

MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER



Mardee Louise Prynne

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by

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Dear Reader:

This is a companion piece, a sequel to "Wonderland" It is suggested, although not necessary, that you read "Wonderland" prior to reading "Mother's Little Helper". I am sure, however, that "Wonderland" will enhance your enjoyment of this book even if you read it afterwards.

Cordially,

Mardee Louise

PROLOGUE

Time: A few months before our present scene.

Place: A bedroom in Aunt Alice's home in the Wonderland Artists' Colony

Person: The inept, awkward Arnie, a total failure in his boy persona. However, having been awakened to certain possibilities by one Bertie Hargreave who is also called Robbie, a girl with that certain ne plus ultra, and encouraged by Aunt Alice, Arnie is becoming aware of Annie, a much more adept and adequate personality.

The baby blue tanktop undershirt was accented by a red bow at the center! Fresh pink nylon panties felt so good as he adjusted them over his hips. He turned slightly in front of the full length mirror on the bathroom door. He loved the way the glistening panties accented the small but well defined contours of his tush, He sat on the edge of the bed to slip on the powder blue ankle socks, Light blue linen shorts reached almost to the top of his knees. The full, flared legs gave the illusion he was wearing a skirt. He stepped into the penny loafers as he buttoned the dark blue cap sleeve blouse. Fie left the round Peter Pan collar undone. He felt a stirring in his groin as he once more checked himself in the mirror. Annie was very pleased with the young teen who smiled enigmatically at him from the mirror.

CHAPTER ONE

The fall arrived in a rich palette of reds and golds. Shadows lengthened and darkness came earlier. Karen was working now, the wine steward of The Two Sisters. The restaurant was doing well even beyond tourist season. A restored inn and a B&B had opened on the edge of town. These provided ideal weekend escapes for married couples trying to rekindle what had been as well as for unmarried couples seeking a discreet venue for that romantic tryst. Pretty racy stuff for the fifties. People were enjoying a sexual revolution even then; they just had more style and more taste than those who waited a decade longer to join the sixties sexual revolution which was more apparent than real.

Aunt Alice would see to it that Annie was accepted as a day student at a nearby non-denominational girls' school called 'Brierly Academy.' 'Non-denominational' meant a one size fits all Protestant outlook. No Bible thumping for these young ladies; just a tasteful, white-gloved hymn singing session now and then. Annie was enthusiastic about completing high school. The superbly attractive, marvelously passable trannie was secretly thrilled at the thought of wearing school uniforms. She had read somewhere that lots of men have a thing for girls in school uniforms. The thrill palled as soon as she read the uniform regulations in the school brochure, No crew socks, only anklets. Dark blue or gray cable tights. Sheer hose to be worn only on special occasions. Full slips must be worn if blazers are to be removed. Skirt length must cover the knees when kneeling with both knees of the floor. Even the type of underwear including panties was dictated for each type of activity along with the appropriate uniform for that activity. Bummer!

Karen had started work at The Two Sisters in late August. Her hours brought her home after Annie was asleep. She slept late and then was off to the restaurant to inventory the wine cellar. There was little time for Annie, Karen was, of course, working with Leslie who was becoming more elegantly beautiful each time Annie saw her. From trying to survive as a trannie on the streets of Philadelphia, this darkly seductive t-girl had become a sophisticated beauty who was all but the manager of The Two Sisters restaurant, a very popular dining spot recently opened by a pair of lesbian lovers from the Boston area.

Annie resented the demands on Karen's time and was more than a

little concerned that this young lesbian who swore that Annie was the first non-gg she had ever been involved with was spending more hours with Leslie than she was with Annie. "Well I got over Bertie so I can get over Karen," thought Annie, perhaps a little prematurely. But then again, perhaps not.

Orientation day for transfer students! Annie dressed carefully. She had chosen the character of demure, wholesome girl when she gave up being Arnie at the start of the summer. Despite her modeling for Alice's exotic photos and drawings, she loved the look of the ordinary girl. Nothing kinky about Annie unless you checked inside her panties.

The skin tone gaff gave Annie a perfect female torso. She stepped into white stretchy nylon briefs with only the tiniest bit of lace at the leg openings. The tailored waistband just brushed the bottom of her deep navel. She carefully chose her bra. White, narrow back, a tiny blue bow between the cups, and lace edging as understated as the leg bands of her panties. She sat on the edge of her bed as she pulled the cable knit knee socks over her toes and slid them over her lightly tanned calves. Brand new Cordovan penny loafers, a gift from Aunt Alice. She slipped the ivory silk chemise over her head and sat at the vanity table brushing her hair until it gleamed with its own natural oils. She took the tiny gold pins from her recently pierced ears and replaced them with the tiny topaz studs her mother had sent her.

Annie stared in admiring disbelief at the pretty girl who looked so pensive in the mirror. Could it be only a hundred days since the ineffectual Arnie got off the bus at Wonderland? A smile crossed Annie's face. Arnie was gone forever, replaced by this adorable and confident girl.

Her hand opened the drawer of the vanity. Her eyes roamed over the makeup carefully arranged in the drawer, Once more Annie consulted the girl in the mirror. No makeup today, not even lipstick.

A powder blue A-line skirt topped with a pink Peter Pan collar blouse. "God, I'm so preppie...I love it! Please God, let them like me,"

There was a gift box on the breakfast table. "To Annie who is embarking on a new journey. Love, Karen." Annie opened the box. It was a large straw hat, the sort of thing that wouldn't be out of place at a girls' school lawn party in England. She tried it on. It framed her face perfectly.

The streamer matched her skirt!

“What a lovely touch,” commented Alice as she kissed her nephew’s cheek. “Someone must care for you.”

“Not enough to bother giving it to me in person...Don’t be concerned Aunt Alice. I don’t expect more. Not to worry. This isn’t important enough to mess up my day. And I’ll wear it. No sense in wasting a perfectly good hat. And besides I’ll need a hat for the chapel service. I’m sure there’ll be one.”

“Wow,” thought Alice. “Where did all that assertive confidence come from so quickly?” She watched as Annie did a last minute check in the fit 11 length mirror in the hall. There was no way that anyone could guess that a little more than three months ago this heavenly butterfly was an awkward, stumbling caterpillar of a boy.

Alice glanced at the lovely boy/girl seated alongside her as the car made its way to The Academy. Alice realized she must stop thinking of Annie as her nephew and acknowledge that, at every level, this beautiful being had been remade, even reborn, as her niece.

“Mommy always said we’re Protestant. We sometimes went to different churches depending where we were living. I never felt part of any church.

“Once Mommy took me to Sunday school. There was real separation of boy things and girl things. They laughed at me and called me a sissy because I wasn’t very good at boy stuff. Now look at me. I’m better at girl stuff than any of those simpering cows who ran that rat hole.” Annie chuckled in self-satisfaction.

“I really liked the church you took me to. The service was pretty with all the robes and stuff. Neat hymns too. I’d be just so great to be able to sing that stuff in a lovely, peaceful old church. Maybe that’s why my mom gave me those music lessons once when she was doing okay. Like fate.” She relaxed softly humming “Amazing Grace” She hummed most of it but clearly sang “...once was lost, but now am found...” She leaned her head on Aunt Alice’s shoulder. “Thanks for helping me find Annie.”

The welcome talk and the “win one for the Gipper” by upper class

women really caught Annie's attention. For the moment she lost sight of what she had been and the struggles she and her mother had been through. She was caught up in the mystique of becoming, or at least giving the appearance of having become, a well-bred, well trained young lady.

They strolled the slate walks between the buildings that looked like a set for Masterpiece Theater. A tea was served on the lawn. The academic dean, a handsome woman of forty suggested that Annie would not be disappointed were she to order her uniforms now! She was in!

"Oh my God! Aunt Alice, what will happen if they find that I'm not what I appear to be?"

"Don't be silly, darling. What you are is no secret to Dean Cranston and you're not the first t-girl who has been reeducated at The Brierly Academy. There may even be others like you here although the real girls outnumber you by far.

"And you're to be educated like all the other girls here, real and trannie. They claim that this is a serious school and not a haven for teen kink. Personally, I think this is a haven for young snobs. You make up your own mind."

They approached the chapel where auditions were being held for the choir. It was an impressive example of the Norman style so often encountered in rural England. The square central tower made higher by the church being on a hill dominated the campus while adding to the Masterpiece Theater atmosphere that pervaded the campus.

It took a few moments for Annie's eyes to adjust to the dim light inside. It was more rural England than she could have imagined. The altar was set back beyond the transept while the choir section was arranged in fixed, high backed seats along either wall between the altar and the transept.

Four girls in school jumpers sat in the front pew near a piano which had been moved to that position for the auditions. A petite, pretty woman with shoulder length reddish brown hair stood next to the piano talking to the girls. The woman wore a hunter green paisley patterned dress, belted at the waist with around collar with a ribbon tied in a bow. She looked like the wife of an Anglican cleric in an English country mystery. Her smoky stockings highlighted her muscular legs. The 'sensible' shoes failed to detract from the

exquisite ankles. She noticed the Riordans and waved them to the front of the church. She introduced herself as Miss Proctor, the choir mistress,

The girls gave the Riordans a superficially polite, perfunctory greeting as if to say there were already enough girls in the choir. One girl in particular gave Annie a bored look that was almost threatening as she scanned the new girl from head to foot. Annie was asked to take a seat next to the piano while Aunt Alice talked in the vestry with Miss Proctor who seemed to be an old acquaintance. Annie smiled at the girls who flashed their teeth in an absolutely shark like manner.

The head girl stared at Annie's knees then tapped the girl next to her and whispered. She too stared. Annie realized that as she relaxed, she had allowed her knees to part thus opening her thighs. She reddened as she snapped her knees together. "God, I hope they didn't see my panties," she thought.

"Priss," snarled the head girl under her breath.

Annie smiled to herself as she recalled her first conversation with Marion. Annie had apologized to Marion for being "such a priss" To Annie's surprise, Marion had urged her to go on being a priss, thinking it might yet turn out to be fun.

The group struck conversed among themselves making it clear that Annie, as far they were concerned, didn't exist, After a few minutes one of the group asked Annie, "From around here, are you?"

Annie answered cautiously. "Near enough."

"You can do better than that," cautioned the head girl.

"Yes, but only if I want to." Annie clasped her hands over her knee and drew the knee to her chest. She leaned back in her chair, posing prettily in a way that deliberately challenged the head girl who glared in angry silence. The head girl had offered Annie an opportunity to present herself for the group's judgment. Most new girls would have jumped at the chance to present themselves to this little clique but Annie wasn't having any of that. In so doing, she had challenged the groups' status and threatened the authority of the head girl.

One of the girls broke the icy stillness. "Amanda, you've got such

great solos. The Ceremony of The Carols will be sensational this Christmas.” That made it clear that the head girl was the diva of the choir, the biggest fish in this little pond.

Miss Proctor called from the door of the vestry. “Pamela, you will, please, help Annie warm up.”

The girl who fed Amanda’s ego stood up and curtsied very slightly. “Yes, of course, Miss Proctor.”

She stomped to the piano and sat down. “What key?” she said curtly.

“T major, thank you,” responded Annie curtly.

Pamela played an arpeggio and then ran a scale. She then gave Annie a keynote to start with.

“Excuse me,” said Annie rather firmly. “F major has one flat, not three!”

The girl next to Amanda giggled. “Snagged,” she whispered to Amanda who glared at her as she elbowed the girl in the ribs.

“I’ll demonstrate the keynote for you,” offered Annie as if she were talking to an unruly five year old. She precisely hit a perfect ‘F’ with no effort and no sliding into it. Pamela blushed at being caught in her vain attempt to show Annie up.

Annie stood with her knees to the back of the piano bench, rested her hands on Pamela’s shoulders and, again as if addressing an unruly child, “Let’s try it once more but do play correctly.” She wound her fingers through the back of Pamela’s perfectly groomed page boy and yanked the embarrassed girl’s head back. Annie set her jaw and looked down into the now frightened girl’s eyes. “If you try to throw me off during the audition I swear I’ll slam the piano shut on your hands.”

Annie shoved the girl’s head forward and wiped her hand on the back of Pamela’s uniform jumper. “Ugh, what sort of glop do you use to starch your hair?”

Annie resumed her seat. She put her knees together but kept her ankles a foot or two apart, rested her elbow on her knee and cupped her chin in her hand. She smiled broadly at Amanda whose sudden stiffness betrayed

the anxiety she felt over this new girl's audacity. On her part, Annie wondered where this new confidence, this suddenly released defiance had come from. It wasn't there when Am was around. Annie realized that her mother's newly released persona had inspired the dormant power in her.

"Bitch," mouthed Amanda. Annie smiled, rose to her feet and addressed Amanda. "So pleased to meet you. Such an unusual name but it suits you so well. I'm Annie. Again, I'm pleased to meet you Miss Bitch."

Amanda turned livid with suppressed rage. This self-proclaimed head choir girl, so unused to being challenged, so used to having it her way, wasn't about to allow this fledgling, begging for late admission, coming from God only knows what swamp of a public school to get over on her!

Amanda stood to face down her challenger. "Not here, at least not right now. But very soon we're going to have it out!"

Annie kept her half smile as she assessed the ruler of the choir and perhaps of the whole upper school. She was tall, taller than Annie, and full bodied. Certainly not fat but robust rather than slender. Her shape was certainly very feminine and very, very attractive. Her full bust wasn't at all out of proportion. Even in her school jumper, it could be seen that her waist was small, even tiny, giving way to full hips and a curvaceous butt. Even the cable knit knee socks couldn't conceal this amazon's athletically shapely legs and ankles that were not at all thick. Amanda's face was pretty with regularly symmetrical features, cupid bow lips, with straight dark brown hair, parted in the middle and showing reddish highlights in the midafternoon sun that streamed through the chapel windows.

Arn would have been intimidated but since his metamorphosis into Annie he had gained a new self-assurance. "Girl, you may kick my ass but you're not going to come out unscathed."

"So scared," was Amanda's sarcastic response.

Pamela was on her feet. The plump but pretty girl stood as close to the two adversaries as she dared. "Mandy, please. Proctor will be out any second. Oh, shit! She's here!"

Amanda spoke louder than conversation would call for. "Well' I'm sure we'll all get to know each other better. Lots of luck with the audition."

“What a brown-nosing, two faced bitch,” thought Annie who was now wondering if, in her defiance of Amanda, she had bitten off more than she could chew.

Annie smiled at Aunt Alice and Miss Proctor who appeared to be smoothing out her skirt. She could swear that Aunt Alice had redone her lipstick. “What on earth were they up to in there?” wondered Annie.

She sat down and did some deep breathing and relaxation exercises in the very few minutes before Miss Proctor sat down at the next to the piano and took up her clipboard to score the audition. Pamela took her place at the keyboard and so the audition formally began. Annie thought it went well.

“Annie, darling,” said Miss Proctor in a patronizing tone. “You’ve got fine potential but your voice is very untrained; a voice more suited to a cabaret singer than to what we expect. Perfect pitch is a rare gift so we’re going to give you a chance and try to work with you. Our expectations are very high and the competition very keen. You have a chance of making the choir but don’t hope for any solo just yet. I’m willing to give it a try. Are you?”

Annie surprised herself. “Thank you for your kind words and generous offer. I’ll give it some thought.” She had to keep from giggling when she saw Aunt Alice beaming approval at her over Miss Proctor’s shoulder.

“Very well,” said Miss Proctor curtly. “I expect to hear from you by Thursday. Amanda, perhaps seeing our facilities will influence Annie. Please show her around.”

“Of course, Miss Proctor.” Amanda smiled, pleased to have Annie alone for a few minutes.

“Pam, why don’t you come with us?” Amanda demanded of her disciple.

“Why yes, Amanda. I’m sure this tour will be most interesting. I’ll catch up in two jiffys.”

Annie wondered if Miss Proctor had deliberately fed her to Amanda and Pamela. She had never been in a fight in her life; not as Arnie and not as Annie. Her pent up anger and aggression might fuel her aggression but she

knew she would be short on technique and wondered if she would hold up under any pain or punishment inflicted on her. Then she remembered how quickly, as Arnie, she had learned to throw well under Bertie's tutelage. Perhaps necessity would teach her to fight effectively.

Amanda ushered Annie into the choir room. The piano used for the audition had been moved into the chapel for auditions leaving a large open area on the floor of the high ceilinged room. Music stands were pushed into one corner. Large cubbies, like open lockers, held choir robes. Two facing rows of chairs were set up to simulate the 'choir' of the church, Annie was uncomfortable. Amanda had promised that they would have it out very soon and this might turn out to be the time and place to have it out, Amanda had every advantage. This was her turf and she doubtless had punished girls who had challenged her in the past. Whatever advantages Amanda had and however she might punish and humiliate her, Annie wasn't about to run from the confrontation.

