

# Mama's Independent Daughter



# Philippa Peters



A "Her TV" Novel



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# MAMA'S INDEPENDENT DAUGHTER

by **Philippa Peters**

**Continuation of** Mama's Innocent  
Daughter

## XII. OUTING

Carol and I, dressed so prettily and girlishly, though only one of us was a real girl, danced down the hallways, me shivering as my lovely dress caressed my pantyhose. I had to follow Carol's lead. She smiled at me, girl to girl, amazed at how pretty I was in her blonde wig and bur-

gundy dress. If we'd met anyone, I'd have to be girlie and excited, just like Carol, about going out dancing. I wouldn't be anything but a von Hitte, as my mother had told me to be. If a servant recognized me as Erich, not Erika, I steeled myself to ignore knowing smiles and smirks.

But Carol and I met no one, as we flounced so femininely down the main staircase, out the main doors and into the waiting Mercedes. Franz, the chauffeur for the evening, stepped from the passenger's side to open the door for two young ladies clicking down the steps in their high heels. Carol thanked him brightly and pushed me ahead. The look on his face as he recognized me was priceless.

As a schoolgirl, being recognized as male would have made me cringe or, at the very least, flush a bright red in embarrassment. But the Countess' advice about servants was spot on. My mother must have met awkward situations in the past and known just how to react, with all her wealth and power behind her. As her son, I would not be embarrassed to be the real me, to be Erika, at last, no matter what someone like Franz, a servant, thought. Nevertheless I was quaking inside, even though I tried to appear so controlled and girlie on the outside.

With Carol beside me, our dresses and stockings touching, our perfume filling the air, the only sour note was Franz's rigidity as he came round to drive the huge Mercedes off the estate and up into the mountains to wherever it was that Carol went almost every night.

I should have listened to her conversation more intently but I could only see that our coats and dresses were similar and our legs and feet were as shapely in our dark pantyhose. Ooh, I felt so wonderfully female in a dress, a wig and makeup. It had only been a week and I'd missed my dresses, my panties, and stockings so much! I giggled with Carol as she said that I must dance with both of the

men she'd invited to meet us at the Alpine Club, before I chose the one I wanted to be my date and bring me home.

Franz's shock, his disapproval, and his anger at what we girls were doing, were almost palpable but he managed to keep it in. He helped Carol out of the car as if she was precious china and, masterfully, did the same for me. I rustled as I moved so femininely, deliberately, past Franz, loving being a girl and actually teasing a man.

My fragrance was strong enough that Franz must have sensed me as every bit as much a woman as Carol. My heels clicked on the stone walk as I left the car. Franz stared at me in shock as I minced forward on his hand, rustling the skirts of my dress, before letting him go, smilingly taking Carol's hand.

"An hour after midnight," Carol said when Franz gulped audibly and asked when he should return. He could look her steadily in the eye but he could only swallow hard and give furtive glances to me.

Carol giggled when Franz walked back to the car. She put her arm through mine and guided me up the steps of a very old Bavarian mountain inn. Our high heels clicked in unison as a cool wind played about our stockinged legs. It was a delicious feeling. I loved it, knowing I was now in a pretty dress, not awful men's clothing.

"He'll have to get used to us girls, won't he?" said Carol, an impish smile on her face as she propelled me into the light and warmth of the inn. Us girls? Oh, I loved that appellation. I was a girl and Carol had acknowledged me as that. Surely now she would see why we could never be married, never be husband and wife.

We left our coats at the cloakroom and almost immediately two tall men came from the noisy, crowded 'Alpine Club' and took us by the hand to pull us into the dark interior.

When I say 'men', I do mean men. Each was in their thirties, I was sure. Gerhard, who had taken my hand, was three inches taller than me in my heels. He was tanned with an arrogant face, I first thought, handsome in a mature, manly way, his dark hair brushed straight back, his suit very expensive. He was like the men Mama used to meet who scared us little girls to the basement and later, in Berlin, to the attic. It was quite scary to have a rich, handsome man like that that looking at me with such intensity, ordering an alcoholic drink for me.

When Carol had said, "Go out," I'd thought that she meant with boys of our own age or slightly older on a date like Trudi had already been allowed. I should've known that Carol would move in much more mature circles than Trudi and me. She was probably going out with older guys long before I'd even dreamed of such.

I thought with a cold chill that Carol was most likely not a virgin like me. Since my schoolgirl friend, Gitte, had called me that, it had often been on my mind when I was in the company of men at Mama's hotel. Of course, they'd always flirt with me. They had since I was a little girl. Yes, I was a little girl, wasn't I, the way that Mama had raised me.

I wasn't sophisticated at all. I might look as pretty as Carol and the mirrors around us seemed to suggest that I was, but looks weren't everything. I might be as femme as the girl I was supposed to marry but I hadn't really done anything more than kiss a couple of boys on the grass in the park or in the back seats of the cinema theatre. I wasn't ready for Gerhard and Dieter, worldly, cultured men. I looked at them, smiling, trying to make us girls comfortable, and my heart sank. I felt cold and shaky all over.

Carol, however, was enjoying the male attention, her smile vivacious as she flirted with Dieter and Gerhard. I felt like the country mouse, despite my short, dancing

dress, borrowed earrings and hair, and my shoes were hurting me. I didn't know how I could leave the table at the end of the lounge with any kind of grace.



"Can't hear yourself think down there," Gerhard said to me, leaning over with a smile, his eyes straying to my constricted cleavage. I wished I hadn't worn such a revealing dress. Surely, I could have gotten Carol to find me something more conservative. When I sat down and smoothed the dress against my stockings, I realized how short it was and caught Gerhard's approving look at my stockinged legs. Now I blushed in my nervousness and followed his eyes to the sunken dance floor that he was indicating to me.

"You're Carol's cousin, are you?" Gerhard asked as I sat with my legs crossed girlishly and thought about a reply to his first remark.

"Erika Buren," Carol shouted across the hubbub. "From Berlin."

"Ah," said Gerhard, giving me an arrogant smile that made me tremble inside, my bare shoulders twitching for sure.

"Erika loves to dance," Carol added, smiling brightly as I denied it with a blush right away.

Carol's suggestion, of course, put Gerhard and me on the dance floor right away. He took my hand and helped me to my high heels, his long arm around me. He lightly guided a shivering me to a space on the dance floor. It was too crowded to dance properly, thank goodness, for I could barely stand the tightness of my lovely high heels.

The rock music was loud and heavy. Most people were doing their version of the Shake which I could do easily; it meant I didn't have to touch Gerhard. It was heavenly to swirl Carol's dress about my legs, my hair and earrings flicking over my sensitive skin, the aroma of Chanel about me. I was in a dream for a while, reveling in being Erika again dancing beside her boyfriend.

Yes, I danced with lots of boys and I did love it. The boys at school loved to dance with me as well. I was never off the floor at the 'hops' the teachers organized to help us socialize as young men and women. I was a young woman, well, as far as anyone in the Fasching Institute knew. The only people who knew that I was a boy were Mama and Trudi, or so I thought, not knowing about my real mother. Ooh, I loved swirling my short dresses about my stockings. I knew that the boys twirled me, as they did other girls, to make my dress fly up and show off my garter belt and stocking tops to other boys. I always wore colorful, pretty panties as well when I danced; sometimes I showed them to boys I liked, purely by accident, of course.

After several full blast offerings, all with English words, the live rock band switched to a slow waltz. It had been delightful to be flung about as if I was a girl by a tall, handsome man. At the sound of the slow music, I half-turned to go but Gerhard put his hand around my back and took my right hand properly and elegantly. He did a few waltz steps. I matched him as a woman should as Mama, Trudi, and the Academy dance mistresses had taught me. I'd been the girl and Mama played the man as I'd learned how to dance like a proper girl. But at Fasching, there weren't really any slow dances. The teachers didn't like us girls clinging to and being caressed by our boyfriends.

"You can dance real dances?" Gerhard asked with a surprised smile, squeezing my thin waist as he whirled me about the floor.

"I-I'm still learning," I said, nervous under the intensity of his gaze. We had to switch to a swaying dance like everyone else as the floor filled up. All we could do was to hold each other tightly. I couldn't look up at him but I could feel his head on my soft, girlish hair. I couldn't put

my head on his shoulder as I had with Kurt at the last Christmas dance. I looked down nervously, away from the intense, brown eyes that were boring into me, trying to see right through me. I felt the male strength in his arms about me and shivered a little at how I was behaving with a real man, not a boy like Frank or Kurt.

“How old are you, Cousin Erika?” Gerhard asked suddenly, his white teeth gleaming in a smile at me. “Sixteen? Seventeen?”

“I was eighteen last month,” I said, a little indignantly.

Gerhard Bruckner smiled thoughtfully. “And you’re from Berlin,” he added cryptically.

I nodded, wondering what that meant. I felt the pressure of Gerhard’s hand on my back, on my bra strap actually, sending lovely, tingling sensations through me. I loved it when boys and men took a little advantage of me as a girl. I went into a spin turn, my little dress whipping out beautifully about me, filling me with more, marvelous, girlish feelings.

My male partner and I did a quick-step variation into a clearer space on the dance floor. I noticed others looking at the pair of us, man and woman, I thought with a delightful shudder. I loved how Gerhard led me so easily and expertly in my high heels. Then, at the end of the dance, he hugged me to him, my little breasts pressed right into him, bouncing a little. Oh, you can do that to me again, any time you like, I thought, smiling in pleasure at the man holding me.

“You dance very well, Erika Buren from Berlin,” Gerhard said. I blushed while he smiled down at me and the obvious cleavage I was revealing to him. “But I’m getting too old for crowds like this. Let’s get a fresh drink, nothing too alcoholic for you, of course.”

Gerhard held my hand in his to our table, as I wiggled prettily and daintily in Carol's lovely short dress. Many people looked up as we passed. The women all seemed to be smiling at him as their eyes slid off to look at me, looking me over, wondering how I got to be his partner, I guess. I should have been used to it. I'd been a girl for a very long time. But I hadn't really become used to intense female scrutiny of my dress and makeup by older women. It was quite unnerving.

There was male inspection as well. Several of the men in the bar actually winked at me even though I had my hand in Gerhard's. One guy even got up and tried to cut in on Gerhard and me but my dancing partner stared him down. "This girl is with me," Gerhard said to another man who leaned over and put his hand out to me.

My nerves were tingling all through me when we finally reached our table and sat down again. "I can see that you are going to be very popular in this club if I leave you for a moment," said Gerhard, casually putting his arm about my shoulders. I crossed my legs and tried to sit gracefully, like a woman, as I knew that I could. My breasts seemed to want to push out against the growing constriction of my bra and the tight neckline of my flirty little dress as Gerhard gently stroked my shoulder.

Dieter and Carol went off as we arrived but Gerhard couldn't have been nicer, despite his arm about me. He asked about Berlin and about what I was going to do after school. It was so easy to talk as Erika and of my plans that had all been cut short by Kluge's and the Countess' blackmail.

"I'm in Berlin very often," Gerhard Bruckner revealed after moving closer to me so that he could make himself heard in my jeweled ear. "I'd love to look you up there if you would give me your home address," he assured me seriously, while I found my heart fluttering. I know I

blushed at the attention he gave me, the compliments he paid me on my makeup, my hair, my pretty dress and the way I'd danced so beautifully.

"You are such a lovely girl," said Gerhard with a charming smile that really made me shiver. "I didn't know Carol had such a beautiful cousin or I would have called her to set us up before now."

I couldn't look at him as he complimented me. I had to force my eyes to look away demurely. "Oh yes, beautiful Erika, I'm in Berlin at least twice a month," Gerhard whispered to me. "I have to be as I am an investment banker."

I didn't connect the dots as I should have. I should have recalled that Carol had said that she was in different positions with a number of banks for my mother. "What bank is it that you work for?" I asked innocently, pouting a little as this man stroked my arm, taking advantage of me, I guessed. Such a naïve girl he must think I was. And he was entirely correct.

"You wouldn't have heard of it," laughed Gerhard. "Actually, I'm the Vice-President of the Badener Credit Bank," he confided, looking at me to see how impressed I was. I was chilled with fright and indignation. "Oh, you have heard of it! Yes, Carol was to be my superior there this month but the old Countess who owns the place is going to parachute her son into position over us all. One good thing about that is that I can take out Carol and her friend now, the prettiest girls in Bavaria!"

I was numb. All my feminine clothing seemed to be too light and too clingy. I had a definite 'man attack' as when my boyfriends said something and reminded me that I wasn't the girl that I really thought that I was. For a few seconds, looking at myself in my blonde wig, in my flirty dress, with a man stroking my arm, me so obviously

a woman, all I could think of was that I would be working in an office with this man.

Gerhard Bruckner would be my subordinate, my second-in-command most likely, at the Badener Bank. Carol knew that from the Countess, my mother. Carol had set me up, I thought with nervous chills. How could I possibly now do what the Countess wanted and order the business and financial affairs of such an institution? When Gerhard met me as 'Erich' and he would very soon, he would know me right away as Erika, his pretty blonde date at the Alpine Club. He would wonder if I was a boy or a girl, or something in-between, I thought in a cold shiver. He couldn't, wouldn't, respect me, even if I brazened it out, as I had with Franz.

Despite his arrogant looks, however, Gerhard surprised me all night long by trying at least to be nice and considerate of me as a woman. Well, I was a woman, I had to keep telling myself, smiling as I should up at this tall man who treated me as if I was the prettiest woman in the room. He couldn't know what was running through my head or the machinations that Carol Schauenberg was putting me through.

Gerhard tried to put me at ease, to make me feel desirable as a woman. He danced with me, swirling and twirling me, telling me how he loved girls who dressed as prettily as I had. He loved the new fashions that only girls with such pretty figures could do justice to, girls like me. I had to thank him prettily and let him hold me as he escorted me to our table for a drink and a rest. He switched with a smile to safer topics to talk about, asking me all about being a little girl in Berlin. I didn't have to lie to him. I told him a lot about Trudi and me and how we drove Mama crazy with our highjinks as little girls when we were locked into the hotel by bad weather.

“Mmm,” Gerhard said with a grin. “I’d love to be snowbound in a hotel with you, Erika. I think that would be a most enjoyable experience.”

I loved him for flirting a little with me. It sent such lovely thrills and female emotions through me to have such an older man look at me and find me so delectable, to think me a woman after the awful days I’d had as Erich. I don’t know what had happened to Carol. Eventually, Gerhard took me back to the dance floor, his arm possessively about my shoulders and I loved it. I loved it while he held me tightly, my breasts pressed against his chest, on an even more tightly packed dance floor.

Gerhard directed my arms about his neck, his caressing my back, my bra lightly. I quivered as he flattered me some more about my beauty and feminine grace. He was really charming and interested in my opinions, making me forget my wariness for a while and enjoy being a pretty girl. Yes, I could do that and talk to Carol about what she thought she was doing to me, afterwards.

I could have been at home with Mama in the Grunewald on a weekend when one of Mama’s gentleman callers had come to visit her. They were always so thoughtful, just as Gerhard was being, in what they said to Trudi and me. The nicer they were to us, Mama’s daughters, the more Mama said that she liked them as well. I could make this man, Gerhard, into a desirable partner for her, I knew.

Carol only came for me an hour after midnight and steered me to the Ladies Room where all her concern was for my hair. I had to take it off to fix it for the ride home, she said, ignoring all my attempts to raise questions about Gerhard and the Bank he worked for. I touched up my lipstick as Carol combed out my wig. I was so nervous, waiting for some other woman to come barging in on us but no one did.

Carol directed me to adjust my pantyhose, my dress and the bra straps on my shoulders where they were lightly cutting into me. She'd brought some kind of glue for my wig which she said was normally for false eye-lashes. She poured the stuff over the webbing of my wig while I stood there looking bizarre with my painted eyes and face, my earrings long and swinging freely, and my hair so short and unruly.

When we got the wig back on, Carol repinned me tightly, taking more pins from her purse, combing my hair girlishly over and around my ears. She fussed with a fringe of curls over my forehead.

"We're going back to the Chalet, aren't we?" I asked her, a tremble passing through me at the way she kept primping me, making me as pretty as I could be. The only thing that made her end was the arrival of another group of girls.

"You and Gerhard go back with Franz," Carol said, ignoring what I wanted to ask about. I shivered, thinking of how that would be, how a girl ended an evening with a handsome man.

"I, I can't," I protested femininely, my voice girlish.

Carol smiled at me. "Haven't you enjoyed your evening as a lovely girl?" she asked me, a sly smile on her painted lips. I'd done mine as she had before we left the powder room, our perfume and lipstick replenished, my dress rustling all about me so nicely, my hair long and blonde.

"Now you have to pay for it, as we girls always do," Carol said, sending thrills and chills through me. I knew exactly what she meant.

