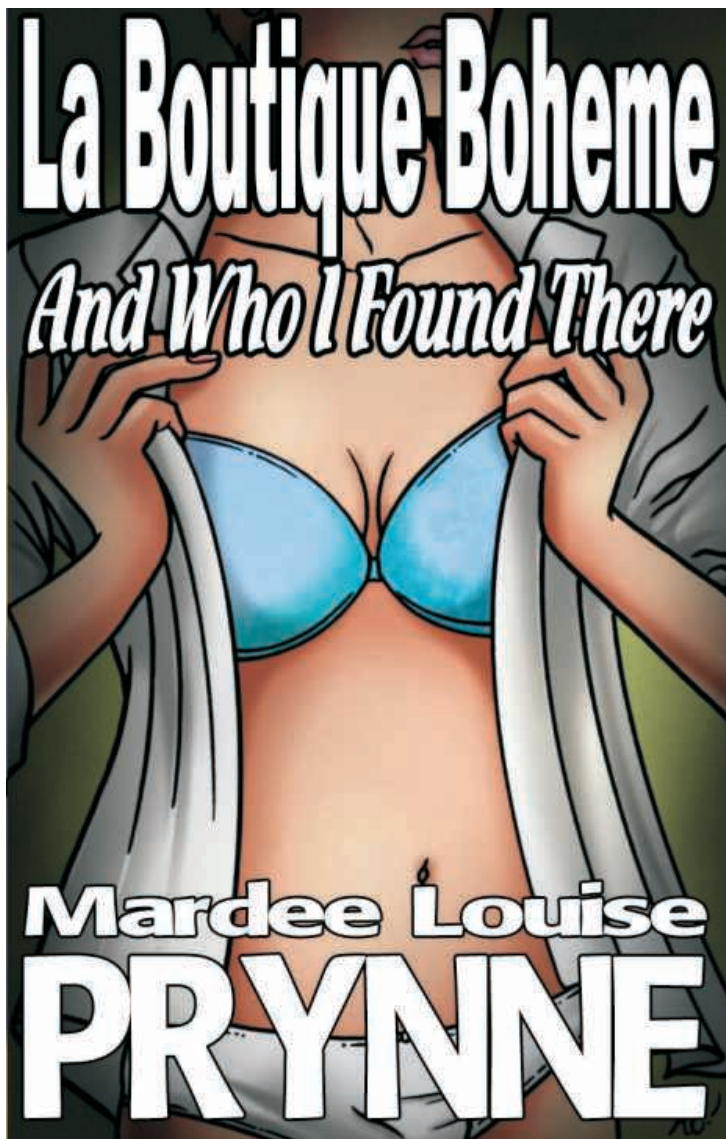




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LA BOUTIQUE BOHEME

& Who I Found There

By Mardee Louise Prynne

Prologue

It can be pretty tough when you're trying to date two girls at the same time. There are always surprises, things you couldn't possibly anticipate. It wasn't any easier back in the fifties when all this happened to a nice ordinary guy named Eddie. Like most nice, ordinary high school seniors, he was naive. Think of how difficult this must have been for him when one of his loves was a girl from his neighborhood, a girl whose grandparents had come over from Italy. She was a

curvy, olive skinned brunette with hair as black mid-night. She had been baptized Giovanna but she was rarely called by that wonderfully Italian named. Definitely all girl and definitely sexy she went by the nickname Joanie.

The other girl had just moved from the suburbs to Brooklyn, New York after her parents' breakup. This new kid and Joanie were polar opposites in the looks department. Connie was petite, slender, with a fair complexion and sandy blonde hair. In a word, she was WASPY. Eddie wondered what a girl like that saw in a Jewish guy with no family connections, little money and no noticeable prospects on the horizon. That wasn't the only thing he wondered about. The important question Eddie kept pondering was something like this: "Is Connie short for Constance or for Conrad and how do I find out?"

Eddie's Narrative

Although it was still mid-August, we were noticing the days were not quite as long as they were a few weeks ago when the summer holidays began. We sat with our backs against the wall of the grammar school from which we had graduated three years earlier. It wasn't sentiment that brought us back there most evenings after supper. The schoolyard was just a good place to gather to play stickball, handball and other street games. Oh, yes; and to socialize, however awkwardly, with girls.

Had I, I wondered, missed anything that afternoon when I was away from the guys delivering the Brooklyn Eagle to my customers, something which I had been doing six days a week since eighth grade. I kept

promising myself that I was going to give up the route as being “kid stuff” but the money was steady year round. That plus the money I picked from occasional dance band gigs meant I didn’t have to find a full time job over the summer or a part time job after school during the school year.

We paused in our conversation to study the legs of three passing girls whose short shorts did nothing to hide their limbs or suppress our fantasies. Our attempts to seem indifferent were ineffective especially when certain girls paused to say hi and to allow favored guys a chance for a quick glimpse of their panty hems under her shorts.

Joanie walked over and stood over my extended legs knowing full well, given my unusual perspective, she was allowing me a generously prolonged glimpse of her panty hem; white cotton with a shiny elastic leg band.

“Mind if I join you?” she asked.

“Not at all,” I responded. “Have a seat.” I patted the concrete surface next to me. She sat right up against me. Considering we had a crush on each other, this made me feel awkward, not to mention horny.

“I got some information you can use. But what’s in it for me?”

“How about I take you for an ice cream soda and if the information is really good, we do something on Sunday.” I was pretty sure she was joking but I wasn’t sure. I’d be heading off to the military as soon as I graduated that coming June and I wanted to get up the nerve to tell Joanie how much I really cared about her. She answered in a firm voice.

"I better be worth more than just an ice cream soda."

Joanie took my hand and rested it on her lap. The smooth skin of her thigh was warm and cool at the same time, a strong reminder of some of the feelings I had for Joanie.

"No big deal, Ed, but you know I'm doing typing and steno at that insurance and real estate office on the avenue. Anyhow I'm not supposed to tell this to anybody but the people who are buying that house on 8th Street are moving in Thursday.

"You can get a jump on your competition and get them to subscribe to the Brooklyn Eagle."

Joanie was right when she said it was no big deal but it showed she wanted to impress me with how much she was willing to do to please me. Her head was resting on my shoulder now and when I turned to thank her our lips brushed. A moist kiss followed. No one said a word as I helped her to her feet. After all, we weren't kids anymore. Besides that, either one of us would have slugged any guy who was wise-ass enough to comment.

I got to my feet, extended my hand to the still seated Joanie and pulled her to her up. She didn't let go of my hand but gave it flirtatious and surprisingly firm squeeze. It was understood that I would walk her home, perhaps linger with her in her backyard.

At her suggestion, we stopped to pick up some cigarettes. First thing Joanie did was browse the magazine racks in the front of the store. I looked over her shoulder while she thumbed through fashion magazines aimed at older teens. I swallowed hard as she paused to study ads for the latest fashions in brassieres and

girdles while I looked over her shoulder. This stuff never failed to catch my eye, to stir a kind of longing in my groin. I don't think this was terribly unusual for that era but in my mind it would be better to have sex with a girl dressed in these restrictive underthings than a girl who was nude or nearly nude.

Joanie looked up and smiled at me, smiled as if she knew what I was thinking. I turned my attention to the comic books. 'Mary Marvel' drew my attention at once. It didn't go unnoticed by Joanie.

"She's really neat," observed Joanie. "The way she beats up all the bad guys, the bad girls, too. Say, how come some guys like that. I would've guessed most guys would think a girl like that is scary, even a comic book girl. I guess that's why I like you so much; on account of you're not like all those other creeps around here."

I felt my face grow warm which meant I was blushing, something that rarely happened since I entered my teen years. It could have been because Joanie announced "...I like you so much..." Or it might have been her comment about Mary Marvel beating up the bad guys.

Joanie paid for her magazines and I bought a pack of Lucky Strike for me and treated Joanie to a pack of which ever brand she was into that day. .

"Say, Ed, you mind if I make that a pack of Parliament?"

Parliament was the only filtered cigarette not limited to expensive specialty stores. In those years no guy would smoke a filtered cigarette for fear of being thought a sissy. The Marlboro Man ad campaign

changed that image but that was years in the future. Joanie felt the need to explain her choice of cigarettes.

"Thanks, Ed. I know these cost more but I don't end up with tobacco on my tongue like with all the other kinds. And they're long which makes me feel sexy when I smoke them. You really ought to try them sometime."

Yeah and I might as well carry a pocketbook or wear lipstick.

"Maybe in private."

By the time we got to Joanie's house the sun had just about set leaving her evergreen bordered backyard in shadows. We sat on the steps of the back porch as Joanie opened the cellophane wrapper on her Parliaments. She deftly pulled a cigarette halfway out, brought the pack toward lips and closed her teeth over the filter. She then extended the pack to me. "Oh, go ahead and take one. What are you afraid of? No one's going to see you smoking a ladies' brand."

My hand shook as I took the next cigarette from the pack. Joanie smiled as she struck a match. Our faces were close together as we shared the match. She leaned back, inhaled deeply and then blew a perfect smoke ring. In the dim light she looked like a femme fatale movie starlet.

Joanie ran her finger tips over my face, through my hair. I gently kissed her finger tips.

"Your hair is so great; the color, the texture. Not really wasted on a boy but some girls might say that." She crushed out her cigarette, took hold of my hand, spread my fingers and guided it to her breast so that her nipple was between my fingers. To my dismay, her fingers wrapped around my wrist, pushed my hand

away. Getting to her feet, she crossed her arms, grasped the bottom of her vee neck tee and pulled it up over her head before dropping it. I held my breath as I looked up at her in a mixture surprise, adoration and awe. Taken by surprise by Joanie's sudden lack of inhibition both overwhelmed me and dominated my thoughts. This was a sexual fantasy come true. But what happens now?

I had rarely caught even the briefest glimpse of a girl or woman in a bra and never from the strange perspective of looking up at her as if I were at her feet.

"Think about it, Ed. This must be what the bad guys see when Mary Marvel gets through kicking their butts or maybe it's really their balls she kicks." That part about balls somehow got to me.

I reached up and put my hands on Joanie's waist. Her skin was cool to my touch. She guided my finger tips to her tummy where they remained while she undid the side zipper of her short shorts which fell to her feet. Perhaps it was my imagination running wild but the shadow of her pubic hair showed through the light fabric of her panties. Joanie wordlessly put her hands on either side of my face as I looked up at her and then guided my mouth to the waistband of her panties. By now my cock was straining against my jeans, my arousal so intense I would have done anything to gain relief.

"Stand up, you big dope," she ordered. "Gee whiz, do I have to do all the work around here."

We stood face to face on the edge of the porch. She undid my fly as we kissed. The sound of a car in the driveway sent her scrambling to get dressed and left me limp.

"Shit, they're home early." She gave my balls a very hard squeeze as she admonished "Next time don't take so long." Then she wrapped her arms around my neck as I cupped her tush in my hands. The kiss was along and deep but left us both unsatisfied. As we broke our hug, my hand caressed her back. There were a couple of spots that seemed scraped. She jerked away as my fingers accidentally came in contact with those scraped spots.

"Hey, easy. I'm sore there."

"What happened?"

"Just a scrape. Okay! If you must know I slipped on the stairs."

Her response was too belligerent to be really believable but I let it go at that.

The next morning I rode my bike past the house Joanie had told me about. A car with Connecticut license plates was parked in the driveway. It was odd that people from Connecticut would be moving into our neighborhood since the trend was to get out of the city and into the suburbs or the country. A moving van turned onto the street as I paused to check out who might be moving in. A woman in her forties came out to greet the moving men. I decided to stop by after everything had been unloaded to make my pitch for a newspaper subscription.

My kid sister greeted me with urgency in her voice as soon as I walked into the house. "Joanie called about something important. She wants you to call back as soon as you can."

Joanie must have been waiting at the phone because she picked up on the second ring. "Ed, thanks for calling back so soon. I know you don't kiss and tell but swear to me last night never happened."

"I swear, Joanie. What's up with this?"

Her voice dropped to a whisper that sounded like she was in a bank vault. She must have cupped her hand over the mouthpiece. "My mom is grilling me on what went on between us last night. She says my clothes were messed up when I came in. My panties were wet, soaked; I think she noticed them like that in the hamper. My stepfather's been threatening for a long time to send me away to live with my aunt and make me go to an all girl private school. Not that I would mind getting away from that creep but I want to be the one in charge of arranging it. Now my Mom's starting to go along with it. She says shit like 'so if you don't like it here, we can send you someplace where they'll make you miserable while you get straightened out.' I'm scared now, Eddie. Gotta hang up."

I felt really bad for Joanie and worse for myself considering that we might have had some great times during senior year but that wasn't to be. No complaints on my part when I considered that she had awakened me to how much intrigued I was by girl's underthings and how turned on I was at the thought of fighting with a girl and being beaten!

I used my sister's portable typewriter to type out a note to the new neighbors introducing myself as the newspaper boy. The door opened just as I was about to slip the note under the side door. The teenager who opened the door was medium height, slender and as flat as most boys. She wore white Bermuda shorts,

crew socks, tennis sneakers and a dark green vee neck tee. Her sandy blond hair was cropped into a fashionable style made popular by a French movie actress named Leslie Caron. This new girl neither used nor needed any makeup. Looking her over once more I found myself wondering if this was a girl or a boy.

I handed her the typed note and introduced myself.

"Hi, I'm Connie," she said as she extended her hand to me. Her voice was smooth, mellow and sexy. Almond shaped hazel eyes added an exotic touch to her all-American girl image. For some reason I noticed that her shorts had a fly front, something rare in girls' Bermudas or slacks. Again I wondered if this was a girl or a very effeminate albeit very pretty boy but I was unable to see whether the fly front was left over right or tight over left. Ordinarily the question would have been one of curiosity except that Connie's simple hand shake had made my heart beat faster.

"Oops. My shoe is undone." Connie suddenly turned, rested her foot on the stairs and proceeded to retie her sneaker lace. Her shorts pulled taut over her bottom as I stared at what was definitely the outline of panties. No guy's underpants ever clearly showed the curved line of the reinforced crotch like that. Then her tee hiked up to reveal an inch or so of pink cotton above the waist of her Bermuda shorts. Nice girls in those days didn't ever let a boy see the color of their panties, if you get my drift. But I really figured this was a nice, really nice girl. And that did nothing to make her less interesting to me.

Connie must have been aware of this happening because she immediately stood up straight and tugged the lower hem of her tee to a more modest level. The awkward smile did nothing to lessen her attractiveness

as she turned to face me. "That was so embarrassing. I hope you don't think I do things like that all the time."

I was starting to feel all funny inside. One thing had to be that glimpse of what I pictured as very sedate panties. Another thing had to be that I was now sure Connie was a girl but somehow she was more interesting when I wasn't sure if she was a boy or a girl! It wasn't easy for me to face up to it but Connie would have been just a cute even if she was a boy. But I was convinced Connie was a girl and that was that. *So she's a girl. No big deal one way or the other. Couldn't be more than twelve or thirteen. Fourteen tops. Much too young for a guy going into senior year to date. Maybe not a big difference if she were maybe twenty and me twenty-four. Oh, who gives a shit? She's cute and that's all there is to it. I can be nice to her if I want to.* Then Connie's voice brought me back to the present moment.

"I see you have a pretty neat bike. Mommy said there's a nice bike path near here that goes through the park."

"There's more than one. Be careful though. Some are quiet, out of the way in places. People say that it's not really safe for girls to ride alone."

"I'm not too worried."

I looked at her quizzically and thought maybe her self assurance about not being afraid of being jumped by some greasers had to do with her being so skinny and flat that she figured most guys would take her for a kid. Then she continued on.

"I know you're seeing me as a very young girl. That doesn't bother me in the least. Maybe that's why I better be concerned. If some thugs jump me and find

out I'm not what I appear to be it may go worse for me."

"I don't get what you're driving at."

"Ed, you think I'm a girl about fourteen, maybe even younger, right?"

"Aren't you?"

"I'm eighteen years old and Connie is short for Conrad!"

"Come on, Connie. Don't kid like that."

"I'm not kidding! Let me explain, okay? Just don't run away until I'm done saying what I need to say and please don't talk about me to your friends. Promise?"

I nodded and then answered. "Connie, I swear I would never do anything to cause trouble for a doll like you. It'll be pretty hard to convince me that you're anything but the really cute girl I see in front of me."

"Thanks, Ed. But hear me out first. I was always what my father called a sissy, a fairy. That was so hurtful. He tried to beat it out of me so Mommy left him. We moved here thinking I might not be so different living in a big city where nobody knows the truth about me.

"Being forced to live as a boy made me terribly sad. After a scene with my father, I tried toI slit my wrists." She paused to show me the barely faded scars.

"That's when Mommy took me to all kinds of shrinks. We finally found one who said that my personality, my inner being doesn't match my sex organs, helped me accept myself as I am emotionally, as I'm meant to be. Fortunately my size, my facial features, my not having so-called secondary male traits like whiskers and big muscles might enable me to pass my

self off as a girl and live a female life. To put it crudely, I'm a girl with a dick and to most guys that makes me a freak; and a freak they have to beat up just to prove something to themselves and their disgusting friends. Even though I'm learning to be comfortable in girls clothing and underthings, I'm still a freak."

She was biting her lower lip and fighting back the tears.

I reached out and took her hand. "Connie, you're no freak. You're a beautiful and special girl; special because you'll never take for granted being attractive and wearing all the pretty things that are reserved for girls."

"Eddie, thanks for being kind but I'd rather you were honest. You don't have to say things you don't believe. I didn't confess what I really am to gain sympathy but to avoid any misunderstandings later. You probably would have hit me in my face if you found out while we were making out. I mean why on earth would a good-looking guy like you want to spend time with a weirdo sissy?"

"Because you're not a weirdo and not a sissy."

