

# Perfecting The Art



Mardee Louise

**PRYNNE**

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# PERFECTING THE ART

**By Mardee Louise Prynne**

“Mother, please listen to me. There is no reason for you to send me off to spend the summer with Anne. Yes, of course I know Anne is a very special friend and she’s always been kind and generous to me but it’s boring. I’ll be a high school senior in September and...”

After a short pause to catch my breath I gave in to Mother but that wasn’t really the case. Even as I protested going to the out of the way New England village where Anne “summered” in the large house she had inherited from a maiden aunt, I inwardly dreaded spending even part of the summer in my neighborhood. It was just not my way to give in to Mother without being mildly bitchy at the start. Nothing could have suited me better than to get away from the local clods if only for a few weeks.

At eighteen I was always the last one picked when the boys were choosing sides for any ball game. The boys on my team “binged” me on the arm whenever I failed to come through with a hit or a catch which was most of the time. The odd thing was that while many of the boys were all in favor of keeping me out of the games entirely, there were some others boys, boys respected for their athletic prowess and all around *guyness*, who for no discernible reason insisted I be counted in. It made me feel special, in some strange way that I couldn’t possibly explain back then, when these boys went out of their way to be nice to me.

While the boys concentrated on the game as they played stickball, punch-ball and other city street and schoolyard games, I looked with envy at the girls as they played other games, games the boys had stopped playing by the time they were in seventh or eighth grade, games like box-ball, slap-ball and a game called Chinese handball or Kings. Oh, yes: there was the on-going game to see which of the girls could sidetrack a boy’s attention from the game he was playing.

When one of the girls did manage to distract a boy enough to cause him to make an error, the boy might throw her a dirty look which gave the girl a reason to walk up to him, tease him, make him blush and then turn her back on him leaving him stare in disbelief as his pals catcalled at him.

The girls almost always chose to play their games in an area of the schoolyard close to where the boys were playing. This gave the girls a chance to show off their blossoming figures clad in summer tees and short shorts. Some of the more supple girls would bend at the waist to tie their sneaker laces. This not only gave them a chance to show off their shapely and formidable

legs but, with a little practice they could tug the waistband of their shorts so that they would ride up just enough as they bent forward to reveal the edge of their cotton panties. The glimpse of white or pastel cotton would show in sharp contrast to the suntanned limbs which made this a very eye-catching performance.

The boys who noticed often averted their eyes rather than be caught staring and thus vulnerable to being teased by the girl. It was so typical of warped male egotism that the boys would actually believe they were putting something over on the girls by their secretly ogling the briefest show of unmentionables. It was the girls who were taking control by allowing these glimpses. After noticing a boy staring at whatever she would show, the girl might smile provocatively, make the boy blush, throw him off stride for the rest of the day. I not only envied the girls their concealed finery but also the power they could exert over boys and men.

Most of the boys glanced furtively at these displays with two kinds of wonder. First was the wonder of catching a peek at what were then prudishly called 'unmentionables.' The second kind of wonder was that of wondering what was really concealed under those pretty undies. I wondered too but not for the same reasons as the other boys. My wondering was over how to mimic the gracefully curved contours of the feminine groin. At home, before or after showering, I would tuck my dick and my balls between my legs in what I was certain was a reasonable approximation of the contour of a girl my age. The problem was how to walk and maintain the illusion, problem I pondered for a very long time.

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It was a few weeks before the end of the school year. It was a hot, humid afternoon as I lay on my bed with an electric fan not really cooling but at least moving the hot air around. I reached out and pulled open the drawer of my night table and took out my most recent copy of Seventeen Magazine (a fashion magazine for girls), lay back on my pillows and began to leaf through the pages. As I gazed longingly at the ads, I raised my hips and slid my Bermuda shorts down to my knees. My fingers caressed the outline of my cockhead as I fantasized about how wonderful it would feel to squeeze into one the panty girdles featured in the ads, grind my groin against my male lover's cock, to make him explode all over himself and then sneer at him, berate him for being so selfish as to cum before he satisfied me.

At this point in my fantasy my cock was hard, rampant, and oozing a drop of precum. I slipped out of my room although I wondered even at that moment why I was being so stealthy when no one else was home. Opening the laundry hamper in Mother's bathroom did not disappoint in the least. At the very top of the pile of dainty feminine things was a pair of lavender nylon panties with tiny loops at the leg bands; just the thing I need at that instant.

My disgustingly thick, coarse boy briefs were discarded and I was able to savor every second of this realization of my dreams as I stepped into the panties and drew them over my thighs. Of course, my quivering hands and my intense hard-on prevented me from even beginning to achieve the illusion of femininity that I so desperately needed to accomplish. That mat-

tered little at that exciting moment as I managed to rush back to my room and lie down.



The sensation of my fingers fluttering over my cock, of discovering that ever so sensitive and responsive spot between my balls and my hole had my cock throbbing added maddeningly to my arousal. I grasped my balls in my left hand and began to milk them as I stroked my cock. A roar of ecstasy as my orgasm intensified spewing wave after wave of cum over my belly and my chest. To my chagrin, Mother's panties did not escape the shower of cum.

Taking a tissue from the box on my night table was all well and good as far as wiping the cum from my belly and chest but did nothing to solve the problem of preventing Mother's cum spotted panties from becoming permanently stained. Well, I reasoned, they can be rinsed in the sink and air dried behind the shower curtain in my bathroom.

This whole episode left me exhausted, both physically and emotionally. Even then, as a callow child, I knew that the feeling of panties was something I would have to relive every single day for the rest of my life. Mother's things would only work for just so long. The problem would be how to go about getting my own wardrobe of intimate apparel and how to keep it a secret from Mother.

A cold shower was a more immediate need. I needed to be sure there would be no trace of a telltale scent of sex albeit auto-sex left to betray me to Mother. The shower would also make me more fully awake so that I would not fall asleep before Mother came home to find her purloined panties still soaked with her sissy son's cum. It wasn't that Mother ever remarked on me being so effeminate, at least not when I was within earshot but of course she knew. However accepting and non-judgmental she appeared, it was certain that what

I had just done with her panties would be unacceptable at best.

The shower was slow, even sensual as I caressed my smooth skin with cosmetic soap, shampooed my longish brown hair; long at least for a boy the nineteen fifties. Once out of the shower, I toweled dry and smiled at having been blessed with no superfluous body hair. A smirk played across my mouth as I recalled feeling upset when I hadn't yet developed even the slightest hint of down on my upper lip when not only the boys my age but even younger boys were already shaving. Our doctor said there was no reason for concern but suggested we see an endocrinologist. It went no further than the first visit.

Now, instead of being distressed I rejoiced at no having need to scrape my face. My underarms had a bit of dark hair but that was okay because girls were like that too. My chest and tummy had no hair at all. A few girls had recently told me they wished their legs were as smooth as mine and I really believe they weren't teasing me. I was no longer ambivalent over not having developed those so called secondary characteristics in which most of the revolting goons in school and the neighborhood gloried. There was, to be sure, my pubic hair but, like underarms, it was a trait I shared with girls.

Having known the feeling of being caressed while clad in panties had instantly liberated my desire to pass myself off as a girl and I was determined to begin practicing this instant. I cleared the bathroom mirror, reached for a comb and brush and began experimenting with hairstyles.

The heart shaped variation of the pageboy was first. With subdued makeup, this could help be a convincing

coed. Next the pixie cut with side swept bangs gave me a playfully artsy free spirit look. A ponytail would work but that would be suicidal living in this neighborhood where no boy dared wear long enough. That applied to any variation of the page boy, too. It would have to be the impish pixie cut for now.

I was jarred at the sound of Mother's voice calling to me from the hallway! "Just getting out of the shower, Mother," I answered. "You're home early. Is everything okay?"

"Yes, darling. I saw you weren't in your room and I didn't hear any water running so I called you to see where you were."

I froze at the realization she could not have missed seeing the panties which I had left on the floor of my room! Perhaps I could distract Mother while I kicked her panties under my bed. The hall was empty which gave rise to the faint hope that Mother might have gone to her room or was in the kitchen. No such luck. She had seated herself in the chair in my room with her legs crossed comfortably and a smile on her face.

"Doll baby, I have some absolutely glorious news for you. First of all,

I've been offered a very substantial sum of money for this drafty old house which means no more worries about tenants or repairs. This firm wants to buy up this whole block and build an apartment complex. With the cash we can buy a condo apartment in one of the converted buildings in the Heights. Maybe even a duplex.

"You'll be free of all the teasing, just free to be you without fear of those bullies. You can go to nursing school or become a bookkeeper or a stenographer. Whatever you need to be you is fine."

"That's wonderful, Mother! Maybe I should reconsider college." I began to fight back the tears that were about to erupt. "Thank you for understanding what pathetic misfit I am around here and for putting up with me being such a spiteful brat over spending the summer with Anne." I was crying now, but I wasn't at all sure over what. God, I needed to get away from most of the kids around here but there were a few I wanted to get back at and a few I would have liked to have gotten close to, really close. None of that was worth staying around hoping for it to happen.

Mother was cradling me in her arms now with my head resting on her thighs, my thumb in my mouth. She hummed as she ran her fingers through my hair.

"You've such beautiful hair. Wasted on a boy was what people have always said to me. They often mistook you for a girl."

"It still happens," I said without bothering to take my thumb from my mouth. "Lots of the boys tease me by saying I should have been a girl."

"Doll baby, the people in our new area are more appreciative of beauty in any form so I'm sure you won't be an outsider."

"Mother, are you just trying to make me feel better?"

"Of course I am but that doesn't mean what I'm saying is untrue."

I stopped my crying as I began to think about what moving away from this neighborhood I so truly despised might mean. As strange as I was made to feel, I never had to concern myself with physical harm. I had read in the tabloids about boys and young men who were severely beaten, even killed in parts of the city

where they congregated and should have been safe. Sure, Mother had implied I could be as femme as I liked in the Yardds but if I were to pass myself off as a girl and managed to attract a guy who might have been so nearsighted as to see me as a girl, what then? Sooner or later we'd make out to the point where he would discover that the gift in my panties he so sought after was not at what he expected. That would be curtains for me. Thanks, but no thanks.

Around here I knew how far to go in my flirting with boys who treated it and me as some kind of weirdo to be tolerated or pitied and, at times, protected. It was as if I was some so of local freak but at least I knew the ground rules.

"Oh, Mommy! I don't want to leave my friends..."

"Doll baby, do you realize how long it's been since you called me 'Mommy'?" She paused stroked my forehead, brushing my hair away from my face as she did so. "Just don't think for a moment that any of those awful boys and girls is a friend to you. At best, they only tolerate you. They certainly don't respect you and likely never will."

A cold chill ran through me as Mother reminded of what I really knew in my heart was true. Yet I was willing to be tolerated just for some contact with kids my own age. It was at that instant that I resolved to demand the respect that had been denied me and to have it on my own terms. And somehow I knew that I would find the resources to humiliate any boy or girl who got in my way.

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The next day I got a letter from Cousin Anne suggesting I buy whatever clothing I would like to have for the summer visit. Enclosed was a very generous check, so generous that I could outfit myself completely for almost any occasion that might arise during the summer. The letter went on to urge me to give in to any impulse no matter how silly it seemed while at home on the city. Surely, she promised, these things would be so much fun during the impending summer visit. Perhaps it might be simpler to have some things sent to the cottage rather than taking them home and then having to take them up with me on the train. Reading between the lines, I knew she meant for me to pursue my fantasies of dressing as a girl. Just as I started to wonder how I could, as a boy, shop for young ladies attire without being laughed out of the shops, I turned the page to read that Anne anticipated the problem and recommended several boutiques that would accommodate me on her recommendation. All I need do would be to tell them that I'm the protégé of Anne.

