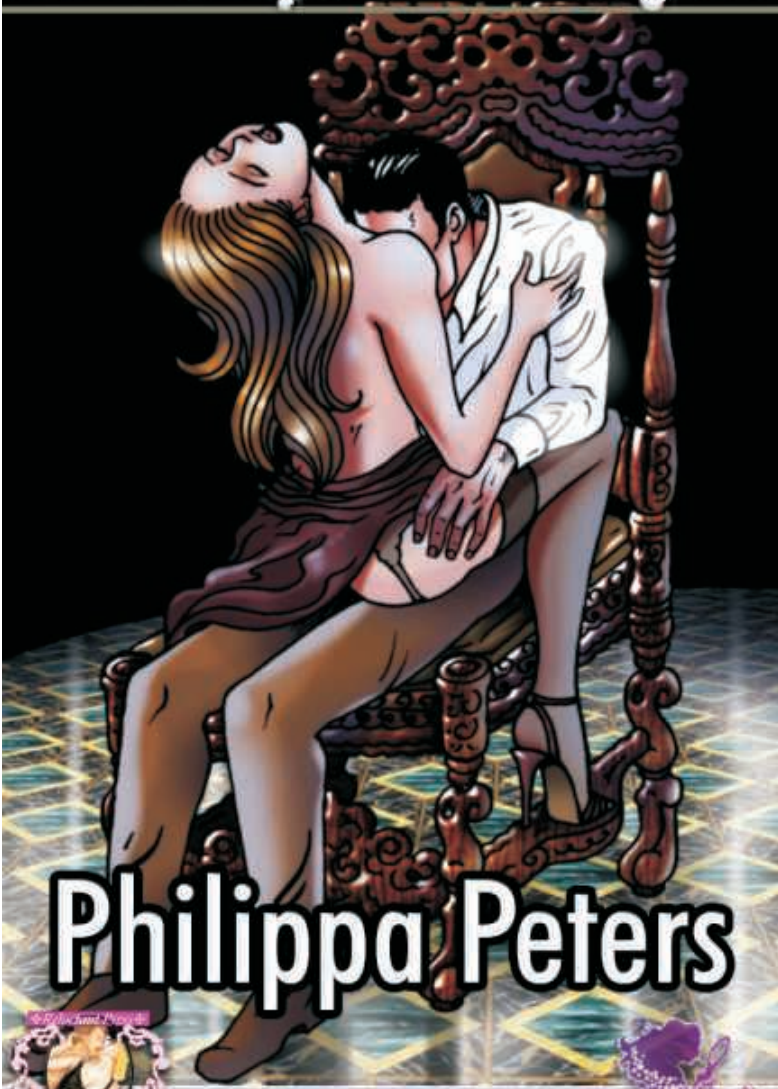


Mama's Experienced Daughter



Philippa Peters



A "Her Tv" Novel



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Mama's Experienced Daughter

by Philippa Peters

The conclusion of *Mama's Innocent Daughter* and
Mama's Independent Daughter

XXI. BRUNI'S PARTY

“So what does a school girl do on weekends for fun?” asked Carol after we had played cards with Mama, teaching Carol all the weird games we played while Trudi was out with Georg. Their on-again, off-again romance, was now on again, “but not for long” Mama sagely warned us.

“We could go to a movie,” I said, flustered as Carol unpacked several gorgeous dresses from a new suitcase that made me think she was preparing for the opera or a philharmonic concert or something.

Carol laughed. “You live right off the Kurfursterdam, Erika,” she chided me, “and that’s the best thing you can do for entertainment on a Saturday night?”

“I don’t go out to night clubs,” I told my wife primly. “Mama doesn’t let a girl like me go out on the town where I might get into trouble.”

“Good job I’m here then, isn’t it?” said Carol wickedly. “I am not going to stay in on a weekend and your mother will trust you with me, won’t she? We need to get a couple of wild boys and go clubbing. Do you want to find some dates for us or do you want me to?”

“Carol,” I told her frostily. “Mama will not let me go out on a Saturday night while I still have exams to pass.”

So Carol whisked me down to confront Mama right away. Mama said that it was perfectly all right for me to go out with Carol and her friends. Mama even said that it was time for me to get out and enjoy myself more on the weekends and not always have my nose stuck in a book.

In no time at all, I was in my bedroom, being dressed by Carol for a night on the town. She insisted the clothes she had brought weren’t entirely for her. She had me change right down to my skin, insisting on black lingerie, from bra and panties to the strapless corset I wore along with black garters and black stockings. She insisted on me wearing a

strapless, backless short dress with stiff petticoats and frills about the neckline which matched the ribbons in my bewigged hair.

Carol did my makeup. I have never worn so much as I did then. I let her attach two pairs of false eyelashes to me and make my eyes so vivid that I was shivering in delight each time I looked at myself, unable to believe that the pretty girl in the mirrors was me. I wore huge earrings and a wide necklace that moved as I did. My dress flounced and ruffled as I moved, my hair swayed and bunched at my neck.

I couldn't look down because each time I breathed, my chest seemed to move up or down. It was eye-catching for me as it was for Dieter and his friend, Paul Laubmann, who came for us in a taxi at eleven o'clock.

Mama told me how beautiful I was and made me promise to have a good time. I swayed on my high heels and promised her I would. I was amazed she was letting me go out of the hotel at the time at which I was normally supposed to be coming home.

"Where are we going?" Dieter asked, staring at me again in the same nervous way he had when he went out with Carol, Gerhard and me, as Erika, in Bavaria. I wonder if he had had the chance to warn Paul all about me. I hoped that he hadn't because I knew Paul Laubmann even if he didn't recognize me.

Paul was at Fasching when I started there. He'd been in the upper classes even then, a head boy the following year. I could remember him asking me my name when I was standing in the main doorway, looking very lost as people ran off to buses and cars. I'd lingered there, waiting for Trudi. She, of course,

was making time with some boy, though I didn't know it.

"Oh, you're Trudi Buren's sister," Paul had said. "You're even prettier than your sister."

I'd blushed and felt so wonderful that an older boy at the Institute had spoken to me and said such a nice thing to me.

I told Trudi when we walked back home. She teased me for the longest time about my boyfriend, Paul, and she was right about it in one way. I did have a tremendous crush on Paul, a crush I told no-one about. When Mama talked about me marrying some man, it wasn't an older Frank or Kurt I thought about, it was Paul Laubmann. All my teen-aged girl's dreams had Paul or one of the older boys, his friends, in it. I don't think they ever saw us girls at Fasching as anything other than a nuisance. We were always in groups, giggling with joy whenever they talked to us.

"Where are we going?" asked Dieter again as he held the cab door for me. I slid in beside Carol with Paul on the far side.

"Well, this is Berlin," said Carol with a grin. "We should go and see the boys who want to be girls, shouldn't we? We have to start with the *Chez Nous*. Isn't Ricky Rene appearing there? He's supposed to be a fantastic female impersonator."

I felt my blood run cold as Carol went on like that and Paul laughed at her. Dieter looked as shocked and embarrassed as me. Well, he was embarrassed for me, I'm sure, as Carol went on that female impersonators were what Berlin was noted for and so we had to go and see them.

We did but not at the *Chez Nous*, which was sold out for its cabaret. Dieter knew another place where we could see men in dresses, he said with a laugh and so we went there, into a district Mama had told me never to go. Carol jumped out of the cab, her arm under Paul's, the two of them laughing and talking volubly as they led us into *Le Carrousel de Berlin*, which was off the brightly-lit streets of the entertainment section of Ku'damm.

I'd never met other men in dresses before. Oh, it was such a shock! The older woman at the door wasn't a woman as her deep voice let us know. I'd thought that I was wearing a lot of makeup but it was nothing compared to the gravel-voiced 'woman', her breasts enormous, who let us into the darkened club, the rose-coloured lights softening all of the decorations.

Dieter was holding onto my arm as hard as I was holding onto his. We had to wait in the bar area while a table was made ready for us. A man and an older woman were talking about a police scandal in Berlin. Only when the woman turned and carried on talking did I realize that the male voice doing all the complaining was hers.

Carol leaned over to me and grinned. "All the women at the bar are men," she whispered to me. "Don't you think it's really fun to be the only girl in the house?"

Fun for who? I wanted to ask her as a 'hostess,' thin and in a pink evening dress that was white in the light came and led us to a table in the middle of the bar where we would have a perfect view of the cabaret.

“Dieter’s been begging me to line up a date with you, Erika,” Carol said loudly as I smoothed my swishy dress beneath me. Dieter moved my chair politely for me. “So don’t let him sit there like a stick, Erika. He has plenty enough to say about you when you’re not around. Make him tell you all his many compliments to your face.”

Dieter looked at me in embarrassment. “Sorry,” I murmured to him while Carol turned away and was ordering our ‘waitress’ to bring us a magnum of champagne.

Dieter started. “You, you don’t have to be sorry for anything,” he said, making a move as if he would hold my hand, then thought better of it. “It, it wasn’t your idea to come here. I’ve never been here, either.”

“I should have told Carol that I didn’t want to come,” I told Dieter. “She wouldn’t have come if I’d refused her.”

“She would do what you asked her to?” asked Dieter in surprise. “I didn’t think that Frau von Hitte listened to anyone but herself. It’s driving my boss crazy!”

“Gerhard?” I asked him. Dieter nodded warily. I could see him thinking that he might have told me too much about Gerhard.

“Couldn’t have happened to a nicer fellow,” I said lightly.

“Right,” agreed Dieter which told me a lot again about the man who had been so nice to me in Bavaria.

We were in the Berlin *Carrousel* just in time for the start of the cabaret. It featured a lot of lip-synching; it was superb. I couldn’t believe how

regular men, or so they seemed in their photographs, could make themselves appear to be such beautiful women. Marie-Antoinette was a gorgeous blonde in a silver lame evening dress who danced with or sang to, mimed with, men in the audience who didn't refuse her holding them at all.

In fact, it seemed that that was they had come to the club for, to be petted by another man, to have 'her' sit in their lap, as other 'girls' beside Marie-Antoinette were doing. One brunette, whom I'd thought was a girl until Carol turned and laughed at me and asked me what I thought of 'him, kissed and fondled one guy, who seemed to think he was in heaven with 'her'.

I loved the impersonator who made dresses out of scarves, twirling them all about him until he disappeared and became 'she,' gorgeously gowned. I was still waiting for the boy and girl dance act to be joined by some transvestite like me when I realized that the slim, shapely dancing girl wasn't a girl. Her breasts wobbled just like mine.

I must be easily fooled because I thought that the chorus line of girls was exactly that. I was apparently wrong as the emcee, an older, fatter man in a dress, made jokes about them all and their boy friends. The jokes would only have made sense if all of them were men like me.

As soon as the cabaret ended, Carol wanted to move on. I was most glad. Dieter helped me into the cab and got in beside me, with Carol on my other side. Paul was forced to go around the front to sit with the driver.

"Look," said Carol, pointing to the stage door where flowers were being delivered as they might be

to real female performers on stage. A couple of men in top hats—really—were waiting there, lifting their hats as a blonde-haired woman, it could have been Marie-Antoinette, came out of the club and got into the limousine, smiling at whoever was waiting for her.

The limo turned off as we stayed near the Ku'damm and went to a dancing club that Carol also wanted to see. I couldn't believe the relief that I felt, the way the tension ebbed out of me as we got away from the *Carrousel* and went into a 'normal' club. We were only in there a few seconds when Dieter asked me to dance. I was really glad to go with him.

"Erika!" exclaimed a brunette girl dancing with a young man right beside us on the dance floor.

It was Gitte and she wanted to know who my friends were. Of course, she recognized Paul Laubmann right away.

"You wouldn't remember Erika and me," Gitte said breezily to Paul when I introduced Carol as my cousin to her. A shiver went through me as I swirled in my lovely dress and was all giddy and schoolgirly with Gitte. I couldn't introduce Carol to her as my wife, could I? All the extra feminine giggling and pouting, helped a little in getting me not to think of the situation I was in. "We had such huge crushes on you, Paul, when you were at Fasching and we were in first form."

"Oh, I recognized Erika right away," said Paul with a smile. "I never forget a pretty face. She and her sister, I recall, made many of us in the upper classes wish that we dared to speak to the younger girls. There was such a pressure on us older boys

not to be cradle-robbing. But we did notice you all. I think we had crushes on you girls as well, as much as you might have had on us.”

“You mean on Erika,” shouted Gitte over the noise. Paul grinned more widely and shrugged his shoulders as if he actually agreed with Gitte. “We could tell that all the upper form boys liked her. Half of you used to stare at her whenever she walked past you and you never teased her like you did the rest of us. We were all jealous of her for so long. You must all come to Bruni’s party tomorrow night! All the former Fasching guys at Uni will be there! You’ll see how the guys will swarm all over her.”

I flushed. I think I was the only one to hear Carol mutter, “This, I gotta see.”

“You’re going to Bruni’s party tomorrow night?” Paul shouted, leaning across to me.

“No!” I yelled back, shaking my blonde hair violently, feeling the ribbon slide across my bare shoulders.

“Yes!” yelled Carol at the same time. “We’ll both be there! I know I’m going to love meeting all of Erika’s friends and admirers.”

I shook my head again to indicate that I wouldn’t. I flounced and wiggle, getting Dieter to dance with me. Of course, the music immediately slowed down. I spent the next few minutes in a clinch with Dieter, my dress rustling against us both, my breasts moving and bouncing every time I breathed. Ooh, I felt so girly as Dieter caressed my bare arms; I wanted them around his neck and me tight against him, feeling his maleness through all the dance. Oh, yes, Dieter might know that I was not a real girl, but

that didn't stop him from treating me as if I was. I wondered if Carol had primed him to be like that.

Watching Gitte and Carol plotting what was going to happen the next night at Bruni's made me shiver and breathe even more heavily, my breasts shimmying against Dieter with all the nervous breaths I took.

That seemed to please Dieter a lot. He held me even more tightly and began to whisper in my ear how lovely I was, how pretty my dress was, and how jealous he'd been of Gerhard who'd monopolized me so at the Alpine Club. I tried to be nice to Dieter. I smiled up into his face. Of course he wanted to kiss me and so I let him. He seemed to be shivering as he kissed me but I felt nothing at all. I might have been kissing a block of wood, a nice block of wood, of course, but wood all the same.

Funnily enough, though, when we came off the dance floor to get a drink, with Dieter's arm tightly about my waist, I saw the look that Paul gave us. I'm sure Gitte did as well. Carol claimed Paul for a dance while Dieter fought his way to the bar to get us soft drinks.

"Wow," said Gitte, putting her mouth against my ear. "Did you see Paul Laubmann's face at you kissing that other man? I didn't know he still had a thing for you. Your cousin had better watch all her boyfriends around you, hadn't she? Look, I'd better find Ernst again before he hooks up with someone else. See you at Bruni's tomorrow. Your cousin knows where it is!"

"Mama won't let us come, not with exams next week," I told an astonished Birgitte.

“Don’t count on us, please. Mama knows all about Bruni and how wild she can be from Trudi.”

“But Carol said...” Gitte began, turning to point after her.

“Forget what Carol said,” I snapped at Gitte. “Really, anyone would think that I was married to her the way that she bosses me around. But Mama won’t let me go to Bruni’s, I tell you.”

Why would I choose to use those words in what I said? It immediately made me recall wearing the wedding dress Carol should have worn. And then there were all the sessions where we’d been hot and heavy in bed, me learning how to be a lesbian. Ooh, I didn’t want to think about making it with another woman. No, the only way out of that, of course, was to get Dieter to hold me again and take me out on the dance floor where I could flirt with him, kiss him and think myself into being all girlie with Dieter.

It did sort of work as I began to feel a little aroused by Dieter. I had to tell him that I liked that last kiss so he did it to me, with his tongue, again. I deliberately let Dieter keep me dancing long after the time I’d ever stayed out before. That would get Mama’s attention, I knew, and make her even less likely to let me go out the next night.

I made Dieter get me a separate cab back to the Hotel Grunwald and had the driver take us the long way around, pretending that Dieter just had to see across the Wall into East Germany and the site of the old Reichstag. Not that we could see anything at night anyway.

It gave me time to reward Dieter for the evening out. I think I had him completely aroused, even discovering that I quite liked being kissed by him. Oh,

but we girls do have to civilize our men, don't we, so that they can please us as we want. Not that I felt any spark towards him, not even when he found the courage to kiss my scented chest and the tops of my heaving breasts. I wanted his hands on my legs and stockings and had to put them there and move them to start him arousing me, his date for the night. That stirred him a little. I put his hand between my legs and wiggled so he caressed my stockings against him. I thanked him in a whisper for doing that and his kissing became a lot more ardent.

All that I did encouraged him so I was mussed up very prettily when Dieter dropped me off at the hotel, escorting me right up to the glass door of our private apartments. His outline, giving me a passionate good night kiss, and me responding with girlish excitement and regret at turning him away at last, could be seen by anyone waiting for me in our living room. I said a gentle goodbye, moving his hand at last from my wobbly tush, making Dieter sigh as I left him. I clicked on the stairs as I swished up to the living room to face the music. But there was no one there. Mama wasn't waiting for me in her usual place, in the strategically placed armchair, Nor was Carol.

