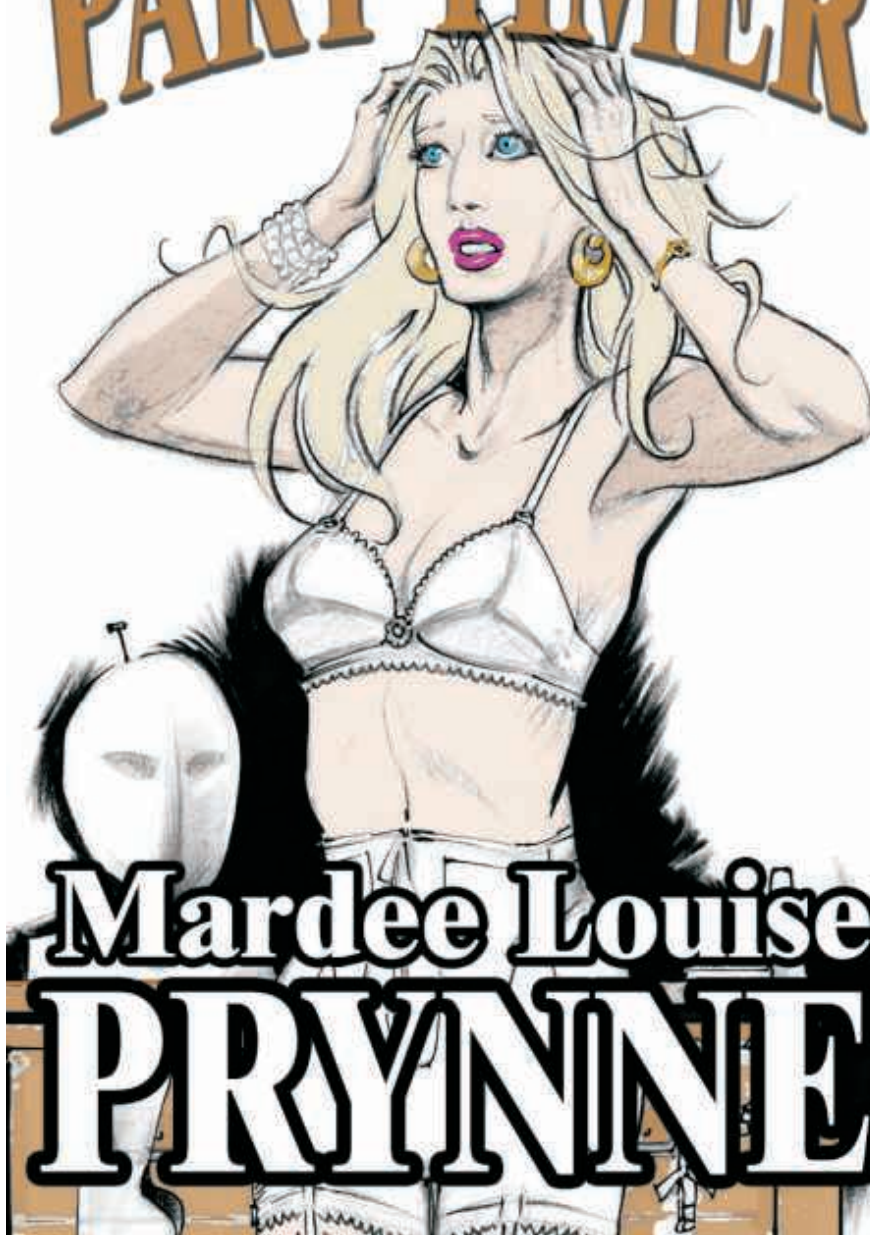


PART TIMER



**Mardee Louise
PRYNNIE**

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PART TIMER

By Mardee Louise Prynne

"That's a corny excuse, Mitch. You're a good athlete because you move well. And dancing is just movement. Only a real drip would be afraid to learn to dance. I never thought you would be..."

"Go ahead, Madison. Say it. You think I'm afraid to ask Joanne to the dance. Could be you're right."

"It might also be that you're afraid of what all the big man on campus types might think about you if came over to my house so I could teach you to dance. And big man on campus includes big girls on campus or to be honest, big bitches on campus. And you know that they love to wag their tongues almost as much as they love to wag their derrières." Madison stopped short. He was concerned that Mitch might pick up that slight note of envy in his voice, envy of the girls' privilege to wiggle what Madison called their derrieres.

Mitch was sitting on the back steps of the high school with Madison standing looking at the slight boy he got himself more and more worked up. He reached up and caught the effeminate boy's wrist and gently pulled him down alongside him.

"Listen, Madison. So I'm a drip about learning to dance but I really don't give a rat's ass about what people say about you. You're a good kid and that's what counts with me."

"Mitch, you're so sweet, so nice to me. I'm grateful you stood up for me when those goons gave me a hard time when Mother and I moved here. I want to show my appreciation but you never give me the chance to do something nice for you. Now's the time for you to give me that chance. You need to learn to dance and I can teach you. Stop playing at being the hard guy and let me help you..."

“First of all, you haven’t been here long at all so you got no business calling my buddies goons when you don’t know anything about them. And you don’t owe me a darn thing because what I did for you I would have done for any helpless little..”

“Stop, Mitch. It’s mean to remind me I’m helpless when it comes to protecting myself. And besides, I may not be as helpless as you think.”

“Yeah, right,” grunted Mitch.

Madison folded his arms across his body and pouted before breaking the awkward silence that ensued. “Mitch, don’t think I’m going to beg you but I would feel that I’ve repaid your kindness. I thought that you might feel better about going to the dance if I could give you a few lessons. Excuse my concern about not wanting you to embarrass yourself. Last chance.”

Mitch looked up at Madison. His sullen look belied the surprise he felt at this new kid’s irrefutable statement that this was Mitch’s last chance.

As Madison waited for Mitch to reply thoughts raced through his mind, thoughts that were very different from what Mitch could possibly have guessed. Damn it all! Helpless, am I? Sure, I’ve been playing that part all my life and I’m tired of it. Tired and angry, angry enough to start showing these conceited creeps...All of those creeps better start watching out. I may not be much of a guy but there are going to be some changes. Those jerks are going to have their egos bruised when I get through with each and every one of them. And Mitch, honey, you’re number one on my list.

Mitch stared at the sidewalk before turning to face the persistent newcomer. “Sure, kiddo. Only stop with the whining when you don’t get your way. Okay, so when do we start?”

“Saturday afternoon.” Madison, usually so reserved and formal in speaking as in most other things, spit this out in a staccato and very definite statement. “This is so swank. You’re really going to come over to my house!”

Mitch thought hard for a second or two as he realized he had agreed to something he didn’t want to do. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to spend some time learning to dance and it wasn’t that he found Madison’s company unpleasant. Just the opposite; he got some inexpressible pleasure in being with the weird kid. Mitch was well aware of what his pals thought of kids like Madison. The only thing worse than being a faggot, a fruit, a fairy or whatever ugly word they chose to call these oddly attractive boys was to openly care about them. He, too, voiced those thoughts until a week or two ago when this eerily pretty boy registered in the high school. There was no way he could get out of this unless he was willing to break the heart of this new acquaintance. But why, he wondered, was he so reluctant to offend this weird kid.

He pressed Madison’s hand in his own. A shiver ran through him as he realized that it was a boy’s hand he was holding, a boy’s hand he pressed gently in an affectionate manner that was reserved for girls. He wondered whether the shiver was one of revulsion at having shared so intimate gesture with a boy or was it something akin to the thrill of being near a girl one liked.

“Just come over on Saturday so we can have the whole afternoon together.”

"Sure. Why wouldn't I?"

"And you can stay for dinner; that is unless you have a date."

"I have a date with Joanne."

He watched Madison's face fall.

"Okay so I'll cancel it."

Mitch was delighted at being able to change Madison's moods so quickly. He felt a sense of power over the very girlish teen seated next to him. With that sense of power came a sense of responsibility, the responsibility to never hurt the strange teen he had felt a need to protect day he appeared at school. He reflected for a moment. I don't owe this twerp a damn thing. So why am I letting her talk me into this? Shit! HER! The little fairy has me thinking like he's girl. I cancel with Joanne and I'm done as far as she's concerned. Not that she's such hot stuff, not half as hot as she thinks she is. It's just that if she drops me then... What the hell do I now?

It struck Mitch that his hand still rested on Madison's. Despite this awareness, he let it remain. He wondered why he was taking Madison up on his offer to help him learn to dance. Dancing was not something that he missed doing so why did he accept Madison's offer? Is because it'll give me a reason to hang out with him?

"Got to go now. Takes me a while to get home." Madison smiled at him with a look of gratitude on his smooth delicately featured face.

"Say where exactly do you live, anyhow?"

"Tell you later. Call me." Madison dropped his book bag on the steps and yanked out his memo pad. Balancing the small pad on his knee, he quickly wrote his phone number on a blank page, tore it out and handed it to Mitch. He waved at Mitch over his shoulder as he ran to catch the bus that had pulled up at the corner. Mitch noticed there was something awkward about the way Madison ran. It wasn't that he was slow or a klutz, but what was it? Then it struck him. Madison ran like a girl. Don't know why that should be a surprise. That twerp does everything else like a girl. Five gets you ten he's out to make a fool of me. He glanced down the slip of paper with Madison's phone number. It was an exchange that was out of the neighborhood, even out of the high school district. Wow! His family must have some good contacts for him to be able to go to this school. Wonder who they know.

"Now isn't that just too, too cute."

The voice startled Mitch. He looked over his shoulder to see Gina, a neighborhood girl with whom he had once shared a reciprocal crush, standing in the doorway looking down at him with a pleasant smile, a smile so pleasant that, under the circumstances, it had to be sarcastic.

"Gina! Hi. It ain't what you think, okay. I just didn't want to hurt his feelings so I took him up on his offer."

"Mitch, don't feel you have to explain anything to me, least of all your friendship with that weird... faggot."

"You're right, Gina. I don't have to explain anything to you. Not about Madison, not about anything."

At that instant a gust of wind lifted Gina's full skirt just enough for Mitch to catch a glimpse of her bare thighs. She made more of a fuss than necessary in pushing her skirt down. Mitch didn't catch on that she was deliberately calling attention to her own feminine graces and, of course, her charms.

"I really don't see why you feel you need to be a good dancer in order to please that snob Joanne. And even if you did, I could teach you at least as well as that fruit ever could. Looks like you let little Madison sell you a bill of goods. That queer really got you under his dainty little thumb."

"Just because he's small and skinny doesn't make him a queer. And just remember, no one, not no one gets me under their thumb, not now, not ever." Mitch's tone and expression weren't lost on Gina. The girl's thoughts were very unlike Mitch would have hoped they might be. Far from being awestruck by his pseudo-macho tough guy tone, she was speculating about what was going in Mitch's mind. Sure, the dope thinks he's being so clever insisting that Madison's not queer. If he really doesn't care what anyone thinks then why his being so pushy insisting that Madison's no queer? I get it! He's trying to cover up that he likes him!

"Sorry. Okay, so he may not be a queer but just the thought of you dancing close with Madison... Truth is I feel jealous."

"You do?"

"Of course I do."

"Then maybe you can tell me how I can get out of this without making Madison feel worse about himself than he already does. Be a pal and help me out here."

"Say, I have an idea. You tell Madison you have a date with me and you can't break it."

"Madison knows I have date with Joanne and I said I would break it."

"Yeah, I heard you."

"Just how long were you standing in back of us?"

"Long enough to know that your reputation would be in trouble if anyone else saw and heard what I did... Oh, Mitch, don't worry. I care too much about you to ever do anything to hurt you." Juts behave yourself with me, little boy, she added silently, or I'll fix your sorry ass once and for all.

"What if I call Madison's house while you're there and say someone in your family is sick and you have to come home?"

"Gina, you're a doll. That might just work. Come on, I'll buy you a soda."

"Sure thing. That'll give you a chance to explain why you got into such a snit when I called Miss Madison a queer."

"I said can it, okay?" Mitch turned toward Gina and stood almost nose to nose with the girl.

"Touchy, touchy, touchy." Gina sneered defiantly as she spoke.

Her mockingly defiant tone met no resistance from Mitch who lowered his eyes. "Sorry, Gina. I just got a little excited. You understand."

"Sure I understand. You're a real tough guy, another James Dean. Mitch, I do understand and I'm sorry you had to get yourself so worked up."

Gina's sarcasm about him being a real tough guy reminded him she knew he wasn't nearly as tough as people thought him to be. He hoped she didn't really understand why he was so sensitive to cracks about Madison's girlish looks and his effeminate mannerisms.

What's with Mitch? Gina's thoughts dwelled on the issue that so provoked Mitch. He hasn't been so touchy about another kid since we teased him about liking Lois Berkman back in sixth grade. Hey, I wonder if he doesn't have a crush on Madison. God, he'd be in such trouble around here if that ever got out. Best thing I can do for him is to get his mind off her. Her! Did I just say her? Shows how easy it is for anyone to think about Madison like he was a real girl.

She bumped her hip against Mitch's and slipped her arm around his waist.

"Friends?" she asked.

"Friends," responded Mitch as Gina patted his butt.

"Remember, Mitch, that if you really want to learn to dance, I can teach you. You know I've been studying dance for almost a year now."

"Yeah, sure. Who you trying to impress? You call what you're learning dance? Just a bunch of girls in long skirts throwing themselves around. Miserable excuse for being dancers; The Modern Dance Club."

"You ignorant piece of trash!" This time it was Mitch who suddenly realized he had gone too far. Gina was livid with rage. "I try to help you protect your feeble reputation and you make fun of things you don't understand. Just get away from me and stay away from me you pathetic jerk. And don't think you can sweet talk me."

He started after her as she walked off. He wanted to reach and grab her arm, turn her to face him. As he neared her, she stopped in her tracks and faced with a glaring fire in her eyes. Mitch was afraid to look her in the eye lest every semblance of macho pride

drain right out of him. He looked down and turned away.

Madison got off the bus on the far side of the park that separated the world of old money and well maintained townhouses from the blue collar middle class area where Mitch, Gina, and their high school friends lived in self-righteous, unimaginative comfort. Some of the homes along Madison's side of the park were owned by artists, musicians and performers. One street especially convenient to bus and subway stops housed a number of physicians and psycho-analysts with unusual specialties. The area was culturally light years away from the middle class area of cookie cutter houses and modest apartment

buildings that was home to the blue collar and clerical middle class families that was home to Mitch, Gina and the rest of the student body of the high school.

Beyond the residential area where Madison lived with his mother and a live-in maid of all work lay a few commercial streets that were yet to be discovered by the fashionable and the trend setters. The shops along these tree shaded street had a variety of boutique clothing stores, custom jewelry makers, restaurants, cafes, and cabarets. Needless to add that these very arty mercantile establishments catered to a trade made up largely of people as arty and creative as themselves.

The slender boy clutched his school bag to his chest and relaxed now that felt safe from the taunting of the unfeeling students in his new school. It wasn't so much that they singled out Madison for his odd ways and interests in the things that made life beautiful. Mother was right when she said that anyone who didn't fit into their narrow values would be treated the same or worse.

Madison checked the cars along the street as he walked. Mother had explained to him that his father's wrath at his being so much like a girl would not end with her divorce from that awful man. That was why she used her family connections to allow Madison to attend a distant high school, one where his father would never be able to find him. He knew his father would not rest until the boy was no longer around to be an embarrassment to him. A hit and run might be the easiest way to remove that embarrassing sprig of the family tree.

Despite his focus on keeping himself safe Madison became visibly more relaxed as he walked through the quiet streets. His steps became smaller, his feet closer together, as each step he took was as if he was stepping on a narrow line or walking a tight rope.

The effect was an undoubtedly feminine walk with just enough sway of his hips to convince any casual observer noticing him that this was a petite girl.

A smile crossed his face as this closeness to his own neighborhood allowed him to stop pretending that he was something he was never meant to be. As he paused waiting for the traffic light to change, he ran his free hand through his naturally blond hair raking the front into casual bangs.

How can I be sure that Mitch isn't going to hurt my feelings or even hurt me? It's just so unfair. He bit his lower lip and fought back the tears.

The effeminate teen's mood brightened as he noticed a policeman on foot patrol approached from the opposite direction. Madison noticed how young the officer was and how his eyes moved up and down and knew that he was appraising him. Her facial expression was now a half smile for the benefit of the young cop. A friendly smile and a wink from the officer momentarily reassured Madison that there was nothing wrong with being effeminate especially if you can be taken for a real girl. Madison quickly became anxious as he wondered if the man was making fun of him but realized that was unlikely. The boy wasn't so naïve as to believe that policemen weren't capable of harassing girlish young men. It just seemed very improbable that one of them would do it in broad daylight with no provocation by the targeted queer. Madison cringed at the very idea of even using that ugly word 'queer' even if in his silent thoughts.

He wanted ever so much to turn or at least glance over his shoulder to see if the patrolman was looking back at him but somehow couldn't bring himself to do so.

Madison turned up a long driveway leading to an old Queen Anne style house sitting atop a knoll. He let himself in through a side door and went up to his bedroom.

He put his school books on his desk.

It's just too nice out to my homework now. I'll take a walk and window shop. Homework can keep until after dinner.

The teen slipped off his white buck shoes, so popular back in the fifties. He undid his shirt and threw it in the hamper. He took off his trousers and hung them on hanger but left them hanging on a clothes tree in his room in order for them to air out.

Standing in front of the full length mirror on his bedroom door, he placed his hands on his tiny waist, smiled in satisfaction at the total absence of hair on his chest and legs. He hooked his thumbs in the waist band of his white brief underpants and tugged them down in an unequivocally feminine manner. After all, he was flirting with himself but just as practice for the time when he would be seducing his lover.