The door closed behind them. Annie tried to maintain her calm as she heard Amanda bolt the door behind them. The door on the opposite corner opened and Pamela entered. She leaned against the doorjamb with folded arms. Her face was set in a challenging smile. Annie realized that this shortish, roundish girl, despite being Amanda's tool, might be a formidable opponent in her own right.

"These are where our choir vestments are stored," offered Amanda solicitously. "Take a good look. You're never going to have your name on one."

With that Amanda spun around, shoved Annie into a vacant cubbie and stood barring her way. "You'll do well to get on your knees and beg my forgiveness or you'll never have a quiet moment in this school,"

Annie was furious. She jabbed her fingers straight into the bigger girl's tummy just below her rib cage! Annie followed through by flailing the strap of her pocketbook against Amanda's back as

Amanda went pale and clutched her abdomen, unable to speak for having the wind knocked out of her. Annie slipped out of the cubbie and slipped behind Amanda. She put her foot against Amanda's heel, her arms around her waist and yanked the girl backwards. Amanda landed on her butt

with a thud. Annie instinctively knew that she couldn't give Amanda an inch or the bigger girl would seriously injure her.

Annie dropped her knee into Amanda's belly. A loud "oomph" came from the big girl as her breath was again knocked out of her. She was flailing in panic, her skirt flapping above her hips. Her semi-opaque nylon panties showed the shadow of her hair. It was clear that she wasn't one of the other t-girls that Aunt Alice mentioned might be at the school. Annie was amused that this self-proclaimed paragon of Brierley was wearing panties that were not in keeping with the dress code. "Tsk, tsk," tormented Annie. "You're out of uniform."

A second knee drop had Amanda crying; whether from pain or humiliation or both wasn't clear. Annie thought another knee drop would do it and give her time to leave before Amanda recovered and went after her. She suppressed her urge to maul the amazon's pretty face, bloody her nose, black her eyes. Any complaint that she had attacked the head choir girl would go badly for Annie. There must be no visible evidence of her win.

Annie got to her feet and tried to get back into the church. Amanda had locked the door. Annie was beginning to panic and bolted toward the door leading outside only to find Pamela coming at her. Annie moved quickly at the short, plump girl who caught Annie's arm, slid her hip under hers and judo tossed her to the floor. Annie got to her knees just as Pamela stood over her. She grabbed Pamela's foot and lifted, Pamela fell to a sitting position. Annie was inspired to more mischief by the sight of Pamela's mid-thigh panty girdle. She dove onto Pamela's legs, grabbed the waistband of the panty girdle with both hands and yanked it down effectively hobbling her and taking her out of the fight, at least in the short term.

Annie realized Amanda might be pulling herself together. The big girl was on her knees trying to recover her breath. Annie pushed Amanda's forehead as hard as she could, sending the crying girl onto her back. As Amanda's open legs shot into the air, Annie realized that she was becoming sexually aroused at showing up the two snotty bitches. Amanda, to avoid more knee drops to her belly, rolled onto her front, LARGE error! Annie planted her knee in the small of the now humiliated head girl's back and grabbed her hair. She pulled Amanda's hair slowly as she unrelentingly forced the bully to raise her head and bow her back. Annie released her hair,

caught her under the chin, Amanda, unused to defeat, was whimpering through her tears.

Annie released the hold. Amanda lay bawling like a frightened baby. Annie slid Amanda's panties down the quivering girl's legs. She eyed Pamela who was pulling her girdle into place. "Don't make me hurt you to!" she threatened Pamela who stared in disbelief at her leader who was so thoroughly beaten by the smaller, thinner new girl.

As she crushed Amanda's panties into a ball, she grabbed her distraught opponent's shoulder and rolled her onto her back. "No, no, please..." murmured Amanda through her tears. Annie stuffed the edge of the panties into the wretched loser's mouth. Amanda, her spirit broken* sobbed relentlessly.

Pamela, despite having judo tossed Annie a few minutes before, was cowering as she sat on the floor. Annie approached her. "I won't start with you. I promise, I promise..." offered Pamela who wasn't about to tangle with the formidable Annie.

"Kind of late to say you won't start with me," sneered Annie. "On your knees like the frightened puppy you are!"

To Annie's surprise Pamela obeyed without hesitation. She turned back Amanda, yanked off the defeated amazon's penny loafer and proceeded to paddle Pamela's full butt.

Annie flung the shoe at the disconsolate Amanda who seemed totally overcome with crying at her defeat and humiliation.

Pamela lay on her side holding her crotch! Her eyes were glazed as she breathed heavily. A moan escaped her lips, She had been incredibly aroused by the spanking Annie had subjected her to! And to think that Aunt Alice had so recently asserted that this school wasn't a place for teen kink!

Annie smiled triumphantly. "Well, thanks for the tour. It was most enlightening! See you around campus." With that she flounced out giving her walk an especially sassy wiggle as she strode away.

CHAPTER TWO

Annie felt great having won her first fight. She knew she had gotten lucky in taking the bullying Amanda by surprise. She resolved to somehow learn to fight effectively even when not driven by anger. Pamela's unfathomable reaction to the spanking Annie inflicted on her was a revelation. What surprised her most of all was the tingling in her loins as she humiliated the two girls.

Once she found the nearest ladies room, she entered a stall and sat to pee. Her cock, not quite erect, was full. Annie wiped away a drop of precum, relaxed and loosed an audible stream of urine into the water. She admitted to herself that the fight was a real turn on for her. She dabbed her pee slit with toilet tissue, adjusted herself in the gaff, smoothed her panties over her hips, shook her skirt and left the stall.

Annie placed her bag on the vanity styled washbasin, washed her hands, and rinsed her face with cold water. She smiled at her reflection. "Why," she asked herself, "did it take so long for you to show up? We'll you're here and I'm not about to let Arnie reappear." She started to brush her hair with the brush from her purse when the door opened. Pamela walked into the otherwise empty ladies room. Annie tensed fearing she might not be as fortunate as she was earlier if Pamela started with her.

Pamela, oblivious of Annie, rushed right into a stall and started to cry.

"Oh, shit! What's this all about?" thought Annie. She closed her pocketbook, slung it over her shoulder and looked at Pamela. The short girl's arm was against the side of the stall, her face against her forearm. Her body wracking sobs were interspersed with mutterings like, "That bitch...When was I anything but her best buddy...? Hate her, I hate her... She's a pervert, not me...I'm getting out of this rat hole...!"

Annie knew she'd regret it if she offered support to the girl who, less than half an hour ago, was planning to jump her. Then again, she might feel a twinge of guilt, however slight, if she left.

Annie stood behind Pamela, rubbed the center of her back and whispered "Shush, shush...Just breathe deeply...That's it." The sobs were less frequent as the hysterical girl shuddered and tried to control herself. She

became aware that someone was standing next to her. Pamela's eyes widened in surprise and then blazed with anger as she faced Annie.

Annie tensed and got ready for the first blow. Pamela spoke in the tones and cadence of a girl who was trying desperately to maintain control. "It's you! Please, please...it wasn't your fault. She's such a shit and I went along with her! That's what's pissing me off... I just want to spit in my own face..." Tears were running down Pamela's cheeks as she started to smile and then laugh at how silly she was for being so overcome by the confrontation that took place between her and the overbearing Amanda.

Pamela looked quizzically at Annie. "Friends?"

"Friends," responded Annie matter of factly.

Pamela leaned forward, hugged Annie and kissed her with a warm, damp kiss that lingered on Annie's lips. Annie thought back to something that Marion had said about the skipper and Mrs. Hargreave. "Keep your friends close and your enemies closer." Annie knew she would have to keep this mercurial preppie girl under close scrutiny until she knew if Pamela was a friend, an enemy, or both depending on which way the wind blew.

"Well, girl," said Annie who was still savoring the taste of Pamela's kiss, "I've got to go find my aunt, get on with the tour." She turned her back and started to leave.

"No, please wait," pleaded Pamela.

"I understand you're upset but I do have to find my aunt." "Then let me walk with you. I feel so lonely right now." "Sure," Annie answered cheerlessly. "So now I've picked up a stray puppy," she added silently.

Annie was silent but Pamela kept pointing out campus landmarks and regaling the indifferent Annie with trivia, most of which seemed to Annie to be legend or someone's wishful thinking. Pamela's stories were each offset by a negative association. It was becoming ever more clear that the school was a hotbed of petty dickering, hurtful intrigue, and snobbishness; it wasn't just the choir group but almost the entire student body that participated. Annie made a mental note to circulate among some of the other groups before the day was out. She was having a problem finding reasons to attend this school

Pamela had so correctly characterized as a rat hole!

A couple of girls passed them and greeted Pamela. "You finally cut loose on Amanda...About time the worm turned." Pamela was flustered by their remarks and their attention. Annie was mildly amused.

"Looks like big, bad Amanda got her cute ass kicked twice in a row," offered Annie.

"Please don't make this harder for me than it already is,"

Annie wondered if Pamela felt badly about standing up to Amanda, Perhaps Pamela feared the loss of Amanda's approval or the loss something even more intimate. She really wanted to shake off the clingy, whiny creature. On another level Annie felt drawn to the pretty, full bodied girl. There remained in the newly assertive boy/girl a need to find out more about why she was turned on by beating the two real girls in a fight they had started. She was enthralled by the thought that Pamela 'came' after being spanked by her.

Aunt Alice greeted Annie with a warm kiss on the cheek. "You did well, Lovey, I saw that Amanda creature after you left the church. She was pale and upset. She stomped off looking for that other girl, the dumpy one. She must be regretting that she found her. When Amanda came by looking for Miss Proctor, the poor dear looked like she had been hit by a hurricane. Was it Hurricane Annie by any chance?"

"And I just loved the way you stood up to Miss Proctor. That'll teach that dyke to snub any of the Riordan clan. She sees the choir as her private preserve. You did well."

"Thanks Aunt Alice, but do I have to go here?"

"No, Lovey, You don't have to go anywhere you don't want to."

A short time later Annie took her leave of Dean Cranston. "Thank you for your courtesy and consideration," said the supremely confident girl/boy. Dean Cranston's smug smile vanished as Annie continued in a vein Dean Cranston was not used to hearing. "I'm flattered by your offer of acceptance but I'm not ready to buy those uniforms you suggested I might want to buy...at least not until I consider your offer in light of some alternatives."

Annie sat on the front seat with her feet resting on the dashboard. Her skirt was almost at her hips. Aunt Alice took it all in as she stopped the car at the school gate and waited to pull onto the road. "Did I do a stupid?" she asked her aunt.

"Not at all, lovey. I'm rather proud that you saw through the self-righteous smugness and weren't suckered in by the snobbery of those girls. You showed insight, judgment, and self-assurance. You really told them you don't need them to validate yourself.

"Ellie will be so proud of her girl!"

"Thanks Aunt Alice. Problem is I've still got to finish high school. Those uniforms were cute though...and I'll bet I could be as sexy as all hell in one of them."

"Lovey, you can be as sexy as all hell in just about anything. I'll bet you need some real food; those silly tea sandwiches can't possibly have been enough especially after all your exertions."

"Sounds yummy. I'm all for real food."

Annie and Alice sat in the cocktail lounge of a pleasantly appointed country inn. They sipped Rob Roys, an activity which made Annie feel so sophisticated. A young man seated at the bar stared at Annie's bare knees. She bent forward as she smoothed her knee sock and extended her leg the better to refold the cuff top. The young man was transfixed by the view of the back of Annie's thigh. She dropped her leg and fanned her skirt over her thighs allowing the man a very fast glimpse of her white panties. She made eye contact with him smiled and seductively licked her lips. His companion, fiancée judging by the rock on her hand, called his attention back to their conversation. She glared at Annie who again smiled and licked her lips. The young woman blushed beet red, as something in Annie's behavior struck a responsive chord in her.

"Aunt Alice, did you see that? I was trying to be offensive and she acted like she was turned on. Darn, these uptight looking types are just as big phonies as those girls in that ridiculous school!" "Lovey, you're a quick learner!"



Alice and Annie studied the menu; good American fare, comforting in its familiarity. Annie brought the conversation back to her need to finish high school. "I really think I would like to get some education beyond high school. If not college, at least some training in some specific field. I really think college can wait until I can pay for it on my own. I'm sure Mother doesn't have any savings just yet and I can't take anything more from you. After all I owe my very existence to you...well sort of. You know what I mean, right?"

"Of course I do, but you don't owe me anything."

They finished their New England clam chowder and picked at their salads. "Lovey, you really have to appear to enjoy salad if you're going to be as convincing a girl in your habits as you are in your appearance."

"Oh dear, there are so many things to learn."

They paused in their conversation as the waitress served the Yankee pot roast, browned potatoes, and corn they both had ordered. The drinking age was still eighteen at that time so there was no question about the pair sharing a bottle of wine.

"Aunt Alice, do you think my mom would let me stay with her for a few weeks? I'm not going to start school until the spring term begins in February. Maybe I can find a school I could go to in the city and then I could live with my Mommy!"

There was an awkward pause. "Oh, hell! Why am I going on like this? Mother couldn't cope with her own needs let alone me and my needs. I guess I was being silly."

"No, Lovey, you weren't silly at all, Ellie is doing very well. Remember how well she handled that ridiculous man in the restaurant near her house? I'm sure she would like to have you spend some time with her. You'll be a great help to her and no hindrance or burden at all."

"I hope you mean that, Aunt Alice."

"Of course I do. Why else would I have said it? If you go, I lose my best ever all around model!"

Dinner over, they continued toward home.

Alice had resumed her immodest pose in the front seat. Her white panties reflected the moonlight giving her an eerie but very sexy appearance.

“Can we go see my mother this weekend? I’m getting bored sitting around with nothing to do except helping out in the dance school a few afternoons.”

“Sure, I’ll phone Ellie as soon as we get home.”

Annie watched in fearful anticipation as Alice phoned Ellie, “Ellie, Alice here...You sound so great...Just out of the shower.., Annie wants to visit this weekend... Terrific!... Of course I can put her on. She’s right here.”

“Oh, Mommy! Thank you, thank you, thank you! I love you, I love you to bits!”

Annie was bouncing up and down as Alice and Ellie settled on the details of Annie’s visit.

Annie and Alice planned to arrive around lunchtime. They would eat in and then Ellie would take Annie shopping for just enough clothing and accessories to get her started. Ellie was going to have a brunch on Sunday for Gwynn whom Annie had met briefly on her first visit to her mother’s new apartment. The girl who rented the top floor of the building would be invited as well.

On Thursday evening Annie selected her wardrobe for the week and packed carefully. Aunt Alice and Annie started for the city shortly after breakfast. The car halted at the stop sign facing ‘The Wonderland Bus Depot and Store.’ So much had happened since Arnie got of the bus. Tears filled Annie’s eyes as she remembered the moment she saw Bertie and how impressed, how taken, how aroused she had been by that adorable girl and her English accent and phony airs. Annie thought of the tender moment she had shared with Karen. She knew that in one sense she was abandoning the gg who was so fond of her, perhaps in love with her. Annie knew she had to move beyond the rural world of the area even as it was invaded by development or be left behind.

“Ready?” asked Aunt Alice as if she knew what her nephew turned niece was feeling.

“I’m ready. If Annie is going to be a real person, I’ve got to get on

with facing the world and finding a place in it.”

There was silence for what seemed an eternity but was only a few minutes.

“Aunt Alice, I’m glad you took me to that dopey school. It let me see that the girls I thought I might want to be like were just a bunch of empty headed snots with no thought but compete in whatever social group they though was hot stuff. No real ideas, no real anything, To be perfectly honest, I do want to learn something worth knowing while I finish high school and that dump’s not the place for real learning. Glad I figured it out before I went there and became one of them. Close escape. Wow!

“Know what? I did like that Pamela Bradford in a weird way. Well, I guess I’ll never see her again.”

Annie looked in awe at her mother as she ran down the steps to greet them. Annie all but jumped into Ellie’s arms as her mother lifted her and hugged her, The kiss that Ellie planted on her daughter’s lips excited Annie and made her realize that while she had transitioned from the nerdy Arnie to the dynamic Annie her mother had gone from being an emotionally dead, inhibited mouse of a woman to a very energetic and very sexy woman of the world.

Ellie took two of Annie’s suitcases and started up the stone steps of the building. Her mother’s legs were superb, fuller than Annie’s but smoothly sculpted and set off by the dark gray hose and bone colored moderately high heels. Her flare skirt was filled out by several layers of lacy white petticoats. The full skirt served to accent Ellie’s tiny waist. Annie noted how easily her mother handled the suitcases, a task which would have caused her difficulty not so long ago.

Ellie set the bags down in the entrance foyer of her apartment which occupied the whole first floor of the brick Federal style building. She hugged her former son, now her daughter, to her. Annie felt the pressure of Ellie’s rather ample bra against her. Mommy had learned to make the most of her not inconsiderable natural attributes.