I wasn't quiet about going to bed, taking off my makeup and jewellery, shimmying out of my noisy dress and hanging it up. I wasn't trying to be silent and not wake anyone as I took off my high heels, undid my corset and loosened my hair for bed. I wasn't noisy taking off my stockings and panties and putting on my nightie. I actually bounced as I got into bed. All Carol did was put an arm about me and not even cuddle up to me at all.

“Good night, beautiful Erika,” Carol yawned at me, not even opening her eyes. “You had fun with Dieter? He’s a really good lay, isn’t he? So considerate of us as women.” She yawned again as I shook beside her.

Surely Carol couldn’t think that I would really go with a man and let him treat me all the way like a woman. But then I thought about how far I’d finally let Dieter go, the way he’d stroked my dress against my legs as he kissed my breasts. Oh yes, I could go out with nice, safe Dieter again, I thought. Carol must know the way that he was. That was why she was so unconcerned.

Mama was unconcerned as well when I finally rose the next day and came down to lunch in my nightie and dressing gown. “The Sleeping Beauty is here,” laughed Trudi, laying an extra place for lunch while Mama turned and smiled at me.

Carol was dressed as elegantly as she had been on her arrival. “You promised me shopping,” she laughed at me. “But we can hardly go with you dressed like that. How long will it take you get ready?”

“Hours,” I snapped at her. “Days. Bloody weeks.”

“Well,” said Mama in mock amusement. “Do you really think you want to go out again, Frau von Hitte, with a grumbly puss like Erika? You see what one late night has done to her temperament.”

I took a croissant, some honey and an apple juice. “I’m not going out again tonight,” I said sourly, pulling my robe about me, feeling pouty and out of sorts with the way the others were smiling at me.

“Bruni’s asked me to come to her party as well,” Trudi said. I looked at her in surprise at her treachery. We always backed each other up about going and not going to parties. “She wants to get all of the Fasching crowd together again. The university geeks are on break but all of them who’re in town are going to be there, Ronnie Pfeister, Ernst Cappell, Silke’s elder brother, Jurgen, you’ll really like him, Erika, Paul Laubmann. Do you remember him, or was he too high in the school for you to notice him? Bruni says she’s invited everyone who’s graduating this year as well and staying here to study, so Kurt and Frank should be there.”

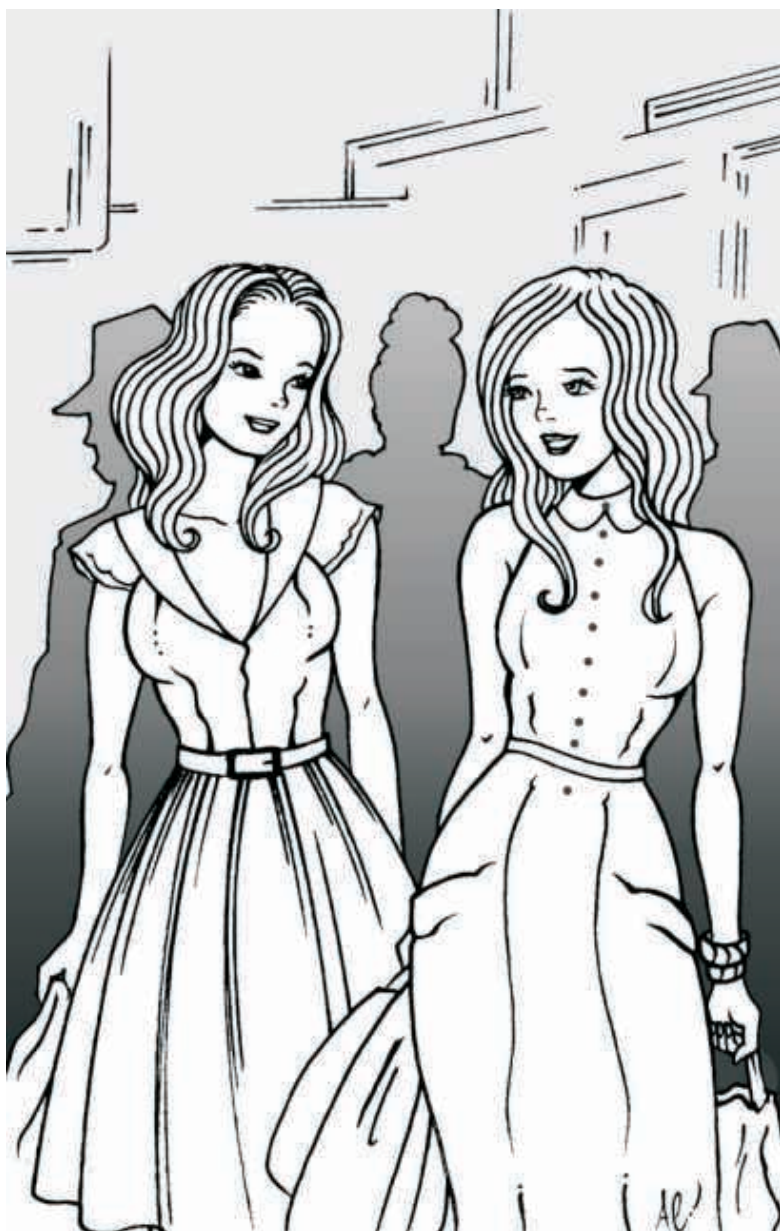
“I’m not going,” I told Trudi. “I have exams to pass.”

“Of course you’re going out with your sister and your cousin,” said Mama, smiling as she let me down completely. “Brunhilde von Freising is going to rule the social scene in this city for years to come with the fortune her family is making in new armaments. You must introduce Carol to her, Erika. I know Bruni’s family will be most eager to meet her and begin an acquaintance.”

Carol and Trudi became very excited about the dresses they were going to wear. I could see that it would do me no good to continue being grumpy. I took my time in my bath and preparing myself but Carol was patience itself. So I did go out with her in the late afternoon. We visited all the new popular places I’d never gone to before.

“You said that your mama kept you on a very tight rein,” said Carol with a smile. Her arm was under mine as we left *Quant’s*, each of us having tried on and purchased miniskirts I was sure that I’d never dare to wear in front of Mama. “You told me

that you didn't go to night clubs, you didn't go to parties, usually, and you didn't go to the trendiest stores."



“She’s letting me do all of those things now, mostly because you’re here,” I said, wanting to defend Mama. “She knows that I shall be leaving school soon and, over the summer holiday, I shall become a woman. But with you here, she knows that I have someone with me who can defend me if I need to be defended.”

Carol stopped right in the middle of Karlheinzstrasse and a Mercedes limousine nearly ran her down. “Does that bit in the middle mean,” she asked me, her sunglasses preventing me from seeing her eyes, “what I think that it means? You’re going to go ahead and have a sex change when you know the condition I’m in!”

“Yes,” I told her, lifting my chin. Cars hooted at us but Carol ignored them as she stood there staring at me. I had to pull her out of the road finally. “At least,” I admitted to her, “that was the plan Mama had for me until you showed up, pregnant. What did you say to her that got her to put your bed in my room and let you sleep with me?”

“There’s nothing illegal in what we’re doing,” Carol said, “as I pointed out to your mother. You are my husband. I am your wife. I should be sleeping in the same bed as you. Your mother agreed but she didn’t send us a double bed, did she?”

There was a hint there in the way that Carol used the phrase, ‘nothing illegal.’ I looked at her as people streamed past us two stylishly dressed girls, loaded with shipping bags from all of the most famous and trendy stores in Berlin.

“You’ve been investigating Mama and how we got out of the East and came here,” I said to her. I still

couldn't see her expression with her dark glasses but then, she couldn't see mine, either.

"Herr Kluge's report was most specific," said Carol flatly. "He blackmailed you for the Countess, to make you Erich again as she wanted. You know that your mother has harboured people passing back and forth between the East and the West in your hotel."

"You told Mama that you knew that," I said slowly. "That's why she's co-operating with you against me."

"Only for a short time," Carol said as we stared at one another, our feminine hair styles, blonde and auburn, blowing in the wind. "Look, Erika, I need a husband again for a little while after our baby is born. You have to be there as Erich—yes in male clothing—when she's christened. After that, well, you're her father. You should help me to raise her. I won't be telling you then how you should dress or who your boyfriends should be. You can have Dieter if you like even though Gerhard is by far the most amazing lover of all of our male acquaintances."

I turned and looked in distress at the traffic swirling by us. Amazingly, a cab pulled over right away. There is something to be said about being dressed as a pretty girl in a short skirt, I realized. We managed to get back to the Grunwald fairly quickly with all of our parcels and shopping bags.

"I'm not going to let you blackmail us," I told Carol when we were alone at last and getting ready for Bruni's party. "Mama's not a spy. She gives rooms to refugees who'd have no roofs over their head in their first few days in the west. She remembers where she came from and the help she re-

ceived. I won't let you blacken her name. I'll go to the press first and expose myself and all of your lying, blackmailing schemes if you try anything that would hurt Mama."

"You'll have the money to do it," said Carol shortly. "That's why I gave you back control of the von Hitte fortune. Oh, scheisse," she finally said in exasperation as she dropped one of the false lashes she'd been trying to affix to her eyelid. "Why is it so hard to convince you that I'll never do anything, ever, to hurt your real family, Erich? I don't have a real family. I have a bunch of people who share my name but that's all. I only ever had the Countess but she was never my mother. She didn't want any part of that."

"When I have our baby, our child will be my family. And you, pretty Erika, you will also be my family. Let me in to all of your family, please. Help me to do all the things that I'm good at, like making money. Let me do that for you all, for *us* all."

"And what do you want for that?" I asked her bitterly. "Mama isn't safe, is she?"

Carol turned to me and gave me a startled look. In the short time I'd been Count Erich von Hitte, I'd found the Countess's files in the safe in her office were marked 'Secret' and seemed to have come from someone in the government, someone like Kluge. I'd destroyed them but no one, I'd hoped, knew about them. I only wanted Mama and me to be safe.

"The only thing I ask you not to do," said Carol, standing over me and caressing my thin bra straps over my bare shoulders as I painted my eyes darkly with eye shadow, "is to jump into making a decision

that's irreversible in our future. I grew up as an only child and I don't want that for our daughter.

"I want her to grow up with people like Trudi and your Mama. I want her to have a sister, or a brother, and I want them to have the same father. I know I'm not saying this very well, but there it is. You have nothing to fear from me or Kluge's files. I've seen to that already. I've cleaned up those files with the Americans which you should have thought of when you ran away. You really can do what you want with your life, Erika. I only hope that there'll be room for us, your wife and family, in what you decide."

I didn't know whether I could believe Carol or not. I trembled from her touching me so gently. I didn't know if she was trying to manipulate me or for what reason. Could it be that she just loved me?

That was an earth-shattering thought. Did Carol really mean it when she said that she loved me as she had told me when we made love like lesbians? But not really like lesbians; I had to admit to myself that no, I wasn't yet really a girl.

Mama was waiting with her camera to take pictures of the three of us, dressed up in short-skirted, flouncy, low-cut and revealing dresses. Carol had pulled my hair back severely and pinned a long fall in the back of my hair so that it felt as long as it had once been and yet the top of my head was cool. The black ribbon in my hair set off my shimmering dress.

"You are a blonde bombshell," complained a sparkling Trudi, hugging me and wanting to know what the new scent was. I flushed and didn't want to tell her that it was *'Intimate'*.

“All my girls are so lovely,” said Mama, her eyes sparkling as she came with us to Carol’s limousine where a google-eyed Franz held the door open for the three of us girls to enter. Oh yes, Franz. I was going to fire him, wasn’t I, for not telling me what an idiot I was to fly commercial into Berlin when I could have taken a plane of my own. Very few would have known then about me being a feminine boy or a strange girl.

“I could get used to this,” sparkled Trudi as we headed for the Platz, just a stone’s throw from the Grunewald. She kept up a stream of comments like that, helping me to recover from my little talk with Carol, my wife. A strange emotion stabbed through me as I thought of Carol that way.

Bruni, we were never, ever, to call her Brunhilde, I had warned the others, had several men whom I recognized from older years at Fasching, paying court to her when we arrived. She brought them over right away to greet us, giving us all fake kisses and fake compliments as girls do. This was going to be a most fabulous party, she said with a big smile, now that we were there.

Of course, Bruni wanted to talk to Carol, taking her by the arm to introduce her to some people Carol “just had” to meet. Trudi and I wandered into the main room where many young people were assembled. Light music played in the background while liquor was served both at a bar and by several waiters who passed through the crowd with glasses of champagne.

I barely knew any of the people there, I saw in panic. It wasn’t quite what I’d expected. All the men in suits and the pretty girls in party dresses seemed quite foreign to me. Many seemed to be eyeing Trudi

and me in speculation. Gitte, in a short, blue dress, came bursting through the crowd to welcome us, bringing Ernst, Ronnie, Frank and several other boys I knew. They all smiled at me, telling me how beautiful I looked.

“The band is setting up in there,” said Gitte, pointing to a large hall that seemed to stretch away from the crowded reception area where we were congregating. “We’ll all be moving in there as soon as they get started. Bruni has hired some British group this year, some boys from Liverpool. You’ve never heard of them.”

A raucous noise began from deeper in the house as the crowd began to move. I couldn’t believe the number of people there. This wasn’t so much a party as it was a dance. Frank wanted to dance with me, to swing me and let my skirts, short as they were, swirl about my legs. He wanted me to show them off to everyone. I didn’t mind at all. It took us a while to get through the crowds of onlookers and onto the floor.

Then a stream of Fasching and ex-Fasching boys kept me on the floor through all kinds of rock and roll, slow and fast. They held me, caressed me, kissed my cheeks and bare shoulders, all telling me how pretty I was, how they’d wanted to dance with me ‘forever’ and how they’d wanted me to come to one of Bruni’s parties for such a long time. I was invited to lots of other, little, ‘less crowded’, parties where I could be more ‘intimate’ with my friends. A caress, sometimes on my tush, usually went with that invitation.

“But this is a great place for a party,” Kurt told me, in his turn. Then, very casually, he asked me if I’d been upstairs.

I should have guessed what Kurt meant by that. Gitte had warned me. But I really did think Kurt just wanted to show me the famous picture gallery. Off the gallery were all kinds of rooms in the passages beyond. I saw several couples, the boys grinning at Kurt and me, running off down the passages until they found a room to disappear into. Then I realized what Kurt expected me to do with him.

I took Kurt's arm and just held him, shuddering as another couple came up the stairs at the end of the long gallery, staring at us as I pulled Kurt back.

"Hey, you can't do this to me," Kurt said in surprise. "You came upstairs with me!"

"To look at Bruni's pictures," I said to Kurt. "It's too early in the party, Kurt," I added with a shiver, thinking how I could get out of the situation I was in without being a total prude in his eyes.

I took a most disappointed Kurt back into the crowd near the dance room. I did give him several kisses at the bottom of the stairs just as Gitte and Werner Lotz came out of the crowd hand-in-hand.

"You were quick," Gitte said with a laugh at me. "And you've fixed your makeup as well."

"Oh Gitte," I said to her with a shiver, meaning to tell her that I couldn't do what she thought I had. We couldn't talk, though, as Werner was pulling urgently on her arm. Gitte went dancing off with him up the stairs.

I sensed that Kurt was disappointed in me so I let the first man who asked me for a dance take me into the floor. It just so happened that that man was Paul Laubmann.

“You’ve been upstairs, I saw,” Paul said with a laugh. I shivered as his smile grew broader before I realized that he was teasing me.

“Kurt had something to show me,” I told him, tilting my head back. Paul squeezed me tightly to him, my skirts swishing pleasantly about my legs.

“I think you showed him,” said Paul, leaning to me, pressing my breasts against him. I saw how my cleavage was increased by the way he held me. I felt so girlish as he held me, danced with me and smiled at me.

“What would you do if any of us guys asked you to come upstairs with him now?” Paul asked me as we danced.

“I would thank you for your pretty compliment,” I told him primly, my blonde hair shaking beautifully at my neck. “And suggest that another girl might be more to your taste than me.”

“Ah,” said Paul, swinging me. My skirt swirled up higher than it ever had before. My panties would soon be exposed as well as my white, soft petticoats and almost bare pantyhose. “But what if I told you that you were the only girl for me and that I was totally in love with you.”

“I would have to tell you that it was such a pity,” I told him with a demure smile. I could feel tingles all through me each time Paul twirled me and drew our swaying bodies close together. “Really,” I lied to him with a pretty smile. “It’s such a pity that there isn’t any spark between us, isn’t it? Maybe you should find yourself another dance partner.”

The fast number ended. Paul put his arms about my waist; my chest heaved as I caught my dress after a very fast twirl at the end of the dance. “That is-

n't a spark that I'm giving off," Paul said, leaning into me so that he could whisper into my ear. "That's a bolt of lightning that you give me each time you touch me." With that, he kissed my ear. Ooh, I felt goosebumps all through my body.

I half-turned to protest and his lips closed on mine. Oh, he was right. It was an electric bolt passing through me unlike anything I'd ever felt before. Paul's lips were so hard and masculine, so possessive and so wonderful. I felt my breasts firming up against him and thrusting into him as his hands caressed my back. I was lost in the rapture of being kissed as a woman by such a heavenly man.