We were standing face to face and I had taken both her hands in mine. She looked up at me and closed her eyes. The kiss was moist and light but full of hope and promise.

"What happens now?" she asked. "How far do we go before you wake up to how really impossible going steady with me will be?"

"Maybe I'll never wake up to that but I promise no matter what happens I'll never hurt you."

"Thank you for believing that. You may feel differently when you've been a way from me for a few

hours. Oh, and I'll ask Mother to call you to start the paper subscription."

I left feeling like some sort of really bad joke was being played on me. Connie had to be having some sort of sick laugh at my expense. That doll might have been as old as she claimed to be but there was no way in hell that I was going to believe she was really a boy.

My mind kept wandering back to Connie and her weird tale of woe about being a girl with a dick. I began by thinking that she had to be having a laugh at my expense. No way could someone that pretty, that slim and who was walking around in panties could be a boy. I had to admit to myself that I the night before I was wondering what it would feel like to wear all those pretty underthings Joanie was looking at in fashion magazine. Suppose someone liked that feeling; what then?

Connie and Mommy

Connie had already set the table for their dinner by the time Mommy came home. The salad was in the fridge where the Chardonnay was chilling.

"Mommy, let me make you a Manhattan and you can chat while I warm the baguette in the oven and make the omelets."

"Thanks, darling but I'll just have wine....Well done. You opened that bottle perfectly."

"The paper boy was by to get us to subscribe. He really is so simple but a sweetie, too. He was enthralled when I allowed him to glimpse the waistband of my panties. I told him I'm really a boy. Poor dear was so confused. He'll be back to find out the truth.

"He's so different from those snobs back home. Eddie is just so cute, unaffected, and naive really. He is kind of nice all the same. I'm looking forward to making out with him. Just for practice, though." The last sentence sounded like an afterthought.

Connie's obvious warm feelings toward Eddie made Mother react crossly.

"Constance, I didn't raise you to feel sorry for any hapless male who falls under your spell. You go ahead and make out with this blue collar clod. It will be good practice but you are to break his heart in the end. Drive him wild with desire, and then shock him by showing him what you have in your panties. If he strikes out at you, you know how to hurt him. Hurt him badly emotionally and, if you can, physically. There is to be no affection shown, no sympathy for those wretched males. Not now, not ever. Is that perfectly clear?"

"Yes of course, Mommy."

"Good. You'll phone him after dinner. Tell him I asked you to arrange for newspaper delivery. Flirt with him over the phone. See if you can get him so hot he'll play with himself."

"I'll phone him after dinner when he's sure to be out with his girlfriend, if he has one. He'll come home to a message from me but with no phone number to call, he'll lie awake wondering why I called and then I'll call and drive him wild.

All the better if he does have a girlfriend. I can take him from her, toy with him and then toss him aside. He'll go crawling back to her and she'll doubtlessly exact her revenge."

"Constance, you're getting ahead of yourself."

"Yes, Ma'am. Please tell Edward that Constance called....Thank you so much."

"Hello, Edward. This is Connie. Mother asked me to call and have you start newspaper delivery. I'm surprised you're still up. What are you doing?

"Just reading some magazines and comic books."

"I'm so glad you're not reading those silly girly magazines. I like comic books sometimes especially those super heroines."

"That's funny. I like Mary Marvel."

"Me too! I would love to be like her; so pretty but tough enough to easily rough up the bad guys."

"You are pretty. Connie."

"Thanks, Eddie. This is kind of silly but don't you think it's funny how Mary Marvel's skirt never flips up so you can see her panties."

"Yeah, I guess it is."

"Say, I could take a class in unarmed self-defense and then we can pretend you're a bad guy and I could rough you up. I promise to wear my prettiest panties."

"You've got to be kidding."

"Maybe I was at first but now I'm getting kind of excited at the thought of wrestling a guy, our bodies rubbing together. And you wouldn't have to let me win. I'll bet I can beat you anyhow."

"Come on, Connie. This is..."

"Oh, I'll bet you're afraid of losing. Why don't we try it? I'll even let you choose what I wear."

"Connie, this is getting really weird."

"I know why you think it's weird. You're getting hot, aren't you? Well, it's late and I've got to hang up now. Think it over. Bye."

Eddie was sitting in the upstairs hall of his house when Constance hung up on him. She would have been pleased to know that despite being outside his sister's bedroom, he was rubbing himself through his jeans. Constance's "weird" proposal had appealed to his inner fantasies. His uncertainty over whether or not this girl, who was so different from Joanie and the other neighborhood girls, had a penis did not lessen the attraction she held for him.

Constance dutifully reported to Mother on what had transpired during the one-sided phone conversation, a conversation which Constance had controlled, even dominated.

"It went well, Mother. I thought I would be kittenish but I took a different approach. He likes comic books that show heroines beating the bad guys. I told him it would be fun for us to play at being heroine and bad guy, to fight, to wrestle. I think he as a real thing for seeing my panties. Perhaps, he'll want to wear my things."

"If you allow him to you're to see he feels humiliated, powerless."

Had Mother been sensitive to what Constance was becoming, she would have noticed the wry smile of defiance on her pretty face even as she said "Yes, Mother." But Constance's thoughts at that moment were anything but compliant.

Mother, you did me no harm by nurturing my femme proclivities and in seeing I learned to walk and sound like a real girl. That doesn't mean I owe you my entire life. And it certainly doesn't mean you can exploit me for your own vengeful needs. There are men and women who will pay handsomely to have a lover like me and I fully intend to take advantage of that. Oh, I might help Eddie reach his femme potential but not in the way you think. He could easily become my aide and my employee in the service I plan to start. Men will pay to be humiliated by girls like me or by real girls. It will be fun and lucrative.. But you're not going to be with me when it happens.

"Constance, invite him over in a week or two. Make sure you have some freshly laundered unmentionables waiting to be put away. Have them on your dresser."

"Oh, yes, Mommy! I would like that very much. It's a way to torture boys by showing them what they want to see." *Yes, Mother. I really will enjoy that. Maybe there is some hope for us to be a team.*

Eddie's Narrative

I hung up the phone knowing I would have to jerk-off in order to fall asleep. Connie had really gotten to me with her talk about fighting with her. The worst part of it was that she was making me face up to what the real turn-ons were for me. It was as if she really read my mind, places in my mind that I avoided visiting.

Just then Leah came out of her room and looked down at me as I sat on the floor.

"My goodness little brother, you look so forlorn. Was that a "Dear John" phone call from Joanie?"

"No; a call from this weird new kid. She and her Mother just moved in and I stopped to see if they would take home delivery of the Eagle."

I looked up at Leah who was wearing an oversized tee shirt over panties, her usual warm weather night wear. That wasn't the only way I looked up to her. She was a fiercely independent girl who worked a full time job and maintained a 4.0 average in a Hunter College degree program she was taking in the evenings. Now that she saved enough to furnish an apartment, she was ready to move out on her own. In our parent's eyes no respectable girl left home until she was married. "Then I'm not respectable," was her clear response.

"Eddie, you have to tell me why this new kid is so weird. We're talking about a girl, right?"

"I'm not sure."

"Oh, that could be a problem. Let me pee and then we'll have a nice long talk."

Leah wasn't long at all. I followed her into her room. There were two chairs in her room. One was at her desk which was in little alcove. The one conveniently located chair was occupied by a petticoat.

"Be a dear and move that."

Leah sat on her bed facing the open side and folded her legs under her in a half-lotus position. She smiled at me as I furtively eyed the expanse of white panty crotch that she so casually revealed.

"Eddie, you've been totally enthralled by every kind of intimate apparel forever. There are lots of boys like you."

After I confessed the feelings aroused in me by my encounter with Connie and the phone conversation, Leah reminded me of one important consideration. "Connie may well be a biological boy. She's not unique, whatever she is. Just let it play out and see where it goes. My advice to you is to not break-off with Joanie no matter how cute and adorable you think Connie is. The problem isn't what she is but here she's from. She's from a world so different from ours that you would never fit in with her. It's not just the money but their attitudes. Her mother moved here because it's the last place in the world her ex would come looking for her and Connie. Get what you can from Connie but be careful she doesn't treat like a new plaything and then throw you away when she gets bored. Stick with Joanie at least until after graduation. She may not have Connie's classy style but she's one of us."

"Thanks, Leah."

"Glad to help, Eddie. Let's talk more often. Oh, and take a couple of my fashion magazines with you."

"Huh?"

"Those bra and girdle ads will help you, er, relax so you can get to sleep."

"Leah, you're a real pal."

"You always blush like that when you call someone a real pal?"

I shook my head in a much exaggerated "No!"

"Eddie, you can be so cute when you want to be. Trouble is that for the last couple of years you never want to be. Wait a second."

Leah got off the bed, went to her dresser and rummaged through a drawer. When she turned to face me

she held a pair of white nylon panties by the waistband using the thumb and forefinger of each of her hands. My heart leaped into my throat as soon as I saw the unadorned tailored white Van Raalte panties. *Oh my gosh! What is she going to do?*

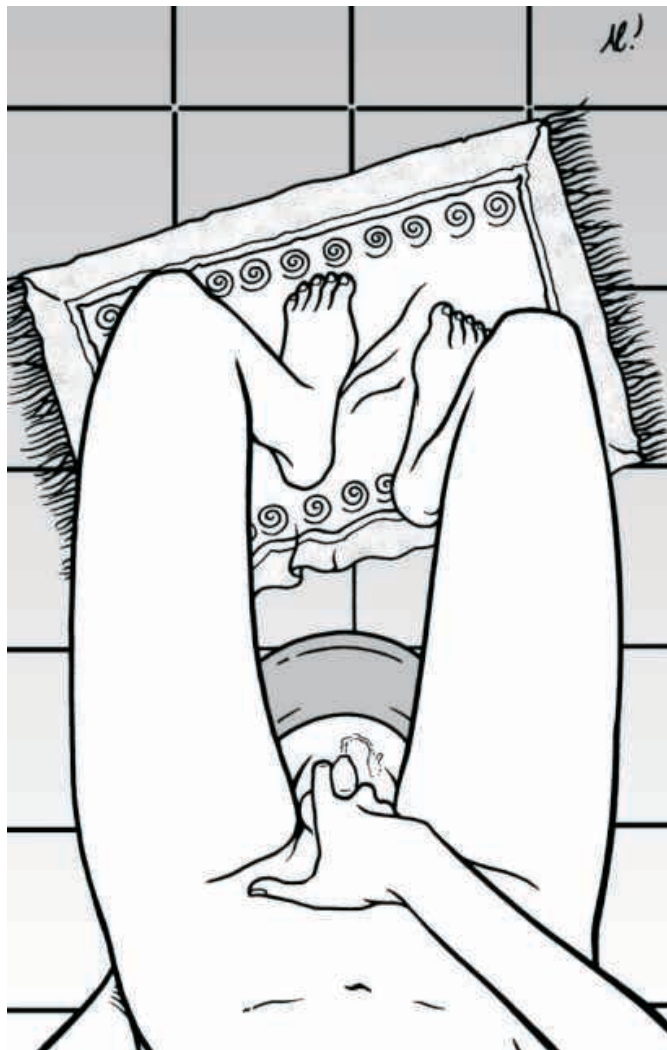
"Here, take these. They're my gift to you, to help you get off...Stop staring like you're in shock. Use them to rub yourself. For all I care you can wear them if that gets you going. Just accept what you need and who you are."

I grabbed the panties from her before she could change her mind even as I promised myself I would never try them on even once. The idea of making out with an effeminate guy dressed as a girl had really taken hold of me. I just didn't want to be that boy/girl.

Back in my room I stripped down to my briefs and lay back on the bed. Thumbing through the fashion magazines was getting me hard. The women were so elegant even those in just their brassieres and girdles. It struck me that I was almost aroused by the images of those models fully clothed in everything from cocktails dressed to full skirts. They were slender but shapely; so unlike the horribly thin anorexic looking models of a couple of decades later. Their aloof poise seemed to dare any observer to even approach let alone to attempt to seduce them. In my head any hapless male who failed to please such a woman in every respect would experience pain and humiliation at the hands of these gorgeous women. In my fantasies the pain would be both emotional and physical.

My hand drifted to the panties which lay at my side. My cock began to feel unendurably hard as I thrilled to the unfamiliar smoothness of the sleek fabric. I raised my hips and wiggled my coarse briefs

down far enough to free my cock and balls. The urge to slip into the panties was all but overwhelming me. In my mind it would have been betrayal of Leah's understanding and willingness to support me in my attempts to discover what it was I really needed to have and to be if I were to cum in her very pretty, very sexy panties.



I held the magazine open to a full page ad that featured a particularly seductive but oh so very imperious model. Caressing my cock with the panties had me dripping precum in almost no time. Then it was time to act out my dreams of being beaten, being hit by a female. I covered my balls with silken fabric and squeezed. In an instant they were flung aside to save them from being showered by the geyser of cum that erupted from my dick. The woman in the full page ad for a high waist, long leg panty girdle seemed to be smiling indulgently at me.

Grabbing a handful of tissues from the box on my night table, I wiped my tummy and cock clean and then went to the bathroom I shared with Leah. I tossed the tissues into the toilet, raised the seat and prepared to pee by lowering my briefs just enough to free my dick. *No*, I thought and lowered the seat. *Might as well try it like girls do*. I sat down, used my hand to push my dick down so the stream directly hit the water. Somehow that brought a very satisfied smile to my face. I dabbed my pee slip with a piece of toilet tissue. I should have felt ridiculous peeing like a girl. What I felt was anything but ridiculous. Sitting to pee was more comfortable, neater and very much more natural than standing to pee the way boys and men did. Without any thought or conscious decision I knew I would pee like this every chance I could.

I washed my hands and face and studied my face in the mirror. Despite having dark brown hair, my beard line was barely noticeable. With almost no hair on my legs and no body hair I wondered if I could pass as a girl. I shook this passing fancy out of my mind at the same time reminding myself how keen it felt to pee like a girl.

I glanced up and down the hall to be sure no one would see me return to my room wearing only my underpants. I closed my door behind me and started to take a pair of clean pajamas from my dresser but rejected that plan in favor of a colored tee shirt. *Leah sleeps like his pretty often especially in warm weather so it must be pretty comfortable. No reason not to give it a try. Oh, be honest. It's kind of girlish too.*

After neatly folding Leah's panties and lacing them on top of the dresser, I stepped away from the dresser in an attempt to be able to see as much of my full image as I could in the mirror atop the dresser. From what I could see of myself, I didn't look foolish in the least. I wondered what I would like with longer hair and just a dab of makeup here and there. Almost instinctively, I hooked my thumbs under the rear hem of my underpants and pulled the hem a bit lower to be sure my tush wasn't exposed. It was a gesture of modesty that girls used at the beach. It never failed to attract my attention.

Turning off my bedside reading lamp, I slipped under the covers. A pleasant problem remained to be solved and that was how to balance continuing to run around with Joanie while trying to discover what Connie was really all about.

I was awakened the next morning by Leah sitting on my bed. "Just wanted to be sure you didn't leave the panties on the floor where Mom would see them. That could make problems for you."

"They're on the dresser. Let me get them for you." Not thinking that I had not slept in pajamas, I tossed the sheet aside and started to get up.

Leah looked at me and gave long low wolf whistle. My reaction surprised even me. "You sleep like this often enough so why shouldn't I?"

"No reason. I just didn't expect it and I sure didn't expect you to look so damned sexy. Just be careful who sees you like that because you could make a lot of girls hot for you and give them some wild ideas."

"So, what's wrong with that?"

"Like I said, you're not just pretty sexy; you're pretty and sexy. That could make a lot of girls jealous. Just be careful who you flirt with because you could even give some men a few wild thoughts."

The phone rang while I was eating breakfast. We had a wall phone extension in the kitchen which was high tech back then so I reached over and picked up. It was Joanie.

"Hi Eddie. Could you come over my house or meet me somewhere? I need a favor from you and it's kind of awkward to ask over the phone. Can you make it real soon 'cause I have to be at work by ten?"

"Sure, Joanie, I'm happy to help you. I'll be over in ten minutes."

"Great. No one else is home so we can talk. I'll leave the side door unlocked."

I swallowed hard as I opened the side and hoped that the busybody across the street or the one next wasn't watching. *Oh, to hell with those yentas.* (yenta: a Yiddish word meaning meddler or busybody. It had in the fifties become part of the general New York vocabulary.) *I've been over Joanie's house hundred's of times so why do I feel that today's different?*

"Hey, Joanie. It's me."

"Upstairs, Eddie. I'm getting dressed. Come on up."

"You sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure. Just don't expect a free show."

I tapped on her door which was opened a few inches.

"Enter. Just don't turn around until I say so."

Who was I to refuse? I walked in and saw Joanie reflected in both a full length mirror and the large mirror at her vanity table. She was standing in a place where she had to see her own reflection and she couldn't help knowing I was getting a pretty good view too. All of which meant that Joanie had planned this carefully.

It wasn't like she was showing anything you didn't see at the beach or at a swimming pool. Watching her move carefully and deliberately was pretty exciting and I felt my cock go from flaccid to not all that hard but...She was buttoning a white broadcloth blouse with a round collar and three quarter length sleeves. Her soft white petti-coat emphasized her tanned athletic legs. The sun shining through the light cotton petti silhouetted her thighs and allowed her pastel colored panties to be seen as if in a dream.

"Come on in. Now that I'm decent you might as well watch the rest of the show live and in person. Have a seat."

"Thanks," I said as I parked myself in the chair in front of her desk. I was more convinced than ever that this whole visit was planned out down to the last detail. What convinced me was the clean and neatly folded laundry waiting to be put away. I couldn't avoid noticing them as I sat down nor did I want to.

Matter of fact I kept glancing over my shoulder every chance I got. Cottons were piled with cotton in so many bright and pastel shades. Sleek, shiny nylon with lace insets in front had to be for special occasions or for when a girl felt special.