Reaching into the bottom drawer of his dresser, he took out a pair of baby blue plain cotton panties, quickly determined which side was front and stepped into them. White Bermuda shorts, a style that boys were just beginning to adopt back then, followed. A vee neck long sleeved tee in medium blue was next. Crew socks and saddle shoes completed his ensemble. The effect was that of a casually dressed girl. Still, that wasn't enough to satisfy Madison's need to be as much like a girl as he dared to be. He slipped into Mother's room, sat down at her vanity and applied soft pink lipstick to his Cupid's bow lips. He took a tissue and closed lips over it thus blotting off most of the lipstick. The effect was subtle but so pleasing. The color of his lips was such that a casual observer would wonder if this were the natural lip color of a healthy girl who spent a lot of time in vigorous outdoor activity or whether she had great skill in use of makeup or, perhaps, both.

After returning to his own room Madison opened another dresser drawer and chose a small cordovan leather shoulder bag into which he threw his house keys, a few tissues, his learner's permit, and a change purse with a few dollars and some loose change in it. A quick glance in the mirror as he tilted his head and practiced his most flirtatious smile. A quizzical look as he studied his hair style. It wasn't that he wasn't pleased with it but he had to make sure it would stay in place. He took a rat tail comb from the lower of his two dressers, returned to Mother's vanity table and dipped the comb in a jar of hair lacquer before recombining his hair.

He felt like a new person as he stepped through the front gate of the house. Well why not?

He was no longer the whining little kid that Mitch complained about. Far from it, the figure that made her way along the streets was an attractive, self possessed girl. She

wandered along the streets of this new and very appealing district. There was sense of safety that this very ambiguous teen had never known when out alone even when dressed as a boy. Of course dressing as a boy was what had always been expected of her, imposed on her though she never felt comfortable that way. Madison remembered that it was hard-

est when the lonely little boy she had been was accepted among girls in schoolyard play. (Remember that in the forties girls in any grade always wore skirts or dresses to school.) She had watched them with envy as she waited his turn to 'jump in' as they played jump rope games. The girls leaped high over the rope with no thought as to whether the other girls could see their petticoats under their starched cotton skirts. The occasional glimpse of panty meant nothing since the boys were all on the far side of the yard or park. For so long Madison had been accepted as one of the girls that they took no notice if they inadvertently treated him to a glimpse of petti or of panty. They knew they wouldn't be teased by their odd friend nor would he ever get 'fresh' although they didn't know why they thought that about the only 'really nice boy.' Perhaps in retrospect some of the more insightful girls would understand that it wasn't a puerile lust that they inspired in Madison. It was envy, envy of their pretty clothes, their long hair, and, of course, their pretty unmentionables.

Madison thought back to that brief time when the girls accepted the boy she had been as just another girl. But then she remembered how things had changed with the approach of puberty. Some of the boys smiled back when Madison smiled at them and others were no longer so mean to the 'faggot.' It was about this time that the girls began to distance themselves from Madison, to torment the already lonely child with a more personal and more intense viciousness than the boys had done. They not only taunted Madison but made life unbearable for any boy who was nice to the boy who seemed to some more attractive than many of the girls. Thus it was that the period of childhood that Madison recalled so fondly ended with him in total isolation.

An old fashioned pharmacy occupied a corner. The gold lettering in the window proclaimed 'DRUGS & SUNDRIES' below which in smaller letters was appended a cardboard sign: 'We offer a full line of cosmetics & sunglasses.' Madison paused and studied the rather artful display of sunglasses in the window with little else to distract from the glasses themselves. Madison was fascinated by the cats-eye shapes of the brightly colored plastic frames. A deep breath and then she checked her purse to make sure she had enough money with her.

Madison hesitated as the door closed behind her and a dark-haired woman in a pink smock approached her.

"Hello. I'm the cosmetologist here so please don't hesitate to ask me any questions about anything in the shop. Just take you're time and feel free to browse. My name's Helen and you are?"

"I'm Madison. I'm more interested in sunglasses right now than anything else."

"Okay, Maddie. It is okay if I call you Maddie, isn't it?" She continued without waiting for a response. "For a moment I was wondering why you want more than the most basic makeup supplies given your wonderful complexion and facial bones. And hair

like yours is a gift from the goddess."

Madison felt terribly flattered by Helen's spontaneous compliments. She wondered whether Helen was mistaking her for a girl, something which would have been so wonderful. She also wondered why Helen referred to her hair as a gift from the goddess. Of course it had to be a figure of speech, that's all.

Helen thoughtfully laid out several pair of sunglasses on the counter. She kept up a commentary on why she was offering various styles and colors for Maddie's consideration. The girl/boy was trying hard to remember why Helen thought various shapes would emphasize the shaper of her eyes or why one color was preferable to another. The girl/boy knew that she needed as much information as she could possibly have in order to 'catch up' to the real girls who had been developing their skills while Madison looked on in bitter envy.

"Gee, Helen, I never thought about all these little details. I do know that certain colors in clothes are good for me and that others are to be avoided but I never thought about all the nuances in accessories."

The woman gave Madison a knowing nod and added approvingly, "It's so reassuring to meet a young lady like you who understands accessories and has a color sense of what she should wear."

She felt her face grow warm as she blushed at the compliment, the stated compliment and the compliment of being reacted to as a real girl.

Maddie tried on different styles and shapes as Helen guided her through the process. The search soon narrowed to three or four pair and then finally to two.

"Both of those are so right for you." Helen offered but then dropped her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "This pair you can wear almost anywhere but I would be very careful about wearing this pair to school. It's just too feminine for times when you have to be a boy."

Madison blanched as her breath caught in her throat.

"Just relax, honey. You see we get a fair number of girls like you in here. They feel safe, comfortable, and above all, accepted. And don't worry; you're just so right as a girl than I wasn't sure at first. It wasn't I saw your hesitation in deciding on shapes that I realized you're not a real girl. It would be offensive of me to call you a boy when you're so natural and so comfortable being a girl.

"I only warned you about those glasses being too feminine to keep you from going too far too quickly. Don't want to see some jerks messing up that beautiful face of yours. An experience like that can frighten a girl like yourself out of becoming the real you, the you you're about to become."

"Gosh, Helen, I don't how to thank you for not making fun of me. You not only helped me pick out sunglasses but you made me feel so sure of myself..."

"Forget it, kiddo. It's my pleasure to help girls get started. Call on us again."

The boy/girl was all agog as she stepped out of the shaded entrance way of the drug store. She lifted her sunglasses from her nose and scanned the street before putting them on properly once more. A short stroll along the busier streets taught her that the sunglasses allowed her to study her effect on passersby without letting them she was studying

their reactions. She arrived home confident that she would have no trouble passing as a girl, an attractive one at that.

Maddie had to acknowledge, at least to herself, that real girls her age had an advantage in that they had their entire lives to develop their makeup techniques, their fashion sense, to chose a public persona and how to dress that persona to their advantage. Lots of girls just slavishly followed fashion, too often ending up with looks that were so wrong for their physical type and for their personality. That's never going to be me, she promised herself. I'm going to set my own style. One thing I do know and that's when you're unique you're an original so play it for all it's worth. And that's just what I'm going to do.



Madison decided on a grand entrance to let Mother know she was ready to be what they both had been hinting at but never openly acknowledged. She sat in the sun room of her bedroom, a room that served as both sitting room and study. The hairbrush ran through her hair more then the requisite forty strokes on each side. Maddie was so quietly absorbed in being an ordinary girl that she was unable to concentrate on the task at hand.

She opened the bottom drawer of her desk and took out a box of mementoes from her desk. These were keepsakes from her childhood, a time when she was able to openly experiment, to play with things feminine, things forbidden to boys. A pair of silver clip-on earrings. Had she worn them to a costume party or for Trick or Treat one Halloween?

It mattered little. What mattered now was that she was going to wear them on an ordinary Thursday evening with no pretense. There is nothing inappropriate about an eighteen year old girl wearing earrings at home or any other place.

Maddie sat reading a school text as she waited for Mother to come home. At the sound of Mother's greeting from the foyer of the house, Maddie calmly closed her book, stood up and put on her sunglasses. At first she bounded down the stairs but soon slowed to graceful walk as she reached the landing between the second and first floors. She paused with one foot in front of the other, rested one hand on her hip as she took of her sunglasses. She smiled flirtatiously, rested the end of her sunglass frame against her lip and smiled flirtatiously at Mother.

"Darling," said Mother as she surveyed her emerging daughter. "This has been so long in coming! The girl you've always been deep inside is finally able to say 'I'm here.' It's been too long coming."

Mother walked slowly up the stairs, put her hand behind Maddie's head and kissed her fully on the mouth.



It wasn't until Saturday morning that Madison again ventured out as a girl. This time she had Mother's help in choosing clothes, makeup, and in doing her hair.

"Come sit at my vanity table so I can do your pretty face."

“But, Mother...”

“No ‘buts.’ And you needn’t be concerned about Marie. I gave her the weekend off so we can explore the new, no, not the new but the real Madison. And there’s no need for concern over Marie knowing anything. She’ll never betray any secrets we may have.”

Maddie sat at Mother’s vanity while Mother brushed her hair and clipped it back from her face with a pair of tortoise shell barrettes. She turned Maddie away from the mirror as she applied the slightest bit of eye shadow and liner to the teen’s green eyes. Lipstick followed.

Mother took Maddie’s hand and gently raised her to her feet. The image that looked back at Maddie from the mirror was exotically beautiful despite the American girl face that slowly smiled as she assessed herself. That the outline of her cock was plainly visible through the yellow cotton panties; that her smooth, almost totally undeveloped chest could have been that of a slender boy or of a girl on the verge of becoming a woman was what gave her the irresistibly exotic beauty that is the gift of trannies.

“Darling, you do need to get some brassieres as soon as possible. It would be very unladylike for a girl your age to be walking around with those budding nipples of yours showing through your blouse. For now this will have to do.”

She handed Maddie a silken garment which, after some fussing, the young trannie held in front of her. The garment was shaped somewhat like an under vest, the sort of thing that girl might wear under her blouse until such time as she was ready for a brassiere as bras were almost universally called in that bygone and elegant era. (Training bras were all but unheard of back in the fifties.)

“It’s called a camisole,” offered Mother. “Just slip it on over your head.”

The ecru camisole added to Maddie’s sense of femininity as well as to her irresistible allure. She fingered the tiny pink rose sewn on the neckline of this article very feminine, very intimate garb.

“For the time being you should avoid skirts and dresses, at least until we can work with you on sitting like a lady. I’m sorry we can’t shop together this morning but work calls. I’m going to give you some money and perhaps that Helen person you mentioned can help you choose a basic makeup selection to get you started.”

Maddie stood quietly as Mother handed her a blue cotton blouse. Inexperienced as she was in donning womanly attire, she tried to put it on backwards. Even the more effeminate boys have limited practice with blouses that button up the back. Gray slacks followed but Mother crinkled her nose and ordered her newly emerging daughter to “Take them off.” She delved in the back of her closet and brought out a gray a-line skirt.

“This should fit you well enough. It has enough shape to call attention to your perky tush but not so fitted that your male accoutrements will show under your clothing. We can fix that with a girdle, I’m sure but for today you’ll get by with this skirt. Just pay attention to sitting like a lady and I do mean a lady. Keep your knees together and cross your legs at the ankles. We’ll work on the rest when we have more time.”

“Do I get to wear stockings with this ensemble?”

“No stockings yet. You’ll need a few garter belts and panty girdles to hold up your hose. Crew socks and saddle shoes will do fine and give you even more of wholesome school girl look.”

Mother put her arm around Maddie’s waist and guided the teen to face the full length mirror. “Darling, you must realize how very beautiful you are. You deserve much more in the way of clothing and jewelry than I can afford to give you right now.”

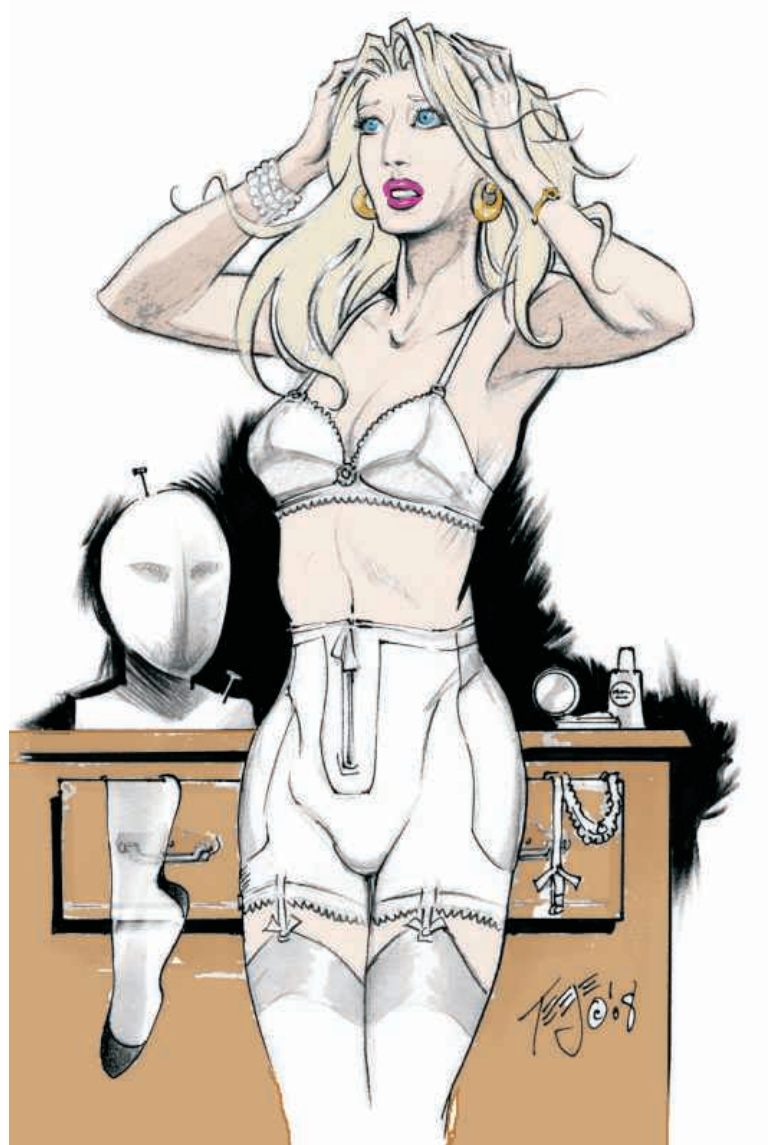
“Mother, I know it’s been difficult since you and Father separated...”

“Don’t concern yourself about me. Eventually there’ll be a divorce settlement and I have no doubt my patience will have paid off, paid off with some big returns. It’s just that for now you’ll miss out on so much a young girl should have. I promise I’ll make it up to you.”

“Don’t fret, Mother. Right now the best I can hope for is to be a girl part of the time so I really don’t need very much.”

Maddie walked with Mother to the train station where Mother would take a train to the business district. A glance at the narrow banded wrist watch that Mother had given her reminded her that the morning was rapidly passing and she still had errands to take care of before Mitch was expected. It was a heady sensation to walk a long the streets clad totally as a female and attracting no attention; well, no negative attention. The attention she did attract was in the form of admiring glances from men and looks of approval from older women.

She ventured to the more touristy streets with their status stores, the kinds of places where men might take their wives to buy a special gift, a gift meant to atone for an indiscretion. It was on that street where she got the most satisfying reactions. These occurred



when she was noticed by the male half of a couple of almost any age. The man would notice Maddie so openly that his female companion would take him by the arm and move him on or else elbow gently or even not so gently to pay attention to her and not to this unsuitably young coed type. Being perceived as a threat by real girls, real women was so very gratifying.

This is so neat! Those jerks are noticing me. Their girlfriends and wives are jealous of the attention I can get just walking by. Say, back when I was a kid and the girls no longer wanted me around and began treating me so horribly; they were jealous. They thought I could make the boys who were nice to me like me more than they liked them. Girls, I'm going to prove you were right. I'm going to flirt with these jerk-offs, seduce them, toy with them until they can't be satisfied by nay kind of girl except one with a girl with a prick.

It was a very confident Madison who strode into the corner pharmacy. Helen was with a customer whose husband was aimlessly looking around the store as the woman completed her selection under Helen's guidance. Madison caught Helen's eye and then leaned back against the door frame. The gentleman studied her appreciatively. He started to smile as Madison's lips parted and she ran her tongue over her upper teeth. His smile disappeared as he blanched under Madison's dismissive glare.

The woman, with a tone of long suffering impatience saved him from further embarrassment by this innocent looking young girl. "Please take care of the bill so we can get on with shopping. Helen, thank you so much for your assistance. And just who is that lovely young lady waiting for you?"

An enigmatic smile was all the answer Helen offered. The woman made her way slowly toward the door as her male escort reached to open it for her. Madison stepped aside to allow them to pass.

"Maddie, you're unbelievable! You dealt with that lecher like you've been fending off men's advances for decades. Never mind that. You're exquisite even though I'd bet this is your first time out in public wearing a skirt."

"Am I that awkward as a girl?"

"Of course not. I would swear you're a real girl if I hadn't met you the other day and then it was only a guess that you weren't what you appear to be. You see a real girl your age and with your looks would have been more definite in what she was looking for in sunglasses.

"Just wait until you hit your stride. I pity any genuine female who gets in your way. And my guess is that some guys are going to pay for what you went through to be where you are now."

"Let's just look at some more sophisticated makeup. You know what I mean."

Madison was hesitant as Helen offered to demonstrate the newest makeup techniques by doing Maddie.