"There," Paul said shakily, holding me as the band began again. Couples all about us began to gyrate. "You were right, beautiful Erika. Nothing between us at all. It would be such a waste of time for us to go upstairs, wouldn't it?"

"Oh definitely," I agreed nervously, knowing that Paul was teasing me again, or I hoped so. He couldn't kiss me like that, setting off every nerve in my body, then claim it was nothing.

Paul smiled down at me and waltzed me slowly, clinched against him, while all about us, other couples were whirling faster and faster. "Let's at least get a drink," Paul said to me. "To help us cool down."

It didn't help. The armchairs we had to sit in required the girl to sit in the man's lap. Unless he was holding a drink, his hands were free to explore my legs and my waist. Of course, I made it easier for him by sinking my tush between his legs, getting my face in perfect position for his electrifying kisses. It was so wonderfully pleasurable to be in a dark cor-

ner and to supply energy to what was passing between us.

“We should go upstairs,” whispered Paul at last, his hand having caressed my legs and touched my panties several times.

I wanted to go with him. I stood up, smoothing down my skirts and let him put his arm around my trembling shoulders. There seemed to be a steady stream of couples heading off upstairs.

“There’s a line-up,” one of the men said to his buddies; the girl clinging to him smiled up at him as if she was a cat that had just had the cream. “Should have got there earlier.”

“We’ll think of something to do,” said the man going up while the girl he was with stroked his back.

I clicked across the foyer floor to the stairs, Paul’s hand about me. We went up a few stairs. Excitement grew in me as Paul stopped me for a clingy kiss, me a step up, managing to get my breasts pressed fully against his chest. He kissed my neck and the tops of my breasts. We turned to go up further and met Carol and her partner. Oh gosh, it was Bruni’s brother, coming down, his arm about her, his eyes glazed over as if he’d been sated with sex, as he probably had.

“You’d be better off going to a hotel,” Carol said to me, her eyes on Paul, narrowed and strained. “The line-up is thirty couples for a room unless you’re into doubling or trebling up.”

Her words quite broke the mood for me. Paul pulled on my arm but I turned and started to go down, holding onto his arm.

“I want you,” Paul whispered, making me shiver.

“It’s too tacky,” I told him, watching the girl who said she was my wife smile up at some other man and go waltzing off across the dance floor. “I, I wouldn’t want to do it like, like that, as if it was on an assembly line. Not, not with you.”

Paul perfectly understood my dissembling. He kissed me and held me. I should have turned back with him and gone upstairs. I wanted to but Trudi came tripping down, giggling and hanging on to a man who wasn’t Georg. She was with Rainer. She put her finger on her lips to me and smiled at Paul.

“Go to the Asian rooms on the right corridor,” Trudi said to us. “They have mirrors on the ceiling. It’s a real rush to see yourself doing it.”

“I’m sure it is,” I said to her. Her face changed as she jerked with the realization of whom she was talking to and what I was about to do with a young man.

“You’re really going to do it?” Trudi asked, dropping Rainer’s hand while I eased free from Paul as well.

I shook my blonde curls. “No,” I said and felt as if I wanted to cry. “Not like this!” Paul came up behind me and put his arm about my shoulder.

“It’s quite all right,” Paul said, his voice strained, squinting at Trudi as he spoke. “You aren’t like your sister at all, are you, Erika? I think I like you just the way that you are.”

I had to shake my hair to Trudi so that she wouldn’t answer Paul as bluntly as she probably wanted to. “Thank you, Paul,” I told him, feeling forlorn as my emotions ebbed from what I’d been feeling earlier. “But I think I need to go home now.”

“I’ll come with you,” said Trudi, giving Paul a nasty look. “Just let me say goodnight to Rainer and thank him for a lovely evening.”

I let Paul lead me back to the thinned-out crowd on the dance floor. Carol was off to one side, laughing with the man who’d led her down the stairs. I saw Bruni join them with her phalanx of hangers-on. The group was really happy, I could tell. Oh no, they weren’t just normal happy, they were high, I could see. That didn’t help the way that I felt, either. I took enough of Mama’s pills as it was without trying whatever it was that Bruni was using to be popular.

It wasn’t the same dancing with Paul with our former passion sublimated. I just wanted to get out of the Platz mansion. I saw Trudi go up and speak briefly to Carol.

Bruni danced over to Trudi and me, a vacant-eyed boy clinging to her, as we headed for the outer doors. “It was so nice to see you all grown-up, Erika,” Bruni squealed excitedly at me to be heard over the music. “So many men were asking me who you were and delighted to see how well you’ve grown up. You must come to my next party which will be much smaller than this. It will only be about thirty or so of my best friends. I’d love a girl like you to be one of them.”

“I’ll have to see,” I told Bruni as pleasantly as I could as I thanked her for the wonderful party. I couldn’t tell her that I had no intention of ever seeing her again, not in the state I was seeing her in then.

“And you must bring your cousin along as well,” said Bruni. “She and my brother got along famously

right away, didn't they? I think the two of them have some business deal going already in which they take over the world, or the German part of it, anyway."

So Trudi and I left. Paul saw me all the way to our car, stopping me and kissing me, the ashes of the fire he had lit in me before definitely stirring the longer he kept his lips on mine.

"I'll call on you soon," Paul said and I nodded.

"Not too soon," I said, my emotions in a tangle. "I still have to graduate from school. I have a lot of work to do."

Well, I didn't, not really. But I couldn't let him know that. I went home with Trudi, wondering what Carol was really up to. How could she be playing around with Rupert von Freising after all she'd said to me about being her husband. What a shock he was going to have, I thought, when Rupert saw Carol again and realized she was pregnant. That would serve him right, I thought bitterly as I lay in my lonely bed, for sleeping with my wife.

XXII. MOTHERHOOD

Carol didn't come back to the hotel after the party. Eventually, she phoned and said that she had urgent business in Munich. She was away for weeks. I missed her. I didn't know why she didn't show up at all. I expected almost every day that when I came back from school she'd be there at the Grunewald just as she had the first time she'd ar-

rived. So I didn't let any of the boys walk me home any more.

Carol and I had so much to talk about, or so I thought. I didn't know what was going on in the banks and businesses that I was supposed to own. I didn't know whether Carol tearing up what I thought were the papers I'd signed was real or not. I began to think that it had all been a trick to dupe me into being her willing servant.

But when I'd given up hoping for her ever going to be back at the hotel with Mama and me, Carol breezed back, looking at last as if she was pregnant.

The first words out of Carol's mouth informed us that she was on a house-finding mission. "I won't be in Berlin long, darling Erika," she said, hugging me and letting me nervously run my soft hands over her baby bump. Even if she'd lied to me and it wasn't mine, I know that I wished that 'she' was, as Carol called whatever was growing inside her.

"I'm sure you all understand why I have to get myself organized now. I'm so fantastically busy now," Carol said, giggling at Dieter, who was clinging to her arm the whole time which Mama didn't quite understand until I explained it to her. And yes, I did feel jealous.

"Dieter knows all the best places in Berlin for us to live, Erika, the baby and me," Carol said as she picked up her purse and prepared to dash off. I would have loved to ask her if she'd meant that last bit as just the baby and her, or if she'd included me in her plans as well.

Later, on that visit, Carol came and spent the night with us. I must admit that she did look very tired and worn. Mama told me I needed to be with

her to make sure that Carol ate right and wasn't drinking or smoking or doing anything else she shouldn't. Carol slept with me that night and, despite my trying to tell her that she should just sleep, she made frenetic love to me just the one time, her waist notably thickened from the last time she'd had me. And yes, she was much heavier than me now, as well.

I knew I was feeling the effect of the womanizing drugs Mama had started me on again; I couldn't, at least at the start, really get into it with Carol. Even her demanding kisses didn't arouse me. In the end, I found that if I thought of nothing but Gerhard making love to me, his heavy body pressing me down, I was able to get through the session, making love with Carol. Gradually, Gerhard disappeared from my mind and I was making love to my wife on top of me.

In the morning, when I rolled over, I would love to have talked with her about so many things. Carol was already up and, in minutes, after the briefest of kisses, she was gone again. Mama and I heard from Trudi, of all people, that Carol von Hitte had bought an estate in Wilmersdorf. She told us excitedly that it was being completely renovated. I had the impression that Trudi seemed to think that she, Mama and I were going to move in there with Carol.

"Don't get your hopes up," said Mama as soon as Trudi had gone to the kitchen to check on some crisis with the menu for lunch. "Carol wouldn't be buying an estate here in Berlin unless she consulted with you first. Trudi's got things wrong once or twice before," Mama added which made both of us laugh. Trudi was always getting things wrong and saying that she read them in the paper.

But when the news of Carol's purchase was written about in the papers, we knew it must be true. Carol was having a great house put into immediate repair out in Wilmersdorf. The social columnist gushed about it, wondering if the reclusive Count von Hitte was going to put in an appearance on Berlin's social scene with his delightful wife,. We would be such an addition to the local, social scene. I could have told the journalist the answer to that question. Count Erich von Hitte was never going to appear anywhere, in public or in private, again.

I passed all my courses and graduated. I was accepted into university to study economics. I felt so weird when I packed away my schoolgirl clothes forever. It was kind of thrilling that I could wear any lingerie I liked, on any day, beneath a dress or skirt and pretty top that showed off my breasts. No, I didn't have to tape them down as I had in the last months in school. And I could wear stockings, no socks any more! And high heels every day, not just on Saturdays. Mama noticed and told me how much she loved me being so girlish. She saw me a lot, of course; I worked in Mama's office for the summer as I'd always done. And I waited for my wife, as stupid that sounds, to come back to me.

I was probably throwing up as much as Carol was as I was on the new pills Dr. Kurst had prescribed for me. I was jumpy but being a girl and looking forward to being a real woman seemed to have lost its sparkle for me. I jumped at the slightest noise, fearing that it was Carol with more weird demands of me.

Dr. Kurst tested my maleness, too, or so he said. He had me arouse myself. He wanted the results, to aid his prescriptions, he said. It was awfully embar-

rassing to try to be co-operative as Mama said I must be. Then he started me on the new pills. When I leaked once after he tweaked my breasts really hard, he had me start on a breast pump just as if I was a pregnant woman.

I wouldn't do it at first until Mama shocked me and told me I must. Yes, Carol had talked to her about me being a mother for the baby.

"It's only fair to the baby," Mama said to me as I sat there in her office, trying to be a stone without feelings about what she wanted me to do, breastfeed my child. "You're not replacing Carol as its mother," Mama added. "You'll only be doing what's good for your daughter. Oh, my daughter with her very own baby, suckling my granddaughter. I never thought I'd see this day, my darling Erika!"

Darling Erika was very dubious about the whole idea. I cried a lot. Then, Dr. Kurst explained exactly what he was doing to me. He asked me if I wanted to be Mama's daughter and do this for her as she wanted me to. I couldn't say no to him and hurt Mama. It only hurt a little but still it was terrifying at first when my breasts actually passed out this thin liquid when I squeezed my nipples as Dr. Kurst told me to practice.

Dr. Kurst wanted a sample of it to examine and determine what new drugs, in what doses, he should give me. I know he argued with Mama as well about my seeing a psychiatrist and about why we were delaying my surgery. I sometimes thought that he was doing what he did only to belittle me, to make me learn how hard it was to be a woman and a mother. But I knew about that already. All the lessons Mama had taught us came back very easily.

Paul did call at the hotel for me but I managed to avoid him. Mama thought him 'cute'. I agreed with her and that was why I couldn't see him, not with my breasts leaking and being so sore and so perky. He'd only have had to touch me and kiss me and I'd have been his woman, I know I would.

Mama was shocked when I told her how boys like Paul made me feel and what they wanted to do with me. She finally understood that I would have to be very careful with boys over that summer. I was being dosed liberally with hormones so that I could have my breasts giving milk like any other woman's. I was sure that lactating was changing how I felt when any boy smiled at me. It was the cute boys, Mama told me sympathetically with a smile, seeing how I reacted to a nice delivery boy in the hotel, that had led to her troubles before the war began.

Carol came back at the end of summer, her condition now obvious to everyone. She wanted me to join her in the Wilmersdorf house that she'd bought. She just breezed in to the hotel and told me to pack. I think she thought she was making a joke. I couldn't find out right away as she was on the phone or her laptop all the time. I hardly got to talk to her at all.

When I told Mama what Carol wanted me to do and asked her sarcastically if she thought that I should phone Carol, I thought that Mama would laugh and agree with me right away that I wasn't moving out. Mama took me quite by surprise when she said I should go with Carol as she was also my family now, as the baby would be.

So Carol and I took up a strange, at times uncertain, residence in the new house, many renovations going on around us all of the time. Franz looked

very important in a suit as he served as the major-domo and occasional chauffeur. Hoth, the Countess's maid and companion, came to Berlin as well as the housekeeper, with a niece of hers. Young Hoth, a bright, sunny, large woman, would be our nanny when the time came, Carol said.

How I cried to leave my home in the Hotel Grunewald. I didn't want to go but Mama said I must even though Trudi was howling too, saying she couldn't go on alone. It was just as it had been the first time, Trudi said tragically, when Herr Kluge had taken me away. But the new house wasn't that far and it had a number of guest rooms. Trudi promised to visit me every day, a promise she faithfully kept up, all that summer and fall.

I dressed entirely in female clothes as I had in Berlin. Miniskirts were the rage along with deep v-necks that showed off a girl's breasts and her colourful bra. And though all the servants seemed to know that I was Erich, Count von Hitte, they all addressed me as Fraulein Buren and treated me as if I was Carol's wife or her mistress. I was embarrassed at first, every time I felt Franz looking at my girlish figure, as I sashayed down the long hallway or when I went, heavily made-up as was the fashion, to be driven by him in the Mercedes to visit Mama.

It took me weeks to remember the Countess' advice just to be myself, Erika, and not worry about what the servants thought of me. I was so nervous in those first few weeks away from Mama and Trudi.

It should have been the best time of my life, I suppose, the life set out for me as a young woman in a great house, even if it was under renovation. Carol had her office in the front of the house and Di-

eter whenever she needed male companionship and flattery. No, I couldn't provide her with that at all.

The main thing wrong between us, Carol and me, was in the bedroom where, despite Carol's artful enticements and my most ardent fantasizing, I was no longer able to be any kind of man for her when she wanted me. The pills and injections that Dr. Kurst was inflicting on me to make me into a lactating woman meant that I couldn't function as a man with Carol, not even when I imagined that it was Gerhard or Paul making ardent love to me.

Of the two of us, Carol was the least upset by it all. "I understood that your pills would do that," she murmured as I cried in her arms, the ache inside me to please her unrequited. "Just having you here with me is enough, Erika. I like touching you, you know. I think your skin is getting softer and softer every time you come to bed. Don't worry about not being a man for me. Our baby will have to come first with us for a couple of years before we can plan on another.

"Meanwhile," she added and I could imagine her wicked smile in the darkness of our bedroom, "I have a lot to teach you. There are so many ways a woman can be pleased without having to have that thing stuck into her. I'll show you by doing what I want to you, then you can do it to me."

So began an education that I'd never learned at university; soon my tears of sadness turned, at least on occasion, to tears of joy at the ecstasy we shared in our new lovemaking. Carol confided in me that she had done these things with many men and I could do them too. I could pleasure a man, she said. I shuddered with all the guilty feelings the fantasies in my mind were bringing to me. No man would ever

know what I had between my legs, Carol muttered to me, if I was careful. My male lover, she whispered to me, would be exhausted long before he ever felt the need to go that far, particularly if I was having a messy period, Carol giggled.

I'm sure that Carol said all the things that she did as pillow talk. I was certainly aroused by her all the time and learned to love to do to her all the things she wanted, taking care, of course, never to disturb the baby. It was an idyllic time, a honeymoon. I'm sure Mama recognized in sending me to Wilmersdorf, that Carol and I had to have one before the baby came. Whatever would happen between us, after that event, Mama said would be fabulous.

I was vehement in my protestations to Carol that nothing was further from my mind than having sex with men. I made love to her most ardently with my tongue to prove my point; she seemed to enjoy that so much. I imagined myself doing what she'd taught me with Gerhard. Occasionally, Carol was the beneficiary of a feeble arousing which she usually laughed at.

"You were going upstairs at Bruni's with Paul Laubmann, weren't you?" Carol said to me as she eased her bloated body over me. I denied it vehemently.

"The lady doth protest too much," Carol laughed at me. "You shouldn't, darling Erika. You need your men and I need mine. That's how people in our world live, my darling. Marriage is a business which I've never been able to quite establish with you. Once our baby is born, however, we must have a talk and set up some ground rules, don't you think?"

