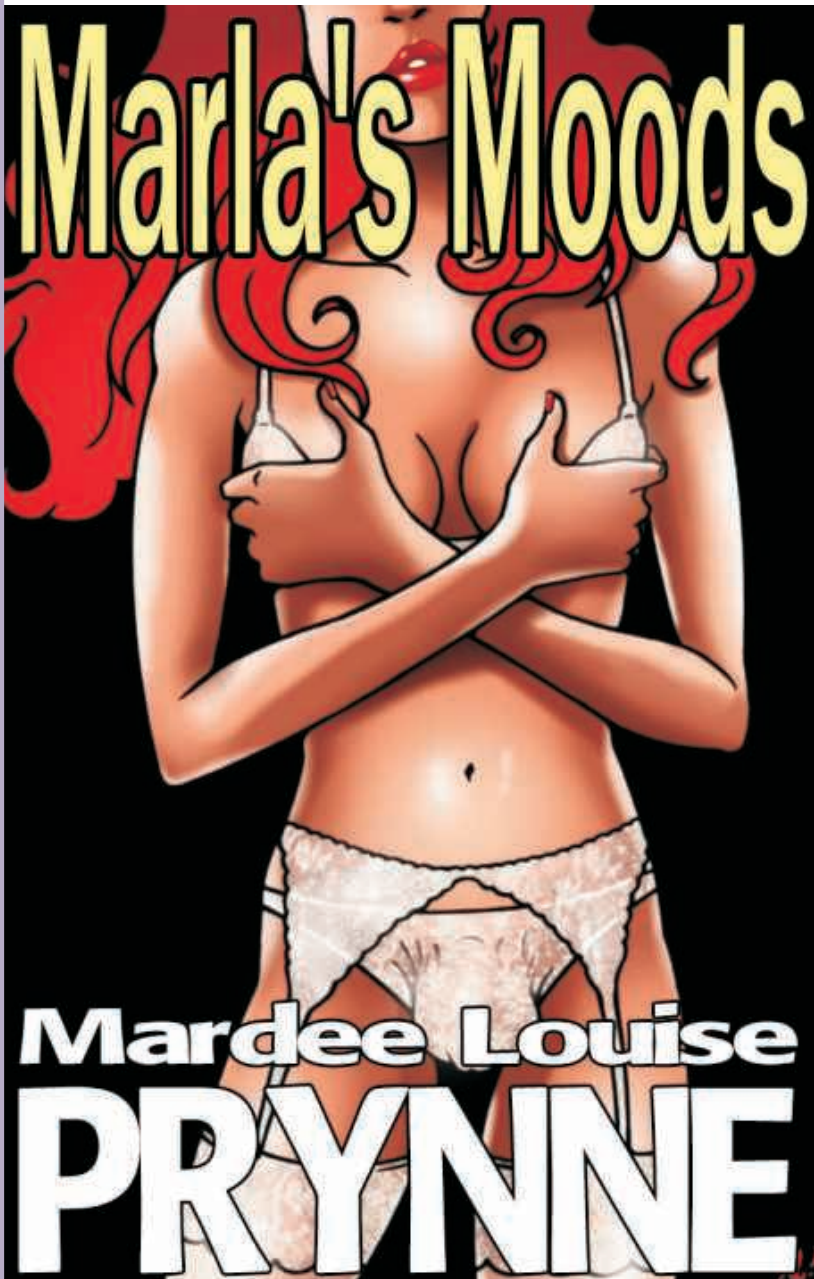


Marla's Moods



Mardee Louise
PRYNNNE

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MARLA'S MOODS

By Mardee Louise Prynne

PROLOGUE

Eddie was so very uncomfortable being called Ed but he accepted it all the same. Back in high school everyone called him Eddie. During the eventful half year between completing his course requirements and the graduation ceremony, the name Edie had become attached to him and he loved it. He tolerated being Ed during his stint in the United States Navy. There was little choice unless he wanted his transvestite proclivities to become known. That would have been a guarantee of disaster.

Garth Landow was likely the one who had smoothed his way to the best assignments. Garth had also given

Edie her first taste of the power a woman, even one as young and inexperienced as Edie, a girl with that something extra can exert over a man. Eddie wasn't unhappy that Garth's contacts with him had become limited to very occasional phone calls from pay phones or from the apartments of what Garth called "intimate and trustworthy friends."

That was okay with Eddie. There was, he had been told, reason to fear Garth Landow.

Eddie avoided showing as much as a hint of his femme persona except when he visited Leah, his older sister, in New York. Even then it was never in public places but only at cocktail parties given by Leah and a close circle of her friends. Naval security or even the FBI might be looking over Edie's shoulder at any time.

The very real concern that Edie might be discovered didn't keep either Eddie or Edie from staying in touch with Leah and the few friends Edie had back in New York. It was always Eddie who wrote and it was to Eddie that the replies were written. The content was bland enough on the surface but served to keep Eddie well enough informed of the progress of La Boutique Boheme. The phone calls that Edie made to New York were always from pay phones located far from USN facilities.

Eddie's need to protect Edie from the curious and possibly treacherous people around him led him to settle for an all but non-existent social life in the DC area. Concerts, visits to museums and lectures on his own were it except for an occasional cup of coffee or few beers after hours with a couple of the guys with whom he felt comfortable.

He kept in close touch with Rick, Leah, and Rhonda Landow by taking the train to New York every time had more than forty-eight hours away from his assignment.

Often during Eddie's visits to New York, Edie reappeared.

Assigned to the Washington DC area, his duties as a typist clerk/medical transcriber kept him from becoming bored. Ed was promoted to petty officer third class in record time. The downside was that he began to envy the hospital corps personnel, especially the nurses and aides, both male and female. Not that he didn't wear whites on duty; it was that he didn't get to flirt by bending or kneeling to deliberately show off panty lines!

A few of the more sophisticated officers and enlisted personnel noticed that as Ed became more comfortable on the job, his sitting posture, especially when taking shorthand, became more femme. The occasional lustful glances from some of the staff reassured him that Edie had not lost her ability to attract and control both men and women. His uncanny ability to sense what was then called "sexual inversion" in others gave him the confidence to wink or flash an enticing smile at just the right moment. It was always a thrill when the person ogling him lasciviously looked away in embarrassment.

Some few who were drawn to him in this way were driven enough to chat him up and hint at a date. He always refused. Well, almost always! He never failed to imply a hint of encouragement, just enough to keep them coming back for more.

As Eddie's discharge date neared, he was promoted to second class petty officer as an enticement to ship over. No, but thank you all the same.

* * *

Contrary to custom Eddie declined an evening of toasting to his success in the civilian world. Since he was

to be discharged the next morning he saw no harm in agreeing to drinks and dinner with a hospital corpsman who was as much a loner as he was. Eddie somehow knew that Marlon kept to himself for the same reasons he himself did. Surely something might happen between them but what possible consequences could come of it when he would be a civilian in about eighteen hours?

Eddie almost showed up as Eddie prepared for what he hoped would be a date. His choice of clothing screamed off duty military although officer rather than enlisted, or maybe just out of college. Tan trousers, blue oxford cloth shirt and navy blue blazer along with cordovan penny loafers were quietly masculine. All this had been laid out the evening before.

He smiled as he opened the gift package Carol Lee had given him on his last visit to New York. Body wash, shampoo, conditioner; bland enough items but just feminine enough that he dared not be seen buying them in DC.

Nude now, he rested his foot on the bathtub edge as he smoothed the shaving cream over his wet skin. Shaving his legs was not a necessity given his naturally sparse body hair. It was simply a thrill to engage in this simple task that real girls found so ordinary and which Eddie reveled in for its sensuality.

With an eye toward shaving his underarms, he laid the razor and shaving cream on the shelf on the shower. *No, not yet*, he thought. *Never know what might happen, who might see something. Better play it safe at least until I get back home.* Eddie, who was straining to be acknowledged, was consoled by being allowed to tweeze her eyebrows before showering.

The gift from Vera Lawsine was still wrapped when Eddie took off his robe and opened the dresser drawer.

He smiled, pleased for the umpteenth time that he had, at Vera's urging, rented this tiny apartment in Georgetown. He was shocked to find that Vera was paying his rent "for the sake of mental health."

It was no surprise that the gift box contained three pairs of panties. The white wouldn't attract attention even if someone glimpsed them in the gents. No one could possibly notice the absence of a fly.

Edie was making her presence felt as the mirror smiled back at the elated soon to be discharged sailor. The cotton clung to his hips and to his shapely, well proportioned bottom. The outline of his circumcised cockhead through the very innocent styled panties added to the androgynous allure of the still boyish twenty-one year old. In profile the curve created by his balls made Edie's attractions even more unique. A pity no one that evening would have the opportunity to appreciate the very seductive look under the lackluster, unimaginative and conventional male combination that concealed just a bit of Edie. But then again, sans male outer wear, it would be more than just a bit of Edie that might materialize.

Damn! It's more than two years since I fist dressed, openly dressed as a girl and I still don't know how far I want to go with being Edie. Sometimes panties are more than enough. More and more it's that I'm attracted to cute femme guys. Maybe I'm meant to be Eddie and have affairs with girls like Edie. Just how do I know for sure?

* * *

MARLON'S DIARY

Dear Diary:

I promised to see Eddie tomorrow night. Everyone calls him Ed but Eddie sounds so much cuter and it suits him so much better. He's just so neat!

I've decided to telephone Mother and ask her, beg her if I have to, to let me come home and talk with her and Daddy. It might be better to write to her but I think I'll call. Forcing me to join the navy hasn't taught me to be a man, only how to bury Marla deeper and deeper so that by now she's suffocating. I'm horribly depressed and need desperately to talk with someone or I'll go mad.

Eddie is my only hope. Maybe he'll like me the way that boys like girls. I swear I'm never going to throw myself at him until I'm sure; although that would be so sexy, so exciting. It's just that I'm scared of what might happen to me if...always that if. It's just so hateful

An inspiration! There are ways to drop hints and see how Eddie responds.

That's all for now. I have so much more to say but I do have to get ready to meet Eddie.

* * *

PREPARATIONS

The slender figure pulled the terry robe tightly across her chest and shuddered. Marl was what the few friends he had growing up called him. It suited both Marlon and Marla; Marl was a safely androgynous name that didn't shout femme. Marla was unequivocally a name reserved for female and as much as Marl longed to live as female, it would have been suicidal to adopt a femme name.

The dark cloud of impending depression had passed and now Marl was hopeful, perhaps too hopeful. He took a yellow nylon panty from the bottom dresser drawer,

laid it on the bathroom vanity surface and then studied his won movements in the large mirror

As she shrugged the robe from his shoulders and let it slide to the floor. The slim body retained the dancer's firmness he had developed in high school. Pleased that his breasts were still those of a younger boy, he resolved to start taking herbal supplements to help them develop female contours. *And not like those silly cows that so many guys got hot over. Oh, no, not I. Just enough to fill a size "A" bra cup, thank you. Well, B might not be too awful.* His fingers teased his nipples until they hardened.

Marl opened a drawer, selected a coral nail polish, rested her foot on the toilet seat and did her toe nails. That was a safe option. *He'll never know unless I'm convinced he can accept someone like me.* Then he stepped into the panties.

After hanging the terry robe on the inside of the bathroom door, Marl pulled on a flat knit tank top under shirt. Masculine enough except that it was powder blue. It wasn't a very risky choice since no one would see it so why not wear something in a color that made him feel good. (Men's underthings were still boring white in those days with the exception of boxer shorts which young men like Eddie and Marlon only wore when required to by USN uniform regulations and then those had to be white as well.)

Marl stretched the drying cord across the top of the tub/shower enclosure then took the drying rack from the closet and set it up in the tub. Stockings in practical skin tone shades along with a pair of very sheer very black stockings were hung on the cord as if left to dry. Some cotton panties and a cami graced the rack. *Oh, why not? My panty girdle might be just the thing to turn him on.*

Marla was quite used to the feel of feminine underthings in his hands and on his body but as he thought this display might be the start of an affair, he began to get hard. He fantasized about undressing with Eddie as each gave himself to the other's needs. Marl resisted the urge to jerk-off. *Save it up just in case...*

A rumble of distant thunder brought a frown to the boy/girl's face. She had started day dreaming about walking through a park, slipping her arm through Eddie's at just the right moment. A glance through the living room window showed the lightning flashes that ended the day-dream of a spontaneous hug and kiss in the dark vales of Rockwood Park. A disappointed sigh and Marl resumed dressing.

White slacks and a dark blue blouselike shirt. Black slip-on shoes that might have been meant for a man or a woman were next. Posing in front of the dresser mirror, her fingers toyed with the top buttons of the shirt. She practiced a shy smile as she opened the buttons, turned up her collar and made sure the blue tank top could be seen underneath.

The smile turned to a frown of disgust as she turned her face aside. *Why am I even bothering with this? He'll just smack me around for being what I am. It's what they all do when they find out. . That wouldn't be as bad as if he turns me in. Even though Daddy wants nothing more to do with me I just know he won't let me end up in Portsmouth Naval Prison. Mommy would divorce him if he ever let that happen. What a delicious scandal that could turn out to be!*

That thought reassured Marl enough to start putting on jewelry. A gold copy of an ancient necklace, a matching cuff bracelet along with a small birthstone ring were enough pieces of jewelry. *The necklace is much too femme; a sure give away.* It was replaced by a scarf folded around her neck and tucked into her blouse; it complemented the

slate blue of her eyes. An off white raincoat, so fashionable for college girls and boys along with a wide brimmed matching hat gave her a smart look that might make on-lookers wonder if this were a male or a female. *Let them wonder. Might be good for them to have their smug egos to be shaken up a bit.*

The phone rang as she reached into the hall closet for an umbrella. Half fearing, half anticipating it might be Eddie, she lifted the receiver.

“Marlon, it’s me Eddie. Let me pick you up in a cab or something. It’s going to pour soon.”

“My, you are sweet! But I promise I won’t melt. Say, there’s a quiet little lounge around the corner. We can meet there, have a drink and decide where to have dinner. If you don’t think I’m being forward you can come up to my place. And if you’re worried about the weather, there’s a great pizza shop on the corner. I’ll phone for a pie and you can pick it up on the way here.”

“That sounds swell bout only if I can pick up some wine. Do you like Chianti?”

* * *

EDDIE’S NARRATIVE

The Connecticut Avenue bus took me out to Chevy Chase. I followed the directions Marlon had given me over the phone. The shopping street featured a few small restaurants and an assortment of shops. The one that caught my eye was a ladies specialty shop that offered clothing and lingerie as well as foundations. The window displays were tasteful but enticing albeit much more conservative than those of La Boutique Boheme. Only the im-

pending storm kept me from window shopping for more than a minute or two; just enough time to set me wondering what it would be like to own and operate a place like this in a very middle class suburb with an undoubtedly repressed clientele which, under it all, was ready to break loose.

I stopped in the nearby liquor store, selected a bottle of Chianti Classico. As I paid for it I had this momentary fantasy of sitting in a dimly lit room. It might have been a restaurant or the dining room of somebody's home. A girl in a basic black dress sat opposite me; definitely a classy lady but that didn't keep her from being sexy and desirable. Her face was Marlon's! Maybe I had been sitting on what could have been a good thing. Nothing would have been worth it if the nosey bodies starting snooping around and we ended up with a six, six and a kick. (Six months hard labor, six months forfeiture of pay, and a dishonorable discharged.) But I was to become a civilian in about eighteen hours so anything goes.

Then I thought it wouldn't be fair to mess up Marlon's life for my own selfish fling. A night of sex wouldn't be worth the guilt I would have to carry around. The best way to handle this was to convince myself that just because Marl was short and slender didn't mean he was queer. Then why am I thinking of him as *petite*?

I picked up the pie and was in the vestibule of Marl's building just as the downpour started. The voice that answered the buzzer might have belonged to a man or a woman but that was because the two way buzzer systems distort thing terribly; or so I rationalized.

Marl looked delicious as he stood in the doorway waiting for me. The hip on which his hand rested was cocked to one side as if to call attention to the very tailored fit of the white slacks. The other hand rested at shoulder height on the doorframe. Given the soft light of

the hall and the dim light in the doorway it might have been Marl or his sister standing there.

The shudder I felt as Marl's finger tips brushed my wrist as he reached for the wine bottle was anything but unpleasant. I couldn't help thinking of Marl as a girl from that moment on. She set the still wrapped bottle of wine on the counter, opened the preheated oven and put the pizza on baking sheet to reheat. The shot hairs on the back of my neck stood up as she brushed by me. A modest twinkle in her eye made my tummy jump as her tush brushed against my hip. Was I really blushing as intensely as I felt I was?

My head was spinning as the intense emotional and physical reaction to Marl was like nothing I had ever experienced since Connie; only it wasn't exactly like I felt with Connie. Marl had set me off with all the feelings generated by Connie and Joanie together; it felt good and it felt right!

"Just the right wine for pizza. I'll open it and pour so it can breathe. We'll start with salad. Now go wash up. Bathroom's at the end of the hall."

Marl, at least in girl mood if not mode, was proving to be a take charge type. That was okay as long it stayed in balance. Of course I had no trouble finding the bathroom in that tiny apartment.

My heart sank when I saw the girl underthings and stocking drying in the bathroom. No one in any military branch would leave this stuff around when he was going to have another serviceman visit for the first time. Marl, despite all his swishy qualities had to be living with a woman! And in that tiny apartment they had to be more than just friends. The balloon that had been making me feel I was floating burst and dropped me and my mood

right down into the dump and just when I thought Marl was handing me the solution to my conundrum.