At this point my hands were shaking in anticipation when Anne mentioned a more immediate prospect. She recommended that I get used to wearing feminine underthings; "just panties and panty girdles for now" but that prospect thrilled me with hope. Her letter went on to suggest "Let's keep this our little secret for now. We can surprise Mother later on." This air of conspiracy heightened the thrill I was already feeling.

That Saturday I started my summer shopping. I came home with several packs of everyday cotton panties, two pair of Van Raalte nylon briefs, a blue

brief panty girdle, and two pair of androgynously styled Jamaica shorts. Overwhelmed as I was by my success in this very basic foray, I decided to go home and continue the shopping spree the following weekend.

By the next morning, Sunday, I was ready to put the first step of my plan to be become a more assertive, more dominant personality into effect.

I slipped onto white cotton panties, crew socks a dark blue tee. Then I styled my hair in a femme style with side swept bangs. Last of all, I donned my brand new white Jamaica shorts with a plaid belt. I knelt in front of the full length mirror as I knelt to tie my tennis sneakers. The effect was what I had hoped for! The outline of my panty hem was very visible through the white shorts as they pulled tautly across my tush. Truly eye-catching!

Phil, who had always been friendly and accepting toward me, was the only kid at the athletic field when I arrived. He was pitching a tennis ball against the wall. With my hip cocked at a girlish angle, I smiled at him and waved. To my delight, he waved back after a quick glance around the fields to make sure no one would see him responding to the seemingly flirtatious behavior of a pretty boy. At least that's how I hoped he saw me; a pretty boy who could be a very attractive and ultimately satisfying girl. That would be determines in the next few minutes before too many others showed up at the ball fields. Then it occurred to me that no self-respecting girl or boy for that matter would show up at the ball field before 10:30 or 11:00 on a Sunday morning less someone get the idea their Saturday night had not gone well.

At that instant it was impossible for me to keep the wry smile off my face. Phil, although attractive with his regular features and dark eyes, his slim athletic body which gave him the look of the scholar athlete he was rarely took more than a casually friendly interest in girls, his explanation being that he had to work hard to maintain the average he needed to earn a full scholarship to a good college. It wasn't that his family was poor but they wanted him to go directly into the family business. But was that really the case? He did show a friendly interest in me which, had he been less of a star athlete, would have made him suspect. Things were suddenly looking up.

It was up to me to distract Phil enough to lure him close enough to me so I could make him forget that I was a pussy-boy and not a real girl. Fat chance thought I.

I sat on a nearby bench, crossed my legs and draped my arms over the back of the bench. Phil was throwing sidelong glances at me. Closing my eyes, I tilted my face toward the sun as if trying to hurry along a suntan. The sound of the tennis ball hitting the concrete wall slowed. Peeking from under my barely open eyelids I that Phil unabashedly looking at me in between pitches. I stirred languidly and then stretched my arms up and out.

I smiled at Phil and then wrapped my arms around my knees. Phil half smiled, half blushed and resumed his pitching practice.

After a few more pitches I called to him. "Gosh, Phil, you throw so hard. Maybe you better rest your arm before you get it all Charlie Hosed."

'Yeah, maybe you're right. Say Sheldon, okay if I sit down on the bench with you.'

“Suit yourself,” I answered with an air of indifference. Then I added “Not that I mind in the least.”

As he sat down close to me, but not too close I asked, “But aren’t you afraid of what being seen sitting near the pussy-boy faggot will do to your reputation around school?”

“First of all, you shouldn’t be talking about yourself like that. You’re okay with me, just a little different, that’s all. And I really don’t give a shit about what all those Ivy League types think anyway and neither should you.”

It was pretty obvious he was pissed off about something. His hands were now resting palms down on the bench. I placed my hand next to his so that they barely touched; just close enough that he could tell it was there. The ball he had been throwing rolled off the bench with a little help from yours truly. “Let me get it,” I announced as I jumped up after it. Of course that gave me the opportunity to kneel down so that the outline of my panties became very visible. I turned my head toward Phil and smiled warmly when I saw he was studying my panty-lines. Much to my satisfaction, he didn’t look away when I caught him eyeing my panty clad tush. Neither was he looking at me in disgust. I flipped the ball to him as I got to my feet.

“Phil, maybe you could show me how to throw like a boy. They all say I throw like a girl.”

“Sure I will, Shel. But only if you want to learn how for yourself and not on account of those creeps who bug you.”

“Phil, I swear it’s just ‘cause I want you to teach me.”

It wasn't my intent but Phil actually did get me started on throwing like a boy. I had been putting my dominant side leg forward as I threw but he showed me how to step forward with the opposite leg. Of course I made sure my tee came loose from my Jamaica shorts as we had our little lesson.

Every so often Phil; would look around, take a deep breath and stand slightly behind me to adjust my throwing stance. I had seen a number of boys use this "instructional" method to get close to girls they really liked or just had the *hots* for. I felt a strange but not at all unpleasant sensation in the pit of my stomach as I became more and more convinced that Phil had some sort of crush on me!

Time to put that theory to the test. If he really likes me, he won't move away. If he feels otherwise...That's a chance I'm willing to take.

I asked him to show me how to position my hand and my arm which necessitated him standing next to and slightly behind me. As he adjusted my arm and guided me through a slow motion throw, I managed to brush the front of his jeans with my hip. Phil didn't really pull away so I caught his eye and smiled ever so slightly. My next move was to shift my stance that my tush was inches from the fly of his jeans. As he guided me into a real throwing sequence, I stopped short so that he couldn't help bumping my bottom with his crotch.

"Oh, gee! I'm sorry, Shel. I really didn't mean for that to happen."

"But I really did mean for that to happen." I parted my lips and ran the tip of my tongue over my front teeth, a response which caused Phil to blush a bright shade of crimson. "Come on, Phil. Let's play ball, I

cried out and grabbed the tennis ball from him and turned to throw it at the wall at the same time being careful to flick my finger tips over the front of his jeans.

Phil once again took a quick look around to make sure no one could really see us. Then he ran to my far side letting his hand brush over my tush. Most guys would have smacked me by now or at the very least threatened me if I didn't get away from them. Phil might well have been teasing me but I didn't think so. Wishful thinking on my part? Maybe. I was going to really put it to the test then and there.

Phil and I began a *game* in which he threw the ball against the wall and I caught it as it came off the wall. Then I would throw and he would catch it. I kept speeding up the pace of my throwing even though Phil, who wanted to take it easy with me, did not. Next step was to make Phil run for the ball by throwing at crazy angles. That did it! He threw hard and fast which gave me the perfect excuse to plead thirst.

"My gosh, you've exhausted me. Phil, we have to take a break. I'm just so thirsty running around like this. It's so new to me."

"Sure. Shel. There's a water fountain under the grandstand."

I bent over as I drank making sure my tee rode up to reveal the waistband of my panties. I turned my head to see Phil staring at the small of my back and at what could not possibly be the waistband of a boy's briefs. He smiled as I winked at him.

"Shelley, we have to talk."

"Have I done something wrong, something to make you angry at me?"

"No, no! Nothing like that. It's just...well."

I looked up at him with what I hoped was an understanding expression.

"Phil, you can say whatever you need to, whatever you want to."

"You're okay, Shelley. Better than okay in my book. I kind of like you. Swear this stays between us."

"Swear to God and hope to die."

"I don't even know why I'm telling you this. You're probably going to tell me to get away from you, call me a pervert... Okay, here goes... I don't like girls! I mean they're okay to be around but... I can't get hard with a girl. Sure, I felt up lots of them but I can't go any further no matter how much I try, how much they try. I hide behind having to study, spend my time like this..."

"Okay, okay, Phil. Cool it, will you? One thing you don't want is for someone to hear us."

"Thanks, Shelley. You're a pal. You won't say anything about this, will you?"

"Phil, honey..." I was startled by my sudden willingness to make up a pet name for Phil. *Okay, so he's not turned on by girls. That doesn't mean he'd want to make out with a freak like me. Matter of fact, he might get really pissed off if I make a move on him.*

He sat down on the concrete floor and leaned against the wall. We were in an area a few feet below ground level and as I looked around the field I could see a few girls starting to play an inept version of tennis on the courts on the far side of the field. They didn't look familiar but at this distance and with the sun's glare I couldn't be sure.

Phil remained seated against the wall looking like a guy who might have just been dumped by his girlfriend. *What is with this guy? Is he putting me on with this not being into girl's and stuff?*

I extended my hand to him hoping I could get him to his feet. He took my hand but instead of getting up he yanked me hard so that I fell to the concrete next to him. I skinned my knee as I landed.

“OW! What did I do to deserve that, huh?”

“Just make sure what happened here, what I said here is a secret.”

“Don’t start acting like those other revolting drips, Phil. I thought you were different, that you wouldn’t bully me. It felt so good when you were helping me play ball just now. I’ll bet that stuff about not liking girls was a

bunch of baloney to make me think you might get to like me. And besides, you big jerk, do you think anyone would even listen to a pussy boy like me if I started saying things like that about you or any other big man on campus type? Just let me get out of here and do me a big favor by never being nice to me again. It hurts too much when you show your true colors.”

At this point I had worked myself into quite a state. My eyes were full of tears and my nostrils were flaring in anger. I was on my feet, my hands on my hips with the elbows turned outward. Phil was overwhelmed, perhaps even intimidated by my outburst. As for me, I was enjoying every second of my tantrum. Being a bitch was almost as much fun as wearing panties.

Phil stared at me as if he was about to punch me out.

“Go ahead and hit me, you shit! You really took me in, made me believe you thought I was okay to be around, to treat like a human being. You couldn’t hurt me any worse than you made me feel by turning on me.

Now get away from me and stay away. If you so much as come near me again, pretend to be nice to me again, I’ll claw your face...”

He opened his mouth as if to interrupt me but no sound came out. His face paled at my tirade. This tall, confident, muscular athlete was actually backing away as I inched toward him. There could be no doubt that Phil was really taken aback by my unpretended fury.

“Okay, oaky. Cool it, will you. It’s just that something happened while we were playing ball, something inside me. It scared me, okay! You made it happen, that’s why I acted like I did.”

“Phil, now it’s your turn to cool it. Just explain to me, if you can, just how something I did gave you an excuse to be so horribly nasty to me.”

“Just promise you won’t say anything to anybody, not ever.” There was no doubt that he was pleading with me. It was as if he wanted to open up but didn’t dare. I was gaining control and I wasn’t about to give it up.

“You already swore me to secrecy. Just get on with what you have to say to me.”

“Shel, you got me hot, hot like no girl ever did, ever could. At first I wasn’t sure if you’re really wearing panties even though it sure as hell looked like it when you bent over. Even before that, you were so close to me when I was showing you how to throw...I just wanted to be closer to you, so close our bodies would

touch all over. For the first time in my life I understood why nothing ever happened when I was with a girl, why I never wanted to get to first base with them. You woke me up inside and I don't know what to do about it. Truth is I'm scared."