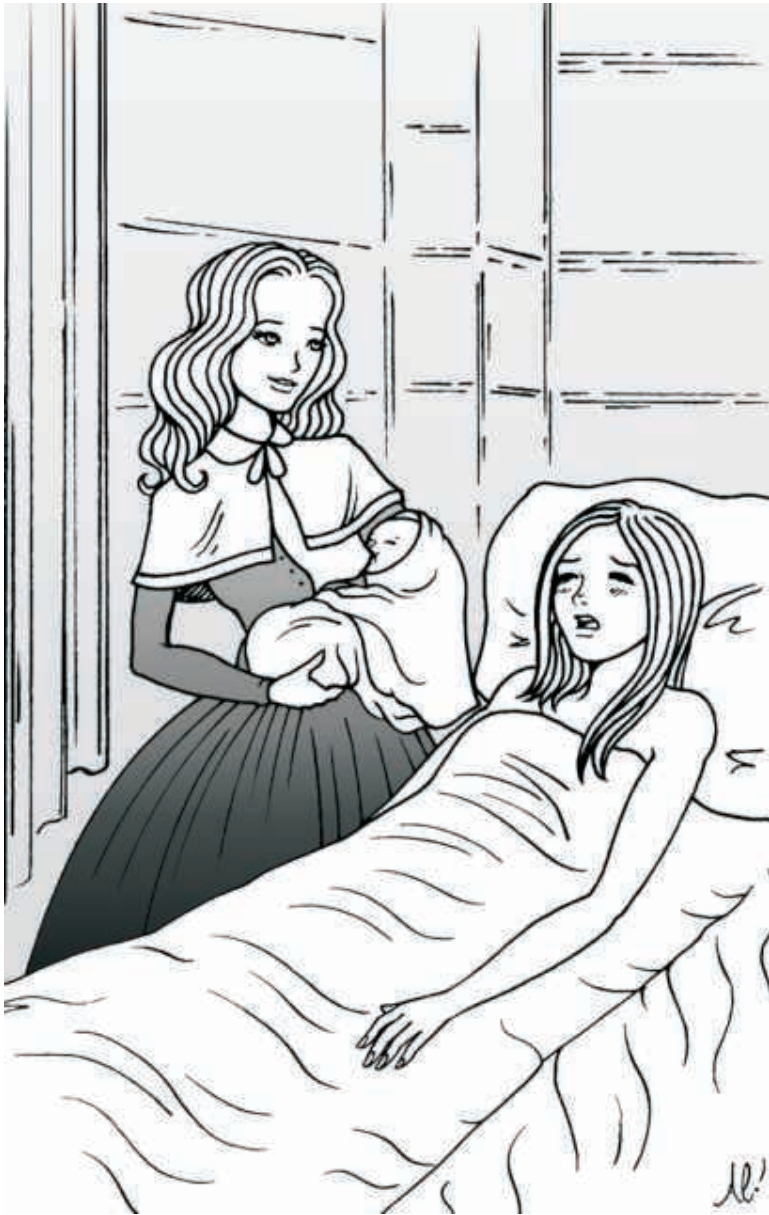
I lived in a strange, foggy world the rest of that year. Mama visited and stayed for a while when she could. I visited her and listened to all the problems Trudi was having with unfaithful Rainer; she was pining now for the fickle Georg. Both Mama and Trudi told me how the other was missing me terribly in the hotel.

It was nice also to be missed by so many of the regular patrons, as they told me stories of everyone I'd known since I was a little girl, and to hear that their good wishes were with me.

Of my 'marriage,' what could I say to them? Carol was always respectful of Mama but her growing stomach was proof of something Mama had always thought would have been no problem. She'd expected that my maleness would have been changed to femaleness by now. I think she'd expected me to be married very quickly to a man and to be adopting the first of her grandchildren any day soon.

I could almost sense her stress as the day finally arrived and a whole unit of nurses and doctors descended on Wilmersdorf. Carol gave birth to our beautiful daughter, Juliana Ulrike Liesl von Hitte. I'd already been leaking milk for over a month. My breasts had been most uncomfortable until Carol had me use her breast pump several times a day and wear nursing bras.

The sight of me nursing Juliana, likely with a most unfatherly expression on my adoring face, brought a sigh from Mama's mouth and a radiant smile. Her stress seemed to evaporate. She and Trudi looked the way I'd felt when Carol had handed this tiny little red thing to me. Carol had made me undo my bra and let Juliana take my nipple in her soft little mouth.



Juliana had begun to suck right away. The feeling that went through me was one of incredible joy. She soon went to sleep, my nipple in her mouth. I was too entranced with her, my daughter, to give

her up right away, even to Carol. Carol was nodding as she watched me, smiling at me, as I held my little girl.

I heard one of the doctors say something about not understanding that the Countess was going to employ a 'wet nurse.' Then, I realized what Carol had made me into for our daughter. I didn't really mind as I held her to me.

I was holding Juliana to me when Mama and Trudi arrived. One of the nurses was scandalized that I, not Carol, had her to my breast. The nurse was even more affronted when Carol refused Juliana as I did up the front of my dress in embarrassment.

"No, don't give her to me now," Carol said with a grimace. "I have a business to run. Erika will feed Juli from now on. It's all been agreed."

When the miffed nurse was finally gone from the room, Carol welcomed Mama and Trudi who were looking at me rather apprehensively. They'd known about Carol's plans but now they were seeing them in execution. I could guess that they didn't know what to think.

"We must get Young Hoth to take over that nurse's role," Carol said to me, reaching for my hand and squeezing it. "We don't need any black looks about the nursery, do we, darling Erika? Oh, Mama, Trudi, come and see the wonderful girl Erika has presented us all with!"

Mama smiled ecstatically at Carol assisting her as I was fumbling with a shawl to prop up in our bed. Mama and Trudi washed Carol's face and combed her hair, making her look fresh and cool in an airy white lace nightie.

“I always thought Erika would be an excellent mother,” Mama gushed, watching me in the rocking chair holding onto my baby. “I just thought she’d never have her own.” She gave Carol a smile I didn’t quite understand. “Thank you,” she said to Carol, before she barked to me. “I want to hold my granddaughter!”

Carol had said long before that she wanted to have us share in raising Juliana. I had agreed with frightened feelings and shivers and chills running through me. I couldn’t imagine what might happen later in our lives when Julie grew up and found out that her father was a second mother to her. I thought that Carol had meant doing things by halves, sharing feeding the baby for instance.

Carol wanted very little to do with the baby, I soon found out. I wanted Carol to rest at night and regain her strength as business work came pouring into the Wilmersdorf office even though she wasn’t there. Dieter, I understood, was somewhat of a disappointment as he had to consult with her far too often about what she considered inconsequential things.

With that going on, I didn’t mind if Juliana could only feed from me each night. There was the breast milk in bottles in the freezer and fridge I had produced in the month before Julie was born. I didn’t mind being our daughter’s wet nurse. I loved it. I felt so womanly as Julie suckled on my breast. Oh, how I loved to imagine that I really could be a mother like Trudi or Mama.

Some of the doctors who came to visit mistook me for Juliana’s mother as I was feeding her often when they came. I got lots of advice on how to make my milk flow, how to make Julie switch off and how

to wean her off me. Little did they know that I never wanted to wean Julie from me. I had maternal feelings for my daughter from the start because of the way that I breastfed her. Carol was right in making me do it. It did make me feel like a mother. I would never have given up Julie without a fight after the first week with her.

It also relieved the ache I felt in my breasts. I wanted to have the tiny little mouth attached to me, sucking away, raising feelings in me any woman would know. I was so grateful to Carol for encouraging me to breastfeed that I didn't really notice when she dried up.

Juliana had her bottle pretty much from the start, so I wasn't worried about her starving from what she got from me, but she always wanted me after a day or two before she went to sleep or when she was cranky. And I just loved playing at being a mother with our lovely, little daughter. But I didn't kid myself it was anything more than play. The real work for Juliana was done by Young Hoth. She was very patient as she showed me how to bathe and change my daughter, how to be a mother. Ilse Hoth often did the bottle feeds at night herself.

"What are nannies for?" Ilse asked me with a smile when I got home from school one evening and found her feeding Julie with Carol fast asleep in our bedroom. "Good grief, you pay me enough. And it is as much a pleasure for me as it is for you." Then she gave Julie to me to finish, embarrassing me no end as she undid my blouse and positioned Juliana to suckle on me, as if it was the most natural thing in the world that I, whom she must have known was Julie's father, should feed my daughter from my engorged breasts.

I was still a student. I saw a few of the old crowd at University but I wasn't very social at that time, not with Julie at home. There was one wonderful day when I ran into Paul Laubmann, the boy we all had crushes on at Fasching. I blushed when he took my hand and offered to buy me a coffee as I also knew him now as the man who wanted to take me upstairs at Bruni's party.

Paul asked me where I was hiding as he never saw me any more. Was I avoiding him? I hadn't thought what I should answer when I met someone like him from my past again.

I stammered that I wasn't avoiding him. I was just living out of the centre of the city, in Wilmersdorf with my cousin. She had just had her baby and relied on me being there to help her with the child. Paul smiled at me. I noticed that he glanced at my breasts. Yes, they were larger than they had been before. I thought he might ask me if I'd had them enlarged which would have been very embarrassing. But he didn't mention that.

Instead, Paul asked me for a date, a real date with a man. My heart was doing skips and jumps as I heard the wonderful invitation he made to me. He was saying how he'd wanted to for years but never had the courage when he was at school. I was so young.

So I went to the theatre with him with Carol's blessing and urging. Carol insisted that we have a shopping trip into town; I had to buy a new dress to wear especially for Paul. It was wonderful to be on his arm and to be introduced to all his friends as his date for the evening. Paul was very correct as well and, though he held me about my waist, he didn't

try to take advantage of me until he brought me back to Wilmersdorf.

I let him kiss me on the doorstep when he brought me home which made me feel tingly all over. I couldn't stop at one kiss as I'd intended. I had to let him stroke me and press his body into me, the urgency of his passion thrilling me no end. I wanted to go on kissing him forever, letting him fondle my breasts as he wanted. Only the distant thin baby's cry told me that I must go in and helped me to break away from my darling Paul.

"We must go out again," Paul said huskily and I agreed.

Paul had a doctorate in law to finish but he pursued me nevertheless throughout my first year at University. Whenever I could go somewhere safe with him, like the Opera, I would date him but Juliana was an impediment. I had to get home to her for her feedings. Without Young Hoth, I would have had to give up university entirely. Carol was no help, gone all the time on business. I had eventually given her power of attorney over everything I still owned. I'd hated signing papers as Erich von Hitte but it had to be done to enable all our businesses to work, or so she had said.

The occasional outings with Paul were like gifts of heaven. I loved dressing up in a tight evening dress to go to the opera. I didn't mind when Paul introduced me as his girlfriend. I wanted to be but I couldn't do many of the things he wanted me to do with him.

I couldn't go off with him for a skiing weekend with a chalet all to ourselves though it sounded very tempting. I didn't use Julie as an excuse but Paul

did in disgust. He told me that Carol was treating me as a doormat and I shouldn't let her. She should take more responsibility for her baby. I should get out more, preferably with him.

Inevitably, a frustrated Paul found out that I was married. He asked me angrily about my husband. I didn't ask him how and where he'd heard about my marriage, or who I was supposed to be married to. I blushed and explained that my husband and I, I had my fingers crossed as I said it, were going to be divorced very soon.

That cooled Paul down quite a lot. I think he thought I'd been exploiting him while I was married. And I was, of course, but not in the way he thought I was. He got a job in Bonn after graduating at the end of the year; then I didn't see him, to my very great regret.

I stayed on at the university for my second year as this rather eccentric girl. I think most people thought of me that way as I didn't stay at the University between lectures. Some people saw Franz picking me up; it soon got around that I was living with a rich sugar daddy out in the suburbs.

Carol was working very hard, often travelling. I had to get back to our house to make sure that Julie had time with me before we, Ilse Hoth or I, put her to bed. Carol said that she would double my fortune in two years as the executors of the Countess' will released more of the properties into her total control.

I cared little about business as I settled into routine at Wilmersdorf with Mama my frequent visitor. I also had the support of Old Hoth and Young Hoth at the house which was still in a state of constant re-

pair; Carol seemed determined to make our home as perfect, as private, and as safe as could be.

The Hoths were delighted to take Juliana from me any time after I had fed her. They loved, as I did, to bathe her and change her and play with her. They seemed to accept me as Juliana's care-giving parent more than they did Carol. References by Mama about when I was a little girl were accepted without contradiction or amazement.

Still, a year later, when the Hoths began to encourage Juliana, just beginning to talk, to call me 'Mama', I tried to stop them. Carol on a rare visit home, tanned after a skiing holiday, only nodded and told me not to stop them. I couldn't believe what I was hearing as I cuddled Juliana in our bed, her soft head resting asleep on my breast, my loose nightie pulled down to accommodate her suckling on me. I gently lay her down as I prepared to carry Julie off to her crib in her own room attached to ours.

"It will be best if she does call you Mama," Carol said, leaning back from her business papers on the table across the room, and looking at me in my short nightie and panties. I noticed that she was starting to put on a little weight as if she hadn't lost it all after Juliana's birth. "I have to start travelling soon. You're going to have to be the one to raise her, mother her," Carol stressed the word.

"I'm at university," I began, my insides twisting.

"You'll have to put that on the back burner," said Carol, picking up her glasses that she only wore in front of me when she read papers in bed. "You're a mother now and we both know it. I wear the pants in this family."

That was a joke. Carol had tried to get me to buy jeans and a pant suit on occasion but I always found a dress or skirt that suited me better.

“I’m not a mother,” I said nervously as Juliana stirred and began sucking absently.

“Who looks after Juliana?” Carol asked. “Who takes her for walks in her carriage? Who will be taking her to play school? Who feeds her and will be weaning her and potty-training her? It will be odd if she calls you Daddy in front of her classmates, you know.”

“She could just call me Erika,” I suggested, knowing that opposing Carol outright would get me nowhere. “And the Hoths do much more of that than me.”

Carol frowned. “No,” she said. “They report to me and they tell me how you play with her every day, feed her at least twice, though she doesn’t get much from you now. I understand you’re more of a soother than anything else for her, but one she really wants. By the way, I must tell the staff not to call you Buren any more. Your married name is Frau von Hitte, or Countess, and they can start using it. You’ll be in charge of the house here and its budget.” She named an astronomical figure she was going to have put into an account for me as Erika von Hitte each month.

“I don’t want that much money,” I gasped, getting up and letting the nightie fall about me as I took Juliana back to her crib.

“You have relatives,” Carol said, watching me as I returned from Julie’s room. I readjusted my breasts in my nightie, wiping off the residue of our daughter’s attentions. “You’ll find expenses for Julie that

you can't think of now. You won't always be able to contact me right away, not if I'm in America."

"America!" I gasped.

"We are expanding there as fast as we are here," Carol smiled, putting her glasses down as I got back into bed. She took off her robe and came to the bed, reaching out to me. I snuggled up to her; it had been a very long time since we had been together and in the mood. Even when she was home of late, Carol didn't seem that eager to make love to me. We did try to make love slowly. She told me several times that she was really pleased I'd learned my lessons on how to pleasure her so well.

Carol stroked my growing hair, came after me hungrily and I loved it. I was used to making love to a woman. Well, I was used to making love to Carol. I didn't mind at all that my own genitalia didn't give either of us pleasure any more. But my fingers could and Carol liked her vibrator as well, particularly if I used it on her.

She came quickly. Then, after she had climaxed for the second time, Carol hugged me to her and sighed. I was drowsing, caressing her thicker, rounded waistline, when she said, "You aren't very observant, are you, darling Erika? It's a good job that I've had to be the one to make plans for Juliana's brothers and sisters, isn't it? If we'd left it up to you, where would you be now? Would you have acted to get me pregnant before it's too late? I don't think you would. So, I had to do it myself. Yes, I am pregnant again."

I was totally shocked. I sat up in my pink, frilled nightie. "How-How can that be?" I blurted out, shivering. I hated Carol for a moment. I knew that I had-

n't impregnated her in a long while, certainly not since Julie was born. I hated her for going out with a man, getting herself pregnant and coming back to me for more sexual entertainment.

Carol laughed. "I know what you're thinking," she began, "and you're quite wrong. I haven't allowed Dieter to impregnate me nor Rupert von Freising. No, I'm pregnant with the assistance of Dr. Kurst and his wonderful syringes, test tubes and Petri dishes."

Carol cuddled up to my rigid, stunned body and stroked my arms and the edge of my nightie. I was stiffly posed beside her. "He united your discharges," Carol whispered, a laughing edge to her voice. "You remember when he took those in his lactating experiments? He put them with my ova in a Petri dish and voila! Back into me and so there will be an heir and a spare after all. Isn't that what the Countess told you to do to me? Saddle me with a couple of brats and then you can live the life you want. Well, I've done it for you, haven't I? I'm going to saddle you with a couple of brats now, aren't I?"

Carol pushed me back on the bed; I quaked all over at her words. It didn't sound right at all. She wasn't going to be saddled with being the mother of two children, either. Oh, that was very true! It sounded to me that Carol had taken the Countess's advice, switched it around and applied it to me!

"Juliana's been on the bottle long enough, I think," Carol said softly to me, "that you and I should get settled properly in this life we're leading together. I want you back on the breast pump again and on Dr. Kurst's milk-making concoctions because this next one is coming in six months. You

must be able to tell as you can barely get your arms about me, can you?

“And one of the things that I have to get straight with you is our love life, if you can call it that. I really don’t intend, darling Erich and Erika, to be making love only to another woman for the rest of my life. Men attract me, you know. Dieter is there whenever I need him. And that keeps me sane.

“It’s been pleasant to have this long, lesbian interlude with you, darling Erika. Despite everything, I’ve done right by you and your family, even if you don’t think of yourself as a von Hitte. The Countess would be sad about that but I’ve met your Mama. I know that you’re a Buren and not a von Hitte as I am.