I watched Joanie as she opened her closet and took out a dark blue skirt and a matching cinch belt. Removing the skirt from the hanger she laid it on the bed and then returned to the closet where she knelt sideways and pulled out a pair of the flat shoes resembling ballet slippers, a wildly popular style back then. She pulled up her pettis as she knelt not seeming to care how much of her inner thigh I was able to see.

After slipping into the shoes, she faced me as she grasped the front of her petti with both hands and shook it to fluff it up. She smiled at me but it was a sad smile; her eyes were moist with tears. I took her in my arms and cuddled her against in an awkward attempt to comfort her. She took my hand and gently pressed my palm against the front of her panty covered pussy. Raising her petti to the high points of her hip bones, she commanded "Look at me. Do you think Connie could ever have that shape under her panties? Oh, sure, she's pretty and dresses in expensive clothes but she's still not a real girl and never ever will be. Yeah, she's a novelty and unless you're a total, total queer, she'll bore you in no time.

"Please, Eddie, don't dirty yourself with her. I love you and I'll do anything you need, be anything you need just to get you to love me back. But if you need to try it with her, I'll be around when she throws you away."

Tears were running down her cheeks now but she suddenly burst into a fit of giggles. "Oh, Eddie, you

think I staged this whole scene. Kind of, I guess; like not putting my panties away. But I never meant to finish dressing in front of you. And, I swear that that all that stuff about Connie just came out just like that. You want to know what's so funny. I never got to talk to you about what I asked you over to talk about."

I tilted her face toward mine and kissed the tip of her nose. "What time you get off work?"

"One o'clock."

"I'll be waiting for you outside. Now put your skirt on and I'll walk you to work."

"Oh, my gosh! Eddie, you've got me so crazy that I almost would've walked out without it."

A sheepish look on her face as she dropped the skirt over her head and let it slide down into place. As if nothing at all unusual took place over the last several minutes, Joanie modestly turned her back to me as she zipped the skirt. A lingering but not very deep kiss was just enough to whet my appetite and make me swear off trying to make time with Connie.

"Say, why don't you do your papers early so we have lots of time together?"

"Yeah, Joanie, guess I will."

On the way the storefront that served as a Brooklyn Eagle distribution point, I passed a ladies' specialty shop and finally got up the nerve to window shop despite the peer culture taboo about guys not staring at intimate apparel unless they were with their girlfriend. Seeing that Leah's birthday was coming up soon, a pocketbook or one of the newly popular cinch belts might make a nice gift. I began by looking at merchan-

dise displayed in the window that did not have the intimate apparel. Turning to continue on my way there was no choice but to glance briefly at the artfully displayed lingerie and foundations. My breath caught in my throat as I noticed a pair of powder blue nylon panties. The shade was just so right for Connie. *Ah, Joanie would look just as good in them. Nah, not with her dark Italian good looks. She's definitely a black or white undies type. Shit, I got to stop thinking about Connie.*

My papers were in my hands as soon as they were available. Rather than use my old Columbia bike I had decided to walk the route as I did on occasion. As I started up Connie's front walk I heard piano music coming through the open front window. It was progressive jazz with some really sophisticated chord progressions. This was no recording but was it Connie?

The thought that Connie was as talented as she was pretty was getting me more than a little ticked off. How was I supposed to keep my mind and my lust focused on Joanie when the very alluring Connie kept giving me more reasons to try to get to know her better?

Now the issue was to get Connie's attention, assuming it was Connie playing the piano, without being totally obvious. Hoping to make a loud noise, I threw the paper as hard as I could against the wall next to the living room window. It wasn't really loud but it was enough to get the piano player to stop. An instant later Connie appeared the window. "Eddie! Wait up a sec. I'll be right out."

I walked onto the porch and sat on the rail facing the door as I waited for Connie. She was out in a flash. "Wow, Constance, you look swell."

"I guess I do look swell or you wouldn't have called me Constance. Out of character for me to say that."

Here her voice dropped to whisper. "Real girls are supposed to say things like 'Do you really think so?'" She put her finger tips gently on my cheek. "Thanks awfully for calling me Constance. It means a lot to me coming from you especially since you know what I really am."

"Constance, what you really are is a very special girl. Say, was that you playing just now?"

"Uh, huh. I was just fooling around trying to sound like Oscar Peterson or one of those big time players. Do you think it's any good?"

"Good? It's terrific. I'm a standing timekeeper, you know. Maybe we could get together sometime and improvise." (Standing timekeeper= jazz jargon for an acoustic bass player. The electric bass was unheard of in the early & mid fifties.)

All during this brief conversation, I was looking her up and down. She wore a spaghetti strap sundress with nothing underneath except maybe panties. Her lightly tanned arms and legs were bare; she wore no shoes. The light breeze made her skirt flutter but not enough to expose her thighs. If I stayed any longer, it would have been impossible for me to leave in time to meet Joanie.

"Looks like you only have two or three papers left to deliver. How about a cold drink?"

"Sounds great but I have to meet a friend..."

"Girlfriend?" Connie interrupted sharply.

"Yes, I guess you could say she is."

"That Joanie person, no doubt."

"Yes, but how do you know her?"

"I saw her in the pharmacy when she was on her way to work. I introduced myself as a new kid in town. She mentioned a boy named Eddie, said she goes with him. Said you might have a few friends who might like to meet me. Eddie, I despise all boys, almost all boys. As long as we're both around here, it's you or no one for me.

"I know you and that Joanie person are going steady. Oh, Joanie's attractive and has a nice figure but you'd be settling for cheap goods if you settle for her."

"Constance, I've got to leave now"

Leah had never met Constance but she was on target when she said we were from different worlds. Constance was a total snob.

"Do call me tonight." Her vocal style was kittenish, playful but still communicated that she expected me to call and that was that.

"If I can find the time. If not tonight, then tomorrow."

"Eddie, I would have thought you would at least want to play with me."

I turned away from the door to face her. She stood with her hands on her hips, her elbows turned outward. Despite her petite size and slender build, she looked threateningly aggressive.

"Don't get the wrong impression. I was referring to us playing cool jazz duets, maybe even do a little improvising together. You can just forget about it and anything else you might have in mind."

There was no reason to feel hurt but I was. Before I could open my mouth to say a word she resumed berating me. "You fail to get it, Eddie. Whatever else I

may or not be, I'm a lady and no gentleman turns his back on a lady when she's talking to him. Forgive me for having thought well of you. Just leave."

"I'm sorry, Constance. Give me another chance, will you?"

"I'll think about it. Perhaps I'll give you my decision when you call me, should you manage to find the time. Now go before I cut you off right now."

Constance was amazing. She had intrigued me from the start by making me wonder if she was really the boy she claimed. I had sworn off trying to find out more about her when her piano playing again drew me to learn more about her. A few minutes later I was revolted by her snobbery and her derisive dismissal of Joanie. And now I had been humbled by her demand that I either call her at her bidding or accept being banished from her. Banishment from this mad creature was something I thought I would have welcomed but no. She had me afraid that she would never even look at me again.

I walked home quickly after finishing my last three papers, changed to a fresh shirt and headed for my one o'clock appointment with Joanie. Or was it meant to be a date?

Turning the corner from the tree shaded residential streets onto the commercial thoroughfare was like opening a furnace door. The commercial streets were almost deserted. This was no surprise on a hot and humid August afternoon. The occasional breeze served to remind people of how much it would take to break the heat wave while offering no relief.

The real estate and insurance office where Joanie worked occupied a storefront and second floor of a three story building. The third floor housed some sort of business or commercial operation, the nature of which was unclear. Dark green window shades were pulled down to keep out the bright hot sunshine. It was five minutes to one and no sign of Joanie. Ten minutes later she came through the door. Something was different about her. It took me a few seconds to figure out what it was. She had on expensive sunglasses and a straw hat that resembled the kind worn by English schoolgirls in the movies.

"Like my new hat?" she asked with a smile.

"You look super, really becomes you."

"How about lunch on me? I got a bonus today; probably because they want me to work after school starting in September."

"You don't have to pay for me. Say, were the hat and shades a bonus, too?"

"Eddie, stop being so mean. It doesn't become you in the least. The sunglasses and the hat were a gift from one of the secretaries. This woman named Gwen. Can you believe there are really ladies named Gwen around here? She is so gorgeous. Nice, too and really has led a very interesting life. She acts as an interpreter; Yiddish, German, Polish, French and heaven knows what else. Maybe I can arrange for you to meet her or something. Now, where will we go for lunch? Someplace air conditioned, okay?"

We ended up in an isolated booth in a local chop suey joint. Lunch hour was over so we had the place to ourselves. Joanie sweet talked the owner into letting us

have the lunch special menu. "Wow, you're quite a bargainer," I told her.

"Thanks, kiddo." She turned solemn as she reached across the table and took my hands in hers. "It's not fair to you but I have to talk to someone. I have no girlfriends I can trust with this and we've always been pals."

"Let me tell you upfront that whatever you tell me stays between the two of us right down to the grave."

"Remember those scrapes on my back the other night?"

"Yeah, you sad you fell down the stairs."

"I lied. My stepfather beat me with a heavy belt. Bastard tried to rape me. He's been pawing me since I was ten. I gotta get out of that house or I'll kill him. I need your help; Leah's too.

"I put some real money together with Gwen's help. I'll be eighteen soon and then I can legally leave home but I don't want him to know when and where. I need Leah to help me find a place to live, a place I can afford. Gwen will set me setup with a job on weekends and I'll finish school on time in a private school if you get Leah to help me find a place to live that I can afford."

"Where do I fit in?"

"You deliver my transfer papers to school. Also I need you to get a note from me to my mother after I'm gone. And one more thing..."

"And that is?"

"I need you to make love to me." It didn't quite register on me that Joanie could be serious. She poked me hard and rephrased what she had just said. "I need you

to fuck me. Just once is all I want it from you but it better be good for both of us. Then you can go back to playing your silly games with that Connie creature."

I tried not to stare at the girl sitting opposite me. It looked and sounded like Joanie but I wondered if she was some sort of changeling. *Can't be*, I thought. *Damn! A few days ago I would have taken her up on that offer in a second but now I'm not so sure. She's leaving home, running away is more like it, and she wants me to deliver the news to school. This could be big trouble for me. Better be careful. And calling Connie a creature; that's even nastier than Connie calling Joanie "cheap goods."*

"Okay, Joanie. I promise to deliver whatever the stuff to school and I'll personally hand your mother whatever you give me."

"Thanks, Eddie. I don't how this will play out for me but I'll never forget you for helping me. So, you won't take care of my needs? Don't give it a second thought if that's how you feel about me. Makes me feel like shit losing to Connie like this.

"Maybe we shouldn't see much of each other from now on. You know, so no one will think you know anything about me leaving or where I went and stuff."

Joanie paid the check and left a generous tip. "Remember," she said to the owner and to the waitress, her daughter, "I wasn't in here today."

We did not hold hands as we walked back to the office where Joanie worked.

"Come in for a minute," she said. Joanie unlocked a door in the vestibule which led to a small anteroom and the stairs leading upstairs. Without further ado we were in each other's arms as Joanie plunged her tongue into my mouth. She pushed me away too soon saying

"My offer may still go if ..." She never finished the sentence. "It just better be on my terms or else..." With that she slipped her hip under mine and tossed me onto my back. She dropped to her knees next to me and applied a very painful arm lock, so painful that I was helpless instantly. A mocking expression appeared on her face she increased the pressure. Then she released me and was on her feet in a flash. More humiliating than Joanie's effortless and complete domination of me was the fact that she had given me a hard-on!

"What was that all about?"

"Just to let you know what can happen if you fail me."

"Don't worry, I won't. Say, where did you learn those tricks?"

"Been going to judo and jiu-jitsu training a couple of times a week. Strength and endurance, too, but I won't really get heavy into that part until the fall. You can bet my stepfather is in for one hell of a surprise before I go...And you can bet on the outcome."

"Joanie, are you sure you know what you're doing?"

"Oh, yes! Never mind all that. What will it take for me to get you into bed with me?" She pressed her body against me. Her impish smile reminded me that she was able to feel the stiffness of my cock through the combined layers of clothing we wore.

"You enjoyed what I just did to you, didn't you? Got you hard, all hot and bothered, didn't I? We're going to practice fighting techniques and I'm going to dominate you until you beg me to fuck me. But if you don't put up some real resistance, I'll just make you jerk off for me."

My face was warm as my heart pounded so hard that I was sure it would break through my chest. Joanie pressed her body firmly against mine pinning me to the wall.

Her tummy ground against my hard cock as she rotated her hips. I wrapped my arms around her, put my mouth over hers as she looked up at me. Then we kissed.

Joanie held my hand as she walked me the few steps to the door.

"Think it over, Eddie. Think about how you've always been dreaming how sexy it would be to be beaten up by some comic book amazon and don't you dare say you haven't. I can make those dreams real. Only with me it'll always end with actual sex and not just plain old fucking.

"Or you can turn me down and hope that something happens between you and Connie. Sure, it'll be new and different with her but you know I can do whatever she can and a lot more."

"Joanie, I don't have to think about it."

I stepped out of the door and into the outer vestibule. Joanie muttered under her breath but loud enough for me to hear, "What does he mean by not having to think about it? Am I the winner or the loser?" It sounded like she was so angry enough to cry.

This was a new kink in what was turning out to be a tangled string. Joanie was into that Japanese fighting stuff to the point where she could mess up most guys especially if she took them by surprise or if they didn't take her seriously. This fit right in with my fantasies about comic book amazons. Sex with her had often

filled my mind when I jerked off but fighting her and losing would probably make me cum even before we got to the making out stage. Was she really serious about leaving home and keeping her location secret? If that happened it wasn't likely we'd ever see each other again. That was no reason to enjoy giving in to her demands for however long it would last before she took off for parts yet unknown.

Another question remained. Why was she so intent on teasing me with her talk about Connie? Could it be she had to be sure I wasn't going to lose interest in her and dump her for Constance? I had already sworn off Constance a couple of times and each time for very valid reasons. Joanie should have been confident enough that with all she had going for her, I was hooked. With Joanie's looks, body, and understanding of my weird fantasies there was little chance of Constance luring me away from her.

Labor Day weekend was getting close. Rather than go along with the ritual of complaining about back to school, I was really looking forward to senior year. Besides the obvious implication that I would be out in the world, it meant that whatever Joanie did with herself, Connie would be in the background. It was, I convinced myself, a sure thing that Connie's family would never stoop so low as to allow her to attend a public high school in Brooklyn.

Meanwhile Joanie was coming over to my house to talk with Leah; usually in Leah's room with the door closed. No big deal since Leah was moving out the last week of August. My sister had, through some connec-

tion on her job, gotten an apartment in a neighborhood called Chelsea which was in the teens, twenties and lower thirties over on the West Side which put it directly above Greenwich Village.

Plenty of spare rooms for both of you to stay over or if you need to stay for a longer while," she said enigmatically one evening over coffee after she and Joanie had finished their evening chat. "Oh," she added, "just not necessarily together. And Joanie, don't forget for even one second about using my address for correspondence and none of that 'in care of' stuff." It was easy to guess at what all that meant given what Joanie had told me about her plan to leave home but I needed to hear it straight from Joanie's mouth.

"Come on, Joanie. I need some cigarettes so let me walk you home."

"Say, Eddie. You must be clairvoyant; that means a mind-reader. I was going to ask you to walk me. Do you like the way my vocabulary is growing? Tell you why later."

Our hips kept bumping together as we walked slowly along the tree lined streets. The Joanie took my hand, slipped it around my waist and then put her hand on my bottom. I felt my face grow warm and knew I was blushing. Joanie stopped, stepped in front of me and kiss me.

"I guess you know what's going to happen and it'll be soon. Just keep your promise to me and turn in all the school papers for me. Jesus Christ, Eddie! I'm going to miss you more than I thought I would. We'll still be able to see each other but that might not be for a long time. Leah knows where I'll be.

"If you need to play around with Connie, that's okay with me. Better with her than with a real girl who can give you what I can; just not as good. Then again, I can't give you what she has."

Another kiss and then she walked up the driveway to her house. I wondered if I would ever see her again.

Joanie was evasive about making a date for some time over the Labor Day weekend. Her evasiveness wasn't surprising given what I knew about her plan to leave home. That left me feeling blue for lots of reasons. One was that I had all but abandoned contact with Connie in favor of spending time with Joanie which also meant giving up any chance of making serious time with Joanie. The weird part is that I often found myself thinking about Connie at very intimate moments with Joanie. Maybe it was time to reconnect with Connie before the school year started and she disappeared.

As expected, Leah moved to her new place in Chelsea the last week of August. She promised to come home for dinner every Friday night or, failing that, ever Sunday evening. The first Friday dinner was the start of the Labor Day weekend.

Leah brought gifts for everyone. While Dad sipped his new Drambuie and Mom read the booklet for her state of the art toaster oven, Leah and I disappeared into what had been her room. Our parents were keeping the room in a state of readiness for Leah's return from what they hoped would be her failed experiment in going out into the world as a single woman. That hoped for return never materialized.

Leah reached into her handbag and took out a large manila envelope. As she extended it toward me, she spoke softly and directly. "This is from Joanie. She said you'll know what to do with and to tell there's no personal note inside.

"I figured you would need some cheering up after I told you that there was no personal note. Try these on for size. These styles are going to be popular with all sorts of guys in a few years. Well, maybe not all sorts."

"Thanks, Leah. You know me better than I know myself." I hadn't even opened the gift box

The gift box held several pairs of what Leah described as fashion underthings for guys. As I stared at the brightly colored cotton and nylon underpants my face grew warm as I blushed. At first glance these were women's bikini panties and low waist briefs. Closer inspection showed they were cut fuller in front to accommodate the male anatomy.