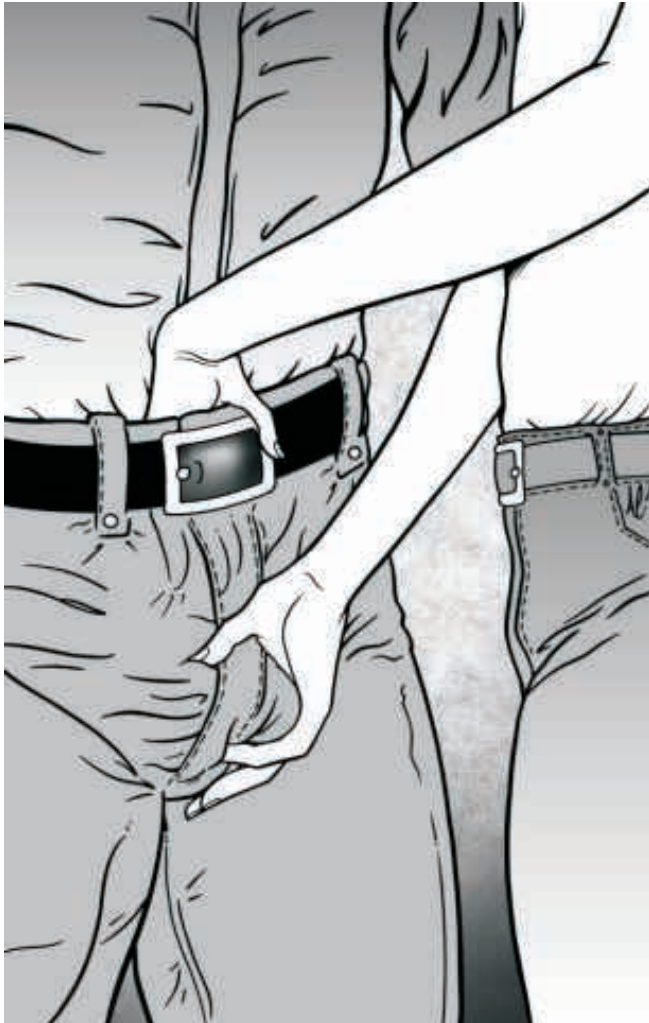
Phil was agitated, close to tears. His hands were clenched at his sides as if ready to strike out in anger at his sudden insight into what his needs might turn out to be. After a minute or two, as he began to relax, he reached out toward me and took my hand. I spoke before he did.

"Phil, this is our secret. You take some time but if you want to spend time with me to see how you really feel about kids like me, we can get together somehow. Just give it some thought first. Just don't take forever because graduation is coming up soon. I'll be away for the summer and you'll be off to college when I come back."

I thought he was about to shake my hand but instead he pulled me to him and pressed up against me. He lowered his face to mine and kissed me on the lips. My mouth opened to receive his probing tongue as his hands groped my tush.

I felt incredible power at having gotten this very desirable boy to the point where he dared to embrace me, kiss me passionately in a very public place even though it was early on a Sunday when there was little chance of anyone we knew seeing this scene. Besides that, kissing Phil as he felt up my tush was pretty neat. But suddenly all my warm feelings were overshadowed by a sense of fear. If we were seen, it was me who would be the worse for it. It would be assumed that Sheldon the pussy boy had thrown himself at Phil.

A muffled protest was the best I could manage considering that Phil had his mouth over mine. I tried to push him away which worked just long enough for him to come up for air. As much as I wanted to feel his tongue in my mouth, his stiff cock against my tummy, this just wasn't the place for it to happen. By now I was pretty hard myself but I just didn't want to risk both of us being humiliated and even beaten up.



It was time to try a different strategy; get it over with quickly by getting him off! I slipped my hand into the waist band of Phil's jeans and managed to get hold of his dick through his briefs. This elicited a loud moan from Phil which was repeated even louder when my other hand cupped his balls through his jeans. We tumbled onto a bench as Phil began to twitch and shudder as his limbs flailed wildly in the throes of a very intense but brief orgasm.

He lay back seemingly exhausted as I rose to my feet. Looking down at Phil sprawled on the bench before me with a goofy post-orgasm look on his face gave me a huge sense of power.

"That was incredible. I never came like that in my life." Having managed to get that out, he went on panting. "Where did you learn to get a guy off like that? I mean it was so fast but really wild." It was as if he was talking to a real girl who just gave him the thrill of his lifetime in a movie balcony or in a parked car. "Say, Shelley, you must be pretty experienced at this."

My response was a scornful smile as I looked at the dark stain on the front of his jeans. The tip of my tongue slipped between my lips as I shrugged my shoulders and winked at him.

"But, Phil darling, did you really want that special thrill to come from a girl, I mean a real girl with tits and a pussy or are you truly happy that it came from a pussy-boy?"

An anguished look came across his face, an expression which slowly changed to a look of anger and then hostility, hostility no doubt directed at me. I thought for sure that he was going to beat me up on the spot or maybe, if I were lucky, just punch me

once or twice. Not that I didn't deserve for rubbing it in at that moment.

"You do know you ought to be grateful to me since I just helped you discover what you really need to get off."

His facial features were set, his yes looking toward me yet seeming to see a scene a thousand miles away.

"Yeah, you're right. You showed me. Thanks for nothing."

"Oh, come off it, Phil. Getting hot over a boy one time doesn't prove a thing."

"Sorry, Shel, but you're wrong. This proves lots of things. Maybe once I get over it, I can really thank you. You really are kind of special in lots of ways. What got me so up-tight is that I let this happen where we could've been seen. You might get away with this on account of...well, you know why. But not me."

"Oh, so it's okay for Sheldon the pussy-boy to make out with a real guy in public but not okay for the guy who made out with him. So now you have some inkling of what I feel like when everybody snickers at me, laughs behind my back."

"Okay, okay. I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what, for using me for a quick thrill or for how you're acting toward me now?" I waited for his response but he just looked at me with a pleading expression on his face and then looked down at his hands."

"Phil, we were both out of control especially considering where we are right now. We need to take a breather and maybe talk later or in a day or two. For

now we ought to just consider ourselves lucky we weren't seen."

Phil nodded. "Yeah, Shelley. Let me call you tonight or something. You're in the phone book, right?"

I gave me a warm smile as I nodded. Then I pursed my lips and kissed the air. He started to blow me a kiss but thought better of it. An embarrassed smile was the best he could manage or dared to. He turned and moved quickly toward the few concrete steps that led up to ground level.

As I watched him bound up the steps something struck me as very wrong. The two girls who had been playing tennis waved to get my attention and pointed toward the side of the grandstand. Then it hit me that the shadow that should have been straight had a couple of bumps in it. More than one guy was waiting against the side of the grandstand, waiting to jump Phil!

My heart was in my mouth as I screamed to warn Phil but all that did was make him turn toward my direction just as he stepped past the edge of the grandstand. *Shit! He's in for it now and then they'll probably go after me when they're done with him. How much did they hear or see?* My survival instinct told me to flee but if I abandoned Phil that would be the end of any petting session we might have and the end of my chance to wear panties while turning on a guy who wanted to enjoy it.

Phil had one of his attackers by his shirt and was pounding his face while the other two tried to bring him down. It was evident that Phil, prevail though he might, would not come out of this unscathed. Rather than flee I ran toward the melee only to be met with a warning to 'Stay out of this, you fucking queer!'

I was furious by now and my fury drove me to fight like a wild man, or maybe a wild woman would be more accurate considering the way I fought. A few strides and then a leap landed me on this loudmouth's back.

He grabbed at my wrists as I covered his eyes with my hands. He was panicked now and alternately trying to get my hands off his face or swing ineffectual punches behind his head, punches which missed me. I slipped one hand under his chin and began pulling his head back by his hair. By now he was staggering backwards and whining wordlessly, a whine which was rising to a screech as his panic escalated. My fist now began to pummel his face. After another couple of minutes I locked both hands under his chin, threw my full weight backwards toppling him onto his butt as I managed to jump clear as he fell. I danced around him triumphantly as he struggled to get to his feet. This pathetic goon was on one knee now, in tears at being dumped by the pussy-boy.

It was time for me to enjoy this little victory, to let out some of the resentment built up in me by years of teasing, to turn this resentment into out and out aggression. His attempt to grab my leg infuriated me more. A pathetic attempt to punch me in the balls as he knelt in front of me sealed his fate. As he shook his head in disbelief, I waded in and socked him repeatedly across his face. My punches weren't very powerful, at least not back then, but the rapidity with which I was hitting him wore him down both physically and emotionally. Here was this big, supposedly tough guy being knocked around by a skinny faggot a head shorter and about fifty pounds lighter than he was.

This goon wasn't even smart enough to stay down and yell "uncle" or some other admission of being beaten. I danced out of his way as he finally got to his feet but the big clod just stood there bent forward with his hands resting on his knees. This lummoX almost certainly had enough strength to hurt me if got his hands on me in a bear hug or something like that so I wasn't about to take any chances. I circled behind him and again leapt on his back.

This time I covered his eyes with my hands and scissored my legs around his waist. Now he roared like the trapped animal he was. His panic increased as my legs tightened making it harder and harder for him to take a full breath.

It was then that I noticed Phil and the boy he was fighting with were standing staring at me and my all but defeated foe with a look of amused incredulity.

"Geez," cried his buddy who had been fighting with Phil, "you can't even take on this twerp! A lot of good you are."

"Fuck you," was the response he got. "Help me, damn it,"

My victim started lurching backwards toward the concrete side wall of the grandstand. The realization hit me that he was hoping to smash me against the wall and so knock the wind out of me. I had to time my next move just right for it to work at all. Glancing over my shoulder, I figured I had about two or three of his steps to get out of the way. As we rapidly approached the wall, I wrapped my arms loosely around his neck, swung around to his side throwing him off balance so he toppled backwards against the wall.

The back his head hit the wall with a loud crack! He slid to the ground and sat there dazed and breathless. Phil and the other boy seemed to have forgotten what it was they were fighting about, perhaps even that they were fighting at all. They were staring at the defeated boy's hard-on!

"Just look at that. He gets a real thrill out of being beaten by a pussy-boy!" I gloated. This started Phil and the boy he had been fighting with snickering, snickering which quickly turned to laughter. The laughter dissipated because it was apparent to all of us in this small accidental group that it was embarrassed laughter. The third attacker had moved far out of harm's way once I jumped the boy who still sat on the ground avoiding eye contact with his fellow attacker as well as with Phil. It seemed bizarre to me that he managed to look me in the eye with an inexplicable but certainly not at all angry expression!

An uncomfortable silence had replaced the laughter. I stepped toward the boy I had so taken by surprise wondering if I could have beaten him without the element of surprise. I extended my hand to him half expecting him to try to yank me to the ground. He smiled up at me as he took my hand and pulled himself to his feet. "Thanks," he said and then added "My name is Jay." Not knowing how to react, I simply said "Sheldon."

"Guess we're going to go now," Jay's friend remarked and they walked off as if nothing unusual happened.

After they were out of earshot, I spoke to Phil. "Good thing I got up the nerve to jump in or you could have been hurt." A second later I found out just how naïve I was.

Phil looked at me with contempt, even hatred as he snarled at me. "You think you did a good thing, don't you. You fuckin' humiliated me big time. I could have taken both of them and for your information I think Jay wanted to separate us. It'll be all over school on Monday that the pussy-boy had to save me from a beating."

"Phil, I'm sorry but I just reacted... You know you're pretty conceited when it comes down to it. Oh, and don't worry. Whatever you said to me isn't going to go any further. I wouldn't want anyone to think I might have been interested in a jerk like you, not even for one second. One more thing, though. Stay away from me, don't phone me. Just leave me alone."

I turned and walked away. By the time I was across the field, Phil caught up to me. "Shelley, I'm sorry I acted like I did to you."

I stopped in my tracks, put my hands on my hips and stared right at his face. "I told you to stay away from me. Just get out of my sight."

The two girls, strangers to both of Phil and me, paused in their game and called to me from the tennis court fence. "Is he bothering you, Miss? Do you need any help?"

Phil decided to beat a retreat as much from my rejection as from their offer to help me. As for me, they convinced me I could learn to pass as a girl without too much trouble.

I walked home feeling better about myself than I had felt for a very long time. Not only had I gotten the confidence to go outside in panties but I had awakened a longing in Phil, a longing he had denied all his life and I had beaten a bigger boy and got him hot enough to cum. Being called "Miss" by two girls who didn't

know me at all was pretty swank, the icing on a delicious cake.