“I also know that you’re the same as me, Erika, and you’re not. You love being a mother even though if I tell you that, you’ll deny it. This has been an interlude for you as well as me before you become a woman and exclusive to men. Don’t try to tell me that it’s not true.

“I’ve seen you and the way you walk down the Ku’dam. I’ve seen the way you react to men, the way you like it when they admire your legs, or your breasts, or your hair. If I wasn’t with you, you’d have been picked up by a man many times over.”

I didn’t say anything. I knew what she meant. Ever since I wasn’t a man anymore, I’d seemed to notice men even more. I felt their eyes on me. I felt rounder, sexier, more female everywhere. I couldn’t help getting wonderful, complimentary attention at the university where there were so many men for each girl but it was the same everywhere. At the Hotel Grunewald, the old men in the salon that I’d

known all my life practically jumped out of their wheelchairs to open doors for me (I'm joking. They weren't that old).

Mama said it was because I was a mother now. They recognized it in me. I thought that was wrong. No one could see that in another person, I was certain. But one old woman I barely knew asked me how many children I had, on my next visit to the Hotel. She complimented me on regaining my figure so quickly, particularly as I was still breastfeeding my daughter. I looked helplessly at Mama. She just laughed at me. When Mama came over and joined us, she talked only about breastfeeding, and what a good mother I was, to the hotel guest. So embarrassing.

"I-I love you," I stammered at Carol. She laughed cruelly at me while I felt awful inside.

"Don't be silly," Carol castigated me, caressing my breasts as if I was a woman. "You're going to have a sex change operation very soon. You can't be married to me then. I'm a woman and I have needs. You'll be a woman and have the same needs. I, however, am not going to saddle myself with kids. They're yours, little girl, all yours. You want to be your Mama's daughter. That means providing her with grandchildren. You have to be a mother."

XXIII. A LOVER'S TRYST

I tentatively raised the ideas Carol had left with me in a later visit with Mama. That of Juliana's brothers and sisters. I was so upset and apprehensive at the thought of what Mama would think of her daughter, me, but she astonished me again by just smiling.

“Carol has given you all of her plans then,” she said warmly.

“Plans?” I asked, mystified. I realized then that Mama had been intriguing with Carol for some time to have me make babies for their grandmother. “What plans?”

Mama smiled. “She’s an extraordinary girl, that Carol, isn’t she?” she asked. “I think it right that she should be the husband in your family and that you should be Frau von Hitte.”

I sort-of agreed but had to tremble at such thoughts. I didn’t want to have Carol as my husband. She was my wife! It had taken me forever to reconcile myself to that.

I pressed Mama about Carol’s plans as the two had clearly talked about me. But even with a lot of prodding, Mama wouldn’t tell me more. “Carol can explain it when she wants,” she said. “We had a long talk when she was here. I knew she was right about your children. It was the only way for a daughter like you to have your own family. Your future male husband will agree.”

“My male husband?” I asked, choking with outraged emotions.

“Well, you can’t stay married to that woman forever, can you?” asked Mama pragmatically. “And we know that Paul or Walter or whoever you choose after your operation can’t impregnate you. But they can still make you a very loving husband and be a father to your lovely children.”

Mama was so smug, so caught up in the idea and what she thought was the rightness of the idea that I had to leave. I was quivering all over at her preposterous ideas. She and Carol were in a con-

spiracy against me! I went home with Juliana, parked her on Young Hoth and went to my bedroom for a few hours of pounding my pillows, crying and generally bemoaning my fate in the world.

Of course, when I looked up into the mirror and saw this tragic-faced blonde woman, her mascara running over her thin, female features, her skirt ruffled and pulled up to reveal her lovely stockings and shapely legs, I got the quivers at myself as well. My hips were so wide and rounded. My waist was so thin and the neckline on my dress accentuated my breasts and womanly cleavage. My bra was so clearly visible.

It wasn't just that. The little procedures that I had had to please Mama and Carol had altered my face. My eyes were much larger and I wore so much makeup. My ears had golden studs and hoops in them, so feminine, while my eyebrows and facial features had all been thinned and feminized at one time or other. No wonder so many men came on to me wherever I went.

Carol was no help. She wouldn't discuss our future with me, only the dress I was wearing or new dresses that I had to wear or new lingerie she had just put into my drawers for me. "Don't worry your pretty little head over it," she said as I raged at her. "I really like you in those new miniskirts from England. You should show off your legs like that. You have such beautiful, feminine legs."

Then, without telling me what Mama had meant by her having plans for me, she flew off to Bonn for a week. "I've arranged for you to visit Rosalie's on Thursday," she said before she left. That was our beautician's, which we went to together every week when she was home.

I was always nervous to enter there where every woman was so ultra-feminine. The looks they gave made me think they could see right down to the roots of my being. With Carol, it wasn't so bad to have my legs waxed, hands and fingernails manicured and generally have the works done to our hair and faces. But, by myself, I shuddered, partly in excitement of being there, a woman alone.

"You should take the whole day off," Carol instructed me with a smile. "I've told Young Hoth not to let you into the nursery until Friday. Have a nice lunch, visit your university friends, Mama, Trudi, or one of your friends."

Carol wouldn't say more and was gone, leaving me to feed our greedy little daughter from both sides before she was sated. I had to walk her for half an hour before she burped and I could lay her down.

Rosalie herself, chic in black dress with her shiny, black hair pinned back in a chignon, awaited me at the door to her salon. Her heavily made-up eyes took in my heavy coat, blouse and skirt, low heels.

"Carol said you were to be a mother again," she drawled. I felt dowdy and nervous beside her glamorous appearance. "You certainly have recovered your figure well, Erika. Carol has sent us a proper set of clothes for the glamorous woman who will be leaving us later. Your husband will be delighted, I assure you."

I could have assured her differently but Rosalie's assistants descended on me like predatory hawks. I was immediately stripped of my clothes, made to feel anxious but they weren't going to stop. They left me in my lavender panties, thank goodness, and

dressed in one of their pink, fluffy robes. I was then given the works. All the time, Rosalie hovered over me as she had never done before though she'd always taken the time to talk to Carol.

My hair and face were cleansed as I'd never had them done before. As if I wasn't even there, Rosalie and Josef, her hairdresser, discussed which style would suit me best and then proceeded to do it to my hair. The same went on with my fingernails, my legs, my body (I had to wear a thong and I think I was waxed everywhere!), my eyebrows (how could they thin them or arch them more femininely? I wondered), and my face.

I drowsed a little under the hair dryer, feeling cleansed and poked into all over my body from under my arms, under my toenails, to the very roots of my hair. I had three people working on me again. Rosalie hovered nearby, as my makeup, nail and toe polish were applied. My hair was combed out, brushed, styled, and rearranged.

Rosalie put a gold bracelet around my bare, smooth arm as I awoke a little, seeing what they'd done to me. "A gift from Carol," she said enigmatically. She had a necklace for me, too. I turned to look at myself as she put the cold metal about my neck.

My hair had never been so shiny, so wavy, or so bouffant. It shivered but every hair held its place in the curved wave about my head as I moved, so expert was the cut. Yet, it was thick at my neck and ears as I liked it.

My eyebrows were thinner and arched more. "We electrocuted the ones you don't need," said one of the girls as I viewed the subtle work done to my

face. I looked as if I had smooth, creamy skin, with no makeup at all, and, and my eyes! They were gorgeous, the lashes thick, dark and curled, and long. My lips weren't red or pink, but some kind of plum as were the long nails on my fingers and the shorter ones on my toes.

I was hairless everywhere as I found out in my cubicle. I blushed in embarrassment and humiliation as I thought that the girls who had worked on me must now know everything about me. They must! I was so clean at the front. Even with the tapping under my panties and the g-string Carol had had me wear, I was creamy soft everywhere and felt unbelievably girlish.

Carol had left me black silk underwear, the panties very high-cut, to wear, black pantyhose, a short, black, spaghetti-strapped slip and a dark blue dress, the squared top spangled with sequins across my chest. The tight skirt came to mid-thigh while the shaped jacket buttoned to show off my tiny waist and well-formed breasts.

In the dark blue matching purse, I found earrings, large, golden, swirled buttons which weighed on my ears unfamiliarly; I had taken to wearing small studs to keep Juliana's tiny hands from tearing my ears more than she already had.

The heels were some man's idea of style, I thought savagely, as I put my stockinged feet into the impossibly high stilts. My toes were open and supported by very little at heel or toe. I had to take very short steps and sway a lot to keep from tripping.

Even Josef looked impressed when I sashayed forth, my old clothes consigned to a bag to be deliv-

ered later to our house in Wilmersdorf. In the dark marble, I saw myself beside Rosalie and her assistants. No, I thought. I didn't look out of place. I was a glamorous woman. Mama would be so pleased with me when I visited her later.

When I stepped out of Rosalie's, a young man walked into a lamppost looking at me. I had to laugh and wave to him. Trudi says it's because I'm a blonde that I get the attention. Mama says it's because I'm beautiful, womanly, and a blonde that men come after me.

So I wasn't surprised when I finished my coffee at the Tivoli-damm, where Carol and I always went after being made beautiful by Rosalie, that a man came and sat at my table without being asked. I was ready to leave anyway. I stood up to go, ignoring whoever it was.

"Darling," said Gerhard Bruckner. "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

I sat down abruptly. A hasty glance showed many interested faces looking my way. "What are you doing here?" I gasped, shivering all over. How long had it been since I'd seen Gerhard last? It must be two years! His knowing words went right through me. He was letting me know that he knew what I concealed in my panties. I was frightened at his words and the hawkish look on his strong, handsome face.

Gerhard smiled at me. "What do you think I'm doing here?" he asked me, my heart going pitter-patter. A squirming seemed to be going on in every part of my body. I recalled in every detail being in the back seat of the car with him in Bavaria. I remember him saying that one day we would go out

and that Carol would not be around to chaperone us. "I'm about to have lunch with the most beautiful woman in Berlin."

"I-I can't," I stammered. Gerhard Bruckner was as mannishly handsome, charming, and confident as ever. He reached across the table and took my newly manicured, soft, womanly hand, sending more shivers and chills through me.

"Don't tell me it's because you're a married woman and a mother," Gerhard said. His touch made me tingle all the way down my stockinged legs to the tips of my high heels. I could remember him touching me there on my legs; I so much wanted him to do it again. "We both know how much of that is true."

I felt terror strike inside me as I realized that he not only knew that I wasn't truly a woman but he also knew that I wasn't a mother. Gerhard knew everything about me. I didn't know if it was Carol or Dieter who had told him. My wildly beating heart beneath my aching breasts didn't allow me time to think. I could only react to him being in front of me, the man whom I had so often daydreamed about but thought was no longer interested in me.

Somehow, Carol had left me with that impression about Gerhard. If I'd thought to ask him how he knew where I was and how he knew I was free that day, I could have saved myself, what? Embarrassment? Enlightenment? Heartache? At the time, I thought it would be the latter, but I never was one to think things through right away.

Before I knew it, Gerhard was charming the waitress, ordering me a light salad for lunch. He talked lightly of his work for the Central Banks and how it

had taken him on an excruciatingly boring trip about Eastern Europe, everything frozen in the bureaucratic grip of Communism.

“I think my bosses did that to me deliberately,” Gerhard said at last with a wry grin. “I think it was perhaps to keep me away from the most beautiful girl in Berlin. I don’t think they trust me. I notice that they kept the American portfolios for themselves. Are you doing summer courses at the University this year?”

“No,” I began, nervous at his rapt attention, the way he leaned towards me. “Juliana, that’s my daughter, she needs me.” I flushed as I realized that I was going to explain about breastfeeding her. How bizarre and awful that might appear to Gerhard to have me discuss such a thing with him when he knew what I really was.

“Ah,” Gerhard said, still as charming as I remembered him. “So you’re to be the stay-at-home mother in the family, is that it? Hard to believe when you think of the way all the boys like Paul Laubmann fantasized about you at Fasching. Yes, I have talked to Carol once or twice; she said that young Paul, he’s working in one of my departments now at Badener, was smitten with you. He thought you were going to be an actress when you graduated, he said to me, when we chatted. I would have bet that you would be a model for sure.”

“Oh no,” I said earnestly, shivering at the way Gerhard was looking at me so approvingly. “Not with my daughter. I do want to look after Juliana and bring her up right. It’s only a short time, after all, that she’ll be a baby.”

Gerhard shook his head and got to his feet. I stood up too, swaying a little on my heels. I'd forgotten how tall he was. It took my breath away as he took my arm and steered me out of the restaurant. I didn't think of refusing him. I couldn't walk away from him. I was certain of it. He raised a hand; just like that, a taxi came to the curb to pick us up.

"Where are w-we going?" I stammered as Gerhard helped me into the back seat. I clutched at my skirt to keep it from riding all the way up but he had a good view of my shapely thighs.

"Just go around the Tiergarten," Gerhard instructed the driver. Then he leaned forward to close off the partition with the front of the cab. He settled beside me, his rough suit against my stockings.

"No," I started again, wanting to tell him that I was married now. I had a daughter who depended on me to mother her. But Gerhard already knew that.

"I was so jealous of Paul Laubmann," Gerhard interrupted me, his arm going about my waist, "when he told me of the two of you making out at one of Bruni von Freising's notorious parties. Then he told me how jealous he'd always been of Frank Aller. I guess you and Frank used to make out in a park that had a stream and some woods in it that Paul called the Dingle?"

That had been our special word at school for that little wooded area where 'courting couples' went to get it on hot and heavy together. I trembled as I remembered going there many times with Frank. Gerhard leaned into me and I raised my hands to push him away.

“I’m married,” I whispered, breathing heavily in my nervousness as my legs and dress swished noisily together. I tried to argue him away, but his lips brushed mine and everything changed. I felt a warm tremor spread throughout my body as Gerhard reached for me with his other arm and pulled me, trembling like a leaf, to him.



His kiss strengthened on my pillowed, clingy lips. With a sigh of nervous contentment, I accepted Gerhard hungrily. My mind was saying, "No." I tried to think of Carol, how I wanted to be true to her, even as my arms were going around Gerhard's neck. My breasts were hardening and pushing against him. He kissed me forcefully, with masculine confidence. I revelled in the taste of a man, the strange smell of his aftershave, the strength and insistence of his tongue between my soft lips. Gerhard sighed as well and hugged me tightly as I messed his hair with my hands.

His wonderful, strong, male hands were all over my body, so demanding, so enervating, so exciting, but I couldn't go through with more, could I? A few kisses in the back seat of a taxi were enough, a reminder of what I might have become if Carol had not been arranged to be my wife. Could I ever have found a man like Gerhard if I hadn't gone to Bavaria? a dim thought demanded, as I received the passionate kisses that roused and thrilled me so.

Gerhard's kisses became very insistent. I pressed against him with all my might at last, not caring when his hand caressed my thigh. I knew this wasn't going anywhere. It would be over this afternoon. I remembered Frank, my first boyfriend, Kurt, Johan, and others I'd allowed to take me out and kiss me. But they were nothing like this heaven. This was a man who wanted me, not a boy. And this particular man, I realized with a shudder, knew exactly who I was. He'd known that I was a schoolgirl when I'd let him kiss me in the back seat of his car.

We must have circled four or five times before Gerhard told the driver to drop us at the National Gallery where there was some kind of art exhibition

(naturally!). I got out of the taxi unsteadily, Gerhard allowing me just moments to get out my compact and lipstick and repair the ravages of his attentions to me.

I couldn't believe it was me in my little mirror. I was still styled in Rosalie's glamorous fashion, my blonde hair gleaming. I could see then why Gerhard Bruckner was after a blonde like me. If I'd ever been a man, I'd have admired a girl who looked like me. I smiled up at Gerhard in the excited happiness I felt. My dress swirled about me, my heels clicked with the short, short steps I took. We walked arm-in-arm into the exhibits, me having to hold on to him for support, swaying so sexily, in my high, high heels.

"I thought it would be better to do something together," Gerhard said with a smile, still looking at me intently. "If I had just rushed you off to my hotel, well." He swung me behind a pillar and kissed me again. I opened my mouth to his eager exploration and clung to him, pressing my body into his as much as he was pressing his body into mine.

Gerhard actually looked a little flustered, I was pleased to see, when we broke apart. A little audience of older people broke into scattered applause. With my ears ringing, hot and embarrassed, I put my arm about his waist as we almost ran away from there, back out onto the platz.

We walked for a while, Gerhard squeezing me and getting control of himself, I think. I liked to be walking with such an attractive man, his arm so possessively about my shoulders, telling the entire world I was his woman. It would all have to end pretty soon, anyway.

“Well, here we are,” Gerhard said, breaking into my heated thoughts. He led me through the swinging doors into the enormous glass and brass, modern art foyer of the New Adlon.

I looked up at the massive ceiling, the sweeping staircases leading to upper floors and thought of an airport or railway station. I realized that this must be his hotel. “Gerhard,” I said anxiously, trying to break free of his hand.

Gerhard understood and pointed to a bar. “We need a drink,” he said, holding my hand firmly so that I couldn’t leave him. My dress swished and my hair bounced as I jiggled with my man into the bar. The mirrors showed me stunningly blonde, exquisitely made-up, a handsome, strong man smiling at me as we entered the bar. Yes, the girl could easily have been a model.