"What!" I gasped, stopping my usual feminine, swaying walk in my high heels. Gerhard and Dieter came forward with our coats.

"Your hair looks great that way, too," murmured Gerhard Bruckner, touching me affectionately about the bra and dress straps across my shoulders as he helped me into Carol's red coat. My hands were shaking as I flicked my blonde hair over the collar in a very feminine gesture. Now my earrings were dancing madly, free of curling hair about my face.

"You go back with Franz, Gerhard," Carol said as I clutched her hand, trying to get her to stay with me. But Carol only turned away from me and put her arm possessively through Dieter's. She looked so smart, so chic, smiling at Gerhard and me, an attractive couple, man and woman, just like she and her boyfriend. I was quivering with fright as Gerhard Bruckner swished me against him. If only, I wished longingly as I had a few other times in my life. If only it was that I could be just like Carol, the woman I was expected to marry.

"Dieter's car will follow and pick you up, Gerhard, at von Hitte's," Carol said over her shoulder as she departed, leaving me with a smiling, intent Gerhard who squeezed me. I felt thrills all over. It was just the way I'd felt when Frank or another of my boyfriends had come onto me in the park as I'd lain down with them on blankets for a wonderful session of necking and caressing.

"I hope you don't mind me taking you home," Gerhard said with a smile, putting his arm through mine. "Your cousin Carol, darling Erika, jumps to conclusions all the time."

"Yes," I admitted nervously, clattering over the marble flooring to the outer doors, his arm moving about my waist. Strange feelings were rising inside me as I thought of him taking me home, saying goodnight to me. Would it be like Frank or Kurt at the side door of the hotel? We sometimes spent nearly an hour saying goodnight, I thought with a blush.

Doors were held open for us, knowing smiles given to me, the pretty girl, as Gerhard escorted me to the von Hitte Mercedes sedan. A stone-faced Franz opened the door for me. I slid in, my flirty dress rustling when I crossed my legs. Gerhard followed me, still holding my hand, settling in beside me where Carol had pressed against me before.

Gerhard shifted his arm about my shoulder and neck most deliberately. Trembling, I knew what was going to come as he took hold of my hands with his other. I could see no way to avoid it and didn't see why I, Erika, should. It was just like when Kurt or some other boy brought me home. I would enjoy it just as much.

Gerhard leaned over and kissed me on my re-freshened lipstick, his hand pressing my head and hair lightly against him. Thank goodness it was pinned and glued! Carol knew this was going to happen to me. Heck, she'd manipulated us so that Gerhard had little choice.

It wasn't like kissing Frank or Kurt at all, though I'd enjoyed that so much. This was quite different. Gerhard was rougher, his beard rousing my soft feminized skin, for one thing. He was forceful, strong, and masculine, for another. And I, Erika, did so love to be kissed by strong handsome men. I loved it so much, I'd let my strong boy-friends get away with so much more when they wanted to caress me as a woman, as I made sure, by my feminine wiles, that they would want to.

Gerhard's arm slipped about my back as we eased together happily on the back seat of the sedan. His tongue demanded entrance between my painted lips. I anxiously parted mine for him, enjoying the touch of a strong handsome man as any girl like me should. Gerhard's tongue penetrated my mouth and he grunted in satisfaction while I lay back in the soft pillows of the limousine and let a man's kiss thrill me to my girlish core.

Gerhard raised his other hand about my back, my coat open, crushing my body, my thrusting breasts, to him. I put a hand up to his chest, timidly, to hold him off. He just lifted my arm about his neck and pulled me even closer. I drank him into me, loving every touch of his lips on mine as the woman, whom I should be, who I was, loved so to be kissed.

I felt myself shaking even more with the pleasure I felt engulfing me as I clung to the handsome older man beside me on the back seat of the car. Gerhard gently kissed my face, my neck, my chin, and my ears before returning to my wanting, quivering mouth. I giggled and tried to resist his tongue but that only made him more urgent. He broke through my weak girlish defenses and explored my mouth completely as a man should. I groaned and cooperated with his explorations as best I could, incredible, delightful, romantic notions overwhelming me.

I didn't notice the car start, hear the partition between driver and the rear seat close, nor see any of our passage down the mountain, past the spectacular views Carol had told me to watch for. Gerhard leaned back for momentary relief, as if to relax, but really to open my coat all the way and slide his hand inside and more closely about my nervous body and thin dress.

Gerhard touched my right breast and cupped it familiarly in his hand, stroking the nipple to hardness. I tensed and didn't know if I should refuse his touch as he looked at the pleasure written on my face. I felt incredibly sexy, so womanly, as this man stroked me in new and different ways, my arms now around him. I gave this man, no boy at all, no resistance. I couldn't. I wanted him to arouse me like this, to the womanhood to which I knew I belonged. I wanted to be his woman.

His active mouth came crushing down on my numbed lips again. He squeezed me to him as best as the car seat

would allow. I wanted to caress his hair, his neck and his back while his hands seemed to be everywhere. Gerhard aroused me even more when he began to caress my legs and my pantyhose, my flirty dress no obstacle to his desires. No, my dress was no impediment to his caresses; neither was my feminine desire for him to touch me. I hesitate to think even now what we might have done - what I would have let him do - if we hadn't been in the back seat of an automobile.

As it was, Franz's curt, "Here we are, fraulein, mein herr," brought us back a little to our senses. Gerhard groaned as I untangled myself from him. He kissed my face as I moved his hand from my aroused breasts that still longed for his touch to the top of my legs. Gerhard stroked my legs above my knees as I refastened my woman's coat. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I recorded the amazing fact that Franz had referred to me as 'fraulein'.

"Well," Gerhard whispered as I shuddered even more and tried to remove his enervating hand. "That was the most unexpected pleasure I've had in a long time. For you, too?"

Gerhard looked into my eyes, bringing his hands back to my waist. I couldn't look at him. He could read my desire and the hunger there with ease. I was ashamed of myself. How long had I known him? Hours? Surely, it couldn't be this way with every man I kissed.

I trembled and leaned my head against his jacket. It was silky, expensive. My date kissed my forehead. "So you felt like a very desirable woman," Gerhard Bruckner said softly, seeming to understand that I wasn't like Carol. I wasn't a sophisticated woman like the woman I was supposedly engaged to. Gerhard smiled and waited until I made an ashamed, little nod in agreement. "You are a very desirable woman, beautiful Erika," he went on, send-

ing thrills again soaring through me. "And I think I am the first to really excite you. I could take advantage of you if I so desired, could I not? But I doubt I'll be the last man to arouse you to womanly ways, my beautiful Erika."

Gerhard freed himself from my arms about his neck, clinging to him, and got out of the car with a smile, waving Franz away so that he could help me out. I frantically uncrossed my legs, rearranged my pretty dress, my feminine hair and Carol's lovely coat, trying to be ladylike as I stood. I wanted to fling myself into Gerhard's arms and have him kiss me as forcefully as he had in the back seat of the car. He put his arms about me and guided me into the dark area beside the door. His hard male body pressed against me as I raised my face for a last goodnight kiss.

I was already trembling enough with unrequited passion before Gerhard pressed me to him, his leg entering between my trembling thighs, caressing my body as I squeezed him in return. I ached all over as he pressed his lips to mine as I returned his embrace with all the force I could. Again, I let him slide a hand inside my coat to inflame my aroused, enlarged nipples.

Gerhard held me away after a little while and raised my shivering chin with a strong hand so that I was forced to look at him. He must have seen the feminine desire in my face as I leaned into him, my face so soft against his. "Little Erika, the cousin from Berlin," he said softly. A sudden chill invaded me. "Don't worry," he whispered, smiling. "Your secret is very safe with me. But I insist that we must do this again soon and without any chaperone next time."

I was in shock. I felt like I'd been hit on the back of my head by a bolt of lightning. He knew! Gerhard Bruckner knew about me! I could tell by looking at the cool, knowing smile on his face. I wanted the earth to open up and

swallow me in that instant. I looked for a way to escape, a place to run in my high heels and rustly, swishing dress but he forestalled me, holding me with his strong hands.

“Put your arms back about my neck,” Gerhard whispered. I trembled in fright at his command. His hands squeezed my narrow waist and he leaned heavily into me. “Do it,” he said urgently.

I put my hands about his neck, trembling even more. Gerhard rocked me against him, my breasts betraying me. I felt them squash against him as he moved me so sensually against him.

“Now, you kiss me,” Gerhard said, smiling, nuzzling my face with his. I tried to do so lightly, his words about my secret frightening and embarrassing me. He would have no kiss like that, soft and light as a butterfly, against him. His arms at my back pressed me to him. His lips locked again with mine in an ardent, long, lingering kiss in which I lost the last of my lipstick for sure.

With his holding me so tight, my stockinged legs parted. I didn’t want him to let go. I knew he was aroused as a man. I felt him. I wriggled at first to avoid his manhood but, as pleasure increased in my aching breasts, I moved against him. Our kissing went on; he sighed and moved as much as I did, as my hips swayed, the silk of my slip and my dress caressing the hurting in my panties.

And I didn’t care at all that he knew about me. Oh, Carol, why did you tell Gerhard Bruckner all about me? I asked the heavens. I didn’t want to know the answer, not when Gerhard seemed not to care about my secret, hugging me into him and kissing me so lovingly. How could I help it? I kissed him back as enthusiastically as I have ever kissed a man in all my life, not wanting the passionate and wonderful moment ever to end. But it did.

The other car's door opened and Carol got out, her makeup and hair as messed as mine. I knew how I must look to her. I must look just like she did to me. In more than a little frustration, I pushed Gerhard's caressing hands away from me, which, I was glad to feel, he was in no hurry to do.

"Go back to your hotel, Gerhard," Carol said thickly as she came level with us, Gerhard's arm still hugging me to him, my dress swishing wonderfully against him. "She's still a virgin, for goodness' sake."

Gerhard smiled as I shivered in apprehension at Carol's vindictive stare at me. She had meant this to happen, hadn't she? I thought in surprise. She had wanted to see how much of a woman I was. She had dressed me and helped me with my hair and so she must have expected this, shouldn't she?

"So you said before," Gerhard murmured.

Carol gave him a sudden, quick glance before looking at me quizzically. I knew that Gerhard knew that I was Erich as well as Erika but he didn't seem to care. He hugged me, Erika, and kissed me gently, affectionately, on the lips while Carol waited for me at the main door.

"One day very soon, Erika," Gerhard Bruckner whispered, as he kissed my ear. "One day, just you and I will be together. There will be no chaperones and we shall be free to do whatever we want."

Free to do whatever I wanted! I loved the idea of that. I wanted to go on being Gerhard's womanly date, loving the way my breasts rebounded from his hard chest. I loved him loving me. But then, far too soon, Gerhard let my tingling, emotionally wracked body go. With a wave of his hand and a smile to me, he went off to join Dieter in his car. I didn't realize I'd watched them all the way out

of the driveway until I turned with a sigh and found Carol still in the doorway looking at me most oddly.

### **XIII. GIRL FRIENDS**

My high heels reverberated on the steps as I went up the stairwell, my dress swishing about me. With a tremble, I caught up with Carol and we entered the Chalet together. It was a relief to take off my high heels and walk in stockings up the dark, silent, carpeted stairs to Carol's hallway and her bedroom, my earrings dancing at my neck, my hair so thick on my shoulders, my dress swishing wonderfully about my agitated legs.

"Well," Carol said, still with that odd smile on her face, closing her door behind us. "You certainly had a good time."

Numb inside, my mouth still feeling the imprint of a man's lips so firmly on my own, I nodded. "Yes," I agreed with her shakily, smiling as one girl to another. "I did."

Carol seemed annoyed at my reply as if she wanted me to contradict her. We undid our coats, her coats, since all my clothing was in fact hers, and hung them up in her closet, exchanging other little comments as women do as we undressed from our pretty dresses to our female lingerie, then creamed off our makeup.

"No, keep the hair," Carol said as I began to try to find and remove the holding pins of my blonde wig. Sitting at her dressing table in high-cut panties and underwired, push-up bra, I wasn't unlike her, I thought with a fantastic surge of feminine thrills. Both of us looked so feminine, no, so female, in black silk. Now she must know that she could never marry me, not a girl like me.

"Here," Carol said abruptly, opening a drawer and pulling out a short nightie with very thin spaghetti straps.

She tossed it to me, clearly expecting me to wear it that night in bed.

"I-I can't take that to my room," I began, thinking of the maids waking me in the morning, seeing me dressed in women's pretty clothing or finding such when they cleaned my room. The closed door of my bedroom had never kept anyone out who had chores to do or wanted to speak to me.

"You sleep here tonight," Carol ordered me imperiously. I was just thinking what my mother, the Countess, would say when Carol's face broke into a mischievous smile as my face betrayed the fearful emotions that ran through me.

"We always do it," Carol went on with a smile, "my girl friends and me. We share every last detail of what went on with the men we've just dated. I want to hear everything that happened between you and Gerhard, where he put his hands and his mouth, and I'll tell you all the bizarre things I let Dieter try out on our way down."

I stood up, confused and embarrassed. I really wasn't Carol's girlfriend, I thought with a shiver, even though I would love to be. There was no way either, I thought wildly, that I was going to confess to what I'd just felt, what I still felt about being in Gerhard's arms in the car. I wasn't going to tell Carol anything about Gerhard's hands being on my legs, between my thighs, stroking me and how wonderful that had felt. I couldn't tell her either about my breasts which had betrayed my feminine emotions so much to Gerhard. I was sure he had clued into how aroused I was by the firmness of my nipples against him.

The nightie had landed on my bare shoulder.

"Take off your bra," Carol commanded, standing and removing hers. Her breasts jiggled as she pulled on a

nightie, purplish silk, the twin of the one she'd tossed to me. I could see her nipples, the aureoles so large and dark, much larger than mine. Oh, I wished that I had breasts like hers.

I froze with the nightie in my hands but Carol seemed unfazed. She bounced into her bed, shifting over to the far side. "Come on, girlfriend," she smiled, patting the bed beside her for me to get in. She emphasized the word 'girl'. "Turn out the light and let's swap dirty, female secrets."

Of course, what Carol really wanted to know was how I, a boy she was engaged to be married to, felt when Gerhard Bruckner, an older, stronger man, kissed me. I knew she wanted that even as I shuddered and got into the soft bed in the dark, the soft, frilly nightie gentle on my sensitive breasts and energized, hairless body. I felt as if I was home again. It was Trudi waiting for me in her bed to chatter on about all the boys I'd danced with that night. I shuddered as I removed the confining bra at last and kneaded my restricted breasts back to proper feeling. I could still feel Gerhard's hands on me which only aroused my breasts even more.

I tried at first to keep well away from Carol but she slid over and cuddled up to me, clearly wanting to talk. She stroked my hairless arm, her arms and hips and legs just as soft as my own. I quivered as I felt them all touch me. I was breaking out in goosebumps and shivering, strange, confusing hurts all over my feminine body as she touched me gently.

"You looked like you'd done it a lot before, the way you kissed Gerhard in the doorway," Carol murmured as I lay stiffly. I could smell Chanel and didn't know if it was her or my scent. I felt her long hair on my shoulder. "The way you were clinging to him was so, so girlish," she giggled. "If the Countess hadn't told me that you were my

fiancé and that I had to marry you, I'd have sworn that you and Gerhard would have hit it off together tonight. Am I right? Would you, Erika, have made it with another man here in my bed if I'd let you bring him up here?"

I knew Carol was making fun of me to belittle me. As the Countess had told me repeatedly, Carol Schauenberg would intend to dominate me in the marriage the Countess was going to force on me. I knew that Carol was seeking to establish who would be the boss in any marriage we had.

I trembled at the thought of that, being married to a ravishing girl like her. In my dreams, whenever I thought of being married, I was the ravishing, beautiful girl. It was funny how I could never see or conjure up what my husband looked like, however, even though I'd sometimes imagine myself with my babies or my children, being a perfect mother, just like Mama.

Carol caught my tremble and moved her leg against mine. "Poor Gerhard," she said, laughing a little. "He's in for such a disappointment, isn't he?" Carol stroked my nightie against my soft thigh and my pantyhose while I desperately tried to ignore her and retreat to a corner of the bed.

"Gerhard must like how you kiss like a girl," Carol went on. "I've never seen him so worked up about kissing any of his other dates. I should swap with you next time and see if the magic works for me. I should let you try Dieter next. He likes his women to lead, to be the creative ones."

Carol kissed my ear. I felt her moving closer as, panic-stricken, I nearly slid right out of her bed. Her arms went about my thin waist; I felt her press her body against me, her arms extending across me, pulling me against her. Her breasts pressed against mine as strange, wicked feel-

ings screamed through me. Even though I was quivering inside, I tried not to react, but it was so hard not to quiver as I felt her against me, nipple to nipple, a smooth, silky leg working between mine. Clearly, Carol was excited as she lightly fondled my thin waist through my soft nightie.