The days I spent as Edie, the very helpful sales assistant had, I believed, given me a real sense of which male customer would turn out to be a trannie and which was just a guy buying things for his female lover or perhaps his male lover. It had been a year and a half since I first noticed Marlon at the hospital at which we were both assigned. No one could mistake the small, narrow waisted boy for a macho type. But it was only over the last week or two that I came to believe he might be a trannie; wishful thinking on my part. A trannie wouldn't leave his femme undies out to be seen by someone he wasn't sure of so I gave up my hope that something romantic might happen between us. It just wasn't going to happen.

Not only wasn't there any hope for a night of romance and sex but I would go home no closer to having solved the problem of which alternative was right for me; living as an almost full time trannie or having a permanent relationship with a passable full time trannie.

It was really my fault for letting my needs take over my judgment so I was determined to be nice, polite and pleasant toward Marl. My smile was forced as I saw

Marl pouring the wine.

"I really appreciate a man like you, a man who can make something ordinary into a special occasion." She sounded like she meant it. Excuse me for being cynical.

"Thanks for the compliment but you're coming across as a class act yourself. I feel badly though, guilty really. What if your girlfriend shows up?"

Marl looked really puzzled as she put her finer tips over my mouth to shush me. Her eyes were getting watery as she took a deep breath to avoid crying.

"Eddie, whatever are you talking about. There is no girlfriend in my life, not now, not ever. Somehow I really believed, hoped you had a better sense of what I'm all about or else you wouldn't be here with someone like me."

"But all those things drying in the bathroom..."

"I deliberately left those things out for you to see, you dope. It was a way to let you know what I can be for you if you let me. Now just get out of here and we'll both forget this happened."

"No, Marl, let me have a chance so we can make this the special occasion we both want it to be."

I took her gently in my arms and kissed away the tears that were running down her face. She pulled herself together as if nothing untoward had gone on, took the pizza from the oven, lifted her wine glass and toasted, "To us and to our affair."

She started to turn away from me even as she pressed my fingers in her hand. Still halfway facing me, she stepped back and let our hands slide apart. The look on her face was anything but happy or peaceful. Marl raised her wine glass, let it linger with the rim against her lower lip, tilted it so the claret liquid touched the rim and then lapped a tiny bit with the tip of her tongue.

I drew a breath involuntarily and held it for a few seconds as I tried to anticipate what would happen next.

"Don't get any ideas," Marl challenged. "That's just the way I taste wine."

Marl dipped her fingertip into the wine and brought it to my lips. I gently sucked her finger into my mouth. "Mmm, promising! I hate men who think they have to imitate a vacuum cleaner."

That playful remark encouraged my hopes, and increased my desire for both romance and sex with Marl. It also made me feel jealous while challenging me.

She could have been teasing but it was just as likely that she had had other male lovers before. The challenge was that I would have to be a better lover than any she had known in the past.

Marl slowly pulled her finger from my mouth and then shuddered in mock revulsion. "Oh, dear! I had better wash my hands before I serve the salad."

As she started to move toward the hallway, her hand caressed my bottom and then paused, her finger tips tracing the hem of my panties. "Ooh, so sexy. And I do really mean that, Eddie."

She blew me a kiss as she turned down the hallway. Being gone for longer than necessary to wash her hands made me wonder what she was up to. Marl had created a few subtle but significant changes in those few minutes. Understated though the changes were, she had transformed herself from androgynous to being unequivocally femme.

Very light lipstick, some eye shadow and liner enhanced her naturally large, expressive eyes. She had done away with the scarf and left the top buttons of her blouse undone to reveal the picot edge of her white bra. Whether the bra was padded or Marl had used falsies, the superbly proportioned effect she had achieved was flawlessly femme. The soft curve of her skin over the edge of the bra cup made my mouth go dry. I was more convinced than ever that what I needed most in life was a lover like this perfect girl/boy. Rooted to the spot unable to move, I was mesmerized by the simple yet total transition Marl had effected.

A sad embarrassed smile played over her face. She looked down and away from me as she pushed her hair back from her forehead. "Ridiculous, aren't I?" She didn't wait for me to answer but prattled on. "I never ever felt right as a boy but my father called me ridiculous ever single time I showed the least bit of girlishness. He always said I was ridiculous, asked who would want some freak...More and more I know he was right. So very silly pretending that I could ever fit in anywhere...I tried so hard tonight but I just know how it will end. It always ends that way. Best thing for me would be to end it once and for all... Don't try to convince me otherwise..."

I grabbed her upper arms in my hands and held her as still as possible as she sobbed. "Look at me. You're nothing of the sort. Forget all the lies you were told about yourself." It was my turn to chatter away with every supportive and flattering line I could think of. Marla's sobbing slowed down as she looked up at me.

"Eddie, I'm sorry I'm ruining your evening. Forget the last fifteen minutes or however long my outburst lasted. We'll have our pizza and finish the wine. If you don't think I'm too revolting then maybe we can have sex. After all, you'll be on your way home this time tomorrow so you'll never have to look at me again..."

My hand was gently over her mouth as I spoke softly. "Marl, honey, I don't want to have sex with you. What I want is for us to make love together. There's a difference."

A mischievous light appeared in Marl's eyes, eyes still moist with tears. I yelped as a sharp pain shot through my hand. Marl had bitten me! "How can I tell you how much I need you to make love to me when you have that paw over my mouth? But I need to take this slowly, be sure that you're not giving in to an impulse. And I just know we're both going to need a lot of energy for whatever happens."

We had just about emptied the first glass of wine when we finished the salad. The quizzical look on Marl's face had perturbed me since we sat down to eat.

"Marl, there's something about me that's troubling you. What is it?"

"Am I that obvious? Of course I am or you wouldn't have asked me that. You left for New York every chance you got. Did you break off with her or were you the one who was dumped?"

"I know I want to give myself to you but the thought of never seeing you again, especially knowing you've gone back to your girlfriend...would kill me."

"Marla...Oh, hell! That slipped out..."

"Don't apologize! Just don't. Since I was in high school I've been dreaming some guy would call me that and not be making fun of me. The catch is that I never expected from a guy who's two timing his girl back home."

"Marla, there is no one else; not here and not back home. Give me chance to prove it to you. Come up to New York when you have seventy-two hour liberty and I'll show you the place I helped set up; a kind of oddball, classy fashion boutique but it caters to girls like you by appointment."

Marla listened intently as I told her about my feelings for Connie although I somehow felt it better to leave Joanie for some future conversation.

"I swear I'm not trying to find a, a special, yeah that's the word, a special girl to take Connie's place. She opened me up to a whole universe of possibilities so I owe that snob that much at least. Maybe we both owe her because if she hadn't opened y eyes we wouldn't be together now and I wouldn't be falling for you."

Marla looked contemplative. Although she was facing me her eyes were seeing something a thousand miles or a thousand years away from where we were. She came back to the here and now as she got to her feet, walked toward me, tilted my face toward hers, and kissed me. It wasn't a long deep kiss but it was full of trust and promise.

"Oh, gosh! I wish I had the confidence to have a worn a dress." Marla's giggle was like the soft sound of a wind chime on a spring day. "If you don't mind cold pizza, I'll excuse myself. Back in two shakes." Her walk was femme but without the exaggeration that turns so many otherwise convincing trannies into poor parodies of femininity. And yet there were enough intangibles about Marla that, while she could pass anywhere, reassured me she had sine qua non that made her the kind of girl I knew I needed.

Glancing over her shoulder as she turned down the hallway, she called out "How about topping off our glasses?" Who was I to disagree with a desirable girl?

* * *

MARLA'S DIARY

Dear Diary:

Eddie is so keen. I know he's sincere and really wants me. In just a few hours he erased all the mistrust and fear built up over my whole life. I knew I had to pleasure him so that he would be hot enough to cut loose and do all the things I've always needed. Well, maybe not all since this was our first tryst. There I go using big words again. I would love to finish college but it won't be at Daddy's old school. That was bad enough the first time. It has to be a

women's college next time and not Mommy's; I need to be my own woman.

Anyhow, I was in such a hurry to get into a dress that I was unbuttoning my blouse as soon as my back was to Eddie. I just had to get back to Eddie while he was still turned on enough to have sex with me. Unless that awful snob Connie and that silly boutique wee just lies I had no doubt he would know how to pleasure me in ways even I hadn't dreamed of.

My blouse was flung onto the bed as soon as I was through my bedroom door. Literally kicking off my shoes, I undid the zipper on my slacks and wiggled out of them.

This was no time to worry about matching my underthings so I just grabbed a garter belt and a pair of stocking from my dresser.

I stood narcissistically in front of my full length mirror in hopes of further arousing myself as I lowered my panties to the top of my thighs and fastened the garter belt. I slid the straps under my panties and pulled them into place. The panty was just tight enough to show that I was circumcised yet not so tight as to make me seem slutty I turned, inspected my tush. The semicircular seam of the gusset would, I was certain, make me even more irresistible to Eddie considering that was the only he could penetrate me to end my virginity.

Giving up my virginity to a cute guy had been my dream ever since I figured out that girls like me could literally fuck. Oh, sure I knew it might be painful the first few times but I also knew I would love it!

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I rolled the stocking and slipped it over my foot. Unlike the hundreds of times I practiced this simple everyday act that real girls surely take for granted, practice in which I slowly moved the filmy nylon over my leg to entice the lover I who existed

only in my fantasy, I moved as quickly as I could. Clipping only one garter clasp to the stocking, I donned the second one in a similar slow yet erotic manner.

On my feet now, I smoothed the nylon until it was as wrinkle free as my skin, snapped the second garter tabs into place and stepped into my black patent t-straps. Turning to study the overall effect in the mirror, my heel caught in my slacks which were left on the floor. I lifted my foot to kick the slacks aside and fell hard on my bottom knocking over a chair as I went down.

I looked up to see Eddie standing in the doorway. "Let me help you up, okay?"

"Of course it's okay. Why wouldn't it be?"

He lifted me onto the bed and checked my ankle to see if I was hurt which, dignity aside, I was definitely not. Meanwhile Eddie sat on the edge of the bed with my calf resting across his thighs as he massaged my ankle.

"What happened?"

"Oh, Eddie, I feel so stupid. I wanted to look and feel like a girl for you but I was afraid you'd lose interest if I took too long so I hurried and tripped myself up."

As I talked he leaned over me and looked into my eyes in a way that made me uncomfortable.

"Eddie, you're scaring me looking at me like that. Why are you doing it?"

"Just looking for signs of concussion."

Taking advantage of his nearness, I put my arms around his shoulders, pulled him on top of me and covered his mouth with mine. His chest was against my bra and I could tell the silky-smooth feel of the cups had made his nipples as hard my own. He raised himself onto his knees but kept close enough that his panty covered cock was in contact with my tummy.

Eddie reached between my legs and cupped my balls in his soft, firm hand. Even through the gossamer nylon of my panty his finger tips sent gentle waves of sexual promise through my groin. Another kiss, deeper, longer and more probing than the first. Again, Eddie moved his mouth away leaving me whimpering, begging for more.

I reacted with a screech as his tongue danced over my tummy tantalizing me via my belly-button. Quivering with anticipation, I raised my hips as he slid my panties to my ankles leaving my cock pointing at the ceiling. My legs spread wide as I pulled my feet toward my hips. Eddie was knelt between my thighs, ran his tongue along the underside of my dick from base to rim, then sat up and looked at me with what I prayed was admiration, love, and lust all at once.

He was at my side now, caressing what would have been my breasts had I been a real girl. Nevertheless the slow movement of his fingers over my padded bra was thrilling. I sat up, reached behind me and unhooked the bra. His mouth gaped in awe as I massaged my tiny breasts. Almost non-existent for a girl, my tiny mounds and prominent nipples caused me no end of embarrassment in high school and in Navy boot camp.

I hated them all the more because they would have been cute on a girl but were so humiliating on me as a boy. But now for the first time I exalted in my tiny boobs as my lover stared in surprised adulation. A chill of excitement ran through me as his fingers circled my nipples until they were as erect and as swollen as my cock. Then he leaned over me, tongued my tits as his hand massaged my balls.

Eddie kissed my scrotum, licked his way over my thighs and between my legs to that sensitive I didn't even know existed, that source of pleasure undiscovered by most guys. Thank goodness there were no other apart-

ments adjacent to my bedroom or else the neighbors would have surely complained. I twitched and writhed as my lover's tongue traced the rim of my cockhead, enveloped the head. Electricity was building in me as he swallowed my entire shaft. "Fuck me, fuck me," I screamed, "No, no don't stop, don't stop!" My moans crescendoed as I came loudly and long while only vaguely aware that my lover was swallowing every drop of my cum.

"Delicious, that's what you are." Eddie looked like the proverbial cat that swallowed the canary.

"Am I? How can be sure unless you've sampled other girls' wares?" I meant only to tease this cute gut who had given my first sexual experience but I had struck a nerve, my own. It was a sure bet that to be this good at oral sex Eddie had to really on both instinct and experience.

Even as we cuddled in the rare combination of warmth and exhilaration that follows intense, meaningful love making, I knew that I was going to enjoy sex as often as I could get it and give it even if my affair with Eddie ended then and there. Kissing his lips tenderly and playfully I asked, "Why didn't you fuck me when I begged you?"

"Marla, honey, you're a classy lady, an all-American girl so coarse words like "fuck" don't fit the image. They're okay on arty types and tramps but neither type is you.

"Sure I want to go all the way with you but it's not going to be a quickie. When you're out we can go to some quiet inn on a lake in Connecticut and walk in the woods during the day and make love all night long."

I slapped his face, told him he was a prude, a selfish prude for not wanting to do what I needed after he did what he needed. Then I told him to leave.

Was that stupid or smartly independent? Only time will tell

Diary, this is a very long entry and more than enough for tonight; besides I'm going to cry.

PS

I still think Eddie is pretty neat.

* * *

EDDIE'S NARRATIVE

Giving head to Marla was incredible. She responded to touch with an innocence sense of discovery that convinced me she had never been with a guy before. I hated like hell to leave her since it was pretty obvious she was overwrought. It seemed she needed to cling to that moment of discovery and to me as if her life depended on it. If she had any awareness of how cute and attractive she was, she would have known she was serious competition to any real girl when it came to attracting guys even guys who weren't the least bit queer.

When it came time to say good night we stood in the doorway with our arms around each other, her head resting on my chest.

"I guess this is it..."

"Not if you don't want it to be. Marla, I swear I'm going to write to you and phone you whenever I can. I promised you that weekend in the country where you can give me your cherry in a dreamy, tender mood."

"That's a stupid thing to say. Girls like me don't have a cherry so just stop patronizing me and get out of my sight!"

This wasn't her first sudden change of mood that night but it was the most extreme. A moment before her face was almost beatific as she looked up at me longingly. Now she literally shoved me away.

"Marla, honey, I mean every word I say..."

Of course you do but you're fooling no one but yourself. This thing we have going between us is going to end horribly so let's just avoid the pain and call it quits right from the get go. And you can hate me for dumping you which is fine with me; better than me hating you for dumping me after the novelty wears off."

I reached out, grabbed her wrist and drew her to me in a misguided attempt to calm her. Tears were running down her cheeks as she finished her rant. Her mouth opened as I planted a passionate kiss on her. It was she who broke the kiss this time.

"Eddie, you're too nice a guy for someone like me. Please go now."

"Goodnight, Marl. Too bad we couldn't get anything going between us. Might have been special while it lasted."

I turned to leave, paused for a few seconds and walked toward the stairway. It wasn't easy keep from looking back at her.

"You can write to me if you like," she called to me as I neared the stairs. That was no reason to turn back. "Or you can call me."

Kiddo, I thought to myself, you really had me going for a while. No, like you said, it could only end horribly. I have no idea what your problem is but it isn't just being a girl with a dick...I may be a sucker for admitting it but I swear I'm not going to let you go.

Once outside I saw the rain had stopped and the sky had cleared. I was surprised that it wasn't even 8:30 according to the clock in a shop window. A lot had happened in the two hours since my bizarre visit with Marlon or Marla had started. Maybe it was her lonely vulnerability but I wasn't about to give up on her. I tried hard to convince myself that she needed my protection; but from what? From nothing but her own selfish machinations. All her agitation was coming from within her and it had a purpose. It enabled her to control me and anyone else she needed to serve her needs.

* * *

The final paperwork was ready at 0900 hours and Eddie was given a handshake and his DD214 by ten AM and sent on his way. He had a reservation for New York on an early train the next day and planned to spend the rest of the day packing and cleaning out his apartment. But first he wanted to say good-bye to some of the staff who had been closer acquaintances than most. No, that wasn't it. He was hoping to catch one more glimpse of Marlon in his whites. Funny thing, though. Marlon wasn't on duty.

* * *

MARLA'S DIARY

Dear Diary:

This is the last entry that I'll make for a long time. It might even be the last entry I'll ever make.

I really messed up with Eddie. It's a mystery to me why I couldn't just loosen up enough keep from rejecting

him. Maybe it's because I hate men and want to hurt them and since I can't do it physically I have to do try to break their hearts. Getting back at Daddy is what my shrink used to call it.

I really did try to come across like a real man and a good son when I phoned Mommy after Eddie left.

Then I asked to speak to Daddy. What a mistake. All that did was give him another opportunity to berate me for every little thing that I've ever done. He went into a rage when all I said was "Hi Dad, this is your son." I wanted to tell him that I was going to try to be more like what he needed me to be and he yelled "How dare you claim to be my son?" It was horrible. He blamed me for all the friction between him and Mother. I'm glad I told Daddy that it was him and not me who made Mother an alcoholic.

I do know that my girlishness has been a trial to Mother. That really isn't my fault. toward us both.. Daddy's abusiveness and his womanizing were there before I was born and I'm glad I told him so before I hung up on him.