I could feel every eye on me. I held Gerhard’s arm as we went to a back table. I hardly recalled when I’d had alcohol last; so I asked only for white wine. Gerhard downed his Scotch in one gulp and was on his third before we did more than talk inanely about the decorations in the place.

“I want you,” Gerhard said suddenly, taking my hands in his. “No joking around or tantalizing as we have been doing on our taxi ride or in the museum. I want you as any man wants a woman. Will you come up to my room with me?”

So there it was. I felt my stomach lurch. I couldn’t do that, I knew. I wasn’t fully a woman, despite my pretty dress, my wonderful makeup and lovely hair. My body couldn’t take a man. I’d hadn’t yet let Dr. Kurst do what he wanted to do to me, make me completely into a woman.

I thought of Carol. Oh, what had she been telling me just the night before as we lay together in our bed? She'd assured me that I could make love to a man and he'd never know but Gerhard surely would. I wasn't that good at deceiving anyone. He knew, though, that I was married to Carol. Carol! I was cheating on her! I couldn't, absolutely couldn't, go to his room with this man who knew all about me, knew that I was Carol's husband!

Gerhard stroked my hands with his. "I'd like to take you dancing tonight," he said, his voice still husky and a little unsteady.

His touch made me shiver again. "I h-have a baby to feed," I began.

"Aren't your nannies going to look after Juliana all day today?" Gerhard asked with a frown as he stared into my face. "Carol told me this was to be a day off for you."

"Carol!" I gasped. Suddenly, things began to fall into place. I felt my face burning as I thought how stupid I'd been. "She told you where to find me!" I exclaimed, my emotions diving into despair, anger, and frustration. Then I recalled something that she'd said. "She's always going to Frankfurt to consult with the head offices of Danbank and Badener Credit! That's you, isn't it?"

Gerhard frowned while I trembled at the sudden revelation of the connection between him and my wife. "It's no surprise that Carol knows how much I want you," Gerhard said carefully as if each word was costing him dearly. "She's known that ever since she introduced me to you at the Alpine Club.

"We talk about Erika all the time. She said that if I was in town today, you'd be completely free of

other engagements. I mean, you do know that she and Dieter are together in Bonn, don't you? She says you know all about them. I had to come to Berlin today but, quite frankly, I've broken several business appointments today just to see you."

I trembled as I finished my drink. What game was Carol playing at? She'd thrown me at Gerhard in the Alpine Club and now this. She was doing it again! Was I being tested? Was she trying to find out how much I loved her? But she knew how attracted I was to Gerhard. She knew! My mind reeled as I thought about what my devious wife expected me to do with a man. Then the implication of she being with Dieter in Bonn hit me and my mind reeled again.

"After you have your second child, I understand that you will be going through a divorce," Gerhard said, his handsome face very still as he looked at me. He grimaced and looked quite disgusted. "I don't really understand how you can be doing it with Carol the way you look now but I really don't care. I understand why you had to marry her and have the heir with her. Carol has explained that to me so I'd know where I stood with you.

"I don't like the thought of you ever being with her, as a man or as a woman. I suppose that you must be lesbians in some way. I can understand that. I can understand why Carol would love you. I love you, too. But I love you as the woman that you are. I have since I first saw you coming up the steps at the Alpine Club teetering on your high heels as if you hadn't worn them in an age. I loved the way you moved so sexily in that short, red, cocktail dress.

"I couldn't believe that you were Carol's pansy cousin from Berlin, as she called you, before any of

us got a chance to look at you. Paul told me that at school it was the same for him. He remembers you in black patent shiny shoes, white socks and a cute little summer dress. He says that your blonde hair was in braids and pinned to your head, but he loved you the moment he saw you. Do you remember?

“You fascinated me as you must know from the way I stared at you each time. Paul was telling me that it was the same for him. All his friends used to kid him about the crush he had on the most beautiful girl in the lower school. Those are his words, by the way.”

Gerhard’s hands trembled as much as my senses, as he paid off the waiter. Following him, my hand on his arm, I had to make that walk again past the lascivious looks of all the men in the bar. It seemed that everyone knew what Gerhard and I were about to do. The touch of his hand on my arm sent chills through me. I teetered on my heels and felt the light, airy touch of my skirt so high up my thighs.

“Well,” Gerhard said. Now he was as anxious and nervous as me, I could see. I had thought him so masculine and confident before but the thought of me as I really was seemed to be unnerving him as it had me. “Shall I call you a taxi, or not?”

I steeled myself. Carol had put me here with this man while she’d gone off with another. I swallowed hard, my throat dry, my body trembling as I thought about what I wanted and would never have if I walked away. I put my arm through Gerhard’s.

“Show me your room,” I said huskily, mincing in my rustling, dark blue skirt. My high heels clicked

so femininely on the marble floor, making my breasts bounce as he led me to the waiting elevator.

“I’ll just stay for one drink,” I murmured with a sweet, girlish smile, reflected back at me by the mirrors on the walls. I was so ashamed of myself as I began to think what I was doing, going up in the elevator with such an experienced, strong man as Gerhard Bruckner, to his hotel room.

Gerhard had recovered his confidence. He smiled and held my arm tightly until we reached his room, a suite just below the top floor. “Just one drink,” he agreed. But as soon as I entered his suite, Gerhard put his arm about my slim waist, pulled me to him and began an assault upon my eager, quivering lips. We weren’t interested in the wonderful view or the sumptuous furnishings of the sitting room. I slipped off my figure-hugging jacket as soon as I could and just surrendered in feminine fashion to his passionate kisses and caresses.

Gerhard’s mouth was feverish on mine, arousing every part of my body. He undid the zip on my dress. I hugged him very closely while his hands stroked me, undoing my black, lacy bra, sending waves of delight through me. He caressed my breasts and pressed me into him. I slipped off my heels and let him fall onto me on his soft, white-cushioned sofa.

I wanted to say that I didn’t want to do this, that I shouldn’t be doing this, that I was married, that I was a husband and not a wife. But all reason fled from me as I lay against Gerhard on his sofa and he slipped his hands inside my dress and inside my bra.

“My woman at last,” Gerhard murmured. I agreed with him entirely. He could say that, making me shiver at such thrilling thoughts. But I knew he knew all about me as Erich as well as Erika; I had no need to feel guilty at the way he was caressing my breasts and my nipples.

I could also feel that his manhood was fully aroused. I kept one hand around his neck, holding him tightly to me. My passion rose as his lips devoured mine. I was shivering with the intensity of the emotions I felt. I felt so womanly as this man began to undo my clothes, kissing my nipples, pleasuring me.

I loved what his hands were doing to my hips and thighs, under my dress. I let Gerhard slip my skirt from me, writhing in bliss at the touch of his hands on my panties and thighs. I wiggled beneath him, my man, as I began the process of pleasuring Gerhard as Carol had taught me.

I clutched his manhood with my thighs, ecstatic waves passing through me. I caressed his manhood gently, then firmly with my legs as well as my hands, letting it touch my soft, silky panties. Just as Carol had said that I shouldn't do, I tempted Gerhard too much.

“Oh, you little vixen!” Gerhard exclaimed as he came much before he wanted to, long before I was anywhere near being satisfied. But I didn't expect to have my feelings as a woman requited at all. Perhaps I did make him come too quickly after all but Gerhard was determined to experience more delight than I'd already given him.

I was feeling pretty smug about it, I realized, as Gerhard cleaned himself, and me, with a handker-

chief, to have made a man like him perform sexually with me.

I had forgotten, however, how strong Gerhard was. “You like to play,” he said with a dangerous smile. He lifted me suddenly right from the sofa, his arms under my legs and back. My slip parted and rode up me so that one of his hands was on my thighs, unhooking my garter belt and stockings.

I wriggled and protested as I was dumped unceremoniously on his bed. Gerhard laughed at me as he slipped my stockings down me, his touches exciting and captivating as he began to undress himself. I was protesting but it was thrilling to be treated with such force and such masculine desire. Ooh, I loved the feel of Gerhard slipping off his pants, his manhood so huge, as he climbed on top of me.

I’d never seen a naked man this close before. My bra was firmly taken away while I caressed his body; his muscles tensed as he pushed me down, spreading my legs apart. His mouth found my tingling breasts. It wasn’t at all like Carol’s sensual caresses. His demands were harsher but I responded to them, loving every touch of his tongue, so unlike Juliana’s. I felt my nipples harden and stand erect as he satisfied himself with making them harder and more thrusting.

I wasn’t aware any longer of similarities between us. I passed into a passionate, emotional state where I was woman and he was my man. I joined eagerly in making love to him, pleasuring him as Carol had shown me until he was murmuring how wonderful I was, so beautiful, so loving. Only once did I try to stop as he began to undress me further. “Gerhard,” I said anxiously as he slid my pantyhose

off slowly and sensuously. “This is enough without protection.”

Gerhard shook his head. He stroked my hair, my quivering breasts, his fingertips gently fondling my nipples; my thoughts scattered in feelings of wonder and enjoyment as this man made me want to be a woman for him. I wanted desperately to please him as he was pleasing me. His huge erection lay on my naked thighs and I squirmed beneath him. His hand went to the waistband of my panties. Could it be that he didn't know what was in there? Panic went through me.

“Don't!” I protested, his male body holding me down. I'd loved every exciting caress up to then but the thought of Gerhard seeing me, such an absurd parody of how he was endowed, was too shameful for me.

Gerhard did stop, however. Sort of. He assaulted my panties roughly with his moist manhood. “Take me all the way, Erika,” he said thickly. I felt his body against me as he touched me everywhere, his lips on mine, his chest on my breasts, his legs on mine, then inside mine, his hands caressing and caressing me, taking firm hold of my tush, elevating my legs over his back. Gerhard made his intentions clear as to how he would love me.

I couldn't! It was too demeaning! But Gerhard wanted me, “his woman,” as he kept whispering to me, that way! I tried to wriggle away but he held me and pushed my legs more firmly about his waist. He caressed my waxed thighs so slowly that feminine feelings overwhelmed me. I enjoyed every touch of each feminized part of me. His mouth suckled me intensely until he began to pleasure us both.

I caressed him with my legs but I was crying as he pressed tightly against me. At first Gerhard thought he was hurting me as he thrust his maleness inside me, in my tush. But he was far from doing that. He wanted me, I exulted! He wanted to penetrate me as a woman! We began to move rhythmically and ecstatically together. His hands caressed me wherever he could reach as I did the same for him.

We bucked and writhed, my tush squeezing him as Gerhard's hands made me gyrate beneath him. He went in deeper while I pulled his head down for my frantic, female kisses. He came as I had with Carol, as a male does, his legs urgently spreading my thighs and buttocks. His male gyrations inside my tush set off something incredibly wonderful in me, a quivering that I couldn't stop, an overload of every nerve in my body. I cried out and squeezed on him so hard that he was really making love to me, making me feel more of a woman than I'd ever hoped.

"You had an orgasm," Gerhard said wonderingly as I lay trembling in his arms. He was beside me, still stroking my erect, sensitive breasts as I tried to make some sense of what was happening to me.

So that was what a complete woman experiences all the time, I thought, amazed. Of course, I know it wasn't truly an orgasm but it was the most intense sexual feeling I'd ever had up to then, even more intense than when I'd made love to Carol. I reached out to Gerhard and kissed him gently, my beautiful, long hair across our faces.

"Thank you," was all I could think of to say.

“It was an entirely mutual experience,” Gerhard said, stroking my hair. We lay there together, man and woman, sort of, for the longest time. I dozed, exhausted, in his arms. He slept. I was then able to slip out of bed, shower and look at myself. Would any man do that to me, I wondered, if he saw the ridiculous specimen of manhood I had that kept me from being a true woman?

Everything else, my legs, hips, waist and breasts screamed that I was a woman. It was such an odd feeling to be treated like that, having a man lay with me, kiss me and caress me, as if I was a woman. How thrilling it had been when Gerhard squeezed himself between my soft thighs and penetrated me. Did Carol think that I’d have gone this far, I wondered, as I soaped myself. But even scrubbing couldn’t remove all of the marks Gerhard had left around my breasts.

Just like a man, Gerhard was snoring when I got back into the bedroom. I dressed slowly, easing out the wrinkles in my hose and my dress. It took me a long time to comb out my hair and style it a little like it had been before. It wasn’t exactly the same as it had been under Rosalie’s excellent care but it was all right. Was Gerhard faking sleep? I wondered, as I put on my jacket, my high heels and found my purse. I redid my makeup, found my earrings, my bracelet and my necklace, reattached them, sprayed on a little perfume and left him there.

I flirted with the busboy in the elevator, the doorman, and my taxi driver. I was a woman. I could exhaust a man with the sexual favours I had to bestow. They’d all better watch out that I didn’t take them up on the blatant offers in their eyes. Just as Carol had said, I could pleasure a man sexually,

and that was an exciting thought. But what she hadn't told me was how much pleasure a man would give me when he made love to me. Yes, all those men smiling at me and making smacking sounds or whistles with their mouths had better watch out. If Carol could go off and be with her man, then I, Erika, could do the same.

XXIV. HOW TO SAY GOODNIGHT

Gerhard phoned when he woke up, concerned that I'd left him alone. Hoth wouldn't say that I wasn't there. I was given the phone as if she had orders to make me talk to Gerhard. Thinking about it, I was sure that she'd been told to do so. It didn't matter that Juliana was attached to me, greedily emptying my left bosom. I had to speak to Herr Bruckner.

Gerhard was apologetic for sleeping and laughingly accepted my comments about men being like that. He insisted he was going to take me dancing. He'd pick me up in an hour but I put him off for a day. The younger Hoth declared loudly that she'd look after Juliana that night, loud enough for Gerhard to hear. I had little excuse, save for being married to Carol, for not doing what I wanted to do.

We night-clubbed the next night, down the Kurfursterdamm, even visiting the *Chez Nous* again to see the famous female impersonator, Ricky Rene, and his stage troupe. Gerhard, of course, knew all about 'her.' I could feel Gerhard's eyes on me as I relaxed this time, smiled and applauded the miming acts on stage. The men dressed as women looked so real and glamorous. If I hadn't been married to Carol, I wondered, would I have become like them, even been one of them?

We danced wherever we could find room, at *Monocle's* and *Schatzi's*, and met many people whom Gerhard knew through business. He introduced me as 'Fraulein Erika von Hitte'. I had to acknowledge a relationship to Carol. It was easy to admit that she was my cousin. No one asked me if I was her girl cousin or her boy cousin. With my blonde hair combed and styled by Ilse Hoth, my makeup so femininely done and my body poured into the little, black dress that showed off how female I'd become over the years, no one challenged me, not even in the female impersonator club.

I ran into Birgitte at *Louis Quinze*. She had a drunken American in tow, older, fat and lascivious. He tried to come on to me after I accepted a courtesy dance with him. I was glad to escape to the Ladies' Room with Gitte to talk it over.

"He's got money," she said, pulling a face. "But you! Isn't that Gerhard Bruckner whom you're with? All the magazines are featuring him as our new 'wunderkind'!"

I had to admit that it was Gerhard Bruckner; I didn't know that he was being featured in magazines and so forth. Gitte pumped me about him. Inadvertently, I mentioned that I had met him two years before when I was away meeting my cousin, Carol, in Munich and the Alps.

"Was he the one?" Gitte asked, smiling when I looked mystified. "You know, the one who deflowered you? We talked about that at school and in the coffee bar. You admitted that you weren't a virgin any more. Was he the one? I wish I'd waited for someone like that!"

I blushed tremendously, thinking of what I could never tell her.

“You’re so lucky,” Gitte said, sighing, watching Gerhard circle the floor with the wife of some business friend that we had met. “It would be so dreamy to have sex for the first time with a man like that. I’d have given anything.”

Gitte went on to talk about my Christian Dior dress and how much she liked it on me. She was sure I was getting bigger-breasted. Had I had augmentation or was it the dress’ low-cut, v-shaped cleavage?

I flushed, thinking of breastfeeding and assured Gitte that it was my lovely, tight, black silk dress.

Gerhard was waiting with Carol’s sable fur in his hands. Carol and I borrowed coats from each other regularly. I’d taken her nicest coat without thinking. Now, Gerhard was waiting to take me home in it, wrapping it gently about my feminized body when Gitte and I returned to our table.

Gitte and her date both seemed reluctant to let us go but when Gerhard mentioned that I had to be home to feed the baby, I saw Gitte’s eyes go as big as saucers. I flushed as my reputation with my old crowd was shot.

Gitte had thought that the baby was Carol’s but the way Gerhard spoke, she was surely getting the idea that the baby was mine. If he’d referred to Juliana as my daughter one more time to Gitte, who was looking at me with incredulity, I was going to have to dig my high heel into his shoe.

I insisted that we go back to our new, mostly-built house on Karlheinzstrasse. I was a little angry at Gerhard for revealing so much about me to

Gitte, the tittle-tattle. I thought I'd get him to leave quickly after delivering me to my home, perhaps with just a kiss at the door. Guilty feelings about Carol had been rising in me all day after I'd given in to Gerhard's caresses. It had been such a thrilling thing for me at the Adlon. But I was determined to resist Gerhard and not let it happen again.