"It's not that I'm ungrateful for your offer and I do appreciate your being so accepting of my... Well, you know hat I mean.

"I really don't think I want to be the kind of girl who does local shopping heavily made up. It might be different if I were going out on a date but I'm not at all sure I would put on

a lot of makeup even then. And in all fairness to you, I don't have the money for all the different things you think I should have. It would be so unfair to impose on Mother by asking her for money to indulge on my own vanity when I do so want to build my own wardrobe."

"My goodness, you are a very thoughtful youngster after all. Let me give you a few samples..."

"Really, Helen, I'd rather not feel obligated. I can afford only this lipstick, the eyeliner, and the mascara."

Helen wrote out a receipt, rang up the sale and handed Madison her change. "Do come by and see me again. It's always a pleasure to help a young boy."

Helen withered under Madison's scathing look.

"I'm terribly sorry. That just slipped out."

Helen froze openmouthed as if trying to apologize to Madison as the young trannie. "Are you concerned that you might have hurt me or are you concerned over losing a potential customer?"

Madison did not wait for an answer. Once on the street, her posture and manner indicated she was not nearly as angry or hurt as she led Helen to believe.

That two faced shrew! She really taught me a lesson. I won't be taken in by flattery again, certainly not from any woman who stands to make a profit at my expense. God! If I took her up on half that makeup, I would have come out looking like a clown.

Still might be nice if I could afford more than just the things I bought. Got to hand it to her though; she did get me started with a few things and whether she was being honest or not, she did manage to give my spirits a lift.

Madison was not about to let Helen's mercenary attitude and her deliberately hurtful use of 'boy' spoil her first day in public as a girl. She strolled along, pausing every now and then to study the window displays of shops catering to the more avant-garde arty women.

More than a few heads, male and female, turned to admire the girl Madison had become. It was a heady feeling, one that persuaded Madison she had only started to realize the destiny she always dreamed was meant for her. That she would have to return to school on Monday as a boy cast a brief shadow on her satisfaction.

That is so revolting, having to go on pretending to be a boy just because of my dick. Well, then again, being a part time girl is a start.

She found herself studying the window of a shop that artfully presented its merchandise. Silk scarves in colorful prints were draped over the be-ringed and braceleted mannequin hands that rose from a sea of velvet. Skirts that might have been described as billowing were they worn were spread casually over low pedestals.

Madison allowed herself to be lured into the store. The customers on this busy Saturday were all older than Madison, career girl types for the most part who were seeking to break free from the strictures of office dress codes for at least a few hours on weekends.

“Just browsing,” she said to the attractive saleswoman who was only a few years older than Madison. “You’re so busy now. I’ll stop by during the week when you’re not so busy. I live right in the neighborhood.”

“Please do. We’d be glad to help you. Just ask for Suzanne, Suzanne Braverman.”

Madison was flattered by the apparently sincere attentiveness of Suzanne Braverman and so walked out of the shop in a much more pleasant mood than she had been in since Helen’s mocking use of ‘boy’ a short time ago. As the reassured boy/girl glanced back at the entrance way to the store, a look of faint surprise lit up her face. Zanne’s was the name of this shop. Undoubtedly this was a play on Suzanne. She resolved to cultivate a friendship with this charming young businesswoman.

A glance at the time startled Maddie. Mitch would be turning up at her house in a very few minutes. Darn. I don’t mind keep him waiting. Girls always do that with their dates. This is no date and that’s for sure. He really is such a pathetic creep. But what if he sees me dressed like this? Who cares? No one would ever believe him if he told them.

No need to rush. That boob will probably get lost trying to find my house. I may be late but he’s going to be later.

Maddie slowed down to a comfortable stroll. She stopped at a traffic light when she noticed Mitch standing across the street looking lost but waiting to cross but heading away from where he should have been going. This was too rich. She deliberately brushed against Mitch as they passed in the middle of the intersection. He looked at Maddie as she turned to face him. He looked her up and down with an approving eye. Maddie found it hard to keep from giggling as she turned and continued on her way. What so amused her was that there was no sign that Mitch even remotely recognized Maddie as someone he had seen before, let alone as the effeminate boy from school.

As soon as she returned home Maddie went up to her room and arranged her newly purchased cosmetics on her dresser. She wondered if she really wanted to keep these after Helen had so deliberately and mockingly referred to her as a ‘boy’. A glance at her watch told her that Mitch was already late for the dance lesson. Good, she thought. By the time that dodo gets here, I’ll have a real reason to scold him, maybe even tell him off. I knew I was going to enjoy a chance to be bitchy toward some jerk but now I know I’m going to love every second of it. I better change back to boy things even though I don’t want to. Wish there was a way I could stay dressed but I want my first make-out session to be with someone I really like instead of Mitch.

The jangling of the phone ended her brief reverie.

“Mitchell, how can you possibly be so lost that you can’t even tell me where you are so I can give you directions to my house? You say you’re in a phone booth in some sort of old fashioned pharmacy. Does it have a cosmetics section that looks like it doesn’t fit in with the rest of the place? Now we’re making some progress. Here’s how to get to here...”

The transition back to being a boy was not nearly as natural for Madison as was the transition to being a girl earlier that morning. But then the morning’s dressing wasn’t a

transition at all, not really. It was waking up and being; being what? Being Madison was all the answer she needed to give to herself.

Might be really fun to tease Mitch, torment him until he can hardly wait to get home and jerk himself off. Why not really have some fun by...

Maddie made certain to remove every trace of makeup from her face and to carefully brush out any hair spray or lacquer that may have remained in her hair. That there was no time for a shower made the girl/boy glad she had not used any perfume or cologne when she dressed that morning.

She was nude now as she made certain that no piece of clothing she had taken off was left in her room. Not a chance that I'm going to have that creep in here with me but just in case I show him around the house.

Maddie hurriedly laid out the clothing she would wear for Mitch's visit. Having to dress as a boy on account of him is just such a waste of a Saturday afternoon but so is dressing as a boy any old time. With that thought left unfinished she raced down the hall to Mother's room and took a pair of white nylon panties from her drawer. The fabric the panties were made of felt so unlike the softness of nylon that she expected. She paused to study the feminine garment and realized it was stretch nylon. Then it was back to her own room to dress. She paused only to admire herself as she donned the panty. The outline of her cockhead both betrayed that she was not a real girl and added to the allure she felt he was destined to radiate once she was able to be a girl whenever and wherever she chose.. She studied herself from every possible angle before stepping into jeans. Then a wide neck tee. She thought about leaving her feet bare but then thought better of it. Don't want Mitch stepping on my bare toes with his big feet. Socks and saddle shoes solved that problem.

Although she wore but one article of clothing that was truly and exclusively feminine, the stretch nylon panties, Maddie was unquestionably, to all appearances, utterly and completely girl as she sashayed around her room, down the hall stairs and into the kitchen. She spread peanut butter on a few crackers as she waited for Mitch in the kitchen.

Then the front doorbell rang.

Maddie calmly got up from the counter stool, wiped her fingers and lips on a napkin, and walked toward the front door. She smiled at Mitch through the glass panel. He was looking toward the street with an annoyed expression on his face.

"Hi, Mitch. Why do you seem so frazzled?"

"You ought to know."

"There's no need to be rude and if you can't be civil you might as well leave now." She slowly closed the door, pausing only when it was ajar by just a few inches.

"No! It's just that I couldn't find this place... Okay, I'm sorry I'm late."

"And..." It was hard for Mitch to tell if Maddie was being vindictive or playful.

"Oh, yeah, I apologize for being whatever you said, rude."

"That isn't much of an apology but it will have to do for now." She beckoned him inside and closed the door.

Maddie turned away from Mitch toward the kitchen. As she started to walk she glanced over her shoulder and nodded at Mitch. He trailed after her like a lost puppy. The sway of Maddie's hips was a lure he couldn't resist despite his fear of being thought queer should any of his pals figure out he was attracted to Madison. What Mitch didn't reckon was so called 'feminine intuition,' the sensitivity and insight that girls possess and which allows to read feelings so much better than males ever could.

"Would you care for a soda before we get on with the lesson?"

They sat at the kitchen table while Mitch sipped his soda. He stared at Madison as if he were trying to place someone he hadn't seen in a long time.

"Do you have a sister or something?"

"I'm an only child," was the matter of fact reply.

"Then do you have a girl cousin who lives around here?"

"Not at all. Mother and I are new to town. We have no relations of any kind around here."

Madison now knew that when she was dressed as a girl Mitch noticed her and was now thinking that the girl on the street looked enough like Madison to be a relative.

The sap hasn't the least inkling that it was me on the street. Here's where I have some fun.

"Gee, Mitch, why do you keep asking whether I have any girl relatives nearby?"

"To be honest..."

"To be honest!" She cut him off in mid-sentence. "I hope you're honest all the time, especially with your friends. You were about to say something."

Mitch sat open mouthed, totally taken aback by this previously unsuspected aspect of Madison's personality. He felt quite relieved at not having to explain to Madison about that girl who so reminded him of this strangely fascinating boy.

A few minutes later they were in the finished portion of the basement. Maddie put a record on the hi-fi but didn't yet start it as Mitch stood gawkily in the middle of the room. He began breathing hard as Madison stood directly in front of him took his hand in hers and rested her other hand on his shoulder.

"Mitchell, don't you know the way to hold a girl, I mean your partner? Put your hand in the small of my back. That's how you lead."

Mitch looked blankly at her.

"Lead, you twerp. That's how the boy lets the girl know what steps, what moves they're going to do together." He nodded and tentatively put his hand on the small of the trannie's back.

“A tall rugged guy like you can do better than that,” she said as she grasped his wrist and firmly pushed his hand against her. Mitch was beginning to enjoy although his vanity kept him from realizing Madison’s flattering comment was almost pure sarcasm.

“You’re going to be taught the box step. It’s easy and it’s the basic step for lots of dances.” She inched closer, close enough to allow her tummy to brush against Mitch.

The boy drew back frightened that the boy-girl would take control. Madison looked up at him with an inscrutable expression on her face. A shadow of a smile at the corners of her mouth set off a feeling akin to panic in the no longer quite so arrogant boy. Madison started to explain the box step to an uncomprehending Mitch, uncomprehending because his erection was becoming more intense, harder. He felt the heel of Madison’s hand move to his fly, press against his hard-on.

“Well,” teased the boy-girl, “we are enjoying this.”

Mitch blushed crimson even as he began to accept that he not only had a crush on Madison but that she, or as he understood Madison, he could turn him on at will. His only quandary was whether or not to make a move on Madison. Sharp pain brought him back to the dance lesson as Madison grasped his balls through his jeans and slowly squeezed.

“I guess we’re not going to get anything accomplished as far as you learning to dance. That rampant hard-on of yours is just going to be in our way.” Her smile spread across her face and could best be described as both inviting and challenging. “What can we do about it?”

She pressed her self against Mitch who at that moment so aroused that he would have done anything the boy-girl asked, no longer tried to evade Madison. More significantly, he no longer resisted his internal reality.

Her hands were on his shoulders, pressing down, guiding him closer to the girl/boy’s face. To his own surprise, Mitch made no effort to avoid Madison’s lips as she drew his face ever closer to her own. Something between a moan and a whimper came from deep within Mitch. He was collapsing to his knees now as Maddie’s mouth covered his. What promised to be a slow kiss came to a teasing halt as Madison’s hand slid between the overwhelmed boy’s thighs. He felt himself being brought back to his feet by the upward pressure Madison exerted against his now throbbing balls.

With lightning speed Madison threw herself against Mitch’s chest. The boy landed on his back with Madison lying across his chest. Again her hand found his balls but only for an instant as she tugged at the waistband of his jeans.

To Maddie’s vexation Mitch struggled against her attempt to yank his pants down. Then suddenly he raised his hips and undid the button and zipper. His jeans slipped down just enough to expose his underpants with his cock straining against the surprisingly thin fabric. Madison could barely suppress a triumphant laugh at the image of the macho loser wearing very brief underpants that could easily have been panties. But now Madison was as hard as her prey.

Mitch was writhing as Maddie again squeezed his balls. He thrashed like a beached fish as the wrathful trannie savored her total domination of the once arrogant boy. She shifted her hand to the boy’s cock as she brought her lips to his, her tongue slipping into

his open mouth. Suddenly his body arched as he came squirting gobs of cum through the fabric of his underpants and onto Maddie's hand and wrist. As soon Mitch's involuntary but intense orgasms ceased, Maddie ran her finger tips around the now very sensitive rim of his cockhead. Mitch twisted and whimpered as he lay spent and helpless under Maddie's gleefully dominant teasing.

The exultant girl-boy brought her cum covered hand to the boy's mouth. He needed no prompt to lick his cum from Maddie's palm. Reclining on his chest, she flicked more cum from his skimpy underpants onto the tip of her index finger and placed it against Mitch's lips. His mouth opened as he brought his head forward in a vain attempt to kiss the proffered finger tip. Maddie smiled as she allowed him to suck his own cum from her finger tip in a strange version of fellatio.

"Mitchie, sweets, do you want to try the real thing? Of course you do."

The crushed teen tearfully nodded his head as Maddie rose to her feet. As she undid her Bermudas, she placed her foot against Mitch's chest and forced him flat onto his back. "Come off it, guy! Be honest; juts tell the truth... tell the truth to me and to your self."

"Okay, okay. I'll do what you want if you just don't tell..."

"No, Mitchie, it isn't what I want. You have to want it, and we both know you do."

Maddie turned partially away from Mitch as she slowly lowered her shorts. She intuitively thrust her tush out and toward Mitch who was now on his knees unsure whether to stand or lie down. He looked up at Maddie who now stood before the kneeling boy. Her hands were on either side of his face as he stared transfixed at the girl/boy's cock pressed tightly against her tummy by the glistening fabric of her panties. He looked up at the tranny who had so quickly taken control.

"Madison, please. I want to eat you." The plea came from the secret parts of his being, a place of urges so secret he himself had no inkling they were part of him.

Madison sank to her knees and kissed Mitch deeply and slowly as they fell onto the floor. Reclining on her elbow, she spread her legs as she guided Mitch's face to her crotch. He nuzzled her cock through her panties until she pushed his face away, but only long enough to free her cock from the tight confines of her panty.

"Slowly," she crooned as Mitch took her cockhead into his mouth. In a few seconds her huge wad of cum burst into Mitch's mouth. He greedily swallowed every drop even as he milked more cum from her softening dick.

"Say, you're good! Is it instinct or experience that makes you so good at that sort of thing?" Maddie spoke as she put her shorts back on.

"Come on, Madison. Don't play like that. You know..."

"I know nothing of the sort. Now get yourself put together. I promised you a dance lesson."

It was late afternoon when Maddie opened the front door to allow a very nervous Mitch to leave. He shuffled awkwardly as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

It was if he were deciding if he should try for a good-night kiss on the first date with a very classy girl.

"Can we, err, I mean..." He wanted so much to see Madison again: not simply to see the strange teen as the boy in school but to see her as one would see a girl. But Madison cut him off before he could ask. She offered him assurance that no one would ever know of that afternoon's indiscretion.

Maddie put her finger tips to Mitch's face. "Of course we'll keep what happened today a secret between us. Cross my heart."

"Great! Thanks for understanding. You're a peach. I'll give you a call, okay?"

"Don't bother. I promised you a dance lesson and I delivered it and then some."

Mitch tensed as Maddie put her hand around his wrist. She pulled him back into the vestibule guided him into the shadows. She put one arm around his waist and the other behind his head. It was a peck at first and then a deeper kiss. As she nuzzled his neck, her warm breath began to send shivers down his spine and set up a tingling in his groin. The embrace became passionate and then it ended as Maddie eased Mitch onto the porch and closed the door behind him. He hadn't the foggiest notion that he was left with a prominent hickey.

Mitch's confused state of elation was replaced by guilt and fear as he made his way back to the subway station. He had been tricked into thinking Madison was a real girl instead of just some kind of weirdo little fruit. At least the little fairy promised to keep this between us. What am I worried about? No one would ever believe him over me.

His swagger reappeared as he walked through the subway exit. Now that he was back in his own neighborhood, he felt as if he had awakened from a dream that was both pleasant and disconcerting, the kind of dream that rapidly fades from conscious memory.

He would make a quick stop at the soda fountain to buy a pack of cigarettes before walking home. Something like relief made Mitch relax as he saw Gina thumbing through some fashion magazines.

"Hi, Gina."

"Hello, Mitch." Her voice was icy but she smiled as she looked directly at him. It was an unkind smile which Mitch couldn't understand. "How was the dance lesson with the faggot?"

"I wouldn't do it again but it was okay."

"Oh, I'll bet you'll do it again." Gina paused. Her smile was becoming a sneer as she continues. "That love bite on your neck says it was more than just okay." Gina's tone was as pitiless as her smile was forbidding. "I need a smoke." It was more a command than a statement.

Mitch fumbled with the cellophane, tore open the edge of the pack and shook loose a cigarette. Gina pulled the cigarette out of the pack, tapped it against the magazines she had chosen, put it in her mouth and waited.

Mitch's hand shook so much that Gina had to hold his wrist and guide the match to the tip of the cigarette.

"Thanks," she said. "Would you like to walk home with me?"

"Sure thing, Gina."

The girl paid for her magazines as Mitch exited the shop. Once on the sidewalk, she slipped her arm through Mitch's.

"Just relax, big guy. I'm not about to read anything into that love bite even though it's pretty obvious who gave it to you. You're safe 'cause no one else noticed it and no one was close enough to hear what I said. Nobody but me knew who you were hanging out with this afternoon, did they?"

Mitch exhaled in relief.

"Listen, Mitch, you and I have been friends on and off for a real long time. I understand that some people turn out different. That's all I have to say right now."