There is too much pain to tolerate. My decision is made.

I'll take some antihistamines with wine, sit in a warm bath and when I feel groggy enough, I'll slit my wrists. It will be just like falling asleep, a long and peaceful sleep.

Eddie, if you ever see this, please forgive me.

* * *

EDDIE'S NARRATIVE

It was still early when I got back to my apartment. I couldn't shake the images of Marla that kept popping into my head. Her mood swings of yesterday evening were becoming more unnerving each time I saw her in my mind's eye. Then I recalled meaning to telephone Leah at least half an hour ago. I picked up the phone, listened for a dial tone and then hung the phone back up. A creepy feeling that had been coming on since I noticed Marlon wasn't on duty overwhelmed me, gave me the chills. I smiled on seeing the phone number listed with only a first initial rather than a full first name. That's how single young women chose to be listed in the directories; a small thing but it further convinced me that Marla was by far the dominant of the two personalities in this alluring but mad sprite.

I wanted to kick myself for thinking of Marlon/Marla as a 'sprite' when I had typed enough psychiatric interviews and reports to know that the sudden mood swings and the failure to show up in the morning likely meant my new *friend* was very depressed, depressed enough to do herself harm! No more time to waste on reflection. I dialed the number.

My hands shook as I listened to the ring. Four, five, six and then the phone was picked up on number seven. What was said was unintelligible but the sound of the voice convinced me it was Marla only she sounded like a loser in a game of Truth or Consequences who had to imitate someone still drunk awakening from a deep sleep; then the sound of a fall followed by silence.

If I called the cops and Marlon was found in what officialdom would consider an unsuitable and bizarre state of

dress and makeup after a failed suicide attempt there would be the devil to pay. I had to take my chances.

The directions I gave the cabbie put me a couple blocks from Marla's place. This covered my steps enough to give me half a chance if I found Marla dead. And it was unlikely that the small naval hospital would have dispatched anyone to investigate Marlon's absence so soon. Besides, he may have called in sick that morning.

Luck was with me when I got to her building. A neighbor walked out just as I entered the tiny lobby so I had no trouble getting in. Her apartment door was closed but not locked. The sound of someone retching greeted me as I stepped in; music to my ears.

Marla was draped over the commode puking her guts out. I stuck my hand in the full bath tub which was still tepid. That meant she hadn't started this too long ago, a good sign.

I shuddered as I noticed the single edge razor blades laid out on the edge of the tub. They were clean and there was no sign of blood in the water or on the floor. Things were playing out as I hoped.

The objective now would be to keep secret both Marla's existence and her suicide attempt. The cover story would have to be along the lines of Marlon coming down with flu or some weird virus and, assuming she hadn't, was too ill to even call in.

"Oh, gosh, that was so awful." Marla was sitting nude on the tile with her legs tucked under her. She looked like a coed who had been given too much to drink by an unscrupulous date. Even nude, she was pure femme and totally passable except for her very adequate looking dick. "I feel so much better now. Say, Eddie, when did you get here?" She wrapped her arms tightly around herself and began to shiver violently. "I'm so cold, so terribly cold

and so very sleepy." The chattering of her teeth punctuated her soft plaint.

I grabbed a large bath towel from the rack and wrapped her in it, lifted her from the floor and carried her to her bed. I left her propped up against her pillows and headed for the kitchen. The bucket I found under the sink would do for keeping her from puking all over her bed.

The thought of this beautiful and tragic trannie sitting nude under her quilt made me see her as even more vulnerable. The first drawer I opened was her panty drawer. Somehow white cotton suited the occasions. "Come on; help me get these on you."

"Eddie, if I knew you cared so much, if you would be so concerned about preserving my modesty, I would never have done...you know." She arched her back and eased the panties over her hips and genitals before relaxing. Making sure she was propped up, I pulled the quilt up to her chin as I resisted the urge to feel her tiny breasts. My reward was a smile from Marla.

I kept checking on her every other minute while I started the coffee percolator. Now, I wondered, should I call a poison control center? No, I decided. I have no idea what she took. I checked around for empty pill bottles and found only over the counter allergy medications. Then it dawned on me. One of Leah's pals I had met back in New York was a psychiatrist! I telephoned Dr. Rhonda Landow from the kitchen wall phone.

"Edie, honey, stay as calm as you are now and things should go well." Considering that I was more completely in guy mode than I had ever been in her company, it was ironic that Rhonda addressed me as Edie. "Collect all the empty pill bottles you find. I'll stay on the line...Read me the labels and dosages. That will help us guess at what she actually swallowed....Chances are she puked up most

of it. You described her last round of puking as green, right? Good. The green means she's puking up bile so her stomach is empty. Keep her warm, keep her moving and don't let her fall asleep. Do whatever it takes to keep her awake, whatever it takes. Call me back in half an hour."

Marla called to me as I hung up the phone. "Eddie, I'm so cold!" It took almost no time for me to get to her. She was shivering and looked as though she was about to nod off. "Come on, sweets. A hot shower is what you need."

"No, no; a warm bath is so much more comfy."

"Sorry, kiddo. No warm baths just yet."

I half dragged, half carried the nude trannie to the bathroom, popped on the toilet sea and turned on the shower.

"Say, you lied to me. This shower is barely lukewarm. Just my luck to fall in love with a fibber."

"So that's what I get for saving your life. You call me a fibber." I readjusted the water to icy. Her girlish laughter turned to a shriek. "You bastard...Are you trying to freeze me to death?"

She was wide awake enough now for me to turn off the shower and wrap her in a towel. Her skin was cold and she was once again shivering. Above all, Marla was very much alive and sounding more coherent by the second. There was one catch; could she hold it together once she went back to pretending to be Marlon?

I draped a large towel over her shoulders and noticed that she vigorously dried herself while I took her terry robe from the hook on the door. This was a big change from when I first found her when she limply and passively while I dried her. I slipped the towel from her shoulders and resisted planting a kiss on her neck as I eased the robe over her arms. Marla pulled the robe

tightly around her and tied the belt. "So tired...Funny, though, not at all sleepy; just tried and drained. Eddie, don't leave me, not just yet."

We were in her bedroom by now as I eased the robe of her and sat her on the edge of the bed. "Legs under the covers." It was part request, part command. I lifted her ankles from the floor, propped her against the pillows, and pulled the quilt to her chin.

"You're a nice daddy," she said with a smile that turned to a frown in the blink of an eye. "So much nicer than my real daddy, that bastard!"

Maybe it was a good thing she was turning her anger outward rather than keeping it inward on herself. Unexpressed rage or anger, I remembered reading or hearing often was a factor in suicide. A glance at Marla's bedside clock told me it was time to call Dr. Rhonda Landow.

Opened the windows wide in hopes that the cool breeze would keep Marla from dozing off and then called Rhonda Landow.

"Eddie, there's no doubt you saved this girl's life though she's not out of the woods yet and won't be until she's out of the navy and in therapy. She will also have to work through her relationship with her family. There is one major factor..."

The pause was ominous and I somehow knew I was part of the major factor.

"Okay Rhonda, what is that major factor and what does it have to do with me?"

"You're that factor. She believes you're in love with her and will be with her for a very long time to come. I hate to say it since it's such a burden for anyone to bear but you're the reason she'll stay keep from killing herself.

“It won’t be forever. I’ll contact Garth, of course you remember him, and see what he can do to get this poor kid out of the navy with an honorable discharge. Find out some from her some details about her family connections. From what you say, these connections must be formidable, formidable enough for him to avoid the scandal of having a very sick son who kills himself. A little social blackmail wouldn’t be out of place.

“Are you willing to take this on for a year or longer until Marla is well? Call me in a day or so with your answer and we can work from there.”

“Rhonda, you’re the best. Only I don’t need even a minute to tell you I’ll stay as Marla’s support, her lover or what ever else it is I need to be for as long as it takes to pull her through.”

I hung up the phone and stood in the bedroom doorway. Marla was sitting up holding the quilt over chest and shoulders. There was an impish expression on her face.

“Are you going to spank me?”

“And why would I want to do that? Other than the fact you have deliciously firm little tush.”

“I was naughty. Eddie, I shouldn’t have listened in on your phone call just now. I’m sorry I did because I should have trusted you. I know that now. The spanking would be worth since my eavesdropping reassured me that at least one decent human being wants me to get well. Oh, gosh, I feel so cold. So cold that I’ll never feel warm again”

“Let me make you some hot tea or chocolate. That’ll warm you up nicely.”

"No," she snapped unequivocally. "I don't want to be warmed 'nicely.'" I want you to warm me naughtily. Take of you clothes, put on some panties and snuggle me under the covers!"

This doll, had recovered so entirely and so rapidly from the mood that led her to try to end her life. It was awfully difficult to keep from grinning as I took off my shirt, stepped out of my shoes and opened my pants.

"Marla, sweets, I don't have to put on panties for you..."

The boy/girl's face dropped at my seeming refusal to accommodate her need for kink. A smile spread across her pretty face as I lowered my pants.

"That's so swank! You were ready for me!"

Marla reached out toward me as the quilt fell from her shoulders. Her fingers now rested on my hand as I looked down at her smooth chest. Whether it was the coolness of the room or anticipation of cuddling that might lead to heavy petting that caused her nipples to harden, I never knew. The pink areolas that surrounded those aggressively hard nipples made me lose all reservations about intimacy with this extraordinarily resilient trannie. Then my conscience struck so hard that I feared doing anything that might lead to a bond, to an affair between us. Affairs, I reasoned, by definition come to an end. Could Marla survive the end of an affair? For that matter could I?

She looked up at me like a kitten trying to tempt an old Tom to play. Marla managed to let the quilt fall low enough to show her bellybutton yet not so far as to expose her genitals or even her pubic hair. Then she patted the sheet. It was invitation I could not resist.

Unsure of myself, I managed to sit next to her without actually making contact with her skin which I sensed was still cool. It was as if she were already drawing heat and

energy from my body. She slid an inch closer which was all that was needed for our sides to meet. Marla rolled onto me so that her thighs were astride me, her chest against mine.

“Hold me, Eddie. I’m freezing cold, cold right down to my soul.”

We embraced as she rolled onto her back pulling me on top of her. I felt her skin slowly warm under my body as we lay still for a long while. Her skin was smooth, so smooth as to assure me she had never used or needed to use a razor or a depilatory. Her breath was warm and sweet as our lips barely touched as she gazed sadly at me.

“Eddie, you have to be sure you want to please me; you know what I mean. It would be so wrong for me to expect you to stay with me while I get strong. No, saying ‘get strong’ is being dishonest. We both know I need to get well, face what I am and stop trying to be what other people say I need to be.”

“Hear me out, Marla. I really do care about you....”

“Then promise me you won’t hurt me and that you won’t let your self be hurt. Promise me without words.”

We kissed gently. Then we lay entwined as Marla warmed further as if partaking of my very energy.

“Oh, shoot!” Marla suddenly sat up. “I never called in to let the OD know I would be out.”

She stood on the floor, her back to me as she grabbed a pair of panties from the top of her dresser. From the rear she looked convincingly like a younger female whose soft curves hinted at the woman of the world who was yet to emerge. She took a pair of panties from the dresser and stepped into them with surprising speed and practiced grace. I studied her as, her back still toward me, she held

the phone one hand, the receiver in the other as she dialed. The antique ivory panties gently clung to her well-toned derriere without being so tight as to obscure the inner contours of that adorable tush.



Her voice sounded like death warmed over as she convinced the OD she had been taken ill at a friend's and just woke up. "I'm sure it's just a short term virus. By your leave, sir...I'll take spend tomorrow resting up...."

I had been enjoying both her performance and the view of her panty covered tush when she turned to me and smiled. "Like the view?"

I nodded as I eyed her cock through the expensive panties that were modest and seductive at the same time. If this kid successfully becomes a full time femme, she will be a class act among class acts.

"Well then, what are you waiting for?"

My answer was to swing around so that I sat on the edge of the bed, place my hands on her hips and gently guide her closer. The tip of my nose was against her tummy as I smelled the clean warm scent of her skin.

"Your breath tickles, tickles so nice."

I kissed her bellybutton and nibbled along her belly until I felt the waistband of her panties against my lips. Marla wiggle away from me, pushed me onto my back and lay down next to me.

"So tired...No mystery why, is there? Too tired for sex, even sex with you, the guy who saved my life twice in the last twenty-four hours."

"Twice? How could that be?" I tried to avoid thinking about the "love" part let alone talk about it.

"I Know I messed up my would be suicide but I probably would have tried gain when but then you came by so that was once. Right? But what happened between us last night and the caring you're showing me right now has given me something to live for. No, that's not right. Not something, some *one* to live for."

There was a long pause while she snuggled up against me. I wondered if I was ready for the responsibility of being Marla's reason to live.

Marla was clinging to me, clinging to me so closely and firmly that I felt her cock getting hard through her panties.

"Eddie, please let me nap for a little while. I promise I'll wake up."

I kissed her gently and held her until her breathing was deep and even. Then I slipped out from under the quilt, kissed her forehead and tucked her in.

It wasn't easy to get myself dressed while looking at the troubled femme boy who slept lightly. She was so peaceful, content, and even placid for the last hour or two but I knew she could easily turn downward with neither warning nor cause. I still had to sort out how committed I wanted to be to this beautiful and desirable but very unstable beauty.

I made sure to disturb her by sitting on the bed or slamming a door every few minutes in order to keep from sleeping too deeply. She would react by stirring in her sleep, saying some half-intelligible words or both. I decided to call the hospital office, tell them I was a friend of Marlon's and that he was suddenly ill. It wasn't a well thought out scheme.

A few minutes later I hung up the phone after being told Marlon started a thirty day leave as of this morning! Had she been planned her suicide to take place during this time or had she hoped to find a reason to live? What she had planned was of little significance to me seeing that she now insisted I was the reason she found to live. Assuming that Marla was sincere in her assertion that I had become her reason to live, I wondered if I was ready

to take on the responsibility for keeping this fragile sylph from ending her life when she had so much to offer the world and, whether she believed it or not, so much to live for. Since Marla had so much to live for and so much to offer, maybe it would be a good thing for me to stick it out with her at least for a little while.

* * *

A second phone conversation with Rhonda Landow reassured Eddie that Marla was safe for the time being. Her advice to him was to not give in to her every whim.

Garth Landow phoned a short time later and after a brief conversation with Eddie, asked to speak with Marla.

Marla then phoned her mother to explain what had transpired since her *date* with Eddie the night before. "Mummy," Eddie heard her say, "Garth is an ally. Please, please tell him whatever he needs to know." Mother agreed.

Eddie watched Marla's eyes widen, her face go pale as she listened to her Mother who was vituperating over something and someone. The color returned to her face as she continued to listen without interruption. Marla was breathless when she hung up the phone. She stood in front of Eddie with a flat expression on her face. Then she sprang forward throwing her arms around Eddie's neck and began kissing him all over his face and neck. Her legs wrapped around Eddie's waist as her tongue tickled his ear.

"Mother has finally had enough of Daddy. She says he's to blame for my dark moods. That's because he tormented me, refused to accept me because I'm different from what he needed in his child. She's filing divorce on

the grounds of Daddy's repeated and ongoing adultery. I'm so excited and so happy!

"Maybe I shouldn't be...so excited and happy I mean. But I am even though I'm going have to be very supportive of Mother and be there for her in every way she might need. And I just know she'll be supportive of me in return.

"That is grownup and responsible thinking, isn't it?"

* * *

EDDIE'S NARRATIVE

Marla seemed to be holding it together even as she still clung to me punctuating her excited pronouncements with kisses to my face and ears. It should have felt weird standing there with this slender panty clad trannie with her arms and legs wrapped and telling me how she and "Mother" were going to watch out for each other; it didn't feel weird at all. It felt great like this was the most natural thing ever. That feeling reassured me I was meant to be the lover of a special someone like Marla.

Meanwhile Marla had disengaged her arms from my neck and was leaning back just far enough to keep from falling off me. This allowed her to unbutton most of my shirt run her hand over my nipples and kiss them even as she clung to me.

My hands were under her tush as I carried her into the bedroom and tried to dump her onto the bed. She held managed to hand on and pulled me on top her as she fell backwards onto the bed. Rolling me onto my side, she locked her ankles and straightened her legs, a move which applied a surprising amount of pressure and made breathing difficult. Given her soft slender upper body and

thin arms, I was stunned by the strength in her legs and thighs. It was anything but an unpleasant discovery.

I dug my elbows into her inner thighs and pushed outward to break her leg hold.

"No fair," she protested. "You're too strong, you big bully." At the same time she managed to undo my pants and pull them off me leaving me in brief panty that skimmed my bellybutton. It was obvious at this point that our brief tussle had aroused us both. Marla's erection was as impressive as the strength of her legs.

Marla, with all the agility of natural girl and without suing her hands to help, coiled her legs into the full lotus position. That she was facing me directly gave me a full view of her panty crotch and front as her cock strained the fabric. Her elbow was on her knee, her chin on her hand as a mock frown distorted her pretty features. "You're no fun sometimes. I was just playing and you were mean to me."

Her imitation of a spoiled little girl who had just been thwarted was too funny for even Marla to keep a straight face. She burst into infectious laughter. |

"You little brat," I snarled playfully. "You had me believing I really hurt you. Come here and be spanked for you nervy naughtiness!"

Marla unwrapped her legs and leaned forward as she got on her knees. It was as if she were a cat ready to spring. I grabbed her wrist and yanked her to me as my fee hit the floor. She lay sprawled across my thighs in the classic spanking position. She deliberately raised her tush so that her panties pulled taut across her delicious bottom.

At that point I may have already gone too far. Was my silly behavior forcing her to relive abuse and beatings by her father? I froze on the spot.