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I was sitting on my bed studying when I heard the phone ring and my mother say "I'll get it." A moment later Mother tapped on my already open door and announced the call was for me.

"For you, someone named Phil. Sounds terribly polite; very awkward though. Since when are you Shelley?"

"I really don't want to speak to him. This sounds strange but please just tell him **she** is not home for you."

Mother rolled her eyes and then winked at me. "That's my girl." I wasn't at all sure whether she meant that to be supportive or sarcastic.

She returned a few minutes later looking puzzled. "I don't know what you did to that boy or why you did it. What I do know is that any real girl would give her eyeteeth to have a boy as mad about her as he is about you. Darling, he seemed so perfectly comfortable when I referred to you as a she.

He begged me to let him speak to you, swore it's not like you think. As if he knew what I think.

"The poor dear is desperately afraid of losing his friendship with you. Why not call him back in an hour or wait until he calls again later? Don't look at me like that. Dollars to donuts he'll call and keep on calling. Sweetie, you're just beginning to taste the power that comes with being a seductive young woman. You've

got the talent. Now you have to develop it into an art. Good, you understand.

“Speak to him when he calls again. Toy with him, twist him around your little finger and then break his heart. He’ll keep coming back to you like a whipped puppy. You can continue to play the game with him even as you develop the art of the *bitch*, even as you sharpen your claws!”

It was hard for me to keep a straight face as Mother looked at me after delivering this little gem of advice. “Oh, Mother,” I said sounding ever so serious. “That would be terribly nasty, nasty like the worst of those prim snobs who refuse to even kiss but I happen to know they happen to do some very strange things to each other in private.” Then I broke into a fit of giggles.

“Mommy, thank you for your sage advice. I can’t wait to put it to use.”

Mother sat on the edge of my bed and began tickling my tummy.

“Mommy, stop before I pee. Okay, you asked for it.” With that I began tickling her until we both fell off the bed. I froze as Mother’s skirt slipped above her knees. My laughter ended as I realized I was being turned on by my own mother! I scrambled to my feet and helped Mother up.

“It’s fun to be silly together every once in a while. I hope you’re serious about following my advice.”

“Oh, yes, Mother. I certainly am. And I do appreciate you’re talking to me, giving me advice like I’m really a girl. I was always so terrified that you would be ashamed of me if you found out.”

“Darling, I’ve known you were different, different and special since you were a toddler. I didn’t dare to

encourage you for fear of how you might be treated by or self-righteous neighbors if you were outwardly too much like a girl. My poor darling, it was difficult enough for you as things were. But now you can learn to get back at them. I've waited for what seems like an eternity to see you ready for this. There were times when I was afraid you would never get up the courage to do what you're now doing. You just needed a little nudge or two."

I understood now why Mother never asked me about what happened to her panties. I understood, too, that she never commented on the fashion magazines in the drawer of my night table. She had protected me and pretended not to notice my forays toward femininity. With her planned move to a more sophisticated, more open and accepting part of town, I would, along with Mother's acceptance and Cousin Anne's support my forays toward femininity would become my foray into femininity. And woe betide any hapless male who chanced to be attracted to me. Maybe not every single male; there might be a few out there who, having experienced my hidden charms would be inclined to be my lover but only if they had the resources to take very good care of me.

It was well past noon when Phil called again. He was glad I answered the phone but he was very wrong if he thought I rushed to the phone in expectation of his call.

"Oh, it's you Phil." That took him down a few pegs. "Well, I'm so kind hearted that I'll listen to what you have to say...No I wasn't doing anything special, just filing my nails. (That part happened to be true.) There's

no way I'm going to meet you for anything anywhere; not later today, not ever."

"Come on, Shelley. You can't imagine what it's like for a guy like me to wake up to what he'd been hoping wasn't true. I need to understand what there is about you that got me to act so weird."

"Come on say it, Phil. Say what you mean by acting weird. Or do you want me to say it? You were being a queer and you liked it so you're all bothered. Maybe even hot and bothered because you want more of me. Well, big guy, you're not getting anything, not after how you treated me... Don't worry. I'm not going to hang up. Let me what you have to say about your rudeness to me."

My responses to his pleas were concise, even abrupt but my well chosen words gave him hope, hope that I would reconsider and let him meet with me to try to figure out what about me forced him to give into to the urges he had been resisting for so long. Then it was time for me to stick in the knife and maybe even twist it.

"Phil, maybe you got carried away with your mixed up feelings but that does not mean I will forgive your rudeness. Sure, you'll be nice until he nest time or until one of your friends gets the wrong idea or maybe it's the right idea about you. Then what happens? You punch me out! No thanks.

"So if you need to talk this through, go to a shrink. I don't have time to waste listening to your problems. You're a big boy now so handle your own problems."

"Okay, Shelley. I was wrong. Anyhow, thanks for letting me talk to you." He started hemming and hawing, afraid to ask if he could call me again.

“Phil, are you asking if you can call me again. Well that depends. I don’t want to listen to you whine if your lucky enough for me to come to the phone. And just make sure you don’t ignore if our paths cross anywhere, not if you’re by yourself, not if your with your friends, and especially not if your with any of those awful grinds (**grind**- fifties slang for a teen who spends time studying and getting high grades) or rah-rahs (**rah-rah**- fifties slang for a cheerleader, baton twirler, majorette) that seem to cling to you. I hope you can manage that much if you really want us to be friends.”

He sounded so hopeful when the conversation ended. That hopeful note assured me the letdown, when it came would be all the more devastating. There was no doubt that Phil would be the first to know how dominant, how controlling this pussy boy could be. I felt sorry for him, almost.

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Later that afternoon it occurred to me that there was no longer any reason for me to conceal my collection of ten and coed fashion magazines in my night table drawer. As I rearranged them to keep in carton nest to my desk, a shadow fell across what I was doing. Mother had quietly entered my room and stood behind me looking on approvingly.

“Mother, you’ve known all along about my private library. How could you have deceived me so by pretending other wise?”

“Darling, if you were aware that I knew, what would you have done? Dumped the whole collection and looked them on magazine racks, not daring to even browse through one. No, sweetie, you would have felt

nothing but shame and guilt had you been aware that I knew."

A deep breath as I tuned on my side and drew my knees toward my chest. My thumb found its way into my mouth. Do I need to add that I was facing away from Mother unable to look at her even as I acknowledged to myself the truth of her remark? A brief nap, perhaps a few seconds, perhaps longer.

A slap on my tush awakened me. Then Mother's hand on my shoulder as she announced "Get dressed, sweetie. Shower first and let me fix your hair. I'll lay out some things for you." Mother smiled knowingly at my quizzical expression. "We're going to take a drive to out new neighborhood. It'll be reassuring for you to see what awaits you after the summer."

This had to be special because Mother almost never used our old car for local driving. This was enough to convince me to waste no time before showering. I dried my hair as best I could in that pre-home hair dryer era and used a small towel as a turban. A bath towel served as a sarong and then off to my room. My eyes widened on seeing a pair of mules on the floor in front of my bed but that was nothing compared to the pale pink terry cloth robe and blue nylon panties that lay on the bed.

Mother called to me from her bedroom just as I was slipping into the panties. Throwing on the robe, I hurried down the hall to Mother's room where she sat me at her vanity table. The reflection in the vanity table mirror was beyond belief. The lovely androgynous being that looked back at me was alluringly romantic and erotic.

"Mother, you and Cousin Anne were in cahoots with sending me that check to by girl things."

“Yes, darling, we were and still are as you’re about to see.”

Holding my face gently between the finger tips of both her hands, she gently tilted it upwards. Somehow I expected a romantic kiss but this wasn’t meant to be; at least not then.

I shuddered ever so slightly at the very thought of engaging in a passionate yet romantic kiss with Mother. Closing my eyes as if to obliterate the image of my momentary fantasy from my sight allowed Mother to start doing my hair. Her fingers shaded my closed eyes as she applied hairspray to my freshly brushed coif.

“A harbinger of things to come.” My eyes opened to a delightful revelation. The way Mother had styled my hair by simply combing it brought out my eyes. My spontaneous expression of delight added still more to the genderless yet attractive being I was becoming.

“Mother,” I said hesitantly as I recalled some of the *how to* articles in my magazine collection. “Wouldn’t makeup make my eyes look larger, more attractive?”

“You’re not quite ready to go that far, lovie.”

I nodded as I wondered if there was no end to the litany of pet names that Mother was willing to call me. My mind was running at full tilt. Mother’s support in the realization of my fantasy of dressing and living as a girl was more than encouraging. *This is super! I mean mother showing what I could be; No, not what I could be but what I will be. Oh my gosh! This is too bizarre. This may be nineteen fifty-five but mothers still don’t go around helping their son, even their sissy son pass as a girl. What is it that Mother and Anne have in mind that’s got them so dedicated to making me change into a girl? Oh, no! I hope that they*

*don't think I'm going to have some sort of operation like that Christine what ever his or her name is. Not much I can do right now except just go along with all this. I mean this is really what I want to be. I just have to make sure no one gets to control me. That's it; just stay in charge of my own life.*

Another glance in the mirror showed me that Mother had left me alone to contemplate my reflection. The sound of the hall closet being shut and then Mother reappeared in the doorway carrying a hanger with logo of a downtown department store on it. Under her arm were two boxes; one a show box, the other a box that might hold a shirt or sweater.

"I want to lay out some things on your bed. I'll call you in a sec." She did.

Next to the blue nylon panties lay a pair of cream colored slacks, a tank top undershirt no different from a boy's, and a blue cotton tee. On the floor where the mules had been was a pair of cordovan penny loafers.

Mother reached out and untwisted the towel that was serving as my sarong. I blushed as it fell to the floor, even as my dick began to harden.

She took the panties from the bed and turned them as she handed them to me. My dick stiffened even more as she knelt before me, raised each foot by my ankle and then slowly edged the panties over my thighs. She stopped just short of my balls.

The undershirt was next and as she held it out to me between the fingers of both hands, I could see that tiny bow at the center of the neckline. I quivered as she eased it over my head, guided it down over my chest and tummy.

"It might be best of you, er, relieved yourself before you finish dressing. Your rampant dick may feel good

but it will do nothing to help you appear femme." She led me to her bathroom, arranged the mirror so I could see myself as I stood over the toilet and then retired closing the door after her.



Even with no makeup I saw myself reflected as wholesome teenage girl, a little boyish perhaps, but unquestionably a girl, and an attractive girl for all that. It did not take long for me to make myself cum.

I finished dressing under Mother's gentle supervision. She seemed to read my mind as she spoke. "Shellie, sweets, this may seem awkward to you but most girls really don't mind changing in front of their mother."

I nodded even as I realized that if I were to live as a girl there would be situations that would challenge me, cause me discomfort. Was this one of the things Mother was trying to teach me? Was she trying to dissuade from living as a girl by exposing me to stressful situations?

Mother took me by my elbow and led me back to her bedroom. After guiding me to the three way mirror on the corner of her room, she stepped back so that only my reflection could be seen. The cream colored slacks caressed my hips, my tush allowing only the slightest shadow of the hemline of my panties to be seen. That effect would surely erase any doubt that as to whether or not I was a female!

"We have to leave now, Shellie. Get what you need from your room."

As I scooped up my wallet and a hankie I discovered that my slacks had no pockets. It was a thrill to realize that I was wearing a girl slacks as well as unmistakably female undershirt. The thrill was heightened by knowing that Mother and I would soon be out in public and that she had no qualms about escorting her daughter around what would soon be our new neighborhood. I was still faced with the problem of how to carry my change, my identification and so on.

Mother reappeared in the doorway, tilted her head and then smiled at my puzzled expression. "Looks like you have a problem. This should solve it." What she handed me was a cross between a small pocketbook and a large wallet. It was, Mother explained, a clutch purse. I was overjoyed as I unzipped the clutch and discovered it already contained a lipstick, a small compact, tissues, and a few tampons. A smirk came over my face. The tampons would help convince any doubters that I was, indeed, a real girl.