A light kiss landed on my mouth, a soft tongue slid over my lips. I shivered and felt her caress of my shoulders. I could almost feel her smile as she kissed me again.

“What did your boyfriend, Gerhard, do to get you so hot?” Carol asked archly, kissing my cheek. Her scent was marvelous in my nostrils as she pushed even more into me. Her hand brushed my breast. I couldn’t stop myself from reacting. I squirmed and tried to pull back into non-existent space.

“Oh, that’s what does it,” Carol murmured, gloating as she brushed my nipples with her hand. They gave themselves away as they hardened immediately.

“S-Stop,” I stammered, feeling odd, uneasy. No woman had ever touched me as a man had before. But I was reacting as if she was a man touching me in the way that she did, I thought, in mortification with myself. I could sense the hysteria starting to rise in me as this girl, who was supposed to marry me very soon, played with me as if I was a girl, too. I wasn’t a lesbo, I wailed inside me.

Carol pulled my inside arm under her body and nestled into me, her outer leg crossing mine, while I struggled a little to hold her off me. She kissed my hot, stiff face, raising fear and a little revulsion in me. It wasn’t like my sister Trudi kissing me with affection. I could tell the difference and shuddered as Carol kissed me now in a predatory way as a boy might have. That I would have liked, I thought in distress, as she mauled my lips with hers and I had to pull away.

“Tell me about your boyfriends,” Carol whispered, her soft skin skimming over mine driving me crazy. “Tell me about Franz.”

“F-Frank,” I corrected her automatically, shaking as she touched her larger breast to mine. Each of our bare breasts, our nighties all there was between us, were so alike, each nipple a hard center in such sensitive softness. She ran her nipple over mine and I jerked as if given an electric shot. She grunted in surprise as she seemed to feel it as well as me.

Carol’s hand suddenly roamed about my bare-skinned body to stroke me again and again. I clutched at her hand as she touched my hips and my legs but she only used that to lever herself half across me.

Carol’s teeth gleamed out of the semi-darkness in the room. She nuzzled my neck as I squirmed and went rigid beneath her. “Did you do this with Frank?” she asked lightly. “Or this with Gerhard?”

Suddenly, Carol put her mouth on my breasts, nibbling them, fondling them, caressing them with her tongue and mouth, the nightie neckline pushed down to expose my female mounds in their entirety to her.

“Please,” I gasped, my body rigid with repressed feelings of delight and disgust, all at the same time. Carol slid on top of me, laughing as she gently kneaded my tingling breasts and her own together.

“Come on, Erika,” Carol said in a mock male accent, her arrogance mimicking Gerhard’s. “Your secret is safe with me.” My secret! That didn’t matter then to me. I struggled to push her off me. I had to stop her! It was wrong to have a woman’s breasts pressed on mine. *It was wrong!*

Carol kissed me with greater passion. She pressed her lips on mine in a hard, demanding kiss, her tongue open-

ing my mouth and entering me as Gerhard had done when he kissed me. In fact, it was the same as many of the boys I'd kissed. I found myself stupidly reacting to Carol as I had to Gerhard. I trembled passionately, I have to admit, as I leaned back into the many soft pillows on the bed as Carol forced me down.

She straddled me as if she was a man, her mouth rousing my previously bruised lips with guilty desire. Her lips were soft and clinging, just like mine were. I wanted to go on kissing her but I had to break it off. She was a girl! Like me! I must really be queer to like a girl kissing me like a man!

Carol began to make love to me. I gasped as I realized what she was doing, moving her body so sensually over mine, kissing my soft skin, from my shoulders to my navel, caressing my legs and body with hers. I tried to sit up, shuddering with strange sensations.

"So I'm your boyfriend now," Carol's voice came in a whispered giggle from the dark above me, her hair descending over my face. She was inside my legs, twisting and wriggling on me, her mouth demanding, my body betraying every protest my mouth made.

"Just pretend I'm Frank," Carol whispered, her hands stroking the length of my body and thighs. Her breath aroused me further, tingles went up and down my spine as she blew in my ear. "You've done this with him, with a man, before."

It was true. I recalled Frank and the blanket in the park, how he mounted me, pressing me into the ground, my arms about his neck, how great it had felt when I had separated my legs, his wonderful man's hands on my slim waist and girlish hips. I recalled what else I'd felt, so hard and extending from his body.

I had, however, kept my clothes on, though I'd been so sorely tempted to give way to him as other girls in my class had done. I'd fought his hands off my stockings and my pretty, garter belt, my pencil thin schoolgirl skirt pushed up so high, my dark panties revealed to his laughing eyes as he caressed my thighs so gently, urging me to surrender to him.

I hadn't cared what Frank had seen. I didn't care if he touched my panties, just so long as he let me trap his hands between my legs and didn't go any further. When he tried, I reacted, of course, and stopped the intense petting that we were getting into. But only after enough time had gone by so that we'd both got almost everything that we'd wanted from each other.

I'd known then what it would be like when I was a complete girl. Would I have stopped him if I'd had my operation? I doubted it. It had been dark and no one would have seen us. I'd let him open my blouse. He was the first man I'd let remove my bra and see my breasts. He was the first man that I'd let touch them and arouse us both with his mouth on them. No, I was not the sweet, innocent girl that Mama thought I was.

I thrashed and moaned as Carol treated me as my boy-friends had. I tried to think of Frank, of Kurt, of anybody but the woman caressing me and what she wanted me to do for her. But her hands were between my legs and in my panties. I fought with her to keep them about me, my nightie up about my waist.

"Why such a fuss," she laughed at me, "over such a little thing? We're engaged to be married, you and I, Erika, my love. No one is going to object to what you do with me here in my bed."

As Carol slid my panties away, *her* panties as she reminded me, she whispered something about wishing she

was as slim and beautiful a girl as I was. Our nighties came off at her urging and our mouths and breasts met again. She unbelted the sanitary belt beneath my pantyhose without breaking contact and began to slide my pantyhose from me.



I suddenly realized that I didn't have to stop anything with Carol. I was engaged to her. She wanted to find out how much of a man I was. I should let her find out. She was going to find out that I wasn't any kind of man at all. I helped her wiggle me out of my pantyhose. I surrendered and clutched at her, too, feeling weird as I caressed her softnesses, her skin and her lovely, strong, smooth legs.

The ache at my groin resolved itself into a surprising maleness that I slid into her womanhood with an ease that surprised us both.

"Oh no," I gasped in the fervor that seemed to be engulfing me.

"Oh yes," Carol giggled. "I didn't think you'd be capable of getting it up for me, my darling girl. This is actually very pleasurable!"

Carol hugged me so hard that I felt that I must hug her back. I hugged her and kissed her, opening my mouth to her exploring tongue, as the weirdest feelings swept through me. Then, just as strangely, she began to buck and thresh on me, grunting and making loud noises, I felt sure we'd be interrupted soon. She kissed me back ardently, muffling her moans. We wrestled for position, she winning and staying atop me, using her hands and her body to make sure that I stayed right there against her, with my manhood inside her.

To be erect, to be male, was agonizing and astonishing. My mind was denying it, raging against the enjoyment coursing through my breasts, my soft skin, my wide hips and shapely legs. It was inconceivable but it was like an itch I couldn't scratch.

Carol knew exactly what she wanted to do, directing my movements exquisitely with her body. She raised such pleasurable feelings in me until, suddenly, surpris-

ingly, I was cramping with unexpected loving feelings, clutching Carol as she laughed and fondled my breasts harshly. I whimpered and clung to her even as I proved myself as male as any of her previous lovers. Or so I thought as I reached a climax of betrayal of my girlhood that would have so annoyed Mama. She would have been aghast at what I was doing, how I was writhing to give pleasure to myself and another woman in bed with me, my lover.

“Gerhard will be very, very disappointed,” Carol murmured as I kissed her frantically, gratefully, trying to maintain the ecstatic feelings she’d aroused in me. I clung to her and buried my face in hers, wanting to kiss her and exorcise the awful desire that was tantalizing my feminized body.

After that, it was a tangle of arms, legs, bodies, breasts, mouths and soft skin as Carol and I explored each other. Yes, I touched a girl’s body in ways that made me shudder in anguish at myself. She touched me as well in the most erotic of ways. I loved every moment of it, despite the huge aura of guilt that seemed to come over me as I made love to a girl.

I came several times in familiar and unfamiliar positions but Carol came more than me and for longer, it seemed. We rolled into every corner of her enormous bed. She soon found that all she had to do was to caress my breasts or kiss my swelling nipples and I was putty in her hands. In the end, I hated myself for my lack of will power. I should have said no to Carol many times. I should have fought her off with much greater fire from the start.

“Most interesting,” Carol said sleepily at one point. “I’ve never been a lesbian before. I think I like it.” A lesbian? I shivered and blushed as I lay naked in bed with Carol Schauenberg. I knew what kind of girl that was. I

hated the thought that I could have been a pervert like that. I didn't want to be a lesbian. I wanted to be a girl.

#### **XIV. GERHARD AND ERIKA**

Carol was gone when I awoke in her bed late in the morning. I wasn't wearing anything. Even my blonde wig was gone. There was just a bed sheet over me when Dora, Carol's personal maid, came strutting in, smiling at me, pretending, I was sure, to be surprised at finding me in her mistress' bed.

"Oh, Herr von Hitte," Dora said. I stared at her standing by the freshly opened curtains. A thin smile she was trying to suppress ran across her fair-skinned features. I clutched groggily at the sheet concealing my breasts. "Fraulein Schauenberg sent me to clean up."

Carol hasn't missed a trick, I thought with a shudder, as the maid giggled and left with a saucy wiggle of her own. I was to have no status with the staff. They'd all have stories about me, the man who wasn't a man. The stories wouldn't diminish in the telling, either. The Countess might tell me to be a von Hitte, but Carol, despite what she had done to me in bed, was already at work against me in every way. I wondered what she would do to me in front of the Countess so that I would lose my mother's support.

Carol had played this game for a long time, I thought, as I tried to be a little masculine in the only robe that I could find, a silky thing that accentuated my breasts. Everything she'd done to me in bed was probably calculated. I shuddered at the thought of how much pleasure there was in being a lesbian. Carol probably had experimented in whatever private girls' school she had been educated in.

Carol must have told Gerhard Bruckner all about me. She probably had told him that I was going to be over him

at the bank and that I wasn't a real girl. Gerhard would be as two-faced as the woman that I was supposed to marry. Yes, they were both playing games with me. I was certain of that. Carol was going to put me in my place, I thought, with a delicious shudder as I thought where that would be, beneath her, in her bed. And would Gerhard have the same idea? No!! I couldn't think of things like that.

Rushing around Carol's room to get out of there, away from all the feminine scents and delights, I couldn't find my boy clothes. Still thinking furious thoughts, I had to settle for the Carol's silk robe to wear down to my own room. It clung to me, showing off my obvious feminine attributes. I didn't have any bandages to make myself less than I was or more than I was in some areas. The robe had to do.

But Gerhard? Whatever would I do about him? I shook more as I thought what we'd been doing in the car on the ride home. Franz, I was sure, had been able to see everything I was doing in the back seat. I supposed that all of the staff of the Chalet knew of my adventures as a girl by now. Dora would only add to what was being said. But I was a girl, I thought, the heat rising inside me as I told myself it was true. I was sure that Gerhard had thought so too! But then, at the front door, Gerhard had revealed that he knew all about me but it hadn't stopped him treating me as Erika, at all had it? Oh, how I'd loved him kissing me!

Franz, the chauffeur, was on guard at my door. He opened it and smirked at me, his eyes roving over the red silk robe and my obviously feminized body, insolently. Only when I nervously got to the mirror in my room did I find that there were still vestiges of makeup on my face, the eyeliner and eyebrow thinning giving me an image of girliness that was unmistakable.

I quivered and gritted my teeth and tried to remember that servants were servants but a von Hitte was... words failed as I scrubbed, dressed, bandaged, padded, and dressed in drab male clothes before going to a late breakfast with Carol, the Countess, and, unbelievably, with Gerhard and Dieter.

“Erich,” the Countess rasped, frowning at me and, I was afraid, at my eyebrows. “This is Gerhard Bruckner, who will work for you at Badener Credit, at the Danbank, and United Enterprises. Gerhard Bruckner, this is my son, Erich von Hitte, who has just returned to us. Dieter Mahlendorf, Erich, is Gerhard’s assistant.”

Gerhard had been promoted by the Countess, I guessed, because she knew that I’d need expert advice from an investment banker like him. I tried to be calm and cool. My insides roiled as I nodded as mannishly as I could to Gerhard. I shuddered terribly as I saw Dieter’s eyebrows go up and comprehension dawn on him about who I had been the night before as I greeted Gerhard as gruffly as I could.

Gerhard rose and smiled. His face was devoid of expression save for that of polite interest. We might have been meeting for the very first time, so very polite was he. “Count,” he said, bowing formally. I almost heard the click of boot heels together. “I hope that this will be the beginning of a very close relationship.”

“Don’t bet on it,” said Carol quite rudely, sipping her coffee while Dieter almost choked on his.

I shivered but I’d known something like this would happen. I tried to live the Countess’ advice. I gritted my teeth again. “I’m sure I’ve much to learn from you, Herr Bruckner,” I said as icily as I could, reaching out a hand to shake his.

For a moment, the way he took my hand made me think that he was going to kiss it, to acknowledge me as a female, in front of the woman who claimed to be my mother. His eyes sparkled suddenly in amusement as we solemnly shook hands. My slightly curved nails, Carol's work of the night before, rested in his broad, strong hand.

My qualms almost engulfed me. I wanted to run from the room, just for a moment. This man knew me, knew me as a girl, had held me, kissed me, touched me. I was on fire with tangled emotions, wanting him to acknowledge me with a kiss, then not wanting him to, wanting him to call me 'Erika' but Gerhard didn't.

Gerhard was scrupulously correct all through the strained breakfast. I didn't care what the Countess was saying about my superior position in the institutions she'd mentioned. I knew that Gerhard would rule me once he got me in private. I quivered in excitement at the thought that he would make me his woman whenever he wanted. I knew that he could do it and wanted him to.

I think Gerhard knew it, too. I would be weak and powerless to resist him like any woman in love. And really, I was in love, in love with receiving attention as a female, as I knew I was. I looked at Carol, luckily finding the power to break free from staring at Gerhard. She was looking at him, her expression fierce.

The Countess either missed or ignored all the byplay in the introductions. She seemed in a hurry to get me started learning about the Danbank and its operations. The breakfast things were cleared away so that Gerhard could begin to teach me how to be an investment banker, not how to be his girl friend. Gerhard was the expert and explained the organizations to me carefully while the Countess interjected her thoughts when she wished to.

Dieter was Gerhard's aide and jester on occasion. Carol was my bodyguard, it seemed, bored with most of the talk; she must have heard it all before, but she was equally unreceptive to suggestions by the Countess that she leave.

Gerhard stayed through the afternoon, teaching me about the workings of the bank and my role in it, until my mind was reeling. Even the Countess looked fatigued. Gerhard gave a little smile at me as she staggered towards her tray of medicines. I wondered if it had all been a deliberate maneuver to tire her out so that he could have Erika for the rest of the night.

Of course, Gerhard and Dieter had to stay and dress for dinner at the Chalet; both looked very distinguished in their dinner jackets. They filled them out across the shoulders as I just couldn't. Both were quite imposing men.

Dieter watched me open-mouthed much of the time, through the afternoon sessions and at dinner as if he couldn't believe what he was seeing. But Gerhard was unfailingly polite to me, deferring to my opinions, encouraging me to be assertive in the business, as the Countess hovered nearby, observing. He deferred to me so much, even over the choice of wines at supper, saying "The man of the house should decide." I wanted to stamp my foot and scream at him, asking him who he thought he was fooling in the charade he was playing.

After dinner, Carol announced that we would probably be going out to the Alpine Club again if the Countess von Hitte didn't mind. The old woman who had given me birth was naturally pleased that I and my fiancée should be going out together. She was too tired to see us off, however, and retired, Carol and I went up to her room where I was transformed into an excited, feminine, blonde-haired Erika again.

Gerhard and Dieter had gone so we girls took a long time primping and getting ourselves ready for the second trip to the Alpine Club's dance floor. It took time for the polish to dry on the false nail tips Carol showed me how to affix.

Carol suggested a long black evening dress for me for our second night out. There were cut-out panels at my shoulders and at my waist, the low-cut panties and the garter belt I wore not showing as the dress clung to my figure. The uplift bra tented the dress most flatteringly. When I headed down the stairs in Carol's silver, high-heeled sandals, her fur draped over my shoulders, my hair long and makeup heavily done, I could appreciate that the two upstairs maids were confused. They wondered, "Who is she?" after Carol and I passed them.