“Well, what are you waiting for? I’m looking forward to being spanked...”

Somehow I failed to process what she had just said. The thought that I might be rekindling whatever horrors she had experienced in her childhood as Marlon felt like a wrecking ball fell on me.

“Marla, I swear I didn’t mean t get you upset.”

“Eddie, why on earth would you think you might be upsetting me?”

I mumbled some sort of half baked explanation about reminding her of what her father might have done to her when she was a little boy. Her response was an indulgent smile. “No, love, at best and at worst my father simply ignored me and literally kicked me out of his way. His hatred fueled indifference was horrible.”

She brought her face to mine, enveloped my mouth with her own and skimmed her tongue over the inside of my mouth. “That should convince you’ve down anything but upset me. Maybe it’s you who should be spanked for your ridiculous thoughts.”

A slap to my balls doubled me over. Contrary to what I thought should have happened, the stinging slap furthered my arousal and inspired in me a need to feel pain at the hands of this half mad trannie. “Okay, spank me. I deserve to be punished.”

I stood next to the bed, took hold of her wrists and turned so that she was now seated on the edge of the bed. Her hands were on my hips as she parted her legs.

“Get on your knees, boy! Show me the homage I rightfully deserve.”

Her voice was impassioned and coldly firm at the same time. She was either very good at playing this role or she had totally adapted to it. *Might as well go for broke, I*

reasoned silently. *She may be turning out to be a lot more special and a whole lot more exciting than I could ever have guessed.*

I knelt between her thighs and leaned far enough forward to bring my face as close to rampant hard-on that by now was about to rip through her panties. Marla slid the waistband of her panties down just far enough to expose the luscious knob of her cockhead. She pointed to the drop of precum that oozed from it. "Take that drop but don't dare touch me or you'll have to pay a penalty...Oh, come on, Eddie. It'll be a fun game." On the surface, her mood had gone from imperious to playful. But which mood lay under the surface? The only way to find out was to join in her little diversion.

My tongue slowly reached out until the tip flicked the precum and drew that delicious morsel into my mouth. I fought the urge to take every inch of her exquisite cock into my mouth. That would only spoil the game in which Marla had created to assert her dominance.

Marla put her hands on the side of my head, looked straight into my eyes, and suddenly pushed me onto my back. Her foot now rested on my balls. A sardonic smile sent a chill through me, a chill that was a delicious combination of anticipation of yet undiscovered sexual styles and fear of what Marla might do to me.

She stood astride me like the colossus, then suddenly with all her weight behind it, dropped her knee into the pit of my stomach. Despite her petite size and slender build, it was forceful enough to knock the wind out of me. Her hand was in my hair as she half pulled, half guided me to my feet. The thought of being beaten by a beautiful, petite yet emotionally powerful and aggressive tranny had never even part of my fantasies before that moment; and now it was a reality, a reality that could easily be addictive when it was Marla who was dominating me.

Had she chosen to follow through with more physical attacks, I would have been an easy mark. Her leg swept across the back of my knee which collapsed me into a heap at her feet. My breath was beginning to come back as I sat on my haunches, hands on my knees, trying to anticipate what Marla would do next.

The always surprising boy/girl stood directly in front of me and slowly turned so that her derriere was in my face. "Please me, I dare you." She thrust her tush against my face. My tongue moved slowly over the elastic leg bands, tasted the curves seam of the panty crotch. Despite the discomfort of prolonged kneeling on my haunches, my dick was hard to the point of near pain, an ecstatic sense heightened by expectations of the unknown that was about to happen.

I was too close to her hands move but could plainly see the waist band of her panties move below her waist line to reveal the top the dimples above her nether cheeks. Lapping the base of her spine elicited a moan of approval. The panties were lowered further to reveal the firm cheeks that concealed the ring of muscle that would be a source of pleasure to us both.

Reaching in front of her, I gently cupped her nylon covered balls in my hands. The occasional twitch of her cock filled me with a vague desire. There was no doubt I wanted to climax by copulating with Marla but I wasn't quite sure how to realize this without upsetting the mood of the moment.

Marla's elbow shot backward and caught me just above my collar bone ending me off balance. Before I could recover my balance, she spun around grabbed my ears pulled me to my feet.

"You are so inept! Either tickle my balls or crush them until I scream but that indecisive fumbling is ridiculous. Just spread you legs and kneel on the couch. Do it!"

She slid my panties down low enough to expose my bottom hole and the back of my scrotum. Her warm breath told me her face was near my ball sac. Then it was my turn to moan as her tongue slid over what I now think of as the male 'G' spot.

I was wild with the urge to explode under any conditions she would want when she suddenly stood up, turned me to a sitting position and smiled provocatively.

"Sit there and don't move. And don't even think about touching yourself! I'll be back in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

I had no trouble obeying her demand to not touch myself since I was dangerously close to coming, something which would definitely and strongly displease Marla. She returned momentarily. Her panties had been adjusted so that her still hard cock was pressed upward against her abdomen as if waiting to be licked through the gossamer nylon. One hand was held behind her back as if concealing a surprise from a child. A flat look that was straining to keep from busting into a grin was unbearably provocative.

She moved her hand from behind her back and held it in front of me. A small jar of lubricant and a condom rested on her palm. After placing these items on the end table, Marla beckoned me to stand. I stood nude and vulnerable in front of this petite trannie as she patted my balls slowly and lightly and then slapped them as a sardonic smile appeared.

"Eddie, there's no backing out now, is there?"

"No, Marla. I want only to please you, to satisfy you."

She pressed her body against mine, wedged her knee between my thighs and ground it against my balls. The knee moved slowly up and down as if taking aim.



“That’s good, Eddie, because if you fail, there will be the most painful consequences. Oh, no, there’ll be no physical reprisal. That might turn out to be pleasurable. On second thought we would both enjoy that. No, nothing that would please either of us. You would simply leave and never be part of my life again. Is that clear?”

I nodded.

Marla slid the condom onto my dick and then steered me to a kneeling position with my knees spread. She knelt over me, her cock between my legs as her tongue probed my ear. Then she reached for the lubricant jar. A cold sensation as her lubricant covered finger slipped into my bottom. The movement of her finger inside me was creating undreamed of sensations.

“Marla,” I screeched. “Nothing can be wilder than this,” I managed to blurt out.

“Honey, this is only for openers.”

I felt her spread lubricant over my sphincter and sighed hoping that Marla was about to deflower my virgin hole. Then the pressure of her cockhead against my hole as her hands reached in front of me and grasped my breasts. She straightened up and grabbed my hair yanking my head back.

“Ask for it, Eddie. No don’t ask, beg, beg me to fuck you.”

“Please, please let me have your dick in me. Fill me with your cum.”

She again wrapped her arms around me and cupped my breasts as her cock pushed past my sphincter. I was panting as her hand wrapped around my dick. A second’s hesitation and then Marla thrust her entire shaft into me. I was writhing in a wild ecstasy as Marla’s prick moved in-

side me driving me to levels of pleasure undreamed of before that moment.

I reached between my legs and grasped Marla's balls as she kissed my neck and chin in a determined effort to find my mouth even as she fucked me doggy style! Her hands were again on my breasts as a vibration started in my groin and the twitching of my cock became rhythmic. I released her balls so that I might use both hands to keep from losing my balance. Marla must have sensed the vibration spreading through my limbs when she moved one hand from nipple and grasped my balls and began to slowly increase the intensity of grip. Despite my effort to delay cumming as long as possible, I lost control as Marla clenched her hand closed over my balls. The moan that came from deep inside me crescendoed to a roar as I was overwhelmed by a violently intense orgasm enhanced by the mixture of pain and ecstasy as Marla sunk her nails into the tender skin of my ball sac even as she squeezed my balls.

Even through the powerful orgasm, I felt Marla thrust deeper into me as she screeched in ecstasy of her own violent orgasm. Our mutual orgasm seemed to last as I felt her cock pumping wave after wave of cum deep into me as my own cock throbbed. Yet for all that it was over too soon as we collapsed exhausted. As we basked in the afterglow of this wonderful orgasm we somehow became entwined in each other's arms and legs. As happens often after an intense orgasm, the slightest caress was intensified almost to the point of being unendurable. Undeterred by the other's yelps, we continued to playfully touch and kiss.

Suddenly Marla looked contemplative. "That was fun, wasn't it?"

This was no rhetorical question so I answered by nodding my head.

“It was really neat but I’m not sure it was really me.”

“Wasn’t it?” I asked.

Marla bit her lower lip seemed to be staring at something miles away.

“I don’t know, honestly I don’t know. Eddie, I need you to help me find out who I am and what that person is really like.”

* * *

Registered Mail

It was mid-afternoon when the phone rang again. Rhonda Landow was calling in between patients. “Expect a registered letter at your apartment. It will be from Garth. Edie, honey, be very discreet, very prudent in what you say on the phone. That goes double for Marla. Her phone will be tapped very soon if it isn’t already. Your line may be okay for a short while longer until they figure out you’re helping Marla.”

Eddie understood at once that Rhonda used his femme name to protect his identity in case the phone was monitored. All the same, the sound of his femme name on the lips of an attractive, mature woman made the short hairs on the back of his neck stand up, sent a tingle through his neck. It became clear to him that he had not resolved his conflict over whether or not to ‘dress’ at least regularly enough to maintain a femme person, if not in public, at least in some social circles. Panties, after all, may not be enough to satisfy.

He watched as Marla dressed en femme which raised his levels of desire and envy. Desire because this androgynous creature transformed from skinny, poorly made, too pretty boy to a lovely, desirable sylph. Envy because he

longed to transform himself with the same ease and success, longed to play the role of a woman in the world and in bed.

He watched with rapt attention as the panty clad boy brushed his hair and combed it into a fashionable style which alone served to move from any semblance of male that might have been present toward the personification of graceful, lithe nubile sprite.

He blushed as Marla turned for face him. The powder blue cotton panties enhanced her skin tone and adapted to the curve of her male apparatus without revealing the lines of her uncut prick. She wrapped her arms across her chest as if to conceal breast which were little more than nipples. Her warm smile reminded him that Marla might prove to be everything he wanted in a woman; her dick was not the least of those things he needed in her.

The soft cup bra she took from the drawer was edged with tiny loops. With surprising dexterity she pinned the breast forms into place with tiny brass safety pins, then wrapped the bra in reverse around her waist and hooked it closed before turning it so the cups were now in front. She put her arms through the straps, slid the bar into place and leaned forward as she adjusted each breast in the cups and tightened the straps.

Even the most discerning eye would surely accept Marla as a natural female. Then she sat to apply her makeup. Just eye shadow, blush and a touch of lipstick

Marla donned a white garter belt, slipped the straps under her panties and selected her stockings. With a wink at Eddie, she sat to roll each stocking over her silken smooth legs. She stepped into the green pumps whose two and a half inch heels added to the sculpted beauty of trim ankles.

The petti slip was next and then a green shirtwaist dress. Modest jewelry and a small purse complete her modest and wholesome ensemble. She draped a raincoat over her shoulders in anticipation of the cooler evening air that was soon to come.

They changed taxicabs several times on their way to Eddie's apartment where the letter carrier had left a form saying there was a registered letter from him which could be picked up at the post office after four PM. Marla and Edie got to the post office a few minutes before it closed. They would wait until they were in Eddie's apartment to read it.

The envelope contained two distinct letters. One, marked "TO BE READ FIRST" was from Rhonda Landow.

Dear Edie:

You may recall that when you were first exploring your specialness I had been concerned that you were seeing too much of my brother Garth. He had always been drawn to femme young men although he was very discreet about his tastes from early on.

Garth had at that time, and still does, travel extensively as part of his role in the navy. He had been in certain cities here and in Europe at the time when a trannie had been murdered! Given Garth's love of trannies, I reluctantly came to believe he was the murderer.

Garth had also become aware of this odd coincidence and found that one other person, a high ranking civilian, had been part of Garth's entourage each time a trannie was murdered. That man had always ridiculed and shown hatred toward any young man with even slightly effeminate traits. It was as if he were consciously or unconsciously covering his own perceived flaws.

My brother has been able to put together a dossier of irrefutable evidence that will both expose and indict this horrible man. He is dangerous and is becoming more so.

This man is Marla's father. Neither Marla nor her mother should be left alone with him. Better still, he should be kept away from them at all costs.

Eddie, I ask you to protect Marla who has so much to offer.

Take care of yourself and guard Marla.

Sincerely & fondly,

Rhonda

The letter from Garth showed equal concern for Marla's wellbeing. Reading between the lines Eddie and Marla concluded that Garth would work with them to bring down the man who had so nearly framed in advance for the series of wanton killings. There were also references to the file Garth had assembled which, if accurate, would destroy Marla's father and very likely result in his execution.

It was obvious that Marla relished these prospects. Her only hesitation was the disgrace it would bring to her family. After some thought she announced, "Let's do what has to be done. Just one favor; I need to be a part of this." The look of intense hatred was enough to prove she needed to personally destroy him.

* * *

MARLA'S NARRATIVE

I sat on the edge of the Queen Anne chair as I reread the letters from Rhonda and Garth. Feelings of exhaustion and anticipation flowed through my brain. A flow of asso-

ciations took me back to my childhood. Some of these were things I had long tried to hide in the depths of my unconscious only to have then break through in the form of recurring nightmares.

“Eddie, honey, please telephone Rhonda and ask her to talk with me.

I’ll beg her to allow me to call her back when she can give me a few minutes. But I’m not ready for you to hear what I have to say to her. Someday after I’ve faced these buried horrors and worked through them but not now. I swear I’ll tell you everything that happened; that is if you want to know. Please give me privacy when I talk to Rhonda.”

Eddie, always the sweetheart, responded with an empathic smile. He took my hands in his and raised me gently to my feet. “Marla, I’ll be whatever you need me to be to get through this. And when we get through this, if you’re still interested in me, we can go from there.”

As we waited for Rhonda to call me back, it struck me that all I had with me were the clothes on my back and my purse. It would have been great fun to go shopping with Eddie accompanying me. I smirked inwardly as I pictured myself trying on a skirt, raising it above my knees and asking him if that was a suitable length. He would blush as I held up panties and asked him if they were right for those special moments. Best of all would be to lay out a few girdles side by side on the counter; girdles with varying degrees of control, styles ranging from brief to long leg, with and without high waists. Oh, and let’s not forget colors; colors from pastel blue to innocent white to sexually aggressive black. And in front of the saleslady I would ask him, “Darling, which of these do you think would best correct that little problem I have with my figure?” Eddie, the poor dear, would blush a bright crimson and to assert my sexuality I would open my mouth ever

so slightly and run my tongue over my upper teeth and then kiss the air in his direction. What fun we would have when we got back to his apartment and tumbled into bed.

Then a glimpse at the packing boxes brought me back to reality. My shopping spree wasn't about to happen. We couldn't stay here because Eddie's lease was up and he had to vacate. It would be suicidal to go back to my apartment for any length of time. My mood was about to sink when it registered on me that Eddie was trying to get my attention.

"Marla, a penny for your thoughts."

"Oh, sorry, Eddie. I was day dreaming."

"Why don't you come up to New York with me? You'll be safe and you can work with Rhonda and stay abreast of what Garth is doing to, to...deal with your situation. It wouldn't be wise to move too much stuff from your place in case it's being watched. One trip there and we take only things you really value. You know; keepsakes, family heirlooms, that kind of thing.

"Once we're clear of DC we can buy what you need and when we get to New York you can have free run of the boutique. It'll be swell to watch you try different styles of clothes until you find what's really you."

"Thanks, Eddie," I shouted as I threw my self on top of him and kissed every part of his face, neck and ears. "Best of all I can change my styles to reflect my mood.

"Stop looking at me like that! I know very well that I have dark moods; let's just call them black moods 'cause black can be very sexy. It's also very uncompromising and forceful. That kind of attitude may be just the ticket to get me out of these horrible moods."

* * *

EDDIE'S NARRATIVE

Both Marla and I were exhausted so it was nap time.

"Let's skip the shower and just get into bed," she suggested. "Showering now will make it harder for me to get to sleep and I'd end up keeping you wake with my nervous chatter."

"Okay. You take the bed. I'll just nap in the big chair so I can hear the phone "

"No, please sleep with me. I mean just sleep and maybe cuddle me. I feel so lonely and so scared. Daddy is..."

I put my hand gently over her mouth and kissed her eye lids. She started to undress slowly and matter-of-factly. The lack of deliberate seduction in how she was undressing made her all the more appealing, all the more desirable.

"Your Daddy can't hurt you because he can't find you. By the time he might be able to find you, Garth will have dealt with him."

She turned to me and stood as still as a statue, her arms akimbo. At first my thirst for her was aroused by the sight of her standing in heels, garter belted hose, bra and panties. My feelings of lust suddenly turned to concern as her mouth opened but no sound came out as an anguished expression crossed her face.

"How can I possibly stay hidden when I have to be back on duty in a couple of weeks? If I'm AWOL too long, he'll make sure I'm declared a deserter. I'll wind up in the brig or Portsmouth Naval Prison and they'll drive me to kill myself."

I caught her in my arms and pressed her against me like a parent protecting a child. Her she rested her cheek against my chest as she stifled sobs.

“No, Eddie, no! Daddy’s is mean and vengeful. He’ll know that Mommy and I are somehow involved and he’ll destroy us, see us dead if it’s the last thing he does or can get someone else to do. I’m so scared.

“Hold me, damn it all. Don’t ever leave me ‘cause of you do, I’ll be alone and empty inside forever.”

I pressed her against me and kissed away her tears. Marla stepped a few inches back and began to unbutton my shirt.