“It’s just so good to have you with me,” offered Ellie sincerely as she pressed her daughter’s hand in her own. “At first I was going to really do up your room but then I thought you might want to have some say so that it

would really be your own.

“Let me show you. It’s next to mine but you have your own bath and a view of the back garden.” Ellie opened the door and showed Annie into the large, bright, and airy bedroom. A light wind fluttered the curtains. There was even a tv set, a rare treat in those days of gigantic consoles and ten inch screens.

Oh, Mother,” beamed Annie. “I just love it as it is. You don’t have to spend more money on me.”

“Darling, just don’t worry about the money. The days of scrimping are gone. We’re going to shop for furniture and you’re going to make this room into whatever you like. But first we’re going to shop for all kinds of clothing for you and we’re going to find a school that will help you be you. None of that snobby preppie crap for our girl! At least not unless that’s what she wants.

“We’ll eat lunch in and then rest before we go shopping. We don’t want to wear out Alice.”

Annie drew the shades, slipped out of the jeans and blouse she had worn in the car and sat on the edge of the bed. She wondered what accounted for the very positive and seemingly lasting changes in her mother and how and from where this more than adequate supply of money was coming.

Over a cold lunch Ellie told Annie and Alice that she had started therapy when she got to this small city outside Boston. She had been offered a job as receptionist and secretary for a group that engaged in psycho-drama. As an adjunct to therapy, they helped people act out their fantasies and try to work them through to a satisfactory conclusion thus undoing the overwhelming guilt that too often accompanies our dark, inner fantasies.

Ellie still worked for this group but she had branched out on her own with the knowledge and support of her employers. Ellie provided very special services to both women and men who needed the discipline of an understanding but punitive woman. Ellie was, in effect, a therapeutic dominatrix! She didn’t rely on ridiculous fetish wear but wore conservative underthings, underthings that were reminiscent of the previous generation, the sort of things her clients mothers would have- worn. Again, nothing drastic: Vanity Fair tailored nylon briefs, open bottom girdles, wide garter

belts, full fashioned hose and the like. With rare exceptions, there was no sexual contact between Ellie and her clients.

Annie remembered the electric thrill she felt as she won her first fight. She recalled, with satisfaction, that Pamela had an orgasm when she was spanked, really spanked, by Annie. "Mommy, could I learn to help you with your work? It's just so important to help people lose their hang-ups."

"Sweetie, that's so great that you want to help Mommy. I'm sure we can find a place for you but your priority has to be finishing high school."

"But Mommy... all those schools are so dopey, Aunt Alice took me to a school I thought I'd love but they were all such snobby shits."

"Nevertheless you must finish high school. I'm sure once you've got a high school diploma you'll find plenty of interesting opportunities for specialized study."

Yes, Mother," said Annie as she suppressed a grin that reflected her satisfaction about having her mother finally behave as an adult.

The afternoon shopping tour was a thrill for Annie. Mother bought her all sorts of underthings from plain white cotton briefs that covered her navel to fishnet tights. One stop surprised Annie beyond anything she could have expected.

The first floor of the building was occupied by a gift shop that specialized in "ANTIQUITIES: Rare Celtic Curios." There was a door off to the side that opened to a stairway leading to the rental space on the second and third floors. Plaques indicated various businesses on the upper floors. At the far end of the rental corridor was a door marked "DOJO." Annie had no idea what a dojo was.

They were buzzed through the door and greeted by a muscular but attractive woman clad in a scoop neck leotard and short skirt. She greeted Ellie with a kiss. "Your daughter! So beautiful and so like you." Annie politely extended her hand which the woman accepted but she quickly hugged Annie and kissed her on each cheek.

"We'll start you with judo and karate as well as a mélange of street fighting techniques. I'm assuming that you have your mother's instincts but it's still my policy to 'try' all candidates. The opportunity will come very'

shortly.

“Some macho clown about your age or a little older got in touch with me. You will fight him. I abhor training men. So hopeless and so helpless really. That cock they're so obsessed with makes them so vulnerable. As for their balls, just breathe hard on them and they double over.

“If I do accept a boy for training I do it with the intent of transforming him totally. You, darling, are the ideal t-girl for them to emulate.”

Annie was fascinated by this beguiling amazon who spoke English so perfectly that one guessed it was not her first language.

“You are to call me Mademoiselle for the time being.

“We'll start your classes in a few days. You'll hear from me and are not to attempt to reach me until you do.”

Annie stared in disbelief as Mademoiselle's mouth met Ellie's. The two women kissed, an open mouthed lasting kiss that set Annie's pulse racing. She knew she wanted to experience that kiss but was uncertain whether she wanted to share it with Mile, or with her own mother!

Suddenly Mademoiselle's mouth was against Annie's. Their tongues met as Annie's soul swooned in anticipation of the ecstasies that were to come now that her own mother would supervise her education. The boy/girl became aware that a hand was under her skirt, exploring the contours concealed by her panties and by the gaff. Annie felt like a lost child who fears yet desires what is to be found as she sets of to explore the world on the next street. She winced as the strange woman stepped away from her and squeezed her balls. “You're all that your mother claims you are,,and even more. Annie, your future is very bright. I look forward to being part of your training.”

Annie practically floated up the stairs. Mother steered her into the street level shop. A young, rather bohemian sales girl greeted Ellie and nodded toward the back of the store. “Gwynn is on the phone but she said to send you right in.”

Ellie knocked and opened the office door in one motion. Annie vaguely remembered Gwynn, Ellie's landlady, from her previous visit to her

mother. Her vague recollection hadn't prepared for what greeted her.

Gwynn was behind her desk in an impressive, high backed executive chair. Her feet rested on a work table immediately behind the desk. She waved the pair into the office without turning. Annie seated herself in a Queen Anne chair against the wall on the side of Gwynn's desk. The young t-girl was impressed by Gwynn's complete ease about receiving people in her place of business in a posture that was at once relaxed and defiant of convention. She slowly pivoted to face Annie. She hooked one foot on the edge of the desk before removing the other from the table. Annie's breath froze as her gaze fell on the white nylon crotch stretched wide in this casually seductive pose.

The taught black garter strap made an indentation in the woman's full thigh. Her skin swelled lightly over the intense black tops of her dark stockings. The thin elastic lag bands of the panty was softened by the tiny lacy loops that were the only trim on these rather plain panties that were all the more sexy for their ordinariness. Realizing that Gwynn was aware of the effect she had on Annie, the boy/girl averted her gaze.

As she hung up the phone, Gwynn spoke to Annie in breathy whisper. "Really girl, there's no need to feel embarrassed or inhibited. You do realize we have much more in common than someone might guess...more in common than meets the eye." Gwynn stood up and pulled Annie to her feet as she shook her hand and kissed her on the cheek. She tilted Annie's face, studied it from different angles. "You're so right Ellie. This girl of yours is fabulous! Just look at those facial bones! Well, you brought her here to pierce her ears so let's get on with it."

It was over in a few minutes. Gwynn had done it smoothly as she had done it for so many girls before. She insisted that Annie take the gold studs as a welcoming gift. She even gave the flattered t-girl a pair of large gold hoops with unusual patterns etched on them to wear as soon as the piercings healed. "I'll be home right after dinner so why don't you come up so I can check the wires in your ears and make sure all's well. Besides your mum and Alice will want a little time together. I'll call for you when I get in."

Annie nodded and smiled as she thanked Gwynn. She looked forward to spending some time alone with this exotically attractive woman. Her eyes moved furtively over the face and figure of her mother's neighbor and

landlady. Gwynn had dark hair and large, expressive eyes that changed color with what she wore and in different lighting. Graceful fingers were always decorated with several rings which, like the rest of her jewelry, were unusual in design being of great antiquity. Her dark green jersey dress flowed over her very adequate curves. Invariably, her fill legs were enhanced by off-black or smoky gray stockings. Never, ever flat heels; always t-straps or pumps, although an occasional pair of high heeled sandals with strappy ties would do. Her hats were as artfully unique and as much an expression of her personality as was her jewelry or the cape coats she wore. Annie was inexorably drawn to this uniquely attractive woman who did not need to slavishly follow fashion trends to maintain her attractiveness.

. Annie was inexorably drawn to Gwynn in way she couldn't understand. The boy/girl was excited at the prospect of spending time with this beautiful woman whose exotic jewelry and distinctive style of dress enhanced her attractiveness. She thought of every detail necessary to impress Gwynn without being too obvious or seeming to try too hard..

Ellie suggested eating at home again to allow Annie time to put herself together for Gwynn. She volunteered to bake a quiche for dinner if Annie would wash up afterwards. Annie agreed.

They stopped at a rather upscale food emporium where Ellie selected some cheeses that Annie had never heard of. They chose the salad ingredients together, Annie noticed that most of the staff recognized Ellie and addressed as 'Miss Riordan.' It was plain to Annie that her mother, in her new life, was used to much better places than they had had to put up with in previous years. That her mother had become a 'sophisticate' was confirmed by their stop at the wine merchants where her mother selected two wines to go with what Ellie referred to as a simple dinner.

Being with mother was turning out to be a heady experience for the young trannie.

CHAPTER FOUR

The 'simple' dinner was a revelation, Ellie had set the table with sterling flatware, linen napkins, and 'correct' wine glasses. A cold soup and salad preceded the quiche. A baguette which Annie learned was a long loaf of crusty French bread enhanced the meal. Annie was more and impressed by the woman who had finally come out from the mousy shell. At first she had wanted to spend only a few days or a week with her mother but now she feared Ellie might not want the awkward, unsophisticated boy/girl who only a few months before was an embarrassingly inept boy living with her. Annie hoped she could stay with her mother forever.

"Annie, darling, let Alice and me clean up. You get ready to spend the evening with Gwynn. Alice and I haven't had a chance to be alone like this since we were your age."

"Thanks, Mummy. I just hope Gwynn likes me."

"Annie darling, why would she want to get to know you better if she didn't like you?"

Annie undressed slowly, brushed her hair and showered. She didn't know what kind of impression she wanted to make on Gwynn. "Why am I getting so wild over this? Gwynn's just being nice to me and Mommy so Mommy and Aunt Alice can have some time together. Well, maybe if Gwynn like me she can teach me how to dress like her and wear all that neat jewelry. Maybe she can even give me a job in her shop!"

"I'm still so new at being a girl that I guess I'm like a little girl trying out what it's like to grow up. That's it! I'll be just what I am for Gwynn...I'm just becoming a teen!"

Annie unhooked the padded bra and shrugged it down her chest revealing her almost non-existent breasts. She looked at her flat chested but clearly girlish image in the mirror. The outline of her cockhead was barely discernible through the white tailored nylon briefs. Her knee socks and penny loafers enhanced the young, well brought up schoolgirl look. She wanted to look more worldly for Gwynn yet knew she must maintain the air of a young teen.

Annie slipped on her robe and went down the hall toward the small

kitchen where Mummy and Aunt Alice were doing cleaning up the dinner things. Aunt Alice and Mummy were chatting as they loaded the dishwasher. As Mummy bent forward to pour soap into the dishwasher Aunt Alice rested her hand on Mummy's bottom! Mummy straightened up slowly, faced Aunt Alice and kissed her as she took her in her arms. The kiss became deeper and more passionate as Alice cupped her sister's bottom in her hands.

Ellie pulled away. "Let me ask Annie to shower before I start the dishwasher."

She smiled broadly as she turned to face her daughter who stood open mouthed at the end of the hall. "Poor baby. I hope we didn't shock you too much."

"No, Mother. You didn't. I knew Aunt Alice has some unusual tastes but I'm surprised to see you're into that too."

"Annie, baby please understand, Alice and I comforted each other in bird when we were both suffering as girls. It was natural that we explored further and further; natural, too, that we avoided contact with men seeing what our step-father was."

"I understand fully, Mother. I'm not only surprised but delighted to find my Mummy is as uninhibited and as creative as my Aunt Alice! And I promise not to disturb you two when I come in.

"Mummy, you and Aunt Alice just have a great time."

Annie rested her foot on the toilet seat as she massaged skin lotion onto her leg and thigh. "You are so lucky, Annie Riordan," she said to herself, "I doubt there are many real girls who can get away with shaving their legs as rarely as you do. And to think Arnie wanted more hair on his legs and body. What-a-jerk!"

She put on a white garter belt before stepping into blue cotton panties. A white training bra from her earliest days as Annie. She rolled the white, not very sheer stockings into a donut before slowly, to her own sensual pleasure, slipping them slowly over her ankles, her calves, her thighs and finally fastening the clasps of the elastic garters.

She stood before the full length mirror on her bedroom door and frowned, her hair wasn't long enough for the pony tail she wanted but that

would come in a few weeks. She opened a fashion magazine and, using a magazine photo as her model, styled hair into a modified page boy.

A white nylon slip that barely covered the tops of her stockings and then the dress; a pink on pink gingham frock, the closest thing to a little girl's party dress she could find in her closet. She fluffed out the crinoline underskirt that gave the skirt a full shape in contrast to the fitted bodice.

Eyeliner and shadow. Mascara emphasized her naturally long, thick lashes. These were the same lashes that caused Arnie such discomfort on hearing comments like 'Such pretty lashes, wasted on a boy.' Annie smiled as she applied her lipstick. "Well, all you old busybodies. These lashes aren't wasted now."

"Mummy, Aunt Alice, don't wait up for me. Don't lock the door though. I'm not taking a key. Have a fun."

Ellie and Alice smiled as they kissed Annie, a prideful, loving smile.

CHAPTER FIVE

Annie's heart pounded from the pit of her stomach to her throat as she climbed the wide front stairway to the small landing that was the entrance way to Gwynn's apartment. A narrow stair way disappeared into the space above. Annie peered up into the dim light and wondered what the girl who occupied the top floor apartment might be like.

"Well, hello." Gwynn's voice from the partly open door startled Annie. "Sorry to have startled you. Please do come in. I've anticipated getting to know you since you first visited. You have such great possibilities."

The living room was impressive. The wrought iron spiral staircase made it obvious that this was a duplex apartment, something Annie had only seen in movies. It was smartly furnished with an eclectic, comforting blend of traditional and modern. A second stairway the back of the corridor provided another means of reaching the upper floor of the duplex.

Gwynn led Annie to a smaller room down-the hall. "My study, my den, my home office," explained Gwynn matter of factly gesturing around the room. Floor to ceiling bookshelves displayed a collection of books both classic and contemporary. Photos of Gwynn and of what must have been family members were interspersed among the books along with other personal mementos. Several unusual books caught Annie's attention: PRE-CHRISTIAN PRACTICES IN RURAL ENGLAND, CONTEMPORARY WICCAN RITES IN WALES, DRUIDICAL GROUPS IN MODERN IRELAND, and so on. "I see you've noticed some of my more unusual interests. Fear not, darling. These aren't about devil worship. They're really more natural religions than most today. They recognize the goddess and respect each individual's right to define themselves as they see fit.

"You see I grew up in a remote part of Wales and was initiated into these rites by my mother and other women. I promise to tell you more but not tonight. I want to hear more about you. You're mum told me about your recent 'conversion.' You're just so natural in your new being that it would have been a horrid waste if you hadn't discovered, hadn't created Annie.

"I'm sure I can help you find a school that suits you. Sit down and let's chat."

Gwynn sat back in a deep leather arm chair, rested her feet on the hassock in front. Her deep, dark eyes beckoned to Annie more eloquently than word or gesture. The young t-girl slowly lowered herself to the carpet, curled her legs under her and shook the skirt of girlish frock over her thighs and knees. Placing her elbow on the hassock, she rested her chin on her hand and looked with longing and adoration at Gwynn. Annie wasn't sure if the longing she experienced was the longing to emulate Gwynn or the desire to be possessed by this very different woman. Gwynn stroked Annie's hair as the boy/girl stared back in time to the moment she got off the bus at Wonderland. The older woman drew her knees closer to her as she now rested her feet on the very edge of the hassock. Annie's gaze was fixed on the pale silkiness of Gwynn's thighs as the straps of her garters pressed sensually into her soft flesh. "A penny for your thoughts," smiled Gwynn.

Annie unburdened her feelings as she relived the roller coaster emotions of her brief involvement with Roberta Hargreave. She acknowledged the hurt she still felt but admitted that this fey being had shown the world of the crossdresser, taught her it was possible to be so very like a girl without giving up that all important instrument of pleasure that was both the reward and bane of males.

There was some pain too in describing the mutually intense crush she and Karen had shared and how quickly she outgrew it. Annie admitted being angry at herself for wanting to identify with the preppie girls who had started to haze her even before she opted for their ridiculously uptight school and their even more ridiculous brand of snobbery. There was a glow of satisfaction in retelling her pleasure in the ordinary, everyday girl experiences like helping in the dance school.