Gina's terse comment made Mitch feel more secure, cleaner than he did on the way home from his encounter with Madison. It was something akin to receiving absolution in the confessional.

Mitch and Gina walked to school together on Monday morning. They stopped while a city bus pulled up and discharged one passenger. It was Madison who smiled comfortably at Mitch and Gina. Mitch felt awkward in the manner of a boy meeting up with a girl he had had a date with and was uncertain whether the date had gone well or badly. A gentle nudge from Gina as she greeted Madison. Mitch took the hint and opened up. "Hi, Madison. Thanks for Saturday. The dance lesson I mean."

"You're very welcome. Fun, wasn't it?" A furtive wink from Madison accompanied this seemingly innocent remark brought a bright blush to Mitch's face.

"Say," interjected Gina. "Let's go down to the cafeteria and get some coffee. My treat."

It wasn't until they walked home from school that Mitch and Gina got a chance to be alone.

"Just want to thank you for pushing me to say something to Madison this morning."

"No problem, Mitch. Seems you really like her, the kid I mean."

"Yeah, I guess I do...like her. You're pretty sharp, Gina. You figured out how I see Madison; like he's a girl, not a faggot but a real girl. I should feel scared or weird or something 'cause of that but the way you say it, it makes me feel okay about it. Thanks for being my only real friend."

They walked on in a peaceful silence.

At about the time Mitch was opening up to Gina, Madison was already home. She was about to take up Suzanne Braverman's offer to assist her with her shopping at Zanne's but

she certainly wasn't about to return to the shop looking like a girl from a second rate prep school. A quick shower. Brief cotton panties under a brief panty girdle requisitioned from Mother's foundation garment drawer. The aspiring trannie managed to somehow tuck her package between her legs well enough that her contours under the navy slacks she put on were no tin the least masculine. Still, she knew she would have to become more adept at this task if she were to wear anything other than these loose slacks or similarly fitted skirts. My tush is just too cute, too sexy to hide. Moderately high heels gave the slacks the appearance of being perfectly tailored to Madison's height. Her first few steps were awkward. Heels! How do girls do it? One foot in front of the other. Right. This is no snap. I'll practice a few times before I go out in heels. She kicked the shoes aside.

A white broadcloth blouse was opaque enough to obscure from any casual observer the fact that Madison wore no brassiere. She smiled at the totally femme look as she turned up the collar of her blouse. She unbuttoned an extra button but again buttoned it after deciding that she would wait until she could show the edge of her bra before being so flirtatious. A silver necklace and a few cloisonné bangle bracelets was all the jewelry she chose to wear. Her narrow banded watch which used to provoke snickers whenever she wore it as a boy blended as perfectly with her attire as it did with her nascent femme persona.

She turned slowly in front of the three way full length mirror in Mother's dressing area. The cuff of the mid-thigh panty girdle gave her slacks a less than smooth line. Inexperienced though she was, the girl-boy knew she would have to change if she were to impress Suzanne Braverman. She returned the shoes and slacks to Mother's walk-in closet. A moment's hesitation and then she started to wiggle out of the panty girdle. The blouse would work just as well with a pair of well fitting jeans. The combination of very casual jeans and a fashionable blouse would proclaim that this girl was her own person and some paper doll stamped out of the same standard mold as almost every other young coed.

Madison settled for silver clip-on earrings as she slipped her bare feet into cordovan penny-loafers. As she combed her hair into a more feminine style, she thought she might have been a bit too hasty in not allowing that awful Helen person to sell her a better array of makeup. No, not hasty at all, she thought to herself. That hag would have had me looking like a bored middle age hag looking for a young lover to reassure herself that she's still got it. I'll never be that.

Maddie touched her finger tip to the eye-shadow and lightly applied it to her eye lids. She resisted the temptation to overdo eye-liner. Lipstick was next and as she slid the cover back onto the tube, she marveled at how this subdued application of makeup highlighted her natural good looks. The contrast between the subtle makeup and the very casual jeans and blouse ensemble was even more eye catching then the neophyte trannie had hoped. She threw her keys and lipstick into a small leather shoulder bag before once more checking her appearance in the mirror. Then it was off to Zanne's.

It was an effort to not return the smiles of the cuter men who noticed her as she sauntered toward Zanne's. It was something the boy/girl would have to learn to cope with but for a newly realized teen girl the attentions of mane and women were things to be enjoyed.

The look of joy at being able to be out and about as Maddie disappeared from her face as she stared at the door of Zanne's. A curtain was drawn across the glass panel. "Closed

Sundays and Mondays. Special Hours by Appointment.” She stood scowling at the sign as if willing to change when she felt a tap on her shoulder.

“Madison?”

She turned to face Suzanne who continued on.

“You are marvelous. You can put on almost anything and still look like dynamite! Oh, just ignore that sign. We’re always open for you.”

She unlocked the door and allowed Maddie to precede her in. “Ignore the mess. We did a private showing and fitting for a very good customer and her current benefactor. I just came back to straighten up so we’re ready to open on time tomorrow. Stay and chat and then I can give you some personal attention, very personal attention. Coffee?”

Madison wondered what Suzanne meant by ‘very personal attention.’

She sipped the coffee as Suzanne returned some sample of fabric to the workroom behind the shop. “Custom work and tailoring is quite profitable and I use only my own designs,” Suzanne announced proudly. “Do you know what I mean by benefactor?”

“Yes, at least I’m pretty sure I understand. You mean a sugar daddy or something like that.”

“Well, you’re certainly not the naïve little bud I thought you might be. I’m still willing to bet that all this is new to you. Oh, don’t be alarmed. You’re a natural beauty with a true gift. It was a lucky fate that gave us both the chance to work together. You remind so much of myself when I was your age, first coming into my own.”

The fabric stored, order forms filed and carbons put on clipboards.

“I would love to take your key measurements now. Then we can get you really started. As a showroom model, in case you’re wondering.” Suzanne took a notebook from her desk and draped a tape measure around her neck.

“Strip to your bra and panties and get on this platform. Just panties if you’re not wearing a bra. Don’t be embarrassed if you haven’t gotten any yet; bras I mean.”

Madison was taken aback. She was not about to expose her body to this woman despite her apparent good natured openness with Maddie.

“No false modesty, please. It’s a bore and doesn’t become you in the least.”

Suzanne’s hand seemed to move at light speed as she tipped Maddie off balance and grabbed the waist band of the trannie’s jeans, undoing the button as she did so. Madison blushed and put her hands over the front of her panties as she felt Suzanne tug them down her thighs.

“That’s a relief.” Suzanne sounded genuinely delighted on seeing that Madison had more to offer than the typical girl she appeared to be. “With all that modesty, you had me thinking for a minute that you might turn out to be a real girl.”

“But, but... I just don’t understand how you could tell...” Madison’s eyes filled with tears at having been so easily found out. The budding trannie was on the verge of hysterics. Then Suzanne gently stroked his face. Her voice was soft, reassuring.

"Kindred spirits are what we are." Suzanne raised her skirt as she said this and pulled up the edge of her open bottom girdle to reveal the lines of her well developed cock through her panties. Maddie felt her face warming as she blushed. She stepped out of her loafers, pushed her jeans to her ankles and kicked them aside. Suzanne cupped Maddie's balls in her hand through the boy/girl's panties. She leaned forward to meet Maddie's face with her own but the boy/girl pulled back in panic.

Confusion showed on Maddie's face but then changed to a look of disbelief and finally an overwhelming sense of relief. "I'm not the only one! Suzanne, this is so neat. You're like me and you're real. You're real and not a dream and that means I'm not a freak! I must seem like an awful baby crying like this. But I'm so, so happy. For the first since I realized that I'm so different, I know I'm alive."

Suzanne cuddled the wildly emotional trannie against her shoulder and stroked her hair. She sighed as she felt Maddie's fingers sliding over her panties. To Maddie's surprise and disappointment, Suzanne pushed her hand away.

"Just stop now," Suzanne said softly. "I know, believe me I know what you're feeling. To feel so alone and then discover that the person you saw as a woman to be emulated is the same kind of girl as you. Suddenly you see all sorts of possibilities opening up before you. Being what you were meant to be and having a real life, not a life in the shadows, is the dawn of a new day for you. But now isn't the moment for physical affection. It's not that there's a thing about you that's unattractive but I would be taking advantage of you by allowing any kind of intimacy to take place between us."

Madison used her wrist to dab away the tears that were running down her cheek.

"Feeling better now?" asked Suzanne after a few minutes. "Good. Now girl, get on the platform, panties only. We've got some measurements to take."

Madison, out of fear of being thought a pest, avoided Suzanne for the next several days. Determined to pursue her transition she decided it was time to treat herself to some artfully femme out wear by buying a print skirt and matching scarf.

Suzanne greeted her with quite enthusiasm and encouragement.

"Madison, I've missed you so very much. I was afraid you were angry at me...Let me treat you to some things. No excuses. Just choose the ensemble you want to start with and it's yours."

The boy/girl was thrilled as she tried on the skirt and matching shawl. Her femme instincts came to the fore as she spontaneously twirled in front of the mirrors. She sat, crossed her legs and allowed the long skirt to slide over her thighs. With very little coaching from Suzanne, the evermore emerging trannie presented as an idealized young bohemian, one who might be a dancer, an artist, a poet, or a musician.

Suzanne asked Madison to stand, rest her foot on the platform with her elbow on her knee, her chin in her hand. Madison's relaxed pose was greeted with a "Brava" from the older trannie who had become Madison's mentor if only for the afternoon.

"I wish I had some film for my camera," was the only spoken comment as Suzanne arranged Madison's skirt creating an innocent but very seductive effect.

"But wouldn't my panties show..." The boy/girl was cut off before she could finish her sentence.

"Of course, doll baby, but let's have no false modesty. You know you've wanted to wear panties for years now so why not show off that you're getting your way?"

Madison grinned as she nodded agreement.

"Believe me, allowing a glimpse of lingerie can give you power over any man and over most women, too."

Madison knew at once that it was her privilege to develop this wonderful image into whatever she might want it to be. No, this was not a privilege; it was a birthright. Her reverie was interrupted by Suzanne.

"I need a shop assistant to be on call for Saturdays and evenings. You'll be paid fairly, even generously and it will help you develop your style as a girl. Let's do a few more poses and then you take off your new things unless you want to wear them home. Just be sure to give me your full name and phone number before you leave."

Madison reveled in the attention she was getting as well as in the sense of being ever-more seductive as Suzanne worked with her.

This feels so right but what is Suzanne going to get from me in return for all this coaching? She seems okay but there's got to be more to this. Well, as long as I keep my head from getting swelled by her flattery I'll be okay. For now I'll see what's in this for me.

Getting ready for school each morning was becoming more hateful with each passing day.

I feel like puking. These briefs are so yucky, so thick. Using the bathroom is gross. I have to stand to pee, which is so unladylike. There are no doors on the stalls so if I sit to pee, I'll get beaten up. And I feel like all those jerks are watching me when we change for gym. Staying off by myself only makes me more obvious.

Madison managed to get her boy-self together and take the bus to school each morning. Most mornings Mitch was waiting for the boy she was forced to be. Nothing more had been said about the so-called dance lesson. Madison was unsure whether this pleased or displeased him/her.

Most mornings Gina joined Mitch and Madison for coffee or hot chocolate in the student cafeteria. Madison was more and more drawn to the arty Gina. Try as he might, the girl/boy was unable to contrive a way to be alone with Gina although a rapport began to develop between the otherworldly, effeminate Madison and the energetic, tough blue collar Gina. Then one morning Gina offered her new friend the chance she had hoped for.

"Maddie, do you know the neighborhood down around Cherry Street?"

"What makes you ask?" The ever cautious boy/girl wasn't about to say that she lived in that neighborhood, at least not until she heard why Gina was asking.

"I have to go there to get fitted for a dance recital. It's my first one on account of I didn't really start taking lessons until a year and a half ago. Anyhow, I have directions that say to take the same number bus you take to go home."

"Actually, Mother and I live right near Cherry Street. I know the neighborhood pretty well even though we only moved there a couple of months ago. Where are you supposed to go?"

"It's a place called Zanne's. Supposed to be pretty neat. Do you know it?"

"Yes. The woman who runs it designs all sorts of neat skirts and..." Madison stopped, tried to backtrack, to temper her enthusiasm. After all, as far as Gina knew Madison was a boy, although not at all a rugged sort. Regardless of the affinity he felt for Gina, he was very hesitant to let her know that he dressed and functioned as a girl away from school.

Gina reached across the cafeteria table and put her hand on Madison's. "I think I understand now. Do you want to come over to my house after school so we can talk privately?"

Madison nodded slowly and softly mouthed thank you to Gina.

Later that afternoon Gina showed Madison to her bedroom.

"You're my guest so you take the comfy chair."

Madison was amused to hear the street tough Gina refer to something as "comfy."

"I can't do that. You take it."

Gina curled her legs under as she sat down. They began by chatting about school and how hopeless Mitch remained.

"He doesn't know if he wants to be a jerk like the rest of the drips around here or if he wants to learn some style, class..." As Gina spoke, she shifted her body so that soon she was resting her chin on her knee as she drew her leg to her chest. Her loose skirt shifted allowing an unfettered view of her white cotton panties as they pulled taught over her crotch. Madison was taken aback as she became aware that she staring with interest at her new friend's nonchalant lack of modesty. That Madison was becoming aroused was a pleasant revelation of an aspect of herself she hadn't yet discovered. She knew she would have to keep this aspect of herself and the feelings it engendered to herself lest she lose any chance of developing a real friendship with this real girl whose style and interests were so much like what Madison hoped to develop for herself.

"I hope you don't think I'm being pushy. I swear to Christ that anything we say between us stays between us. You gotta swear, too." Gina looked calmly at Madison waiting for the girl/boy's response.

Madison was a little uncomfortable with Gina's oath and with the crucifix over her bed but was able to say simply, "I swear." |

Gina took a deep breath and forced herself to talk openly.

"Maddie, can I call you Maddie?"

"Please do but only like when we're alone like now."

"Sure. You see my Mom had a cousin you remind me of. Family was from around Cadore, near Venice. Lots of fair complexion people with red hair. Ma used to say he was like a girl in a boy's body, that he had the ways and soul of a girl. He was maybe twelve, fifteen years older than you and me. His father beat him, made him miserable until he ran away. It was that or be beaten until he couldn't stand up. The story is he learned to live as a woman and even got married. Ma always prays for him, that he's alive and safe and happy. You understand now why you're okay with me?"

"Uh-huh."

"This morning when you were so excited about Zanne's, you were talking like a girl who had shopped there."

"You're right." Madison took a deep breath and let it out slowly before she continued at a brisk pace. "I did get a skirt and a scarf at Zanne's. Suzanne, the woman who owns it offered me a part time job but she wants me to dress as a girl when I'm there. It's something I know I'm going to love doing. I only dressed a couple of times so far but I already hate going back to being a boy. It would be so neat to wear panties to school but that'll never happen."

"Do your folks know?"

Madison nodded.

"They're okay with that?"

"Mother is. She and my father are separated. They're getting divorced on account of my father refuses to let me be what I am. Wants me put away somewhere."

"That bastard! Oh, sorry, but no one has the right to do that to anyone just 'cause they..." Maddie's facial expression prompted Gina to pause and backtrack. "Oh, Maddie. I'm so sorry if I offended you by calling your father a name. I just get carried away every now and then."

"Don't apologize. You know I never let out my anger before on account of Mother is just so, well, so proper. I guess I have every reason to hate him for all the hurt. Gina, you're a pal. You just showed me it's all right to let out my feelings."

"Maddie, just remember that you can open with your feelings with me anytime you need to."

"Say, you look like you're not happy about something." Gina, realizing that her skirt bunched around her upper thighs, grabbed the hem of her skirt and covered herself to a less immodest degree. "Really, Madison, I didn't mean to tease you. It's just that I was so relaxed with you; it's like you're one of my real close girlfriends. I'm really sorry you feel pissed off about it."

Madison perked up at being thought of as 'one of the girls' by the ever surprising Gina. "I'm anything but pissed off. It's so neat to have you respond to me like I'm a real girl. It's something I wanted to be able to do, be like a real girl, since I can remember. But everyone was so mean..." Madison lost control and started to cry shamelessly.

Gina was on her feet, standing in front of Madison who smiled up at her between sobs. She pressed the girl/boy's face against her lower belly and gently stroked her hair.

The girl was trying to sort out her feelings, to find words to console her odd friend, words to tell the emotionally upset trannie that she, too, harbored feelings that were deemed inappropriate in the very uptight fifties. She somehow found herself on the floor in a lotus sit with Madison's head resting on her lap. The boy/girl was calm now.

They sat with their backs against the side of the bed; Gina took Madison's hand in her own, brought it to her lips, kissed each finger tip.

"Maddie, I have no use for most men. They're horrible brutes, good only to be used and tossed aside like the trash they are. I want to be able to love girls, not just like love between close friends but sex, real sex. I know that girls can't really satisfy me, get me off because I know I need something alive and warm and hard in me to really get off. Still, I'd rather pet with another girl than give myself over to some jerk.



"When it comes down to it you're the best kind of lover for someone like me. You're more girl than almost any real girl plus you have a prick. That makes you better than any boy or any girl. Kiddo, you've got everything; at least everything that I need to make me happy."

She turned and unbuttoned Maddie's shirt. Her hand cupped the boy/girl's tiny breast, her finger tips sliding gently over the hardening nipple as Maddie squirmed in fear and anticipation of how Gina might use her.

The girl was now kneeling over Maddie as she kissed the girl/boy's breasts. Maddie raised her hips to allow Gina to slide her chinos down her legs. A slap to Maddie's balls yielded a yelp of pain.