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We drove through the park and then along a narrow riverfront road to an older part of town that was unfamiliar to me. An area of municipal buildings, court houses, law offices formed a buffer between the Yards as the neighborhood was known, and the downtown commercial shopping district.

The name "Yards" came from the mostly defunct shipyards along the harbor edge. The old warehouses had started to transform to artists lofts and apartments convenient to the office buildings of downtown. Other buildings were being remodeled into townhouses. The Yards district was well on its way to becoming a desirable but exclusive neighborhood with boutiques and restaurants catering to those with taste and money or liked to pretend they had.

Mother was keen to point all this out to me. Even as I responded with mild enthusiasm, Mother went on to explain how some of the *pioneers*, the people daring enough to be among the first to but into this new area would be tolerant of those who were different, those who dared to be what they needed to be rather than

force themselves into the few molds dictated by the long outdated arbiters of values.

"Mother, just say what you mean." I suddenly took on my old petulance. "Do you really mean that it's going to be safe to openly be a pervert around here?"

"Yes, darling, but only if you can carry it off with conviction. You'll have to be quite comfortable in being, as you say frankly call it, a pervert. Of course it would be good insurance to be able to take care of yourself if need be."

I laughed inwardly thinking of how well I handled that lug Jay earlier in the day. "And does that mean you want me to take up judo?"

"That certainly might be a good idea but there are other things you would need to put in some serious effort to develop. Don't let your prettiness and slender body mislead into thinking you could be convincing as a girl without an awful lot of hard work. You need some dance training to develop graceful movements and some exercise work to sculpt your body. I haven't even mentioned the subtleties of sitting like a lady."

"Mother, you're wasting your breath if you think for one moment that I'm not up to the challenge of learning to live as a girl." (A long pause as I folded my arms across my chest and rested my feet on the dashboard.)

"You promised to show me where our new home will be so just let's get to it."

"Shellie, I don't understand why you're being such a ill-tempered brat."

"Don't you? This is all meant to be so helpful to me and yet you keep saying how difficult it will be to live like a girl even part of the time. I'm beginning to won-

der whether this whole thing that you and Cousin Anne are trying to pull off is meant to scare me out of becoming what I already am inside. Just stop harping on how hard this will be and I promise to calm down."

"You're being terribly unfair to me and to Anne. Will you calm down if I promise to stop harping on the challenges you'll have to deal with?"

"Yes, Mother."

No more was said as we drove slowly through the streets of the Yards.

"We're here. This is it, our future home." It was the end unit of a row of not quite completed town houses whose backs overlooked the river.

"Oh, my gosh! This is spectacular. Can we go inside?"

The smell of wet plaster greeted me as I looked around awestruck.

"These will be your rooms. A young lady needs her space and privacy."

There was a bedroom with an attached bathroom and a sitting room or study. Of course there was no furniture and no real lighting other than the bare bulbs of the work lights hanging from the ceiling. Mother told me I would choose the decor as well as the furniture to suit my personality as Mother put it. The underlying question was my choice of personality. I told Mother my personality would, I was certain, be fluid, mood, and vaguely domineering.

Mother questioned the domineering aspect. This, I made clear, was based on the enormous satisfaction I got out of twisting Phil around my little finger earlier in the day. Mother listened intensely to my description

of how I brought Phil to tears by manipulating his feelings. She seemed enthralled as I described how easily I overpowered the larger, stronger Jay and how I taunted him once he was effectively defeated.

“Isn’t it wonderful to repay those hoodlums for all the humiliation heaped on you throughout your growing up?”

“Yes, Mother. It was swank! I really had a swell time of it even though it didn’t last long... I hope you were serious about judo lessons. Once I’m dressing as a girl it will be a pleasure to teach those smug men degrading lessons even at the least offense or none at all.”

“Just remember that lots of men would be as thrilled to suffer at your hands as you would be to inflict that suffering. And if they were to realize what you have in your panties, they would value the lesson all the more. Make it work for you, work for you in every sense. There are so many men and not a few women who willingly pay generously for what you so enjoyed doing this morning. There are ladies who live well on what they earn providing these services. You’ll do well to hone those instincts of yours.

“And as for fighting for amusement; males in general but especially boys have an unwritten rule about fighting. They never go for their most vulnerable parts. But you, as a girl, aren’t bound by that rule. A well placed knee will stop a male in his tracks and then he’s yours to destroy or not as you see fit.

“One more thing; the word you want is not domineering but dominant.”

I failed to get the distinction between *domineering* and *dominant* but overtime I became quite expert in *dominant* behavior. One might even say I became a pro.

The effect of Mother's lecture was to set off another round of sulking on my part. It was too difficult to acknowledge the soundness of her suggestions which, to my surprise, seemed based on experience. How could Mother, the office manager of a small garment distribution firm, be so positive about the advice she was offering me? How could she possibly know that there were men who would be thrilled to suffer pain and humiliation inflicted by a female? It all came together at that instant. The money from the sale of our two-family house could hardly cover the down payment not to mention the full cost of this townhouse. Mother had to have had first hand experience in providing the *services* she was describing. It was the only way she could have afforded the new life style we were both about to enjoy.

"Those late nights with clients from the office, were they, um?"

"Yes, darling, I was helping meet their needs. And those girls you thought were so pretty and so nice when you used to visit the showroom when you were little, remember them? Of course you do. Some of the clients were drawn to them so I made arrangements for let's call them private showings. The client was always showed his or her appreciation to me in cash. The showroom models were so delighted to pick up some extra money that they always gave me a percentage."

"Wow! That is so neat."

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Mother eased the car slowly through the quiet streets as I sat curled up against the passenger side door. I alternated between looking at the streets of the

Yard with an undisguised but not openly expressed wonder that this fascinating emerging area, previously unknown to me, would be the place where my old persona was going to be peeled away to reveal the underlying femme. My old ambivalence, ambivalence between being as much a girl as I possibly could be or plodding on as an unhappy misfit, a poorly cut out male.

Mother's profile was a silhouette as I admitted there was a whole lot more to her life than I could have imagined. She broke the silence. "Shellie, honey, if you promise not to tell me I sound like tour guide, I'll point out some interesting shops and cafes. Oh, I'm sure you'll find many of the cafes and shops in the Yards very interesting but more than a few will be of unusually interesting."

"And why will those be unusually interesting?"

"Because, love, you are an unusually interesting girl."

"I thought it might be best to wait until you return from visiting Cousin Anne to start to show you around but seeing how we've piqued your curiosity, we may as well begin now."

We found a parking space across the street from our first destination, a moderate size restaurant offering a large selection of local beers from all over the northeast. (Local breweries were much more common then they are now.) Mother introduced me to the barmaid, a dark complexioned woman with silky black hair and striking blue eyes. Miriam had an intriguing accent which added to her exotic appearance. From the conversation her conversation I was able to glean that Miriam was part owner of the bar and restaurant. Business, it seemed, was well ahead of expectations

and would no doubt be even more profitable as new housing and stores became occupied.

Miriam, almost in defiance of Mother's wishes, treated me as a grownup and cared if I cared for a cocktail. I looked at Mother for approval only to see her glare disapprovingly. Then Mother spoke. "Well, Rochelle, you have to have your first cocktail sooner or later. Miriam, give her a Manhattan, up."

Despite my fascination with watching Miriam chill the glasses and then mix the cocktails, I couldn't get rid of the resounding thrill as Mother's echoed in my brain, her voice as she called me *Rochelle*.

Miriam placed the cocktails in front of us and stepped back as Mother asked her to "Let me buy you one so you can join us in a toast."

"Since this is some sort of special occasion, I'll gladly join you in a toast but only if this round is on me." Miriam then poured herself a glass of wine.

"To my daughter Rochelle and to the very enriching summer she's going to have."

I sipped the Manhattan as slowly as I could but it still gave me a very warm glow.

"Miriam, this girl needs some air. I'm taking Rochelle on a tour of the neighborhood. It's safe because we can't spend any money since all the shops are closed. Save a table for us in about half an hour." Mother and I then set off on a sightseeing tour of the closed shops.

As indifferent as I tried to be to anything with which Mother tried to impress me, I was openly excited by the arty as well as fashionable clothing and

jewelry boutiques that dotted some of the streets. Mother described how the sales girls might fuss over how to fit me to suit my body and the varied moods I could convey in my new persona. She made me blush as she explained how the right foundation garments “are so necessary to carry clothes to one’s best advantage.” Her contention that I first learn affect the cute all-American girl next door look and how that would enhance my attractions resonated within me. It was against my rules to agree with Mother.

“But Mother, I would just love to wear some of those wonderfully unique rings and bracelets in that shop.”

“Why not? That would add a bit of spice to the look I have in mind.”

A short time later we were seated in a corner of Miriam’s place. The waiter, an athletically slim, graceful twenty year old, treated me with courtesy and charm. Mother somehow managed to reach under the table and slip something into my clutch purse. “Rochelle, freshen your lipstick,” she said softly.

Sure enough, Mother had slipped a lipstick and a small mirror into the clutch. This presented a conundrum as I studied myself in the powder room mirror. Startled, I jumped as a voice suggested “Best to follow the natural line of your upper lip to start.” It was Miriam who then coached me in how to achieve a natural look while not concealing the use of makeup. “A girl in makeup is sexy.” The first of the great advice she would give me over the next few years.

“Gee, you look swell,” commented the waiter as I returned to the dining room. “Oh, I’m sorry if I’m being too familiar.”

“Not at all. Flattery might just get you somewhere, maybe even every where...under the right conditions.”

As he blushed beet red, I thought to myself; *Rochelle, you are going to be a first-rate flirt. Why not put some icing on the cake?* With that thought in mind I unobtrusively ran my finger tips over his cheek. “Thanks for being sweet enough to notice me and to bother to say something nice.”

Mother laid down some conditions over dinner. “Sweetie, I don’t want either of us to be embarrassed if you do a half baked job crossing over. Further, a flawed appearance, an awkward movement in the wrong place can get you hurt. If you are less than ready, I will not allow you to put yourself at risk. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Mother. I know Sheldon was less than respectful, less than cooperative but I promise Rochelle is going to be a lot more appreciative.”

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There was now no doubt that I would acquiesce to Mother’s demand that I spend at least part of my summer vacation with Cousin Anne. Dropping my feigned resistance surprised Mother but I certainly wasn’t about to inadvertently convince her to let me stay in town.

Mother and I watched a TV show that featured different variety acts. Mother out to me differences in the

way male and female performers stood and in their vocal inflections while being congratulated by the host.

A delightful surprise awaited me on my bed after my shower. Mother had laid for me a pair of pink cotton panties and an oversize matching tee shirt. Slipping them on and checking myself in the mirror was a thrilling in multiple ways. The girl looking back at me was an adorably sexy teen despite being less than well endowed on top. I was thrilled by how easily I could transform into an attractive girl; thrilled to by the feeling of panties, even plain old pink cotton. The anticipation of all the other accoutrements of feminine dress started my cock rising.

I lay back on my bed thinking of how the constraint of a garter belt around my waist would feel; how the tension of stocking attached to it might remind me sit like a lady as I flirtatiously crossed my legs and modestly adjusted the hem of my skirt. Modest in a sense, yes; but a sure way of calling attention to my nylon enhanced legs. I came hard shooting cum over my chest and even my chin. I couldn't resist my urge to know the taste of cum and so used my finger to bring some to my mouth. I knew then that all would go smoothly when first I would taste my lover's cum as I tongued him to orgasm.

Not bothering to shower or change to fresh panties, I switched on my alarm clock and fell into a deep, satisfied sleep.