My heart was racing as I anticipated the look and feel of these skimpy bits of brightly colored cotton and nylon on my body.

"Remember how I used to help you dress as a girl story character every Halloween until I said you were too old for that. Somehow I knew you would never get over it. Well, here's your chance to do it again, at least underneath it all."

"Thanks, I think."

"Don't worry about Mom finding them. You can keep them at my place and wear them on weekends when you visit"

I nodded as I fussed with my new things. It hit me that I was thinking of these brightly colored underpants as "things", a word used by the more prudish

girls I knew when referring to panties and other kinds of undies in mixed company. Then again, they couldn't be that prudish if they were even referring to intimate apparel in front of boys. *Wow! This ought to be a lesson for me in just how big a bunch of cockteasers those straitlaced snobs can be.*

"You're wondering how to tell front from back, aren't you?" said Leah again showing her insight into my thinking.

"Right, big sister. I'm ready for a lesson."

Leah opened a drawer of her dresser and took out one of the few panties that she had left behind.

"In case you wondering why I've left some things ere, it's because I expect to be sleeping over once in a while. You know, Thanksgiving, other special occasions. Feel free to browse when the urge strikes."

I turned even redder than I had been earlier.

"Sorry for teasing. Now for our lesson. Girls and women usually old the panty by the waist band like this. Most of us raise it to eye level, turn it so we see which side has more fabric or shows the leg openings better. Another hint is that the curved seam of the gusset, the crotch piece is wider in the back. Just copy what I do... That's swell Eddie!"

Leah looked me in the eye and smiled. Then her eyes moved to the front of my jeans. I felt all queasy and wondered if that's how a girl feels when a guy undresses her with his eyes. The queasiness was a little bit like being turned on and probably would have much more like a real turn on if Leah were not my sister.

"Say, kiddo, how about spending the long Columbus Day weekend at my place? You can learn how to

have some real fun and practice what I just showed you and then some."

It was that "and the some" that fired my imagination. "Yeah, Leah, that'll be really swell."

The sound of mom's voice calling us to come out for dessert put an end to the conversation. I felt relieved at no longer having to second guess Leah's hinted at activities that awaited me when I visited her new place yet I immediately missed the sexual feeling s that arose from her lesson on how to tell the front from the back of panties.

As we got up to leave her room, Leah put her hand under my chin and turned my face this way and that. "Hmm. You're really a good looking kid. You could be gorgeous with some instruction." Her finger tips slid across my chin and throat like butterflies as she released me. She picked up a rat-tail comb, wet it with hairspray and ran it through my hair a few times, fussed with the front using the tail end of the comb.

Then, firmly gripping my upper arms, turned me to face her vanity mirror. The change to my hairstyle was subtle, barely noticeable as was the change. My face had taken, if not an effeminate appearance, a certain understated androgyny. I could imagine that with a few more modifications, modifications at which I couldn't begin to imagine at that moment, my face would attract guys as well as girls, men as well as women.

Mom had laid out dessert on the now cleared dining room table. "Something's different about you, Edward. I can't put my finger on it but you look so handsome all of a sudden."

"Maybe because he's starting to look like a man and not a little boy anymore," my father suggested. "Nah, I don't know. He doesn't look any different to me."

Leah looked across the table at me and winked. I winked back. We were well on our way to becoming coconspirators. I hoped Leah might know what the conspiracy would be about because I hadn't the foggiest notion of any specifics, just this thrilling awareness that a wonderful conspiracy was forming between us.

I glanced up at the kitchen and noticed that it was almost nine. *Not to late to call Connie and ask for a date or just go for a soda or something. Wonder what she would wear on a date. Not like I'm going behind Joanie's back. It was her idea for me to get together with Connie.*

"I'll be back in a few minutes. I got to make a phone call." It came out sounding awkward.

"Say 'hi' to her for me," Leah teased with a pleasant lilt in her voice. She caught my wrist as I walked toward the hallway. "You can use my car over the weekend since I don't yet have a parking garage space."

"Leah, you're the best sister a guy could have." Her response was to flick her tongue over the center of her upper lip.

It was an impulse that led me to take the phone from its stand in the hall outside our bedrooms and carry it into Leah's room rather than my own. My eye fell on the white nylon Van Raalte brief panty that Leah had used in our little lesson a short time ago. Although I had only phoned her very few times, Connie's phone number stuck in my mind.

As I listened to the ring sound my finger tips drifted over the sensuous fabric of Leah's panty. How much wonderful this would feel when filled out by the firm curves of a girl especially a girl like Connie. To my relief, Connie picked up after a few rings.

"Hi Connie, it's me..."

"Of course it's you, Eddie. Do you think I wouldn't recognize your voice? Some girls might say they didn't even if they did. That's just to try to make you feel unimportant. What's up?"

"I was hoping we might get together and spend some time..."

"That would be so swank. Has to be tomorrow though or maybe tomorrow night for just a little while. I'm off to school on Sunday so I have to pack. Maybe we could chat while I get my things ready and fold them and all. My mom will be busy so if you come over, it'll just be the two of us."

This was more than I could hope for even though I knew nothing much would happen on account of my uncertainty over what Connie had in her panties. The gain, how does a guy come on to a girl who might be another guy?

"Oh, and I can model my new school clothes for you but you better be honest about what you think. Those uniforms are hopelessly drab and shapeless. Can you believe we can't even choose what undies to wear for the whole first term?"

Connie went on to tell me that she would be staying with a friend of her mother who lived in northern Fairfield County in Connecticut and attend a private girls academy just over the Massachusetts line. "You

know it's not so far that you couldn't visit me if you really want to."

As we chatted, or to be more exact as I listened with rapt fascination to Connie who sounded like an naive and excited thirteen year anticipating high school, I kept fussing with the panty I had so casually caressed while waiting for Connie to pick up.

"Do bear with me, Eddie, for a just few minutes. I've got to finish trying on this dopey uniform. Just so silly looking and you wouldn't believe the regulation panties; just so juvenile! Well, mostly. Some are kind of all right....Say, let me call you back in about an hour. We'll talk more about those dreadful uniforms and all. Just promise you won't laugh when you finally get to see me in them."

"See you in them? When..."

"When you cone to spend a weekend with me, silly."

This was a definite problem. Leah had plans for me to visit with her and so did Connie. I tried to logically weigh my options but I had no idea of what either Leah or Connie had in store for me. Images of Connie in every kind of uniform I could imagine kept flitting through my mind. The uniforms gave way to images of Connie, slender and flat chested, in little girl panties that didn't quite hide the outline of her cock. My hard-on was straining against my jeans to the point of pain. I undid my jeans and slid them below my hips and lowered my briefs just enough to free my cock. I tickled the back of my ball sac with my finger tips and with my other hand reached for Leah's panty.

A tap at the door shocked me enough for me to lose my erection! "May I come in?" asked Leah softly. Was

it my imagination out of control or did she really put some emphasis on **come**?

"Just a sec." I rolled onto my side, back to the door and attempted to adjust my jeans.

"Second's up," announced Leah as she slowly opened the door and stepped into the room. "That girl you were on the phone with must be some swell dish if she has you whacking off over the phone. I know it's not Joanie."

"No it's not Joanie. New kid named Connie. She's different, that's for sure."

"Different or not, she's got you going. Don't worry about it. My lips are sealed. Just take those panties of mine to bed with you and do what you need to do to get to sleep."

"Gosh, this is so weird; being encouraged to jack off in her panties by my sister."

"No, Eddie, there's nothing weird about this conversation. We're being open, honest."

About a quarter to ten the phone rang.

"I'll get it," I announced.

"It's me, Connie. My mom called. She won't be home before one so why not come over and I'll put on a fashion show for you."

"Be there in two shakes."

Connie met me at the front door. She stood behind the door as she opened it and then closed the door be-

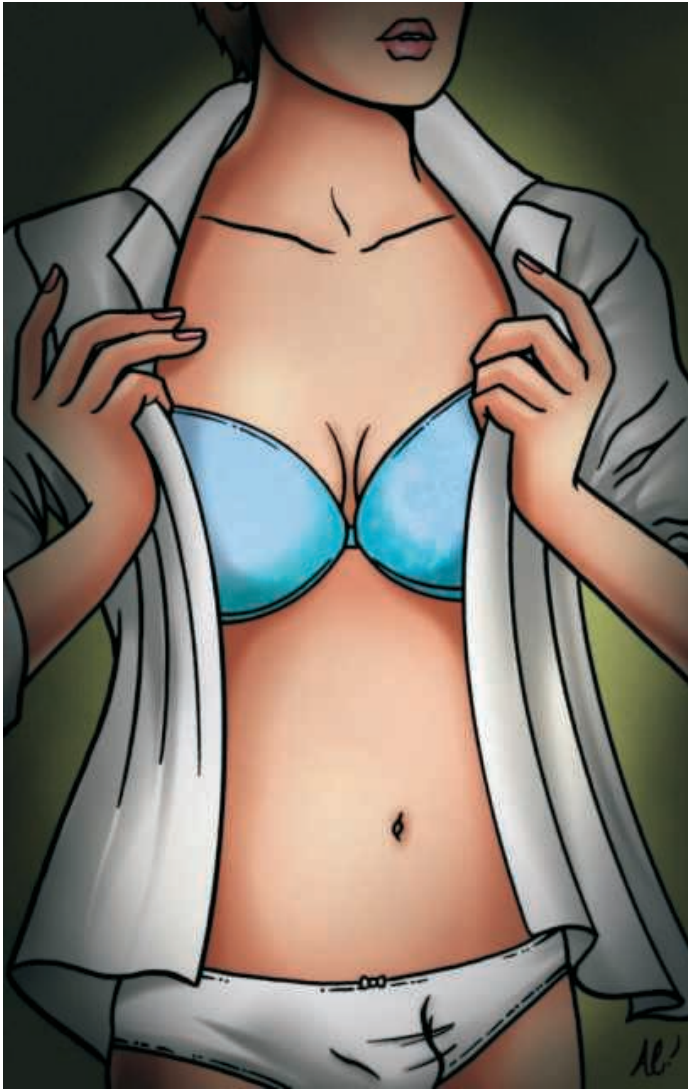
hind me. Holding me by my wrist she led the way down the hall and up the stairs to her bedroom. I could see she wore a one piece jumper over a short sleeved white cotton blouse with around collar. The shapeless jumper entirely obscured her shape. If there was an example of what her new school required it was no wonder she wasn't pleased with the uniform requirements. Saddle shoes worn over crew socks so heavy they hid her sculpted ankles did nothing to lessen the drabness of the shapeless jumper. It was only when she turned to face me with an uncomfortable, self-conscious smile that her special appeal came into play.

"Don't just stand there looking revolted. Help me get out of this thing." She turned her back to me and reached for the rear zipper. "Just hold it so it doesn't fall and get wrinkled."

I held the jumper and then lowered it so she could step out of gracefully. Connie handed me a hanger on which I hung the jumper. She took it from me and inspected the way it fell on the hanger. A nod of approval as she praised me in a bizarre way. "Nice work for a novice. You'd make a great lady's maid."

She put her hands on her hips and turned slowly. "If this blouse were any longer I could wear it as a dress." Next she undid the buttons of her blouse and shrugged it back over her shoulders. Connie let it slide slowly down her arms to reveal the baby blue padded bra.

Her panties, although unadorned plain white cotton, were not at all unappealing. Loose though they were, the soft cotton flowed gently over her the curves of her hips and tush...and over the contours of her cock.



I gasped at her surreal body; all the curves and contours of a beautiful girl on the cusp of adulthood enhanced rather than diminished by her cock and balls. Connie stepped forward put her hands on the sides of my face, rose on tiptoe and kissed me deeply. The tips

of our tongues met, flickered lightly against each other and then she withdrew.

Connie looked up at me with an indulgent smile. "Don't look so glum," was all she said as she undid my belt. It was she who was in charge, she who was directing the scene. She grabbed my calf, lifted my foot so high that I was barely able to keep from falling backwards and then yanked off my sneaker. After repeating that move with my other foot, Connie finished opening my jeans and the pulled them down to my knees effectively hobbling me. "That polo shirt will only be in my, er, our way." Her original choice of words reminded me that Connie was leading me through this scenario. Being controlled by a girl with a dick heightened my arousal.

Connie led me to the edge of the bed and pushed me onto it. I sat up and took off my jeans as she stood over me, paused as if in triumph and threw me off the bed onto the floor. I looked up at her amazed by her sudden burst of physical aggression as she calmly sat down on the edge of the bed. She looked at me sheepishly.

"Eddie, you must bear with my outbursts. Sometimes I just hate boys and men. You can't begin to realize how horrid my father was to me. Then when I started being who I am, boys started being nice to me and I was too naive to understand why. Those shits were only pretending to be nice so they could get me to do things to them. In the end they beat me up and swore they would, and these were their very words, 'ruin that pretty fairy face of yours'..." Her shoulders heaved momentarily as she fought off what should have been a major crying jag. "There'll be payback before I'm done with them."

Her voice and face were almost frightening as she spoke.

I knelt in front of her now and put my arms around her and rested her cheek against my chest. Connie looked up at me and smiled. "You're different, Eddie. I know I can trust you because you would do things to please me as much you would want me to please you."

She guided me to my feet pulled, my briefs down. "You've got to get rid of those crude underpants, get something brighter, sexier. Ironical that Leah had bought me just the kind of undies Connie was suggesting. Her hand cupped my balls, gently held them as if weighing them. Was she, I wondered, purposefully avoiding my wildly stiff prick?

Connie pushed me to my knees again, turned half away from me as she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, stuck out her tush, and eased her panties just low enough to fully expose her nether cleavage.

I reached forward, put my hands on the highpoints of her hip bones and drew her toward me. My face nuzzled the firm smoothness of her bottom cheeks, my tongue teased the base of her spine causing her to quiver and whimper lightly. She fell deliberately onto the end, her rigid cock almost perpendicular to her mons. Having had no experience in oral or any other sex with a boy I relied on instinct and a sense of what would thrill me. I wrapped my hand around the lower part of her very adequate shaft. Then, with a deep breath, I ran my tongue lightly over the rim of her cockhead. Letting out that deep breath made her giggle as she complained "That tickles my pussy hair."

Smiling, I looked toward her to see her looking happily stimulated. I ran my tongue over the underside of

her rod from base to tip before taking her entire cockhead into my mouth. Connie moaned as her hips rotated slowly. The she pushed me off her!

“Oh, Eddie, you really are willing to do anything I need you to do. Thank you!”

She managed to get us into a classic sixty-nine position on our sides as our tongues paid mutual homage to our respective dicks. Connie’s lips and tongue showed me sensitive spots I didn’t know existed. I tried to learn from her as I desperately sought to keep from disappointing her.

What I could not do was swallow her entire shaft even as she swallowed mine. Her throat muscles seemed to contract holding my prick as my finger tips and toes began to shiver, as an electric energy spread from my cock through my groin to every part of me. Her hand squeezed my balls as her nails dug into the tender skin of my scrotum. The intense yet pleasurable pain made it impossible to delay my orgasm further as I screamed while spontaneously pumping what seemed like gallons of cum in wave after wave of intense climax.

The afterglow of my orgasm didn’t prevent me from somehow using my mouth and my instincts to bring Connie off in what sounded like as intense an orgasm as my own.

“Get dressed and go before we get hard again. Eddie, thanks to you I may not hate boys and men as much as before. You see, you proved to me that there are boys who are truly willing to satisfy a girl like me; well, at least one boy.”

She kissed me lightly on the lips as she said good-bye. "It may be, if we both get lucky, we'll meet again."

Connie and Mommy

Mommy was surprised to see Connie waiting up for her. She was pleased with the progress Connie had made once they both committed to her conversion from a tormented boy destined to isolation to the attractive and self assured girl she had already become. But there was still work to be done but Mommy knew that the elite finishing school at which Connie was to start in a very few days would be the perfect place for her to reach her full potential; better to say her full potentials.

A warm feeling overtook the statuesque woman as she gazed at her daughter. Since the move it had been so much easier to think of her sexually ambiguous child as her daughter, to refer to Connie with feminine pronouns. Best of all was be able to shop with her and for her for all those pretty things that would send her husband into a sullen rage if Connie dared mention wanting them.

Connie put down the novel she had been reading and smiled up at her mother. The trans-girl sat with her legs resting on the coffee table so that her blue satin full length peignoir fell open to display her legs all the way to the top of her thighs. The lamplight on her the white nylon panties seemed to make them glow from within. The translucent yoke of the peignoir showed that she was wearing a bra; a modest one as befitted her overall aura of innocence tempered by sexuality.

Mother was certain that Connie could be all things to all men and then destroy them physically and emo-

tionally when they discovered the girl they longed for, the girl who had seduced them had not been born a girl.

"That so thoughtful of you to wait up for me but it really isn't necessary especially when you have so much to do."

"I know, Mother, but we need to talk. You see I had a boy over tonight. He's really nice and I really have this really terrific crush on him. He knows what I have but he still likes me and, Mother, he wasn't at all selfish about doing what I need done. And I know you're going to love this part. It felt so good to control him, to hurt him."

"That's wonderful, darling. I knew you'd come around to my way of thinking."

"And my orgasm would never have been so intense if I hadn't been in charge."

"You see, Connie, Mother does have some very nice plans for you."

"OH, yes, Mother. There's so much I can still learn from you. And I promise to be a good schoolgirl." *Oh yes, Mother, I'll take advantage of every opportunity to be schooled but don't be surprised when you realize I'm my own person and not your tool. And, Mother, that means you are not going to exploit my talents for your financial gain."*

"Constance, darling, that overly exuberant vocal style doesn't become you in the least. It makes you sound so phony."

Looks like that domineering sow may be on to me. Doesn't make a bit of difference in the end and it just might give me a way to manipulate her.