"Oh Gwynn, help me. I like being what I am but will there ever be a place for me?"

"Of course there's a place for you. We're going to see that you find a place that's just so right for you... I promise you that once we open your eyes to what's around for you, you're going to be overwhelmed by all the possibilities."

Tears ran down Annie's cheeks as she gazed in rapt adoration at the woman who was at once reassuring and awesome. Gwynn eased Annie's head against her stocking thigh. Annie quickened as the warmth of Gwynn's

body seeped through the sleek nylon. A furtive kiss caused Gwynn to sigh as her shoe fell to the floor. She swung her calf over Annie's shoulder sandwiching the boy/girl between her calves. Gwynn pressed the ball of her foot against Annie's mouth. Annie lifted Gwynn's foot in her hands, massaged the arch, and, not knowing why, took the woman's toes in her mouth sucking gently. Gwynn purred like a contented cat.

Gwynn now stood before the enthralled Annie who raised the woman's skirt above her hips and kissed the hem of her white nylon panties finally trying to thrust her tongue into the cleft of Gwynn's formidable bottom. Annie felt herself being pulled to a standing position. She desperately wanted to eat her then and there but, struggle as she might, was unable to resist the surprisingly powerful Gwynn.

Annie felt Gwynn's hand behind her head as the older woman pressed the girl's mouth to her own. Annie whimpered and quivered as Gwynn's hand raised the skirt of her little girl frock and fingered the cleft of her tush, slid between her legs and grasped her balls. She realized that Gwynn had undone the zipper on the back of the dress. Annie needed no script, no prompt to know what was expected of her. She pulled the dress over her head and stood before Gwynn in her slip. Gwynn scanned the fetching t-girl from head to foot and back again. Annie smiled as she eased the straps of her slip from each shoulder and shrugged it to the floor.

Gwynn ran her hands over Annie's hips, pressed her palms against the sparsely filled training bra, and teasingly pinched the tiny nipples through padded fabric. "So very much the girl on the verge of womanhood and yet so much more to offer," sighed Gwynn approvingly. She fell to her knees and hugged Annie's thighs as she stretched her neck to bury her tongue in the trannie's belly-button. Gwynn lowered her arms to the back of Annie's knees and hugged. Annie's knees bent under the pressure as she fell backwards. She sat up to unhook her bra as Gwynn's mouth kissed the tiny nipples making them erect with an intensity that was rivaled only by the almost painful hardness of Annie's cock.

Gwynn knelt next to the supine Annie as her tongue tormented the t-girl's tits, made her quiver as she darted her tongue into the girl's ear. Gwynn's hand held Annie's balls through her panties. Suddenly they were both on their feet. Annie shimmied her panties down from her hips, allowed

them to fell to her feet and kicked them aside. Gwynn led her to the couch that faced the unused fireplace. Annie held sat, half reclined in a corner of the couch as Gwynn ran her tongue along the bottom of Annie's shaft. She wrapped her powerful hand around the young t-girl's engorged cock as she licked the precum from the tip. Annie writhed as Gwynn ate her with an intensity yet softness that was unlike anything she had ever experienced. Annie's orgasm was delayed as Gwynn released her cock and tongued her inner thighs, went on to that ever so sensitive place between balls and hole, and finally teased her hole. Gwynn smiled at Annie as she took the entire shaft in her mouth. Annie screamed as she filled Gwynn's warm mouth with her cum.

Annie lay back exhausted as Gwynn kissed her deeply. The taste of her own cum in her lover's kiss added a new dimension to what Annie hoped was only her first sexual experience with Gwynn. As if she read Annie's doubts, Gwynn spoke sincerely. "Annie, we didn't have sex. We made love, and don't ever think differently."

CHAPTER SIX

Annie sat at the table in Gwynn's breakfast nook. She was wrapped in a silk kimono that barely reached her knees. Hugging herself and leaning forward, Annie sipped her hot chocolate that Gwynn made 'from scratch.' She shivered as she felt her lover's kiss on the back of her neck as she set a Napoleon in front of her. Annie's eyes widened at the yummy pastry. The difficult circumstances under which Ellie was forced to raise Arnie had allowed for few such treats. How different life had become since Ellie was recreated and Arnie transformed into Annie?

"Annie, lover...Mind if I call you lover when we're alone? Of course you don't!" said Gwynn as she asked and answered her own question. I want you come up here tomorrow before the little brunch. Let me dress you. I love the little girl effect you've done tonight but I want to reserve it for certain special occasions. I'm sure Ellie would agree. I have just the thing for you. Nothing too grownup, nothing trashy so you'll feel comfortable and look beautiful...As if you could ever be anything other than beautiful... no matter what look you went for."

"Oh Gwynn, that's so sweet. You make feel so good." Annie stood up and leaned over Gwynn as she kissed her cheek. "What in the world can she possibly mean by 'certain special occasions'?" wondered Annie to herself.

They sat on the couch in the study as their tongues tasted the sweetness of their dessert and of their new found love. Gwynn rocked Annie in her arms as she softly crooned. The t-girl was more relaxed, more comfortable, more secure than she had felt in ages. She drifted into that special place between wakefulness and sleep. In her half sleep she dreamed of herself as she never would have dared to when she was Arnie. She created the illusion of pubescent girl one moment, the svelte sophisticate the next, then the mysterious darkly dressed beauty as unique in her individual style and adornment as she was alluring to the men who would fall at her feet begging to suffer at her hands.

Annie turned on her side, her head resting on Gwynn's thigh. The dark Welsh beauty kissed Annie's eyelids and smoothed her hair.

The boy/girl's chest rose and fell slowly and deeply as she descended

into a restful sleep.

Gwynn gently, lovingly raised Annie's head and slipped a couch cushion in place of her thigh as she rose and left the room. A murmur of secure contentment came from Annie's slightly parted lips. A few minutes later Gwynn returned to the den where,, with surprising ease, she lifted Annie in her arms and carried her to a bedroom.

Intense sun tempered by the smell of fresh coffee awakened the refreshed Annie who sat up in surprise as she looked about the unfamiliar room, Gwynn, in a deep crimson robe, had opened the blinds. As she stepped toward Annie, her robe parted at the waist to reveal her exquisite legs along with the lace hem of a very brief black chemise. Gwynn set a tray with a croissant, jam, and coffee on the bed next to Annie. They exchanged a warmly affectionate kiss on the lips that for all its brevity promised more genuine caring and concern than the most prolonged kiss of passion.

"Ooops, must tinkle and rinse my mouth," smiled Annie as she swung her legs over the side of the bed. "Oh shit! Mummy and Aunt Alice must be worried sick. They'll kill me!"

"Relax, lover. I went down last night and slipped a note under the door. They phoned earlier. Your mum and your aunt were happy for the opportunity to rediscover their girlhood intimacies and comforts"

"Gwynn, you think of every detail. No wonder you're so good in running whatever that business is of yours.

"I give up. Where's the bathroom?"

As she sat on the edge of the bed slipping on the kimono that had been left on the covers, Annie realized that she was wearing satin panties and a long white, high necked Victorian nightie. She caught her reflection in a mirror as she headed toward the bathroom. Annie was thrilled with what she saw. The willowy girl she had become could have been any age from thirteen or fourteen to twenty. This girl of indefinite age was as innocent as she was desirable!

A few minutes later Annie, her face freshly washed, her hair brushed and held back from her face by a blue satin ribbon emerged from the bathroom. Gwynn tilted the young boy/girl's face by the chin. "And to think

no one saw this potential in poor lost Arnie,” she observed. A few tears welled in the corner of Annie’s eyes. “Forgive me, added Gwynn, “for taking the liberty of changing you and putting you to bed in my home. You were so deeply, so peacefully asleep that I couldn’t bear to disturb you,”

“Nothing to forgive,” sniffled Annie. “Things were so bad for Mummy and me, we were treated so badly until Aunt Alice caught up with us last spring that any gesture of caring means ever so much more to me than most people can imagine.”

“Enjoy you’re little breakfast. We’ve got to get you together for that brunch your mother has planned for you. One purpose of the brunch is to for us to get to know each other but it looks like we’ve stolen a march on that one.

“Shower as soon as you’re done with your coffee. We’ve got an appointment before you dress for brunch. No time for explanations.”

Annie stepped out of the shower and into the comfy terry robe that Gwynn held for her. Her new mentor, for that was the role that Gwynn had taken over, towed her dry before leading her back to the guest bedroom. Annie stepped into the unadorned pink cotton briefs that lay on the dresser. An A line chino skirt and man tailored pink oxford cloth shirt caught hanging on the closet door caught Annie’s eye. A blue bra that was more than a training bra but not yet an adult foundation went on next. Annie, almost instinctively, bent forward as she adjusted her almost non-existent breasts in the padded cups and tightened the narrow straps of the bra. Bobby socks and saddle shoes completed the ensemble.

In a trice the pair were in a cab. They alighted at a closed beauty salon a few minutes away. A light knock and they were inside wear a three attractive women in their mid to late twenties and a girl in her late teens awaited them. Gwynn took care of the introductions. “These are the most talented beauticians and makeup ladies around. Lara is being trained by them. She’ll do your shampoo and conditioning. Don’t hesitate to tell them anything. They can relate to your specific concerns. You see, love, they all were where you are today.”

Annie was fussed over, pampered, and praised for her wonderful hair, her marvelous facial bones, her fine features, her smooth complexion.

Her hair highlighted, cut and set, her nails manicured and polished to match her lipstick, her makeup complete; the chair was turned to the mirror. “Oh, God! That’s really me! I can’t believe it. Thank you all. Gwynn, what a wonderful treat. Can I come back again?”

“I’m afraid not,” offered Lara. “At least not to this shop. We’re moving to an upscale location in Boston proper. We’re developing a clientele among the fashion elite and their imitators. They would just die if they knew what we really have in our panties!”

“Of course we’d be more than delighted to take care of you at the new shop. And no fee ever. A beauty like you will have all those high fashion and society types coming in hoping we can do the same for them!”

They were back in the guest bedroom of Gwynn’s apartment. Gwynn gently took the gold wires from Annie’s newly pierced ears and replaced them with gold hoops. Annie undressed slowly wondering what character she was to assume for her ‘coming out’ brunch.

The, excited boy/girl sat on the edge of the bed as Gwynn inserted beige forms into the black bra that was the only clothing Annie wore. “You see, love, the exposed edge of the falsie turns on lots of men... and women. Not that you need much help in turning on anyone you care to. You aren’t yet aware of your tremendous power.”

Gwynn gently tugged Annie to her feet and stood behind her as she placed her in front of the full length mirror. Annie sighed as she scanned herself from toe to top. She was a flawless image of a beautiful adolescent with one addition which began to rise as she contemplated her own beauty and began to feel the dormant sexual and emotional power that Gwynn had alluded to moments before,

Annie, overwhelmed and awestruck at becoming conscious of her impressive potential, sat on the edge of the bed as Gwynn, to Annie’s surprise slipped a pair of white silk panties over her ankles. She stood and adjusted the panties.

Gwynn pushed her back onto the bed and eased a black, short leg panty girdle, the style referred to as ‘boy leg,’ onto her thighs, She stood over the trannie’s supine, relaxed boy like a priestess about to perform a rite of initiation.. Annie raised her hips and started to draw the girdle higher on her

legs. "Not yet," whispered Gwynn as rested her hand on Annie's balls like the priestess starting a benediction. She pressed Annie's balls into the tiny cavities in her body, and pushed her cock between her legs. "Now," ordered Gwynn. The girdle held her balls in their cavities and kept her cock between her legs. Annie's eyes widened at the effect of femme contour that was created by the everyday foundation garment.

The contours of the white panty showed through the black girdle defining the T-girl's tush and calling attention to the flawless contours of her most intimate and most places. Anyone who caught a glimpse, however furtive, under Annie's skirt could not but be drawn to the area highlighted by the contrast of the white panties under her black girdle.

Taking the new stocking from the flat packet, Annie rolled each in turn into a donut shape. She folded the elastic lace cuffs of her girdle to access the garter tabs. Self-conscious of the seductive, arousing aspects of what she was doing, Annie carefully and adeptly slipped the black stockings over her calves, onto her thighs and stood as she fastened them to the garter tabs of the womanly yet still adolescent girdle. She smoothed the stockings with her finger tips moving from ankle to thigh as she did so. She refastened the garter tabs to hold the diaphanous stocking smooth and taught over her trim legs. She folded the girdle cuffs down over stocking tops to create a smooth uninterrupted expanse of black in varying textures. Black patent t-strap heels; fortunately her rudimentary training with Miss Terwynn had given her adequate practice in walking in heels.

The dress was black with a modestly scooped neckline, short cap' sleeves and slightly draped skirt that emphasized her tiny waist and adequate but still coltish hips. The skirt flirted with the top of Annie's knees and so would allow an interesting expanse of thigh to be admired when she sat.

Gwynn slipped a silver Celtic pattern cuff bracelet onto the new Annie she had created. A small gold watch with a black leather cord band went on Annie's other wrist.

Several exotic antique but not overly flamboyant rings completed her jewelry. "For you to keep," smiled Gwynn. "Now for the grand entrance; grand but understated." She handed Annie a peau de soie clutch purse and motioned her through the door.



A few minutes later Annie walked through the open door of her mother's apartment. She was aware of eyes fixed on her; eyes that judged her. "God, how many of these, people know about Arnie? I would be so humiliated," she thought as her confidence wavered briefly.

Her mother took her elbow and navigated her to the buffet table. Annie relaxed as she realized that there were really very few people there and that these would all be friends' of her mother. A short, curvaceous woman in an expensive tailored suit and silk blouse moved toward them. Her black hair was in an efficient, sensible bun but there was something about her twinkling eyes; and warm smile that belied her severe appearance. "Hello, Annie. Doris Loring, Esquire at your service. I'm only here as an escort to my lifelong: friend and therapist. FI save you from this ogling crowd. My friends call me Dossie,"

Doris Loring parked herself in a comfortable club .chair and guided Annie to a seat on the arm. Despite Doris's aggressively friendly, take charge attitude Annie; was immediately comfortable, with this bright, witty, and genuine human being. In between snatches of conversation,, Doris coached her on how to sit languidly and make use of her legs, skirt and thighs to attract the one or two men present and make them feel guilty as she flirted using her legs as instruments of power and torment. "And don't think it's, just the men and the dykes that you drive wild. Plenty of straight ladies would love to spend some quality time with you."

Dossie's companion turned out to be the director of the psychodrama institute where Ellie was employed. She was ecstatic over everything about Annie. "Dossie, we're going to have to help this girl find a day school that will live up to her abilities,"

She steered Annie to a fashionable woman of that 'certain age' who was introduced as Dr. Bell, an eminent psycho-analyst. "Bell we have a find in this young lady. She'll feel better about herself by earning her own pocket money and clothing expenses while she's in school. Let's see what we can do to help her find something.

"Dossie tells me she's not only bright but really well read in a scattered, disorganized way That Arnie person must have been quite a bookworm."

Annie blushed with unease and anger at the thought that this strange knew so much about her. Her anger turned to giggles as she realized this woman was her mother's therapist and in learning so much about her she had given her mother new life, a new life that they would both share.

"Come talk to me," said Bell seriously. "But don't stand too close. I want a full view of your extraordinary beauty."

"I know a perfect place for you to work while you further your education. I rather think that working there will, in itself, be an important kind of education for you. I'm referring to this little bookstore over in Cambridge that specializes in unusual literature, both the occult and the exotic. They're thinking of opening a tearoom or cafe next door. Friends of Gwynn. You might find it stimulating while you attend school. The hours would be flexible enough for you to work with Mademoiselle and to take some dance classes. I see by your grace and development that you have talent in that direction but little formal training and that only recently."

"Wow, that's so neat!" exclaimed Annie. "You must be some kind of Sherlock Holmes."

Annie was flattered by the adulation heaped on her by her mother's friends and coworkers but she soon grew restless. She decided to get some fresh air by strolling up and down the street. Her plan for a lone stroll never materialized.

The top floor tenant preparing to make her entrance. The white satin 'day of the week' panties were just so cute with 'Sunday' printed in a heart near the girl's hip bone. The shadow of her cock showed through the polished gleam of the fabric. No gaff, no girdle. The flare skirt would be concealment enough. A simple white garter belt to hold her stockings smooth and taught. She always felt a thrill as she watched in the mirror, perfecting the art of donning nylons in a way that would drive her lovers to distraction, or even better, to helpless submission. The t-girl's breasts had been enhanced by herbals which were fed to her even before adolescence. The white bra needed only a little padding to give this androgynous lovely perfect orbs.