Gerhard paid off the taxi before I could say that he had to go. He took my purse, found my key and let us into the quiet, dark house. I fumbled my way through my objections to his staying.

"You really want me to go?" Gerhard whispered, slipping my coat from me as I protested his closing the outer door so quietly. His arms went about my waist. He nuzzled my forehead, kissing me before looking at me quizzically.

"I have a daughter upstairs," I murmured anxiously, knowing what the demanding, feminine feelings rising inside me would lead to. "And there are the servants."

"All neatly tucked in bed with pillows over their heads so that they can claim no knowledge of anything at all, like all good servants," Gerhard whispered, dropping his own coat onto mine. He leaned forward and kissed my neck; his hands were about me, swaying with me. It was heavenly and I swayed against him even more, my breasts on his chest, still trying to protest that he had to go.

"You smell so delicious that I want to eat you," Gerhard murmured into my ear as I shuddered under his caressing of my back. He kissed the fingers of the feminized hands with the long, lacquered nails that I raised to push him away.

His mouth found mine and I lost it again, completely. All my resolve to send him away went out the window. I was weak at the knees as I surrendered to him; my bare arms were about his neck, holding and caressing him as much as he did me. My lips were clinging to his in something like ec-



stasy as my breasts pressed to him. He caressed my bare back and the slender black, lace straps that held my dress up. They didn't do that for long, however; Gerhard slipped them over my shoulders, kissing my neck, my upper chest and my breasts. I tensed with the pleasure of it all.

"You-You must go," I managed to get out frantically from clenched teeth as Gerhard slipped my bra and my dress over my firming bust. My nipples were hard and pointed as he touched them with his fingers. I wanted to hug him forever as he engulfed my mouth with his.

"I can't come up to your bed?" Gerhard asked at length.

"N-No," I gasped. My earrings dangled wildly on my neck as he pressed me against him so wonderfully.

"Well, you can't leave me like this," Gerhard whispered. "And I can't leave you in such a state of aroused womanhood. Let's sit down for a moment."

That would be safe. There was only one chair, a high-backed antique from a table set somewhere. Gerhard moved and sat down, pulling me after him. I hadn't expected to sit on him, facing him, my silky, stockinged legs spread apart on either side of his hips but that was how he pulled me on to him. I tried to sit up but my eager, feminine breasts were in his mouth. He went to work on me, pleasuring me as my dress slid further down to my waist.

Then Gerhard's hands started to work on my legs and between my thighs. I tried to sit down as he was kissing me, running hands through my hair, around my breasts, up my stockings, teasing the heated flesh above my stocking tops and up to my garters. I

made soft mewling sounds I didn't know I could; I felt so wonderfully female to be entertained by a man, *my* man, Gerhard.

I had to hold on to him to keep from falling. Somehow, he got under the petticoats of my dress to pull down my thong panties. I was so far gone into the ecstasy of kissing him, having him arouse such wonderful female feelings in me that Gerhard could have done anything he wanted. He could have taken advantage of me in any way he wanted.

Gerhard must have unzipped himself before he sat down as I felt his manhood pressing into my only unprotected opening. As I recoiled, enjoying what I could do to such a male, my tender breasts came to his mouth and he pulled me in tighter, my legs about his waist.

Gerhard lovingly eased down my panties just enough, my body exulting for a brief moment. I contracted on him as he thrust, suddenly and fiercely, into me. I relaxed in surprise. He opened his legs and I sank further onto him, his mouth now seeking my neck and my lips.

I know I moaned as I held onto him, my arms about his neck. I knew that I was seeking his mouth and lips as he had mine. Gerhard was inside me, thrusting into me and I was responding ecstatically with every thrust. He was encouraging me to move with him, and I did. I couldn't believe the waves of pleasure again erupting in me as he caressed every part of me he could reach.

"I've ruined your panties," Gerhard whispered as I buried my long blonde hair against his neck and shoulder, realizing well before he did what was happening. He was having me again as he'd have a

woman, thrusting into me. Oh, how I loved the wonderful feelings he aroused in me.

I clung to Gerhard, kissing him violently, almost drawing his tongue into me, twisting and turning to get the ultimate pleasure from him, bucking and rolling to get him deeper into me, to provide me with more and more pleasure. There was extreme pleasure rising inside me with each of his movements. I got more and more excited as I caressed my breasts with his hands and buried myself in him.

Gerhard was gasping as he reached his ultimate pleasure, his woman stuck to him like a young frightened animal to its mother. My dress was about my waist, my stockinged legs gripping him tightly about his waist, his hands caressing my thighs and stocking tops. I was too thrilled to care about him ruining my silk panties and the strings of my gaff. He could ruin them any time he wanted to, as far as I was concerned.

I should have taken him upstairs, I realized as I clung to him, my lips refusing to let him detach himself from me. I was quivering all over, my body shaking with desire and exultation, as I heard someone's door open.

"Anyone there?" asked Franz's voice as a hall light shone down the stairs and into the foyer.

"Only-only us," said Gerhard huskily, tearing his mouth free and pressing my head into his shoulder. What would Franz see? I wondered crazily as I continued to writhe against Gerhard. Franz would see us pressed together but I still had my stockings and dress on. He might see that my breasts were bare but I doubted it. Would he see that we were joined in sex? I was quivering but I didn't think so. I anx-

iously hoped that my dress skirts covered me. Then I realized that I really didn't care.

Gerhard pressed my dress against my back. I shuddered and began to ride him again as any woman might ride her man.

"We'll just be a moment," moaned Gerhard to Franz, whom I couldn't and didn't want to see. Just at that moment I realized what my bucking and riding was leading to for me. "I'm just going and will lock up behind me."

Gerhard couldn't say more, not with what I was doing to him. He squeezed me again and began to kiss me, his mouth fierce and possessive and incredibly masculine. The light went out and the door closed at some time during that kiss.

"I don't know what it is about you, Erika," Gerhard said with a tremble in his voice, between ardent kisses. His hands were still caressing my wide, feminine hips and frilled garter belt. "I've wanted to make love to you for so long but not quite like we have the last two days." I released my garter belt and his hand touched my aroused manhood, wonder of wonders.

"You've probably guessed," my lover went on as I rode his stiff, aroused manhood, feeling him beginning to come to a climax as well, "that I've had too many girls in too many ways in my life. But what we did at the Adlon wasn't so awful, was it? Not when you have that heavy pad between your legs.

"I still want to do it right in bed with you," Gerhard went on almost incoherently. I couldn't speak at all; I could barely breathe properly. Incredible exciting feelings began to burst through me. I know he was talking to me to rouse me even more,

to make me take him into me even more than I was. And I did, kissing and co-operating with him energetically in every way that a woman can.

“Don’t make me leave, sweet, loving Erika,” Gerhard implored me, finding my little secret and beginning to stroke it. I rose in response to his loving fingers as I hadn’t in an age. “I want to wake up with you in my bed each day. My darling, I’m thinking of how you would look in a white wedding dress and feeding our babies.”

We kissed so passionately until I exploded and felt him do the same inside me. I rode him and rode him, having to put a hand over my mouth to stop the womanly squeals that wanted to come out of me. Gerhard hugged me tightly, kissing me. I’ve never been kissed in such a way before, a man wriggling, buried so deeply in me.

It took a long while before I could just let him caress me and cuddle me some more. Gerhard wanted what we had just done all over again which was excruciatingly nice. I took it from him in my tush, much more slowly this time. I felt girlish as Gerhard touched me as if I was a woman, letting me linger in the rapture of it all until we did it all again.

Gerhard was really spent. Reluctantly, we had to give up after what seemed an age of caressing and fondling as he couldn’t manage to come a third time. He just took it for granted that my front part was out-of-bounds; I’d put my panties over myself there, letting him squeeze me though, loving even that touch.

I didn’t disillusion him. I shook at the magnificent way Gerhard had made me feel so wonderfully female again. Yes, Carol was so right about needing

a man. I needed to have a man in my life now, I thought, blissfully giggling like a schoolgirl. I put Gerhard's hands on my tush exactly where he could give me the most pleasure.

It took us a long time to disengage, for me to put my bra and my dress about me again, my panties ruined as he'd said. I eventually let him up, kissing him as I walked him to his coat and the door. Gerhard held me in his arms and kissed my bruised lips gently, stroking my hair, telling me how lovely a woman I was for the longest time before he finally went, promising to call me the very next day. He wanted to stay but I wouldn't let him.

If Gerhard hadn't betrayed me, I'd have let him take me to bed all the time, every time he asked me. I'd decided that he could have me whenever he wanted his little schoolgirl. I'd decided to tell him after a sleepless night the day after he'd had me for that fantastic first time in the New Adlon, and then in the chair of my house as my daughter lay sleeping upstairs. I'd take him to bed the very next night, I'd decided, tossing and turning and fantasizing what my life would be like with him. I hardly thought about Carol at all. But my dreams in that direction ended when he betrayed me.

XXV. A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL

I was at Templehof to greet Carol when she returned from Bonn, two days later, with Dieter in tow. I wore a cream-coloured Givenchy suit, my blonde hair pulled back behind a black ribbon. My dress was moulded to my figure, my breasts clear and prominent. Dieter stared at me with Juliana, colouring as Carol extended her arms to our baby,

who cried and wanted me to keep holding her to which Carol acceded easily.

A very polite, worried Franz had driven us up to the airport in the new Mercedes limousine. He'd seen me with Gerhard and hadn't approved, I could tell. He could also tell that I wasn't as happy as I should be after clearly being made love to in my own house by a man I'd chosen. I actually think that Franz was worried for me, as unlikely as that sounds.

I'd had a new car seat fastened for Juliana but I carried her into the airport to greet her parent returning from a business trip. Just like any business wife, I thought uncomfortably, meeting her loving husband who'd been away for a long time. Carol even greeted me with a loving peck on the cheek. I was distraught at what I had to confess to her.

Carol gave me a close look as I carried Juliana out of the terminal. "You're a little bit different, aren't you?" she asked with a frown. "Wasn't Gerhard everything you wanted in a man?"

I wanted to cry at the calm, understanding way Carol spoke. I'd brought Juliana with me as some kind of defence, I knew. *Don't leave me*, was my message to Carol. *Look at what we had*, I guess I was saying, *before I betrayed you with Gerhard*. And here she was, taking all the bitter confession out of my mouth. I couldn't get out any of the words, anyway.

I looked back at Dieter, blushing each time he looked at me and anxious each time he looked at Carol. Franz and Dieter, to keep themselves busy so that they wouldn't have to look at the two women

who employed them, began struggling with Carol's luggage. I couldn't take it any longer.

I was teary-eyed and crying as I quickly related what I'd been doing while she was away, working, making money for us. I had to tell her that, after making love to Gerhard as she'd arranged for me to do, I'd decided to give myself up to Gerhard Bruckner, completely to be his woman in every way. Carol seemed to know, even accept that, and smiled in sympathy as I tried to portray the agony I'd gone through to come to that decision.

After I'd come to a decision, I'd gone to extraordinary lengths to make myself pretty again and had gone to where Gerhard took me that first fantastic time at the Adlon. I didn't tell him that I was coming to see him; I was distressed as I'd thought maybe I'd gone too far with him in letting him make love to me. I'd gone round to his hotel anyway, too addicted to stay away, sure to surprise him, wanting to have him take me and have sex with me.

"I saw him with another girl," I told Carol. "She was very blonde, too, like me. Gerhard was being as attentive to her as he'd been to me."

Carol nodded, sympathy on her face and in her manner. She didn't know how destroyed I was. I'd wrestled with my conscience, my desires, and my femininity. I'd gone to his hotel to surrender lovingly to him and there he was with his arm about another girl, a long-haired blonde. He'd kissed her, not me, and took her off on a taxi ride, the way he'd seduced me. I felt all my dreams shatter. It was the worst moment of my life.

No, worse was that, when he called, I'd let Gerhard take me out dancing, thinking I'd tell him

what a louse he was. But something happened to all my principles. They flew out the window when Gerhard kissed me. Worse than that was that I'd let my love affair with him go to even more extremes, allowing him to take me back to his hotel and to penetrate me yet again and make me feel like a woman, everything I wanted. I'd betrayed Carol not just once with Gerhard but three times, I cried to her.

Carol touched my arm companionably and smiled at Juliana who had begun to play peek-a-boo with her. "I knew Gerhard would be good for you, Erika, if you'd let yourself go," she said, frowning at my evident distress. "And he was good for you as a man, wasn't he? Everyone knows he has a wandering eye. If you married him, my darling, he'd never be faithful to you.

"He likes to experiment, does our Gerhard. He knew about you. That was my fault. From the first time I knew about my long lost cousin being found and that you were living as a girl, I told him. I thought you wouldn't be that good an actress."

I was aghast. How could Carol be so blasé about her husband's infidelity, my weaknesses, with another man? She should be angry with me. I was a nervous wreck despite the new clothes, my cream Givenchy suit which I'd worn especially to meet her. I was admitting that I'd thrown myself at a man, that I'd wanted to be his woman, that I'd been his woman, not just once but three times!

Even then, if I hadn't thought about what an idiot I was, such an innocent schoolgirl, letting a man walk all over her, I might have been with Gerhard, in love, letting him undress me to my panties and

bra, being his woman. Carol didn't seem to care anything about it.

"What are you up to, Carol?" I asked shakily when Juliana was laid in her car seat; the Mercedes purred through the night traffic towards the Wilmersdorf house. Dieter, his face displaying astonishment at the reverse roles Carol and I were playing, had disappeared back into the crowd, off to Munich on business, according to Carol. "You're going to divorce me anyway, Gerhard says, in two years at the most, and marry Dieter."

"Dieter?" Carol laughed. "Whatever gave Gerhard that idea? Dieter would desperately like to marry me for all the family money I could shower on him but mostly he wants to be the family lawyer, a post in which I think we can trust him. We should make him earn his money, shouldn't we?"

"You didn't have a tryst with him in Bonn?" I asked. I knew that she had. Dieter's face had proclaimed it by the way he'd held her arm on their arrival together and by the way he'd looked at me as Carol left him to come to me and our daughter.

Carol smiled and shrugged noncommittally. "I need a man occasionally," she said, "to remind me that men find me desirable. And you need a man, too."

I shook my long, blonde hair. "I think I'm off men." Carol gave me a quick smile. I pulled a face, looking in the side mirror of the car as I did so. I was amazed at how even a grimace could be made in a girlish fashion. I looked so girly even when I wasn't trying.

“Good,” said Carol, smiling broadly as she made sure Franz, his face a picture of concern, couldn’t hear us talk privately.

“I’m definitely not going to get pregnant again after this one and you can’t carry a child,” Carol went on, calmly changing the subject of our conversation. I just listened to her, amazed at the frank way she talked to me. “Medical science isn’t that advanced yet. But, from the deposits in the sperm and ova banks we’ve made, we can have children started in a test tube whenever you want. You’ll have to find a surrogate to bear your children, because I won’t be doing it again.

“It will be easy with our money, I think, though Trudi might be your best option. She said she’d do anything for her sister when I last talked to her. Don’t look at me like that. When we talked about it, she said she’d carry a child for you if you asked her. You can start up on the hormones again, darling Erika, lactate again if you want, even have the operation if you like. I don’t care, so long as the children you have are yours and mine. I don’t care if you have the operation but I enjoy you more, I think, when you’re soft and girlie like me.”

Carol’s hand reached all the way up over my garter belt to my panties; she stroked me as I squirmed. I pressed her hand up to my bra with my beautifully manicured fingers, courtesy of Rosalie. My breathing was very hard, my pulse started to race. I still felt very womanish with Carol, even after the sessions with Gerhard.

“One time with Gerhard has made you like this?” Carol asked, caressing me between my legs and over my breasts. I squirmed and moved to accommodate her wonderful caresses; my thin, skin-coloured ny-

lons against hers felt fantastically sexy and womanly to me.

“Twice,” I had to admit, and more when Carol laughingly pressed me. “So, three times. It was quite a thing to have a man inside me,” I said, wanting to explain.

“Tell me about it. I do know something about that, you know. Actually, tell me later when we’re in bed,” Carol said, almost laughing at my consternation. “Gee, I do like what Rosalie has done for you. Your hair is great. And your skin! You must have been in the spa for a whole day!” I had been, wanting to be my feminine best for her. “Do you know how gorgeous and womanly you are? I don’t think I can wait till we get out of the car.”

Carol leaned over, put her other hand about me and kissed my lipsticked mouth. I don’t think she was wearing any herself. I looked up to see Franz watching us in the rear mirror as she began to blow in my ear. She put her arms about me. I closed my eyes, not caring what Franz saw or what he thought of me.

“The back seat turned Gerhard on, too,” I murmured after she’d kissed me thoroughly. My breasts were straining at my new, underwired bra. I was more used to nursing bras. It was nice to be in something frivolous and feminine, as I had been with Gerhard, for a change. It was wonderful to have her stroking me, arousing me to kiss her more and to have her hands in my panties.

“You really liked Gerhard in you?” Carol asked, kissing my neck above the mandarin collar of my cream-coloured blouse; her hands pinched my nipples through the soft silk.

“I felt like a complete woman,” I whispered, trying to hold onto my emotions a little. A laughing Carol tried harder to get me to lie under her in the back seat, to give in to her caresses.