Gerhard and Dieter were waiting at the Alpine Club for us. The difference this time was that I knew them and they knew me, which made the evening very exciting. Gerhard took my hand and led me straight to the dance floor, my dress making me mince with the tiniest of steps. There was admiration in his eyes and compliments in his mouth for every part of me. I melted into his arms feeling warm and appreciated as he held me tightly, as a woman should be held. He kissed my ear and neck right away, sending exciting thrills throughout my body.

"I love your dress and you in it," Gerhard whispered in my jeweled ear. He pressed me tightly to him so that my uplifted breasts pushed against his chest. "I'd love to see you out of it as well!" I was so glad it was a slow dance or I'd have fallen for sure, as Gerhard squeezed me to emphasize what he had said.

My body seemed weak as I thought of what I'd looked like as I dressed and what Gerhard would have seen of me. Gerhard made me feel so feminine, his compliments filling me with pleasure. He breathed in my scent and

lightly kissed my cheek, the promise of more delight for me as a girl to come.

“You do more for this hair and dress than Carol ever did,” Gerhard murmured again wickedly to me, deliberately hugging me so that my breasts would bounce off his chest. Ooh, it was wonderful to be a woman, I thought. It didn’t matter at all what Gerhard knew about me. Only, I wasn’t going to be a virgin with him any more! Carol had ruined that for me.

All I could think about was being a virgin for Gerhard. I was still a virgin, really, wasn’t I? Making love to Carol didn’t really count, did it? She wasn’t a man! I pouted at her as Gerhard kissed my neck and ear. Carol grimaced at me, anger on her face as she danced with the apprehensive Dieter. I smiled prettily at her, as Gerhard whispered more to me about how gorgeous a girl I was.

Gerhard touched my hips, feeling my garter belt. “Mmmm,” he whispered as I wiggled girlishly, hot all over. “I like that. I like girls who wear garter belts. It means that they like to be girlie all over. It would be so nice to take them off you, slowly.”

I flushed as my man...yes, Gerhard was my man, far too old to be my boyfriend... caressed me, lingering on my bra strap, making my breasts rise even more against him. I should have told him to ease off if I was a nice girl but he made me feel so desirable, so female. I loved my femmy feelings so much. I’d missed feeling this way for so long! How many days was it that I’d gone without wearing panties and a bra? I could only smile and blush at my girlish musings as well as smile at Gerhard’s over-blown compliments.

That evening was excruciatingly different from the slow, deferential, strained atmosphere of the afternoon. Rather than deference, all I got now in place of serious

conversation was, "Don't worry your pretty little head about it," even over the white wine he ordered for me. I guess he was the 'man of the house' in his mind.

I looked at Carol who laughed at me but I decided I rather enjoyed being treated like a precious doll. I cuddled up to Gerhard and was rewarded with a little kiss on my lips while Dieter just stared at me.

Gerhard let his arm rest possessively about my shoulder or waist, answering all queries directed at me, until after a while even Carol was put out. "She has got a brain, the pretty, little darling," she said as Gerhard hugged my slim waist. He let her know that I wanted to stay and dance a little while longer in my pretty ball gown and elegant makeup.

Gerhard laughed. "I'll take care of all Erika's little problems," he said to Carol while Dieter stared at me in open astonishment. Gerhard hugged me to him, kissing my ear, squeezing my slim waist. "Won't I, darling?"

I lifted up my face with a smile and a little shiver. Gerhard kissed me on my red, lipsticked mouth in front of everyone, as I wanted him to. It was a very passionate kiss that made my stomach lurch in excitement and my soft skin tremble all over with nervous goosebumps.

Oh, I so loved Gerhard kissing me so firmly. I loved that he did it in public so that others would know that I was a desirable girl, and that he didn't allow any other man to dance with me. The way he'd spoken to Carol for me, me a simpering, giddy, 'dizzy blonde,' and how Dieter looked at me and smiled, made me shake as well. Gerhard clearly had taken possession of me and wanted me to be his woman all of the time. I couldn't have asked for a more wonderful conclusion to my dressing in Carol's clothes.

I could barely wait for the drive home when Gerhard and I would be alone in the back seat of the Mercedes. Needless to say, it was one long erotic arousal from the Alpine Club to Herreinhof. I eagerly fell into Gerhard's arms. He treated me exactly as I wanted to be treated, as his affectionate and willing girl friend. He had me almost undressed, loving every minute of his attentive mouth and hands by the time the car stopped. My tight dress prevented his hand reaching exactly where he wanted to go but I could feel his sexual arousal as I was laid across him, my lips cemented to his. His hands urging my hips to gyrate against his taut body.

"You will meet me next Saturday," Gerhard said in a shaky voice as we cuddled in the darkness, Franz off somewhere to be polite. Gerhard's hands caressed my breasts in a loving way as I shivered and held his hands tightly against me. "Darling Erika, you are so lovely," he muttered. I squirmed under his caress, my mouth searching for the firm, masculine kiss he gave me so willingly.

Gerhard's hands traced out my womanly body, stroking my hips and garter belt, tugging on my stockings while I found my panties again too tight to contain the ache there. I wanted him to take me. I didn't resist his caressing of my legs in my tight evening dress.

"Alone without your engaging chaperone," Gerhard muttered as the lights of Dieter's car lit up the back of the estate Mercedes. Gerhard helped me adjust my clothing as I giggled at his little joke. It was hard to slide my swollen nipples back into my bra and to cover my low-cut bra with the front of the tight-fitting dress. I clung to Gerhard as girlishly as I could as we exited the car, our bodies still pressed against each other for one last, passionate kiss near the door to the Chalet.

“Carol will want to be with me,” I whispered as Gerhard kissed my neck and nibbled at my earrings and my scented earlobes.

“Carol Schauenberg will not approve her fiancé going out with another man,” he whispered, hugging me as hard as I was hugging him, my body from thighs to my breasts right against him. “If you can get away as Erich, meet me at eight outside the Alpine. We will find you the right clothing then. I would love to see you dress. And undress, of course.”

Gerhard must have felt my uncontrollable, excited shivering as I kissed and kissed him again, my lips shaking and bruised and enervated. I didn’t want to let him go. I wanted the ecstasy I felt to go on and on. His hands pressed on my derriere. I was almost into him, sensing his frustration at the little pieces of silk in my dress and my panties that separated us.

“Next time,” he whispered again. “Just Gerhard and Erika.” His last kiss was as hard and demanding as I have ever been kissed. It was a dominating male kiss as if he was imprinting himself on his female. I accepted him, the penetration of his tongue. I knew, he knew, that I was his.

Carol was furious with me once more in her bed. She snapped at me about the number of his kisses I’d allowed, at my feminine acceptance of them, and at the way Gerhard had spoken of me as a girl. “Don’t worry your pretty little head,” she mimicked his arrogant tone. “I wish I’d never told him about you.”

The hole in the bottom of my stomach deepened as did the pain I felt. “I guessed it was you,” I told Carol, quivering, wrapped in her long, silk, dark blue nightie. I tried to tell her about Gerhard and how I felt he’d staked a claim on me, branded me with his kisses. “He’s a d-dominating

man," I stammered. "A real man. Not like at school. He's so experienced. He makes me feel that I am a woman."

"And you want to be a woman, his woman," Carol added thickly. She was quiet for a moment before sighing and snuggling up to me. That meant that we touched everywhere. We were girls in bed together. We had the same roundness, the same softness, the same shapely thighs, the same nighties, and similar mounds on our chests. If only I hadn't let them cut my hair, we would have had similar hair. Mine would have been longer and curlier. The wig I kept on in bed with Carol wasn't the same though it did make me feel more like Erika.

Carol kissed my shoulder, then my ear and I turned to her, intending to tell her that I didn't want her to do that. I didn't want her turning me into a lesbian, I wanted to tell her. Her soft, probing kisses were like those of the first boys I'd known, bringing back happy memories of my male classmates, so anxious not to displease me, pretty blonde Erika.

Carol reached for me, pushing my hand away as I tried to stop her. She slowly caressed my engorged, sensitive breasts. Making love to me once hadn't put her off at all from making love to another girl. She wanted me again and with a shudder I let her make love to me. We made love slowly, she mounting me as before. Soon I was aroused as I had been under Gerhard's harsh mouth. It was incredibly good and from Carol's grunts and moans, I think she enjoyed it, too.

We dozed and awoke, a tangle of femininity, my panties off and on as I tried to maintain my female illusion as best I could. We kissed and hugged strenuously, touching and pleasuring each other, whatever one did being repeated by the other. I didn't think anyone could be as inventive as Carol in making love to me. She had me crying

out as she showed me how to arouse her by doing something first to me.

I did slip away in the early hours this time, however, to my bedroom and so was in my rough cotton pajamas, clean-faced and short-haired, when Franz and Hoth came rushing in to wake me and get me to come with them.

The village doctor was no help, of course. The Countess had died in her sleep, while I was making love with Carol. We stood at the foot of the bed, me in a dark robe, bandaged, while Carol was femininely rumpled, her breasts large and prominent in her pale, yellow chemise robe. Hoth, wet-eyed, pulled the covers over the woman I had not been able to call 'Mother'.

"Well," said Carol in a low murmur. "Now you are free to go your own way, darling Erika. Whatever we had to do for that old woman in life just died with her. You don't have to honor any of her promises, you know." The surprise at her words must have showed on my face. "Instead of a wedding next week," Carol said with a wry smile, "my former betrothed will have to organize a funeral."

## **XV. FUNERAL**

Events almost ran themselves in the von Hitte world. Secretaries and functionaries I'd never met appeared and took on duties I'd never have thought of. Franz brought me a dark wardrobe "for the period of mourning", he said. I realized then that he was more than a chauffeur. He brought in socks, shoes, shirts, coats, even underwear for my approval. I guessed that he would have been Erich von Hitte's personal servant, some type of valet, if my mother had lived. He filled that role after her death, anyway.

I saw Carol Schauenberg from somewhat of a distance as services and receptions took over my time. She was ele-

gantly dressed in black suits and dresses, her newly-dyed red hair gorgeous under little black hats and veils. I wished desperately that I could be dressed like her but there was no chance, not even at night. There were too many people, too many new members of the old bureaucracy about, for me to risk being embarrassed by being caught creeping up to, or in, Carol's room.

Gerhard Bruckner was at one gathering with the inevitable Dieter but I was so stage-managed I didn't get a chance to talk to him. There were so many eulogies to my mother that I had to sit through, and respond to, in my attempts at a low, gruff, male voice. I was fortunate, then, to have a speechwriting department to give me words to say that didn't embarrass me in august settings.

I should have guessed how important a person the Countess von Hitte had become in the modern world. The steady procession of prominent businessmen and women who came to view her embalmed body at the Herreinhof Chalet sang her praises and promised the same co-operation with me in the future. I had the feeling that most came to look me over, however, and that they left smiling and rubbing their hands together in anticipation of taking advantage of me very quickly.

At least they were all polite enough not to say anything about the fact that I wasn't really a man. I didn't think of myself as one, even though I was dressed like one. I would have liked to be able to declare that I was Erika and not Erich but that would have been an even bigger scandal than the one that must be swirling about my name each time the powerful people at the Countess's funeral got together.

Carol moved out of the Chalet as the funerary activities got under way. It was a relief to me when we had the actual funeral service in the chapel on the estate. The Countess was interred in the von Hitte family portion of

the local church graveyard, beside the grave and tombstone of the man who must have been my father. I still had very little curiosity about him, or any of my dead relatives for that matter. All I could think of were a hundred different ways I might be able to use to get myself back to Mama and Trudi as soon as I could.

I spoke to people, mostly to thank them for the flowery compliments they gave the Countess. I doubt that anyone thought much of me. They had to know that I hardly knew her, that I had just appeared, apparently out of nowhere, the new Count von Hitte. Many people tried to probe me on where I'd come from. I wasn't about to tell them that I'd been living in Berlin as a girl with Mama and my sister, Trudi.

I just told them I'd answer all of their questions at a later date after the Countess von Hitte was interned. I couldn't even acknowledge her as my mother. To me, Mama, Frau Liesl Buren, was my mother. I listened to all the names of the people who were introduced to me, so many with the 'von' as part of their names as if there was still a nobility in Germany.

I agreed with the Schauenbergs that it would be good to accede to new times and drop the title and the honorific. I was tired of being called 'Count', or 'von Hitte' or 'Your Honor'. Most of the people who used my title didn't really mean it as a compliment, I was sure. Not to me. They might have been honoring my 'Mother' by continuing to use the title but I could sense the sneer in their voices as they spoke to me. I think I heard the words 'effeminate little nancy' once but I couldn't turn and see who it was who'd said it, the Federal or the State Minister.

I couldn't challenge them on that, of course. Someone just might have known where I came from. Servants do talk and I'm sure the maids and valets, people like Hoth and Franz, must have stories to tell of me. But if anyone

knew the real, true story of my life so far, they didn't let on to me. No, Kluge wasn't at the funeral. I had no idea who he was really working for or who he'd told all about the real me.

The days before and just after the funeral seemed empty with no Carol and no Countess there in the Herreinhof Chalet. The Countess' administrative secretary, now mine, an older, bald man, with a monocle in his left eye, told me that my mother's executors would maintain the businesses she ran until the will was authorized. There should be papers for me to sign and study in the following week. He seemed quite doubtful that I had the ability to understand what I had inherited or to know what I was supposed to do with it. He wasn't alone. I agreed with him.

Doctor Tollberg, the Countess' lawyer and executor of her will, called to see me. There wasn't a session of sitting around to hear her will and all her bequests. Most of the legatees, the servants, would receive a letter and bank draft within the month. The other major beneficiaries Doctor Tollberg intended to visit and discuss the terms of the will only as it affected them.

I was first because the Countess had made me her heir, "with no strings attached," as the eminent lawyer said reproachfully, to about seventy-five percent of her formidable fortune, he estimated. I felt so bad that I had no real family feeling for that woman who'd birthed me. She, at least, I could say, had seemed to want to do something to make up to me for the years I'd spent as a lost child. Her leaving me her money and property to do with as I saw fit was a belated apology for losing me as a child. At least, that's the way that I interpreted her gift.

Carol would get the other twenty-five per cent of the property in trust, only so long as she was married to me within six months of the Countess' death. I was as-

tounded that Countess von Hitte had anticipated her own death so well and appalled that Carol's future wealth was tied to marrying me. If she didn't marry me, she would get a legacy to keep her comfortable but everything reverted to me if we didn't marry within the six-month time limit. Carol was effectively disinherited. I heard the terms of the will with dismay for I knew that I could never marry a woman. Never.

## **XVI. THE WEDDING DRESS**

Inevitably in the evening with nothing to do, my footsteps brought me to Carol's room. It was empty, though I didn't at first start looking in her closets and drawers to confirm that.

I now had a set of keys for the whole house. The sewing room, as I thought of it, opened enticingly to me. Carol had left the wedding dress behind, the one she had bought to marry me in. It was the only dress available to me unless I ordered a maid... No, I shuddered at the thought of involving someone else, someone innocent, in the saga of Erika and Erich.

Carol had left what must be her trousseau in the sewing room, neatly packed in white, Italian-made suitcases, all waiting for me. Well, for her, I suppose, but once I opened a case and saw what was inside, I coveted the marvelous girl's clothing and knew I would take it for mine. Brand new, unused panties of all colors and cuts, delicate bras of several types, most too big for me, dresses in light colors, shoes, sandals, slippers, suits, it was all there, a complete wardrobe.

I stared and my heart fluttered. But dare I, could I possibly, disturb such a treasure trove? Carol would return some time; what would she say at my rifling of her newly-prepared honeymoon wardrobe? Then my heart started double-timing again as I thought of who it was

that Carol was going to marry and who would be expected to be so admiring of her wonderful new attire.

Carol even had a new, white purse and in it, wonder of wonders, new, unused makeup and perfume, all her favorite items. I'd remember what I used, I promised myself; when I could get into the village or town, I would replenish Carol's underclothing and makeup.

I put on the white patterned stockings slowly to stretch out the feeling of heaven. I attached them to the thin white garter belt over the high-cut panties, in white silk too, and felt the incredible pleasure of being Erika return to me. In the long mirror, even without makeup, I looked like a girl with short hair.

I wouldn't cut it again, I thought. I pushed my fair hair forward, wondering when I could go out without a wig. My breasts moved with me, rising pertly as I lifted my arms. I smiled and posed for a while. I wouldn't have done that, admire my womanly figure, in front of a mirror at home. I was becoming quite a flirty little thing, wasn't I, I thought, batting my eyelids at myself.

I was shivering as I put on a bra and adjusted it to my size, not Carol's. The slip was soft and silky, floating about my legs. A quick lining of my eyes, a little lipstick, a touch of rouge and powder and my trembling hands reached for the white satin and lace wedding dress. Oh, I shouldn't, I knew. I knew all about good luck and bad luck and bridal gowns.