"Shit! That is such a turnoff. Why do you have to wear boy underwear? What is so wrong with giving in and wearing panties?" Gina shoved Madison who curled up like a baby and began to cry.

"Don't, don't cry. I know you can't help it; wearing boy underthings to school. You'd be

beaten up so bad if you got caught wearing anything else. I know, I know. Wear my panties! Okay?"

Madison looked up at Gina and smiled. She brushed her fingers through Gina's long, dark hair. The trannie suddenly locked her fingers and tugged Gina's face toward her own. "Ouch. That hurts, you little ..." Raising her own head, Maddie met Gina's mouth with her own, preventing Gina from finishing what she was about to say. It is, after all, very hard to talk when someone's tongue is probing your own.

The pair turned on their sides as they wrestled for control. Gina had no doubt that she could easily dominate her new friend but her arousal was limiting her resistance. Her hand grasped Maddie's ball sac and closed mercilessly. She was astonished as she felt Maddie's prick growing ever harder as she lay atop the trannie. Now it was Gina's turn to ram her tongue into Maddie's mouth.

Madison tried to hold Gina who swung around so that the boy/girl's head was between her knees as she faced his feet. She pulled her panty crotch aside and lowered herself toward Maddie's face. The trannie needed no prompting to run his tongues along Gina's very wet pussy lips. Gina leaned forward and grasped Maddie's cock. She ran her tongue around the rim of his cockhead before taking the head into her mouth. She massaged the shaft as she nibbled the head. Her only distraction was Maddie's tongue as it found her clitoris.

Maddie screamed as she exploded into Gina's eager mouth. The trannie lay on her back as her cock slowly softened. Gina held her lover's hair and guided Maddie's face between her thighs. "Gently, gently. Yes, that's it. Make me cum, make me cum."

Then she, too, climaxed.

"That was so wonderful!" whispered Madison.

"Was it?" was Gina reply. "I've never done that to a boy before, only to girls. See, I was right. You are the perfect lover for me."

"Was it really that good for you, too?"

Gina nodded, smiled and kissed Madison.

"Now you've got to make good on something you said."

"What did I say?"

"That I can wear your panties."

"Can't now. My mom will be home soon. Say, she goes to the movies with her sister on Thursday nights. We can get together then."

Madison was still cautious about being openly femme in school. There were no illusions, though. The effeminate boy did his best to appear as masculine as he possibly could but knew that he could only be seen as some sort of horrible anomaly whichever ugly name he was called at the moment.

Madison and Gina were spending more time together in and around the school. At first Mitch was resentful of being excluded from the company of the pair. And then he felt relief. The less time he spent with Madison, the easier it was for him to deny that he wanted more than anything to repeat the intimacy he had experienced with the peculiarly captivating boy. He knew that he should be repelled by the idea of pursuing an affair with a queer yet he was captivated by Madison as no girl had ever captivated him. Then he realized that the less time he spent near Madison, the easier it was for him to pretend that what had happened on that Saturday afternoon was purely Madison's doing.

Mitch was standing in front of the local soda fountain having a cigarette when one of his buddies clapped him on the shoulder.

"Hey, Mitch. Good to see you. How've you been? I thought you might have been going queer with you hanging around with that little freak."

Mitch looked blankly at Al. "What do you mean?"

"You know. I mean Madison, the freak."

"Come off it, Al. So I was nice to the kid. He can't help it, being small, I mean."

"Small? That's putting it mild. He's built like a skinny little girl."

"You think he's like a girl and you have the balls tell me I'm going queer."

"No offense, Mitch."

"Just drop it, okay."

"Yeah, sure."

Mitch realized that Joanne had just come out the soda fountain as Al and Mitch began their brief conversation. He wondered how Joanne saw his vague defense of Madison. What story, he wondered, would she carry away to spread among not only her friends but anyone who might listen.

Joanne sidled up to him, smiled and took a cigarette from behind her ear. She put her face close to his, took his cigarette from his mouth and used it to light her own.

"Nice the way you set Al straight about Madison. Al isn't totally wrong though. I know some girls who would sell their souls to be as attractive as Madison. But you're right. Madison can't change the way he looks. Sweet of you to stick up for him."

"Thanks, Joanne."

"Then you do find Madison attractive!"

She hugged her schoolbooks to her chest in a way that called attention to her breasts. She twisted her body slightly, tilted her head and smiled. "How about walking me home?"

"You were kidding me when you said I find Madison attractive."

Joanne smiled provocatively and ran her tongue over the front her teeth.

"Hey come on, Joanne. You really were kidding me, right?"

"Stop being so silly. Forget about Madison."

"That's okay with me."

“Well if you’re going to be so gloomy I would rather walk home by myself. Good-bye, Mitch.”

“I’ll call you later. Maybe we can...”

“Don’t bother calling, not later, not ever. Good-bye, Mitch.”

Shit! That’s enough to piss off the pope. Madison isn’t even around and she gets me in trouble with Joanne. Fuck! There I go with calling the faggot ‘she.’ And now I’m in Dutch with Joanne on account of her. There I go again calling Madison ‘her.’ It’s like I’m really getting to believe it.

The next morning Joanne was in front of the school early, early enough to greet Gina who was at first cautious and reserved that Janna would go out of her way to connect with her.

“It’s like this,” offered Joanne as if in anticipation of Gina’s unspoken questions. “I am so tired of being the grind, always doing what’s expected, dressing like and ivy league date.”

“Nothing wrong with that if that’s what you want to be.”

“Problem is that I’ve been living out my family’s expectations for so long that I’m not even sure I know who I am or who I want to be. I’m not like you although God knows I wish I could be. You’re your own person. You always dress right but with flair that sets you apart. You don’t spend hours and hours hitting the books but you’re always near the top in every subject.”

“Talent, I guess.

“Say, I’ve got to go to this neat shopping area, really arty. I need to get some skirts for my modern dance club. Why not come with me? You might find out a few things about yourself that you never suspected.”

Madison crossed the street from her bus stop and joined them. As soon as Joanne went to her locker Gina spoke softly to Madison.

“Are you working at Zanne’s this Saturday?”

Madison nodded. “Why do you ask?”

“I’m coming by to pick up the dance skirts I ordered. And I’m bringing Joanne. I want to check her out and see if she’s for real with this “I just want to be one of the girls’ thing.”

Gina started toward the stairs on her way to homeroom period. She walked slowly as she thought about Joanne. She felt badly for the girl whose reputation as an unbearable and intimidating snob may have been undeserved and unsought. Now that Joanne had started to open up to her she felt a strange empathy for her that bordered on attraction. Gina could not help but suspect that Joanne may have been manipulating her. But to what purpose?

Suddenly she was no longer alone. Joanne had caught up to her and was walking alongside of her. They entered the deserted stairwell where Joanne stepped in front of her blocking her way.

"Thank you for not sending me on my way when I told you how much I want to be free like you. And thank you for allowing me the chance to show you I'm not the iceberg they say I am."

With that she slipped her arm around Gina's waist and with surprising strength pulled Gina against her. Her mouth was over Gina's. Their lips parted, their tongues met.

"Please forgive me," begged Joanne. "It just happened. It isn't what you think."

"There's nothing to forgive. And you can't even guess what I think. There's not a thing wrong with what you did as long as we keep it private."

"You understand, you really understand. I don't feel so alone."

"Joanne, honey, you're not nearly as alone as you think. Let's talk after school."

Mitch managed to shuffle through the school day. He was quiet, even unresponsive to his friends. He been cut down by Janna but that wasn't the worst of it. He was jealous of the closeness that had developed between Madison and Gina. Worse still was that he couldn't stop thinking about Madison. The boy/girl was rapidly becoming the subject of his fantasies, the object of his desires. He tried to masturbate using pinup magazines as stimulation but couldn't even become fully erect. He dared even consider for an instant that he might need a lover with a cock. He reasoned it wasn't his fault that he was obsessed with the boy/girl; it had to be the fault of the demon who had possessed him, the demon who had come to him in a form that was neither male nor female yet more dangerous than either.

The crowds of students drifted away from the school breaking into smaller groups and then into twos and threes.

Joanne and Gina waited with Madison at the bus stop. They were watched with some interest by Mitch who sat on the school steps with Al and a few girls. The grapevine had quickly known that Mitch had been summarily dismissed by Joanne and that he was fair game to any girl who might be interested in him.

After Madison had boarded the bus for home, Mitch got up and ambled over to where the two new and unlikely friends were about to light a cigarette. They were unimpressed by his approach and started walking away before he could strike up a conversation.

"Wait up," he called. The pair stopped and turned to him as if they had just become aware of him.

"Oh, it's Mitch. What's up, big guy?" This from Gina as Joanne glared coldly.

"Hey, so I haven't been very nice lately. How about a soda? It's on me."

Gina was about to accept but Joanne begged off. "I have things to do," was all she offered by way of excusing herself. "Gina, I really do have things to do so you go with Mitch."

They watched Joanne walk confidently away and then started toward the nearby soda fountain.

"Okay, Mitch, what's on your mind?"

"Come on, Gina. I just miss hanging out with you."

"Nothing's stopping you from sitting with me in the cafeteria. Or is there?"

There was a silence filled with tension. Gina ended the pause.

"Of course there is. At least you see it that way. It's Madison, right?"

Another pause. Again it was broken by Gina.

"Come off it, Mitch. I don't know what's between you and Madison but I can see you're letting it get to you. So you came home from that so called dance lesson with a hickey. You think you're the first guy who ever had a queer make out with another boy? No one cares, at least no one who counts. Just get over it once and for all and stop being such a mope."

"What if I can't?"

"Look Mitch, just put some space between you and whatever is bothering you. Just don't go and take it out on Madison."

By now they were in the soda foundation where Mitch fished a couple of cold sodas from the cooler. They sat silently in a booth in the back.

"Thanks for talking to me, Gina. You're a pal."

Madison was changing back to street clothes after gym period when Mitch came into the locker room. Madison stood brushing his hair wearing only his white briefs. Mitch could not help but notice the graceful posture and movements of the effeminate boy. He wished he could turn away before he got hard. Madison noticed him and smiled.

"Hello, Mitchell."

"Hi. Good to see you." It had come out wrong.

Madison tilted his head in a girlishly flirtatious manner. "Glad you feel that way."

The moment was laden with possibilities but then the locker room door banged open and Al walked in with a group of guys. Their voices reached Mitch who suddenly cringed at the thought of being seen eye-balling the scantily clad Madison. He tried to cover up by putting down Madison.

"You perverted little faggot," he sneered.

Madison stood arms akimbo, nostrils flaring in anger.

"Mitchell, you're beneath contempt." Madison spoke in a calm, confident, and commanding voice. Mitch felt intimidated by the nearly nude, slender boy who so easily faced him down. Madison stepped toward Mitch and then stopped suddenly. Mitch froze as a sardonic grin spread over Madison's face. The boy/girl's voice now dropped to a seductive murmur. "Oh, big tough Mitch must enjoy being insulted by poor little Madison." Mitch opened his mouth but no sound came out. "Now, Mitchie," whispered Madison "Admit you like being treated this way. Don't even bother to admit it. Your stiff cock is proof enough."

Madison turned his back on Mitch and walked back toward his locker with a decidedly feminine swing to his hips. Mitch watched in frustration and in fear. The immediate fear was that Al and the others would notice his very intense hard-on.

Fuck, I screwed it up again. That little fairy really messed up my mind. Am I really queer? She, yeah right, she could have done anything to me, made me do anything to her if we were really alone.

Mitch went right home after his bizarre confrontation with Madison. He went to his room and sat on his bed with arms wrapped around his knees. He couldn't face himself let alone his friends nor did he dare approach Madison. It struck him that his focus was on how to rekindle his friendship or whatever it was with Madison while Joanne no longer held any appeal for him.

His mother's voice jarred him out of his sulk. "No, Ma, I'm okay. Just thinking. I'm gonna study my schoolwork until dinner time."

He began to go over various handouts from his teachers, something he rarely did. After dinner he excused himself and went back to his room. He felt better keeping his mind occupied with school matters. It kept him from brooding on his lost chances with Madison.

Mitch's filling his time with studying managed to get him through the rest of the day and the evening with little active thought of Madison. It was only after falling asleep that the enchanting boy/girl invaded his dreams. She stood before him as she did in the locker room but her white cotton briefs lacked a fly front. When she turned her back on him, the curves seam at the base of her bottom told him that she was wearing panties. He approached her slowly, embraced her from behind. Her butt was against his crotch. Suddenly she pushed rearward, reached back and squeezed his balls. He dropped to his knees as she faced him and lowered her panties. Her hard-on was inches from his hungry mouth. He was about to taste her cockhead when he awakened to an intense orgasm.

The sleep that followed this bizarre but not at all unpleasant dream was deep and restful. Mitchell awoke with a new outlook. He certainly could not have expressed this in words at that moment but his demeanor was somehow different.

His morning shower done, he avoided replacing the greasy hair pomade that he so liberally applied daily until that morning. Instead he simply dried his hair and combed it out.

No jeans today but slacks and a neat sport shirt. His mother said nothing but her facial expression betrayed her satisfaction that Mitch might finally be giving up his street corner style.

At school he greeted his usual cronies but avoided them in the cafeteria and halls. Still, he dared not approach Madison or Gina or Joanne who had become a constant trio. Even when he passed one of the three in the halls, the best he could manage was an awkward smile. The response was not quite a smile, more a tolerant scowl.

His teachers were impressed with his new found familiarity with assigned readings as well as his willingness to offer answers and actively participate in discussions.

It was impossible for him to stay home all the time without arousing his parent's concern. On Saturday morning he left home after breakfast and took a bus to the area where Madison lived. He had no clear understanding of why he did so other than he might come in contact with places and activities that might seem less objectionable to Madison and to himself.

His wanderings carried him away from the center of the old district and into a more commercial area. He found himself staring at the window display of a ladies specialty shop. A mid-thigh length panty girdle in startling white arrested his attention. He felt a thrill as he wondered what it would feel like to have his body caressed, his genitals confined by the mysterious garment. Perhaps another day, a less crowded day he might dare to go in and buy it.

Mitchell worked his way back toward the older, artier area. He was approaching Zanne's when Gina exited the store. He hoped she wouldn't notice him but that wasn't to be. She called and waved to Mitch.

"Mitch, what brings you to this part of town?" She didn't wait for an answer but continued right on. "I really don't know why you've been avoiding me. That new look you've been trying out in school is just so neat. I've got to meet a friend for lunch but I'm sure she wouldn't mind in the least if you came along. Just let me make a quick phone call."

By chance they stepped into the very drugstore where Madison had made her first makeup purchases. Mitch wondered who Gina had so suddenly needed to phone. He couldn't hear what she was saying as she had turned her face away from the phone booth door and, it seemed, had deliberately lowered her voice. Gina turned to Mitchell and smiled broadly and held up her thumb. She opened the phone booth door. "My friend would love to have you join us. We'll meet her in ten minutes."

They retraced their steps and were soon in front of Zanne's.

"My friend works here part time. She'll be out in a jiffy."

Mitchell was agape at the adorable girl who seemed to materialize. She was below average height, slender yet athletic looking, with honey blond hair and a delightful smile of recognition on seeing Mitchell. There was a disconcerting feeling that he knew her from somewhere.

The girl stepped forward and kissed him on the lips. "Mitch! It's so good to see you. Say, I'll bet you don't even recognize me in my work clothes."

“Sure I do, Madison.”

His heart was pounding with the thrill of seeing Madison so totally femme and with the delight of once more being accepted by her. To his surprise and satisfaction, he felt nothing negative in the irresistible enchantment the girl/boy held for him.

The trio walked on. To Mitch it was as if he walked in a dream, a very pleasant dream at that but even pleasant dreams can be disconcerting. Somehow he the order shifted and Mitch was on the outside with Madison between him and Gina. They held hands and walked on.

The door of the small café jingled as they entered. “Just opened,” remarked Madison. “I hear it’s quite good.” A hostess greeted them cordially, perhaps more cordially than the situation called for, and then led them past groups of shoppers who were certainly from out of the district to an alcove off the main dining area. They studied the menu which listed ‘Saturday Shoppers’ Lunch Specials.’

A waitress in tight white slacks made a few suggestions which they gladly chose. As the waitress walked toward the kitchen to place their order both Mitch and Gina had their eyes riveted to the waitress’s curvaceous bottom, to the clear outline of her white panties through the barely opaque slacks. She returned almost instantly with a different set of menus. She smiled at each of them as she placed the menus in front of them. There was something about this beautiful girl that fascinated Mitch. She introduced herself and he knew instantly what the fascination was. “My name is Rob,” she said.

Having completed a lunch of cheese, fresh fruit and crisp French bread, they paid Rob, chatted as she brought their change and left. A flash of uncertainty as Mitch began to wonder whether Rob was a girl or a boy. “Thank you and do call again,” Rob said in voice that could belong to either sex. Mitch felt a pang in his groin as Rob made eye contact and smiled. He rationalized to himself; Rob can be a girl’s name like short for Robin or something.

“I don’t have to be back at work or another fifteen minutes. Let’s window shop.”

Madison’s suggestion was enough to distract Mitch from his reflections on Rob. After discussing what the utilitarian worth of various styles and fabrics of items displayed Gina came up with an idea. “We’re not being fair to Mitch. We need to find a shop that sells men’s stuff.”

“Oh, I know just the place,” offered Madison. “It’s right around the corner. We’ve got to hurry, though, or I’ll be late getting back to work.”

A few steps around the corner and they were in front of a small shop that purported to carry men’s wear. Mitch had an anxious feeling that much of what was displayed in the small window could have been designed for girls. A pair of white shorts in the window sparked Madison’s enthusiasm. “Mitch, you would look so yummy in those.” Then they were inside and Mitch was ready to try them on although the thought of wearing Bermuda shorts was alien to him until that minute.