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Waking up the next morning wasn't a chore since I looked forward to whatever the summer visit to Cousin Anne held in store for Rochelle. It was having

to dress in those coarse boy briefs and face the school day as Sheldon that was the odious chore I would have to confront until the end of school. I needed some form of relief, some form of femininity to get me through each day.

Heeding Mother's warning about not crossing over too far too quickly. I knew enough not to wear even one item of feminine clothing or jewelry to school or around the neighborhood. That didn't rule out petulant femme behavior when alone with Phil or maybe Jay, the boy I had overpowered on Sunday.

It was early when I showed my bus pass to the driver of the city bus that stopped in front of our high school. *No harm in trying Rochelle's style with this man. A pleasant greeting and a nice smile, why not?* Without thinking I clutched my books to my chest the way girls did and climbed onto the bus. The driver, a nice looking man about thirty whom I hadn't noticed before, looked at me indulgently as I fumbled to show him my pass.

"Good morning, sir." I tilted my head slightly to side and flashed my teeth as I smiled. "Thanks, m... morning to you," was his friendly response.

Had that hesitation before he said "morning" been an aborted 'Miss'? Likely it was seeing that he ran his eyes up and down me which led him to wonder what he was really seeing since girls never wore pants to school except in wet winter weather.

I got off the bus beaming with satisfaction at the success of my first anonymous but public rehearsal of my upcoming debut as Rochelle. My face hardened as I made eye contact with Phil who was chatting with a couple of cuties near the main entrance. He looked at me as if he wanted to come over to me and talk but

didn't dare to abandon the pair of girls with whom he was definitely trying to make time. I recognized them as an aloof pair whose major involvement in school was the modern dance club of which they were the only two continuous members. Leaving the girls in the lurch would ruin any chances for a date with either of them and, considering he would be leaving them for Shellie the pussy-boy, would hurt his reputation as a sought after ladies man.

It was amusing to realize that now that he had had to confront why he was never that interested in dating, he was suddenly going at it with gusto. A smug feeling came over me since I was the cause of this sudden change in behavior. I thought about going over and joining Phil and the two girls but thought there might be better ways to take control of him.

Waving at him with my finger tips, I mouthed 'later.' Phil looked relieved and mouthed "Yes, later. Thanks.' I winked at him and left him as he reddened.

It was a few periods later as I was storing my things in my locker during lunch that Phil caught up with me. It was an opportunity to practice being offended and practice I did to great effect.

"Shel, Thanks for being so understanding this morning."

"Oh," I interrupted. "And why do you think I was being understanding?" His face showed me I had him on the ropes.

"It's just that you, well, I thought..."

"No, Phil. You can make time with all the girls you like but don't come whining to me when you wake up and find you like boys like me more than you girls."

“Okay, okay. You know I’m scared of what I realized yesterday so I was desperate. I need to find out if girls can get me hot, hot like you got me.”

“Admit it,” I said coldly. “Admit that you’re afraid to find out that I can get you hotter faster than any girl ever could.”

“You wish,” he grumbled in a threatening tone.

“Phil, this is the loneliest corner in the whole building. We’re alone so just relax and let me prove I’m right.”

I put my hand over Phil’s wrist and drew him to me as I looked up at him. It didn’t take much effort on my part to make him lower his face to meet my own. The kiss was memorable as we pressed our bodies together.

It would have been more memorable had we not heard a door open somewhere.

We pulled apart just in time to hear Jay turn the corner. I took my hankie from my pocket and put it to my eye dragging Phil’s hand to my eye along with it. “You got it out, Phil. Thanks Funny how the tiniest little speck in your eye can be such a nuisance.”

“My pleasure, Shel.”

“I didn’t know you had a sense of humor,” I whispered before we both pretended to be surprised by Jay.

Of course Phil called me that evening. He was more than contrite about having waved me off so to speak when he was with those two real girls that morning. “No, Phil, I won’t agree to anything with you that’s even vaguely like a date. And for your safety and mine, let’s not even act too friendly toward each other”

I sashayed away and realized that I was almost intuitively placing one foot in front of the other, some-

thing which gave added a very femme sway to my walk. *Oh, Rochelle, I told myself, this walk will be great but not around here. Got to try to walk more like a guy until school ends.*

Jay looked at me with something like caring and concern, a look which I met with a flat expression that had just the hint of a friendly smile. "Shel, you okay? Your eye I mean."

"Yes. And thanks for bothering to ask."

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I got my lunch tray and sat at an empty table. A few seconds later a girl I had seen around asked if I minded if she sat with me. Not far behind came Phil. Despite my telling him off not ten minutes before, he sat right down next to me. I stiffened as I thought of how to get rid of Phil once and for all. Angela, the girl who joined me at the table, must have read my facial expression.

"Excuse me," she said in a quiet, firm tone that brooked no argument, "a guy with any manners would ask if he could join us."

Paul opened his mouth as if to speak but Angela continued on. "Don't even bother asking to join us. You're not welcome here so just buzz off."

Phil looked at me for some kind of cue. "You heard what she said. You're not good company now or any other time," was the entire cue he got from me. He looked angrily at both of us as his body took on an aggressive posture. Angela got up, put her hands on her hips and challenged Phil. "Go ahead and start something, big guy."

He swallowed hard, hesitated and picked up his tray. "You two queers ain't worth getting in trouble for." Off he went. That, I hoped, would be the last of Phil.

"Thanks for standing up for me." I smiled sheepishly at Angela.

"No sweat, kiddo. I should be thanking you for the chance to puncture that chump's opinion of himself. Boy, he's got balls calling us queer." Angela leaned across the table and whispered "Not that he's wrong about me but that doesn't excuse him. I can spot when a guy has a thing for a kid like you so he has no right calling you anything whether it's true or not. That kind will take advantage of and then hang you out to dry, be the first one to stomp on you when a bunch of revolting goons gang up on you. Trust me, honey. I've been around the block a few times."

"You're so neat. How did you learn to stand up to boys? Phil was really scared when you challenged him to start something."

"Nothing to it, kiddo. Even if the guy could break you in two, he isn't going to take a chance on having to explain how his face got scratched by a girl. If you're fast you can even give him a black eye before he gets his hands on you. They're usually so surprised by a girl who can fight that they fall apart, back off. Then again there's always a kick in his shin followed by a knee in his balls. You really got to try it next chance you get. Why on earth do you have that silly look on your face, like a cat who just swallowed a canary?"

There was nothing to do but tell Angela about what had happened that Sunday when I overpowered Jay. She grinned. "Bet you felt real good."

“It felt great!”

“I just got a great idea! You know how guys, even older guys love to smack around kids they think are queer? Suppose we get really good at fighting, like a judo class, okay? Then we go out, trick a couple of guys into trying to smack us around for laughs and then beat the crap out of them.”

“That’d be super! Problem is I’m being sent away for the summer so I don’t really have enough time for a judo class or something like that. Swell idea, though.”

“Guess I’ll just have to find some other partner in crime.” We both laughed. That was the last I saw of Angela. It was not, however, the last I thought about her idea.

Daydreams through my afternoon classes focused on comic books I enjoyed before I became self-conscious of what I suspected I really was. Most boys bought comics featuring male fantasy heroes. I liked to read and look at the drawings in Wonder Woman, Mary Marvel and, of course, Sheena, a blonde amazon billed as Queen of The Jungle. Even before adolescence, I experienced erections even with the drawings that rarely depicted direct contact between these superb females and their ill fated male opponents. It wasn’t only the good girls who thrilled me so but characters like Kitten Girl, the teen adversary of more than one superhero. She was not the good girl. Perhaps someday, after I had mastered the cutesy nice girl role, I too could be like Kitten Girl. Better yet; why not take on a personality that switches from the nice girl to aggressive instigator and back again?

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Stopping off at the corner soda fountain to browse through the comics and magazines was a temptation I resisted as I walked home from school. There was no point in calling attention to my unusual bent while the store was filled with big man on campus boys and the vapid but pretty girls who lusted after them. Not that I was shamed out of buying some magazines that might expand my outlook; it was just better to avoid giving the clods more excuses to harass me.

I excused my self as soon as I finished the dinner dishes and walked back to the main shopping avenue. Timing was just right since I had the soda fountain to my self. I leafed through some of the so called less wholesome magazines on the back racks. To my delight there was one girlie magazine with an ad for a soft-covered book called "Self Defense: Easy on the Eyes Manual." There was little doubt in my mind that such a book would have los of photos of girls overpowering men. I bought the magazine along with a copy of Junior Miss and Coed Fashions.

As soon as I left the store, I all but collided with Phil. "Excuse me," I said as if I had never seen him before and pushed by him rather than alter my direction by one inch. His hand was on my shoulder as I stepped by him.

"Come on, Shel. Can't we at least talk this out between us?"

I pushed his hand off my shoulder as I glared at him. "There is nothing to talk about. You're having trouble acting like you even know me when you're with certain other people but when no one's around,

you pretend you care about me, like you want to spend time around me. I'm through wasting time on you."

One more chance to prove myself, Shel, or do I have to knock some sense into you?"

"Oh, I'm so scared. That tired line may work on the girls who like the kind of guy you are but it doesn't impress me. Just try laying a hand on me! I dare you. Sure you can beat me up but I swear you'll pay a price and a high price at that. This cat will use her claws on you."

Phil blanched at my tirade. It was that easy to intimidate him. It made me realize that the more openly femme I was, the less likely most local guys would be to start up with me.

"Okay, Shellie, if that's how you feel. I guess it's over."

"Yes, it is how I feel and nothing is over because there was never any thing between us to be over."

I turned my back on Phil and walked off with not a second's hesitation. A feeling of pride and independence swept over me as I realized I didn't need Phil or any other adolescent loser to affirm that I was femme enough, attractive enough to make a real man need me.

Mother was reading with the radio on when I got back home. An intended kiss on her cheek went awry as she moved her head at the instant my lips should have touched her cheek. I became flustered as my lips met her lips. The moistness of her lips made me pull back with a start.

"Oh, really, Shellie, don't be such a stick in the mud. There'll be plenty of moments when you feel a stir of delight at the wrong moment and with the wrong person but just ignore the awkwardness that you feel. You'll quickly overcome those outmoded

ways that are so limiting. Relax and enjoy whatever happens.”

I nodded and thanked Mother as she took my magazines and thumbed through them. “You have such an eclectic set of interests especially for a unique sort of girl and one as yet untutored in elite arts.” She paused, set the girlie magazine aside and turned down a page in Coed Fashions. Pausing at another page, Mother held up an ad for a very pretty, very innocent outfit. “This will suit you so well. I hope you like it. But a young lady must have on the right foundations.” She turned back to the page she had marked, showed it to me but said nothing. My face grew warm as I pictured myself in the brief panty girdle and matching bra. Mother ran her finger tips over my cheeks. “Never forget that there are many, many underthings made to be seen which a lady allows to be glimpse ever so fleetingly and when some ill fated male stares, she takes control of the wretch with a withering but enticing glance.”

I went to my bedroom and quietly closed the door. I undressed slowly and studied my body in the mirror as I stretched my arms overhead like the stills I saw of modern dancers. As I moved slowly through different poses the image reassured me of my physical attractions that despite my penis or perhaps because of it, my many personae in the guise of Rochelle would give me power over both women and men.

When I returned to my room after showering white cotton panties and an oversized tee were laid out on the bed. A note from Mother reminded me to “Never underestimate the erotic strength of white.”

I lounged on the bed with my back against the pillows and leafed through the fashion magazines imag-

ining the feeling of skirts rustling around my calves, the delicious constriction of a waist nipper garter belt as I moved, the feeling of a huntress about to bring down her quarry as I arrested a man's attention by checking my stockings.