Well, maybe just a bit of padding at the bottom of the cups to give her the perfection that so many real girls envied. A very short slip. Finally a dress with a sewn in net petticoat. It was lavender with an off the shoulder

yet innocent neckline, not much more than a shirtwaist really. A simple gold locket around her neck and emeralds stud earrings. She stepped into flat ballet slipper shoes. This healthy, wholesome seeming girl needed no more enhancement than lipstick. She bent forward in front of the mirror as she applied the lipstick that matched her nail polish. Oh, it wasn't necessary to bend forward to see her reflection better but it did give her a chance to practice letting the front of her dress fall open to offer potential admirers a view of those perfect orbs nestled in the white lace of her virginal bra. She was attractive in an outdoorsy, wholesome way. The strawberry blond ponytail gleamed in the sunlit room. Her freckles added to her charm.

Roberta Hargreave, for that's who it was, and Annie smiled at each other as Robbie made her entrance. Robbie tilted her head and winked at the girl she had introduced to crossdressing. Ellie took Robbie by the hand and introduced her to Annie. They pretended this was their first meeting,

The two t-girls sat on the front steps exchanging recollections of the very significant changes each had undergone so recently. Annie's new lifestyle was self-evident. She confessed her disaffection with Brierly Academy and the confused high she felt at physically overpowering Amanda and Pamela. Robbie empathized with the longing she felt for Pamela Bradford. She, too, had an unfulfilled, unfulfillable longing for someone. So saying, Robbie stole a furtive glance at Annie.

Robbie had been living full time as an ordinary girl with no dating and no sex life. She didn't dare to let anyone have the opportunity to discover what she really was; at least not yet. Robbie smiled proudly as she told of taking classes in unarmed self-defense for women. This had been necessary to prevent unwanted advances from men she might know or from rapists who might discover her secret. "And then I found I got off on it. I just love the idea of kicking some guy's ass, knocking that superior sneer off his face." Her confession that she 'got off on beating guys belied her assertions that she was living the everyday life of an ordinary gg.

"Oh, right," chimed in Annie enthusiastically. "I would love to humiliate some of those shits who bullied me when I was Arnie. Oh! Gwynn has set me up to be trained by a woman called Mademoiselle!"

"You're so lucky. She's like a legend in some circles. And I'm lucky to have found you again," whispered Annie as she leaned forward and kissed

Robbie's cheek.

"I know. You were the one who broke up my little game back in Wonderland. You were supposed to be my pigeon but I realized I had some really, really special feelings for you. That was never supposed to happen! Damn! I had to get away from my so called "mother." I couldn't try living as a boy 'cause that stuff they gave me made my body too much like a girl's.

"I had to try making it as a girl. Well, not had to. I wanted to. I mean I have a cock but I've always lived as a girl.

"You see that we can't become involved because I just really have to live in the real world and see if I can make it as a girl. And I don't want to get caught up in any special scene or circle."

"You're really saying we can't see each other even as friends".

"Yes. If I were alone with you, even once, we wouldn't be just friends. I'm sorry."

"Don't be so sure that I would want to be more than just friends with you. No reason to feel sorry. "

Annie stood up, shook out her skirt, brushed of the back of it and walked back into the apartment. She didn't feel as badly as she thought she would. The attraction Arnie once felt for Roberta Hargreave was gone, as passé as Arnie's existence. Annie had replaced Arnie and was ready to meet her world on her terms. She had tasted that world that Robbie was so keen on getting into. It was a lifeless, flavorless place where too many wore masks. Annie preferred the more open world that her Aunt Alea moved through and in which her mother had become a very specialized member.

Robbie Hargreave, unlike Annie, had been the creation and tool of a selfish woman. It was through experiencing honest emotions engendered by Annie as she transitioned from Arnie that Robbie was able to break free. Annie understood Robbie's need to try to exist as an ordinary girl in ordinary ways. Robbie had to find the polar opposite of what had been forced on her.

Annie stood in the doorway of her mother's apartment and scanned the room. She had a determined, subtle smile on her pretty face. She wet her luscious lips as conversations stopped as the small crowd noticed Annie. Dossie Loring stopped in the midst of tapping a cigarette against the gold and

enamel case she held in her hand. Annie stepped up to the lawyer, took the woman's wrist and guided her hand with the cigarette to her mouth. The hard looking lawyer's hand quivered as she snapped her lighter and brought the flame toward the cigarette in Annie's mouth. Annie took the lighter, lit her cigarette, removed it from her mouth and exhaled tusks of smoke through her nostrils. She placed the lighter on Dossie's open palm. "Thanks awfully."

Annie again scanned the room. It was clear she was a presence to be reckoned with in her own right. The beautiful t-girl would not simply be an appendage, an extension of her gg mother. Those who saw and dared to imagine how she might develop hoped they could contribute to forming her into what would be best for their interests or, failing that, a presence that would not threaten their interests. The boy/girl radiated an aura that made it plain she was not ever going to be exploited by anyone. They all understood that Annie Riordan was going to be a power in the world she had chosen for herself.

Gwynn sidled up to Annie as the young trannie moved among the guests. "Loved the way you overwhelmed Loring. Not an easy trick.

"Bell wants me to see that you're offered a job in a bookstore in Cambridge. Might work. Friends who share some of my interests own it. Bell's worth having as an ally. From Scotland. You and I will talk later. Perhaps tomorrow evening might be better than today what with all this social activity."

"Gwynn, you're a love. Thanks awfully."

As Annie continued to circulate among the guests she realized that only a relative few knew that she was something other than she appeared to be. Most of the later arriving guests had no inkling of her mother's role in the psycho-drama institute other than that of receptionist and secretary and they certainly had no clue as to what her offspring really had to offer. Annie gave vent to the imp in her by flirting shamelessly with every man and many of the women. And she did it so very well.

It was a very proud Ellie and a very happy, confident Annie who chatted over cups of herbal tea later that night. Tears of pride and of sorrow for the lost years filled Ellie's eyes as she started to speak

"We should have been in circumstances like this years and years ago.

I don't know why I couldn't have..."

"Please, Mummy. There's nothing to be accomplished by beating up on yourself. You did the best you could. I'm just glad that you and Arnie didn't fall into that petty middle class hypocrisy, That Anie was such an inadequate, incompetent, unfit asshole. At least Robbie let me see possibilities and Aunt Aice made sure I took advantage of the possibilities. That gave you a chance to shed your shell. So here we are!

"Thanks for having me with you. You made a special place for me in a special world,

"Love you, Mummy."

CHAPTER SEVEN

It was a relaxed, happy Annie who prepared for sleep in her bedroom. Seated at the vanity in panties and kimono she brushed her hair as she contemplated the events of the day. Like Musetta in *La Boheme*, she exulted in the power she derived from her attractiveness. Aunt Alice helped her rid herself of Arnie's limitations. Now, reunited with her own mother, she was ready to grow, to mature, to nurture and hone her talents. A twinge of sadness for what might have been for her and Robbie, the t-girl who had teased her, targeted her and then fell for her. "Stupid twit, choosing to buy into the bull shit of the petty so-called real world. Kidding herself too if she thinks she's going to be a real girl when she wants to get off beating guys, Dopey loser." Annie didn't dwell long on the Robbie. Thoughts of Gwynn, of Dossie Loring pushed away her recollections of the sullen Robbie, Annie thought about the better, more honest world that she was entering into.

Things were different for Roberta Hargreave as she sat on her bed in the small top floor apartment of the same building. Her eyes scanned 'apartments to rent, furnished' in the Boston Globe. After circling a few possibilities, she reached for the employment section. "Damn, can never afford anything worthwhile on what I'm making. So much going to get a wardrobe together. Need a different job, that's what."

"This place was okay for now. Why did she have to show up? And why do I still want her so badly? Even worse, why do I need her to want me? Bloody hell, I'm moving out of here."

She penned a note to Gwynn thanking her for allowing her to rent in her house but that she would need an apartment closer to center city and would be moving by the end of the month. Robbie maintained her perfect script even though tears blurred her vision.

"Well, maybe if I can get control of that snip, I can stay. Maybe my mum was right. Break his heart! Only now he's her! Break all their hearts and kick them into the gutter!" She ripped up the note.

For several days and evenings Robbie stood on the stairs waiting for Annie. She was determined to put herself in the position of seductress and then reject Annie, break her heart and her ego.

Annie had come in from the grocery late on afternoon as Robbie

pretended to be casually walking up the stairs where she had stood in wait for her quarry. Annie heard her footsteps and glanced up to see Robbie who was showing a lot of leg under the flared skirt she deliberately wore. "Hi there," said Robbie glancing over her shoulder and feigning surprise. Annie returned the greeting perfunctorily as Robbie whirled about and started down the stairs. The generous glimpse of the still predatory Robbie's nyloned thighs and white lace edged panties wasn't wasted on Annie who found it difficult to refuse Robbie's invitation to come up for tea. Annie found it easier to refuse Robbie's subsequent and more expressive invitations.

Robbie finally sat on the inside steps waiting for Annie. She rested her elbows on a stair as she leaned back and crossed her legs to reveal her panties as Annie entered the vestibule. "Stop playing so hard to get. You know you've never gotten over me." She stood up and approached Annie hoping to emotionally and physically intimidate her.

"I'm not playing at anything. And I'm long over you or at least what I thought you were and that was a real person and not a frightened little child trying, on all sorts of masks. And don't blame Mrs. Hargrave for everything. Grow up and take some responsibility for what you are."

"You arrogant, Moody bitch!" exploded Robbie. "Can't you see I was being as close to a real girl as can be until you came back and screwed it up for me? You can kiss my bloody arse right here." She made a grab for Annie who caught her wrist stepped around and twisted. Robbie fell to the floor in agony as Annie applied pressure to her wrist.

Annie smiled down at the frightened, pain wracked face. "Stay out of my way. Next time I'll break it off. Understood?"

A few minutes later Robbie stood before the pier glass mirror in her tiny apartment. She stripped slowly as she evaluated every part of her anatomy. Her cock was pressing against her panties as it became harder and harder. She stood in her bra and panties, garter belt and hose, and she caressed her nipples. "Why did it feel so good when that pampered bitch hurt me? And why her of all people? Thank God I didn't shoot off then and there!" Confused but very turned on by this new found response to humiliation and pain, Robbie frantically grabbed her balls through her panties and squeezed. She tilted the pier glass to be able to see herself. She fell back onto the bed, reached for a belt and slapped her own thighs. Easing

her cock through the leg opening of her panties, the once domineering trannie squeezed and then sunk her own finger nails into the tender skin of her balls as she jerked her cock. She screamed as she came in a powerful ejaculation that sent her cum high enough for it to land on her face. Exhausted, she fell asleep on the spot.

Roberta Hargreave moved away two days later. She did not say good-bye.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Annie's new life was forming into several facets, all of which provided structure and opportunities for growth even as she sought a place to complete high school. So many bright, beautiful and unusual people were supporting her efforts.

The bookstore was a haven for Annie. She was now secure' and confident about using public transportation to travel around the Boston area any hour of the day or night. Mademoiselle's training had already turned her into a formidable fighter. Annie was hoping that somehow she would have an opportunity to test her skills against a real threat.

The dance lessons she was taking twice weekly enhanced her speed, her strength and her stamina.

Annie began replicating Gwynn's style of dressing and her jewelry. The older woman, flattered, encouraged Annie by helping her shop and by lending her articles of jewelry and clothing. Both avoided underthings that were blatantly fetish wear. Annie was learning to convey an understated sexiness that was more attractive, more arousing than any slut might affect.

Annie returned home after an early morning session with Mademoiselle. Ellie was just having coffee before leaving for work when Annie came home to shower.

"Mummy, can we talk more about that school we visited last week. It's really so neat. I think it's the place for me."

"Of course. Let's have lunch together. Meet at work at one."

"Thanks awfully. Mummy, I love you."

"And I love you to bits."

Annie showered, rubbed herself dry, and smoothed skin lotion not every part of her skin she could reach. White cotton briefs that covered her navel. A matching bra and then breast pads. A light blue mock turtle neck and loosely draped royal blue skirt. She slipped the sliver earring into her pierced ears before putting the matching pendant and chain around her neck. Three rings on her left hand, one on her right. Her hair was in a high pony tail. Cable knit knee socks and sneakers. Annie was at the bookstore fifteen minutes before the ten o'clock opening.

At about ten thirty an overly confident, arrogant young man came in. He was about two or three years older than Annie. "Can I help you or would you just care to browse?" asked Annie suppressing a grin of recognition. "Dunno. Guess I want to look around Say, you look familiar. Don't I know you?" mumbled the self-assured but unimpressive youth.

"I'm sure you don't but I bet you want to know me." Annie was deliberately provocative to the youth who had been one of her tormentors when she was Arnie and just starting high school. He had never dared to bully Arnie unless backed by his friends whom he instigated to torment the sad boy. He made sure his friends threatened anyone who dared to befriend the lonely, pained boy. "Time for payback," Annie revealed inwardly. She tapped her erstwhile tormentor on his wrist. "Perhaps you can start here." She led him to a section on gay 'how to' books.

He went pale as his eyes widened. Annie had already learned enough of psycho-dynamics to know the more blustering, the more bullying guys like him were the more desperately they feared their own gay feelings that they struggled so hard to repress. Ron, she was certain, was the standout instigator, the outspoken anti-faggot crusader to keep the others from discovering his own secret thoughts. "Do have a good browse. I'm sure your needs will be satisfied here." He protested as Annie turned on her heels and strode smartly way.

She moved a ladder, the kind one finds in bookstores or old libraries, into place to reach a higher shelf at the end of the aisle. Her timing was perfect. Ron passed by carrying several of the books he had protested against. "Ready to check out?" called Annie from above as she deliberately dangled one leg over the side of the ladder to better offer Ron a view of her shapely thighs and white panties. Without waiting for a reply she was off the ladder and ready to ring up the books. She read aloud the name of each book as she wrote up the sales slip. Ron shifted uncomfortably from foot to foot.

"Look, Miss..."

"It's Annie if you would read my name tag. You do read?"

"I'm not really into this stuff. If we could get to know each other I might surprise you,"

"Moot point. We're not going to get to know each other and I'm sure

I would surprise you in more ways than you could even dream of!

“Do call again. I’m sure you’ll find many more things to your liking.”

Annie smiled the confused, overwhelmed boy as she left the store. “Might be fun to put him through the wringer,” she reasoned. “Better still would be to somehow hook him up with Bertie. They deserve each other.” She glanced at the identifying information he had written on the check.

A phone message was on the bulletin board in the back room when Annie returned from lunch with Ellie. “Ron Hearn called. Thanked you for your help. Wondered if you could help find some other things. Can you call him?”

She wasn’t sure why but she returned his call. “Can’t help you. My specialty is the occult department... And, no! I don’t care if you’re not queer. We’re not going to see each other.”

Ron showed up at the bookstore around six. Annie, who was about to leave for the night, walked with him to the back room to get her bag, jacket and hat. “Come with me. I want to explain something to you.”

They were alone in the little area that served as coatroom and lounge for the staff. Ron smiled at Annie. Her hand shot up and grasped his throat. “Move and I rip your windpipe out!” His eyes were wide with surprise and fear. Annie sneered as she released her fingers. She stepped back about a foot and half. “Let’s see what you’re like one on one, you shit!” snarled the boy/girl whose aggression was now driven by an anger that had festered below the surface for too many years. She loosed a series of straight karate punches to his body, working her fists up and down the cowering youth. “Just as I thought. Still can’t fight. Even in high school you had to get other guys to do your dirty work!”

“Who are you?” whimpered the sniveling Ron.

“Guess!” was Annie’s reply. She was amused to see Ron’s cock pressing against his fly. “Oooh, little Ron likes to be dominated!” She grabbed his crotch and squeezed until her victim all but fainted. He collapsed onto the couch and sat with his head between his knees.

“Oh, grow up,” laughed Annie. “I was just playing with you!” Ron

looked up in disbelief as he hugged his bruised ribs,

“Just think of what I could do to you if I wanted to be rough!

“No hard feelings. Let's get a cup of coffee or something at the cafe down the street. I'll buy.”

Annie led the still stunned Ron to a coffee house in a nearby street. She felt she was doing Ron a service by helping him acknowledge his innermost fantasies. Ron's expression proved her correct as he stared in fascination at the slender, very pretty waiter. This boy of about twenty had fair skin, natural honey blond hair, and blue eyes made all the more perfect by a hint of eye shadow. A trace of lipstick drew attention to his thin but thirsty lips. Ron's face brightened as the boy bent over to wipe a nearby table. His very tight trousers disclosed the lines of his panties!

“Like what you see? Don't answer, you're pretty obvious.

“Don't be so damned up-tight. Face your feelings, explore them and follow them wherever they take you.”

Ron responded with a somber, frightened nod.

Annie took the liberty of ordering a pot of herb tea and a scone for each of them. She smiled at Ron as she determined not to let him off the hook just yet. She still owed him for the pain and isolation he had inflicted on Arnie.