He studied his image in the dressing room mirror and all but giggled aloud at the ridiculous effect of his dark socks. He took them off, slipped into his penny loafers and

showed himself off to his two friends. They applauded and smiled. "Aren't these kind of short for Bermudas?"

"Not all, silly. They're supposed to be that's why they're Jamaica shorts."

"You do look terrific in them," added the salesclerk. "But I do have one suggestion. You would get a much better line if you wore different underpants, something in a thinner fabric. Let me show you what we have."

"Gee, I didn't realize there are choices." Mitch had difficulty keeping eye contact with the clerk as he was uncertain whether this was a young man or a woman.

"Mitch, sweetie, you finish up here and then you can come over to Zanne's."

"Huh, okay." Mitch had barely heard what the two girls had said. He was absorbed in what the salesclerk had suggested.

They were alone in the shop as the clerk beckoned Mitch to the rear of the store.

The youth found himself looking at several pair of very brief underpants that the clerk spread on the counter. He was intrigued by the bright and the pastel colors of these utterly foreign garments that were already exerting a fascination on Mitch. He noticed the clerk's hands, so well groomed, so soft and even delicate. Multiple rings adorned the very unmasculine fingers.

"I see you like them. Why don't we try them on? But why so hesitant? I'm sure you'll like the fit and feel."

"It's not that I think I won't. Actually I just know I'll love them." Mitch was surprised at the effeminate language of his response: surprised yet pleased that it came out that way. It's just that I can't afford more than the shorts and one pair right now."

"Don't be concerned. I think we can work something out. Perhaps we can find you a part time job."

They entered the dressing room as the clerk called to someone in back to take care of the store. Mitch wasn't sure why but he removed his shirt before slipping off his penny loafers and slowly lowering the shorts. He stood facing the clerk who appraisingly eyed him up and down. Mitch turned his back and lowered his underpants. He picked up a pair of the oddly different briefs and slid them over his legs. The clerk smoothed the fabric over Mitch's tush and adjusted the hem to cover Mitch's bottom cheeks.

Mitch studied the effect of what he was thinking of as panties. He noticed the clerk watching him intently in the mirror.

"You look delicious."

Mitch managed to ask "Do I?"

"Let me prove it to you," said the clerk as their lips met.

Mitch, with aplomb worthy of an experienced lover, began to unbutton the clerk's shirt. The clerk stepped back and let the shirt slide off. Mitch was shocked to see tiny but perfectly formed breasts on the clerk.

"Surprised, aren't you? Don't deny it. I'm more female than male. Just call me Lois. It's my name."

Lois continued to disrobe until only her panties, and they were truly panties, remained. She cupped Mitch's balls in her hands as her tongue forced its way into Mitch's mouth. Her hand wrapped around Mitch's cock making his hard-on painfully intense.

Lois pushed Mitch onto the fitting room bench and rapidly lowered her panties to reveal a large and quickly hardening cock. She took the youth by his shoulders and gently pushed him to his knees. He needed no urging to lick the precum from the tip of Lois's dick. He ran his tongue around the rim of her cockhead before taking it in his mouth. He sucked gently as he massaged the hermaphrodite's shaft. Lois fell back onto the bench as Mitch continued to eat her. Then she came leaving Mitch not quite satisfied.

"Is this what you meant by working something out?"

"No, darling, it isn't although you're very good. What I meant is I think we can use you as a model."

Mitch was silent as he wondered what Lois meant by 'model.' He paid for the Jamaica shorts and for the underpants and left.

"Just a second," Lois blurted out as she folded Mitch's new things and slid them into a bag. She picked up a second pair of the uniquely styled underpants and added them to the bag. "One can never enough of the right foundation garments. My gift to you. Just... enjoy them"

It was clear to Mitch that Lois had started to say something else but thought better of it. As he opened the door he glanced back at Lois. "Thanks for your help and for the gift." Lois smiled at him, ran her tongue over her teeth and spoke. "You're so very welcome. I do hope you come again... so that I can help you develop an appropriate wardrobe."

Mitch hurried back toward Zanne's. He had been feeling good about running into Gina and the subsequent events of the very busy day. Meeting Madison when she was totally dressed as a girl made him feel even better about the ambivalence, the emotional turbulence he had been enduring. No, he thought to himself, Madison's not just dressed like a girl: she's totally and utterly a girl today, like she always is really. His near euphoria was dampened when he thought of Lois. Had he done anything to cause her to cry?

His pace slowed as he turned the corner toward Zanne's. Approaching from the other direction was none other than Joanne checking the addresses and shop signs of buildings and seeming even more out of place than her preppie style of dress made her seem. It was as if she was an out of town tourist who wandered into a world that both attracted and repelled her. The look of recognition and relief as she spied Zanne's left no doubt as to her destination. A moment's hesitation but then Mitch decided he wasn't going to let this chance for reacceptance by Gina and Madison slide by because of Joanne showing up.

Mitch waited briefly and then entered the shop. To his surprise the usually haughty Joanne was begging Gina to understand. "I couldn't help it I had to..."

Joanne's plea was cut short by Gina. "Just shush up and listen for a change. I'm not one of your loyal following who'll put up with anything just to be allowed to be near you. If you couldn't make it this morning you should have phoned and don't tell me I had already left. The phone number here is not only listed but there's an ad in the classified."

That she had broken Joanne's arrogance was evident from the change in the formerly supercilious girl's posture. Then Gina put icing the cake.

"Hi, Mitchell. We'll be with you in a jiffy. Joanne missed her fitting appointment so she'll be on her way."

"No, please. Can't you get them to fit me in later or something?"

"Well, let me ask the girl who takes care of private fittings for new clients."

"Oh, yes, if you can."

"Just wait." Gina left the shop area and went to the back. She returned with Madison.

Joanne fawned over the attractive girl who looked so familiar but whom she couldn't place. "I wish I could affect that look you have. It's so natural and so bohemian all once."

"I hope you're not saying I'm affected." Madison's warm smile was in sharp contrast to the tone of her remark. Joanne froze open-mouthed as she realized her usually successful imperious attitude wasn't going to get her any where in this unfamiliar setting.

"No, no. I didn't mean it that way. I just meant that I want to change my look and try the kind of things that you carry so well."

"Just come with me and I'll try to take care of you before my next appointment. Perhaps your friends should come with you. That way you'll have a second opinion and not have to rely on my advice."

As Madison was already walking toward the rear of the shop, Joanne was left with no choice but to follow. Once in the room Madison asked Joanne for her name, address, phone number; all of which she duly noted on a card. Then, to Joanne's dismay, she asked for her sizes. It was when she was asked for her bra size and whether she preferred panty-girdles to open bottom girdles that Joanne began to betray her humiliation at having to discuss her taste in intimate apparel in front of Gina and Mitchell.

"I'll leave if I'm making you uncomfortable," offered Mitchell. "I really do have better things to do than to listen to you brag about how great your figure is."

"Wait up, Mitch. I really did want to help Joanne break out her stuffy mold but then she gets here really late and when Maddie is good enough to squeeze her into the busy schedule she becomes Miss Prude. Joanne, love, you're on your own."

Mitchell and Gina walked out before even as Joanne begged forgiveness.

"At risk of losing a new client, I must tell you that your friends aren't wrong in what they said. Since you're so concerned about answering these simple questions, I have no doubt you're to going to allow yourself to be measured for a fitting so you may as well just leave now. We've wasted enough time."

"Isn't there some way I can..."

"If you really want to sample our fashions you're free to browse through our ready made racks out front."

Joanne felt defeated as she fingered a few skirts. She sighed as she realized she didn't have the confidence to give up the preppie look she had so long cultivated under her

mother's harsh tutelage. A few scarves draped on a rack caught her attention. She selected two in the not yet popular paisley prints, paid and left.

Once she was home, the defeated girl showered, slipped on a fresh pair of tailored brief cotton panties, slipped under the covers and fell asleep. Her mother's tap on the door with the announcement that dinner would soon be ready awakened her from a strange dream, a dream in which the alluring Maddie had been making love to her. As she changed out of her wet panties Joanne resolved to remain in her comfortable but boring preppie persona. Breaking free might be too much excitement.

Mitchell and Gina burst out laughing as they left Zanne's after abandoning Joanne to her fate.

"You know, Gina, I feel sorry for her. You and Maddie gave her a chance to break loose and she couldn't handle it"

"You're right. You wonder if she was late on purpose. Enough about that stuck-up loser."

"You want to wait for Madison to get off work and then do something?"

"She won't get off any time soon. Why don't you come with me to this dance studio I'm interested in getting into. They want me to watch some classes and stuff before I try out. You might learn something, something like not to look down on things you don't know anything about. You know what I mean."

"I guess I do but that was before, before..."

"Right, when you were still covering up your better self."

"Yeah. But now I understand myself better. I got rid of that mask I was wearing all the time so now I can find out who I really am. That's



where you were so right just now when you called Joanne a loser. She's wearing a mask and she knows it but when she had a chance to get rid of it, she was afraid to let it go. She'll never find out who she really is. Sad but like you said, enough."

The dance studio was a few blocks away on the second floor of a commercial building. Conveniently enough the first floor housed a dancewear shop. Mitch was captivated by the shop's window display. Large photographs of male as well as female dancers formed the background for mannequins clad in bright leotards and tights as well as traditional black and white dance attire. A card announcing "Photos by Lois" led him to the conclusion that the strange clerk who had been so helpful to him in the men's shop and to whom he was so hurtful was the creator of these intriguing images.

Mitchell tried to appear nonchalant as Gina introduced him to the director whom she addressed as Madame Vita, a very fit looking fortyish woman clad a blue tank top leotard with white tights covered by a wrap skirt which did little to conceal her firm thighs. She was surprisingly cordial as she welcomed Mitchell and extolled Gina's potential. A few dancers, some attractive young women and girls along with one young male dancer were moving across the floor to a piano recording.

From the rear one of the male dancer was, to Mitchell, as attractive and as desirable as the women. Indeed, he could not be sure of which of the dancers were women and which was the young man he was drawn to. Then he noticed that the boy, as the director called him, wore makeup; not the exaggerated stage makeup that one might expect but believable makeup which gave them surprisingly believable and beautiful feminine appeal.

Mitchell's fascination was not lost on the director who spoke to him about an introduction to one of the boys during a break.

"I see you're intrigued by the idea of boy dancers and by Alonzo himself. I hope you won't feel uncomfortable if I introduce you to him. Perhaps we can influence you to start dancing with us. We can use a few more boys, especially boys as athletic as you appear to be."

"Oh," he answered unabashedly, "I would love meet Alonzo."

Alonzo came over as soon as the director beckoned to him. Mitchell thought him even more appealing up close.

"Hi Mitchell. Please call me Lonnie. I do hope you join us so that we can be friends."

"That's awfully sweet of you, Lonnie. It would be so neat to get to know you and to be friends with you." He blushed as he realized he was holding onto Lonnie's hand longer than a handshake required. Mitchell slowly lowered his own while making no effort to drop Lonnie's hand. When they did withdraw from their mutual contact, Lonnie moved his fingers away while gently pressing them against Mitchell's. It was not simply the end of handshake but rather a slow and very promising caress.

Mitchell's heart began to pound audibly. He wondered if Gina had suddenly taken him by the elbow because she had heard the sound of his heart beat. "Have a seat on the bench with me. We can't stand here in the middle of everything."

The grace and power of the dancers intrigued Mitchell. The curve of their bodies, the momentary revelation of a girl's crotch barely concealed by her leotard, the power in their

graceful movement all served as to convince Mitchell of the sensual splendor of this style of dance. But most riveting of all, was Lonnie's strangely seductive effeminate dancing. He felt his face grow warm and his hands start to quiver as Lonnie proved even more fascinating than Madison. Madison was the girl next door but Lonnie, even as a boy, was the irresistible femme fatale.

So absorbed was he in watching Lonnie's every move, he was unaware that the director had called a break and had asked Gina to interpret some of the movements in her own style. It was only when Lonnie sat down next to him and Gina stood up and slipped off her shoes that he was back in the moment.

As Gina, still in her street clothes, began to sway to the music Lonnie rested his hand on Mitchell's thigh and whispered, "Your friend is more than simply talented. These girls are crazy with worry that she'll displace them once she gets a few classes under her belt." Then Lonnie's hand slipped higher along Mitchell's thigh.

Gina began to move with abandon. She kicked high and whirled allowing her skirt to billow high around her legs revealing her white shiny panties. Mitchell had to acknowledge to himself that Gina moved with the grace and control of an accomplished dancer at the same time displaying a primitive sexual energy that could challenge the self control of many a man and woman.

There was applause and whistles from the dancers and from Mitchell and Lonnie as Gina collapsed into a heap at the last chord. She stretched her arms skyward and rose to her feet.

Lonnie smiled as he leaned close Mitchell and whispered, "I love her dancing but I'll hate her forever if you and she are more than just friends."

"No need to hate her on my account. We're just friends but she's getting into a special friendship with our friend Madison."

"That's fine with me, sweetie," answered Lonnie. "And in case you don't get it, it's not Gina I'm interested in."

"We're finished for today. Gina, please stay. I'm certain Mitchell won't mind waiting for a few minutes." Madame Vita led Gina into her office leaving Mitchell and Lonnie alone to make small talk.

"Mitchell, I do so want to continue our chat but I have to shower and get to work. Don't look so interested. Work is dull. I just play guitar in a coffee house. Saturday nights we're over run with all sorts of tourists, people from places like the town I ran from.

Some weeknight soon you must come and see me there. Let's continue this chat while I change."

Lonnie extended his hand to Mitchell who, as if in a dream, reached out in return. The young dancer led Mitchell through an archway marked "Men's Dressing Room."

It was small with only a few full length lockers and hooks. A door way led to a lavatory with a single stall shower.

Lonnie smiled at Mitchell as he shrugged off the shoulder straps of his leotard. He turned away from his new companion as she wiggled the form fitting garment down over his hips. Mitchell tried to avert his eyes but couldn't resist studying Lonnie's bottom through the not quite opaque fabric of his white seamed tights. Mitchell swallowed hard Lonnie bent slightly forward to remove to step out of the leotard. He was certain that what Lonnie wore under the tights could only be white panties!

"I can guess what you're thinking, Mitchell. Madame Vita insists on almost perfect uniformity in rehearsal attire so I wear a leotard. Not that I mind in the least. Everything else I'm wearing is my own choice." He winked flirtatiously as he finished speaking.

Mitchell studied Lonnie's body as the young dancer stood facing him. He was as free of hair as even the fairest girl. He was slender with a narrow waist that tapered above hips that were not quite wide enough to be described as full. The slight swellings on his smooth chest called attention to nipples that were too large to be a boy's yet were not those of a girl. As he slid the tights down his thighs, Mitchell was drawn to the very masculine but not overly large curves of Lonnie's genitals. He knew he must pull back before he falls hopelessly in love with this flirtatious youth.

Mitchell could think of no reason why he should not allow himself to fall in love with Lonnie other than his love and passion might go unrequited.

"I really must shower and I don't want Gina to think any worse of you for staying in here with me for too long. I know you don't have any obligation to me but promise you'll call me so we can meet again." Lonnie took a small notebook from his dance bag and jotted down his phone number.

He stepped closer and put his finger over Mitchell's lip as he handed him the slip of paper. "Don't say anything. It would hurt too much if you said you won't call me."

He put his arms around Mitchell, slid his hand behind his head and stood on tiptoe in order to bring his lips to Mitchell's. As their lips met, Mitchell slipped his hands over Lonnie's bottom cheeks. He raised Lonnie off the floor so that Lonnie could warp his legs around Mitchell's waist.

It was a kiss that neither would forget.

Once the kiss ended, Lonnie took a towel and a small cosmetic case from his dance bag and started toward the shower stall. Mitchell was awed by the firm curves of Lonnie's bottom as the dancer moved away from him. The panties he wore enhanced rather than obscured the appeal of Lonnie's very vivacious tush.

Lonnie hesitated, looked at Mitchell over his shoulder and spoke softly; "Please," was all he said before he pursed his lips into a distant kiss. Mitchell nodded but Lonnie had already turned away.

Madison was waiting for Gina and Mitchell as they left the studio.

"This was a great day," offered Mitchell. "Thanks for letting me hang out with you two. You know if it weren't for becoming friends with Madison and having you both un-

derstand me, I would still be the same confused drip covering myself p in a tough guy mask.

“Well, I guess I’m gonna head home. See you Monday.”

“Do you want to come over to my house and have dinner with Gina and me?”

“Thanks anyway but some other time. I think maybe you two want some time together.”

Madison stepped in front Mitchell and kissed him on the lips. “Mitchell, you’re a doll. Thanks for being so understanding.”

“That’s okay. But if you two ever get tired of each other, give me a call.”

It was twilight as Mitchell made his way to the corner where he would wait for a bus to take him to back to his neighborhood with its constant reminders of the years he slumbered in the guise of Mitch.

Lights in store and restaurants were coming on. The Saturday night throngs were already appearing. Some had come to enjoy dinner in a quaint restaurant, others to shop in stores that featured merchandise unlike any available where they ordinarily lived and shopped. It was a little too early for the cellar cabarets to open but they, too, were becoming illuminated. It struck Mitchell as odd that certain shops were closing despite the abundance of potential customers.

Glancing down a side street, he noticed that the shop where he had met Lois was closed and dark as was the dance supply store beneath the studio where he had met Lonnie. The pattern was becoming clear. The outsiders were not all harmless curiosity seekers. It became evident to the no longer naïve Mitchell that Lois, Lonnie, and Madison were at risk of being tormented and brutalized by toughs who were not so different from what he had tried to be.