Eddie's Narrative

I walked home feeling pretty good about things went between me and Connie. It was the closest thing to my dreams about girl super-heroines that I could ever have hoped for given my very limited range of experience.

Without thinking I chose a route that would bring me home by way of Joanie's block. A parked police car and an ambulance were in front of her house. It had to be that Joanie had made good on her promise to take care of her stepfather!

The creep sat on the step of the porch declaiming that nothing worth mentioning had happened and that he "wasn't going to no hospital" to get checked out. A plainclothes cop took a few notes and then spoke to Joanie who had been sitting on a porch glider hidden in the shadows.

"You did a good thing by calling us. He had a pretty bad fall. You say he goes on these binges every so often. Has he ever gone after you like he went after your mother? ...You don't have to answer; your face tells me what it's all about in this house."

I was sure Joanie had messed him up although his drinking made it easy for her. Any fall involved was probably the result of her throwing the creep down the stairs or bouncing him off a few walls. One of the uniformed cops was giving me the fisheye which was no doubt meant as my cue to leave. Joanie caught me eye and smiled. "Call me tomorrow," she said loudly enough for me to hear. I nodded, waved and left before I got hard thinking about how Joanie was able to beat up a grown man.

I called Joanie as early the next morning as I dared considering the long night she had. "Oh, Eddie, I'm so glad you called. Meet me at the playground as soon as you can."

I sat on a bench watching Joanie walk up with a new confidence in her stride. She wore tan short shorts, saddle shoes and crew socks, and a jewel neck tee. A wine red scarf was wrapped around her hair. The piece that didn't fit this ensemble was the expensive looking shoulder bag. She sat down, leaned across my front kissed me.

"Thanks for coming. You and Leah are my salvation. I swear I'll make it up to you."

"I'm happy to help you out. Two things bother me, though. One is kind of selfish on my part because I'm worried I may never see you again. The other is that after last night, I figured you'd be gone by now."

"Truth is I enjoyed last night so much that I want to wait and really finish him off one more time. Besides, last night wasn't planned. The shit tried to put his hands on me and dared me to stop him so I did. Of course he was falling down drunk so it was no big deal. I'll be out of here as soon as my new setup is ready.

And don't worry about us getting together. You'll hear from me every so often but I don't want you to sit around hoping we get together down the road. If it happens let it happen but don't try to make it happen. Keep going out with all kinds of girls including the freak."

This was too much to take even from Joanie. It was odds on we'd never get together gains so I figured

there was nothing for me to lose by telling her off. "Come off it, Joanie. Connie's not like everyone else but that doesn't give you any right to call her a freak. I got to go now. And don't worry about those papers. I keep my promises."

Call Connie, that's what I'll do as soon as I get home. Better still; walk by her house and say hi. Am I cutting off my nose to spite my face? It doesn't matter now that I've burned my bridges with Joanie. But it doesn't have to be a girl like Connie, a girl with a dick as big as mine except that she's really classy and I've got the hots for her. I'm good with that even though it means I'm turning queer. No, I'm not queer. Just once with one girl with a dick doesn't mean that much. And besides, with her classy style she makes all the girls around here look like a bunch of cows.

My reflection was interrupted as I reached for a cigarette only to find the pack was crushed along with the last remaining cigarette. I altered my course toward the avenue and the corner candy store. Without even thinking I asked for a pack of Parliament, a filter cigarette that came in a box which was pretty rare in those days. In case you've forgotten what I said earlier, a guy smoking filter cigarettes was almost as queer as a guy wearing lipstick. "Those are for my girlfriend," I added and then asked for Pall Mall, the first popular king size smoke, for myself.

"Oh," said the woman behind the counter. "I would have sworn you always take Lucky Strike. These taste almost the same but to me they look so elegant." Elegant was a good word. I put the Parliaments in my pocket and tried to light a Pall Mall as soon as I was on the street. A strong breeze had come up which kept blowing out the matches. This was a great excuse to step into the doorway of the nearby ladies specialty

shop and to look over the window display with its artfully arranged examples of intimate apparel. A momentary urge overtook me as I wondered if the feeling of wearing these marvelously alluring things made one feel as powerfully glamorously tempting as it looked. It was the urge to dress in feminine undies. I shook that fantasy from my mind's eye and went on toward home by way of Connie's street. There was no car in the driveway or in the garage. I felt sad that she had left without another chance to say good-bye. Maybe it would turn out all for the good.

Leah's car was still parked in our driveway when I got home.

"I was waiting for you to get back, Eddie. I need a big favor from you. It's going to be a while before I have a garage space near my place. You'd be really helping me out if you took care of my car for a few weeks; drive it at least once a week, keep it gassed up and check the oil. I'll leave you some money for expenses."

"Thanks for giving me your car to use but is it all right if I take a long ride over some weekend? Just me and no wild stuff."

"Sounds to me like there might a girl involved in your plans. Eddie, sweetie, you can even drive all the way to Timbuktu to see her if she's that special."

"Yeah, she's different," was all I could manage to say.

I kept trying Connie's phone number all day and half the night. No luck. When Leah asked me to drive her to her new place on Sunday and help her unload

some things, I agreed. Elle, our little sister wanted to come along but Leah put her off claiming there would be no room in the car with all we had to move.

It was a surprise to me to see tree lined streets in that part of Manhattan. I found a parking space in front of Leah's apartment building. Leah decided it would be better if we borrowed a wheeled clothing rack for a shop around the corner. Though closed for business, the shop was staffed for redecoration.

It was a small upscale boutique that featured somewhat arty but very tasteful women's clothing. The owner, one of the prettiest young men I had ever seen looked at me after greeting affectionately greeting Leah and asked sotto voce, "Who is this gorgeous boy?" I was certain I wasn't meant hear that question."

"Rick, meet my younger brother Edward."

"So very nice to meet you," he said as he extended his well manicured hand toward me. I couldn't help notice that he wore several rings as well as an antique cuff bracelet. Then he whispered to Leah "since he's family to you, I know he's off limits to me. He's still gorgeous."

As we moved Leah's clothing from the bar in the back seat to the clothing rack, she explained to me that Rick was expanding his business to include a ladies specialty shop adjacent to the dress boutique and would need some workers on weekends to paint and install fixtures. "You could stay over with me from Friday night until Sunday and after work I'll introduce you around to people who can help you after you finish your military service."

When I got back home that night Elle told me Joanie called to say good-bye and that she was going away.

That meant I could drop off her papers at the guidance office the week before school started. While I was in the guidance department my grade advisor asked me into her office.

"You're not interested in college although you could get into plenty of good schools. Perhaps you're right in getting your military obligation done with first. Since you can go into basic training in any service at any time, there's no reason to wait until next June to graduate. You can finish all your courses this fall semester. Are you interested?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She bent forward to get some forms from the bottom drawer of her desk. Her blouse gapped forward just enough to reveal the full smooth curves of her breasts nestled in the soft lacy fabric of her bra. My warm reaction convinced me I wasn't queer at all. After leaving the guidance office I felt less sure of myself, less certain I wasn't queer. It was more than what has come to be known as adolescent angst that made me consider who and what I was. Yr was pretty clear to me that I should have been at least annoyed if not totally pissed off when Rick called me 'gorgeous' but I wasn't. What did that mean?

True to her word Joanie had disappeared from the neighborhood. This could have been my great opportunity to get really involved with Connie but she was sent off to wherever it was in Connecticut. By finishing my high school requirements at the end of the fall term I had lost all of my day to day social contacts. My need to get my mandatory military service over with beck-

oned but I felt an obligation to be at the June graduation ceremony so my parents could see their only son get his high school diploma. At first I shopped around the various recruiting offices with an open mind but found myself leaning toward the navy for no real reason except the "Join the Navy & See the World" had a special appeal. I certainly had no interest on being stuck in some service town in the south.

Rather than hang around the house all day or take a job I would have to quit in a few months I began to spend my days around Leah's place. Rick offered me as any hours as I could work stocking the new ladies specialty shop. Great offer as far as I was concerned. It would allow me to handle those very fascinating items that went under the heading of intimate apparel. It meant I would have a rationale for learning the names of these fascinating foundations, the fabrics and textures, the colors and hues.

Almost from the start I had been coming home after dinner time but managed to join my parents and sometimes Elle for cake and coffee around nine. More and more, this evening ritual was taking place in front of the large console television set; large but as was typical in the fifties, with twelve inch screen. One particular night we ended up having cake and coffee at the kitchen. I was looking at Elle who was very much on her way to becoming a woman and wondered how girls in early adolescence become aware of the intricacies of female underthings. Through older sisters and cousins perhaps, or from other girls their own age, but most likely the magazines that so fascinated me had to be a factor. Elle might have guessed at what I was thinking as I looked at her when she adjusted the strap of her brassiere, let the tip of her tongue slip between

her teeth and winked. I shook my head as if to disapprove of her practicing flirting with her brother.

When our father walked into the room Elle excused herself pleading studying and then, as she passed me on the room asked if I could explain something to her when I was done finally binging me on the arm with surprising force.

Dad sneered at me he noticed, and I'm sure not for the first time, my fingers as I wrapped my hand around the coffee cup. Trying to avoid a confrontation I restrained myself from asking what was bothering him.

"Eddie, I thought you were helping set up a store, paint, put in the fixtures. That kind of work can't be done when your hands are so smooth, your finger nails so long with no cracks or chips. What are you up to?"

"Not up to anything, Pop. We finished the work you're talking about so now I'm stocking the merchandise."

A grunt of disapproval and I knew I had to stay away until graduation.

"Elle needs me now," was all I said as I left the room.

"I saw the storm coming ups so I wanted to give you an excuse to escape," was all that Elle had to see when I came into her room.

"Say, kiddo, you were always pretty good at figuring out people and what's on their minds. You ought to become a psychologist or a psychiatrist."

I had become pretty adept at classifying these very seductive bits of gossamer fabric that was the substance of lingerie. At the same time I was rapidly developing a new fascination with the constricting girdles. It was about that time that Rick told me the girl who would be overseeing the day to day to day operation of the specialty shop as well as the adjacent boutique would like to meet me as soon as she's in town I was sure this meant that my idyllic days among the underthings I so admired were numbered. Nothing I could do but wait it out until Carol Lee showed up. No big thing, I reasoned since I would be off to boot camp in a few months anyway.

Much to my surprise Carol Lee was only a few years older than me. She was petite, pretty with a moderately curvaceous figure, in a word *sexy* in an all-American girl way. Mahogany hair with reddish highlights was cut in a modified page boy style that gave her face a heart shape. Her hand was soft and smooth yet her handshake firm. Her hand lingered in mine for more than expected with a first meeting handshake and as she slowly moved it away I felt a tingle of arousal.

She looked at me appraisingly as she spoke. "Rick tells me you're very quick to learn the names of fabrics and even of words like *denier*. You've got a good fashion sense when it comes to intimates. I just wonder if you're that talented with the more, shall we say, apparent fashions like which blouse goes with which skirt, the right shoes and accessories. Maybe we can even

teach you how to match styles to body types. But all that comes later, if it comes at all."

The short hair on the back of my neck stood up at the thought that I might learn more about women's clothing. Before my dream even formed in my mind's eye Carol Lee continued spoke again. "And by the way, you're a perfect size eight." Carol Lee had intuitively sized me up literally sized me up but what was she able to tell about me just by looking at me. "I just know we're going to get on famously. Let's talk more another time." With that said I was dismissed from Carol Lee's presence.

Since it was about 6:30, the tail end of the subway rush hour, I locked the yet to open specialty shop and went home to Brooklyn. The shop would open for business in ten days and that would most likely mean the end of my employment with Rick. Perhaps Carol Lee might need me for a few more weeks but other than that I would be stuck back home listening to Pop complain about my less than tough guy demeanor and my interest in music and dance reviews in the paper when I should be spouting boring sports stats.

I read until Mom and Pop had been long asleep. In the background I could hear Elle's radio. When I was sure Elle was asleep too, I dug the white panties Leah had left with me. (Had she really "given" them to me by design?) I took off my pajama bottoms and slowly moved the very smooth nylon over my rapidly hardening cock. Then, draping the panties from the head of my now very erect cock, gently rubbed my cock through the panties while alternately caressing and milking my balls.

I desperately wanted to cum in those virginal looking panties, so chaste at first impression. Fear of leav-

ing a stain that would never white wash out made me stop, raise my hips and move the panties below my balls. The precum oozed onto the tip of my dick. My index finger lifted that precious drop and brought it to my lips. My instinct at first was to swallow it quickly without tasting it.



Then as the tip of my tongue touched that libation I knew in my heart that would not be that last time I would taste cum. Nor would it be only my own that I would come to savor. My tongue moved slowly so as to spread that drop over as much of the surface as possible. Again my fingers tantalized the excruciatingly sensitive rim of my prick. I began to quiver all over as I throbbed. I bit my arm to keep from screaming too loudly. My prick vibrated, my legs thrashed as I shot a powerful geyser of cum across my chest.

I lay on my back exhausted from the intensity of my orgasm. Without thought or design my finger tips scooped up as much of my cum as possible. Then I slowly, ecstatically licked my fingers. Taking some tissues from the box on my night table, I cleaned myself as best as I could before slipping into my bathrobe which I left open. My next move was to adjust the panties to their correct level. *Ladylike* was the phase that went through my mind as I reached under my robe, hooked my thumbs in the leg bands and smoothed that sensuous garment over my tush.

I fastened my robe and started down the hall to the bathroom I shared with Leah and Elle. Softly closing and locking the door behind me, I ran some warm water onto a washcloth and washed my chest and tummy. That glimpse of my own image was limited by the fact that I was standing at the sink and the mirrored door of the medicine cabinet showed little above the midline of my hips yet it was enough to remind that despite my very dark hair I had almost no body hair. The elastic waist band of the panties was all the mirror showed of my lower body. I needed to see more.

The full length mirror on the side of the bathroom door beckoned to me as never before. My hands ran

over my waist and panty covered hips as I marveled at how androgynous I had suddenly become. My waist, already narrow and tight, might rival that of any girl with the help of high-waist girdle or waist cinching garter belt. I resolved to find a way to stay on at Rick's. Either the specialty shop or the boutique would allow me to apply what I had learned about foundation garments and intimate apparel to my own body. With Carol Lee and Leah as my mentors I would no longer be Connie's potential date but her competition!

Drifting off to sleep I knew that I couldn't go too quickly in learning to pass myself off as a girl because there was still the hurdle of military service to cross. That might be a good thing. While it might be a thrill to recreate myself as a girl, envelop myself in the finery that goes with being a girl, I wasn't so sure the excitement would go on for ever if I didn't get back into guy mode long term in between the girl mode interludes. Then there was the concern over who would I make love to in girl mode and who would I want to make love to me. Even as these conflicts ran through my mind I fell into a deep and restful sleep. Did that mean I was looking forward to resolving or even enjoying working through these conflicts in real life?

I woke up rested with the overriding conclusion that I would not resolve these concerns through any reasoned logical process but would let them play out. Leah's voice echoed in my mind as I recalled the advice she had given when I first told her about Connie; *"Just let it play out and see where it goes."*

That strategy got a boost in the person of Carol Lee.

It was in the boutique where I was unpacking a carton of merchandise. This was not the stock one might expect to find in a local dress shop or even a midtown department store with any given style available in a multitude of popular sizes. No; these skirts and dresses were individually styled in cut, texture, fabric and color. Some had sewn in nylon underskirts so that the wearer could dispense with a slip however sheer the fabric. A girl or woman unwilling to slavishly follow fashions could maintain her individuality while dressing attractively were they to visit the boutique.

My task was to lay out the skirts and dress for Carol Lee to inspect and then put on hangers or drape over an improvised rack. Carol Lee's eyes beamed with satisfaction and approval as I caressed those innocuous articles of clothing which had a sensuous fell to them. Was it because she had noticed my affinity for those items or was it because I had become adept at sorting these by style and colors? Carole Lee answered the question for me.

"Edward, you're really as good as Rick promised you would be. My gosh, I've tried to train girls as shop assistants but none had your flair for the kinds of fashions we're going to carry. Is there any chance you'd be willing to stay on after we open?"

"Carol Lee, I would love to."

"I know you're capable of filling the job but are you willing to be my shop girl?"

"I can start right now."

"Edie, you're hired."

"Edie does have a nice ring to it."

Late that afternoon Carol Lee asked if I would join her for a light dinner at a nearby cafe. "We might linger but you can stay over with Leah. I cleared it with her but she did ask you call home and let your parents know."

My mother answered the phone and assured me that she had no concern with me staying with Leah as many nights as I needed to since my older sister would keep me on the "right path" whatever that was supposed to mean. In the background I had heard Dad's diatribe. "Let him stay with her forever. They're both no good. At least he won't corrupt Ellen..." This was ironic because I was sure that although she wasn't a tramp, Elle's instincts would carry her along a path that would not be in Dad's eyes, proper one...

"Ma, I heard Dad. Maybe it would be better if I just stay with Leah until graduation and then I'm going into the navy."

Grinning like the Cheshire cat, I turned to Carl Lee and announced "All set."

"From what I could hear, Leah is going to have a flat mate and not just an overnight guest. You'll see how well this will all turn out."

She suggested I go over to Leah's to shave and shower. "Leave the door unlocked so I can bring over some things for you."

Not wanting to seem naive even though I wondered what these "things" would be, I simply nodded.

Stopping at a nearby drug store, I picked up a tube of shaving cream (no aerosol back then) and a razor. As I paid the counter girl, I noticed a display of sunglasses. My breath caught in my throat as my own image in any pair of those sunglasses flashed across my mind. No doubt that the object of my gaze was obvious to the counter girl.

"Care to try any of those? Since these are last year's styles they're marked down to make room for the new line. No need to worry about looking too much like a sissy. A few of those styles work for guys and girls."

I glanced at the clock at the end of the store and answered "Sure. Why not?"