A few minutes later a new hostess/cashier came on duty. The girl looked at Annie, smiled and walked over. She kissed Annie on the cheek.

“Imagine running into you like this, I just started here last night. Second job. Got to make ends meet, you know.

“I really, really feel badly we didn't get a chance to say goodbye a few weeks ago, So much going on. Who's your friend?”

“Ron, this is Bertie. Well that depends. Sometimes she's Robbie. Bertie and I go back to my beginnings,” she winked at Roberta Hargreave who winked back knowingly.

“Bertie, you and Ron would get on famously.”

“Excuse me, I have to ring someone up. A. staff member stood near

the register waiting for Bertie. The' server had dark hair which skimmed the top of the turned up collar of a shirt that buttoned right over left. Small .gold hoops hung from this very attractive person ears.

“A Pretty girl, that waitress.” commented Ron as he appraised the server.

“Really?” smiled Annie,. “There are no waitresses here, only waiters.”

“Is your friend seeing anyone? I mean I would like to see more of her”

“Don't think so. As I told Bertie, you two will get on just great.” She added silently, “And you deserve each other.”

Bertie returned a minute or two later. “Just wanted to say it was: great seeing you, Annie. And Ron, terrific meeting you, Why not give me a call?”

She handed Ron a card with her name and phone number penciled on the back. Bertie kissed Annie on the cheek. She kissed Ron lightly on the lips as she returned to her now busy register.

CHAPTER NINE

It was a smug Annie who rode the MTA home that evening. No doubt Bertie and Ron were going to connect and that would connect Ron to the urges he hid at the expense of others and, ultimately, to his own detriment, "I guess I'm just a natural to follow Mummy's path," She smiled openly.

"You've got the look of the cat that swallowed the canary," teased Gwynn as they met in the corner grocery near home.

"Does it show that much?" replied a light hearted Annie who proceeded to recap the chance meeting with: Ron and the subsequent encounter with Bertie.

"Great job! I'm really impressed that you didn't have to wreck him on the spot. Shows self-possession. Rare in anyone let alone one at your stage. Took me: a lot longer."

"Not that I don't appreciate the compliment, but I don't see how you can understand or say anything about you taking longer to go through any of the stuff that I'm going through. I mean I just don't see how you can really, really understand going from being a boy to girl"

"No, I'm sure you don't. Anyhow, seeing that Ellie is working late, why don't we stow our groceries and then we can have dinner at the corner. My treat to celebrate your little matchmaking today."

"Great, shall I change?"

"No need. We don't want a late dinner. On second thought, why don't we take a raincheck on dinner out and I'll whip up a quick dinner for us."

"That would be swell but I don't want to put you out."

"Not at all. I have a surprise for you too."

Annie quickly put the groceries away, brushed her teeth and used a generous amount of mouthwash. Sitting on her vanity bench, she smoothed her stocking over her extended leg refasten the garter clips and tightened the elastic strap of the garter. Ditto on her other leg. Retouch the little makeup she used, run a brush through her hair and dash up to Gwynn's apartment.

The door had been left ajar for Annie.

Cold smoked salmon, sturgeon and trimmings were on a platter on the counter with assorted cheeses and bread slices on a second platter; the white wine chilled in fridge. Annie looked around for the absent Gwynn who startled her as she walked softly in behind' her. Gwynn had changed to a chambray skirt and was just buttoning her blouse. Annie was staring at the beige line above the black bra that had not yet been concealed by the mostly open blouse. Gwynn's very attractive shape was achieved by use of breast pads!

Annie wondered why the seemingly natural and unaffected Gwynn would resort to such subterfuge. After all, she was genuinely rejecting of false values and deceptive behavior

"Do sit. You're my guest so I'll serve you." Gwynn lit the candles and poured the wine.

The flickering light of the candles cast shadows that highlighted Annie's facial bones. Gwynn looked eyed her young companion. The older woman's studious gaze was making Annie's cock stir in her panties. Annie slowly wrapped her fingers around the stem of her wine glass wrapped her finger. Her tongue met the wine as she tilted the glass. She flicked a bead of wine into her mouth as if it were a droplet of precum. Gwynn's nostrils twitched as Annie's shameless but effective performance drew her full attention.

Annie spread a bit of soft cheese on a slice of the baguette, added a sliver of smoked salmon. She ate it slowly. Her tongue darted to the corner of her mouth for a crumb of cheese. Some brie on a breadstick. Holding the breadstick toward her parted lips, she tilted her head forward even as she moved the breadstick with its glob of cheese at the tip into her mouth.

"You do that so, so well. I can feel it from here." Gwynn reached across the table and pressed Annie's fingers in her own. Annie rose to her feet and stood between Gwynn's parted thighs as the older woman caressed the back of the trannie's thighs. She nuzzled Annie's crotch with her hungry, warm mouth as her finger pressed against the boy/girl's crack.

Gwynn stood facing Annie and let her skirt fall to the floor.

Annie unbuttoned her lover's blouse and eased it off the woman's shoulders. They stood belly to belly and kissed for what seemed hours yet was only a promise of what was to be that evening.

Gwynn somehow slipped behind Annie and hugged her as she ground her crotch against the young trannie's bottom. Annie leaned forward so as to have room to unhook her bra. Gwynn's warm gentle hands teased her nipples to fullness.

Again they faced each other. Gwynn tugged the band of her bra, opened the hooks and allowed it to fall free along with the breast forms pinned in the cups. She pulled Annie's mouth to her nipples even before the young t-girl could see Gwynn's naked tits.

They were on the carpet with Annie still enjoying Gwynn's breasts with their powerfully erect nipples, Gwynn freed Annie's cock from her panties and clutched in her hand. Annie's hand was gently moved to Gwynn's panty crotch. Gwynn was lying across Annie so that her young lover could not feel the woman's mons against her,

Annie desperately wanted to feel Gwynn's fleshy mound grind against her. She wanted to taste her woman's wetness as it soaked through her panties. She wanted Gwynn to lower herself on her cock, to ride her until they both exploded. It was not to be!

Gwynn drew her panty crotch aside as Annie's fingers groped against the leg bands. Annie moaned in delighted surprise as she felt Gwynn's warm crotch. "Oh God, yes. Please, please let it be!" whimpered the wildly aroused Annie as she moved her fingers forward. "Yes, yes! Thank you, thank you!" She twisted loose and desperately, urgently kissed Gwynn even as she grabbed the unbelievably beautiful, totally passable trannie's cock!

The sudden revelation that Gwynn was a trannie turned Annie into the dominant lover. She rolled her mentor onto her back, knelt over her, kissed her lovely, desirable flat chest. Her tongue tickled the older trannie's navel as her hand massaged her balls through the elegant silk panties.

Gwynn seemed relieved as well as aroused to relinquish the role of predator to her young protégé. She raised her hips and slipped her panties to the top of her thighs where they pushed her balls upward. Annie's mouth

engulfed Gwynn's cockhead as her slender fingers grasped her balls. The wildly aroused boy/girl kept her ministrations focused on Gwynn's cock lest it vanish like a dream. Annie realized that her ideal lover would have to be: a person like herself, a girl with a cock and there was no way she was going to let Gwynn's cock escape her, not even for one minute.

The worldly, experienced Gwynn was now writhing as Annie's lips, tongue and fingers worked miracles of sensation on her most sensitive places. Time: after time Annie brought Gwynn to the verge of orgasm and, while maintaining the trans-woman's intense arousal, prevented her from coming,

Gwynn's eyes rolled back in her head: saliva ran from her mouth as she twisted, arched, and as every limb trembled in spasm as an electric passion spread from the base of her cock to every part of her body and soul. Annie swallowed every drop of cum as she squeezed the moaning, spent Gwynn's cock and licked every drop from the tip.

Gwynn lay spent in a prolonged ecstasy of satisfaction. Annie sat on her heels, her palms on her knees as she looked adoringly at her mentor whom she had so gloriously brought off. She kissed Gwynn on the lips. "Gwynn, you're delicious but I'm still! a virgin." Gwynn reached up and pulled Annie to: her. They giggled as they playfully wrestled on the carpet.

The pair paused as they lay on their sides facing. Annie reclined on her elbow as she ran her finger tips over Gwynn's nipples. Her lover pulled her on top of her and kissed her Annie's nipples as she groped her balls. Annie suddenly straddled Gwynn in a schoolyard pin. "I've got to run. My mum will wonder where I went off to. Remember, we have to do something about changing, my virgin status."

As Annie started to get to her feet Gwynn grabbed her ankle and tumbled her to the floor. "You'll never get to sleep when you're that hard! Allow me." She swallowed Annie's cock as her fingers tightened and relaxed on the base, her other rhythmically working; her young trannie lover's balls. Never having been deep throated before, Annie began giggling uncontrollably. Her giggling changed to moans and then crescendoed to scream as she came.

Annie recovered and started to make herself presentable before going

downstairs to her mother's apartment where Ellie sat reading in the living room. "Sorry, Mommy. I had dinner with Gwynn. One thing led to another. Really sorry if I gave you cause for concern."

"Quite all right, sweets. I trust my big girl, just glad that there was no one with me to hear one thing lead to another."

Annie felt her face grow warm as she blushed bright red. "Relax, sweets," smiled Ellie. "You're in good hands with Gwynn...and I do know what Gwynn has in her panties."

Annie relaxed on hearing her mother's brief but accepting and supportive comments. She mellowed out as she looked at her mother. The new Ellie was dynamically attractive. She still wore the slip and underthings she had on during the day although she had exchanged her dress for a long robe. The robe had opened across her thighs and her slip had ridden up to reveal the dark welting at the top of her stockings. Her full, natural breasts spilled slightly over the top her bra and the lace edge of the slip. Annie despite her orgasm only moments ago found herself being stirred by Ellie. She rationalized that the Ellie she had come to know since her own transformation into Annie was a totally different person from the withdrawn mouse who had tried so hard but was so ineffectual.

Ellie took Annie's hand, drew her close and kissed her goodnight. It wasn't quite a lover's kiss but it was moist and left the taste of Ellie's lips on Annie. "You shower first, sweets. You've got an early day tomorrow. I'll read while you get ready for bed." "Thanks, Mommy. Night."

Annie adjusted the shower and felt the water cascade down her shoulders as she soaped her body. She raised her arms and worked the lather covered washcloth against her smooth underarms. "God, how did I ever put with those hairy armpits when I was still Arnie? Ugh. I'm so, so lucky. Most gg's have to shave their underarms and their legs much more than I have to. Still, I just love the sensation of running my fingers over freshly shaven, smooth legs."



Wrapped in a large bath towel, hair turbaned in a smaller towel, Annie was every bit the cute, sexy young female; no longer really still a teen but not yet the young woman about town. As she caressed the moisturizing lotion onto every part of her skin, the towel that had been her sarong slipped from her body. She wiped the steam from the mirror and vigorously rubbed her scalp with the towel turban. Annie couldn't hold back her amused, self-satisfied smile as she viewed herself in the mirror. The pretty face, the swanlike neck, the slender body with its tiny but apparent breasts, the small waist all should have been spoiled by the incongruity of her cock and her tight scrotum! But no! This incongruous aspect of the boy/girl enhanced, completed the elegant splendor of this lovely who was, indeed "sui generis." (Pronounced SOOee GENeris with a hard g as in girl, this is a Latin phra-se roughly meaning 'a thing unto itself or 'in class of its own.')

Annie was aware of her unique attractiveness. As Arnie she had been rejected and despised by girls and boys. Now that Arnie had become Annie, this new persona combined the attractions of both boy and girl and in so doing had achieved a whole that was greater than the sum of its parts.

Annie wasn't certain when she first realized that she was not going to limit her exploration of life and love to other beings like herself but that she would beguile men, woman, as well as others like herself to attain whatever she wanted from life. Annie was going to have it all; of that much she was positive. It would take time and experience but it was going to happen.

She held her white panties at eye level to see the front, lowered them to her ankles, and, in a smooth, graceful, spontaneous movement bom of practice, slipped the panties on. The ballet length nighty was pulled over her head. Annie sat at her vanity, brushed her hair, and tied it back with a ribbon. She turned off all the lights but the reading light over her bed. She slipped under the covers and started to read.

"The Dubliners," a collection of short stories by James Joyce. She read the comments on the dust jacket. This was a new venture, one which Annie saw as an investment in her future. A sophisticated lady who was going to move in a high circles would have to be literate and someone at the bookshop had told that James Joyce was one of the most original and important writers of the age. Thus Annie began her own super education

even as she was trying for a chance to finish her high school diploma. She was to have far more academic credentials before she was done,

CHAPTER TEN

High school acceptance wasn't long in coming once a school had been found that would meet Annie's academic and social needs while allowing her to keep her values. These needs were met by a small private school that specialized in children and teens in the performing arts. Annie would be coached in voice. Unlike The Brierly Academy, these people valued the cabaret quality of her vocal talents. Annie would also have dance classes albeit with the lower school due to her late start in formal dance training. The director, a sometimes participant in Ellie's psycho-drama institute from the client side, was well aware of Annie's special traits.

Annie was soon an academic standout. Freed of the horrid social constraints of hypocritical high school teachers in the mainstream high schools, she thrived in an atmosphere in which she was relaxed and comfortable enough to use her intellectual gifts. It was no secret among staff and students that this lovely was a trannie. Her fellow students accepted her all the more for it. Girls helped her with makeup and clothing, took her on their shopping forays which were always an excuse for flirting with men and boys.

The straight guys, not so insecure as to care what others may think, were fascinated with this most attractive girl with something extra. They felt better with her than with most gg's in or out of the school. All of them offered to escort her to movies and shows. She reveled in their attention.

The gay guys, 'queers' they were called then, envied Annie her ability to attract other boys and men. On MTA trains and buses they sat at a discreet distance and smiled at Annie as she turned men on. They giggled among themselves as Annie would sit unselfconsciously studying the book that rested on her open thighs with the crotch of her white panties in plain view of a well-dressed business type. Once having her quarry under her spell, she would embarrass them no end by staring at the bulge she had caused in their pants. Occasionally she would stare coldly at the mortified gentleman and then slowly, with a twinkle in her eyes, allow the hint of a smile to cross the corners of her lipsticked mouth. It amused her to see which of the two typical reactions this ploy caused. A few of the victims of her teasing game would relax and even smile back. Others, probably pillars of their church, would become even more disconcerted and avert their gaze. It was this

selfsame, smugly self-righteous type that would appear in the bookstore seeking straight or gay pornography only to leave in frustration when they found that the stock consisted of only serious writing on gay themes, Of course these prigs were offended when, unbidden, they were shown the occult, pagan and Wiccan sections, Not at all of interest to them. They were, after all, upright citizens. To be sure; yet these upright citizens desperately longed to taste the pleasure they condemned and envied but which were accepted in the more the honest and humane subculture in which Annie found her existence and in which Ellie recovered from the madness that had plagued her in her life in the unaccepting mainstream.

Annie had stopped off at nearby college library to work on a paper due for one of her honor classes. Letters from Dr. Bell had gained her access to specialized libraries where few high school pupils were allowed. The well-deserved and hard earned privileges Dr. Bell and others had arranged gave told her that there were those who fluidly moved between subcultures close to mainstream, even respected by the bourgeois hypocrites who thought of themselves as the pillars and supports of society, and the darker, more subterranean worlds in which Annie had become so comfortable. This realization assured Annie that someday she too would slip easily between her own world and the world that had so despised her; in so doing, she resolved, she would have the opportunity to control and destroy those who were responsible for this most horrid repression of so many good people.

It was already dark when she bundled her notes into her school bag and made ready to leave the library. She stood in the vestibule of the musty building as she buttoned her pea-coat, wound her six foot muffler around neck, and pulled on her beret. She slung her European style school bag over her shoulder and stepped into the cold as she pulled on her mittens. Her breath fogged in the cold, crisp evening air.

It made no sense to stand on a cold corner waiting for the bus. She would briskly walk the several blocks to the MTA station.

“Warmer walking than standing on a chilly bus stop. Warmer walking.” Convinced by her own reasoning, Annie set off along the dark residential street. A few catcalls from passing college guys flattered the boy/girl who chuckled to herself at what the reaction of these smug college jocks would be if they knew what this cutie had in her panties. How shocked

and humiliated they would feel if she had to fend off their physical attentions. "Not worth the effort to provoke a fight, not even for laughs," she thought to herself. Life for Annie was so much better than it had ever been for her when she was still Arnie.

A few turnings brought her onto a brightly lighted local shopping street. She slowed down to take in the shop windows. A few rather upscale food purveyors and wine merchants were interspersed among a number of ladies' specialty shops featuring tweedy clothes for the moms and preppy clothes for their daughters. Annie hadn't made the transition from Arnie so long ago that she failed to appreciate the intricacies of female clothing and accessories. So it was that she paused in her walk to take in the window display of Bradford's, a shop that featured "better intimate apparel."