The bus arrived hissing open its doors. Mitchell took a seat at a window and looked back at the district e knew he must visit until he was no longer a visitor but a part of its lifestyle and culture. He feared for Lois, for Lonnie, and for Madison.

Mitchell arrived home to find a note that Joanna had called. He would wait until morning to call her. His parents and sister were out visiting some neighbors. Just as well, he thought. This would give him the chance to try on his new shorts and the underpants that would give him the right line.

The phone rang just as Mitchell was slipping into his new underpants. Being the days long before caller ID he had no choice but to answer. It was Joanne.

“Oh, Mitch, I’m so glad I got you.”

“Hey, what’s up?”

“Mitch, don’t pretend you didn’t see me make a total fool of myself this afternoon. I was just so awful. Please, can I see you? I need to talk to someone, someone who can understand. Understand what I’m going through, what I’ up against.”

"Why do you think I can understand all that?"

"Because you've been able to do what I desperately want to do."

"And what's that?"

"Stop playacting at being someone you're not. Mitch, you're a totally different person from who you were a couple of weeks ago and I need to know how to do it."

Mitchell was silent until Joanne desperately asked "Are you still there?"

"I'm still here. Meet me at Capri. We can split a pizza."

"You're on but only if I can pay."

He slipped into a pair of clean jeans and a sport shirt and was on his way.

While Mitch was on his way to meet Joanne, Madison was opening a lightly chilled bottle of cheap rose wine. Her mother was at a dinner party but had left a cold supper for her newly emerged daughter.

Having poured the wine for herself and Gina, Madison proposed a toast. "To Mitchell for having the consideration to allow us a romantic evening together."

"To Mitchell and to our romantic evening together," concurred Gina as she raised her glass.

Dinner over, they rinsed and put the dishes in the dishwasher exchanging playful kisses as they did so.

"How did the dance try out go?" asked Madison as she seated herself in a club chair in the living room. She curled her legs under her as she spoke.

"Really great. Madame Vita is going to offer me a scholarship based on this dance I improvised"

"Show me, please. We can just roll up this carpet. We just have to remember to put it back or my mother will have a bird."

That done, Madison sat on the edge of the floor and clapped time as Gina danced with even more energy and abandon than she had earlier in the day. This time she collapsed at Madison's feet.

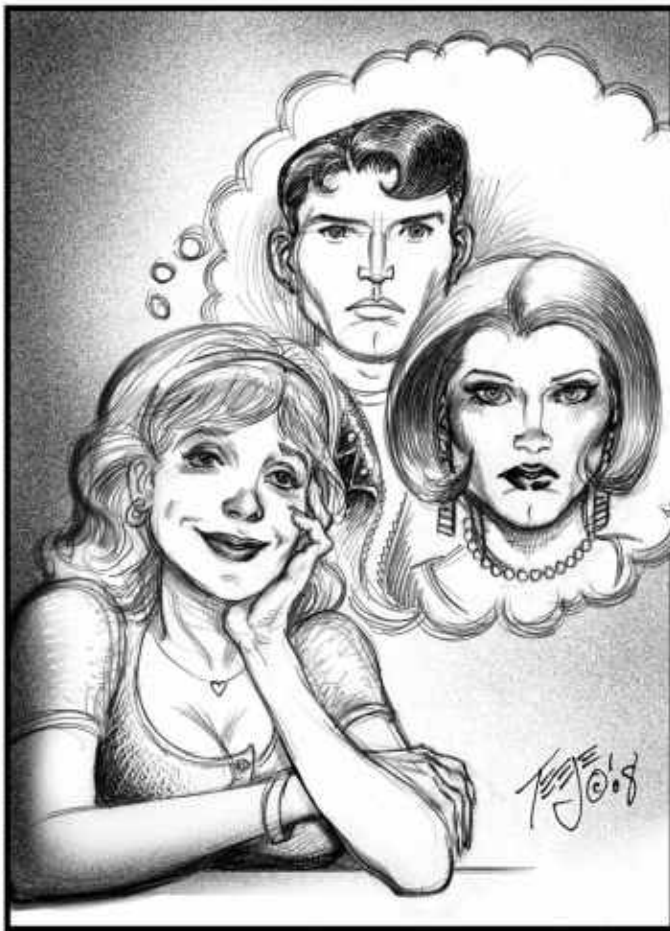
Gina turned onto her back and flung her arms over her head as she spread her legs. Madison slid over to her friend and put her fingers on her carotid artery.

"Say you need artificial respiration." It was a lie because Gina's pulse was racing as much as Madison's, racing with the anticipation of what they both knew was about to happen.

Madison rolled Gina onto her tummy and pushed the girl's skirt to her hips. "I need to kneel with one knee between your legs." She slowly moved her hands over Gina's panty covered rear savoring the smoothness of the satin warmed by Gina's body even as she reveled in the firmness of her lover's bottom. The occasional soft giggle and barely sup-

pressed sigh were all that betrayed Gina's game of playing dead as her tranny lover revived her.

The tranny's hands moved to the classic artificial respiration position but then slid under Gina to her breasts. Gina could no longer play dead but whimpered as Madison's hands found her nipples. The girl got to her knees in an abortive attempt to throw Maddie from her, to gain control of their love making. Maddie remained on her knees, her stiff cock pressed against the cleft of Gina's bottom. The tranny's hands were under Gina's blouse. The girl leaned back against Maddie and unbuttoned her blouse. She shook loose from her lover long enough to reach back and unhook her bra. Maddie's hand cupped her breast, fondled her nipple while her other hand slipped between Gina's legs, fingered her through her wet panty crotch.



Gina turned her face to her side as Maddie leaned over her shoulder. Their tongues met as Maddie pulled the girl's panties low enough so that her cockhead was now against Gina's slit. The tranny brought her finger tip to the front of the very aroused girl's nether lips. Gina was growing wetter by the second as Maddie found her clit. Suddenly Gina reached between her won legs to grasp Maddie's balls in her fingers. Her very sharp nails dug into the tender skin of her scrotum giving her total control over her unusual lover. Still clutching Maddie's most tender part, Gina lurching backward sent Maddie onto her back with her seated on the slender boy/girl's belly.

Gina released her grip on Maddie's balls and reversed her position so that she sat facing the now totally dominated tranny. Gina pulled her panty crotch aside as she raised her self over Maddie's hard cock. She began to lower herself onto Maddie's cock until they both felt resistance. Gina with Maddie's cockhead wedged in her slit bounced a few times before violently dropping down. A strange sound from Gina as her hymen gave

way. Her up and down movements became rhythmic as Maddie's hips moved in time to her own.

As Gina's orgasm began she pulled Maddie to a sitting position and kissed her trannie lover as they both began to scream. Maddie bucked wildly as they both came with an intensity they never dreamed possible.

They lay back in each other's arms, their mouths together in post orgasm ecstasy.

Joanne dressed quickly in order to meet Mitchell on time. She was determined to show him that as well as prove to herself that her determination to shed her façade was real, that she would no longer keep her friends waiting for unbearably long times. As she dressed, she wondered what her real self would be like.

Reaching into her dresser, she took out a bra and matching satin panties. Her hand rested momentarily on a long leg panty girdle. But no; she need not always be the perfectly dressed fifties girl every moment of every day. Not even a casual date; this is just meeting a friend for pizza. Not even a garter belt tonight because she didn't need nylons. Crew socks would do. She tossed the stain panties back in to the drawer and replaced them with a cotton pair in pastel green.

Joanne stepped into her panties and glanced in the mirror. She dressed hastily, spending as little time as possible admiring herself in the mirrors in her room, a narcissistic indulgence that she was still reluctant to forego. A tennis shirt and skirt were next. Neither the all but obligatory crinoline nor even a slip was part of her ensemble. After all, the skirts she so wanted from Zanne's were never worn with such folderol. But this wasn't the skirt of a free spirit. Joanne glanced in the mirror quickly, quickly lest she spend too much time in self-admiration and keep Mitchell waiting. She gasped at how the skirt fell over her firm bottom, how athletic it made her appear.

She stepped into her saddle shoes, did the laces. A simple watch and her birthstone ring were next. She grabbed a pair of earrings, threw them in a clutch purse along with a lipstick and her keys and raced down the stairs toward the front door calling to her parents that she wouldn't be late.

Mitchell was standing in front of the small Italian restaurant waiting as she hurried to him. "Wow, right to the minute," was his cheerful acknowledgment of her promptness.

Once seated inside they ordered a pizza. Mitchell reached for his cigarettes and offered one to Joanne.

"Just a sec, I need to do my lipstick."

Mitch watched fascinate as Joanne applied the lipstick. "It's so neat that girls can do that stuff. I mean lipstick might be kind of easy but eye stuff. I would be afraid of blinding myself if I ever had to put that stuff on."

"Oh, it's not that bad. Takes a little practice, that's all. Most girls have an older sister or friend or someone to help them in the beginning." She studied Mitchell carefully before she continued. Say, he'd be beautiful if he ever used makeup, let his hair grow out or wear

a wig. That would be such a turn-on. A peculiar feeling between her legs made her press her thighs together as she contemplated what Mitchell would look like as a girl. She wondered if she could ever convince him to let her do his face as a girl might.

“You know you can come over to my house after we eat and I can show you how I do it; put on my makeup I mean. My folks are going out so there’s no problem if you come up to my room.”

“Yeah, maybe. We got together because you wanted to talk about stuff.”

They were open and frank as they nibbled the pizza. Mitchell, still attracted to Joanne despite his new crush on Lonnie, volunteered to negotiate with Madison and Gina to give her another chance to redeem herself in their eyes. Mitchell paused in mid sentence as a look of discovery lit up Joanne’s face.

“Mitchell, tell me the truth, that was Madison in that store. He was the girl who gave me such a hard time.” A sheepish look was all the response she got from Mitchell.

Joanne reached across the table and put her hand over Mitchell’s fingers. Somehow she tucked his finger under her hand and applied pressure.

“Hey, that hurts.”

“It’s going to hurt a lot more unless you tell me answer my question.”

“Come on, Joanne. You’re hurting me! Even if you’re right, it’s not my secret to give away.”

She released her grip on the youth who began rubbing his fingers. “Mitchell, you really do have strength of character. I know I’m right but I swear I won’t say anything to about Madison’s secret to anyone ever.

“You know I think I’m breaking free of that mask, as you call it. I always wanted to physically hurt a boy but I never dared to before. It wouldn’t have fit with my perfect young lady image.” Again that peculiar feeling between her legs as she squeezed her thighs together. Only this time she realized that panties were just slightly moist.

The dregs of the pizza were all that remained on the table but Joanne had become fully committed to shedding the mask, the role that her parents had imposed on her. It was, she acknowledged to herself that it was her own fault for becoming too comfortable as the prissy princess. That comfortable acceptance had absolved of having to find out who she really was.

Joanne reached opened her purse but Mitchell had already put his hand on the bill. “Mitchell, we agreed that I was going to take care of pizza. Now put your money away.”

“What if I don’t?”

“Then I’ll have to teach you a lesson. I might have to hurt you again so you better obey me.” Her twinkling smile, her playful tone did little to dispel the underlying strength of Joanne’s banter.

I couldn’t really hurt him, not if he fought back but it would so neat to try. She again pressed her thighs together.

"Sure thing, Joanne." Mitchell put his wallet back in his pocket and slid the bill across the table to Joanne.

The pair walked to Joanne's house and, after determining that they were alone, went upstairs to the Joanne's bedroom. Mitchell looked around the room with its very feminine décor. He should have felt uncomfortable but didn't. He watched Joanne seat herself at her vanity table. She patted the bench in a silent request for Mitchell to sit next to her. Was it a request or an order?

Joanne got up, freed her pony tail from its barrette and slid the tennis shirt over her head. "Don't say anything ridiculous and don't get ideas." At least not yet, she added to herself. Then she removed her skirt. She did her eye makeup in an exaggerated but vey sexy way. She turned to face Mitchell who had been studying her every move in the mirror.

"See, it's not half as difficult as you thought. You still look skeptical. Let me show you. Up, stand up and take of your shirt."

As if in a dream, Mitchell obeyed. Joanne's hands were at his belt buckle, undoing his zipper. He kicked off his shoes, allowed his jeans to fall to his ankles, and stepped out of them.

Joanne nuzzled his belly, ran her finger tips over the underpants that were more like a girl's panties as they were like a boy's briefs. "Umm, so sexy," she purred.

"They make me feel sexy, too. Got them near Zanne's."

"Then we'll have to shop there again." Again Joanne patted the bench. Mitchell sat as she directed. She got up, stood between him and the mirror blocking him from seeing himself.

"It really isn't bad at all," acknowledged Mitchell as she slowly applied makeup to his eyes, to his lips.

"Not bad at all, and well worth the trouble. You'll see what I mean when we're done. Now turn way from the mirror. I don't want you to see yourself until I do your hair."

Joanne covered a comb with hairspray and fussed with Mitchell's hair.

"Okay to look."

Mitchell stared at his reflection in disbelief. It was as if the face of a beautiful girl had been transplanted onto his body, a body so hairless that it might have been that of an athletic girl with a very flat chest.

Joanne took his hand, raised him to his feet. Her fingers touched his nipple causing him to shiver with this very unfamiliar but very pleasant sensation. Her hand was behind his head guiding his mouth to hers. He felt her hands cupping his bottom as her tongue drove deep into his mouth. Joanne released him long enough to unhook her bra. Then they were on the floor exploring every inch of each other's body with eyes, with fingers, with lips.

Each slid the other's panties down their legs to be kicked aside. Joanne grasped his cock, her face so close to it that he felt the tickle of her warm breath on his cock and on his balls. She spread her legs and scissored his head. He needed no further hint to taste her juices to, plunge his tongue into her cunt. They came all too soon.

Joanne studied Mitchell, took him by the hand and him into the bathroom. He sat on the closed lid of the toilet as she applied cold cream to his face. "Oh, Mitchell, it's seems so wrong to remove your makeup. You're a real beauty with it on. But I pity you if any of the guys you hang out with saw you like this. Might be different where we were today but unfortunately we're stuck here until we can get out on our own and that might not be for a few more years."

"I don't know if you're right about getting by with this where we were today: a few places were closing early, places that might cater to...to you know what I mean." Mitchell paused and took a breath as Joanne wiped away the cold cream leaving his face bare of makeup. "Joanne, I want you to do one thing for me. Promise me you'll do it. Teach me how to do my makeup by myself."

"Mitchell, I promise but I'm asking you to let me show you how to dress as a girl, not just in skirts and dresses but totally, totally as girl."

"Joanne, you're on."

She led the way as they walked back into her bedroom. Mitchell's eyes drifted up and down as he studied every movement, every ripple every wave of her surprisingly muscular body as she moved catlike in front of him.

Mitchell stepped into his panty-like underpants as Joanne raised her panties to eye level and turned them so that the rear faced her. She slid them over her legs and thighs then, turning from Mitchell to offer him a view that was half profile, half rear, hooked her thumbs under the leg openings and adjusted them over her bottom. "Learning that little gesture is a must," she said to the enthralled boy. "It really turns head on the beach. I'm sure so many of you boys are all bothered by seeing a girl snap her swim suit bottom over her tush, especially when it's a girl you know you'll never touch."

He nodded partly in agreement, partly in submission. He was fascinated as she leaned forward to settle her breasts in the cups of her bra.

"I'm really going to enjoy teaching you how to do that."

"And I'm going being taught by you."

"Oh, dear. I see you're starting to...and so soon after cumming like you did. Get up and let me take care of you."

Mitchell rose and then doubled over as she playfully slapped his balls.

"That felt so good," she confessed. "I've wanted to do something like that for so long."

"Yeah, me also."

"Maybe we should both take up judo, unarmed self defense. It would be great fun to work over guys we meet. And just think of how good it'll feel when we practice on each other."

The phone interrupted their unusual conversation. "I better get it. Might be my parents checking up on me."

"Hello," and then Joanne waited as she listened to the caller. "Sure, Gina. You've got the right number. This is Joanne... Mitchell's here. Of course you can speak to him."

She turned to Mitchell as she covered the mouthpiece with hand.

"It's Gina. She's at Maddie's. They're both okay but she says something terrible has happened and she thinks you would want to know right off."

"Well as long as their both okay." He took the phone from Joanne.

"You say they won't let anybody see him... That bad.... But why? For no reason except for being what he is... You're gonna stay at Maddie's. You told you're folks?... I'll call you there in the morning before I go over to Maddie's."

He hung up the phone and turned to Joanne.

"It's this guy, more like a girl really. He's at this dance school Gina's trying to get into. Anyhow, he was beaten up on the street a few hours ago. Three maybe four guys threw him down the subway stairs, put him in the hospital. Lonnie, that's his name, may not make it."

"I was about to ask you why Gina thought you would want to know right off but I can see that this Lonnie person really might become special to you." She opened her arms to Mitchell and hugged him in gentle consolation.

Mitchell quickly pulled himself together and smiled at Joanne. "Thanks for caring about me and my feelings. It's not just that some kid gets put in the hospital because a bunch of shits; oh sorry. You know what I mean. Poor Lonnie must've thought he was safe around there. I guess no place is safe for guys like him. There's really nothing that can change that."

He looked at Joanne whose eyes were filling with tears. "I'm not going to cry. It's just that I never suspected that you were so caring. Mitchell, you really are wonderful. But you're wrong about one thing and that's that you can't change things."

"You want to go for a walk? I think we both need some air."

They walked hand in hand and somehow their arms were around each other's waist. It felt right, so right that they might never want to let go.

"Mitchell, when you go Maddie's tomorrow I want to go with you, to give you support. And if you go to see Lonnie at the hospital... I can get my parents to let me drive."

"Funny you ask. I was just about to ask you to come with me."