The counter girl, Lynn by name, gave me a short tutorial on how to select eyeglass shapes and lens tints. "See for us girls these can be a tool to attract attention as in old fashioned flirting. It's kind of the way ladies used to use a fan." She took a pair, opened them and rested the end of the ear piece against her teeth as she smiled.

"Go ahead and try it. No one else is in the shop so you shouldn't feel embarrassed." I did, admiring my almost instinctive technique in the mirror. My smile was broad and spontaneous as I convinced myself that Connie had nothing on me. Lynn showed me one or two more moves which I repeated with easy grace.

As Lynn took the sunglass cases from a drawer she reminded me that "You are

really an attractive guy. You can with not a lot of practice look like anyone or anything you want to. If you need help with anything and I do mean any thing,

stop by. I'm here almost all the time except when I'm taking cosmetology classes."

I thanked her profusely and promised myself to look up cosmetology in the dictionary first chance I got.

The guest room in Leah's apartment, by now generally thought of as Eddie's room, was ready for me with fresh towels visible through the bathroom door and a powder blue terry cloth robe spread out in the foot of the bed. It's a good thing I didn't check the dresser drawers because what was in them would have distracted me from showering although my assumption that my clean underwear, underwear, socks, and shirts were in the top drawers and that my jeans and chinos were hanging in the closet where I had kept them on my earlier stays.

I undressed quickly at first but slowed down when all that remained was my well fitting briefs. *Darn, you look good*, I thought to myself as I postured in front of the full length mirror. *These stupid looking boy briefs ruin it though* I turned my back to the mirror but no far that I couldn't catch a glimpse of my tush reflected behind me. Thrusting my hips back, I hooked my thumbs in the waist band and slowly wiggled the briefs down, pausing at the lower edge of my bottom cheeks to admire the femme image I cast. After adjusting the water temperature and stepping into the shower I noticed the hair products in the wire basket hanging from the shower head. It was my first experience with shampoo and conditioner, an experience enhanced by the subtle scent of them both.

After showering and toweling somewhat dry, I used a hand towel to rub my hair almost dry and then turbaned the towel over my damp hair. Again, the reflec-

tion was more femme than I dreamed possible but it was marred by my body, which although smooth and free of superfluous hair was surely that of a male. It wasn't that I felt any need to get rid of my male apparatus but I didn't want those parts which I knew would continue to furnish me with pleasures I already knew and some yet to be discovered. It was simply that I didn't want them to be so obvious as I learned to pass myself off as a girl.

Glancing down at the large granite vanity surface that surrounded the sink, I noticed a hair brush and a rat tail comb that had been laid for me. I knew I had to learn to use them to style my own hair but I couldn't bear to do so with the specter of my own genitals ruining the effect. Picking up the generously sized bath towel, I wrapped around my chest and tied it under my arms as if it were a sarong. The effect pleased me to the extent that I was certain that any casual observer would be pleased as well and never ever suspect what was covered by the towel.

But what would happen when Carol Lee came through the unlocked door to the apartment. Overtaken by modesty, I dropped the comb and brush, stepped back into the bedroom and opened the dresser to find a pair of underpants. I was vexed to find that the contents of the top drawer had been removed and replaced by a neatly folded and piled collection of panties, and articles which I could not yet name; they were similar to boys' tank top undershirts except they were flat knit or woven fabric, many with tiny loops along the edge and some with a tiny appliqué flower at the center of the scooped neck..

I was still in an attitude of "modesty must prevail" so I selected a pair of dark blue unadorned nylon pant-

ies from the drawer. Recalling Leah's lesson to me on how to don panties, I allowed the saronged towel to slip from my body and held the panties in front of me as I were a priestess engaging in some ancient rite. As I stepped into them, there was the sound of applause from the bedroom doorway. There stood Leah looking at me with pride. I held my breath waiting for her reaction. It wouldn't matter if she snitched to my father except that he would blame my mother as he did for every little thing that wasn't to his liking and would then make my mother's life a perpetual misery.

"Sorry to take you by surprise. Oh, stop looking as if you've been caught with your hand in the cookie jar. And don't worry. Pop will never know."

I felt safe enough to breathe again. Leah continued talking.

"You're things that you brought with you are in the bottom drawer so you needn't worry about what to wear when you go home. Eddie, I've got to get changed and run off to take care of a business matter. Carol Lee is okay; you can trust her."

All the time she was speaking to me Leah was undressing! Well not really but pretty close. First she slipped off her high heeled pumps. Then, still chatting she reached behind her and undid the zipper of her A-line skirt. She stepped out of the skirt and held it in her hand. Her sheer slip silhouetted her legs as static made the nylon slip cling to her dark colored panties. "Stop gawking and get used to this. If you're going to pass as a girl you better be blasé about being with girls who are in let's just say various stages of dishabille."

I nodded as I again promised myself to look up another big word if I could figure out how to spell dishabille. Leah kissed her finger tips and touched them to

my cheek and then to my lips. "Got to dash." And off she went.

The entire conversation lasted less than five minutes. A moment later I heard the shower running in Leah's bathroom. Wondering whether to start getting dressed or wait for Carol Lee to coach me in what to wear I stalled by rummaging through the other drawers in the dresser. The second drawer down held some neatly folded sweaters which I would certainly examine closely and even try on later. Most were empty but freshly lined as if meant to receive newly purchased apparel. Dividers had been added which left no large spaces so I surmised the things that would fill those spaces would be small, small as in bras, garter belts, girdles and hose. The drawer on the very bottom held all the boy underthings I had brought with me over the weeks. It was a disappointment to find that whoever was behind this surprise arrangement had allowed that I would soon have to return to boy attire. Okay, so I could feel okay in jeans and tees or chinos and a shirt but did I really have to go back to the repulsively coarse boys' underthings?

Wait a second, I silently admonished myself. You're letting what you want to do get ahead of what's really happening. Jerk, you've only tried on two different panties and unless you have a way to beat the draft you'd better not get too used to girls' undies.

"A penny for your thoughts." Carol Lee's voice startled me causing me to turn quickly toward the door. Surprised as I was meant giving no thought as to tying my robe closed or even holding it modestly across my front. So there I was standing openmouthed with my robe parted to frame my panty cock as Carol

Lee looked me over. She took a deep breath, let it out slowly but audibly and then gave me a wolf whistle.

I decided to make the most of what started out as an embarrassing moment. Shrugging the robe of my shoulders but not allowing it to fall to the floor, I ran my hands

down my side and over my hips. "Like it?" I asked trying to sound as provocative as I could.

"Very impressive, indeed," she said stepping toward me. "Sexy with more than a touch of class." She ran her palms gently over my face in a circular motion. "Mmm, deliciously smooth from every angle." Her finger tips found my neck and sent shivers through me. I gasped as my nipples responded to her touch by hardening like those of a girl getting felt up in the movie house balcony.

Carol Lee moved way from me, took something from the dresser drawer and handed it to me. I willingly slipped the undershirt over my head and arms. The dresser mirror reflected someone who was neither boy nor girl yet both at once wearing something very akin to a bra. It would have been easy, like Narcissus, to have fallen in love with my own reflection.

"Okay, so you know you're lovely. But let's get you dressed for that dinner I promised you." Carol Lee opened the closet and took out a hanger holding a pair of ivory slacks. Unsure whether these were made of a girl for or for a boy, it was sure that they were expensive. In my mind there was no question that they would fit. It was a good bet that Leah and Carol Lee had conspired to set me up with a new and very androgynous wardrobe. Now it would be for me to decide how far and how long this game would go on. Or was it?

I pulled off what Carol Lee now referred to as a cami. She shook her head disapprovingly. "Don't bother to change your underpants." Carol Lee's tone was matter-of-fact as if going out in public wearing panties under whatever I was to wear was the most ordinary thing in the world. I was beginning to have misgivings about doing what so appealed to me only hours before. What if someone noticed me in the men's room? A hundred of *what ifs* raced through my mind.

"Just relax. I promise nothing will happen to embarrass you." She again spoke matter-of-factly. The slacks turned out to be plainly tailored and just my size right down to the inseam. The ivory or off white shade wasn't that different from the color of chinos that had faded from repeated washing. A dark bluish purple shirt followed. It was a delight to feel the soft silky fabric as I put it on. A sigh escaped my lips as I started to button this piece of cross between a man's dress shirt and a woman's blouse. A sigh came from deep within me, but whether from the feel of the unfamiliar silk blend fabric on my skin or from the relief of finding it buttoned in true male fashion left over right was unclear even to me.

I unzipped the slacks and, as I tucked in the shirt, noticed that the shirttails were shorter than what I expected and that they were cut evenly along the bottom of the shirt.

"No need for socks," Carol Lee cautioned as still barefoot. "And untuck your blouse. Sorry, I meant to say shirt."

Carol Lee opened the closet door and looked over the shoes on the rack. The few pairs of shoes I had been keeping in Leah's apartment were as I left them but there were several pairs I hadn't ever seen. Don't get

carried away and think there was anything even vaguely resembling heels or t-straps. What did catch my eye was a pair of saddle shoes, style popular with a certain wholesome type of girl as well with some boys intent on aping collegiate types. Novice though I was at this stage, I knew saddle shoes were not at all a suitable accessory for what I was wearing.

Carol Lee pointed to a pair of beige leather slip-ons that were more gracefully and smoothly styled than penny-loafers and could have been meant for a man or woman or even both. I knelt carefully to keep from ruining the sharp crease in my slacks. Still kneeling I used a shoehorn to get the shoes on without damaging the backs. Standing once again, I was handed a wide belt which was covered with some sort of fabric and had a polished round buckle.

After watching me fasten the belt around my waist outside the shirt, Carol Lee adjusted the drape of the shirt and stood alongside me as we both faced the mirror. The added effect of the belt no longer allowed me to think of what I wore as a shirt. It was now, in my mind as it could only be to any casual observer, a blouse. Carol Lee heightened that effect suggesting I turn up the back of the collar and undo the top button.

I turned my upper body from side to side as I followed her all but whispered directions. My fingers lingered at the buttons of my blouse until with slow seductive movements opened a second button. A smile such as I had neither seen nor even dreamed of brightened my eyes while barely showing a change in my lips.

"Very subtle" whispered Carol Lee who took a deep breath before adding "And oh so very eye-catching."

I nodded, ran my hands slowly up to the collar and readjusted it to assure the open front wouldn't fall back together as if closed. Tilting slightly forward exposed the picot trim on my cami.

It took only a few seconds for Carol Lee to dip my comb into a jar of setting solution and style my hair by parting it on the side and creating side swept bangs which emphasized my big almond shaped brown eyes. She left me standing and becoming more and more intrigued with the femme image that smiled back at me from the mirror.

Her hands reached across my head from behind as she fastened a fine link gold chain around my neck. The chain was just the right length so that the small abstract primitive design pendant of what I assumed to be a god or goddess was centered at the level of my collar bone.

Carol Lee held my left hand, palm downward and spread my fingers. Staring fascinated, my heart beat faster as she slipped a decidedly feminine ring onto my little finger. Rings for my index finger and middle finger followed. As I realized that my hands could easily be those of woman, Carol Lee gave me an impromptu manicure with an emery board and nail buffer. A beaten gold cuff bracelet was the final piece of jewelry for the evening.

"Take what you think you need for the evening, but only what you really need."

I was handed a leather object that was too large to be a man's wallet and too small for a lady's pocket book. Carol Lee watched as onto the clutch purse went my keys, my driver's license, a few bills and a handkerchief. She took the handkerchief and replaced it with a

packet of tissues. "No girl would carry a large handkerchief."

By now it was more than obvious that Carol Lee, abetted by Leah, had embarked on a program intended to reinforce any latent femme proclivities that might be lurking deep within me. The tendencies were definitely there and were becoming less deeply buried by the minute. It was a relief to relax and indulge those feelings I had believed I had so resisted so successfully. No, that's wrong; it was akin to delight as I no longer needed to submerge, to keep even from myself what I might have become. This brought me back to a cross-road where I once refused to look down a path that was not approved by the unthinking, unfeeling crowd. Now I could find out who and what I was meant to be.

Oh, even at the moment of enlightenment I had no illusions. What was being offered to me might be a very poor fit but at least I would know.

The weight of the topcoat Carol Lee draped over my shoulders made me recheck my very unfamiliar image in the mirror. The *au courant* trench coat was a perfect complement to my ensemble. Although a different fabric from my blouse, the color was just right. That it was double breasted meant it could be worn by a man or woman if one ignored the detailing and length which were clearly not in tune with the ultra conservative men's fashions of that very conservative time.

I turned up the coat collar as we stepped out of the apartment building entrance way and onto the street. My hands grasped the edges of the front of the coat to keep in place as we walked into the refreshing breeze that came of the nearby Hudson River.

After a short walk we went down a few stairs into a restaurant that surprised by its upscale ambiance. An attractive bar along the wall and a few cocktail tables filled the front area. A low wall divided the bar area from the dining area. This small cocktail lounge opened onto a large rectangular dining room with a low platform at the near the low wall. On the platform was a baby grand piano with two high stools alongside indicating that on at least a few nights this place offered music and entertainment as easily seen from the cocktail lounge as from the dining area.

The hostess greeted Carol Lee who had hung our coats in the unattended coatroom with a warm hug and kiss. Then as Carol Lee introduced me as Edie, she took my hand, pulled me gently toward her and kissed me on my cheek but so close to my ear that her breath made me shiver. "Edie, wonderful to know you. I do hope we can see you here regularly." Then as she looked my up and down, added "Say, you've got to be some relation to Leah."

The three piece Brooks Brothers suit types at the bar noticed us with a look of hunger. My femme instincts emerged as I ran my hand lightly over my tush as if smoothing my slacks. *Are my panty lines showing?* I wondered silently. *I hope they are!*

With neither thought nor planning I followed the hostess and Carol Lee to a table near the piano. Carol Lee whispered "Great! Those two guys at the bar can't take their eyes off you. Ignore them." She was referring to the seemingly unaffected feminine gait I had unthinkingly adopted. Carol Lee ordered a Moscow Mule which was served in a tin cup and suggested a chardonnay for me. "It's white wine," she said in answer to my puzzled look.

A salad and a small pasta primavera followed. A second glass of chardonnay went down more easily than the first. From time Carol Lee and I glanced toward the cocktail lounge as if she was monitoring the comings and goings of the men, women and couples who stopped by for a drink or light bite in the lounge. I was fascinated by the very attractive well dressed women who stayed awhile and never had to pay for their own drinks. The men were too willing to pick up the tab just for the pleasure of chatting with them.

"Edie, honey, most of those girls have always been girls but a few have gotten their by the route you're exploring. I challenge you tell which is which."

This game might have been fun but a man in his early to mid-thirties walked in with a woman a couple of years older. There was a strong resemblance between them.

Carol Lee got to her feet and walked quickly into his open arms. Apparently Carol Lee and what turned out to be a brother and sister pair were from the same town in Pennsylvania and had been in the same high school. Carol Lee introduced me to them as "My star pupil, Eddie who is going into the navy come July. This is Lieutenant Commander Garth Landow and his sister Doctor Rhonda Landow.".

For some unfathomable reason we all hit off together. At first I felt awkward being introduced to a naval officer while so extraordinarily dressed but Gar, as he was called by both Carol Lee and Rhonda, reacted as if it was the most ordinary thing to meet a young man such an androgynous getup. I thought he was just being nice when he offered to follow my hitch in the navy, smooth any bumps that arise. But then he took out a small memo pad and wrote my name and birth

date along with the approximate date on which I was to be sworn in. I felt so very comfortable telling him and Rhonda about my interests and aspirations.

A third glass of wine went to my head. "Just not used to it. Nothing serious," offered Dr. Rhonda. "Gar, be a dear and see Edie home and see he's safe in bed. That way Carol Lee and I will have a chance to catch up on girl stuff."

Gar offered me the choice between taking a taxi or walking to Leah's apartment. I followed his suggestion that a walk in the cool night air might clear my head. "Great! It will give us a few more minutes to get acquainted." His genuine warmth made me glow.

My assumption that Garth was some sort of medical officer was incorrect. He was an Annapolis graduate assigned as a naval attaché at the United States embassy in Paris. This fascinated me but security restrictions kept him from giving me very many details of his work. "I've been posted to London too. Both are great places for interesting night life; far less prudish than here in the States."

Garth saw me to the apartment door and used my key to unlock it. We stood for a moment just inside the open door. "Too bad you're not a little woozier. Then you might need me to help you undress and get into bed." As he reached out to shake my hand, I pushed the door closed behind us.

As we shook hands I guided his palm to my breast. My nipple had become as erect as any real girl's. I shuddered in anticipation of the arousal I knew was building within me. Garth's eyes were half closed, his lips open. My arms wrapped around his neck as his shoulders shook in a vain attempt to pull away from me but I would not allow that. I felt his hard-on press-

ing against my tummy. Clasping my hands behind his head I stood on tiptoe bringing my lips to his.

“Garth, you know I want you and even if you don’t really want me...” I never finished the thought. Garth responded to my kiss by sliding his tongue into my mouth. Sensation that were undreamed by me flowed through my entire being as my cock turned rigid. Garth’s hands cupped my tush making me moan as his fingers traced the hem and teased my crack. My legs wrapped around his upper thighs as I rotated my hips and tummy against his twitching prick. He began to pant as she fell back against the wall. I ended our embrace for fear of Garth’s falling on top of me. I clutched his balls through his trousers and placed the heel of my other hand against the base of his cock and rubbed.

His moaning rose to a roar, his body convulsed as he came. He sank to the floor as he tried to catch his breath.

I knelt between his legs and kissed him tenderly on his lips. He rewarded me with pained look. “I’m sorry, I really am”

“What ever on earth are you sorry about?”