“It’s not just being held by you. I need to feel your warmth against my body, to draw my energy from you.”

I nodded lifted, her in my arms and carried her into my tiny bedroom. She undid the garter clasps, rolled down her stockings and quickly removed her garter belt. After turning down the bedclothes, Marla sat on the bed with her legs under the covers and patted the spot next.

“Thank you for caring about me, Eddie. You’re the first person who has ever made feel secure, protected me without expecting some big payoff.”

She dissolved in tears as she lay down on her side, back to me and put her thumb in her mouth.

I slipped under the covers and lay against her in the spoon position.

I protectively draped my arm over her as she breathing became deep and even. Soon we were both asleep.

A full bladder kept me from dozing longer than a few minutes at a time. I relieved myself, got back into bed and snuggled up against Marla. The warm softness of her skin, her narrow upper body reaffirmed my resolve to

love and protect this uniquely beautiful androgynous sylph.

Marla reached back and pulled my arm over her. A moment later she guided my other arm under her waist. A purr and then she dozed off.

She stirred as I kissed her neck and shoulder. "A few more minutes, just a few," she begged sounding like schoolgirl refusing to wake up on a school day. My hand now rested on the cup of her padded bra. This was enough to start my cock reacting. Marla's delicious tush pressed harder against my groin. I rested on one elbow and licked her ear. Suddenly her hand locked over my balls. "Please let me rest for just a few more minutes." She twisted my balls hard enough to make me cry out. The pain felt good!

"You're so greedy! Don't you think we've tried enough ways of getting off since ...since what happened?"

"Eddie, I'm exhausted and I need to sleep. Hold me but don't get fresh."

That interchange led me to believe that Marla was thinking rationally and wasn't being Pollyanna about what was going on.

I turned onto my back as Marla rolled onto her side facing me. Her head rested on my chest as I stoked her hair. In a very few minutes her breathing was deep and even as she slept peacefully. Once I was convinced she would remain asleep for the time being, I eased her head onto the pillow and slipped out of bed.

Picked up my clothes and dressed in the bathroom before getting a pad and pencil to write up some notes on what had transpired during the phone calls. I then made a list of calls to be made and details to be taken care of. As I was checking the notes my notes I heard the shower running. Marla was obviously awake and would soon be

dressed. The temptation to watch her dress was strong but she needed some sense of privacy.

* * *

Marla was framed in the doorway to my living room. Her pretty smile was enhanced by the fresh makeup she had used so sparingly. The light cotton robe she had taken from my closet was far too large for her and, having been left open, seemed to flow around her like a sea of blue cotton. The effect was stunning especially since she was only partially dressed.

She wore the same bra she had been wearing earlier but skillful and practiced use of blush made her curves and cleavage even sexier than I had found them before. Marla guessed at where my eyes paused as I scanned her from head to not quite as low as her toes; not yet anyway.

"I hate wearing the same panties after I shower. Tried yours but they're too large. I hope you can figure something out. That is unless you don't mind me walking around with no panties."

Her beautiful cock and tight ball sac were superb to begin with but framed between the straps of her garter belt they were irresistibly delicious.

"Marla, I couldn't stop thinking how available you were under your skirt if we went out with you not wearing panties. Restraining myself would be hard but not impossible. Problem is that your secret would be exposed if you were to fall or a draft from a grating lifts your skirt. Also, it might not be a great idea to go back to your place too soon.

"I know some girls would feel awkward about shopping for intimates with their boyfriend but maybe a visit to Woodward & Lathrop is in order."

“Eddie, you’ve got to accept that you’re not my boyfriend.” That firm statement from Marla made my insides freeze. My face must have shown how disconcerted I was because Marla’s severe expression slowly changed to a warm smile. She tilted her head flirtatiously and winked.

“You’re not my boyfriend, honey. You’re my lover which is ever so much more grown up.”

That last line about me being her lover made me feel pretty good and I told her so.

“So what are we waiting for? Let’s get over to that department store so I can shop for what I need and get you all hot and bothered by just letting you watch. And stop looking so stiff! I have a charge plate that’s billed to Mother’s account so it won’t cost us at all. (Charge plate: a metal plate that was used by stores to make an impression on a bill which then manually was posted to the user’s charge account; a forerunner of credit cards.)

“Say, I’m going to buy a whole new wardrobe.”

“Gosh, Marla, A whole new wardrobe would be swell but it might call too much attention to you. Speaking of too much attention, don’t you think you should at least wear panties under your dress?”

It ended with me being dispatched to walk over to the five and ten to buy one or two packs of everyday panties, size five. I ended up buying three packs, two in cotton packs, one in white, the other in pastels, and one nylon day of the week set. I thought I was pretty used to handling feminine underthings but this got e more than a little stimulated. The cotton sets weren’t in cellophane packs but were held together by a cardboard band. The soft, thin cotton felt so good even though the panties weren’t for me. The thought that my trannie lover would be wearing them thrilled me.

My cover story, should the sales girl look at me questioningly, would be that my niece or sister was visiting me and had neglected to pack enough undies. It wasn't necessary for me to use that cover story. It all went so smoothly.

I returned to my apartment to find Marla pacing nervously amid the clutter of boxes already packed for my return to New York. She put her finger tips to my face as I asked if anything had happened to upset her during the short time I was out.

"No, darling," she said softly. "It's just that I'm getting so nervous when you're not near me. I feel so secure when you're near, as if I have a future with someone who makes me feel special and who wants to share that future with me. Silly, isn't it?"

"It's not silly in the least. Right now I want to share that future with you but first we've got to know a little more about each other. It's going to take time to figure out what we both want. It doesn't have to be the same but what we need each has to overlap..."

I never finished the sentence because Marla interrupted me with a big smile. "Eddie, you're so wonderfully practical."

"Thanks for the compliment. Now get your panties on and let's get shopping."

I tossed the bag of dime store panties to Marla who peered into the bag with a great delight. This was a big surprise since her clothing and underthings were of pretty good quality, far better than the five and dime every day stuff I had picked up.

"Eddie, these are wonderful. I wanted to have things like these since I was a little boy. Mother made insisted on buying only the best for her special child. The problem was that it was always boys clothing and I wanted to be

dressed like the little girls I tried to play with. Mother finally saw that she needed to help me become what I was meant to be even if it was on a very limited, part time basis. She bought lingerie that was mine but she kept all of it among her things and I could only try them on or wear them under her direct supervision. It was a farce but it was all I was allowed."

There was a long pause as Marla stared at something that wasn't in the room. Perhaps it wasn't a place at all that she stared at but rather at scenes from her childhood. Were these scenes that really happened or was she re-envisioning them as they should have been? Suddenly her face lit up as she blurted out, "Oh, the heck with shopping. That can wait. I need to model these for you. Now, if you'll excuse me."

Marla picked up the panties and strode purposefully into my bedroom. As she put her hand on the doorknob to close the door, she glanced over her shoulder, kissed the air in my direction, winked and latched the door.

It wasn't long before Marla opened the bedroom door and leaned timidly against the doorpost. "I've never done this sort of thing before," she announced softly." That's because I've never had a lover that I meant anything to before." Her face grew sad and then angry. "They all thought the little fairy would be good for quick blowjob but I wouldn't do that. I might get a beating from them but I still wouldn't put out for those shits.

"And then when I got into my teens there were Daddy's friends. They treated me royally but wanted to use me as if I were some high class call girl. They even took pictures!"

"I'm sorry I got so upset just now. I'm all right, I swear I am.

I don't want what was done to me to intrude into the beautiful thing that's forming between us. Just let's enjoy the moment."

"Marla, love, you can say what you're feeling to me. I'm in love with you and everything about you including all the things, pleasant and not at all pleasant, that have gone into making you what you are."

"There are parts of me you wouldn't like."

"Test me."

"I will but not now. Just don't complain when I do."

My anticipation of Marla modeling the everyday panties I had bought increased as I noticed how her full skirt fell softly over her hips. It meant she had doffed whatever pettis she was wearing. The light was behind her silhouetting her slender legs through the green fabric of her shirtwaist dress. As Marla turned slowly while beckoning me to follow her into the bedroom, the silhouette beneath her skirt reminded me once again that, despite her allure, she had not been born a girl.

Whether by instinct or by planning, Marla paused briefly at just the right point so that I was allowed to gaze at the clear evidence of what made her so different from most girls and all the more desirable.

She had arrayed the recently purchased panties bed. Each style was arranged in an overlapping column with the lightest color on top gradually leading down to the darkest shade. Each panty was folded to emphasize the detailing thus heightening the erotic appeal that existed deep o close to the surface in so many males. For some males, males like me, the erotic aspect was twofold, even threefold. First there was the allure of each panty, that aspect which made so many males feel uncomfortable even

in simply accompanying their lady while she shopped. It was discomfort at being so close to arousal and unable to even touch the source of that arousal, an arousal akin to that caused by just seeing panties and other intimates drying on a clothes line. Then there was the fantasy of how their lady would look clad in the panty, how her mons might be enhanced, how the cleft of her bottom cheeks would be highlighted by the gentle caress of the delicate fabric. Males like me have an additional source of arousal. We imagine ourselves donning the silken panties, perhaps assisted by our lady love, perhaps to seduce another male. The possibilities go on.

All the panties I had gotten were basic, unadorned suggesting innocence and lack of sophistication with the exception of the day of the week set. Lack of sophistication and inexperience didn't imply jailbait but rather a girl or woman who had held herself in check as too many did in those demure days. The barely repressed sexuality would often break through as if a long dormant volcano had come to life. Then instinct would come to the fore. And with Marla, it had been erupting since we so recently got together in her apartment.

Our recent sexual exertions hadn't dampened my fascination with panties and Marla knew it as I scanned the display on the bed. The shiny flat elastic leg bands aroused me by recalling how wonderful it was back in high school when I ran my tongue over the edge of this very kind of panty that a girlfriend was wearing. Even then I wondered if girls enjoyed wearing these flimsy undies as much as I enjoyed seeing the girls in them. And would I feel as attractive and as seductive as the girls did if I were to wear the panties along with all else that went with dressing as a flirtatious female. My time at La Boutique Boheme fulfilled my dreams and taught me it was even better than I could have wished it to be.

As I reached out to stroke the panties, to trace the front seam of the gusset Marla again appeared to read my mind. "No, Eddie, not now. I'm going to model these for you. You need to adjust to being with me when I'm half dressed or less without getting hot." Her tone broached no argument as she stared at me as if she were admonishing a naughty child.

"Honey, I already figured out that you're a cross dresser, too. It looks like my only escape from Daddy now is for us to stay together, pass ourselves off as a couple.

"Don't get me wrong; I want us to be a couple but I need you to be my lover and not my competitor. I'm in love with you and I can see us together for ever. But you have to be a guy. It no good if you can't promise me that much. We might as well part ways in the morning and I'll take my chances with Daddy has in store for me."

She had picked up a pair of white cotton panties. Her dark expression brightened slowly as turned her back to me, raised her skirt just high enough for her to step into the panties, and slid them into place. To my disappointment, she had managed to keep her tush covered. My disappointment was short lived as she raised her skirt to reveal the lower edge of her panty covered tush. Then came the classic move of hooking her thumbs under the leg bands and snapping the panty into place over her deliciously firm derriere. At that instant I would have sworn off anything she asked in exchange for the pleasure of a long term affair with her.

"You'll find the fashion show so much more to your liking if you're comfortable so do have a seat." She moved the one chair in the bedroom so as to give her room to strut as she modeled while allowing her space to change her panties without me being able to watch her.



I sat as she pointed toward the chair. Once again she was the adult in charge and I was the child who needed instruction. Marla touched her finger tips to my cheek then slowly, hardly skimming my skin, moved them over

my lips allowing them to linger just long enough for me to kiss them. It was as if I was no longer a child but had been transformed into an acolyte serving a priestess, perhaps even a goddess.

“You may look but you may not touch,” she said imperiously as she started to unbutton the front of her dress. Even though we had engaged in a multiplicity of intimacies in every state of partial and complete dishabille imaginable, the first glimpse of her bra sent a quiver of anticipation through me.

The buttons were undone to her waist as she opened the belt and unzipped the side of her skirt. She shrugged the dress back over her shoulders allowing it to lowly slide to the floor. The edge of her garter belt just missed touching Marla’s navel; the waistband of her panties was scarcely an eighth of an inch below that. She folded her arms across her chest causing her tiny breasts to rise provocatively over the edge of the padded bra. As I looked appreciatively at Marla’s torso and soft arms, my eye fell on the tiny brass safety pins where the bra straps met the cups; another reminder of her special allure.

Whether it was a deliberate attempt to draw my attention to even more intimate details of her extraordinary nature or just a chance maneuver, I’ll never know. Marla pointed one leg in front of the other, smoothed the stocking up over her knee and thigh, and adjusted the garter clip before tightening the garter. It was done with such aplomb as if to make it seem that a girl with a dick and balls teasing, arousing her male lover was the most ordinary of intimacies. My gaze moved past the dark wetting of her stocking tops pausing briefly in appreciation of the flawless skin of her firm thighs. The drawing in of my breath was audible as I focused on the virginal white panty stretched tautly over her unmistakably male apparatus. The smooth curve of fabric that caressed her balls

was marred only by the outline of her penis and the well defined outline of her circumcised cockhead.

As much as I wanted her at that instant my more rational self told it would be destructive to attempt anything with her. A knowing look was on her face as she stepped close to where I was seated and turned so that her tush was level with my face and only inches from it. The urge to bury my face between her panty covered cheeks was overwhelming me. My hands reached in front of her coming to rest on the high points of her hip bones although I managed to resist pulling her over the few inches that separated my mouth for her bottom.

Marla's hands now rested gently on my wrists as she spoke in a soft voice that defied resistance. "Eddie, you know I asked that you only look and not touch." Then with a strong tone of harshness she added, "Humor me by obeying me. Now be a good boy and keep your hands to yourself."

Her unspoken threats did nothing to slake my thirst for her.

Marla turned to face me, bent forward and with her palms on either side of my face, gave me a deep moist kiss. She moved with all the grace of a cat twisting and turning to give me very imaginable perspective on the first pair of panties. Then, moving out of sight she changed into yellow cotton, still unadorned but for tiny picot loops at the leg openings.

"How do I look?" Her voice and affect expressed a very different mood, a different state of mind that that of only seconds ago. Had I not known better or closed my eyes, the change might have convinced that here was a different person from the one who had enjoyed denying me the satisfaction of touching her even casually.

“Marla, you’re wonderful everything I need. Right now you look pure and wholesome, the essence of the all-American girl and then some if you get my drift... And for all the wholesomeness, you exude a sexual energy that is irresistible. Oh, of course I can see from the way you fill your panties that you have more to offer than any natural girl... Sure, you understand that that has gotten you in trouble but to me and lot of other guys that makes you all the more desirable.”

Her face stiffened as if she were about to cry. “Eddie, what you’re saying is true but talk to damn much. Prove to me that you believe what you’re saying. Convince me that I really am that girl you’re talking about. Stop thinking so damn much and show me tenderness, show me passion. I swear I’ll stop all this playacting if you help me find out which girl I really am.”

I grabbed Marla’s wrists and pulled her to her feet. Her mouth opened but no sound came out. I yanked her off balance and brought one hand under her tush and pressed her against me. Her response was to leap on me and wrap her legs around my waist and plunge her tongue into my mouth. Locked together though we were, I managed to move the few feet to the bed and fell on top of her. We rocked from side to side as the touch of our tongues against the other’s renewed our sexual energy.

It wasn’t long before we had to come up for air. Marla lay back on the pillows as I reclined on my side propped on my elbow. Her eyes were closed as an almost beatific look spread over her undeniably feminine face. My eyes slowly skimmed over her body resting briefly at the slight swell of unblemished flesh that so teased me above the cups of her very modest everyday bra. Her deep navel, set in a pale tummy devoid of hair, drew my lips. A shudder punctuated by a light squeal reassured me, still as she was, she was not asleep.

With my cheek almost resting on that tummy, I now had an unusual perspective on her cock as it strained gently against her yellow panties. I slowly moved my face closer to her panties so that she felt my breath along the top of her thighs. We were close to the classic sixty-nine position as I felt her hand tug down my under pants as I tongued the leg bands of her panties. She raised her hips and slid her panties below her crotch freeing her cock to twitch freely as I lightly kissed her taut ball sac.

Marla sat up raised her legs and slowly moved her panties to her feet as she spread her legs just far enough for me to kiss her inner thighs. Now it was my turn to squeal as she sunk her nails into the tender skin of my shaft.

“Ooh, poor baby’s hurt. Let me kiss it better.”

Within seconds we each had our mouth over the other’s cockhead in the beginning of what promised to be a deliberately slow sixty-nine. The promise was broken by the intensity of what happened next.

My lips were closed over the rim of Marla’s cockhead as the rhythmic movement of her tongue along the underside of my shaft caused me to convulse as each increasing intense wave of pleasure radiated out from my dick to every part of me. I released her cockhead from my mouth and tongued her inner thighs as she straddled my neck and shoulders while still lapping my dick.

Her balls, so snug in her tight scrotum, dangled above my face creating a new and unbearable hunger in me. Marla drew a deep breath as I began to kiss the back of her ball sac before burying my tongue in her hole. She leaned forward putting her surprisingly clean pucker hole out of reach of my lips and tongue. “Ooh, that’s so icky,” she complained but whether playfully or seriously I couldn’t tell. As much as I enjoyed that brief instant of new plea-

sure, I dared not chance offending this very volatile transgirl.

Grasping her hips, I rolled us both onto our sides to the accompaniment of burst of giggles from Marla. She suddenly went rigid and locked her legs around my neck assuring me that my tongue had found her male g-spot. This was followed by furious thrashing of her arms and legs. Her cock had taken on a life and purpose of its own as it tried to find my mouth which I opened that now throbbing tool but not before tasting the precum that was rapidly oozing from the pee slit.