"Only two visitors at a time. Now what do we do?" Mitchell sounded disgusted.

Gina paused. "Mitchell, why would that be a problem? You and I are the only ones here who ever met Lonnie. There's no reason for Maddie or Joanne to meet him now, not

when he's...Say, if he was jumped and put in the hospital shouldn't there be a cop there to take a statement or something when he comes to? Something's fishy here."

Gina motioned to Mitchell to come with her. There was indeed more than one police officer standing around Lonnie's bed.

"Looks like you got a couple of visitors, kiddo." The plainclothes officer nodded toward Gina and Mitchell. Then he turned his attention back to Lonnie. "Listen to me, now. You're not in any kind of trouble with us although some cops would run you in and make things very unpleasant for you. But I say live and let live so long as no one's a victim. So now there's no ongoing investigation, no report other than an accident report. One thing you gotta promise me. Learn how to walk in high heels before you go falling down concrete subway steps again and really break your neck." He handed Lonnie a black patent leather pump with a broken heel. He paused and continued on. "Now don't thank me, thank the uniformed patrolmen who noticed how badly damaged your shoe is."

The detective motioned to Gina and Mitchell to join him outside the room leaving the uniformed patrolman to make small talk with Lonnie.

"Listen to me, you two. Your friend is lucky, lucky she, he wasn't seriously hurt and that there's no assault investigation. The problem for harmless kids like him is when they get beaten up and we nab the assailants the defense claims that the victim was coming on to the shits who did the beating so they reacted as any 'real man' would. Baloney! Those types don't know bupkes about what it is to be a real man. I'm glad it turns out to be an accident this time. (Bupkes= A Yiddish word, once popular among Jews & non-Jews in New York City, meaning zero but used in slang to mean 'goat droppings'.) I would hate to see a nice kid like that put through cross examination by some slick defense lawyer.

"Take care of him; and you, girlie, help him learn to walk in heels without breaking his neck. Okay, since this is no longer a police matter, I'm leaving and you, my young friend are free to go on with your life as soon as the medical types say you can leave."

Lonnie was soon left to rest with the promise from the resident that he would be discharged the next morning. The four high school friends congregated in front of the hospital. A man approached as the quartet was lighting up. Maddie stiffened noticeably as he started to walk toward the group. "I kind of know him," she said softly. "He's noticed me around, leers at me every chance he gets but as far as I know he's only seen me dressed in boy clothes."

"Just be who you are," whispered Joanne. "Don't forget how great you are at being a girl in Zanne's."

Madison smiled confidently as she mouthed 'thank you' to Joanne. A gentle gust of wind ruffled her skirt just enough to allow the boy/girl to demonstrate her femme style by holding down the soft fabric before any glimpse of upper leg was revealed. The man's eyes lowered for a brief second but it was long enough for the foursome to know that Madison's classically girlish gesture had not been wasted on the approaching stranger.

The stranger took something from his jacket pocket. He glanced over his shoulder before showing them a police shield (badge).

. “This isn’t official business at all so you can relax. It’s just that I’m sure I’ve seen you around somewhere.” He was addressing himself to Madison.

“Perhaps you have, officer. I’m sure we both get around so there are lots of places where you might have seen me. Where do you think it might be that you’ve seen me? I’m certain we’ve never really met.”

“No, no. I would remember someone like you; I mean as good looking as you if we ever met. I’m going off duty so why don’t we meet for coffee or something.”

“Don’t take offense but my mother would never approve of me having coffee with an older man to whom I haven’t been properly introduced.”

“Sure. We’ll run into each other again. Might be we’ll get a proper introduction. See you later, sister.” He seemed to look right through Maddie as if he willed his eyes to burn a hole through the trannie.

“Wow, Maddie! That took some guts. That guy is scary.” Gina looked truly impressed by the brush-off Madison had given the cop.

“It would have been a lot gutsier to take him up on his invitation. Coffee or something! That or ‘something’ would’ve turned out to be more than just scary.” Madison breathed rapidly with the belated realization that she had made a dangerous and unforgiving enemy.

Mitchell tapped Madison in a gesture asking her to lag behind Joanna and Gina as they walked way from the hospital entrance. Mitchell never got make the offer to protect Maddie that he had planned to make.

“Oh, stop looking at me like that. Like I told you when I was offering to teach you to dance; I’m not nearly as helpless as you might think.”

“Yeah, but that guy’s no cop. He flashed his badge too fast. No one got a look at it. I know a phony when I see one.”

The next afternoon, Monday, Madison returned home from school and shed her boy clothes before going for a walk through the district. She mentally planned a casual ensemble that would allow her to feel femme while allowing a casual observer to interpret according to their own mindset whether they were looking at a boy or a girl.

The incident with what Mitchell insisted was a phony cop on Sunday had left her with a creepy feeling. She knew she had the natural gifts to pass as a boy or a girl. Maddie was undeniably more comfortable in what she considered her “nature,” her natural role which was as a girl with a penis. She was convinced that the cop was dangerous and wouldn’t hesitate to harm her. An arrest for being dressed in the clothing of the opposite sex was a distinct and unpleasant possibility. Most cops around the district wouldn’t harass a femme boy even if he were in full girl gear. But this cop was an unknown quantity. He had seen Maddie as a girl and thought she looked familiar. Of course she looked familiar although this so called cop had never seen her in totally femme attire. No sense taking unnecessary

risks she reasoned but there was no way that this creep of a cop was going to keep her from being a girl even if for now she would have to be a girl who dresses boyishly.

Maddie stripped to the buff, donned white cotton panty briefs before sitting at her vanity table and brushing her hair. Each stroke was delivered firmly, aggressively. After moistening a comb with hair spray, she created side swept, flirtatious bangs. The bangs might be seen as the deliberately created by a coquettish girl or they might be seen as the wind mussed hair of a boy.

Maddie smiled at the effect. It was what she wanted, a look that expressed her indefinable essence. She dared not wear a bra, at least not until she felt safer from the bizarre attentions of the cop. A flat knit, close fitting cotton camisole, one that, if seen in outline under a blouse or sweater, could be mistaken for a boy's undershirt would be ideal. Nothing she had would work. Suzanne! Yes, Suzanne would know what to do.

White cotton Bermudas, crew socks and sneakers with a blue cotton tennis shirt was all she needed or dared to wear considering that awful man would be watching for her. No matter; she would face him when they met. No one was going to frighten her out of being what she was meant to be.

Rob scanned the empty café, checked the wall clock in the kitchen and glanced at her fine gold wrist watch. Over an hour to opening yet the tapping at the door persisted. Can't they read? I'd better shoo whoever it is away or that tapping is going to drive me nuts. She peeked through the shade over the door, opened it just a bit. "We don't open until eleven."

One of the men flashed a gold shield at her. Detectives! Better talk to them. Play naïve. But what can they want? "Please come in, officer."

"Thank you, miss." There had been an almost imperceptible pause before he said "miss." That pause let Rob know the detective at least suspected that there was a dick concealed in Rob's panties. "We need your help. Seeing as how a lot of locals come in here you might hear things on account of friends in common, similar interests. I promise we won't ask you to snitch on your friends. Can we sit down and talk?"

Rob, incredulous and intimidated at first, realized, as they introduced themselves, that the detectives were each well-disposed toward the trannie set in the district.

"What can you tell me about Alonso Prior, the dance student who got hurt Saturday night? Do you know who I'm talking about?"

"Sure, officer, I know Alonso as Lonnie but I can't tell you what really happened to her on Saturday night except what I heard from the grapevine."

"We understand. Do you recognize this man?"

She studied the picture and nodded. I'm pretty sure I've seen him around. Not a regular customer though."

"He may be posing as a cop but he's a fake. Anyhow this freak likes to flirt with some of the girls around the district. You know what I mean by girls."

"Yes, I do." There was something so matter of fact and accepting in the detective's use of the word "girls" in reference to the trannies of the district that Rob relaxed, crossed her legs carefully resting one thigh closely over the other in a clearly femme manner. Her totally unaffected and feminine movement caught the eye of the younger detective.

"Tell me; have you seen him around Lonnie? Did he ever make a pass at her that you can recall?"

"Now that you mention it, yes, I have."

He named a couple of other girls that she was able to confirm had been targets of this fake cop's amorous advances.

"Oh, I get it. All of them have been hurt, somehow had an accident! You think he does it to them?"

He nodded. "Our sources tell us that he was turned down by a high school kid, a girl like you. Name is Maddie or Madison. Lives around here."

Rob had to keep from smiling at the slight blush that appeared on the younger detective's face as his partner said "a girl like you."

"Yes, of course. That's Madison. Her nickname is Maddie. I'm not sure where she lives, though."

"Just give us a general idea. If she comes in here, don't let her leave. We'll check by from time to time. Here's my card if you need to reach me later on."

"Oh, I remember. She works part time at a place called Zanne's. The owner's named Suzanne."

"We'll check it out. Thanks. You've been a real help."

"Be with you in half a minute, lieutenant." The senior detective allowed his partner to lag behind. "Rob, this is new to me, but would it be all right if I stopped to make sure you're okay."

"That's awfully thoughtful of you. Yes, that would make me feel ever so much more secure."

Their eyes met as each expected a kiss. That might have happened but for the voice of the senior detective. "Break it up, you two. Get a move on, Pete. We've got a critical situation to deal with."

While Rob and the detective were being thwarted from having their first kiss, Maddie was walking toward Zanne's. She tried not to call attention to herself by hurrying yet she felt an impending sense of danger as she moved through the streets of the district. Mondays were always a day of light pedestrian traffic as many businesses stayed closed after the busy weekend. The sparsely populated streets made her feel vulnerable, a sense of vul-

nerability that grew as she dwelled on the mad expression that had so intimidated when that horrible man asked her to join him "for coffee or something."

At the same time as Maddie was trying to remain calm as she made her way toward Zanne's Joanne was phoning Mitchell.

"Mitch, I have an awful feeling that something terrible might happen to Maddie. That creepy cop yesterday...I'd feel a lot better if we went over to her house and kept her company until her mom gets home. I'll take my folks car and pick you up. Oh and call Gina to come with us. And don't call Maddie because she'll only tell us she can take care of herself. Maybe she can but not against Officer Creepy."

"Good thinking. You're on."

Joanne pulled into the driveway of Maddie's house and parked in front of the detached garage. There was a sense of shock as they saw that the rear had been broken open.

"Wait here quietly," whispered Joanne. She opened the trunk of the car, took out a jack handle and a tire iron before returning to her two friends.

Thus armed, they entered the house which turned out to be empty. As they discussed whether to phone the police and have to explain why they were in a house that had been broken into, Gina noticed a piece a pad on the kitchen next to the phone. The top page was blank but bore the indentation of what had been written on the previous page.

Hi, Mommy.

Going to Zanne's for some dressing advice.

I love you no matter what.

Maddie

"Shit!" exclaimed Joanne.

Mitchell and Gina looked at her in shock. They had never dreamed that the perfect Joanne could say shit under nay circumstances.

""Stop gawking and let's get a move. No doubt Officer Creepy broke in and is on his way to get back at Maddie. We've got to hustle."

Maddie made her way to the side street leading to Zanne's backdoor. A nervous glance in both directions showed only a few ordinary looking passersby. She turned down the al-

leyway and walked briskly toward her destination scanning the closed doors and trashed cans that punctuated the hundred or so yards to Zanne's and safety.

A sound behind her caused her to whirl around. A trash can cover narrowly missed her head as she dropped to the ground. He was standing over her. She shrieked, not of fear but to let anyone in earshot know that a girl was in trouble.

Stay down, she told herself. He'll rush you when you're off balance if you try to get up now. That's it, gloat you bastard. Gloat while you can.

Her sneaker made contact with his ankle! He staggered back as she kept up the barrage of kicks at his ankles. Her attacker stepped closer to her in an attempt to evade her feet. Now he was standing over her, straddling her like a colossus. She drew her knee to her chest and shot her foot into his crotch. He brought his hands to his injured balls and collapsed to his knees.

Maddie was on her feet in flash. Instinct told her to run but she knew she must finish him off. To flee too soon would be to allow him to pursue her, perhaps even to claim that she had attacked him, him a police officer. No, that couldn't be allowed.

Maddie steadied him by his ears and smashed her knee against his face. He fell backwards as blood spurted from his broken nose.

The trannie's facial expression quickly went from triumphal to fearful as her bleeding adversary reached under his jacket. Oh, God! His gun! He's going to kill me.

Darting against the alley wall, she half shoved, half threw a garbage can at him, hitting him on his shoulder and face. Again she followed up her advantage by rushing at him and stomping on his hand. The pistol slid out of his reach giving her a clear edge over the fallen, bleeding man.

Her instincts told her that she could not relent lest he regain his pistol and begin firing. That she had worn sneakers made her kicks less effective than they would have been had she worn saddle shoes or penny loafers. A volley of kicks to his ribs and head assured her continuing her advantage over her assailant, an assailant who had attacked so many girls like her.

Years of anger at having been teased and tormented for being a sissy boy, a faggot, a fairy fueled her fury.

"Don't you dare pass out, you shit! I want you to feel every thing I'm doing to you!"

The boy/girl stepped away in order to savor her triumph over this wretched, bleeding thing who had so recently been a threat to every trannie in the district. It was enough to allow him to reach toward the pistol but in his dazed state he was unable to grasp it. Despite her apparent advantage, the trannie was scared that he might yet get his hand on the loose gun which was to his side away from Madison. If she were to simply flee back to the street, he might be able to grab the gun and fire at her but if she tried to retrieve it herself she would have to put herself between her opponent and the dead end of the alley.

How badly hurt is he? Do I have a chance if he grabs me? Get that gun, yes.

She swerved out of reach as she moved toward the gun. Kneeling down to reach it put her off balance for only a fraction of a second yet it was enough for him to get to one knee

and push her onto her back. She smashed the gun against his face and threw it as far as she could. He was again dazed but not out of it. His hands went for Madison's throat. Her fingers with their girlishly long nails tore his face, damaged his eyes. She released her grasp on his eyes and drove the heel of her hand into his jaw knocking his head backwards. Again her talons were at his blinded eyes causing him to panic. He rolled onto his side in a desperate attempt to avoid the transvestite fury. His hands were on his face as he screamed out in pain and frustration.

Madison struggled to her feet with the realization that she had put him out of commission long enough to safely get out of the alley. Two uniformed patrolmen, guns drawn, appeared at the street end of the alley. Madison sprinted past them and onto the street. She was met by Gina, Joanne, and Mitchell.

The sound of shots caused her to burst into tears. It was a while before she pulled herself together and realized she was sitting in the back seat of an unmarked police car. She looked at Mitchell through the open car door and smiled. "See, I'm really not as helpless as you thought."

The following Saturday was a clear and mild spring day. The sunshine and cheerful throngs of tourist shoppers belied the violence that had so marred the start off the week. A smiling Maddie came of Zanne's and waved to her friends who were meeting her for lunch. Joanne, as usual, was late.

Gina complained to no one in particular that Joanne would doubtlessly revert to being the perfect middle class goody two-shoes she had been before her brief foray into so called friendship with Maddie, Gina and Mitchell. "That petty bourgeois bitch..."

A giggle from Maddie caused her to pause and turn in mid-sentence. Maddie pointed toward the curb. To Gina's delight Joanne was getting out of a taxi and being very blasé about showing a great deal of leg in the process.

"You were saying..." teased Maddie and Mitchell in unison.

Gina threw them a dirty look as she rushed toward the taxi and took Joanne's hand to assist her. Joanne looked up at Gina and smiled. She took the hem of her skirt in her hand and, as she started to lower it to a more modest level, raised it just far enough and long enough for Gina to catch a very fleeting glimpse of black shimmering panty-girdle.

The pair continued to hold hands as they walked to where Maddie and Mitchell watched delightedly. Gina and Joanne faced each other and kissed. Their kiss lingered as their mouths opened and their arms entwined around each other's body.

"Let's get this show on the road. My lunch break doesn't last forever."

Gina and Joanne walked ahead holding hands as Mitchell and Maddie lagged behind.

"I guess those two are an item."

"That's for sure," agreed Mitchell. "That leaves just us."

"Oh, really?" Maddie's bantered playfully. "I noticed you had eyes for Rob."

“Rob’s too old for me and besides that detective, the one called Peter is paying a lot of attention to her. Anyhow, who needs Rob when you’re available?”

“Don’t be so sure of yourself. Come Monday I won’t be available, at least not as Maddie, because then when I’ll be back to being a boy at school. Don’t forget I’m just as much a part time girl as I am a part timer at Zanne’s, at least until I finish school.”

Maddie paused, stared as if looking at a distant scene. She took a deep breath and pressed Mitchell’s hand in her own before continuing.

“I know someday I’m going to live full time as a girl. Not that I’ll ever have that operation thing, you can bet on that. My dick is a full time part of me and it’s too enjoyable to ever give up.”

“You suit me fine the way you are.”

Madison took on a very serious aspect and tone.

“But you don’t suit me fine the way you are. You don’t suit me at all. I don’t need a boyfriend who comes on to every one he meets. If it were just girls like me I might think we have a chance at being a couple but I can’t offer you a pussy and that’s what you need. Sure you’re intrigued by girls with dicks and it’s not just me. I see how you look at Lonnie.

“My mom and dad are going to try getting back together. Mom told me that we’re moving back home in a few weeks so I’ll never see you again. It’s not that I’m not grateful to you for helping me see that I can have guys as lovers, but grateful isn’t enough.”

The good-night kiss was a relief for them both. Mitch knew he was free to explore what he really needed. Maddie was probably right when she said he needed a lover with a pussy. He would call Joanne as soon as he got home. Then again, he might decide to call Lonnie. Decisions, decisions. What fun it’s going to be.

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