But I was not ever going to marry Carol, was I? I was Erika and not Erich. I had seen the dress before when Carol had shown it to me. It couldn't be any worse luck for her to have me wear it, not after what had happened to her already since I had first seen this heavenly dress into which I stepped.

It fitted me remarkably well. I drew it up over my stockings, my wide hips and my prominent, aroused nipples. It was hard to wriggle about and zip up the back but I managed finally. Layers of silk and organdy petticoats swirled about my legs as I almost cried out in pleasure. I looked so feminine, so female, in the mirror. Carol's heels were so high that she would have towered over me in our wedding ceremony. I teetered and posed in the mirror, the dress rustling and flowing about me. The neckline was straight across but still hugged me tightly and, with the stiff bodice, thrust out my well-formed, womanly breasts.

I was putting on the hat and veiled headdress, the loose, puffy sleeves falling back to the square shoulders, when I heard the click of someone trying the door handle.

I had locked it from the inside and my keys were still in the lock. I froze, my heart beating a million beats per second and tried to think that the servant whoever it was, he or she would soon be gone. I tried to will them away. Then there was a hard knocking on the door from Carol's room and I heard Carol's voice. It was muffled but definitely hers.

I trembled in anxiety, imagining what Carol would say if she knew I was in her sewing room, wearing her wonderful wedding dress. My heart pounding, I rustled over to the door, the skirts of the dress draping themselves so fantastically about my stockinged legs as I swished to the door. I listened hard. I could hear her voice shouting at the door.

"Open the door, Erika!" I heard as I leaned in the wonderful dress against the door. Oh yes, it was Carol and she was screaming. Everyone in the house must be able to hear her calling me 'Erika.' I was able to make out that she knew it was me in there!

"You open this door right away, Erika," Carol was shouting. "If you don't open up now, I'll go and get Franz or someone else to come and break this door down for me. Do you want that, Countess Erika?"

Should I, could I, get undressed before I had to face her? I knew that I wouldn't be able to be clean of makeup and in my own clothes before Franz or Breiser broke in. Carol pounded again. Slowly, my hand shaking, I took out my key from the lock, opening the door slightly as I did so. She pushed on it. I leaned against it, the dress tight on me, rustling against my stockings. I cringed inside, expecting what I deserved, a tirade on my daring to dress in her one and only wedding dress.

"Please, Carol," I implored her through the tiny, open space that the door was open. "Let me have ten minutes to change. Please."

"I know what you're wearing," Carol said, her voice now quite clear to me. "So let me in, Erika. I'm alone and I want to see the bride, too."

I shuddered and almost cried in shame. I should not have put on another girl's wedding dress. Carol pushed harder then and so, mortified at how I would look to her, I stepped back and let her in. She didn't smile when she saw me in her beautiful wedding dress. She didn't laugh. She just nodded.

"You need longer hair," Carol said, eyeing me carefully. "And more makeup. A bride would have more on her day of being the center of the female universe. Surely, you feel like that. All of us girls, when we are brides, should feel as if we're the Empress of all Germany."

Carol closed the door while I shivered at everything that she was saying to me. Oh, how I wished I wasn't in her bridal gown! I couldn't believe that she wasn't ripping

me from it. I was sure that *I* would have done that if I'd found some girl wearing *my* bridal gown!



I got a chance to look at Carol closely as she was studying me as well. I had seen her but only in the distance at the funeral, her face obscured by the veil she wore. In a black suit again, different from her funeral wear, Carol had never looked so beautiful, I thought, so refined. And I had to be standing before her like this, in a wedding dress, white and lacy, her high heels making me taller than her as well.

"You met with Herr Doctor Tollberg," Carol said dryly, still staring at me and not criticizing or yelling at me for the awful thing I was doing in wearing her gorgeous wedding dress.

I nodded, the veil falling about my face. I thought wretchedly of how stupid I must really look to her, with my hair so short, so masculine. I pulled the veil off my head quickly, setting aside the long, silk and satin train that I had just draped behind me.

"Five hundred thousand a year isn't so bad," Carol said with a shrug, referring to the legacy that she would inherit without marrying me. "I was sure the old lady was going cut me off completely.

"Anyway, I thought that I could at least offer to help you get through the next round of meetings," she said, putting her purse on the low table. She gave me an enigmatic smile while I wished I was anywhere but there in her dress. "I went through it all on my eighteenth when I was supposed to be the heiress."

"Carol," I began nervously, the fantastic dress swishing about me so incredibly. I wanted to give her my abject apologies. I wanted to get out of the dress quickly but the zipper was stuck. I was close to tears as I shook with apologies, but Carol waved me to silence. There were noises in the bedroom behind her. She listened for a moment before opening the door a little.

“Thank you, Dora,” Carol said to the people in the room. “You can both go now. I’ll put everything away or you can do it tomorrow.”

When the maids were gone, she opened the door wider and went to one of her cases. Carol brought out an auburn wig the color of her own hair. My heart did a little flip to see it. I should have known, seeing her room before, that she would have perfect hair awaiting her for all occasions. Then, she came back into the sewing room.

“Sit,” Carol ordered me and took away the veil from my quivering hands. She fitted the new hair to me. I trembled with delight at the touch of hair at my shoulders. She pinned me properly with care, then re-did my makeup, using her colors, greens, browns and greys, not mine. She took a long time, doing it with lots of care, making me sit and not move while she painted my lips a shimmering pink.

I sat and preened finally as the absurd feeling left me. Carol treated me so well and offered me no criticism at being in her dress. I actually enjoyed it, getting more and more excited with wearing her scent, having to expose the lovely, frilly, white stockings, panties and garter belt to Carol, though she must have seen them on herself, while she tied the blue and white garters to my trembling thighs.

“There,” Carol said with a little frown, blotting my lipstick and putting light, translucent powder on my face. “But you do need flowers.” She reset the veil and the white hat over my fantastic new auburn hair and stepped back. “Look,” she said with a smile.

I looked in the mirror and began to tremble. I looked just like Carol in the wedding dress, the soft veil caressing me as it covered my face, shoulders and hair. With flowers, I would have been Carol as she would have been, as

my bride. Even the gauzy veil could not disguise how I was made-up like her, with black eyeliner about all my eyelids, green and pink eyeshadow on my eyes. The dress complimented my female shape, too, my breasts seeming softer and rounder above the stiffened lace bodice.

Carol was looking for jewelry; soon I had long, dangling pearl drops at my ears, tickling my neck and a three-strand necklace of pearls at my neck. Then she began to spray me with her perfume. I protested but she laughed.

"You do smell gorgeous," Carol said, moving in close to hug me. "And you look...well, you know how you look."

"Like you," I whispered, a quaver in my voice. My body ached as I tried to walk without too much rustling of petticoats to look closely at myself. Then I saw Carol take a camera from one of her suitcases.

"No!" I began but Carol had captured me in her wedding dress already.

"Stand this way," Carol snapped away, indicating to me to turn and face her. "And for goodness sake, girl, smile."

I grimaced and Carol took the picture like that. She wanted me to pose in different ways and wouldn't listen to any nervous protestations I had. I eventually did try to be a little girlish for her. I shivered and thought how wonderful it would have been if I could have been a bride in a dress and veil like this one.

Carol wanted me to lift the skirts of the wonderful wedding dress and show off the blue and white silk garter she had had me put on. "All brides wear them," she said and took my picture with my dress raised, showing off my many delicate petticoats. I was trembling with pleasure as I tried to pose just as Carol wanted me to as a

bride. She wanted me to pull up the dress and show off my garter belt and stockings as well. I was embarrassed at such a suggestion but I wanted to do her bidding. She dropped down and under my dress and petticoats, photographing my panties and smooth thighs as well.

Carol took pictures as I tried to protest; apart from unzipping me, she wouldn't help me at all to take the fabulous dress off. She photographed me in every stage of my undressing, though, as I cried to her not to do it. By then, I was anxious only to get out of the dress. I couldn't stop her at all.

"No," Carol said when I began to take out the hairpins and get out of her good-looking hairpiece. "Keep it on." She came to me as I stood shivering in front of her, dressed in her high-heeled shoes, panties, garter belt and stockings. Yes, I was who she should have been on her wedding day.

Carol put her arms about my quivering body, smiling as she stroked my fevered skin. Her soft fingers, long, hard nails, as mine once were, so beautifully lacquered, traced the mounds on my chest and teased the long hair on my neck.

"It will be like making love to myself," Carol said, making my mouth go dry as she looked at me intently. I knew exactly what was going through her mind. With her being so nice to me about her dress, I could hardly refuse her if she wanted more from me than she really should from another girl.

Carol gave me that wry smile of hers as she stared into my made-up face as if trying to guess what I was thinking. Her soft hand cupped my breast as I gurgled at such an intimacy. I reacted to her touch as if I was hungry for her kiss, which, after her touch and caress over my nipple, I definitely was. Our lips met, identical in color.

We went quickly to her bed. I couldn't think for a while as my excitement rose. The soft silk of my wedding lingerie was met by Carol as she stripped quickly out of her suit. Stockinged legs and garter belts slid together as we rolled together on the bed. Our lips clung together as our breasts caressed.

Carol murmured that she liked kissing herself. She was quite a gorgeous babe, wasn't she, and could I do that again as she loved me touching her there. We struggled for position which she generally won, as usual. I didn't mind since I was the girl and on the bottom for our love-making. It meant that I could look up at her and just imagine that it was Gerhard looming over me and making love to me. A girl would think such things, wouldn't she? I thought in delirious enjoyment of being Carol's lesbian girl friend.

We made love feverishly, many times, with Carol almost attached to my breasts, or so it seemed. When she undressed, she left on her garter belt, stockings and panties and used her body to caress me into a trembling mass until I couldn't bear the ecstasy any longer. We had to take off our panties so that we could couple and pleasure each other in a fantastic climax, the like of which I'd never reached before. I'd never thought that I would ever do what I was doing with a woman. It would be a man doing this to me. Carol sensed what I was thinking so she wriggled on top of me. I was the woman beneath her. Ooh, it was so wonderful to be treated that way, and for so long!

I forgot that she was a woman and I could be one, too, as we made love several times into the early and late evening. I was her woman, her lesbian lover, if I thought about it at all. Her bride.

"I think I love you," I heard her murmur once, shocking me completely. "At least I love making love to you, darling Erika."

Love! My heart quaked and I shivered all over. I remembered who I was in my garter belt and laddered stockings. I couldn't love a girl! I was Mama's daughter! I was going to escape soon! But Carol had named the emotion growing inside me. I felt ashamed, so ashamed of letting Mama down. How perverted she would think me, making love to a woman.

Carol didn't know why I was crying and I couldn't tell her. We clung together, entwined, kissing each other's soft necks and hair, thoroughly ruining the pillow with our makeup. We got under the sheets later as I covered up again with my panties.

In the morning, Carol kissed me awake, laughing that she loved making love to herself. I bathed in her bathroom and scrubbed myself clean of makeup before putting on my clothes of the previous evening. The servants already knew I hadn't slept in my own room, I was certain, and would put two and two together about Carol and me. But would they also know that the bride, or the girl in Carol's white dress, whom the maids had seen the other night was me? Would they believe what Franz had seen between Gerhard and me?

## **XVII. MARRIAGE**

Carol did not change into her black dress for the first time since the Countess died. She was hesitant about something all the way through our very stilted breakfast. The butler, Breiser, gave off vibrations of offended dignity as if employers should hold to some exemplary morality. It was easy to guess that our tryst in Carol's room was common knowledge with the staff.

Breiser was studying me as the women staff had studied me as I'd tried to shuffle mannishly down into the breakfast room. My thinned eyebrows and curly eyelashes must have been noticed and made me the object of

the contempt that I felt radiating from the old Countess' butler.

Over coffee on the terrace, Carol finally broached the subject she hadn't mentioned. "I arranged for Pastor Bloch and Doctor Tollberg to be available to us at two this afternoon," she said, looking at me intently across the terrace.

I frowned. "What for?" I asked stupidly.

"I'd like us to be married today," said Carol quickly as if she could hardly trust herself to say the words persuasively or with feeling. I felt myself tensing up inside. But I should have known. Her family needed the money. She would have to marry me if I would go through with it.

"Look. I'll just give the money to you," I began, feeling funny all over. My first marriage proposal, I thought, struggling to be as offhand about being married as Carol was.

"You can't," Carol said bitterly. "Didn't you read the will?" I shook my head. I hadn't. I didn't recall that the good Doctor Tollberg had said anything about my not being able to give away the fortune I'd been left. Perhaps he'd judged me as not capable of carrying out such an altruistic gesture.

"The estate must go to a von Hitte, after you," Carol told me determinedly, her face showing the low opinion she had of me as the heir to the Countess's fortune, "either by marriage or to your children. Otherwise, it becomes a huge trust and all the cousins, first, second and third, get shares. I'd get more money but the power would go to the directors of the trust. They'll be the Countess' old fogey friends. I'd never have a chance to get anything more from them than a monthly allowance. I'd get a lot more, power as well, if I was married to you."

Carol gave me a wan smile. She was hating this, too, I thought. She didn't want to marry me despite what we'd said to one another in bed. I felt a little tinge of disappointment; I knew it was true that I couldn't marry her. Surely, after seeing me in her wedding dress, Carol knew what life with me would be like. I wasn't ever going to be any kind of man for her.

Carol deserved better than that, I thought with a despairing shudder. Any woman deserved better than being forced to marry another woman, especially if that woman wasn't real but a fancily-dressed man. If she thought about it, she wouldn't want to go through with the childhood betrothal, I was certain. I knew I didn't.

"So," Carol said again, this time with a deep sigh, settling back in the cushioned wicker chair. She was framed by the high, pointed roof of the Chalet and the tall, white mountains behind the house. The sky was blue, the air cool, the plants around the deck were still tiny shoots in their pots waiting for spring to really begin. "Shall we get married today?"

It was the money and I knew it. My heart still gave a lurch, though. I knew that it meant so much more to Carol to be married to Erich von Hitte than it did to me, Erika Buren.

"I, I'm a girl," I said as casually as I could, my body temperature rising in leaps and bounds. She smiled at me as she looked at the way I was dressed, probably thinking that I was the weirdest 'girl' she had ever seen. "I, I can't marry you, Carol."

"No," said Carol carefully, not looking at me. "Erich von Hitte isn't a girl. Erich von Hitte has had carnal relations with me over ten times in total. Erich functions just like any other man with a woman. Believe me, Erika. I know."

I was stunned. "I, I'm not ..." I began again.

"Yes, you are," insisted Carol, the girl I was betrothed to. "You may not have thought so before you got here, but it should be abundantly clear to you now. You can wear women's dresses but you do function as a man. Marry me, consummate the marriage and let me get my inheritance, Erich.

"My father is beside himself, staring at collapse and bankruptcy. I need to marry you, Erich. I need the money. I need it free and clear with no strings attached. Marry me, Erich. You can wear every dress in my clothes closet. I'll be there for you when you go for your operation. I'll even persuade Gerhard to be on stand-by."

I shivered. I could do it. It would be legal, after all. "All right," I said huskily. Carol didn't look any different after I said that. She just nodded while I felt out of sorts. It was so crazy what I'd just done, what I'd said. I'd promised to marry a beautiful girl. I couldn't do that! I shouldn't. I was so stupid to feel sorry for Carol Schauenberg. Look at all she had done to manipulate me. She'd even made love to me, what was it, ten times? I shivered as I knew I shouldn't feel sorry for her, or for my 'Mother'. But I did, for both of them.

"Good," Carol said with a deep, relieved sigh. She didn't look at me. She jumped to her feet and was off to the phone quickly. I had another coffee, marveling at my steady hand as I drank a cup. Inside I was churning at the decision I'd made. I wanted to change it already. I knew I'd regret it all of my life.

The ceremony in the chapel where the Countess' funeral had taken place was nothing. There was no music, no bridesmaids, and no wedding dress. The pastor read stolidly from a missal and from government forms. In ten minutes, it was over. Carol, beautiful in a dark green suit,

signed the marriage register with a nervous smile. I, in a dark business suit, a man's suit, of course, followed her glumly. I signed and that was it. I was a married man!

"Frau von Hitte," Pastor Bloch said as he presented Carol with the marriage certificate. I knew now what I had to do, how to break the terms of the will. I'd been thinking of nothing else all through the little ceremony. The plan I could use to get back to Mama and Trudi had become crystal clear in my mind. Oh, and I would get back to being Erika Buren as well.

Dr. Tollberg had served as a witness and had spoken to us at the end of the 'nuptials' about finances. He would construct the trust for Carol but I paid him little attention. I knew what I was going to do. It wasn't to bind Carol Schauenberg into an impossible marriage with me.