“Now you see why I have to have a man occasionally, too,” Carol said as she lifted my skirt and played with my stockings and my garter belt, my groin starting to feel funny again. I was being aroused there as I hadn’t been, with her, in an age. I could see why Carol would have to have a man at times though I hated to admit it. I couldn’t be a man like Gerhard for her, I thought miserably. She had female needs I could never fulfill, not when I was fulfilling my own girlish desires.

Carol’s hand went inside my stylish jacket, inside my open blouse, touching my breast and bra beneath my tight, shapely suit. “Gerhard will swear undying love but he has this roving eye,” she murmured. “You’ll want a more faithful lover, I think. I’ll give you Dieter soon and Franz. They both want you very badly, as you’ve seen, even as you are. When you’ve had the operation and we’re identical, we can have any man you want. We can double date or we can share.”

“I can’t do that,” I protested.

“Why not?” Carol asked, rousing my breasts so that I turned towards her and gave her the lingering kiss she wanted. Her hands went under my skirt, between my legs and into my panties.

“We have a daughter and you have our second in there,” I said shakily, caressing her rounded abdomen as she found my little manhood stiffening in her hand to my great disgust. “How can we raise

them properly, to be cultured young women, when their mother is off chasing everything in trousers?"

Carol smiled. "What a lovely thought," she said. "Actually, I've been thinking about what sort of woman you should be, Erika. You do know that the girls will see you as their mother, don't you? If their mother is a bad example, chasing everything in trousers, that will be you, darling Mama Erika. I think, however, that I want you to stay as my wife. It's what you are, after all, isn't it?"

"No, I don't think I want you to have any operation at all, darling Erika." Oh, I had to kiss her as I was trembling with love for her. Yes, I was in love with a woman, I'd finally figured it out, the woman who was my wife!

"I love you the way you are," Carol went on, caressing my panties and tush and raising all desires in me, desires I'd soon have to do something about! "And so do Gerhard, Dieter, and Franz. You'd just be another pretty girl, wife and mother, if you were changed through surgery. As you are, though, you're very exotic. I love the idea that you're a man beneath all this feminine finery." She stroked my taut breasts with one hand while the other made me rise against her in my pretty, white, lacy panties.

"I never thought when I first met you," Carol continued, shushing me, not letting me, her wife, tell her how much I loved her as well. And if I slowed down on Dr. Kurst's pills, well, she might really like me making love to her again, as we once had. Her hand caressed my stockings, as my senses reeled again and again, at what she was saying and doing to me, "how such an idea of you as my wife would turn me on. I love you more than any man I've

known, as silly as that sounds when I look at pictures of the two of us together.

“It’ll only be a few occasions that I’ll need a man to prove to myself I’m really a woman. You’ll need that, too. It’ll be so much better for you with a man who knows all about you which is why you can’t give up Gerhard entirely. What I’ve been trying to prove to you, Erika darling, is that it’s all right with me when you go with a man.” Oh, that was so much what I wanted to hear from her. I grasped at her, drawing her breasts to mine, kissing her face as she smiled.

“I want it to be all right with you, though, if I have to stray, too,” Carol was trying to be serious with me; but I was girlishly delirious that my wife wasn’t going to divorce me and wanted to make love to me, as I was, Erika..

“And I’m not worried about Juliana ,” Carol kept on. I shuddered and shivered as she made my little stick enter her moist cavity, grimacing as she rode on top of me just as I had ridden on Gerhard a day earlier. She kissed me again, harder, her tongue flickering on my lips. She was completely on me; my skirt was up about my waist, mingled with hers. She hadn’t been wearing panties, I realized, as we rocked together in phenomenal bliss, woman to woman. I didn’t dare to look at Franz.

“Julie’s going to be a beautiful girl like her mother. And her Mama,” Carol whispered as she caressed my breasts, grunting as she reached some sort of climax. I couldn’t help myself, either. I was releasing into her as she relented her fierce clutching and kissing. I loved her gentle touch as she tried for some semblance of control.

“Mama Erika will always be there for her, won’t you?” purred Carol, cuddling up to me and kissing my face, touching my still aroused breasts. “She’s going to be a loving, obedient daughter just as you were. You’ll teach her to be a daughter. No one knows how to be a daughter better than you, do they? And you’ll always have your Mama and Trudi to help you if you need help. And me. And as for Wilhelm,” she rubbed her stomach, “he’ll be fine, too.”

What could I say to that? I couldn’t agree to such a strange marriage, one part of me said. Another said it was only what I wanted. I was a woman, I thought, as I stroked Carol. I put my arms about her neck, using tricks with my mouth Gerhard had taught me, my breasts pressing against hers. I writhed beneath her on the back seat as Gerhard had made me do. I could feel myself rising proudly again and had to take advantage of my new, aroused condition while it lasted. I’d prove to her how much of a woman I was before we even got home.

XXVI. CAN THIS MARRIAGE REALLY WORK?

I was downstairs in an armchair, Procol Harum lightly playing in the background, little Bettina sated from the bottle I’d fed to her, when I heard the door open quietly.

“You didn’t have to leave,” Carol said. She was looking lovely in a blue silk negligee, the match for the pink set I was wearing.

“I had to feed her a bottle,” I whispered. “But she still likes the breast to get to sleep on.” I gasped as our second daughter suckled me hard and clutched

my lacy nightie. Then she relaxed a little. We were both lit up as Carol took our photograph.

“She’s just like her mother,” Carol said, putting the Nikon down. “I need a photograph of you to take with me to America. That will be a great shot. I’ll put it with your wedding dress photos.”

Carol came and knelt beside our suckling daughter and me. “This marriage is working, isn’t it?” she asked. I was surprised at the anxious note in her voice.

I’d been thinking about it ever since that crazy ride home a year before in the Mercedes from Templehof. We’d made love while Franz drove us around the Tiergarten several times before a laughing, sated Carol imperiously directed him to take his mistresses home.

I’d even had lunch with Mama just to talk about it. I realized Carol must have known that I’d have to run her proposal past Mama first. If Mama disapproved of what her daughter was doing, I’d never have gone on with Carol, no matter how much I loved her.

Mama hadn’t liked what I told her, the abridged version, about my going out and cuddling with my male friend in his hotel room. I think she guessed more than I told her anyway. She was as astonished as I was at Carol’s reactions to me being aroused to femininity by a man.

“It does make sense in a way,” Mama said of the marriage that Carol wanted with me. Mama began to cry. It was the only the second time in my life that I’d ever seen her do that. “I did you a great harm, didn’t I?” she said miserably, hugging. I looked in astonishment at her lined face. I’d forgotten how old

she was getting, how old she must have been when she adopted Trudi and me and raised us as her daughters. “I thought you were going to grow up to be one of those little boys who love pretty, girlish things.”

“I do, Mama,” I said firmly, taking her hand to reassure her.

“I should have raised you as a little boy,” Mama said. “Then, you wouldn’t be in such a fix today.”

“Mama,” I said unsteadily. “I love being a woman, your daughter.”

“My beautiful daughter,” Mama said, her voice breaking. “Married to a woman like that Carol with the morals of an alley cat. I-I just hoped for better than that for you, darling Erika. I hoped you’d marry a doctor or a lawyer. You know, after you had the operation.”

“I still might, Mama,” I said lightly, giving her hand another squeeze. “There’s a lot that can happen in the years ahead. And if Carol and I can make a go of it, there’s always Juliana and maybe,” I got goose bumps at the thought, “brothers and sisters for her. I never thought I’d ever have grandchildren for you.”

Mama smiled through her tears. “There’s that,” she said. “Juliana is so beautiful and you make such a good mother.”

That got us past the worst of it. I understood I had Mama’s tacit approval when she agreed I’d have to do what I thought best with Carol’s proposal for the future of our marriage.

“I know your Mama doesn’t approve of me any more,” said Carol as she watched me with Bettina.

Yes, she had had another daughter and not the expected son to carry on the von Hitte name. Carol sounded like the Countess when she talked about the need to have a male heir; so I would have to be a 'mother' again.

I eased the sleeping Bettina from my breast and gave her to Carol to hold. She looked most uneasy holding our new daughter which she did infrequently. "Mama has always said that it sort of made sense for us to live the way you want us to," I whispered, putting my breast back into the bra of my nightie. "It's not what she wanted for her daughter. And it's not what I want for mine," I added.

Carol looked at me searchingly as she cuddled Bettina uncomfortably. "You're the mother. I'm the rich auntie," she said, reaching out and putting a hand about my trim waist. I could go out again, now that my 'pregnancy' was over and let my friends tell me how great I looked after having a second baby. "We'll figure out a story of a father who died early. Is that all right?"

I took my daughter back and cuddled her to my silk nightie, surprised still at Carol's anxious look at me. She put her arm about my shoulder and caressed my long, silky hair lightly, stirring loving emotions in me. Most intriguing, I thought, as my light negligee swirled about my smooth, waxen thighs. Most intriguing.

Mama was delighted to look after Juliana and her little sister, Bettina Carol Erika von Hitte, when Beth was two and potty trained. I was dry by then; besides, Julie loved her grandmother and loved to stay at the Hotel Grunewald in my old room so that she could play with my dolls. Carol insisted I ac-

company her to the Riviera for a holiday with Dieter and Franz, whom she called our boyfriends.

Our girlie pictures in bikinis, some topless, made the tabloids which Mama didn't like, particularly the descriptions of us as the uninhibited Von Hitte sisters. Mama liked Gerhard Bruckner. He was back in the city and stayed occasionally at the Grunewald, Mama said, so that he could catch sight of me.

"That's the man you should marry," Mama said when I talked to her on the phone. "His room is so clean after he leaves. Never a problem with that one. And he likes Juliana already. He says she looks like you."

The Countess had had photos of me as a baby. Carol had given them to me. Mama had my curly-haired pictures on the wall of her sitting room with my daughters' pictures beside them. Both girls were almost clones of me as a child.

"Your father was killed sowing his wild oats," Carol told me, giving me a picture of a thin-faced, slight, blond-haired man as we lay on the private beach in our black bikinis, well back from the shore and the beautiful warm, blue sea. "The children will find out in time that Erich, your husband, was killed in a plane crash, in the Alps I think. Would the new Gerhard Bruckner that your Mama talks about be a good father to them?"

"He'd be a wonderful father," I said, remembering him laughing with Juliana when Carol and I were out walking with both our daughters. He might not be a great husband, however, as he did have such a wandering eye. Whenever we 'surprised' him in his office, a pretty girl, blonde, with a figure like mine, was scooting out of Gerhard's private preserve.

Gerhard arranged it after that that I only saw him by appointment. This last time, we'd met him in the park. I think it was by accident as Gerhard had been very strained in talking to us. But I didn't know. He'd been really affectionate with my daughters, telling Juliana that her Mama was the most beautiful woman in the world.

"I know," my daughter said seriously. "Auntie Carol tells her that she is, as well." I'd squirmed in my new, Pierre Balmain dress that Carol had brought me after her trip to Paris with Dieter.

"I didn't think of you being so motherly," Gerhard had said to Carol, walking with us.

"I'm not," Carol had said shortly. "I heard that you're not so fatherly, either. I think one woman at a time is the only way to go. You should try it as I do."

Gerhard looked at me nervously but I hadn't enlightened him on what I knew about our time together. Finally, he said that he had to leave. He was just out for a walk in the neighbourhood. He was looking for a house to buy if he was going to return to his father's bank as he was thinking that he might.

"He wants to make another move on you, Erika," Carol warned me. She'd rather that I take advantage of Franz, who so much wanted to be taken advantage of by me. He was completely changed in the way he acted about me, full of consideration and eagerness to please me. No, I wasn't going to fire him any time soon.

I stored the picture of my father away in my purse, wondering why Carol had chosen then to give it to me. She'd told me lots of stories about him and

the wild life he'd lived. We seemed very tame in our living arrangements by comparison.

"Would Gerhard be a good husband now?" Carol asked lazily, the sun having tanned her body a rich brown.

"Gerhard could be a wonderful husband if he wanted to be," I said, flushing. I recalled how Gerhard had kissed me in his car one night after he'd sought me out during my last term at university. We'd gone for a drink after classes after he promised to get me back to Wilmersdorf in time to put my daughters to bed.

Gerhard had been so apologetic about the other girl; he'd worked out what must have been wrong between us, he said. She was just a fling, he claimed sincerely. He'd been attracted to her only because she looked so much like me. I had a hard time escaping his car with my skirt still on, as he was determined to kiss me and to love me. I didn't mind that. It was when he wanted to go so further that I called a halt, a brief halt.

Yes, I'd enjoyed the active, energized way Gerhard aroused me. And yes, I'd behaved very badly with him, knowing that Carol would approve as Gerhard was on our list of acceptable males to make love to me, to us. It had been as much my fault as Gerhard's, allowing him so many wonderful liberties that thrilled me just as much as him. I can still recall his hands in my garter belt, releasing my stockings, stroking my thighs. I wanted him so much. I'd given in and sat on his stiff pole, letting him enter me deeply again.

I'd ridden and danced against him, his hands everywhere on me, as I leant back, my hair in his face,

and felt him flood me. It felt so good as did the little rush of female feelings, mmm, the huge, enormous rush, that swept through me. It was so awful that I had to leave him for my daughters when I could've gone on and on with him. He wanted me to stay but I couldn't. I got out of the car and Gerhard had come after me but Franz had appeared out of the shadows. That made Gerhard swear and withdraw.

"You need help, Frau von Hitte?" Franz asked me as I tried to straighten my clothes. Franz's hands trembled as he smoothed my dress against me. I'd had to lift my dress and put my garters back onto my twisted stockings. Franz did up my dress's back zipper, turning me and holding my mirror for me, so that I was able to redo my makeup and smooth down my hair, before lightly mincing over the doorsill in my stiletto heels. I don't think Carol noticed how aroused I was on that occasion.

"Gerhard," Carol said as we lay on the beach. She handed me the suntan lotion to massage into her silky skin as she took off her bikini top. She'd order me to do the same in a few minutes, "thinks he will be your husband in time. But I don't think so. Your Mama is quite a blabbermouth about us, isn't she?"

"What?" I asked, dreading what she was about to say. I might like sex with Gerhard as I had womanly needs, but marry him? No. I wouldn't divorce Carol, either, though she might make me do it.

"She told this Paul Laubmann, remember him, all about you after he kept calling at the Grunewald looking for you. She told how you came by your babies, since he didn't believe her that they were yours," said Carol with a meaningful smile that shocked me. Why would Mama tell another man

about me? “It drove him off for a while. Now he’s back talking to her again and wants to meet you. He says that he knew all the time, and wants to see if the ‘magic’ you had between you is real or not. His words, reported by your Mama.”

“How could she?” I blurted out. I didn’t know if I could believe Carol as Mama hadn’t said a word to me about Paul.

“She only wants what’s best for you,” said Carol soberly. “As you said about him once, darling Erika, he’d make a wonderful husband, a great father, and a fantastic male lover for Mama Buren’s wonderful daughter. Just what you want for both our daughters, don’t you, Momma?”

I blushed. “Don’t tease me,” I said unsteadily.

“If anything happens to me,” Carol said emphatically, “I want our girls to have the best father as well as the best mother they can. I prefer Paul Laubmann to Gerhard, given a choice.”

“I can’t talk about this,” I said, caressing her bare breasts with lotion as she undid my bra. But I agreed with her. She indicated to me that it was my turn to be massaged from head to toe. She did it slowly, sensuously, as I shivered and thought nervously about Paul Laubmann

I knew that our guards were now much more alert than before. Carol was a bottle blonde now, her hair style the same as mine, her exploits with different men often reported in the press as were mine. She only laughed at that. We were the ‘socialite’ von Hitte sisters, in the press I avoided.

“You should stay for the big party on His Lordship’s yacht,” said Carol, referring to the English no-

ble we were staying with for the week on the Riviera. “Jimmy’s taken with you, you know.”

I shuddered. I did know. He was all hands but not at all gentle like Carol who was all I needed in my life at the moment though I wasn’t enough for her. She had male lovers, I knew. Which was why she was talking to me all the time about men.

“I have to get back to our daughters,” I said to her to change the subject. “Wouldn’t they love it here? And Mama and Ilse would love it, too.”

“On an adult beach?” asked Carol, moving close to me and kissing my cheek in full view of the men who were supposed to be watching out for us. There were probably some paparazzi out there among the rocks with long lenses. I hoped they didn’t get the last shot as I reacted lovingly to her touch.

“With buckets and spades making sandcastles,” I said firmly as Carol giggled, probably imagining a combination of the two.

“You’re right,” Carol said with a sigh. “We’ll let Dieter and Franz be our dates tonight.” They had been the night before.

I’d finally rewarded a most tender Franz for all his help and assistance in my life. I hadn’t realized that a strong man could be so gentle and so loving. Yes, I’d let him take me to bed. We’d gone all the way several times as he treated me as if I was one of my porcelain, crinolined dolls. I was definitely more than halfway into being in love with him.

“You’re my anchor in this crazy world, Erika,” Carol was going on. I was thinking of loving Franz again all night long. “I’d be lost without you.” Then she said the nicest thing to me and gave me the reason I would always be hers and not Paul’s or Franz’s

or any man's woman. "You were brought up to be the good girl that you are. You are definitely your Mama's daughter."

The End