"How smug of them," thought Annie. "Better than what?" The petite trannie abandoned her skeptical thoughts as soon as she looked at the fine silk and lace bra and panty sets with matching chemises that were draped carefully over pedestals in the window. Disembodied legs luxuriated in fine hose. What fascinated her most of all were the girdles and body briefers on the torsos of mannequins. The image of Pamela lying on the choir room floor with her skirt hiked up and her panty girdle accenting the curves of her full body formed in Annie's mind.

It struck Annie that Pamela's full name was Pamela Bradford! Could there be some connection or was it just chance that this shop was "Bradford's?" Annie loved the merchandise in the window. "Damn, I would love to treat myself to some of those things. Knew I should have taken more money with me. Must come back here soon. Maybe when I do I can nose around and see if they have daughter named Pamela at Brierly."

Annie worked her way along the display windows each of which turned at right angles from the street to form a sort of aisle leading to the shop entrance which was set back about fifteen or so feet from the sidewalk. Having determined to revisit this Eden of intimate apparel, Annie turned to the street and resumed her trek.

She thought of Pamela Bradford and the unfathomable attraction she felt for the girl. "Damn her," mused Annie. "I can understand why a girl would get off on beating guys at her age but why would someone get off on being spanked like I spanked her. I know they do but why her?" As she

strolled briskly along, Annie admitted to herself that she wanted to revisit "Bradford's" not only for better intimate apparel but to find Pamela Bradford.

"Pam, please concentrate on tagging those new items." "Sorry, Mummy. I just thought I saw someone I sort of know," replied Pamela Bradford.

"There's no one out there now. And really, child, how can you sort of know someone? Either you know them or you don't.

"I can see that dropping out of Brierly was no great loss for you. You seem so much happier away from that place."

"Oh yes! Mummy, I really am so much happier, so much better off away from there."

"Still, you seem lonely for something or someone," thought the tall, shapely Mrs. Bradford, so different from her daughter in stature and temperament.

"Darling, I'm going to hire a shop another shop girl to relieve you of some of your responsibilities here. However, you must agree to finish high school.

"There's also the matter of therapy. There is a group of therapists that combine traditional therapy with psycho-drama. I think that may work well for you. I have the name of one of the best psycho-drama support women in the whole area. I met her briefly at a workshop. Her name is Ellen Riordan."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"Ron, you absolutely cannot stay here," asserted Bertie Hargreave. "My landlady would have bird if a guy moved in with me. Sorry, not even for a night!"

"Just stop looking so glum and maybe we can share some affection before you go."

Bertie pulled Ron to her, wrapped her arms around him and covered his mouth with her own. She felt the pressure of Ron's cock hardening against her thigh. Her grip around him tightened until he could barely breathe. She pulled her face from his as she smiled menacingly. Ron looked confused, frightened. Bertie grabbed the hair at the back of his head and forced him to his back. She grasped the collar of his shirt as one would grab the collar of unruly dog. Ron was yanked to a kneeling position in front of Bertie who pointed her black patent highheeled pump at him.

"Do it! And don't even think about asking what! You not only know what I mean, you've dreamed about it day and night!"

Ron lowered his head and kissed the shiny shoe.

"Clean them!"

Ron licked every surface of the patent shoes.

Bertie grasped his ears and pulled to his feet. She unbuckled his trousers and let them fall to his knees. She sneered at his crotch.

"Ugh! How can you tolerate those coarse, horrid briefs?"

"Remove your clothes except for those briefs!"

The expression on Ron's face combined elements of fear and of anticipation. Bertie locked her hand on his balls as tightly as a vise.

"Quickly! Don't hesitate. I just may change my mind and let you leave now."

Ron stood before her with burning cheeks that went from red to scarlet. He was humiliated by her taunts about his underpants. He recalled the warm glow he had when he went to the toilet at a family gathering and tried on his cousin's panties borrowed from the clothes hamper.

“Of course you’re embarrassed. Who wouldn’t be in those ridiculous pants?”

She ripped them from his body, stepped toward him and, as she hugged him, dug her nails into his butt.

Ron realized that she was embarrassed by his exposed erection. It was a source of many and varied pleasures, although in his case most of the pleasures were still potential pleasures that had yet to be realized. He became conscious that his cock and balls made him vulnerable to hurt, to embarrassment, and to humiliation. For an instant he thought that if he could be seen as a girl his vulnerable genitals would be safe from harm. Yes, yes...that could be his salvation, his comfort. But it was too fantastic, too much to ever hope for. Once again his inner most needs vanished from his own consciousness.

Despite his throbbing cock, Ron decided to resist the domination he had fantasized about for so many years. He dared to push Bertie away!

Bertie’s fist drove into Ron’s middle. A slap brought his head up and back. Bertie followed her advantage by driving her knee into Ron’s crotch. He doubled over and fell to his knees. Bertie strode from the room.

When Ron recovered his senses Bertie was sitting, still fully clothed on the edge of the couch. Pink cotton panties dangled from the tip of her manicured finger. She threw the panties in Ron’s face.

“Get them on. Oh, I know you want big girl panties but you’re my little girl slave for tonight unless I say otherwise.”

As Ron slipped into the panties he hurled himself at Bertie who easily rolled him over her hip. He whined as the trannie applied pressure to a wrist lock. Bertie sat down while maintaining the hold. She wrapped her legs around the young man’s waist and squeezed the breath from him. He nearly fainted.

“Umm, Ron can see my panties. Like them?”

Ron nodded and managed to gasp a yes.

“Touch them, Sweetie.”

Ron obeyed as his cock began to ooze precum. Bertie stood with her

back to the defeated but aroused youth. She raised her skirt above her hips. Planting her hands on the side of her black panties, she struck a formidable pose as her wrists kept her skirt bunched at her waist.

“You may kiss my panties.”

Ron tentatively kissed her cheeks.

“On the crack!”

She turned to face Ron. “Now the front!” She pulled her panty crotch aside and freed her cock from the gaff, Ron stared in disbelief and then took Bertie’s cockhead into his eager mouth.

Bertie placed her hand on Ron’s forehead and pushed him’ away from her. She reclined on the couch, arranged her skirt most seductively, dropped on leg to the floor and draped the other against the bag of the couch.

“How many hundreds of times did you want to do this? You never have though. You were just so bad at it. Now take your time and listen to Miss Bertie. I’m your teacher now. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Miss Bertie, ventured Ron as he ran his tongue over the tip of Bertie’s cock.

“Mmmm, such a good little girl pupil,” purred Bertie after she had filled Ron’s with her cum. “Let me reward you,”

She pulled Ron close to her and cupped his balls in her hand. She squeezed playfully while getting to her feet. Holding Ron’s balls lightly, she towed him to the middle of the carpet.

She stepped away from him unbuttoning her skirt as she did so. Her sweater went next. Ron was staring in fascination as the beautiful, wholesome appearing trannie stood menacingly in her slip.

Bertie slid the straps of her slip from her shoulders and let the black silk fall to the floor. She grasped Ron’s arm and levered him to his back. She knelt over him, ran her tongue over his nipples, sucked playfully. She ran her lips over his hairless body. Her tongue tasted the precum at the tip of his painfully hard cock. Her lips and teeth teased the rim of his cockhead. She kissed the base of his shaft and kissed the underside until she was back at his cockhead. She took the knob into her moist and hungry mouth as she

massaged the base of his shaft. A second or two later Ron's body convulsed as she pumped his massive load of cum into Bertie's mouth.

Bertie leaned forward and kissed Ron who lay spent.

"That was phenomenal," smiled Ron through the haze of his post orgasm tiredness. "I wanted this for so long."

"I was," stated Bertie in a cold, matter of fact voice. "You were pretty dull. Get dressed and get out."

"You're putting me on, right?"

"Get out before I throw you out!"

Having disposed of Ron, Bertie lit a cigarette and reached for the phone.

"This is Bertie Hargreave. Is Annie there please?"

CHAPTER TWELVE

A late autumn Friday night found Annie working in the bookshop. Her cheery personality and good looks had endeared her to many customers who had come to specifically seek her guidance in finding and selecting books. Even the straight appearing family men who had come to find out about the gay aspects of themselves had come to feel relaxed and trusting in the presence of this lovely androgyne.

Annie sat on the couch in the store room, her legs folded under her in the half lotus position with her skirt carefully arranged to protect her modesty. A Wiccan book, "The Sacred Wheel of The Year" was open on her lap. She munched an egg salad sandwich as she read. Her preoccupation with her reading was disturbed by the manager who announced that a customer was asking for her. "Nervous little creep. Been here before."

"Has to be Ron. Send him in. I'll get rid of him,"

Ron unburdened himself to Annie. It was a litany of the self-pity of a boy who had denied his feelings, his sexuality and tried to cover by turning the machos loose on anyone who might not fit their mold. He left home to try to find himself. He avoided New York where he was certain his parents would look for him.

Now his money had run out and he didn't have a job.

"I was falling in love with Bertie but you wouldn't believe what happened. She kicked my butt and threw me out,"

"Did she simply kick your butt? I don't doubt she could have but what else happened?"

Ron reluctantly told the details of his first "queer" sexual experience.

"You were really turned on by wearing those panties, right? And I'll bet it wasn't the first time either.

"Nothing I can do for you. Just go back to Bertie and be really, really humble. She's working as the hostess in that cafe tonight."

Annie telephoned Bertie at the cafe. She agreed to meet Ron on her break.

Ron faced Bertie with a hangdog expression on his face. Bertie tilted

his face toward the light. "There's hope for you. Come to my apartment for lunch tomorrow. "Now smile. You're so much prettier when you smile."

The salad was on the table when Ron arrived. A chardonnay w[^]s chilled and open. The baguette was still warm form the baker's oven. Bertie kissed Ron on his cheek as she took his jacket. She turned the collar of his shirt up and opened the top buttons. She pushed his hair toward his eyes with her fingers. She smiled warmly as she reassured herself how feminine this youth was... and how easy it would be to transform him. She rewarded him for his natural gifts with a warm, wet kiss on his thin lips,

"You're not staying here. I think that's been made clear. There's no way I'm going to get you a job at the cafe where I work even though you could put all those guys to shame when it comes to being suggestively femme.

"I do know of a number places that are looking for a waitress."

"Come on, Bertie. No way in hell could I get away with that and no way I would even try it. I would be laughed at."

"Don't be so sure. If you don't care to try, you can leave here now and go crawling back to Pennsylvania."

Tears slowly filled Ron's eyes. They fell slowly down his smooth cheeks as if the icy resolve against being the person he was meant to be had started to melt.

Ron was waiting for Bertie in front of the Victorian house where she rented an attic apartment. A light snow was visible in the circle of light under the street lamp. Bertie waved and smiled as she turned the corner. The significance of the shopping bag she carried was not lost on Ron.

Bertie led Ron up the stairs to her apartment. The boy watched in awe as she laid out her purchases. A brief panty girdle, a lightly padded bra thrilled the youth. Both were baby blue; the color befitted his newness, his baby status so speak, as a girl.

"I paid for them so you're buying dinner."

Ron was aching to begin his transformation but dared not refuse Bertie her request. They were soon seated in a local Indian restaurant. Bertie ordered for the pair and described to Ron her early childhood in India and her

adoption by Mrs. Hargreave. The subsequent quarrel, really a series of quarrels, which led to her leaving home was something Ron could relate to but he wasn't sure what caused the turbulence within himself to rise to such a level that he had to give up everything familiar and chance an unknown lifestyle far from home.

"You know, Ronnie, you're going to have to learn a bit about being a waitress before you can get work in a really decent place. Don't look so confused. I don't mean here."

"Even if I get to look like a girl..."

"Ronnie doll, you already look more like a girl than you think."

Ron's face fell as he continued, "What about my voice? Can I fake a girl's voice and not slip or get a sore throat from voice strain?"

"Doll, forget about the voice thing. Most people's voices can be either. Without seeing someone's face or being told whether they're a man or a woman, most people couldn't tell. I'll show you later."

The snow crunched under their feet as they strolled arm in arm back to Bertie's.

"I don't know his this is going to work but I really think it's so neat of you to help me like this."

"No need to thank me, Ronnie doll. The pleasure is all mine,"

Ron sat on the edge of the bathtub as Bertie did his makeup. He was nude but for black stretch lace bikini panties, a style very popular at the time. His underarms were totally smooth, his hair still damp from the shower.

"That's me!" screeched the delighted Ron when Bertie allowed him to look in a hand mirror.

"Just for openers. Wait until I do your hair. First, I want you to talk into this tape recorder...Now look at yourself in the mirror while I play it back,"

"Wow! You were so right! I see myself as a girl and I hear a girl's voice when I speak. That's so super!"

Ron stepped into the brief panty girdle which Bertie pulled to the top

of his thighs.

“Spread your feet just a bit and relax. This isn’t going to hurt.”

Ron held his breath as Bertie pushed his balls into his groin. He held them in place as Bertie adjusted the panty girdle in place of a gaff. Bertie slipped the bra into place and pushed Ron’s body forward the better to pull his soft pectoral muscles over the edge of the padded bra.

“Yikes! I can’t believe it’s really me,” squealed the delighted Ron. “Oh God, Thank you, thank you.” He burst into tears at having only begun to realize the dreams he had fought so hard against for too long. The guilt at the harm he had done to others by instigating the macho creeps against any boy who might not conform to their crude, primitive sexual stereotypes came to the surface. He sobbed as he admitted to himself that his behavior was selfish and as destructive and hurtful to him as it had been to his victims.

“I didn’t plan on this but you’re turning out better than I hoped,” Bertie announced with a serious look on her face. “Come with me.”

Ron’s heart thumped in his ears as he watched Bertie rummage in her closet. She threw a pair of slacks at him and then a top. The navy blue slacks clung to every contour of Ron’s thighs, groin and butt. No way was there any hint that this might be the body of other than a lithe, slender girl but a slender girl with just the right curves in all the interesting places. The top was a long sleeve pullover with horizontal stripes, a style referred to as French sailor shirt. It had a loose neck that showed the straps of Ron’s bra.

After putting on warm, bulky socks Ron slipped into the high heeled ankle boots Bertie had set in front of him. Bertie again led him before the full length mirror. “If you cry now, I’ll spank your cute little ass. Is that clear, Roni?”

The newly created Roni nodded as she smiled,

“We’re going out for a drink.”

Bertie turned up the collar of the mid-thigh length car coat she had loaned Roni. After wrapping a long scarf around Roni’s collar, Bertie adjusted a broad brimmed winter hat on Roni who still couldn’t believe how effective this first step of his transition was. Nor could he believe how pretty he was and how comfortable he was as a girl.

The cold snowy night invigorated and energized the pair as they walked a couple blocks to a straight bar and grill. They sat at the bar sipping brandy. Roni was thrilled that a number of men at the bar smiled at her and even offered to buy her and her friend a drink. Her voice was femme enough that they didn't react to her plea that they had to be home early to receive a phone call. "Perhaps another time," seemed to be enough to make these guys anticipate her return.

The trannie pair warmed up with Irish coffee before walking back to Bertie's. They both noticed the "Waitress Needed" sign in the window as they left.

The snow had started to fall more steadily, more heavily. There would be at least a couple of inches on the round before morning.

"Why not spend the night with me?" offered Bertie.

"Love to," murmured Roni in a kittenish mood as Bertie pressed her mittened hand in her own.

Bertie turned off the lights, opened the blinds, and lit the gas log in the fire place. Ron watched in aroused awe as Bertie loosened her hair and shook it free over her shoulders. Her fingers deftly undid the belt of her shirtwaist dress. She opened the buttons and slowly slid the ordinary but very feminine dress off her shoulders and down her slim but firm arms. Her fair skin was set off by the black slip, a slip so short that it barely concealed her stocking tops,

Bertie stood before Ron and drew the awestruck beginner to his feet. She opened the button and zipper at the side of the slacks she had put him into only hours before. A suddenly tug and they were at his ankles. "You do your own top," whispered Bertie as her tongue teased his ear. He stepped back crossed his arms, grasped the lower edge of the top and raised his arms. Bertie exulted in seeing her protégé perform this ordinary act with a grace and sensuality that was indeed feminine, even seductively femme for its being an everyday, even mundane act.

Bertie suppressed the thrill that ran through her as Ron whom she had recreated as a very adequate girl stood before her in bar and panty girdle seemingly aglow from within in the faint light coming from the gas fire and through the window.

Roni let one side of the top fall from his grasp while holding fast with the other hand. This was done in a way that called attention to the soft turn of his girdled tummy as flowed into a flawlessly feminine groin line. A wry smile played across the cupid bow lips as he sensed the sexual power he would wield as Roni.