I held Carol's hand as we returned to the Chalet for lunch. Tollberg said he'd take care of announcements and gifts from us to the staff. He left, puzzled I'm sure, by our sullen demeanors at what should have been a momentous part of our lives. He must have concluded that it was all done to meet the terms of the will. He looked no happier with me when he left than he had after our first encounter, earlier.

"I have to see my father," said Carol abruptly when we were alone again. "I have to sign some guarantees for him." She gathered her purse and stylish red coat, the very one I'd worn on our first night at the Alpine Club.

"I'll see you tonight," Carol added uncertainly. "But don't wait up for me. I think this will be a long one with Father."

My 'wife,' gave me another uncertain look as if she, like me, could hardly believe what she'd done. I tried to imagine what it would be like to be her. I tried to think what it would be like to be married to a man who dressed

in female clothing, who had a body, almost as female as her own. I shivered. It was quite a sacrifice that Carol was making for her family.

I tried on the von Hitte attitude of the Countess. It helped me with the staff as I stared down Carol's pert maids. I told them that they might want to consider that the new Countess von Hitte might not want maids she could not trust to be discreet in her employ. The fact that I'd married Carol had become common knowledge in the Chalet. I noticed that several of the staff were more polite to me than they'd ever been before. I got through the rest of the afternoon in grudging forbearance until Kluge arrived in answer to my call and set affairs going in the way I wanted them to go.

My dealings with an irritated Dr. Tollberg and his lawyers were very straightforward. Of course he protested that I didn't know what I was doing. I assured him that I did in fact know exactly what I was doing. If he couldn't do what I wanted, perhaps I would need to find another lawyer to serve me as I wanted. The documents were prepared exactly the way I wanted them. I endured some curiosity on what was going to happen to me but, really, there wasn't too much concern on their parts, the lawyers, I thought. Once I'd signed the documents in the presence of witnesses, it was all set.

As I expected, Carol called to say she'd be delayed at her father's. She'd see me the next day. We could have a day any way I wanted it, together. I understood what she meant and regretted that I'd miss dressing in one of her neat suits. It would have been thrilling to go shopping with her in all the fashionable women's shops in Munich but I'd already had Kluge prepare my suitcases for me with a little cache of money to get me where I wanted to go.

The rest of the Countess' vast fortune, the companies she'd owned and the power that she'd used, I'd signed over to Carol Schaunberg since she was, in fact, Countess Carol von Hitte. She had what she wanted, what the Countess had trained her for, what she'd expected and knew how to utilize. I would have what I wanted, too, I thought with a shudder. But I had what I wanted, I kept telling myself. It was very cold comfort.

I left the Herreinhof Chalet, a lump in my throat, and went off to the car waiting for me in the courtyard. It was that easy to make my escape. I didn't know why I was crying so much and feeling so miserable as the car took me all the way to Munich, the tickets for Berlin in my purse in the top case. I'd change at the hotel and Mama's daughter, Erika Buren, would be reborn.

## **XVIII. BEING A TRANSVESTITE**

Kluge was waiting for me alone when I left the airplane in Berlin. Some of the kids on the plane had noticed me and pointed me out to their parents. Some were polite and tried to shush their children, get them to keep their voices down, and not embarrass the strange person traveling with them. Even the stewardesses hadn't seemed to know what I was. One called me 'Fraulein' all the time, while another, more loudly, called me 'Mein Herr'. I was too nervous to correct either. I should have put on all the padding that concealed my figure. I was sure that was what was wrong with me. But it wasn't. I should have made a better job of cleaning eyeliner from my eyes and of tamping down my hair. But I hadn't.

*You are a von Hitte, I kept telling myself. It doesn't matter what other people say or think about you.* I tried to glare at the worst of my tormentors but it only made the brat try to copy me more. His parents did nothing to stop him. So,

I left the plane with a chant of 'Girlie, Girlie, Girlie', drifting after me in this unbroken child's voice.



The adults I walked with were grinning as they glanced at me. I was blushing all the way across the tarmac and into the terminal. Kluge didn't make it any easier for me to get away by holding up a card with 'Erika' written on it. I know I got several surprised looks as he reached forward and took the briefcase I'd taken with me from Herreinhof, and said loudly. "Here, Erika. Let me carry that for you!"

A chauffeur leapt from the front of a huge limo and opened the rear door for me. "Fraulein Buren," he said to me. I slid in as quickly as I could. Looking back at all the people coming out of the terminal, I could see several pointing at me.

When Kluge's door opened, I clearly heard a girl's voice saying, "Who is she, Daddy? Is she a film star?"

"You should have done a better job on your face, Erich," said Kluge, as he sat opposite me. "And you shouldn't walk through an airport the way you just did. The police were going to arrest you until I asked them not to."

"I'm not doing anything wrong," I said to him, before realizing that I wasn't controlling my voice at all. I was talking like a girl, which I had told myself I wouldn't do until I got to Berlin and could change.

"Out in public in the clothing of the other sex?" asked Kluge. "That's disturbing the peace anywhere. You didn't know that, did you, Erich? If you had, you might have worked harder on getting all that eye makeup, the liner and mascara off your eyes. Your lips look like you're wearing lipstick. Did you have to wear such a girlish hair style?"

"I didn't," I said, the feminine lilt back in my voice as I didn't try to be Erich, being out of the crowd.

The driver in the front was smiling into the rearview mirror, looking at me, nearly crashing us into a truck just in front of us.

"What do you say, Hans?" Kluge asked the cursing driver.

"This is Berlin!" said Hans, hammering on the horn at another car he'd almost hit. "We're famous for female impersonators, aren't we? Travestis fly in all the time to appear off the Ku'damm! But this one, he sounds like a real woman to me."

"I am," I said to him, a lump in my throat to hear him call me 'he'.

"Think of the fuss you've caused. If you'd been arrested and searched by the airport police," said Kluge, "if I hadn't talked to them and told them that you were a female impersonator." I felt awful and squirmed on the car seat until Kluge put out an arm and stopped me. "They weren't so anxious to do a strip search on you at that point. But it's why they let me get you out of there right away.

"You should have put some hair cream on that hair, Erich, and combed it down. And you're not wearing any of the padding that you did when you went to Herreinhof, are you? You're waist and hips are pretty feminine. Why did you travel on Erich von Hitte's documents if you were going to look and move and sound the way that you do? The stewardesses tried to say you were a man but the passengers said you weren't."

I hadn't done any of that consciously. No, I didn't want to be thought to be a transvestite in the men's clothing I'd worn. Franz had seen me onto the plane in Munich. He'd told me that I looked fine for the trip to Berlin when I'd asked about the stewardess looking at me in a funny way. Well, you got your own back on me, Franz, I

thought. If ever I was Erich von Hitte again and back in my Mother's residence, you, Franz, I promised myself, you'll be the first one that I fire.

The woman behind the desk at the front of the hotel was snotty from the start. "I think, mein herr," she said to Kluge, "that you should try another hotel. We have a high-class clientele her and we don't allow deviant behavior..."

"There won't be any," said Kluge, taking out his security police identity items and showing them to the woman as I stood there, humiliated and flushing. I'd never received such treatment before when I was Erika. No, I didn't like being Erich at all or the insults that went along with the way that people treated me.

The beauticians whom Kluge had hired weren't any better than the woman downstairs. At least they were just as bad until I got out of my male clothing. Then they realized that I was a woman. Oh, it was *so* wonderful to be in a bra that really fitted me and was so light and girlie. I cheated a little bit by being modest and retiring to the bathroom to put on my panties. Kluge had tape there as I had told him that I must have it.

I went to heaven again as I became a girl, in a blonde wig, the beauticians becoming really charming as they showed how to take advantage of the beautiful clothes Kluge had arranged for me.

"A girl like you should have a sugar daddy," whispered one in my ear. Kluge came in and stood in the door looking at me, pirouetting in my pretty dress, letting it rise enough to show off my girlish underwear to him. Yes, I was 'home'! I was a girl, my breasts weren't bound and neither were my spirits.

"I should put you under arrest," said Kluge again as I smiled and waved to the snotty woman who'd wanted

me to leave the hotel as I exited the lobby. "If your mother was still alive, the minister wouldn't allow me to do this for you. He hasn't seen you, of course. He just tells me the same thing as last time. I must do everything in my power to keep von Hitte happy. Are you happy now, Erich von Hitte, head of the most powerful family, I'm quoting the man I work for, in all of West Germany."

"Don't be silly," I said to him with a bright, girlish smile, loving the way the scarlet lipstick made my lips appear. "I'm ecstatic. Dior is my favorite dress designer! And I love the makeup you acquired for me."

Kurt had always told me he wished I'd wear a brighter shade of lipstick. It was how he liked all his girls. He could take me to the part any time now and I'd change my muted colors to something ravishing just for him. Yes, I wouldn't mind being ravaged by a boy for a change.

"When my superior has to meet you on business," said Kluge gloomily, "and I have to introduce you as Erich, and tell him I obeyed his instructions to the letter, I think we're both going to be in deep trouble."

## **NOT A VIRGIN ANYMORE**

At first it was exactly as I'd expected it to be. Mama and Trudi welcomed me back to the Hotel Grunwald with open arms and open hearts. I felt truly loved for myself. I was Erika Buren again. They hadn't changed my room at all. Even my clothes were still there in the right places.

"What did you do to your hair?" Mama asked as we sat on the sitting room sofa, the hugging and squeezing having abated at last. She was just holding my hand and caressing it. "I like it styled like that. Surely, the Countess would have had you cut it all the way."

I'd asked Kluge for the best and he'd come through. The blonde wig was of human hair. It might have been

my own but it was shorter than I'd worn it before. It curved beautifully about my head, ending in upturned points at my cheek. The bangs curled under, giving me a young woman look rather than the girl's look I'd had with my longer, braided hair that Mama liked so much.

"Mama, they cut all my hair off," I explained. "This is a wig I had them buy for me when I left. It's been braided through my real hair. I can wear it out and people will never know I don't have real hair. I won't be able to change it for months, though, until my real hair finally grows back to a proper girl's length. So I hope you like this style."

Mama and Trudi had already admired my creamy suit and white silk blouse, my white and tan shoes, my heels low, but stylish nonetheless. Kluge had very good taste in women's clothing; my underclothes, my bra, slip and panties were expensive, soft and silky to wear.

"I can't believe you're back with us," said Trudi, bringing us all lager to drink from the bar. "You won't believe, Erika, the number of people who've asked after you. Frank and Kurt are mooning around here all of the time, aren't they, Mama? Are you going back to school?"

I touched the wig with my hand and my newly painted nails. The acrylics worked all right. I'd spent the flight from Munich filing them down much to the amusement of the older woman I'd traveled with. I'd painted and polished them, hoping that Mama would let me keep them even though they were longer than she'd allowed me to grow my nails before. The woman on the plane had suggested that I grow my own. I'd agreed laughingly that I would now.

"I can't take gym with my hair like this," I said.

"Of course not," said Mama. "But I want you to get your baccalaureate, and that means extra hard study. Frau

Brasch will understand, after I talk to her, and let you miss gym classes."

"Good thing, too," said Trudi, clearing our glasses for a trip to the bar again. "Who needs sweaty jocks chasing you around the gym?" She smiled at Mama's shocked face. "It's true, Mama. They follow Erika everywhere in the gym to get beside her and impress her with how manly they are. She's far better off not going to gym. She can choose, better than anyone, which guys she wants to cuddle up to in the Park."

That made me tingle with consternation as I glanced at Mama. I did not want to have to explain to her about what I did with my boyfriends in the park on a summery day. But Mama only frowned at Trudi and tut-tutted her for being so unkind in teasing her sister when I had just come back from the gods-knew-where.

They had both already asked me a million questions about what had happened to me. I'd fudged most. I hadn't told them about Carol and her magnificent wedding dress, all her dresses in fact. I hadn't told them that I was a married woman, either. I wasn't really, but that's how I felt now that I was back with my family. I kept saying I'd tell it to them all when we could sit down for a few hours. I'd do it straight for them then, to Mama first, though that was going to be difficult.

Trudi was working with Mama, had been for the past year, learning to run the hotel and bar, before deciding what she wanted from a college or university. If I got my international baccalaureate from Fasching, Trudi and I could go to University together as sisters, which I knew would please Mama.

"What does that mean, anyway?" asked Mama, frowning as she was thinking about me cuddling up with boys in the park, I could see.

“Look at her, Mama,” said Trudi with a laugh. “Erika’s a woman now, don’t you think? With her new look, she’ll drive those poor boys at Fasching crazy. She won’t let the boys carry her books through the park any more where they love to steal a kiss or two from her under the linden trees.”

Mama reached out and took my hand reproachfully.

“Just a few times, Mama,” I said nervously to her. Inexplicably, thoughts of Carol came to mind. It was she and I walking through the park, in matching auburn hair, smiling and holding hands, in identical creamy skirts, heading for the blankets under the trees to lie down together and kiss, our lipsticks identical in color.

That thought made me blush right away. Mama noticed with surprise but, luckily, she jumped to the wrong conclusion. The look she gave me told me she knew I hadn’t told her the whole truth about walking home with different handsome boys as I’d so often done in the last two years.

Mama came to my bedroom with me on my first night home. She watched as I creamed my face clear, got out one of my shortie nighties and matching panties that were still in my chest of drawers, then unpinned my hair, removing some of the extensions that were part of my new style.

“It doesn’t look as bad as I thought it would,” Mama said, watching critically as I brushed my own hair forward. “English girls are wearing their hair short these days with tons of makeup, mostly around their eyes. You know, looking at you, my darling girl, I don’t really think that you have to wear that wig at all.”

I slipped into my own bed, my stuffed dolly Miranda having to have a hug as I lay down. Mama sat on the bed, her hand on me through the covers. I was home, I exulted,

where I really belonged. Mama had brought me my milk and tablets as she always did.

“Do you really want to take these now?” Mama asked, holding my hand as I reached for them. “Do you really want to be the girl you once were?”

“Oh Mama,” I started to cry. I couldn’t help it. She held me and I snuggled into her arms as I had when I was a little girl. Only now I wore a much more revealing nightie, my woman’s breasts heaving in distress as I cried in Mama’s arms. “Oh, Mama,” I wept, unable to hold it in any longer. “It is so awful to be a boy. I just had to leave. I wish I’d never had to leave you in the first place.”

I took my milk and tablets and, since we were alone, told an astonished Mama all I dared about the old Countess von Hitte, about Carol Schauenberg and a little about Gerhard Bruckner. I told her about my marriage as Erich von Hitte and what I’d done with my inheritance.

It was only then I realized how stupid I’d been. Surely I could have taken some of the late Countess’ money and given it over to Mama. She could have sold the Hotel and retired to wherever she wanted, somewhere warmer in the winter than Berlin. I didn’t tell her about my car rides with Gerhard, nor did I tell her about my heavenly visits to Carol’s bedroom.

“We should go back to see Dr. Kurst soon,” said Mama, kissing my forehead as she tucked me into bed. She sighed. “I wish you hadn’t gone through that marriage with that girl, even if you were betrothed to her. I know you meant well, darling Erika, and she should have had the money that you wanted her to, but it might be difficult to arrange the divorce.”

“Divorce?” I squeaked, pulling the sheets about my breasts. I don’t know how I hadn’t thought of that. I’d been thinking something like that Erich von Hitte had

married Carol. Erika Buren hadn't. So why did I feel like a married woman? came another thought, unbidden. And that brought on other images of Carol and me in bed together, she on top of me, kissing me, letting me be her woman, her little lesbian, as she'd teased me at times. I trembled as it finally came to me that I was both Erich and Erika.

"Well," said Mama with a smile, gently stroking my hair and my bare arms as she always did when she tucked me in at night. "You can hardly be a woman, my darling girl, and be married to a woman, can you? I thought that if you had the operation we were planning in the summer holiday, you'd be ready for university in the fall. Girls, you know, are outnumbered by the men there. You'd have to wait some time, of course, for the operation to become normal, so to speak. You could have found yourself a nice boyfriend however for when the time was absolutely right. It's nice to get your first experiences over, with a man, someone a little older and more mature, more experienced, before you have to settle down as someone's wife."

I shuddered as Mama kissed me and left me with my thoughts. To be a woman before I went to university! To have sex with a man as Mama expected! I did want to be Mama's daughter but this was going too fast. I wouldn't be going to university to have sex with men! But if I met someone like Gerhard... I found it hard to sleep with all the thoughts swirling about in my head. Then, too, I wondered if Carol was missing me as much as I was missing her.

Birgitte was one who understood me right away, why I was different and why all the boys seemed like such silly, mischievous flies that I wanted to swat away from me.