My gag reflex was suspended as I took more and more of her twitching cock in my mouth. Her cockhead was literally in my throat as it began to vibrate as if undergoing some sort of electrical phenomenon which in reality was the beginning an forceful , passionate orgasm. I flexed my throat muscles to intensify and prolong Marla's very loud climax. Her wild thrashing served to pull her cockhead from my throat back into my mouth just in time for me to taste what seemed like gallons of her delicious cum.

Marla lay still for a moment or two as I attempted to catch my breath. Her recovery was quick as I could tell when she again tongued the base of my shaft moving with painful slowness to the rim. I exploded into her mouth in minutes.

We lay exhausted for a few minutes before Marla got up and found a pair of fresh panties from among the ones she had laid out at the start of this bizarre fashion show. I watched in fascinated disbelief as she wiped her genitals with the discarded yellow panties and then stepped in the white nylon "Sunday" panties from the day of the week set.

I don't get it," I said.

“Silly Eddie, I’d feel so self conscious if I just lay there naked. I’d be like a slut or something cheap and déclassé. Now do you get it?”

I nodded as I smiled, thrilled at how Marla could go from being wildly uninhibited to little girl innocence in minutes. Marla lay on her side, curled up with her knees near her chest and fell asleep with her thumb in her mouth. After covering her with the bed sheet and a light blanket, I slipped under the covers, put my arm protectively over her and dozed off wondering how long this affair would last.

* * *

MARLA’S DIARY

Please excuse me for writing like this but I’m at Eddie’s place where we just had some wild sex. It’s evening now and it looks like I’ll be here for the next few days. Eddie says it’s not a good idea for me to go back to my place even if it’s just to get some things to wear and some personal stuff. I told him a girl has to keep her diary current so he gave me this pad. He better keep his nose out of this if he knows what’s good for him.

I was so very exhausted from the yummy sex that I curled up and fell asleep. It was dark when I woke up. Eddie was so close that I felt the warmth of his body even though we weren’t actually cuddling. This must be what being a newly wed is like although I know, being what I am, I’ll never really be a newly wed but it’s fun to pretend.

I sat up in bed, yawned and stretched my arms toward the ceiling. Eddie smiled and told me I looked like a little girl on the verge of adolescence. I know he meant it as a

compliment but it made me feel so inadequate being I'm so flat chested. I just grabbed the blanket and covered my chest. Eddie blew me a kiss and headed for the bathroom.

It seemed like he was gone forever and that made me anxious, even scared. If Daddy wasn't looking for me already, he would be soon; as soon as the divorce proceedings heated up. No doubt he would drag me into it to prove Mother had been cruel enough to turn their only son into a pathetic queer who doesn't know if he's a girl or a boy. Then he would probably have me killed and make it look like I put myself out of my misery.

I don't know what I would do without Eddie who seems to have some real friends who count. There is one major problem, though and that's the Navy. When my leave is over, they'll come looking for me if I don't show up. And if I do show up, Daddy will know where I am and that scares me.

Eddie came back into the bedroom just this minute and looks like he needs to talk. The conversation went something like this:

"Marla, your father knows you dress so he'll be looking for a girl your age if he doesn't see you as a boy,"

"I suppose so."

"A little while ago when I said you look like a little girl, it gave me an idea. You're going to love as my baby sister or cousin or something like that for the next couple of weeks. We'll have to get you the right clothes, shoes and stuff but it can work."

I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Oh, Eddie," I exclaimed gleefully. "This is going to be great fun. When I was little I envied all the girlish finery. Imagine shopping in the preteen departments..."

Eddie didn't let me finish the sentence.

“Sorry, Marla, but no. Not like that yet. All new clothes and shoes and things will be a tip off. Unless it’s for a special occasion, no one wears all new stuff. We’re going to have to make the rounds of thrift shops. That way we can get you an assortment of clothes that won’t look like you were outfitted from head to toe all in one day at one store.”

“That’s so neat. You know I’ve never been in a thrift shop in my entire life. But I can keep my own panties, can’t I?”

Poor Eddie blushed. We were silent for only a minute or so but it was enough time for that awful feeling of fright to return. That feeling of fright bordering on panic was all the more horrible because I couldn’t say what was behind it, not even to myself. I tried to reason it out and focused on the unsolved problem of my obligation to the Navy which was compounded by my fear of what Daddy might be planning. None of that accounted for that feeling of panic that was coming on so suddenly and was like a huge weight being lowered on me.

The panic passed almost as quickly as it had descended on me. Maybe it was because Eddie had lovingly run his fingers through my hair reassuring me there was at least one person on this earth who accepted me as I and who would care about me forever.

Eddie sighed as a prelude to what came next. “Your hair is like brown silk but not so finely silky that it can’t be easily styled. Short, though, too short to be styled the way a kid of the age we need to make you would wear it. We need to get you a fall. Buying it might raise some questions. Have you got nay ideas?”

“A beret! That’s the answer to the hair problem. You know, like a private school uniform or a scout uniform.

My hair's not so short that it can't be tucked up underneath."

"Marla, that's brilliant. Besides that, I've always liked girls who wear hats."

Eddie's face turned sour again almost as soon as he finished speaking. "Shoes; we need the right shoes for a girl your age. I mean the age you're supposed to be."

"Well, I'm glad you made that last point. I have saddle shoes and penny loafers in my apartment. Oh, and a pair of Keds."

"Great! I'll go or there now so we can get started on our shopping trip first thing in the morning."

* * *

EDDIE'S NARRATIVE

I took a cab DC and then a bus to Chevy Chase. No sense in letting a cabbie know my destination in case someone checked his log. Can't be too cautious especially not with Marla's dad's connections not to mention his ruthlessness.

I threw the shoes into a pillow case thinking that it might look like I was on my way to a laundromat. The car parked across the street told me I wasn't being overly cautious. Crossing the street and walking toward the car wasn't what the occupants expected from the way they began to squirm around. This was an opportunity for some fun.

The front seat passenger, an attractive fortyish woman, rolled down the window in response to my tapping on it. The driver turned away from me.

"Sorry to bother you but you look lost. Maybe I can help you. Not that I know this neighborhood all that well. Just moved in yesterday."

Flustered, the woman explained they were from out of town and looking for a young sailor who lived in the building. She glanced at the driver who nodded and then asked me if I knew Marlon _____.

"That name was on the mailbox of my new apartment. No idea where he went. Maybe the post office has some forwarding information."

That interchange would give us another day or two to stay ahead of Daddy. And for all I knew that had been Daddy in the driver's seat.

As the car pulled away, I turned after it and waved. To my disappointment it had a rental plate.

One thing for sure was that the pair would be back once they found out I had lied about Marlon/Marla having given up the apartment. I went back upstairs and added any femme apparel to the pillow case. Finding a small overnight bag, I transferred the clothes and shoes from the pillow case to the overnight bag and went home by a circuitous route.

Marla was delighted that I had brought her small femme wardrobe; "Like comfort food," she remarked as she curled her legs under her on the end of my couch. "Aren't we so domestic? Seems just right to me."

"Kind of," I said.

"Only just kind of?" She looked and sounded like I had burst her bubble.

"Marla, honey, we can't relax and be like a pair of lovebirds until we deal with the tow big problems. One is that you're still in the Navy. The other is your Daddy. He isn't going too go away."

“That shit is out to destroy me. Can’t we just go somewhere where he can’t find me?”

I shook my head and announced he may already have found us. Marla blanched when about the episode outside her apartment. I hadn’t seen enough go the driver of the car to give Marla any sort of meaningful description so we didn’t dwell long on the couple in the car.

I showered then filled the tub for Marla. We chatted while I sat on the throne watching her shave her exquisite legs as she soaked.

“You really don’t have to do that,” I suggested. “Your legs are silky smooth without being scraped.”

“Flattery will get you everywhere,” she said with a mischievous twinkle in her voice. “You’re right but this makes me feel ever so feminine.”

I held an oversize bath towel as she stood with her back to me. Once the towel was draped over shoulders, she pulled it tightly around her and shivered. My hand patted the towel, drying her as she turned her face over shoulder and looked at me with trusting warmth.

It was as if a sudden modesty had come over her as kept the towel loosely over her shoulders and stepped into her panties. The towel fell to the floor as she pulled an extra large tee shirt over shoulders. She was now covered from neck to mid thigh in an impromptu nightie that concealed her shape.

I scooped up in my arms as if she were a child. Marla kissed me on the cheek and put her arms around my neck as I carried her to the bed.

“Put me down at once,” she said. “You’re giving me a hard-on.”

“Please stay soft. You’ve already got me exhausted.”

We were almost asleep when the phone rang. It was Leah. Garth had apparently gotten someone to go over Marlon's service record right back to when he filled out his first medical history questionnaire. Marlon indicated he had polio at an early age, a case severe enough to render him ineligible for military service. This fact had been ignored or hidden from view. This *oversight* would definitely be sufficient to get Marlon a medical discharge under honorable conditions. We had hit the jackpot. One major problem had been solved.

Garth had asked Leah to warn us that under no circumstances was Marlon to report to personally accept his DD-214. The reasoning was that since the medical questionnaire had been misplaced for so long, it may have suddenly reappeared to create a situation that would bring Marlon out in the open where a *planned* accident could get him killed.

His guess, according to Leah, was that the hope had been that Marlon would be seen as a fairy and end up assaulted and killed by a couple of insecure louts who felt threatened by Marlon/Marla. Fortunately Marlon's innate likeability protected him.

Marla and I were too excited to fall asleep quickly so we lay on our backs with our finger tips touching while Marla chatted on about how wonderful it will be when we start living together like a real couple.

The problem for me was that I wasn't at all sure I wanted to spend my life with a Marla or any girl like her. It wasn't that I didn't enjoy sex with girls who had that something extra. It was jealousy! Even though I knew how much I would enjoy helping Marla shop for girl clothes the next morning, deep down inside I knew it would be so much more fun if I were shopping for girl clothes for my own use.

* * *

THE SHOPPING TOUR

Marla waited restlessly for Eddie to return. She was feeling trapped in what she perceived more and more to be Eddie's tiny apartment. The reality was that it was easily as large as her own small place.

It was a relief when Eddie had returned with a shopping bag. Marla broke into a grin when Eddie emptied the contents onto the floor. The jeans had been deliberately shrunk to cling to the curves of a real girl whose size and proportions matched Marla's! (Sanforized and preshrunk jeans were a rarity back then.) That was enough for Marla to get started on the shopping tour.

Marla slipped a polo shirt over her bra and wiggled her way into the tight jeans. A triumphal smirk flashed across her girlish features as she realized how easy it was for her to get Eddie's undivided attention as he eyed her intensely. She knew her lover was totally enthralled with her attractiveness, not to mention her special attractions. What she didn't comprehend was that inside Eddie was Edie, a femme persona every bit as seductive as Marla.

To their mutual surprise Marla was able to literally fill Eddie's low rise sneakers. This added to the unaffected casual look that would be necessary for Marla to shop in a thrift store without attracting undue attention. Eddie realized something that Marla already knew; she was just too classy to look as though he would be shopping at thrift stores.

They made their way to Georgetown which had a few, perhaps too few, resale or consignment stores that featured gently used upscale fashions; last years styles to be

sure but still in keeping with the *look* that so suited Marla's inborn high-class grace.

Ever the tease, Marla invited Eddie into the dressing room supposedly to get his opinion of the various dresses she would try on. The effect was to raise both Eddie's desire for Marla as well as his long but not deeply buried need to dress en femme, something which he did very well and very often before going into the navy to avoid conscription.

Eddie would sit on the bench as directed by Marla who would slowly lower her jeans just low enough to show that under her panties her equipment was not what her outer appearance suggested. Then she would turn her back to Eddie, stick out her bottom toward him and, after allowing him several seconds to contemplate her delicious bottom, remove her jeans. Eddie found it terribly difficult to resist pulling that yummy tush to his face. He managed to resist this all but overwhelming desire for fear that an intrusive sales lady might take a peek in the changing room to offer her assistance.

An advertising card in one of these better resale shops announced an affiliated store nearby offered quality fashions while catering to the needs of a varied clientele. "LIMITED HOURS – WE SUGGEST YOU CALL AHEAD." This appealed to Marla's sense of mischief. She grinned as she pictured Eddie in the panties he seemed to enjoy so much as she encouraged him, even helped dress fully.

They were about to leave when Eddie noticed a green knit dress on a hanger. "Wait up," he said to Marla who already near the door. "This might be perfect for your coloring. Size might be a little large. Forget it."

Marla took the hanger from Eddie and held the dress in front of him.

“It would fit you perfectly, though. That’s with the right foundation garments. Let’s take it and give it a try.”

Marla was reassured she was on the right track when Eddie barely blushed as he nodded agreement. As she checked the dress for damage her face lit up. “This was my mom’s!”

“You mean it was your mom’s! What makes you say that?”

“Eddie, the tag isn’t a brand name or anything like that. It’s the label of a custom seamstress who either makes most of Mother’s clothing or carefully alters others to fit her just right or at least the way she likes her clothes to look and feel.”

Eddie was wondering if Marla would turn out to be the kind of girl who would need a custom tailored wardrobe to feel comfortable. That idea was another entry in the liability column of the mental balance sheet he was working out to see if he and Marla could make it as a long term couple.

Problem is, he reasoned silently, is that I’d feel like hell if I abandoned this kid to the wolves right now. Besides, she’s great in bed and fun to be with. I’ll stick it out until I know she’s safe.

Eddie suggested they go back to his place to stow the purchases which, by then, filled several shopping bags. Marla could then change into something more mature before shopping for lingerie and foundations suitable for a young lady of quality.

* * *

EDDIE’S NARRATIVE

Marla had me all hot and bothered by the time we got back to my place. To top off my frustration, she locked me out of my own bedroom while she changed to a skirt and blouse along with a pair of high heeled pumps we picked up on the shopping tour.

“Eddie, give me some money....Don’t look so shocked. You’ll be paid back. I don’t need you to pick out my underthings like you tried to do with my clothing.

“We’re over reacting to this whole thing. I don’t believe I’m in any danger from anyone, Daddy least of all. For all I know you made up that story about people in a car watching my apartment. For what reason, I don’t know.

“I’m eternally grateful to you for saving my life when I tried to kill...hurt myself. I feel better now that your friend, Garth or whatever his name is, found out that my having had polio was accidentally overlooked so I’ll be a civilian again and start trying to try to live as I was meant to.

“You’ll always be a special memory. Maybe I’ll look you up when I get to New York or maybe it’s best if we never see or phone each other again.”

“I can’t keep you from doing whatever you...”

“That’s right. You can’t so don’t try to convince me otherwise.”

“Please listen for a couple of minutes. You owe me that much at least.”

“I owe you nothing. You saved my life, maybe. And we had some fun sex. That should even the score. Oh, the

hell with it. Just say what you need to say and let me get out of here."

Her eyes widened and her nostrils flared with suppressed rage as I related the details of how Dr. Rhonda Landow, a fully qualified psychiatrist, came to suspect her brother was a serial killer of young transvestites based on the fact that the murders occurred in cities all over the world but only at times when Garth was in those cities. Further research indicated that the murders had started before Garth was part of the military attaché to the diplomatic team he was assigned to. That team had been in each city at the time a transvestite was murdered. Only one member of that team was on it from the time the murders started to the present.

I finished my much abbreviated summary of Rhoda's finding with the conclusion, "That person is your father." For which Marla slapped my face with surprising force driven by emotional intensity as she venomously snarled "How dare you?"

The slap sent me reeling. "I deserved that. My explanation could have been gentler..." She didn't allow me to continue.

"You deserved that and a lot more. What surprised me and disappoints me no end is that you're taking statements from a brother and sister pair with no verification at all. For a bright guy, you act like a real sucker. You don't seem to know this Doctor Landow very well and you hardly know her brother because she warned you to be careful around him. Now everything's changed. Her brother's a nice guy and my Daddy is pure evil"

"Okay, Marla. Maybe I was too quick to..."

"There's no 'maybe' about your attitude. I can't wait to be rid of you."

I reached out to her and was met with a series of unpleasant surprises.

“Edward, get your hands off me. Back off.”

Her knee shot up and caught me square in the balls. Struggling to breath, I dropped to my knees. A backhand slap dropped me onto my back leaving me helpless at her feet. My eyes widened in fear as she knelt alongside me. Her surprise attack left me hurting and completely defenseless.

A bizarre and erotic emotion welled up in me. I wondered how far Marla might go in her physical domination of me. Even as my pain abated, I wanted to suffer more hurt at the hands and feet of this transvestite beauty.

Without another word, she rested my head on her thigh and kissed my mouth tenderly. “Oh, Eddie, I’m so sorry I hurt you. It looks like it was my turn to overreact. Poor baby getting banged around by his lady love. I swear I’ll make it up to you.”

This boy/girl and her sudden extreme mood swings had been getting on my nerves and this might have been the last straw but for the feelings her sudden assault aroused in me. Meanwhile her hand was resting on my aching balls, something which was provoking arousal and intimidation in me.

“Okay, I’m sorry I got you angry. I’ll be okay if a few minutes. Why not just get out of here and, like you said, we’re done with each other.”

Now she was starting to cry! “Please, Eddie, give me a chance. Let’s both calm down and think this through rationally.”

I nodded, sat up and hugged her, kissing away her tears. The end of this wacky relationship was overdue but, considering my very vulnerable state, now wasn’t the

moment to end it. Not unless I wanted her to really hurt me.