Bertie mirrored his movements as she removed her slip. The formidable trannie was living proof that well-chosen intimates made a girl so much sexier than if she were nude. Her incredible sensuality was heightened by the absence of a gaff. The faint outline of her cock through her white satin panties immeasurably increased her seductive power. It was certain that Bertie could use her additional endowments to enthrall, seduce, and control even straights.

Mouth covered mouth as tongues touched and probed. The trannie pair sank to the carpet in front of the fireplace as they undid bra hooks, slipped off panties. They giggled by turns as tongues found each other's sensitive places. Contortionists could not have created stranger postures as they twisted over each other in a sensuous and tender voyage of exploration. They dozed in a warm face to face hug after in a mutual orgasm in the classic sixty-nine position. The cum. soaked kiss that followed lasted seemed to last forever yet was too brief as the couple drew closer to being in love.

The pair lay on their sides facing each other under the comforter in Bertie's not very large bed. The shades were open to let in the moonlight which was becoming brighter as the breeze dispersed the clouds. The snow was over after wrapping the area in a light white blanket that intensified the pure light of the full moon.

"Guess I could have gone home," teased Roni, his face only inches from that of his trannie mentor.

"No way would I have let you get away from me. Those guys aren't the only ones who think you're spectacular." Bertie ran her fingers over Roni's soft tummy so unbelievably devoid of even fuzz. She worked her fingers under the Roni wore over pink cotton hip hugger panties. Her fingers circled his nipples as his hand tentatively touched her erect nipples under her nylon nightie. Their lips barely touched as Bertie raised Roni's tee over his head. Her tongue brushed rhythmically over Roni's nipples. He sighed audibly with the pleasure of this new sensation.

Bertie's hand was between his thighs as they kissed deeply, Roni's panties were pulled low enough to Bertie to wrap her fingers over his hard cock. "I want to fuck you," whispered Bertie.

"Yes, yes," was Roni's response.

Roni felt the cold gel as Bertie worked her finger into his hole. The neophyte trannie took his lover's cock in his mouth until it glistened with saliva. Roni rolled onto his back and drew his knees to his chest. He guided Bertie's raging erection to his hole and kissed her as she thrust into him.

It hurt only for a second to two until the physical and emotional thrills of accepting his lover into him more than palliated the stretching of his tight little butt hole. The pair rocked in rhythm that soon left them in a state of ecstasy that was beyond the ordinary. It was as if they had each given up their individuality to form a union that was greater both of them.

Roni's hands were on Bertie's ass as he pulled his lover deeper into him. He was alternately moaning deeply and screaming aloud. He felt Bertie's hands milking his balls. An electricity overwhelmed him as it spread from his lower body to every part of him. He quivered and came as he had never come.

As Ron recovered he felt Bertie convulse. The more experienced boy/girl screeched as she drove her tongue deeper into Roni's mouth. Her arms and legs thrashed as her hips bucked. Roni moaned and came again as Bertie pumped her wad into Roni's no longer virgin bottom.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"Annie, I'm so glad I caught you before you left for school. I know this sounds like an imposition and maybe it is, but you've got to help us out. I mean this is really, really important, for Roni, you know Ron.

"I mean you know all sorts of high powered people through your Mom,"

"Back up, girl. Take a deep breath and slow down. Now how did Ron get to be Roni and what is it that you want done that's so important?"

Later that morning Bertie and Roni handed Ron's birth certificate and driver's license to an aide to Doris Lessing. The aide worked wonders with a photo copier, still an uncommon device back then. Each reproduction was more modified than the previous, It would then take Doris Loring's staff only a few days to document that Roni Hearn was indeed a female.

Roni was more smug than ever when she was photographed and issued 'her'

Massachusetts driver's license. A voter registration card followed in a few weeks. The passport took a little longer.

There would be no problem applying for jobs as a girl in the straight world; not as far as documentation. There were a number of rejections. Too pretty...too young and innocent looking... not sophisticated enough...too wholesome...and on and on in that theme. Roni finally took the waitress job at the bar and grill they had visited on that snowy night when Roni took those first steps toward the life she was now determined to lead.

The salary was fair, the tips great. Still the money wasn't coming fast enough to allow her to buy the clothes, the wispy intimate garments and the sexy foundations she and Bertie so wanted to heighten the thrill of their affair.

A new concern surfaced. Guys, straight guys were coming on to her, She used her wit and charm to fend them off without offending until one night a non-regular who was very turned on by her became aggressive.

The man was asked to leave but Roni was feared he would wait for her after she left work. She phoned Bertie to meet her and walk her home. Bertie showed up about half an hours before closing and described the

molester perfectly,

“How did you know all that?”

“No mystery to it. He’s leaning on a car down the street. Seems to have sobered up. Probably one of these blokes who play at’ being drunk to see how much they can get away with. Let’s see what happens. It’ll give me great pleasure to lay him on his arse.”

The trannie lovers left the bar shortly after closing. Bertie put her arm around Roni’s waist and kissed her gently as they approached the man who had been keeping warm in his car.

“Dyke bitch! No wonder you got me thrown out. Couldn’t handle a real man. Neither one of you can.”

“Oh, but of course we can,” replied Bertie as she pushed Roni aside. “Take your best shot.”

He did and missed. Bertie drove a round house right to the side of his head. The would be attacker reeled back. He came at her in a rage. She slipped her arm around his waist used his momentum to roll him over her hip and onto his back. He was badly shaken at being so easily handled by this pretty young woman and by his hard landing on the sidewalk.

“Care to play some more? It can get rough.”

He was too startled to answer. Bertie, confident that he was no longer a threat, turned her back to home, took Roni’s hand and continued toward home.

Roni was grateful to Bertie for having bailed her out of a tough spot.

“You were so great! God, I wish I could take of myself like that. I’m so scared someone will try you have their way with me and then they’ll find out what I really am. “You’re probably the best self-defense expert ever, ever. I mean especially for trannie”

“Glad you’re impressed but Annie is deadly...”

“What? Annie from the bookshop? She’s a trannie?” Bertie smiled and nodded knowingly.

A look of enlightenment spread across Roni’s face. “That’s why I

thought I knew her! I have to ask her something, tomorrow. Oh, shit! If that's it, she'll kill me. I'm in trouble if I'm right but I've just got to find out and tell her."

"Stop babbling and show me how thankful you are," sighed Bertie as she wrapped Roni in her arms and raised her lover's skirt as she rubbed her groin against his.

Over coffee the next morning Roni confessed that last night's episode had upset her more than she realized. She was afraid to travel in public lest another incident occur and there would be no Bertie to rescue her.

"Then you have to get out today. Otherwise you'll become more and more scared of more and more places.

"Now, we'll set up some strategies for long term confidence. I'm going to try to get Annie to speak to her self-defense teacher and get her or someone she recommends to take you as a pupil. That's one part.

"You've also got to get some help giving up your guilt. Can't have you crying all the time.

"For now we have to do you up so that most normal guys will leave you alone. You're tiny enough that you can get away with looking like a thirteen year old or maybe even younger. We'll hit some thrift shops later this afternoon."

Bertie left her day job early to meet Roni at their apartment. Roni had just showered after having worked the lunch shift at the bar and grill. Bertie opened the bathroom door as Roni was drying her legs and feet. One foot rested on the edge of the tub as the trannie applied lotion to her leg, The twisting of her body emphasized her hips and rear.

"Yummy bum you've got there, girl," complimented Bertie. "Makes me jealous. "Good thing it's mine to love." She reached under Roni's bottom and fondled his balls.

"Now stop distracting me and let me dress you."

Roni stepped into the brand new white cotton, band leg briefs. She pulled the White cotton undervest over her shoulders and smoothed it over her tummy.



]“I’m supposed to be a pre-teen, right? No makeup then.”

“Preteen, yes. Some poorly applied makeup makes you look younger than none at all. Lipstick that’s too intense is just the thing to convince onlookers that you’ve sneaked some on after you left home for school. Same for eyeliner and mascara. We’ll stick with lipstick and eyeliner for now.”

Roni put on the sweat shirt and jeans Bertie had picked out for her. As soon her hair was in twin pony tails or so called ‘baby bunches,’ she appeared no more than twelve or thirteen to the casual observer.

It was off to the thrift shops where a young girl’s wardrobe was put together for very little money. No one doubted the cover story that Roni was Bertie’s cousin who had come to live with her after a house fire which killed her parents and destroyed everything.

They burst into laughter as soon as they entered the apartment. Roni assumed her pre-teen identity and kept it all times except when she walked to work at the bar and grill.

Roni’s new character role gave her tons of new ways to test her sexual prowess on men. She would walk up subway stairs ahead of them so they could see her panties or at least the back of her thighs under her short and petticoated skirts. She delighted in sitting on the bench seat of a bus or train and adjusting her petticoats as she sat. Catching the attention of a grown man, she would continue to tease him with her “panty show” and then act startled and embarrassed at having been so immodest. Some of her victims would actually break into a sweat at having been detected by the young siren.

Another ploy involved wearing a less than full skirt or dress and hiking her skirt to mid-thigh in order to adjust her slip. Roni was ever more thrilled and excited at discovering the power that woman wielded over men at every age. She felt that this was a way to punish straight men for forcing Ron to identify with their bullying antics before he was able to accept what he really was.

Roni knew that she would assuage her guilt by punishing the straights, the jocks, the macho freaks.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"You understand why it took me so long to realize who you were. I mean, really, you're just so flawlessly female..." Roni was making her confession to Annie as the two spooned away at a large ice-cream sundae.

Roni's new young girl persona left few places where she would not call undue attention to herself by appearing out-of-place. She has come to favor high class ice-cream parlors where she could enjoy a sandwich or a snack a while torturing males with her subtle displays of thigh and then some. The prices at the places she chose kept away the younger males who might try to become overly familiar. Their time would come: Roni was certain to exact her revenge on them.

Roni's smile didn't quite conceal the tension and tears. She feared that Annie would hurt her if she provoked her former victim's ire in the least and yet something in her demanded that Annie scourge her in what would be a rite of purification.

The corner's of Annie's mouth showed the beginnings of a sardonic smile. "Roni, sweets, I could destroy you in seconds. No point in me fighting a weakling. If I didn't punish you, you would feel horrible forever."

Roni blanched as her mouth opened. Before Roni could say a word, Annie continued.

"It doesn't take a mind reader to see what you're all about. I'll take care of your need though." Annie swirled her spoon in the gooey sundae and held it inches from Roni's lips. As Roni opened her mouth, Annie moved the spoon slowly away forcing Roni to follow with her open mouth.

"Just like a hungry little puppy. You know you're a very cute little girl."

Annie left a generous tip since they had occupied the booth for so long. "Aren't you going to show me you're place?"

Roni nodded eagerly.

Annie sat on the edge of the bed in Roni's sparsely furnished bedroom in the attic apartment she shared with Bertie. She wrapped her arms around Roni's thighs, took the boy/girl's hand in hers. She smiled at Roni as she kissed his palm, sucked the tips of his fingers.

“It must have been horrible for you, playing that awful game for so long.”

Roni nodded as tears ran down his cheeks. “You made it pretty horrible for me and a few others.”

Another nod. “Please, please forgive me.”

“Will you forgive yourself if I do?”

“I don’t know if I can ever forgive myself.”

As she hugged Roni’s thighs, Annie worked the t-girl’s skirt higher and higher until her finger tips touched the lacy hem of Roni’s panties. Annie’s finger ran lightly over the cleft of Roni’s bottom. She nuzzled Roni’s mound, nipped at his ungaffed cock through the white satin panties. She pulled the crotch aside and kissed the tip of Roni’s very hard cock.

Annie’s hand was behind Roni’s head as she pushed him to his knees. Roni moaned softly as Annie slipped her fingers into his hair and grasped him firmly. She tugged Roni across her knees and clamped her knees shut on his hard-on. Annie’s powerful hand slapped Roni’s panty covered bottom. Roni yelped and held his breath in anticipation of further pain, pain that would free him from his guilt and allow to fully assume his new identity.

Annie, still holding Roni a willing prisoner between her thighs, reached down and took off her saddle shoe. The spanking resumed.

A sobbing Roni was on his knees, his red tush in the air as he cradled his face on his arms weeping with relief and gratitude. Annie slid to her knees and ran her fingers over Roni’s sore rump.

“Oooh that must hurt. Let Annie kiss it better.” Her tongue brushed the top of Roni’s cleft as her hands slid between his thighs and teased the back of his balls, Annie’s lips explored very part of Roni’s bottom. She wrapped her hand around the t-girl’s throbbing cock as her tongue slipped into his hole. Roni fell on her side as her cock began to throb. Annie’s tongue continued to probe his hole as she massaged his cock. Roni screamed as he shot his wad with an intensity that he never even approached before. Roni wailed like a banshee as his orgasm continued beyond endurance.

“Now you can forgive yourself,” smiled Annie as she kissed him.

Bertie, Annie and Roni finished their Chinese takeout dinner. They had eaten from the cartons and a few paper plates. Nothing to wash-up except the wine glasses and tea cups.

Annie seriously considered Roni's need to learn at least a modicum of self-defense techniques. "Roni, Sweetie, I'll be pleased to train you myself but there are some steps that come first. Number one: you have to get a little stronger. Number two is that you've got to show us some assertiveness. I mean physical assertiveness and not simply bitchiness. You were bitchy enough when you were a boy back in high school."

"Natural talent," laughed Bertie trying to lighten the moment.

"Not only talent at being bitchy but a body and skin that most real girls would kill to have. And that hair is like brown silk yet not too fine. Lots of different kinds of talent in our girl here."

Roni felt good hearing the warm, sincere praise that betokened her acceptance by Annie. She bit her lower lip as she wondered where and how she would have an occasion to test her physical aggressiveness.

The Museum of Fine Arts had captivated Roni who spent many free afternoons there. She had gone there one afternoon after working the lunch shift. Some high school jocks had been attracted by the pretty young girl but were afraid their companions would tease them for being drawn to this skinny, flat girl who was a high school freshman at best. To divert attention from their real feelings, they teased this apparently helpless little girl as they cornered her in a lonely gallery.

Verbal taunts intensified until one of them patted her bottom. She spun around and slapped his face. His hand went to his face as he reddened with embarrassment. He grabbed Roni's wrist and was startled to find out how easily this deceptively powerful girl child shook loose.

They stared each other down until two of the jock's companions pulled him away.

"Let's get out of here. If that skinny little bitch squawks, we're in trouble."

"Turn me loose, guys. I want to kick her little ass."

"Is that all you want to do to my little ass?" challenged Roni, startled

at her own bravado.

The jock's buddies led him away. "'Asshole," taunted Roni as his friends dragged him from the gallery.

"I'll fix that titless little bitch,"

"Yeah, right...just not in here," cautioned his friends.

Roni started down the stairs to the MTA platform. The high school boy she had so embarrassed started up the stairs toward her.

"You're mine girlie," he growled.

Roni side-stepped him and grabbed his lower leg as he turned to pursue her. She lifted straight up as he turned. The off balance oaf landed on his back and slid head first down the concrete and iron steps. Roni turned to go back to the street level in order to avoid explanations. A second jock tried to block her way. He faltered on seeing how readily this little junior his girl had disposed of his buddy. He froze as Roni charged up the stairs at him. Before he could decide whether to fight or run Roni drove the top of her head into his balls as she charged full tilt at him. He doubled over and puked as she sent him down the stairs where he landed on top of his fallen pal.

Roni was in a rage but not totally out of control. She rushed down the stairs toward her fallen foes. She drew her keg back and drove the toe of her saddle shoe into the ribs of her first victim. "Oh God, two big tough jocks are getting kicked to shit by a girl half their size! Serves them right for getting fresh."

Roni spun toward the other youth who was attempting to get up. Her white panties showed as her skirt flared out around her. She grabbed the youth's ears and threw him to the floor. A kick to his belly left him helpless and cringing in a fetal position.

The crowd that had collected cheered Roni on. A police officer intervened. Roni vanished into the crowd before anyone got her name.

The next morning the tabloids carried the story on page three

Annie was amused when she read the story over breakfast. "No doubt a lot of guys are scared by something like this but that won't stop them from jerking off hoping for something like that to happen to them."

“You’re right, Annie. What do you know about that girl?” “Not sure, Mummy. I’ve got to call Bertie and Roni.” Annie laughed as she hung up the phone. “It was Roni!” Ellie and Gwynn listened to the story of Roni’s transformation and how she was being absolved of her guilt by learning to turn her self-loathing outward onto others.

“Looks like Roni is becoming quite the gal!” remarked Ellie. “Mummy, I guess she’s ready to come of age now.”

“She sure is, thanks to the very unusual therapy you cooked up for her. Couldn’t have done it better myself.

Gwynn smiled approvingly at Annie, “You really are mother’s little helper.”

Annie laughed as she quoted Al Jolson. “You ain’t seen nothing yet!”

Mardee Louise Prynne