"You're not a virgin any more, are you?" Gitte said softly as we shared a cappuccino in a coffee bar on the Ku'damm, watching the schoolboys acting big at the other end of the bar. I had a new dark skirt that came to the tops of my knees which I wasn't trying to shorten, as I used to, to get boys to look at my legs. My blouse was still white but silkier and more alluring than the regular school shirt. The shoulders were slightly padded and my bra and underslip straps showed through on occasion when I stretched and my blouse touched my skin.

I looked at Gitte and smiled wanly. She was looking at me in considerable sympathy as I nodded my head. I hadn't told any of the other girls where I'd been and they were dying to know. I couldn't tell anyone, I thought grimly, certainly not Gitte, that I'd lost my virginity not to a man but to another woman.

The boys were hooting at the blushing waitress who retreated to the bar; they made crude remarks about her figure, loud enough for all of us in the bar to hear. I'm sure they were drinking more than coffee.

"I'm so tired of boy behavior," I said to Gitte, who was nodding in agreement with me, my girlish voice so melodic to my own ears as I didn't try to speak like a man anymore. I reached into my purse for the gold hoops for my ears. We weren't allowed to wear earrings or jewelry in school.

Gitte smiled. "Me too," she said, doing the same thing as me. She took out her compact mirror so that we could both admire ourselves in the dangling earrings we'd added to our 'look'. "And that didn't really answer my question, you know. How old was he?"

So I told her all about Gerhard Bruckner. I didn't say we actually made it but I didn't lie. She didn't believe all I said but I knew it would all be over the school by leaving

time the next day that I'd made it with a man ten years or more older than myself. Gitte was that kind of girl. She was a sympathetic listener but she couldn't help telling everything she knew to the next person she talked to. At least, my reputation as a girl would begin to change. The boys might even leave me alone for a while but I doubted it. They'd probably come after me worse than they had before.

"I knew you'd graduate to men before one of the boys we know," said Gitte as we stood up to leave. The boys whistled as we swayed out of the door in our shapely grey skirts, white blouses, and dark sweaters. I gave Frank a thin smile and put a little more sway in my walk as Gitte and I headed down to her bus stop.

"That's one stuck-up girl," I heard one boy say loudly as I left.

"Yeah, but beautiful too," said another voice, carrying to us before the door swung shut.

"Were they talking about you or me?" laughed Gitte as we sauntered along past the ever-present tourists.

"You!" I laughed, tossing my femininely-styled platinum hair behind me, secure in the knowledge that my beautiful wig would stay put with the pins, the braiding and the spirit glue in place.

"There's a party with some foreign university men at Bruni's on Saturday," Gitte called to me as she ran for her bus, waving it to a halt. "Come, and bring Trudi if you like!"

I laughed and waved after her. Bruni had graduated two years before us. I could imagine what the men at Brunhilde's parties would want. I knew Gitte would give it to them. Since I wasn't a virgin any more, she probably thought I was more like her than before. When she'd thought me such a prude for not putting out with any

boy, she wouldn't have invited me at all to a party, I knew that. But I wasn't like her at all, really I wasn't, or so I thought.

I wore my skirt and blouse because I hated the summery dresses the Institute allowed us to wear when it was hot. I preferred the skirts we could shorten to show off our long legs in our flesh-toned pantyhose. We could make them look quite like those that professional women wore as well. The flowery dresses just proclaimed us typical schoolgirls.

So too I preferred the thin blouses that showed off our bra and slip straps to the flowery prints that obscured everything, even our busts, as they went up to our necks. Our sweaters were all right, when shrunken a little as Silke had taught us how to do, showing off the fact that we did have figures.

I got lots of appreciative looks as I strolled in the pleasant afternoon sunshine back to the hotel. I'd missed a month's work at school but I was catching up fast and doing my exam preps every weekend as well. I expected that I would pass the year ends well. I smiled back at several people, young men mostly, who were also smiling at me hopefully.

I saw Franz first, in a black chauffeur's uniform, sitting in the foyer of the Hotel Grunewald, reading a newspaper. He looked up and saw me coming in the revolving doors and his chin dropped. I caught my reflection in the glass. It wasn't too different from what I saw every day.

I could only guess what Franz thought he was seeing. He would think of me as Erich, naturally. He would see me as Erich in a skirt and pantyhose, an Erich with his hair long like a girl's, wearing girl's earrings, with a bustline and female shape girls would die for.

“What are you doing here?” I snapped at him, my purse and satchel swinging at my hip as I put my hands on my thin waist.

Franz jumped to his feet. His hat came off. “I-I brought your wife,” he stammered, staring at me, not sure what to call me, I could see. “Er, Frau von Hitte is here to see her, I thought to see, her h-husband.”

I could see that Franz didn’t know how to address me politely, me, his Count, now so obviously a schoolgirl.

“Erika!” called Trudi, hurtling down the stairs. She gave Franz a look of disgust as he stood twisting his chauffeur’s hat in his hands. She reached out and hugged me as she rarely did when we met. She took me by the hand and eagerly led me into our private apartments “Guess who’s here! Carol von Hitte! She says she’s your wife!”

It was good that there was just Franz and I in the foyer. I’d have hated it if my friends at school had heard that remark. I looked at Franz and he seemed to be a bit green around the gills. He was staring at me as if he’d never seen a girl in her upper school uniform before.

“I’d better talk to her,” I said, heading towards the steps that were marked ‘Private’.

Trudi glanced at Franz suddenly and her face was a picture. “She’s in Mama’s sitting room,” she said, a nervous tone to her voice as if she realized what she had said in front of a stranger. She took my bag as I passed her and followed me. I took off my sweater and checked my hair in the hall mirror as I passed it. The pins and glue had worked well. Everything was in place.

“You’re married?” gasped Trudi as we clicked down the hall to Mama’s parlor, as she sometimes called it. I wished that my heels were as high as Trudi’s but we could only wear low heels to school.

My blouse, though not a transparent see-through, was soft silk, my white bra and slip straps showed clearly at my shoulders. I felt very feminine as my skirt shaped my legs and hips so wonderfully. Yes, I was a girl as I should be, my hair beautiful. I went forward confidently to meet my wife.

"I'll talk to you about it later," I said to Trudi, staring at me. I don't think that I looked any different than normal. I was still a schoolgirl though, wasn't I?

While I was less schoolgirlish in just my blouse and short grey skirt, I couldn't have hoped to compete with Carol's style and feminine attraction. Her dark green suit was gorgeous. She also wore a soft striped blouse of varied greens, which suited her shorter, bobbed, auburn hair and exquisite makeup perfectly.

I wasn't very polite when Carol coolly looked me up and down while lounging in Mama's armchair. "What are you doing here?" I demanded.

"Erika!" Mama scolded me. "Where are your manners? Frau von Hitte is your guest and has come a long way to see you, my girl. You may order us some tea from the kitchen."

So I had to turn and leave for a while, my place as a daughter, and still a schoolgirl, in the family revealed to an amused Carol von Schauenberg-von Hitte. I didn't know how she was styling herself officially these days.

I was surprised, as I prepared the tea, as Mama expected one of her daughters to each day, how civil Mama was to Carol and how pleasant Carol was in return. You would have thought our families had known each other for years from the way they spoke. I could sense that Trudi was bursting with curiosity as much as me, no, more than me, to find out why Carol von Hitte should have showed up in our hotel at such a time.

I was astounded when Mama told Trudi to arrange a room in the guest wing for Franz. "Carol will stay with us while she's in Berlin," she said easily. "I had Frau Duissen," our head of the housekeeping staff, "put another bed in your room, Erika. Why don't you show Carol where she can freshen up before we have supper?"

My mouth must have dropped open a mile in shock at what was happening. Carol was being invited to stay. Not only that, Mama was putting her into my bedroom with me, the woman whom she'd married. Mama had to repeat her instructions again. I tried to be polite as I invited Carol up to my room, but inside I was seething.

Luckily, Frau Duissen had not reached my room yet with one of the extra portable beds the hotel staff added when guests needed them.

Carol explored my bedroom with surprised delight. She exclaimed with pleasure at my lovely, perfectly dressed dolls and all the feminine touches in my white and pink room. She clutched Marta, my Austrian doll, in her pretty Alpine costume, and sighed in happiness as she held her. "I had a doll just like this. I called mine Heidi," Carol said with a conspiratorial smile at me. "Not too original, was I?"

I tried a stiff smile but I think it was more like a grimace. "The bathroom is down the hall," I said formally and with a degree of coldness in my manner. I eased my blouse out of my skirt's waistband to begin to change out of my schoolgirl clothes and to become more of a woman. I sometimes didn't change in the evening but got on with my homework and changed just for bed. Carol looked so elegant, though, that I had to dress up or I'd be treated like a little girl, and not a sophisticated woman like Carol, all evening long.

Carol sat on my bed and lay down on my fluffy, pink, padded quilt. It allowed her to sink in and luxuriate in its softness. She sighed. "This is such a lovely room," she said. "A proper girl's room, not like the morgue I grew up in. Did you want to change your clothes? Go ahead. Don't mind me. I've seen you dressed and undressed before. Remember?"

I could hardly forget, I thought, the heat rising in me. Had she just come to Berlin in order to humiliate me again? Did she think that because I was her husband legally that she had a right to torment me as she was doing? Irritably, I undid my lovely blouse and took it off, putting it carefully into the white wicker laundry basket. That was for delicate girl's things in the wash.

"I always just dump things on the floor," said Carol dreamily, her black suede pumps hitting the floor as she wriggled her stockinged toes and snuggled down on my bed, wrinkling my lovely quilt even more. "You're so neat, Erika, in everything that you do. You even put the caps back on my makeup bottles. You know, the one's you used that first time in my bedroom. That's how I knew you were in my room and missed dressing like a girl so much."

I froze as I took off my skirt. "Why are you here?" I asked her again, knowing that Carol was in Mama's house to ridicule me. She would finally get around to telling me that, I was certain.

Carol got up on her elbows and looked at me as I hung up my skirt and stood in front of my closet in my underwear. I took off my slip, letting her see that I was in a white bra and panty set. I stared defiantly back at her, defying her to criticize me for wearing girl's clothing.

"They let you wear high-cut panties these days?" Carol asked with a smirk, looking over my trim, curva-

ceous, female body that she claimed to know so well. "I'll bet garter belts and stockings are one school rule you love to obey."

"Of course," I said, doing my imitation of a sexy walk to get my white terrycloth robe hanging on the inside of my bedroom door.

"Wow," Carol said, leaning back, her head on my pillow. "Your mother told me you were back on hormones. Is that what it does to you? Makes you act in every way like a prima donna or haute couture model? Do you know what a lovely, womanly tush you have?"

"I guess so," I said noncommittally. I wasn't going to answer her ridiculing questions if she wouldn't answer mine.

I slipped out of my bedroom and used the bathroom I shared with Trudi, showering very quickly. I bundled my stockings, panties, gaff and bra together and returned to my room, wig in hand, my real hair wet and plastered tight to my head. I was nude save for my clean gaff beneath my robe.

Carol was still on my bed next to the gable window, staring across the city; she'd removed her lovely jacket. I took it off the chair in front of my white dresser where she'd aimlessly tossed it. She smiled when I hung it up in the alcove next to my coats and jackets.

There was a throw rug in the open half of my room where another bed could fit very easily. I realized why Frau Duissen had not arrived yet. She was the soul of tact and wouldn't intrude while I was upstairs with a guest in my room. When we went for dinner, the bed would arrive and be made up for Carol.

I usually used the open space where the extra bed would be for my little fashion shows whenever I dressed so that I could see just how womanly I was going to ap-

pear. I had a long mirror I could wheel out of my closet to see myself, as well as a long one on the back of the closet door so I could turn to see all of myself in whatever dress I'd chosen.

"You're going to have the sex change operation this summer," said Carol suddenly, watching me to see how I would react to her words, I think, as I found my green silk bra and panties set in one of my drawers.

Carol was staring at me from the window ledge as I sat on my padded chair and pulled the panties on my long, hairless legs, moving coyly enough so that she didn't get a free view of my private parts as I put them on.

Her words were meant to belittle me, I was certain, but I steeled myself against whatever mockery Carol Schauenberg had in mind for me. I dreaded the pain of surgery. I'd read that sex reassignment was one of the most painful operations there was. But I couldn't tell Carol that.

"Maybe," I said, making a face.

"Here or in Denmark?" Carol asked lightly, actually trying to smile and be pleasant to me as she watched me transform myself into a woman.

"None of your business," I retorted, standing and slipping out of my robe. Carol could see me entirely as a female now, my breasts clearly evident and female on my chest, my narrow, curved-in waist and wide, girlish hips. I put on my green silk bra, kneading my breasts so that they would fit into the cups properly. I sensed Carol watching me do what she must have done many times in her life.

"It became my business," Carol von Hitte said quietly, "when you permitted me to become your wife. How could you leave me on our wedding night?"

I was astounded at Carol's accusatory tone, as if she had really been hurt, not relieved, that I hadn't been there when she'd finally deigned to return to the Chalet to face me.

"It was all a sham," I said unsteadily reaching for the astringent for my face. "It was just to make you a von Hitte. You left immediately to see your father, if you remember. You didn't come back for our wedding night. I remember that even if you seem to have forgotten."

"I came back as soon as I could," Carol said calmly, laying down again and burying herself in my bed. I think she was actually intrigued by my Chanel scent that must still be on my pillow. "My father was bankrupt but I couldn't just pay his debts. I had to make him give up the book firms he owns and accept a financial overseer.

"It took me all day and night but I did call you. I told you I'd be back for our first wedding night. When I finally got my father to agree to all the terms I wanted, I hurried back, even though it was midnight, to share with you what I'd done. You were gone."

"What a triumph!" I sneered. "Just what anyone would like to have deposited on their wedding pillow. That was our wedding day though, wasn't it? You and your father coming to a financial arrangement on how to split the von Hitte fortune would have been a wonderful wedding present."

"No, it wouldn't," snapped Carol. "Oh, this is useless," she said, sitting up. "You haven't been listening to me at all. You don't know how hard I've been working to make sure that the fortune you've inherited isn't frittered away. I felt I was doing all of this for you before you were cheated. I should have known though, shouldn't I? I knew you didn't really feel anything for me, Erika. All you ever wanted from me was to get into my clothes."

Carol looked me over and I flushed, trying to think about what she'd said, remembering as well what the Countess had said about the woman I'd married. "I think we have the same bra size now," Carol said as I found dark, opera hose and began to put them on, my mind digesting her words.

"Don't dress to impress me now," Carol went on. That was exactly what I was doing. "Wait until Gerhard gets here. He still fancies you, you know. He asks after you at every meeting I attend. I think you missed some tryst you were supposed to have with him. Don't be surprised if he doesn't show up here to meet you again. I'm sure that Mama will be impressed by your investment banker lover."

My fingers shook with nervousness as I rolled the stockings over my legs and adjusted the top over my panties. "I didn't want to dress in your clothes," I started, meaning to tell her about the desires I had which were so strong.

"But you loved my lingerie, didn't you?" Carol said with that sudden, wry smile that she used to charm me to get her own way. She stood up as I put on a dark green, silk chemise that made my body tingle as I adjusted it about my bust and lightly about my thighs.

"You just came here to tell me off about borrowing your things?" I asked her sarcastically as I went into my closet and my own rack of dresses, blouses and skirts. I didn't understand the business details Carol seemed to want to assail me with. It was her business now, I thought. How much damage could her father really have done to an important enterprise like the von Hitte group of companies?

Carol stood and came after me as I went down my row of dresses, looking for something really womanly

and elegant to wow her with. She raised her eyebrows in surprise at all the fine female clothes I had, looking at the designer labels on several that Mama had bought me. "No pants or pantsuits?" she asked.

I shook my head. Somehow, they didn't seem right for a person as feminine in her mannerisms as me.

"Pity," Carol said, her voice suddenly odd. I looked at her sharply as I selected a little black dress which would mould itself to my figure when I put it on. "I do need Erich von Hitte, you see," she said. "For just a little while. To acknowledge the birth of his child."

## **XIX. CAROL'S HUSBAND**

I have never had a shock like that in my life. I stared at her wildly. I was stupefied. It couldn't be true. It was a joke. Carol couldn't be pregnant. I couldn't become a father!

"That dress will be absolutely charming on you," Carol said, standing. "I think with a little styling, your hair..." She reached out to me.

"Carol!" I cried. "I couldn't have done that! I mean, we didn't, and, and I can't, I can't have done that!"

"Well, we could, we did, we have," said Carol, taking the curling iron Mama had bought for me but that I had-

n't used. She directed me to sit at my dresser and began to work on my hair with a comb and brush while the iron heated. I collapsed on wobbly legs, the touch of her hand on my bare shoulders making me feel quite weak.

"Oh, Carol," I agonized. "What have we done?"

"It's very simple," Carol said as she backcombed my short hair, teasing out the sides over my ears. "We made a baby, which I am not going to get rid of. I want my husband to help me raise the child."