“Edie, I’m attracted to you like no one I’ve ever known. Maybe it’s just a momentary infatuation and I know it’s much too soon for us to have real sex but I must seem like an inexperienced naive teen with that ridiculous premature orgasm. You probably don’t ever want to see me again...”

I put my hand over his mouth to quiet him.

“There is nothing to apologize for. And, darling, you’re quite wrong thinking I don’t ever want to see you again. How about tomorrow night for openers?”

His face dropped. "I can't. I'm just in New York for a night on my way back to Paris. This was meant to be a stopover just to have dinner with my sister. Falling in love was not part of the plan."

"Garth, you're rally nice and I could go for you but it's a little soon to talk 'love' I should think. 'Attraction' might be a more accurate word. Oh, don't look so forlorn. We'll be seeing each other a lot more. I just know we will."

Garth's response was a sad smile. As I closed the door behind him

a surge of triumph and of power came over me. *Wow! I met an older man and we were attracted to each other and he got all hot and something started that I wasn't ready for so I got him off without even trying.*

I poured a cold club soda and went to my bedroom where I turned on the radio to a classical music station. It was the kind of music I always liked but never really listened to or learned about because I never before had the self assurance to do things that appealed to me if it didn't fit in with the local crowd. But since my first real foray into femme undies had led to a very brief session of petting that put me in charge and, if Garth didn't have such a hair trigger, might have led to some real intimacy with me calling the shots, I ask Leah and Carole Lee to help me become totally femme at least part time.

Standing in front of the full length mirror, I practiced seductive postures and movements as I slowly removed my outer clothing. Now only my panties cami remained. Folding my arms across my chest created the illusion of small firm breasts. *Oooh! That is so cute and so sexy. Yes, and it really is me! Oh gosh, I am pretty flat.*

Better flat than looking like a cow. Say, I bet Rick or Carol Lee can tell me a way to grow passable tits.



I was, to say the least, quite self-satisfied as I lifted the cami over my head and tossed my head from side to side as I had seen girls do after mussing a casual hairstyle. My nipples responded to the teasing of my fingertips. There was no need for me to check the mirror to know my cock was as responsive. The lack of an orgasm was rapidly overtaken by the feelings of triumph and power that resulted from the very recent encounter with Garth. He came spontaneously with very little effort on my part and left me feeling so very good at having gotten off an older, experienced man. Maybe I wasn't as sexy as I felt at first. *That bastard, that selfish bastard never even thought about my needs! He owes me and there's going to be payback if he ever tries to make out with me again.*

There was nothing to do but satisfy myself or else spend a very tense, sleepless night. Repositioning the full length mirror and tilting at just the right angle would afford a deliciously narcissistic view of me as I lay back on the bed. But first there were preparations to be made. After donning the cami and redoing my hair with tortoise shell barrettes that were in a drawer of the bathroom vanity. The aura of a young slender female awakening to the sexuality that was her birthright had come easily to me. The effectiveness of my new persona was enhanced by every feminine nuance I added. Any casual observer would have sworn that my hair was longer and only seemed so short because it was held back behind my ears by the barrettes.

A jar of cold cream caught my eye. After opening it, I left the lid on the bathroom vanity and carried the open jar to my bedside. As my back reclined against pillows propped against the headboard, I smiled at the lovely girl in the mirror. My palms caressed my nipples through the light cotton of the cami. My cock was rap-

idly becoming turgid as my tiny breasts responded to touch by straining against the soft, yielding cami. I gently lowered my white panties, so very symbolic of chastity, just far enough to allow my erection to break free. Then, pressing my hard cock flat against my lower tummy, I raised the panties to pin my very stiff prick in place.

I hadn't intended to reach orgasm so quickly but knowing my peak would be reached lying as I was, clad in lingerie. Of course it was very basic things but nonetheless it so enhanced my arousal, so reassured me that I was well on my way to achieving the seductive power of a femme fatale although I instinctively knew I was meant to recreate myself a femme fatale who was at once dangerous and innocent.

My cock was twitching in response to the unfamiliar sensations of being stroked from base to rim through the sleek nylon panties. It was twitching as the precum beaded at the tip. My tongue reached out to taste that precious bead from my finger tip. A need for a new and different trigger well up in me. Raising my hips, I pulled the panties down, dipped my middle finger in the cold cream and toyed with my bottom hole. I was panting with arousal as my finger worked its way into my hole. The fingers of my free hand circled my cockhead rim as my index finger explored within my hole. My toes, my legs trembled as if an electric current that had originated in my groin had taken over my every limb. A moan that rose to a roar came from deep within me as wave after wave of ecstasy swept over me causing me to spout cum as if from a volcano.

Exhausted by the intensity of my unusual stimulated orgasm and by the excitement of the very short encounter with Garth, I fell asleep even before I could

consider the options opened to me by what had transpired over the last several hours. Awakened by a full bladder, I staggered to the bathroom, raised the toilet lid and sat in preparation to pee. But no; I lowered the seat, sat down, pressed my dick to aim the stream and peed girl as a girl would. Then with a bit of toilet tissue I dabbed at my slit.

My eyes seemed brighter as I washed my hands and face before returning to my room. I managed to stay awake long enough to slip into a pair fresh panties. Pastel green cotton would work very well being, in mind, femme without going overboard on trying to be sexy. Then an oversized tee shirt and into bed.

I wakened at eight o'clock to the smell of freshly perked coffee. Sitting up, I wrapped my arms around my knees and after considering for a moment decided to wear panties under my guy clothes at every safe opportunity.

Leah poured my coffee as I entered the kitchen still in the green panties and oversized tee shirt. "Edie, you are delicious. Toast, cereal, eggs? You were dead to the world when I came in. I looked in on you and tucked you in. How on earth did you manage to sleep through those sirens? The rumor is there was some sort of sex murder bit who knows. You would think this area would be safe. I mean almost everyone is accepting of ...well, you know.

"It happened too late for the News and the Mirror but I'm sure the early afternoon editions of the Post will have it. It's really up their alley."

I wanted to say to her that I don't know. There were some many things I had yet to learn, to understand

about people who were, to be honest, queers. At least for the time being include me under the heading of "queers." That much I understood and accepted.

"Thank goodness you're here," was how Rick greeted me when I stopped in his shop to wait for Carol Lee. "The cop on the beat told me that a femme boy was murdered last night and I was so afraid it was you." He hugged me and held me in his arms as one would hold a beloved younger relative. It was in no way sexual and it made feel Rick cared.

Carol Lee and I were soon at work unpacking some scarves and shawls. I was arranging them on a rack carefully considering which colors to place where. "What a great eye for color and patterns! You're a natural, kiddo. I'm the one who should be the shop girl and you should be the buyer and manager and all that goes with it.

"Hey, I've got it. I hadn't planned on developing this aspect of the business but your talent is too good to let slide by. There are women of all ages who love to break free of slavishly following the dictates of popular fashion and just express themselves in the bohemian styles we carry. They lack the confidence to do it on their own so they need to rely on a fashion consultant to create the look they want. And I do mean the entire look from elegantly seductive underpinnings, and that doesn't rule out restrictive foundations, to accessories including jewelry..."

'But Boss Lady, they're not going to want a young guy like me helping them choose their lingerie."

“Of course not but don’t be s obtuse. They would surely object to you as their consultant but they would find Edie a delight!”

Lunchtime found us at a corner table in a quiet pastry shop nibbling at quiches, a dish I hadn’t ever heard of before that moment. We had started with salad along with white wine which I was finding was de rigueur with Leah’s crowd.

“Just stop looking so troubled. We’re not going to rush you into this. First off, you move with a smooth easy grace...for a boy. Modern dance classes a couple of times a week will get you over that. And don’t tell me you don’t want tits, a small set to go with your body style and proportions. I’ll get you set up with an herbalist who can provide you with natural vitamins and stuff that will get you growing a set of your own but that won’t be until you’re out of the navy. As for now falsies and padded bras will have to do. That padded bras appeal to you and don’t deny it. I can see it on your face.

“We can’t go all the way too often until you have that honorable discharge but we’re not going to let you get out of touch with Edie.”

I was squirming as Carol Lee laid out her proposal which, although bizarre on the face of it, was hugely appealing.

“Say, honey bunch, are you getting hard?”

I nodded as I blushed.

Rather than go right to the boutique, we stopped in the ladies specialty shop where Carol Lee spoke pri-

vately with Rick who was eyeing me up and down over Carol Lee's shoulder. Rick nodded as Carol Lee turned toward me and beckoned to me.

Rick spread a fascinating girdle on the counter. It was a firmly constructed high waist panty girdle which but for the high waist might have been called brief.

"This will give you a killer look without letting anyone even suspect you're wearing a girdle. One in white and one in black, size five unless I'm mistaken. And, darling, any glimpse under your skirt, and I just know you're going to take to the art of crossing your legs, will only show your stocking tops and garters." For the second time that afternoon I blushed.

Rick then took two flat packets from a drawer and laid them on the counter. Black, shiny fabric showed through the clear cellophane under the label. "Dance tights in your size, doll baby," he said to me.

"I don't get what's going on but I do like my new things."

"Edie, we're going to keep the curtains behind the display windows open so passers-by can see what's going on. You and I but especially you will dress to attract notice. Do you get it now?"

By now we were in the backroom of the boutique where Carol Lee signaled for me to undress. She nodded approval when I was down to panties only. Then she slowly got down to her bra and panties as if standing together in this marvelously uninhibited state of near nudity was the most ordinary thing going. The contour of her panties and the shadow of her pubic hair through the not quite opaque nylon left no doubt that Carol Lee was born a girl. I wasn't sure whether I

was pleased or disappointed by this first hand revelation. "Get used to this, doll baby. Girls often try on clothes in front of other girls including shop assistants."

Carol Lee opened the packets the dance tights and handed me a set. "Do sit down, Edie. Getting these on correctly takes some practice and it's impossible stranding up."

Conforming to her request, we ended up sitting in facing chairs. Carol Lee had no modesty in front of me when it came to keeping her thighs clenched tightly shut. The rapidity of my pulse as she flashed her panty crotch reassured me that I was not completely through with real girls.

Imitating Carol Lee's practiced technique got the tights ready to slip over my legs. The trick, I soon realized, was to keep each leg in synch, not get too far ahead with one leg. Carol Lee got to her feet once the waist band of the tights was at the top of her thighs. She then tugged the sleek black hose over her hips and lower torso. The very opaque fabric obscured her panties allowing only a suggestion of her panties to be perceived rather than actually seen. It was the hem around the leg openings that drew my by now very horny attention to her tush as she bent forward to smooth any wrinkles that might have remained.

I followed suit which elicited some very flattering observations from my new mentor. "We'll find a wrap skirt to go over that. You'll need a bra but very lightly padded. And of course a well fitting top and some jewelry."

Whether it was the proximity to Carol Lee who carried her very seductive dishabille better than most women could have dreamed of doing, being aroused

by what she had described as being in store for my own work costume, I was no longer fully flaccid yet not really hard. Her fingers traced the outline my panty hem through the tights as she stood close enough for me to feel her breath against my face.

An inexplicable mixture of anticipation and trepidation ran through me as Carol Lee's finger tips circled my nipples. "What a wonderfully female reaction. You have a gift and we are going to develop it."

A bolt of pain burst in my balls as Carol Lee grasped me firmly and held on. As she released her grip, her leg swept my feet out from under me. I lay curled up on the floor clutching my sore balls. Despite my pain and the quick humiliation Carol Lee had subjected me to or because of it, I was hard! It was at that moment that I knew my manhood was of no value and that I was destined to pursue a path to femininity.

"Doll baby, I'm sorry I had to hurt you but you can't react visibly every time an alluring female is near you. Don't get me wrong, though. Girls do react to other girls who are nearly nude or seductive. We just don't show it. At least not like guys do.

"And another point of this lesson; you got hard when I hurt you and knocked you down. More men like to be physically hurt and humiliated by women even by women and girls like you than you could possibly imagine. You can profit by exploiting their needs."

The three way fitting room mirrors reassured me that legs were more than attractive and would enhance my femme appearance. My fingers raked through my hair giving it a casual look of studied indifference. That

ever more natural gesture had been necessitated by pulling on a long sleeve fitted scoop neck top which. Carol Lee handed me a wrap skirt a pair of flat shoes styled to look like ballet slippers. I might have passed for a dancer taking a break from class.

“Now we’ll see Rick for your first bras.”

“A thirty-two would work best for you,” Rick advised after measuring me between my nipple line and my diaphragm. Then he measured me again but across the highpoint of my chest. In response to my puzzled look, he added as if appalled by my ignorance, “The difference in measurements tells us your cup size....Well, it is an A. Most boy/girls start as only double A; even real girls for that matter.”

He picked out three bras (black, white, powder blue) which were padded just enough to create flawlessly round breasts. “These will definitely work but Carol Lee can better teach you how to wear them correctly than I ever could.”

Carol Lee and I were Rick’s fitting room where my mentor took off her top and her bra! Her firm breasts hardly moved as she tossed the bra onto the bench. I copied her every move as she fastened the back hooks and twisted the bra so that it front side to the front. Sliding the straps over my arms and into place and then adjusting the chest band gave me a thrill that I hoped to repeat each time I donned a bra. Then each of us bent forward, adjusted each breast in the cup and tightened the bra straps. Of course my adjusting my breasts in the cups was more symbolic than real.

I was truly awed at how this contrivance of nylon and elastic molded what little flesh I had in that area to

create a convincingly femme set of curves; not simply convincing but captivating and desirable as well. The appeal of the foundation and lingerie models that had fueled my masturbation fantasies was now mine. The look created by the bra under my top was no less striking. Never again would I be satisfied to dress in the drab, boring and ever so uninteresting underclothes that outdated norms destined all boys to wear.

Carol Lee haled my chin and tilted my head this way and that. "What wonderful skin and such a healthy complexion. Makeup would only subdue your natural gifts. Oh, perhaps a little liner and shadow to make those delicious hazel eyes look larger." She fussed with my hair and then after a few seconds of contemplation told me to "Wait right here. Be back in a flash."

There was no name I could attach to the strangely shaped wig she held in her hand when she returned. "It's a fall," she announced as she held it against my own hoar. "Perfect match but we'll have to see it in sunlight to be sure." She plunked me onto the fitting room bench. I crossed my legs and rested my elbow on my knee, my chin on my hand. The mirrors told me that I created a picture perfect image of a quintessential feminine pose! Fortunately my legs were crossed or my rising cock would destroy this wonderfully casual sexiness I both felt and projected clad only in bra, panties and black tights. That it my very first, maiden voyage so to speak, wearing a bra added to the narcissistic stimulation.

Carol Lee pinned the fall to my hair and combed my hair then combed it so that there was no discernible line between the two. Barrettes held the fall shoulder

length behind my ears creating an arty yet wholesome look fresh-faced, clean-living look.

The intent of this sudden flurry of activity which gave me a very attractive and somewhat exotic bohemian image was to attract attention to the boutique as the opening drew close. This scheme was working well as more passersby stopped to momentarily watch me rearrange clothing and accessories on racks and stands in the shop and in the display windows. These casual observers included well dressed suburban housewives in town to shop or see a show, college girls, men of varying ages who we were sure would be in to purchase a gift or two for their ladies or perhaps even for themselves. Carol Lee warned me that many men and ladies too would try chatting me up when shopping in the boutique.

One afternoon soon after I was covering the display window floor with velvet and making sure that my wrap skirt would unwrap just enough to reveal a glimpse of upper thigh or even, for the right observer, some panty noticeable under my tights. The reflection of a girl about my age caught my eye. I didn't dare turn to study her but there was something about her that was disconcertingly familiar. She wore a scarf over her head and tied fashionably around her neck. Her trench coat collar was turned up against the late afternoon chill. Large cat eye sunglasses further obscured her face although I could see her mouth and chin were almost flawless. She lowered her face as I glanced over my shoulder to better see her. She dug in her purse, took a cigarette from an enameled case and lit up with a matching lighter. Somehow I was sure she was studying me just as I was trying to figure out why she was so

distressingly familiar. As I turned to look directly at her, she brought her hand to her face as if to take the cigarette from her mouth, turned sharply and walked off

Perhaps not; more likely it was just wishful thinking. My thoughts kept coming back to the girl who made me think of Joanie. Reason told me that it was almost impossible for Joanie to have returned to New York City even for a brief visit since her well thought out plan to flee was designed to take her to New England. A sudden insight flashed into my brain. The hope, the wish that it was Joanie who watched me from outside the boutique might mean that somehow I wanted even needed Joanie to see what I could be. Do I dare call Dr. Rhonda Landow and ask for free advice?

As opening day neared I had gotten to where I was dressing en femme at the start of every day and wearing guy clothes less frequently. Carol Lee suggested that I try a greater variety of femme apparel to be comfortable in different social situations. Her suggestions often came with an undertone that meant *command* although I was more than willing to cooperate. One fly in the ointment remained; in order to survive in the navy I would have to be reconditioned to wearing those awful boorish male underpants before induction. There could be no way around this.

Dressing for work one mild morning a few days after this last *suggestion* from Carol Lee, I started off with almost skin tight white cotton panties with the tiny picot loops at the leg openings. The effect, which I had come to appreciate, was that of little girl innocence that was just sexy enough to be a real eye-catcher. Next came navy blue short shorts so short that they barely

covered my tush. The choice was deliberately meant to expose the leg bands of my panties when I bent, knelt or twisted while arranging the window displays. Rearranging the window displays was something that Carol Lee had me doing quite regularly. The object was to show passersby the variety of merchandise to be had once the boutique opened and to let them know that the staff that would serve them was remarkably cute and uniquely chic.

It was an opportunity, too, for me to stare down any male that had an air of dirty old man about him. This was done with a haughty, imperious stare that wilted them and sent them scurrying off. It was another of the benefits of female power that I was reluctant to relinquish even for a day.