Marla helped me to my feet and guided me to the couch. I lay with my head on her thigh as she stroked my hair.

“Say, where did you learn to fight like that? You one of those judo types?”

“Hardly, although Mommy tried to get me to attend unarmed self-defense classes. I was so afraid of any rough stuff. Boys used to bully me and one day I just exploded and hurt a boy so badly that I was suspended from school. It was so unfair considering I was the victim. Mommy put me in a very modern private school where I was tolerated, even liked.”

I could see by her face that it wasn't easy for Marla to talk about that period of her childhood so I said nothing but simply raised my face to hers and kissed her tenderly. Just label me 'CHUMP.'

Marla just sat with my head resting on her for a long time. Still being gentle, Marla eased me to a sitting position although the pain she had inflicted on me had abated. She announced she had to pee and walked off in the direction of the bathroom leaving me to reflect on the newly discovered urges aroused by the beating at her hands. My mind was racing with all kinds of new associations.

What if a real girl smacked me around, stripped me, put me in panties and hurt me? Would that be better than getting pounded by a tranny? What if I were passably dressed in sexy panties and hose and punishing a guy? Damned if Marla hasn't opened a whole new fantasy world! With any luck, it won't stay a fantasy world for very long.

I resolved to explore variations on the pain and humiliation theme when Marla's return brought us both back to the problem which led to her explosion and my new thrill.

“Eddie, you know what led us to that spat we had?”

‘Spat’ was an understatement to say the least but I wasn’t about to provoke her again; not yet.

“How could I forget?” was as safe a response as I could muster.

“Let’s just say for now that Daddy wasn’t involved in any of those killings, okay. And suppose Garth Landow is as pure as new fallen snow. Let’s say neither one is the killer. There is someone else who might fit the bill.”

My incredulous stare failed to deter Marla from voicing her theory.

“I know you think this is fantastic but you were told that Garth Landow is dangerous by whom? The same person who said he was okay. And Garth Landow was very helpful to us over the last couple of days. Think about who tried to make him look bad. His sister, right?”

Her theory might not have been as nutty as I first thought. Marla waited a minute and continued.

“What if Dr, Rhonda visited her brother in each of those cities or just went there unnoticed by him and did the killings only when he was there as a cover for herself?”

“Come to think of it, it is strange that she had kept a record of where and when those killings took place! Marla, let me get in touch with Leah and ask her to find out if Rhonda had been to those cities when those poor trannies were killed.”

There was little chance of deterring Marla from returning to her apartment now that she set her mind. She did agree to keep most of her newly acquired thrift shop wardrobe at my apartment just in case she had to abandon her place on short notice.

“This is only a short term backup because I’ve got to be out of here in a couple of days so they can get ready for the new tenant. You’ll be mustered on a medical as soon as they can process you.”

“There’s nothing to keep me in DC. I need a place where I can be Marla, feel safe being me.

“And I envy you so much, Eddie. You have some place to go back to, a circle you fit in. I wish I had something like that to look forward to. Well, hopefully some day. Oh, I’m lying to myself because deep down inside I know that’s never going to happen.”

Marla sighed softly as she finished what was probably a heartfelt statement. She might have been fishing for an invitation to join me in New York. Saying nothing might have been taken as tacit acceptance. I tried to get her to talk about alternate plans.

“Will you go back home to visit your folks?”

“I guess I’ll have to,” she said solemnly. “That might give me a chance to think out what to do about Marla.”

My hand was on the door as we started to say good-night Marla stood on tip toe and planted a token kiss on my cheek. Then she turned her face so that our lips met as if by accident, a planned accident.

“Hold me, Eddie, hold me tight. I’m so scared.”

Her cheek rested against my chest as I pressed her close to me. It was hard to resist letting my hand slip down to her bottom. Marla must have read my mind because she squirmed so as to place her delicious butt as close to my hand as possible.

“What if they find out I’m queer? What’ll that do to my chances of a clean discharge? What if you’re right and somebody is out to get me? Shit! I’m so worthless.”

Knowing full well I was being manipulated by Marla's moods, I was just horny enough to let myself play into her hands once again.

"Marla, love, you're anything but worthless. You're attractive and..."

"Stop saying that. It means nothing. I'm not a guy and I know I was never meant to be one. Oh sure, I'm some kind of girl but being what I am means I'll always be vulnerable and living in fear. Don't I deserve the adoration, the homage that real girls get from their lovers?"

She was facing me now with her belly pressed against my groin, her hands resting on my shoulders. Her finger tips, light as butterflies, moved across my face, along my neck sending shivers of unsought, unwanted anticipation through me. I felt her hands grasp my wrist with a firmness that brooked no resistance.

She released her grip on my wrists only when my hands rested along her nether crack as she pressed hard against me. My heart stopped for a couple of beats as her stiffening cock rubbed gently against me through her skirt and panties. My determination to avoid any more sex with her from the time being overrode Marla's ability to create new and varied scenarios. I just wanted to see her tucked up safely and alone in her bed or on my couch for the night so I could get enough rest to finish packing and ship my belongings home to my folk's house in Brooklyn until I got set up.

What happened next was beyond any possible expectations. Marla paused as if in shock as I watched her face contort. She pushed me away and stood all but paralyzed as her hands contracted hard enough to drive her nails into the soft skin.

"I can see it now! Those stupid shits raped me. They made me suck them and then I had to kneel while they

tried to make stick my tongue in their butts. I went into a wild rage. That bastard in front of me was laughing about me having no balls so I reached in front of him and grabbed his balls and twisted. He collapsed screaming so I let go but I pounded him a few until he puked. I was on my butt now so I just kicked at whoever came near me. I caught the biggest guy in the ankle so his feet went out from under him. My kicks kept landing in his ribs while he was on the ground. He was crying like the baby, he really was until by saddle shoe caught the side of his head. Then he just lay there while the last two stared for a second and then bolted. It felt so good.

“Daddy for once was proud of me and warned the school he would make big trouble for them if they took any disciplinary action against me. I guess I took advantage because every time I passed nay of them in the hall, I pretended I was going to dart at them. The few girls I hung around with, real bookworms every one of them, thought this was great fun.

“Mother decided this was no longer the place for me so I was moved to a new school. I even made out with some boys who appreciated kids like me but I never let them get past second base.

“Oh, gosh, I’ve been waiting forever to tell that to someone who might care.”

When she began this emotional release Marla had sat down on the end of the couch. Her body was in constant motion through most of this revelation. Her affect softened, became almost beatific by the time she concluded. Needless to add, her skirt was in disarray and I had trouble averting my gaze from her the hem of her panty. And of course there was the occasional glimpse of the panty crotch.

I must have had an "Oh, you poor kid" kind of look on my face because Marla smiled and said "I'm okay now." Then with a sheepish look on her face, she added, "The boy whose balls I mangled must have liked it because he kept coming around like he wanted to date me. I let him come over a couple of times and made him kiss my shoes and... It's too silly. Let it go for now."

There was a wry smile on Marla's face as she clammed up. She rested her elbow on her bare thigh and leaned her chin on her hand.

"Is there anything I can do to make you feel better?"

"Eddie, you can pay me the homage I deserve....I'm perfectly serious."

Marla spread her legs and pulled her panty crotch aside to free her half erect penis. I would have bet that inside this moody trannie was a dominatrix out to get back at the males who had failed to appreciate her special qualities. Maybe I would come to grief but I dropped onto my knees and ran my tongue around the rim of her cockhead. She writhed but not in any way that resembled sexual arousal.

"Eddie, stop. I've got to get out of here! This isn't what nice girls do. Please let me go home."

That reaction deflated me in no time flat. It was like I was back in high school making out with a tease. You got so far and then *propriety* kicked in and cut everything off. My guess was something else was going on inside Marla's head; but what was it? Her eyes were staring into some place that could have a dozen miles and a dozen years away. After straightening my own clothing, I eased Marla to her feet and pulled her skirt to a more modest level. She was shaking and her skin was cold and damp.

Marla looked at me as if I were a total stranger and then collapsed in my arms. Once she was seated on the

couch, I wrapped her in a blanket and wondered what to do next. Marla revived very quickly and greeted me by saying "Nothing to be scared of. This happens when I don't eat for a long time."

I poured her some orange juice and popped my last two slices of bread into the toaster.

"You scared me, Marla. Just promise me you'll start eating regularly whether we stay together or not."

I promise. Now let me go home. Let me go home or I'll scream for help."

"Just finish your toast and jam before you go."

I reluctantly let her leave. I had little doubt that I was better off heading back to New York free of this madman or madwoman, whichever the case might be.

Even though it was barely eight-thirty it didn't take long for me to drift into a deep, restful sleep. It was six o'clock the next morning when I hurried to the bathroom to empty my extremely full bladder. After showering, shaving and dressing, I threw my shaving gear and such into my toilet kit, dressed and cleaned out what was left in the refrigerator. I stripped the bed, collected the trash and got ready to leave for Union Station and the train back to New York.

The building manager was out when I knocked at his door to return the keys and gave him a generous tip for cleaning the apartment and for letting the mover's in. His wife invited me in and asked me to join her and a young guest for breakfast. She assured me Anton would be back momentarily. "He was never one to miss a meal or an opportunity."

The numbers they each bore on their left forearm made it all too clear they were survivors of what has become known as the Holocaust. They never spoke of it and

I didn't wish to stir painful memories by asking questions. Their accents were French, their appearance unquestionably Slavic. "Coffee?" asked Anna. "Sugar and cream are on the table."

"Thank you," I replied as I sat down as for the first time I paid attention to Anna as a woman. She was on the shorter side of average, sturdily built but with a well proportioned body. A natural ash blond with the coloring that goes with that sought after hair shade made me realize how very attractive she would be with her styled and if she dressed more fashionably. I had been given to understand that Anna worked as a private duty nurse for a company that provided such services.

As soon as I realized Anna was aware I was scrutinizing her, I self-consciously looked around the room. A number of large framed certificates along with smaller ones caught my eye. Surely these were diplomas of some kind but I couldn't begin to figure what they signified since they were in what I guessed was Polish.

"The credentials of our past." Anna's voice carried a tone of regretful nostalgia.

"Quite impressive," I answered tersely in hopes of allowing Anna's flow of thought to continue.

"The large one on the left is my medical school degree. Next to it, in French, is my Ph. D. diploma. The third is Anton's Ph.D. He was a brilliant researcher...Not important what he studied. That part of our life is over now; over forever."

"You're a Doctor of Medicine and yet you work as a nurse!"

"I wish it were otherwise but I'm not yet confident enough to take the licensing tests in this country. Less than perfect English, you see.

“Anton will be taking the license exam for, how you say, pharmacist. I know what you’re thinking. Such waste of training.

“Perhaps but we have done a lot of good by hiring our compatriots to function as cleaning and maintenance workers.”

The tale was shocking enough so far and although I doubted I would ever see this couple again, I was bursting to know how and why they got from Poland to France and how they managed to survive the horrors of being imprisoned by the Nazis.

Anton’s return was the signal for a light breakfast of fresh rolls, butter, cheese and smoked fish. It reminded of Sunday morning visits to my grandparents.

Anna told her husband of my curiosity which prompted to share some of the couple’s fascinating history which I’ll not go into except for one important point. After the liberation they had provided herbal forms of estrogen and other hormonal products to several young female impersonators in Paris. They also worked as staff in a club featuring such performers. An American with some sort of official standing had been interested in one of them and escorted *her* home on several occasions. The *girl* disappeared after one evening with that American. A few days later she was found in floating in the Seine. She had been raped and strangled. After a pain filled pause, he added we did not see the American for quite some time. When he showed up again, he was with an American woman. She never came to the cabaret again but he did. Then another of the *girls* went out with him and disappeared.

“You seem concerned,” Anna noted.

“Sounds Like a good mystery story,” I answered.

“Tragically this is not a fiction story. This is odd but something about that young woman who you were in and out with yesterday made me think of him.”

There was no need to ask who Anna meant by “him.” I was convinced that this man was Marla’s father. The identity of the woman remained to be discovered but Rhonda Landow was, in my mind, a prime suspect. More perturbing was the thought that Marla might have been set up to suggest that Rhonda was the sole perpetrator of the murders of so many trannies.

I thanked the couple for the breakfast, gave them their tip and prepared to leave. An instant’s hesitation as I was about to step out of the door and then I turned to them and spoke. “My one great regret is that we never spoke on anything close to personal level until this morning. You are very interesting people. With your permission, I would like to stop if I am ever in Washington again. And I would hope you would look me up if you visit New York City or wherever I land.”

They agreed and gave me their unlisted phone number.

A few hours later I was sat in a coach seat watching the scenery go by. My eyes closed but I didn’t fall asleep; not really. Picturing Anna as a younger woman still undamaged by the war was a refreshing exercise in fantasy. But then my mind returned to Marla. When I went to bed last night I believed she was out of my life forever. Now I wasn’t sure. I couldn’t possibly live with myself if I had specific information regarding the murders. What I knew wasn’t specific enough to report. I resolved to listen carefully for any hints of what had gone on. But to whom would I report the killings?

Somehow I managed to clear my mind of Marla and her madness at the same time conceding that memories of her might be with me forever. At that point I thought about my own forays into dressing which had been largely non-existent for too long. I still hadn't resolved whether my needs would be better met by dressing and even living primarily as a girl or by occasional dressing. There was the issue of whether I would date real girls or trannies. No real girl ever came close to the heights of intensity to which Marla had raised me.

* * *

EDIE'S BACK IN TOWN

As I walked through Penn Station and back into New York and the life that had been on hold for my two years in the Navy, it struck me that everything and everyone else had moved on and so it would be impossible to simply resume where I had left off. My brief and bizarre affair with Marla, if nothing else, had me suspicious of Rhonda Landow. I would have to be circumspect in my relationships with everyone in my sister's circle but without appearing to be so.

Walking the few blocks to the Chelsea side street where Leah still lived had an appeal but I opted for a taxi cab which, at my request dropped me on the corner of her street. La Boutique Boheme was now located a few stores up from the corner. A glance up the street let me know that although the windows were still lighted, the shop had closed early. A ladies specialty shop located right on the corner seemed to be independent of La Boutique but no doubt drew clientele from more than a few of the special ladies who were comfortable using the services of La

Boutique. I tried vainly to resist looking into the display windows of the shop which was called "Elegant Secrets."

The display windows of the ladies specialty shop wrapped around the corner location which made it all the more difficult to overcome my suddenly reignited fascination with so-called foundation garments and hosiery. Above all, my need to feel the firmness of girdles, waist cinchers on my body allowed me to overcome my misguided resistance and so I loitered momentarily.

It had been too long since I allowed myself the extravagance of admiring my mirrored reflection as I slowly transformed image into that of a sensual young woman whose seductive form and beauty were enhanced by the sophisticated underthings in which she reveled. I turned slowly away and walked on toward Leah's building. It was more apparent to me than ever that the discovery of my predominant persona was still to come.

Leah had asked a few friends, ladies who had shown me that the options that were open to me if I dared to break loose from the conventional choices that came with being born with a penis.

Carol Lee greeted me with the kind of hug and kiss that two well acquainted women might share. Still standing close to me, she ran her finger over my face. "God, so many women would die to have facial bones like these," she remarked as she turned to the others while pointing to my face. "Lynne will help you develop the best ways for you to use makeup." She pointed to a girl whom I recognized as the pharmacy clerk who had waited on me when I first dared to cross the line between boringly ordinary and adventurously androgynous.

A pair of soft hands covered my eyes from behind. I was startled and froze on the spot although I knew there

was no danger. I soft skin and gentle touch belied the firmness with which those pressed against me.

“I know I’m supposed to guess who this is.”

“And if you don’t there is a penalty.”

“Vera Lawsine, right?”

“Edie, you’re such a spoil sport.”

I turned to face Vera whom I had known only briefly before my induction into the navy. Her deep red hair was pulled tightly over her forehead and pinned in a bun. A dark green blouse was turned up at the collar and appeared to have been tailored to be worn as if the top buttons were left carelessly open. The way it fell to reveal her cleavage left no doubt that the blouse, without looking cheap, was designed for seduction.

Vera placed her hands on her hips which brought my eye to her long skirt, conservatively well cut and slit so as to fall open to reveal her superb legs right clear up to the darker tops of stockings with a tiny glimpse of thigh to further enhance the power and control of this fascinating yet challenging woman.

That Vera had called me Edie even though I was dressed in male garb made the short hair on the back of my neck stand up. Did she sense some essential quality, some aura about me that radiated *femme*? If my guess was correct, what might I expect from her?

Vera extended her hand to me and as we shook hands she drew me to her and kissed me in what approximated a friendly greeting between close and caring women who missed seeing each other. I say “approximated” because the kiss was a little too moist to start, lingered a little longer than the situation called for and ended with a flicker of her tongue over my lips.

Vera stepped back a foot or so away from me and looked me up and down before nodding. "Edie, darling, you've changed so much and all for the better," she gushed. "I need another hug." She pressed me against her as she wrapped her arms around me, put her cheek to mine and after a brief pause cupped my tush in her hands.

"Ouch," I giggled as she squeezed.

"Those boy briefs have got to go. And I do mean once and for all."

Leah suggested I shower and change quickly and led me by the hand to her bathroom. "There are fresh towels on the vanity. Oh, and I've laid out some things for you on my bed."

My face grew warm and flushed even as a tingle of arousal as visions of what Leah might have laid out on the bed. I started to undress in the bathroom but paused when Leah opened the door and pointed out a brand new comb and hairbrush that she had gotten for me. "Oh, stop trying to look embarrassed. We both know perfectly what we each have," was Leah's admonition. "Oh, and there's a brand new robe for you behind the door. And don't keep your guests waiting."