Then it was on to the girlie magazine. It became apparent that men, at least the men who read this magazine, favored extremes. The models either had the good girl look with undies to match or they were femme fatales but with facial expressions that said they were not an adjunct to any man, that they were in control of every situation, of every relationship. Needless to add that their aggressively sexy underthings enhanced that intimidating yet irresistibly attractive image. There was a lesson to be learned from this duality, a duality that inspired me. To combine the innocence of the girl next door with the daunting desirability of the femme fatale who will ensnare a male, use him for her own needs and then fling him aside would be my goal.

The "Easy on the Eyes" self defense manual drew my attention. This time I noticed some tiny photos presumably part of the book's content. A petite but shapely girl in a short skirt that barely covered her tush engaged larger males in combat. By the agonized look on the men's faces the photos were unstaged. Despite the pain being inflicted by this lethally trained girl, the men seemed to be enjoying their punishment. *This is so neat! Imagine beating up Phil or some other boy and then using him for sex! It was kind of a charge telling him off and then daring him to fight me but nothing like this would be. Only one way to find out. Poor, poor Phil.*

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My sleep was filled with dreams, dreams that left me hard. I sat on the edge of the bathtub brushing my hair until it gleamed. Then I got into my tired old boy clothing. There were some very slight modifications to be made in how I wore those boring boy things. The sleeves were folded to mid forearm; not rolled but neatly folded. The two buttons below the collar were left undone. The collar turned up in back although it would have to be fixed before class as would the open buttons. That would be of no consequence if my planned scenario played out.

As had been the case every morning for the last several weeks, Phil was outside the main entrance holding court with the fawning girls he so needed to adore him. I lounged with my back against one of the pillars as I lit a cigarette. The effect was perfect. Try as he might to look away from me, Phil kept eyeing me. I inhaled deeply, held the smoke in my lungs, and let it out slowly. I smoked the cigarette halfway down and then flicked the glowing butt at his feet. He jumped back fearing that I might have aimed it at his body. I stared him down and then sneered.

"Why are you paying attention to Shel and not to us?" One of them asked as the girls abandoned him. Alone now, Phil tentatively moved toward me.

"Damn, Shellie!" he muttered as she looked around. "I want to make it okay between us and all you do is tell me off and keep hanging around just to mess things up for me with everyone else. Just get away from me!"

"You couldn't make up your mind about how you feel about me when you had the chance and now you

tell me you want to make it okay between us and to get away from you in the same breath. That sounds like you're confused. Why don't we get together and settle this after school?"

We agreed to meet after dinner. His parents, he said were away.

"That's fine with me. We'll be able to say whatever we need to say without you having to worry about your friends overhearing us or even seeing us together."

"If that's what you want but my folks will kill me if they ever find out I had a girl over when they were away."

"Darling, think about what you just said." I didn't have to go further since hearing me call him 'darling' brought him out of whatever fantasy he had about me at that moment. "I'm not a girl even though you may be hot for me. I'll be at your house after dinner. Make sure we're alone." He nodded timidly at that last condition. I pursed my lips and kissed the air. A quick glance at his crotch told me he was almost hard.

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Having decided how to dress for my visit to Phil's, it was time to lay out the things I would wear. Pastel blue panties, off white Jamaica shorts, crew socks, saddle shoes, a tank style undershirt with narrow shoulder straps which made the neutral garment more like a girl's, and finally a boast neck French sailor's shirt which had become popular with arty boys as well as girls. Given my sissy boy image in the neighborhood,

the shirt would not call any extra attention to me even if I were seen.

Running my finger tips over my derriere after I dressed assure me that the hem of my panties would show pretty easily. Then it was off to Phil's via the quiet residential streets.

He had to have been waiting for me because he opened the back door the second I rang the bell. His eyes moved up and down as he me looked me over.

"Don't dare say you're not attracted to me, you big chump." I stepped forward, turned my face up toward his and closed my eyes. His lips met mine and lingered hesitantly. I put my hands on his chest as if to feel his nipples under his white tee shirt but instead pushed him away.

"Are you trying to take advantage of me?" My tone was both playful and challenging. His response was to take my hand and lead me down to the basement den.

He turned to face me and wrapped his arms around me. I pressed against him and ground my tummy against his groin as I guided his hands to my tush. His fingers traced the hem of my panties as his face grew warm against mine. I pushed him away.

"Come on, Shellie, you know you want to make out with me..."

"No, at least not until you decide that you're not ashamed to be seen with me."

He made a grab for my arm and attempted to pull me to him. My heavy saddle shoe came down on his instep throwing him off balance. The sap was surprised by my move but made the mistake of trying to grab me in a bear hug which left him standing with his legs parted. My knee connected with his balls. He doubled

over but didn't go down. It was clear to me that I had the advantage and I wasn't about to relinquish it. My hands were in his hair as I flung him to the floor. A knee drop to the pit of his stomach knocked the wind out of him.

His muffled cry of "I give, I give," delighted me although there was still some fight left in him. Was he, I wondered, as thrilled by being so suddenly overpowered by me as I was by overpowering him? There was only one way to find out.

I knelt alongside him, undid his jeans and started to tug them down. He arched his back and finished taking off the jeans. On my feet again, I opened my Jamaica shorts just far enough for him to see the color of my panties and then turned my back to him. Poking my bottom toward him, I slowly wiggled the shorts down to reveal my panty clad tush. Turning to face him, I kicked his balls just hard enough before straddling him and lowering my tush to within inches of his face. "Get rid of those underpants before I really hurt you," was my ultimatum. Needless to say he willingly complied. In turn I removed my shirt.

We shifted and lay face to face as I guided his mouth to my hard nipples that now protruded against my tank top. He sucked gently as my fingers played over his tender ball sac. The sound of his desperate whimpering drove me to new levels of sadistic desire. I looked at the wretched boy who was so aroused by what he feared and wanted most; to be dominated, to be bought to new heights of humiliations and sex by a femme boy, a girl with a dick.

I flicked the drop of precum that was growing on the tip of his dick onto my finger, and brought it to his

lips. He hungrily sucked my finger into his mouth as he tasted his own cum.

Sensing it was time for us to cum together, we moved into a sixty-nine arrangement. His mouth on my cock felt good but his selfish instincts coupled with lack of experience made it far from ecstatic. Pulling away from, I rolled him onto his tummy and pressed my dick against his hole.

Reaching around him I wrapped my hand around his cockhead and used the other hand to mercilessly squash his balls. "Fuck me, fuck me, please," he begged as my cockhead pressed against his sphincter. "You don't deserve to be fucked," I taunted as I deliberately rolled onto my back with him on top of me. My tongue probed his ear as I twisted his balls. His body went rigid, his limbs vibrated as he shot his load onto his belly.

It took Phil a while to recover. "Shellie, that was so wild. Thank you, thank you."

"Good that you liked it. It was kind of fun especially for you. You probably never noticed that I didn't get off, you self-centered egotist! Okay, so now it's your turn to make me cum. And you better do it right. I eased my panties down just far enough to show free my cock and allow it to rise to a full stand without showing him my balls. I lay back and pointed to my raging hard-on. Phil took the hint and sucked me off.

He started by taking my cockhead in his mouth and behaving like a hungry vacuum cleaner. The stinker hadn't the least idea of how to prolong pleasure. It was disgustingly typical of hard guy males who try to cum as soon as they can; a consequence, I suppose, of too much jerking off.

Phil shook his head as I grabbed his ears and pulled him off my dick.

“Relax, little boy.” I pushed his face to the base of my cock. “No just lick your way up. That’s it! Now run your tongue around and around the rim, slowly. Gently, gently.” I sighed as I finished speaking. He was beginning to catch on. “That’s so good, sooo good. Take me in your mouth...Just my cockhead. Gently, slowly so it lasts.”

My hips began to move in rhythm with Phil’s lips. I wanted to lunge hard, to fuck his face until he gagged but I held back allowing my orgasm to build slowly until my cock vibrated involuntarily as with a screech I came.

As I recovered from my intense climax I noticed that Phil lay breathless with his head resting between my thighs. “My cum is so deliciously yummy. Isn’t it?” It was a rhetorical question. “It’s really so delicious that you don’t want to waste even a drop.” As he swallowed the cum I had shot into his mouth, his face moved closer to the cum that had landed on my thighs as he pulled away. His tongue reached out tentatively. “Now be a dear and lick me clean.” He hesitated and then lapped me clean.

I kissed him tenderly on the lips and then got to my feet and tucked my now flaccid cock into my panties. I made sure he got a great view of my derriere before pulling on my Jamaica shorts.

Phil sat on the floor with a faraway mournful look on his face.

“Good grief, Phil, I would have thought you enjoyed what we just did. You look like a mope just sitting there. Wasn’t I good enough for you?” My manner

had gone from concern and caring to annoyance bordering on anger in that brief statement.

Phil looked up at me. "No, it was more than good enough. It was too good, almost perfect. It was so good that it scared me, made me scared that I might not be able to do it with a girl."

I reached my hand out to him and helped him to his feet. When he had collected himself, I sat him down and knelt in front of him with my hand on his cheek. "Phil, darling, lots of teens try it both ways, at least that's what I've read. You're just too worried about what everyone will say if they think you're queer. Don't be so quick to give up on girls. The thing is to not get into the habit of doing it with just with boys or girls like me. You've got to stick to hanging out with girls, dating girls and making out with girls. I'll bet you'll make a lifelong habit of sex with girls in no time."

"Thanks for being a pal." He managed a slight smile.

"Phil, you do know that it would best to cool things between us for now. Just so you can get on with developing that habit you so need. We can still say 'hi' in school."

"Shellie, I really, really owe you. Couldn't we say more than ..."

"Don't even think about it. See you around."

I let myself out and headed for home feeling quite smug. I had used Phil for my own sexual gratification and left him feeling upset over the fact that he might be queer. The icing on the cake was that he was thanking me for having used him as a guinea pig in experimenting with the character, the personality of Rochelle. One doesn't have to be a real girl, I told myself, to control

boys and men. I had started to suspect that this was the case but I had no idea of how easy and how much fun it would turn out to be.

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Mother called to me from the living room as I unlocked the side door to our apartment. Her voice had this 'we need to talk' sound to it. There was nothing for me to do but go along with whatever she had in mind.

I sat on the hassock a few feet from Mother's chair, wrapped my arms around my knees and waited. Mother aggressively snubbed out her cigarette and smiled, reached out her hand to my face, and smiled ever so slightly.

"Darling, there may be a chance that your, shall we say, adjustment to being Rochelle may be too far along for you to come back as Sheldon. How would you feel if you had to spend your senior year in a different school, perhaps even a boarding school?"

"Mother, I would welcome any chance to get away from the jerks around here."

"Sweetie, not every one of the local kids is that bad, not judging by that love bite on your neck." Then her manner changed to stern. "I hope you haven't forgotten my warning about changing to your new self before you can bring it off. There'll be hell to pay if you get found out by the wrong crowd."

"This may sound defiant but I'm old enough to know how to be careful..."

"Yes, you are being defiant but I'll let that go at least for now. Just remember back to when you were a naughty child. I disciplined you then and I more than

willing to discipline you the same way if continue to defy me by putting yourself at risk. I can see by your face that the thought of being taken over my knee and having your bare bottom spanked fascinates you. Sorry, my lovely, that won't happen. On second thought, it might just happen if I'm in the right mood. But that would be reward, not punishment. You would be miserable for the next week or for however many weeks I would deprive of every stitch of femme clothing you have."

Mother looked at me with that hard, unforgiving stare which I hadn't seen for ages. It had been her way of expressing ultimate displeasure at things I did, things that might be thought of as too boyish. She would explain that a "special child like you might be hurt, might be damaged beyond all hope of repair." It was an intimidating stare which, along with the sermon, always brought me to heel although I never quite understood what she meant. Now I did. There was more than a little truth in the warning she had not bothered to repeat at that moment but which I recalled all too well. My future as Rochelle would be hampered if not destroyed if I had my nose broken by a gang of youths who were looking to beat up queers.