"I can't!" I exclaimed, thinking only of myself. I was a woman. I couldn't be a *father*.

"You'll have to," Carol said, turning me away from the mirror so that she could apply my makeup base. She worked on me, smiling all the time, making bone-chilling remarks such as that she was sure I'd make an excellent father. She described the activities I'd have to go through to be a proper father. I felt physically sick as she did my eyes, heavy on grey and silver mascara.

I glanced at the mirror as she reached for rouge and lipstick. I hardly believed the stylish girl was me. She lightly rouged my cheeks with brown and painted my lips. She turned me around and began to curl my hair. I couldn't believe the transformation. She layered my short hair, rough-cutting the bangs so that my hair was thick on my forehead.

Carol brushed it forward, even at the back, forward and about my ears, ignoring the long hair extensions I was still using. My hair had grown back a lot since Bavaria. With my vivid eyes, outlined in black, my eyebrows penciled in black, and my lids shining with silver, I was as stylish as any fashion model. Even the rouging made my cheeks seem thinner and more hollow as was fashionable just then.

“How, how can you do this to me?” I whispered from gorgeous, red-painted lips. “And then talk to me about being a husband?”

It was Carol’s turn to sigh. She bent and lightly kissed my soft shoulder while she reached for my cologne spray. I trembled again from her gentle touch.

“It wouldn’t work, would it?” Carol asked, sighing again. I stood, my slip quivering against my nylon-encased legs. “But I can tell you, my darling Erika, that I am not going to go through this all alone, not with the kind of family I have to support me. You are the father and I want you with me all the way. Now, let’s get you into this little, black dress. Wow! I won’t be able to wear something that sexy for a year. Your breasts are beautiful, did you know that?”

Carol kept on talking. I tried to listen to her talking about inconsequential things but I was too dumbfounded to be able to answer any of her light questions about parties and boys. All I could think of was the terrible thing I’d done. I’d got another woman pregnant! And Carol made it very clear that she was not considering ending the pregnancy. She was going to have the child. I was going to become a father! I couldn’t become a father! I hadn’t graduated from school. I hadn’t even gone all the way with one of my boyfriends yet.

I tried to be cool as I adjusted the square neck of the dress about my sensitive, aching chest. My arms were bare until Carol, still complimenting me on what a lovely girl I was, found wide slave bracelets and put them on my arms. A golden chain and rings on my fingers completed my modern look.

Carol admired my nails and how they’d grown. I was only allowed clear nail polish at school so my nails gleamed after I buffed them again. I was shaking as she

put on her high heels to go back downstairs to see Mama. I put on mine, looking in the mirror automatically. Oh, yes, the heels were high enough to make my legs look shapely, femininely shapely, like Carol's.

Carol put her hand on mine. An uneasy feeling swept through me and I shivered as I thought about what it would be like to be married to another woman. She was still smiling as she guided me down for supper.

"Don't worry, darling Erich," she murmured as we re-joined Trudi and Mama. I must have looked as if I was going to my own funeral. "We'll work something out that will leave you in skirts and women's undies."

It was a strained supper to say the least although Mama and Trudi were most enthusiastic over my new look. I was miserable, however, all night long. I could only think how badly I'd let Mama down. I wasn't thinking about the baby that would be born. I was only hoping that the manipulative Carol was trying to deceive me. If she was pregnant, and she might not be, I thought truculently, the baby was probably someone else's, anyone else's, but it couldn't be mine.

In my room, Frau Duissen had rearranged my dresser and chest of drawers to set another bed beside mine. She had also moved my lovely bed away from the wall so that the new bed was beside mine as if they were twin beds. Carol smiled and pushed our beds together. Her cases in my room as if she belonged there with me. Mama had kissed me goodnight downstairs, making me realize that she wasn't going to come up to tuck me in as she had every night since I'd been home.

"Let me undress you," whispered Carol, turning the lights down and moving close to me.

Her hands went around my waist. I felt weirdness all over, a tightness in my breasts and at my groin, but I did-

n't resist when Carol put her head against mine and hugged me. I felt her soft lips on mine. A lightning charge went through me, as she held me, her breasts against mine. I felt her hand on the zipper on my dress and my bra was tightening.

"The baby," I murmured as Carol kissed my neck and I was engulfed in her Chanel.

She laughed. "It's not going to hurt her now. Only in the last month," Carol said, her mouth kissing the side of my face.

"Her?" I gasped. The idea of a daughter of my own was so novel, I shuddered, suddenly thinking of all the times I had dreamed of being a wife. But I had always known that I could never have children after I was operated on. Mama had said that once I was married, I and my husband would have to adopt so that she could be a real grandmother. Now, Carol was saying that I would have a part in actually making a grandchild for Mama. No, she was saying that I already had.

"With the two of us as we are, how could it be anything else but a girl?" Carol asked with a smile, slipping my dress away from my body. I felt heat in my groin. Strangely, I wanted to make love to Carol, or rather to have her make love to me. I reached out and kissed her. Surprised, she snuggled into me, her hand caressing my tender breasts, and kissed me back.

We fell into bed and desperately began to make love. Carol seemed to know exactly where to touch me and when to have me jumping in delight with her caresses of my aroused breasts and along my inner thighs. I was frantic to get out of my clothes and to have her out of hers.

I didn't think that she was the mother of my child. I couldn't have been man enough to father a child. I could understand why Carol was insisting that I have a role,

however bizarre, in the life of this child, saying that over and over to me. I was her husband after all. There was something in the will about consummating our marriage. Well, a child would be proof of that, wouldn't it?

I couldn't help but love her for trying to make me think that I had attachments to her baby. I could feel Carol being aroused touching me, particularly my breasts after she released me from my tight bra. It was enjoyable to have her again making love to me and so I gave in to her everywhere. Strangely, I went into ecstasy myself the more I cooperated with her.

I don't know if I took off my own bra and panties. If I didn't, I was willing and went along with whatever my loving wife was doing. That thought made me want to giggle all the time. Of course, Carol was not my real wife. She couldn't be. But she was acting very much, I thought, like a lesbian. But I didn't want to be that! Still, we were joined, my gaff gone, soft, feminine bodies wriggling and writhing about each other. For a time, in my frenzied state, I couldn't tell if I was in her or she was in me, so blissful did I feel.

I told her I loved her as I quivered in her arms, our bare legs intertwined, beneath my covers, so tight that we could barely move, our dresses, jewelry and undies long since discarded. I didn't tell her that I had been fantasizing that it was Gerhard whom I was in bed with, Gerhard who I had been making love to, Gerhard who had been thrusting me down into the pillows, hurting me a little as we joined.

"Should I believe you?" Carol whispered back.

"What?" I asked, terrified that she knew I was fantasizing to be able to make it with her.

"I told you I loved you when we made love in my bed," Carol said softly. "You didn't believe me, did you?"

Or you wouldn't have run back here to be a girl. I don't say it lightly, Erika, as you do. When I say I love you, I mean that I love you."

"You love me!" I gasped. I tried to sit up but she tickled my breasts and rolled over on top of me again, her mouth on mine, her tongue exploring me hungrily, savagely in fact. Again, when she began to move rhythmically with me, I felt it was she inside me, making every fiber of my body scream with ecstasy. I was only dimly aware that it was the other way around, but it made no difference. We both gasped and cried aloud as we came, her thighs riding over mine, our breasts fondling each other's. It seemed like hours before our passion faded enough and we went to sleep.

## **XX. HUSBAND AND SCHOOLGIRL**

I had to get up in the morning to go to school, which made Carol laugh. She let me put on my panties and bra before she came up behind me wearing my nightie. She put her hands on my firming breasts and began to kiss my hair and shoulders. I had put my wig back on and secured it properly. I longed for the day when my hair would be long enough again to flow down my back.

"D-Don't," I gasped, as her hands squeezed me and then ran down my slender body. "I-I'll be late for school."

Carol giggled. "My husband the pretty schoolgirl," she whispered, caressing my hips, flicking the garters on my garter belt against my thighs while I squirmed with pleasure.

I turned and we kissed. It was just as rousing as the night before. I thought of staying in bed and making love all day to another woman. That scared me. Perhaps I was a lesbian as I had been called several times by boys I wouldn't let get into my panties. I would, of course, let

Carol into my panties. So, perhaps, I thought wildly, I was a lesbian after all.

Carol caressed me gently, smiling away. It seemed that she wanted me to stay home and make love but Trudi's knock on the door and her voice asking me if I was going to school that day brought me back to my senses.

"Yes," I called back huskily as I squeezed Carol's hand between my legs.

"Stay," whispered Carol, lust in her eyes and manner.

"I-I can't," I said, luxuriating in her touches. I explained that I had to graduate to do anything, to have any chance at a career. I'd already missed so much time in Bavaria and the first exams were only days away.

"You really don't have to work, ever," Carol said, stretching out lazily in my nightie. Her breasts wobbled right in front of my eyes as I hastily put on my stockings and attached them to my garter belt. She retreated to my bed and ogled me. I had to smooth my stockings over my legs again to get the seams straight as I attached them again to my garter belt.

"I do," I said hesitantly. "I gave it all up, Carol, remember, all the money?"

"Yes, you did, didn't you?" Carol laughed, putting her little, flat briefcase on my dressing table. She opened it. There they were, all the agreement papers I'd signed for Dr. Tollberg.

"What?" was all that I managed to say. Carol smiled, her auburn hair so marvelously ruffled about her head. She showed them to me. Then she did the most unexpected thing she could possibly have done. Carol tore them up and dumped them back in her briefcase.

"No, don't do that!" I cried, appalled at what she was doing but Carol kept on smiling at me.

"You don't think you're getting away from me that easily, do you, my darling husband?" she asked. "No, darling Erika, it's not going to be easy for you ever to get away from me, not after what you've done to me."

Carol's words scared me. I stopped and looked at her, knowing that I was dressed just in my white panties, white cotton bra and tan stockings.

"You'll need to wear more than that to school, my darling little schoolgirl," Carol said sarcastically. I heard Trudi's voice again calling to me to hurry up if I was really going to school.

Flustered, I put on a fresh slip, a nylon shortie, mid-thigh in length, and skipped around the other unused bed to get into my closet.

"You know that I can't run the banks and the companies as you can," I stammered to Carol. "The Countess trained you for years in how to run such companies. Just because she had some strange idea of blood being thicker than water; well, it isn't. You should have the von Hitte wealth and fortune. You'd know how to use it."

Carol totally ignored me as she watched me frantically putting on a skirt and clean blouse for school.

"You and I will be going to the clinic together when I have the baby," Carol said, stretching out and watching me lazily, looking delectably female and wanton as she smiled at me. "I'll find us a house here if you want to go to the Technical University as Erika Buren. You'll still be able to visit your mother whenever you want."

I dabbed on my anti-perspirant and moisturized my face for a second time since I arose. We were allowed a little makeup in our last year, but it had to be that, a little.

My hands shook as I thought of going to a clinic with Carol, having to tell people that I was the father of her child. The girl hastily outlining her eyes and darkening her lashes looked nothing like a father to me.

“I have to ask you,” began Carol, but what she had to ask was suddenly interrupted. She stopped, trembled, gurgled, looked like she was going to die, then got to her feet and ran to the bathroom. She threw up for over ten minutes. I know. I stood there and timed her, knowing I was late for school by then but I couldn’t just leave her, could I? It wasn’t pretty. Carol pushed me away when I moved towards her and went to try to help her, though I didn’t know quite what to do.

Finally Carol said, “Go, go,” to me. I scampered away, fastening my shortest skirt about my wide hips. They’d changed with me from all the pills I took from Mama. They were rounded and fleshy as a woman’s hips should be. I really liked swinging them as I walked. I knew from the times I’d seen myself that they were one of the femmiest things about me as Erika.

I touched my lips with color and my thin-shaped eyebrows with a little brown. I added a little eyeliner pencil to my purse as that was all I could do for school. A ribbon clipped behind the bangs in my hair disguised what the pins and hair extension were really doing.

“This is what you’ve done to me,” Carol said crossly, ashen-faced and drawn, as she came from the bathroom and crawled into the bed brought into my room for her.

I found my low heels and slipped them on my stocking feet, weird feelings making me fumble with my purse. Carol really was pregnant and I was the cause of it! I couldn’t think of myself as a father without a sensation of nausea threatening to overcome me.

“What can I do?” I asked her tentatively.

Carol gave me one of her wry smiles, pulling the sheets up about her. "Oh, you're going to do plenty," she said, shivering a little. "I still have to ask you if your breasts ever leak. Do they? I understand some transsexuals are so heavily on hormones that they make milk. Do yours?"

I gasped and shuddered. "N-No!" I exclaimed.

Carol nodded. "We'll have to find out how we can get your lovely breasts to lactate, my sweet girl," she said. She grinned at my obvious discomposure at such a topic.

"Breastfeeding is always best for the baby. I certainly don't intend to be incapacitated for years doing that, even if it is for the best. You have breasts like me. You want to be a woman. You can help out."

I reeled from my bedroom, my cheeks flaming. I left the hotel without breakfast. I was stunned for want of a better word with what Carol had said to me. I was late and had to attend after-school detention. I hardly registered the smarmy look on Miss Spiteful's face, Miss Scheiderfel's face, I mean, that I was in detention with her.

It took me three classes during which I heard not a word from the learned doctor-teachers until I had calmed down enough to consider what Carol had said to me rationally. Me, breastfeeding a baby! I couldn't! But women did it all the time. And I was a woman, wasn't I? I kept telling myself. Strange feelings swept over me.

For perhaps the first time in my life, I really had to think about whether I was a woman or not. I was a woman, part of me shouted out. Not really, another part of me said. If you are a woman, one part said, what you are doing with Carol in bed is a perversion. No, it isn't, argued another part of me. Only if you have the operation, that voice told me, would it be wrong. When I thought

about Gerhard, I felt like crying even more. Well, women do, don't they? Cry a lot.

Several people during the day asked me what was wrong when I trembled at some of my most sexual thoughts and the longings they brought about. I didn't want to go home and face Carol, Trudi, and Mama with the questions they would have of me and the decisions they would want me to make.

Luckily, when I got back to Hotel Grunewald, Carol wasn't there. Soon I was sobbing and pouring my heart out to Mama. As ever, she wasn't shocked by what I said. She just held out her arms to me. I was enveloped in her warmth and love as I had been as a little girl.

"Well," Mama said at last, almost complacent as I admitted to her all the sins that I had committed as Erich von Hitte. "I didn't think you could possibly impregnate a woman with what Dr. Kurst prescribed. We'll have to go and see him again. I'm sure we can get that corrected and have you lactating. I never did breastfeed my beautiful daughters, of course. But I think it would be a wonderful thing for a woman like you to do that."

"Mama!" I gasped, quivering with anxiety at her words. "You can't think that I could do that. It's not my baby, and besides, I'm not completely a girl!"

"Not yet," Mama said with an understanding smile, patting my soft, feminine hands. "Oh, you will almost certainly have to supplement Carol's and your baby's diet with cow's milk. But they're so much happier, babies are, if they can suckle, even for just a little bit!"

"Mama!" I shrieked at her again, going hot all over at the thought of me breastfeeding. It was too absurd for words.

"As for this Gerhard fellow, let me tell you something," Mama said, touching my stockinged knees affec-

tionately. "If he loves you, he'll be around. It's not as if we are hiding out in Berlin. I want to meet him. I want to see what kind of father he'd be to my granddaughter."

"Mother!" I snapped, my cheeks flaming as she went on about me marrying Gerhard when all this business with Carol was over.

Mama smiled broadly as she always did whenever I called her that. She knew how much she had shocked me. "You do intend to marry a man at some time in your life, don't you, my darling Erika? I was talking to Carol about you in Bavaria and she said that this man had taken you out more than once and that you seemed to like him a lot. Carol thought you would marry him if he asked you to. I think that I ought to meet the gentleman before he asks my daughter to marry him, don't you?"

Carol came into our sitting room at that point and Mama repeated what she'd said to me about breastfeeding. Carol didn't dismiss what Mama said at all. Carol wasn't embarrassed in the least to discuss her husband doing the most intimate tasks for her as a woman.

"The breastfeeding was just something I heard about. I don't even know if it's true," Carol astounded me by saying. "But if it is, we'll have to try and make sure that Erika is one of the lucky ones and can be a real mother to our baby, right?"

Then Carol smiled at me and I felt a cold chill go through me. Mama asked her how long she was going to stay with us. Carol told us she had business in Bonn and Munich in the next few weeks but she would stay over the weekend and see me off to school on Monday before she left again. Without even asking me, Mama promised Carol that I would see Dr. Kurst while she was away. I vowed to myself I wouldn't go near him, but of course I did.

Continued as *Mama's Experienced Daughter*

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