A week before opening Carol Lee announced that we would have a test run to see how well I could handle various shoppers when it came to choosing styles and color combinations best for their body type and complexions. This would be no problem until Carol Lee added, "Oh, and don't forget that you'll have to assist them in the fitting room... and without getting hard." That might be a big problem. It also meant no more short shorts with cotton panties meant to be seen.

For the next several mornings on I wore a brief panty girdle under whatever ensemble I chose for work. By then I knew how to produce a perfect female contour even under fitted slacks. Of course a gaff would have made it so much easier but I had yet to learn of the existence of that piece of equipment. My technique was to work the girdle to the base of my tush, just below my balls in front and then lie flat on my back on the floor or my bed. Then I would carefully

push each testicle into the cavity above my ball sac, tuck my prick as far between my legs as I could before adjusting the girdle to its usual position. The result was almost too good. There was no longer the slightest hint of male apparatus. It came as a surprise that looking so perfectly female made me less special, less desirable to my future admirers who would somehow sense that unlike most girls, I was a girl with something extra. And so I decided to reserve the panty girdle for occasions requiring tailored skirts or dresses.

It was obvious to me that loosely fitted or flare skirts were better choices for work. Such ensembles would better suit a shop girl in a boutique offering the arty bohemian look. That should satisfy any Carol Lee might have asked about my newly limited range of style. And if that didn't convince her, I could plead that girdles were unnatural and unnecessary on girls not to mention overly constricting and, in the eyes of many men and women, unattractive. (What I was careful not to remind her of was that as many men and women were and still are intrigued the look, the feel of all kinds of girdles as did those who despised those controversial garments.) Besides all that, the less than femme outline revealed beneath unfettered panties was seductive in away that few shop girls could match. A waist cinching garter belt would nip in my already small waist and, along with a glimpse of the garter, add to the allure whenever I might allow a glimpse of upper thigh.

"That's so swank," was Carol Lee's enthusiastic expression of approval.

A day later invitations went out to a select few inviting them to

A private showing of the unique lines of clothing and accessories along with an opportunity for complimentary individual consultations and fittings the soon to open

La Boutique Boheme!

The first consultation was not with any potential customer but between Carol Lee and me. It focused on what I was to wear.

“Nothing too arty or too extreme to begin with. I’ve chosen our first subjects, guests may be a better term for them, from among ladies whose tastes run toward bourgeois mundane.”

“Why start with that kind of woman?” I asked incredulously.

“Darling many women of all stripes have a need to recreate themselves, to release that buried power that will free them from the subjugation they so blindly accepted from girlhood. Perhaps not really accepted by them but imposed on them.”

That resonated within me because I was just beginning to sense the control that comes with the expression of female sexual power. Connie’s irresistible allure that had so dominated my thoughts and actions was a prime of example of that power even when radiating from the kind of girl I was hoping to become.

“By learning what trigger that barely subdued urge toward power we can create hundreds of buyers for what we have to offer. I’m sure you’ll find these ladies fascinating. And I do promise you’ll have some of the more arty types to work with before we open.”

The fateful morning had arrived. I awoke early and was struck with a horrible fear of getting hard on the very first day of previews. Jerking myself off, I thought would help keep me down. A fashion magazine ad for Warner's Merry Widow foundations helped take of that pleasant chore. Then it was into the shower where I shaved my underarms, a task that still gave me a thrill. I scowled as I made a mental note to stop that pleasurable femme necessity several weeks before my induction date. Shampoo and conditioner were next.

Having dried off, I stepped into blue cotton panties, threw on a knee length robe and poured a cup of coffee. Knee lengths robes were not as elegant as longer robes and certainly not nearly as elegantly sexy as peignoirs or negligees but they did allow me to practice flirtatiously crossing and uncrossing my legs while fussing with the robe as if it were a skirt.

Studying my hands while nibbling my toast indicated that no nail polish was necessary for the look I wanted that first day dealing with customers. Just touch up the edges with a fine emery board and then a quick buffing. Stockings would have to be sheer and a neutral shade. Shoes? Modest heels with ankle straps or tee straps. Black leather but not too shiny. Instead of a girdle, a wide fronted garter belt in white would fit the image I wanted to project; not that any customer would get to see my undies. Bra to match my panties; something not to be seen but a combination suited to the "coed on her first job" impression I wanted to create.

Skirt and blouse rather than a dress. The blouse would button to the neck and have a rounded collar. It had to be fully opaque or else I would have to wear a

full slip or seem unladylike. One thing I knew for certain about whatever femme persona I would eventually develop and that was, no matter how driven by sexuality, I/she would always be a lady.

A white oxford cloth blouse that buttoned in front was the perfect choice for that day. *"Thank you, Leah, my all knowing big sister,"* I said to myself. I knew there would be payback at some vague time in the future but this fabulous and ever expanding wardrobe was worth any price.

After moving my chair in front of the full length mirror, I sat and carefully unwrapped a pair sheer sun-tan hose. I felt my finger tips, thrilled to the unblemished softness that had evolved over the few weeks since I had abandoned fulltime life as a boy. Then, after convincing myself the edges of my longish finger nails were smooth, the first stocking was rolled into a donut shape and slipped over my toes then guided over my foot. While moving my knee toward me chest, I moved filmy nylon over my ankle and onto my calf. My leg was now extended, my toes pointed toward the ceiling as I caressingly smoothed the ever so sensual and uniquely feminine hose from ankle to the darker top. The agility with which I fastened the garter clips surprise even me but at the same time gave rise to foreboding. The sensuality that arose from the simple everyday act of dressing in girl's clothing would echo in my being throughout the day with an erection being the inevitable effect. There was no time to get into a girdle or to jerk off.

Then a sound from the doorway startled me and ended any need for immediate relief. It was Leah's voice saying "Bravo! My gosh, you did that better than

any real girl could ever hope to do. We've got to get that on film."

As my momentary embarrassment at being cough behaving like a femme fatale in B movie faded, I tried to play it with humor. "Film! Do you mean movie or still?"

"Both in due time but only if your up for it. And yes, the pun is intended. We can set up a few still sessions with a reputable photographer. Honey bunch, you're so damned talented that you could do spreads as a real girl or as a transvestite!

"Enough of this for now. You don't want to be late for your first customer."

So there I was in "La Boutique Boheme, ready for our test run customers. I looked so damnably wholesome that I wondered how I could impress any female drawn to the clothing and accessory lines we stocked.

"You'll do fine with the first day's list. We have enough photos of you modeling our line that these disgustingly conformist gals will realize that if little miss wholesome can transform herself into the sexy free spirit in the photos they can too; with your advice and guidance, of course. Now get your tape measure and order book ready."

I looked over the file card Carol Lee had created for our first client. Mid-thirties but described her as looking younger and innocent. She was independent and supported herself by teaching at an exclusive girls' college in the north suburbs of Boston and dressed less

conservatively on weekends and vacations. A note clipped to the card told me that she often conducted regular affairs with affluent men and sometimes with women. *Conducted* was taken to mean that she was, at all times, in charge of these relationships.

Moments later Vera Lawsine into the shop. She was an older version of the character I had tried to create for the day. Dressed in a green shirtwaist dress that set off her auburn hair, she had skillfully brightened what might have been a dull ensemble with a few subtle touches. A narrow green leather belt with silver trim had replaced the typical matching cloth belt that came with almost every shirtwaist dress. The full skirt made fuller by a net underskirt showed enough leg to keep from being immodest without appearing prudish. Another contrast that saved her ensemble from dullness was the dark tinted stockings and heels just a bit higher than typical daywear would require.

Vera took the polo coat she had draped over her shoulders and, without even looking toward Carol Lee, handed it to my employer. Her hat followed leaving Carol Lee looking like a hat check girl in a better class of supper club. Now that her coat was off, I could see her long supple leather gloves that disappeared under the three quarter length sleeves of her dress.

Her auburn hair was smartly cut with bangs in front and reaching just below her ears on the sides and below her collar in back. She removed her harlequin sunglasses and rested the end of the frame on her open lower lips and then against her teeth as she looked me over. "Edith, love, you're sister was right when she suggested I engage your services. You and I are going to get on famously."

If nothing else, and she was a lot else, this remarkable woman was strong dynamic presence as she moved among the displays taking a skirt from here, a scarf from there. I held out my arms as she dropped her choices onto them and led the way into the dressing room.

"Miss Lawsine, I'm available to assist you in trying on any or all of your selections and consult with you..."

"Do stop that litany. I've heard it too often in too many places. And, no to the last questions: I have no objection to you remaining in the dressing room with me. Just don't patronize me. Is all that clear?"

"Yes, of course."

As we entered the dressing room I drew the curtain closed as I had been taught but felt silly since Miss Lawsine and I were the only two who could possibly be in that area of the store. I turned to see my client swiftly unbuttoning the front of her dress; that done she removed the belt, lowered her dress and unabashedly step out of it. Her choice of foundation garments belied the impression created by her outer clothing. A white short leg panty girdle was a translucent power net except for the front control panel. Her red panties were wonderfully visible through the power net. At first glance it appeared that the black garter straps that so effectively kept her stockings taut and wrinkle free were attached to her panty girdle; but no! The black garter belt was discernible through the girdle and panties.

Superbly shaped legs were enhanced by her black patent high heeled opera pumps. Smallish but perfectly shaped breasts were cradled in a low cut underwire bra with lace edged cups that were more rigid than any I had previously seen. That she had not removed her

gloves added to her formidable charisma. I both envied the impression a woman like that could have on both men and women while longing to experience her charms. My fear that I might react to the nearness of a partially clad woman was becoming reality.

Panic was overtaking me as I spoke. "Miss Lawsine, please excuse I must step out for a bit."

"Darling, just relax. It takes time for girls like you to stop getting hard in these situations. Leah told me you were inexperienced in your new role but I didn't expect you to be this green. By the way, you're one of the people who I would prefer to call me Vera. You see, Edie, we have more in common than meets the eye; at least when we're both fully dressed."

I turned my head to the side and lowered my eyes as she directly in front of me. I felt her hands on the sides of my face and then she tilted my face toward hers. Her kiss did not, at least for the moment live up to the promise in her eyes. My disappointment was brief as Vera removed her gloves with a slow grace that would have had any male lover drooling with anticipation. Her index finger momentarily rested on my lips as I gently sucked it into mouth.

Vera pulled her hand away from my face, caught my wrists and draped my arms around her waist, my hands at the small of her back. "You have to learn to take a hint," she whispered as she pushed my hands to her derriPre. I sighed deeply as my fingers came to rest on the leg bands of her panties. Her hands were on my tush as we kissed deeply, moistly. When the kiss ended I became aware that she had deftly raised my skirt and exposed my panty covered bottom.

I looked up at her in a way that signaled she was in control and that I was more than willing to do anything

to please her, to satisfy her. The look in her eyes told me she understood...and then she put me to the test. I winced as her nails dug into the tender skin of bottom. "Let me see your exquisiteness..."

I stepped back a few inches and undid the buttons of my blouse but didn't yet remove it. Not so overwhelmed by the sudden intensity of this spontaneous tryst as to totally lose control, I managed to offer Vera a fleeting glimpse of my blue bra by allowing my shirt to remain on but unbuttoned.

Vera moved behind me, reached around me and pressed her hands against my tummy. Her groin pressed against the cleft of my rear as I prayed she would have a penis to offer me. The pressure of her hands against my bra was such that my nipples hardened as she fondled them through the padding. My hands managed to separate us just enough for me to unzip my skirt and let it fall to the floor.

Her hand slipped from my breast and caught my balls through my panties. After a mildly painful yet playful squeeze, she released her hold on my balls and gently ran her fingers along the underside of my very hard cock. Her hand was on my shoulder as she turned me toward her. A sardonic smile as her thumbs hooked the waist band of her girdle and turned it down to the bottom of her groin freeing her now obvious prick from the tight confines of her girdle.

Vera beckoned to me as she seated herself on the fitting room bench. Kneeling on one knee I reverently sled her girdle down along her legs, furtively allowing my fingers to feel her well-developed legs through the glossy smoothness of the stockings. As soon as the girdle had been removed, she took it from me, placed her palm on my forehead and shoved me onto my back.

Her leg extended toward me, her heel coming to rest on my lips. Taking her heel into my mouth as a substitute for the dick I needed so desperately to taste, I began to encircle my cockhead with my fingers.

She pulled her shoe from my mouth and guided me back to my knees. My head was now between her thighs which closed gently on the sides of my head, her panty clad balls only inches from my mouth. My tongue reached out to her, barely touching the immediate object of my desire. The warmth of her skin on my face added to the overwhelming sensations that so enthralled me.

Now I was on my feet before her as she slipped my panties down. Her fingers taunted the back of my ball sac by gliding lightly over the sensitive vulnerable skin. She silently bade me suck her finger and then used it to tease my nether hole before working it deep into me. Only after this did she allow me to suck her delicious cock but not to orgasm.

I lay on my back as my lover raised my knees to my chest, pressed her cockhead against my anus. A long slow kiss as my body writhed trying to take her cock inside me. Her cockhead pulled away from me so that her lips might close over my hardened nipples. Desperate to have her inside me, I clutched at her dick but caught hold of her balls! I was moaning as I tugged her balls toward my hungry hole. Even as I feared her reaction to my assault on her now sore balls, short burst of moaning was Vera's immediate reaction.

Flinging herself on top me, she again pressed her cockhead against my sphincter, looked down at me with an expression of adoration blended with aggressive lust. No doubt she was going to penetrate me at her own pace but I could no longer hold back. My hands

seize her butt cheeks and pulled her into me as my hips rose. The grinding and bucking of my hips had her screeching "Make me cum, make me cum!"

Vera's words were incoherent whimpering as her body convulsed in an intense orgasm. The ferocity of her climax left her limp and panting as she lay on me. I managed to sit up and cuddle her in my arms as she recovered.

It wasn't long before she was on her feet and looking down at me as I sat leaning against the wall. Her sneer told me she was well aware that I had yet to cum.

"Poor dear, you must be in shock after your first fuck in femme mode. Well, you just stay there and I'll do what I came here to do."

Vera then proceeded to adjust her hose and panties, omitting the panty girdle, and then get into one ensemble after another. Her sensuous movements were so natural to her that they aroused without seeming deliberately seductive. My dick was hard to the point of pain when she steered me onto my back, straddled my head as she stoked the back of my ball sac. My entire body twitched as her tongue flicked the rim of my cockhead. Taking my cockhead into her mouth was a prelude to swallowing the entire shaft. The sensation of her throat tight around my shaft set off vibrations in my cock that spread to my groin and to every part of me. My legs thrashed as I spewed what seemed like gallons of cum into Vera's throat. The cum soaked kiss that followed was one that will against which all such future kisses would have to be judged.

"Darling girl, I already see from the pictures in the boutique that you have the style and pizzazz to carry the arty bohemian look. But you already know you can. I want to outfit you with more sophisticated styles. You

can even carry the high fashion things from Paris and Rome. If only you were taller, you could be a fashion model."

"Oh, Vera, I wish I could go along with your plans but I'm going into the navy for four years to beat the draft."

"Don't you realize by having your draft number called you'll only have to serve for two years and still in the service of your choice. Let me take care of that for you. I'm not without connections."

I was both awestruck and enlightened by the events of that morning. Vera Lawsine was a beautiful, elegant and sophisticated woman who had independently established a place for herself. And she was endowed with something that set apart from most women and that something made her special and desirable as it set her apart from most other women. That very short encounter with Vera had awakened to me to new realities and what they might open from me. It was then that I found my real self at La Boutique Boheme!

Vera was as good as her word. It turned out I would only be required to serve in the navy for two years.

EPILOGUE

A few weeks after Leah and kid sister Elle saw Eddie off to Great Lakes Naval Training Center she was to meet a few friends for drinks at a cabaret called the "La Demimondaine." The small circle included

Carol Lee, Vera Lawsine, and Rick who was androgynously bejeweled. They were joined by a newcomer named Lynn who worked at the cosmetic counter of a local drug store and who had recently been hired by Rick to assist in both the specialty shop and the boutique.

Dr. Rhonda Landow arrived last and started to regale the group with tales of a weeklong conference she had attended in Washington, DC the week before. A shadow seemed to hang over her enjoyment in reliving the exciting week.

"Something's bothering you about that week. Do you want to talk about it? Maybe you'll feel better." Leah reached across the table and pressed her friend's hand.

"Leah, you're so right. As I told you, Garth was in DC on some government business or other so we met for a drink or two. As we were about to leave, Garth approached a young man at the bar. The boy was so pretty that at first glance he might have been mistaken for a girl. The boy had no interest in letting Garth buy him a drink.

The look of anger that Garth showed, even though only for a second or two, was horrifying. The next day an effeminate young man was found dead in Rockwood Park!

"Oh, I know you're going to say coincidence but I'm not so sure. Don't look at me like I'm mad. Do you remember when he saw Edie home? A young boy was found dead the next morning. He was murdered in the same way as the victim In Rockwood Park. And if that isn't enough to convince you, I checked the Philadelphia newspapers around the time Garth visited there

on leave; yet again a similar murder of a similar victim."

"But Rhonda, he never harmed Edie that night. The murdered boy likely had no connection to Garth."

"It's not that simple, Leah. A lot of people knew Garth had seen Edie home so he could have displaced his rage onto some innocent kid when the opportunity presented itself. I'm going to keep researching murders that took place in cities when Garth visits them. Never mind the psychiatric jargon behind why my suspicions re so strong but Garth I'm sure Garth is a serial killer.

"One more thing; Garth is definitely attracted to Edie and his much vaunted promise to see that Eddie gets the right training and the right duty stations in the navy should tell us that Eddie or Edie is going to be in Garth's sights for along time."

"Leah, stop looking so dumbfounded," intervened Vera. "Do you think for one moment we can't protect Edie?"

Mardee Louise Prynne