Leah, who rarely missed a detail, had left a woman's leg razor and shaving cream in the shower. Taking the hint I shaved my legs as well as my face.

After showering and hurriedly toweling myself dry, I stepped opened the door to Leah's bedroom. The outerwear on the bed was such that it might be suitable for a young and slender male if a more affected type or for a girl. The off white or ivory slacks and a dark blue silk blouse were, from a distance, almost definitely my size. The underthings were clearly those of woman and

with the gaff placed along side the panties, I was certain they were chosen with me in mind.

After adjusting myself in the gaff, I stepped into the panties and reached for the bra which was padded so lightly that I would hardly more than an A cup once it was in place. That would fit my proportions just fine.

A tap on the door diverted my attention from dressing. "Come on, Leah."

"It's not Leah," a voice announced as the door opened and Lynne stepped in.

As much to my surprise as to Lynne's, I was perfectly comfortable standing in front of her clad only in panties and about to slip into a bra.

"Glad you're okay with me in here. Leah asked me to help you fix your hair and do just a dab of makeup."

"Great, honey. Let's get on with it."

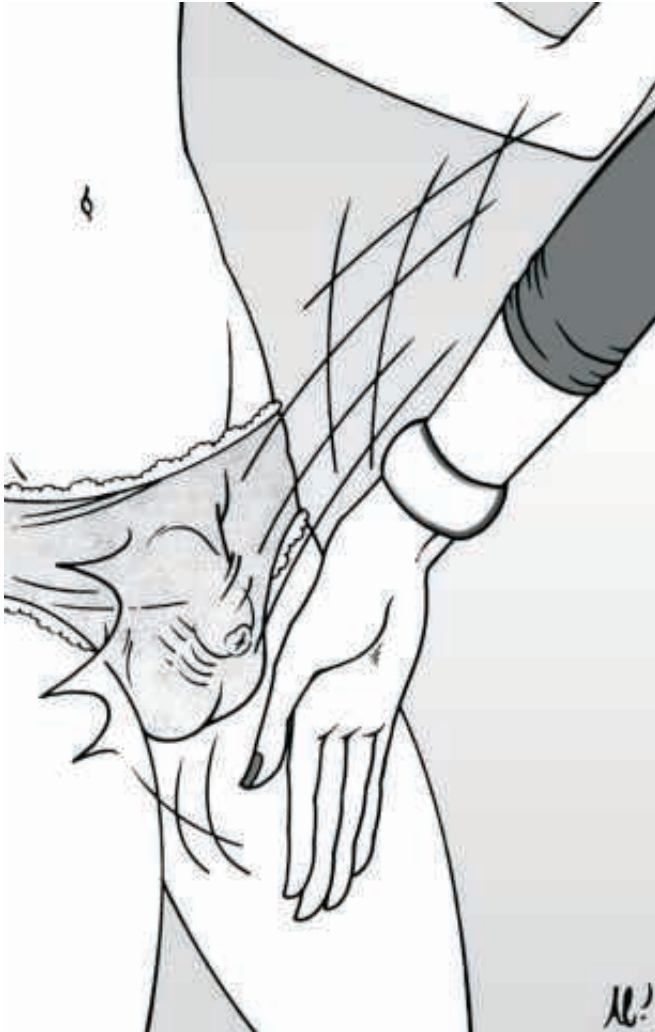
I sat at Leah's vanity table seeing my reflection as neither male nor female but with elements that, if enhanced, could bring one or the other sex into dominance. Lynne was running her fingers over my facial contours while every so often bringing them down to my neck and shoulders where she gently massaged me while tracing the muscles. Then her fingers strayed to my pectorals, the muscles of my chest that could be cultivated through specific exercises to further the illusion of female breasts.

Lynne's very adept finger tips circled my nipples which immediately responded. A subtle and peculiar formed as she nodded approval. Her next words made me think I was not the first boy she worked with or rather on in the strange state of partial dress that I was in.

"It would be wonderful if all my, my clients I guess you could call them, had your gifts. You've got so much going in every way."

“I think you can that as a compliment so thank you.” It came out sounding more ironic than I meant it to.

Lynne leaned forward and slapped my panty-covered balls hard enough to make me wince and cry out. “Don’t be a fresh jerk. Not that I wouldn’t welcome some fresh from you once we’re done but I have to get you ready. Leah can be a real stinker if her people don’t do her bidding and get it done when she wants it.”



She grasped my shoulders digging her nails into me just hard enough to let me know she wasn't to be taken lightly. I now faced away from the mirror as Lynne tilted my chin so I looked up. Seeing the eyeliner in her hand made me freeze so as not to upset her efforts to apply this first in a short series of makeup elements to my face. Then a blue eye shadow applied sparingly. A dab of lipstick on her index finger was applied to each of my cheeks and then softly spread with a tissue. The last makeup to be applied was a pale coral lipstick.

But we were not done yet. Lynne dipped a rattail comb into a jar of setting liquid and ran it through my hair. A few strokes with brush and comb brought a look of satisfied approval as she guided me to my feet and turned me to face the mirror. I could have easily fallen in love with the exquisite flat chested beauty that looked back at me.

"Formidable!" It was Vera Lawsine who dramatically and forcefully flattered me a precisely French pronunciation. I wondered how long she had been watching my transition from bland Eddie to, as she put it, the formidable Edie.

"Thank you so much, Lynne. I'll take over from here."

My cock was again twitching in response to my anticipation of the unknown gratifications that would come from being a transgirl in the service of Vera Lawsine. Thank goodness for the constraint of the gaff.

Vera, without words, made it clear that I was to remain standing for the moment. She handed me the bra which I noticed earlier. The tingling in my loins increased as Vera watched me hook the bra, slide my arms into the straps. Her smile was both maternal and erotic as I leaned slightly forward and nestled my barely existent breasts into the very lightly padded cups. "Lovely, perfectly

lovely; both your moves as you put on the brassiere and the finale effect. Once you're comfortable with the feel of a bra we can try some falsies but nothing terribly busty."

Vera made some slight but effective refinements to the fit of the bra giving the illusion that my breasts, however compact, curved over the upper edge of the cups. This artifice would prove to be more attractive than the cow's breasts featured in cheap magazines. A sense of feminine assurance came over me as I admired my image with catty thoughts that foreshadowed the coldly attractive persona that was emerging.

After stepping into the slacks I became aware of the beige high heeled ankle strap sandals as Vera knelt, raised foot in turn as she slipped the sandals on my feet and fastened the straps. It had been far too long since I walked in heels but the technique came back to me.

Glancing over my shoulder with my back to the mirror reminded of how much heels can shift a girl's body alignment to enhance the rear view. I smoothed the slacks over my derriere and was gratified that my panty lines would show but only when I leaned forward or knelt.

"Quite right, darling," Vera observed. "Never forget that a brief display of panty lines is one more modern tool for flirting. Think of nineteenth century ladies using their fans."

Now that my blouse was on and buttoned Vera inspected me and nodded approval but not before undoing an extra button and turning up the collar not so much that my bra showed but just enough to make any male observer think that he might get lucky and catch a glimpse of bra or even cleavage.

A few bangle enameled bangle bracelets, two rings on my left hand and one on my right middle finger plus a flowing silk scarf completed my *look* which was both so-

phisticated and arty enough to be in step with the images created by La Boutique. Did that mean I was going to be part of the staff?

Vera led the way back into the living room and gestured for me to remain standing in the archway. A few new arrivals whom I had never met looked at me admiringly. Then Vera clapped her hands for attention, swept her arm toward me and spoke.

“Friends, fill your glasses for a toast to Edie who has just returned to us. To Edie with the genuine hope that she’s back in town to stay.”

* * *

A PRIVATE CONVERSATION

The cocktail party was well underway and I had been chatted up more times than I cared to be on that first night back in the guise of Edie. Don’t misunderstand me and think that I wasn’t reveling in the awkward attempts of both men and women to find out if I could possibly care to see them sometime. It was both reassuring and amusing to see that so many of these worldly wise New Yorkers were at a loss to know my real nature and yet were drawn to the beautiful enigma that I had become and the promise that I could exploit this soon to be fulltime persona to any advantage I

chose.

I sat languidly on the end of Leah’s new leather couch carefully drawing the attention of would be admirers and then dismissing them with a sneer as they approached. It was a very satisfactory exercise in femme power.

Vera led an exotically beautiful woman over to me and introduced her as Greer, a very creative portrait photographer who was also notorious for her erotic yet artistic shows. Greer saw me as what I really was and wanted to create a portfolio of photographs with me as the model. She would be in touch with me as soon as I was settled in.

After the conversation with Greer, Vera took me aside and warned me about too much notoriety too soon. "All things in due time," she admonished. "I have what I hope you'll see as a better offer. What I propose will give you time to discover and assess all the possibilities that are open to you.

"I need a secretary, more than a secretary. Perhaps a confidential administrative assistant is a better description. You've got the secretarial skills and you can work as a female most of the time. I have an office is on West Tenth off Fifth Avenue and a second office uptown on Riverside Drive where I live. There is a small apartment in the building which is vacant and which I'll rent for you as part of our agreement.

"If you accept my offer, you'll be schooled in all the arts and skills that a lady needs to know, especially if she's a lady with that something extra.

"If you are interested, we can talk more."

I nodded acceptance.

* * *

EPILOGUE

It was easy for Eddie to shift to Edie while spending much of his time as Eddie. The time as Edie gradually increased until Edie was amused at passing as Eddie. Even as Eddie, the young androgyne never failed to wear pant-

ies under the boring clothing of a young man. Wearing male underwear had begun to feel strange perverted. How things have changed in the few months since Eddie left the Navy and Edie had come back to town.

The Riverside Drive apartment building which was home to Vera Lawsine and in which she had her uptown office was populated mainly by freethinking intellectual and artistic types. Some were academics at nearby Columbia University, then an all male bastion, and its sister school, Barnard College. Other tenants were professional musicians who often taught private students. A few ballerinas, some active and others retired but still teaching, completed the mix.

The roster of tenants gave Edie a sense of security in that she felt reassured she would be accepted as no one very out of the ordinary even though so many smiled knowingly on seeing Eddie. Surely they noticed that Edie and Eddie were one and the same person and yet they showed no disdain and continued to greet Edie no matter in which guise she appeared.

Lynne continued to help Edie learn the intricacies of makeup and color sense when choosing clothing and accessories as well as the fascinating permutations of lingerie and foundations. A friendship developed between the two although Edie wondered if Lynne's panties held the same secret as her own.

Edie was delighted when Vera told him that Lynne was well schooled in judo and aikido. Edie started class en femme and discovered a new delight in defeating the macho types in her classes.

Life proceeded apace as Edie became part of a circle of young trannies and their well off, generous admirers many of whom wanted the aloof transgirl as a lover or

failing that, as a chaste partner to be seen with around town.

It was about eighteen months into her new and predominately femme existence that Edie looked out of her living room window and saw a young woman walking along the Hudson River in Riverside Park. An eerie and anxious sensation came over Edie. Something about that woman was familiar but how could that be? From six floors up, even with binoculars, it would be impossible to recognize someone with any certainty.

The girl wore a camel hair polo coat over a well tailored dark plaid a-line skirt. Her face was concealed by a wide brimmed felt boater style hat. Edie could be sure of little about this girl except that she was well off enough to afford expensive clothing. At that point Edie turned from the window to answer the phone.

There were many strollers in Riverside Park on pleasant days year round yet this girl caused this unnerving reaction in Edie. Unable to dismiss the girl from her mind, Edie watched for her each morning at about the same time.

Three days later the girl reappeared crossing into the park from a side street. Edie noticed that a car turned from the same side street, slowly passed the girl, pulled over to the curb and, once the girl had passed by, resumed its slow progress keeping a few yards behind the girl. She was either being escorted or more likely clandestinely followed.

This second incident made him think of that time in Washington when Eddie thought Marla was being followed. A light went on. Edie couldn't be certain that this girl was Marla but...

For the next few mornings Edie sat in the park with a newspaper in her hand, not reading but watching for the girl who might be Marla. She approached but her trench coat collar was turned up against the breeze. It was odd how she kept looking toward the road. As far as Edie was concerned that confirmed her suspicion that the girl might be followed.

Edie noticed what was almost certainly the same car as the other day slow down and keep pace with the girl who bolted through traffic and hurried off down a one way side street, one was leading toward the park so the car couldn't follow.

The protective instinct that drove Eddie to try to protect Marla back in Washington was resurrected in Edie although she could think of nothing practical to do. After all, she wasn't certain that this was Marla although on some level she hoped it was.

Edie decided to take a stroll along the street that Marla had taken. After deciding she was wasting her time, she stopped in a magazine and smoke shop on the corner of Broadway to buy cigarettes and fashion magazine. Marla came out of a phone booth as Edie was paying for her purchases.

Marla's eyes were too much like those of a frightened doe caught in the headlights of an oncoming car for Edie to let this pass.

"Of course I remember you although you've changed so much and for the better." Marla's smile was forced and Edie's facial expression showed she knew it. "You can see that I'm putting up a brave front. Please, for your own good you don't want to know what's going on."

The conversation ended as Marla flagged down a taxi and got in leaving Edie overwhelmed. She hoped that was it forever as far as seeing Marla. If their paths happened to

cross again, she would take Marla's advice and stay out of whatever was going on.

Weeks went by and on rare occasions the two transgirls passed each other in the park. Edie nodded as they passed but Marla averted her eyes. A couple of times Edie thought she saw that same car trailing Marla.

One early winter morning Edie saw Marla at a distance as the latter followed the path on the edge of the river. That car was there as well. Edie watched in horror as the car accelerated, mounted the curb and raced toward Marla who tried to dive out of the way. She managed to avoid being hit head and crushed under the wheels. But the impact was enough to send the petite trannie flying. Edie hurried toward the limp body.

The car swerved back toward the roadway but kided on some ice toward the guard rail on the far side of the walking path. In a vain attempt to control the car, the driver clipped the guard rail which overturned the car.

As Edie knelt over the unconscious boy-girl, she felt heat of car as it started to burn leaving the driver trapped inside.

A passing motorist called used the emergency call box to summon help. A patrol car was on the scene in minutes. An ambulance and fire trucks weren't far behind.

A stern but friendly police officer told Edie that the girl would be taken to Roosevelt Hospital and that the charred remains of the driver of the car would be taken to the morgue at Bellevue pending identification.

The Daily News and The Mirror reported the incident in a few paragraphs. The car was registered to the victim's father and had been reported stolen some days earlier. The newspapers called it a strange coincidence. Edie had her doubts.

Edie called Vera to tell her that she would not be working that day. She phoned Roosevelt Hospital and was frustrated to learn that patient information was available only to members of the immediate family. She called again later and gave Marla's name only to be thwarted once more.

Too agitated to read or listen to music, Edie decided to go for a brisk walk in the park to get rid of the nervous energy that was keeping her from focusing on mundane activities. The bright sunshine and cool air cleared her head and then as an NYPD foot patrolman neared, Edie concluded that her best hope for finding out Marla's fate was the policeman who had told her that the "accident victim" was being taken to Roosevelt Hospital.

A week later Edie stopped off on her way home to buy a few pastries at a small bakery on West End Avenue. She wondered if the policeman on his way out might be the officer she sought. She felt a surge of relief blended with trepidation as the officer paused as a faint smile of recognition flashed across his face.

"Say, I remember you; the girl who looked so upset at that accident a week or two back."

"Yes, and you're that police officer who was kind and considerate."

"Most people are upset when they witness a serious accident but I would have bet that there might have been some connection between you and...the victim."

The very brief pause before he said *the victim* led Edie to think that he might have been searching for a way to avoid labeling Marla as either him or *her*. She would have to be on her guard.

"I can't be sure. There was a resemblance to someone I had known but I couldn't tell at a distance. Was she badly injured?"

"It's more than a little complicated. This isn't a good time or place to talk. I get off at four. Can we meet later, maybe for dinner...on me?"

There was something so sincere, so attractive about the policeman that Edie accepted. "That's so very nice of you. Where would you like to meet?"

At five o'clock they were seated in a back in German restaurant across town on Lexington Avenue and eighty-sixth.

"It's really so generous of you to invite me here. It's on the expensive side, isn't it?"

"You only get one chance to make a first impression so here we are."

Edie felt herself blush. She was very attracted to the man who was around thirty or so. *Just the right age for an intimate relationship*, she thought. *Get a hold of yourself. It would be suicide to get involved with a cop no matter how charming he is and how hot you are for him*

"I don't know why I feel I can discuss this case with you. There were some surprises when we got to the ER. IF you knew the victim, I'm sure you know what I mean. A few minutes after his, her mother was notified a call came in that some high powered person or persons wanted this hushed up and that she would be transferred by private ambulance to a facility outside Philadelphia." He reached across the table and pressed Edie's hand. "I'm not sure she made it.

"I felt like hell. Kids like that...no place they can fit in. Easy for them to be taken advantage of. You see there was this kid on my block. Beautiful kid, more like a girl than a boy, naive as all hell. I made sure he wasn't bullied in grammar school and high school. I kept him out of trou-

ble. I was joined the Marines after high school. I was in ITR at Camp Lejeune when my mom wrote to me that he died as the result of beating. He was beaten simply because of what he was. No harm to anybody. That's why I keep an eye out for girls like...like you, do what I can to keep them safe.

"Enough of my sad story. It's a hell of a thing for a cop to say but I took to you like no one I ever met before. Maybe not love at first sight but something pretty close to it."

"Why not come up to my apartment for pastry and coffee? We can get to know each other better, much better."

"By better do you mean intimately?"

That response made Edie blush; not with embarrassment but with desire.

It was the start of a long and special friendship.

Mardee Louise Prynne