My reaction was to hug myself and rock to and fro as I visualized the violence that could befall a teen like me if I stumbled into the path of the beasts that preyed on teens like me, teens whose needs were, I naively thought, different. It was only later that I learned their violence as a way of denying the arousal generated in them by queers; an arousal they could neither resist nor give way to.

"Oh, Mother, thank you for taking such good care of me. I was with a boy tonight and we made out, kind

of. I came out okay but I really don't want to see him again even though he wants to see me. I hurt his feelings and I meant to."

"Good girl," said Mother as she smiled and then went back to her reading. That was my cue to leave her.

My mind cleared as it became apparent that whatever the solution might be, there was the more immediate problem of finishing the school year. It was surprising how easily I was able to get into studying after showering and getting into basic white cotton panties and a tank top undershirt.

A tap on my door and Mother stood in the open doorway. I pulled the sheet over my legs and chest.

"Such modesty," exclaimed Mother. "It does become you. I'm so pleased you're continuing to wear what you're wearing to bed. Sleep well, sweetie. Mother forgives you." She blew me a kiss as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened!

I realized how much I had always looked forward to my summer visits to Cousin Anne. It was a respite not only from my second class status among the kids in the neighborhood but it was a place where I was safe from Mother's temper. And then it hit me; Anne was the only person who could possibly help me understand my own history. I fell asleep hoping that nothing would happen to interfere with my summer with Cousin Anne.

I woke up rested and refreshed, something I didn't expect given what transpired between Mother and me. Best to continue as things were before last night.

Mother was awake and dressed as I staggered toward the shower. Her stream of cheerful patter made

me think there was nothing out of the ordinary in how Mother was helping me to be a girl. Mother finished her second cup of coffee and left but, I was sure, not for work. It was much too early for her to leave for work even on days she went in get a quick start. It left e wondering what sort of early appointment she might have. I shrugged it off, washed the breakfast dishes and showered.

Don't think for one second that I **dashed** off to the bathroom. Not at all. It was more a swaying glide as I practiced my femme walk. It felt so good, so natural to be able to walk as I was meant to, to walk with small steps, one foot in front of the other instead of the wide spread clumping gait so typical of men and boys. *This is so right*, I thought. *Won't it be neat if Anne shows me how to get around in heels?*

I dressed in ordinary underpants and checked my reflection before dressing further. *Maybe underpants a size or two too small might feel like panties. Worth a try. No, Shellie, that is too corny. Better to just hold out until I can wear panties and all the other dainty things that go with being a girl.*

The slacks I chose were the lightest tan possible; one could say beige. A blue short sleeve shirt with the top two buttons left open. Plain tan socks and saddle shoes completed my ensemble. All in all I looked and felt just androgynous enough to satisfy me without calling undue attention to myself and opening myself up to teasing and worse.

Then it was off to school.

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Phil just happened to be at the corner of my block; at least that's what he claimed. I must admit that I felt smug that this guy who lots of real girls would have allowed to get to second base with them was trailing after me like a whipped puppy.

"Well good morning, Phil." The scathing sound of my voice surely cut him while making me feel even more like perfect iceberg of a girl, softly feminine but so very lethal. A deliberate pause to give him a chance to try to peak and then I continued on. "I do hope your hearing problem is getting better."

"I don't get it. You try to dump me and I come back for more. Come on, Shellie, give me a chance. I've always been nice to you even before I had this thing for you. I swear that anything we do will be between us..."

"You dunce! How can you say you were nice to me after the way you spoke to me when I tried to help when you got jumped? You said I 'fuckin' humiliated' you or am I supposed to conveniently forget that you spoke to me like a I was some sort of slut? You were so concerned about word getting around school. Let me tell you that if you spend time with me word will around with me the word will get out that you're queer. What possible reason could a guy like you have for being friends with me? What you want will destroy your reputation and make me even more of target than I already am. So just get lost."

"Have it your way, Shellie. See you around, you bitch."

"Not if I see you first," was my matter of fact dismissive reply.

It felt great even though I know Phil wouldn't give up so easily. *Shellie, you haven't heard seen the last of Phil; not yet anyhow. Hey, it might be fun to make him jealous by flirting with some other boy. But who? Jay! And won't that make Phil even more jealous?*

Knowing that Phil would be unable to resist turning around to admire my perky tush and knowing that no one else would be around my block that time of morning, I walked away a more subtly femme version of the walk I had practiced earlier that morning. A count of one hundred and then I glanced over my shoulder. Sure enough, Phil, who had turned to watch me,

was leering at me with the most unabashed look of arousal and frustration. Stopping in my tracks, I placed my free hand on my hip, turned and stared right at him. As he reddened, my lips pursed in a kiss. He looked as if he would have to jerk-off in the boys' room as soon as he got to school.

*Good grief, Rochelle!* I reflected as I walked to the bus stop, *Ease up on the poor guy. Now that I know what I can do, why bother with that chump. No point in en making him jealous. I can get him hot any time I want. And I don't even have to touch him. Best of all, the way things are now, he's the perfect sap to use to perfect my bitch style.*

I got on the bus, nodded greetings to the few kids I knew who would acknowledge me, and found a seat by myself. As I looked out of the window at the familiar streets I continued thinking about how to deal with Phil. Plainly, he would serve my purposes for the next few weeks. To keep him on the hook like the poor fish he was, I would have to ease up from time, offer him glimpses of how great I could make him feel. He really wasn't all that bad, not compared to the other guys around school and the neighborhood. *Poor Phil. He's re-*

*ally taking a chance on trying to get close to me. If any of his pals ever suspected what's gone with us, Phil would be as good as dead around here. He is kind of sweet. Maybe we should spend some time together. With only a few weeks of school left, how bad could it be?*

**\*\*\***

I didn't see Phil in school until lunch period. He was sitting with a two or three nose in the air type girls. I guessed his inability to get hard with girls made him acceptable to that sort, the type who wanted to be seen with boys and would give nothing more than a closed lips peck at the end of the date.

A fleeting half smile from me caught his attention as I walked past his table and found a spot a few tables away. Judging from the pokes he got from one the girls, there was no doubt his new friends noticed he was distracted. The poking made him look away from me but from time he kept glancing back at me, a behavior I reinforced with an occasional smile.

His companions got up and headed toward the girls' room where they would mostly likely sneak a smoke. That was fine with me because it gave Phil a chance to come over and sit with me for at least a few minutes. I was about to apologize to him for my petulant behavior on the way to school but he beat me to it!

"Shellie, I'm really sorry for getting you upset this morning. I thought about it and I've been pretty mean but you've got to understand how hard it is for me to wake up to being queer. Let me make it up to you. Maybe next Saturday we can go into the city and maybe visit a museum, someplace where we can be together. Then get something to eat in the Village. Think

about it, please and let me know. I really need you to give me a chance."

"Are you asking me for a date?"

"Yeah, in a way I guess I am."

He reached his hand across the table toward mine.

"Phil, not here. Do you want to commit social suicide? Maybe this weekend we could show some affection but for Heaven's sake not in school."

The poor sap was really stuck on me. Phil was mine to use and abuse according to my whims and I was getting sweet on him.

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Mother tapped on the doorframe as I sat studying on my bed. "Phone call. A boy named Phil asking to speak with Shellie. The poor dear sounded so awkward, as if he was calling a girl for a first date. Are you in?"

I stifled my giggle and asked Mother to "Tell him she'll be right there."

"Phil, honey, thanks for being so sweet but I'm having second thoughts. Someone's bound to see us walking to the subway stop together. There's got to be a solution, though. I need to talk to my Mother. I'll call you back later."

If he believed I was going to talk to my mother about me going out with a boy, Phil either thought I was playing games with him and that this was an out and out lie or he was in total shock that my mother would help me solve the problem of how to go out with a boy in this neighborhood.

“Yes, Mommy, Phil’s the one who left the love bite on my neck. I’ve totally, totally mean to him and he keeps back for more... Yes, he knows I like girls’ undies but he has no idea that I plan to cross over onto dressing as a girl... Of course we made out but I will not go into all the details. A girl has to have some secrets.”

The last was said with an emphasis that was meant to be a parody of a teen with an exaggerated sense of romance. This brought a chuckle from Mother.

“If you’re willing to skip school on Friday, we may be able to work this out. One of my showroom girls, our junior petite, has a great eye for clothes that convey the American girl innocence look. (Showroom girl was a term for models who worked for manufacturers in the old New York City garment center. They modeled clothing for individual buyers often in addition to working as bookkeepers or clerks in the firm. It was unusual for them to live glamorous lives as they differed from high fashion models in that they had figures that the average young woman could relate to.) You and she are so close in size that you could easily share the same clothes. I’m sure Leigh will let you sleep over and help you with makeup in the morning.”

I hugged Mother and kissed her. She patted my tush as we hugged. I was kissing every part of her face and much to my dismay our lips touched and lingered momentarily. At first it felt terribly awkward but then I recalled I was adopted by her. The way she looked told me she knew what I was thinking even as I wondered if her thoughts were mine. How far could this bizarre affection between us go?

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Mother and I arrived at her office very early on Friday. Leigh joined us a short time later. This petite young woman could have been any age from fourteen to almost thirty! Her naturally honey blond hair was tucked up under a straw boater, the kind an English school girl might wear as part of a uniform. Her sundress, although sleeveless, seemed demure on her. Lightly tinted stockings worn with tennis sneakers, a popular look with teens and young women detracted from her almost flawless stylishness but added immensely to her individual attractiveness. A thin gold ankle bracelet, narrow band wrist watch, and although not visible at the moment under her crotched gloves, a tiny birthstone ring was all the jewelry she wore or needed to wear.

"Shellie," she exclaimed with just enough eagerness to keep from sounding phony, "I'm just so pleased to finally meet you. Your Mom has been telling me about you and keeping me filled in on your, er, progress. I just know we're going to get on famously. We really do have so much in common."

There was a star quality about her that made me wonder why so attractive, stylish and personable young lady was working in the showroom of a small distribution firm. Although too short to be a fashion photographer's model, she could easily have modeled for artists and creative photographers. There was little doubt that Leigh could walk into any room any where and turn heads. Were my perceptions off, colored by my lack of worldly experience? That had to be it, or so I thought.

Leigh extended her hand toward me and I responded by shaking hands. She did not drop my hand but held it in her own as she drew me closer to her. After removing her gloves, she ran her finger tips over my cheek. "You're so lucky to be blessed with such marvelous skin along with those gorgeous facial bones of yours."

We got into a taxicab in front of Mother's office building. Leigh seemed to melt into the seat as she arranged her skirt as she crossed her legs revealing her blindingly white petti in the process. My eye was drawn to the dark tops of her tinted hose filling me with an odd mixture of both lust and envy with envy by far the stronger emotion. The realization that envy was the predominant emotion somehow reassured me that I was on the right path.

I looked out of the cab window feeling very much like a tourist as the cab made its way through unfamiliar streets. It was a double awakening in that there were so many parts of the city in which I had lived all my life that I had never seen and that Leigh would guide me through my development as Rachel, guide me in ways that I could not have begun to suspect.

The cab turned on to a block near the Hudson River. This tree lined street, a little north of Greenwich Village, seemed an oasis in area of warehouses. Many of the well maintained nineteenth century residential buildings had been divided into multiple dwellings while maintaining their character. For a part time showroom girl, Leigh had to be doing very well.

We stopped in front a red brick building with a brass plate affixed to the wall proclaiming the studio of

a photographer Diana Vaughn and advising “by appointment only.”

“This is it, my home, sweet home for the last year and a half, almost since I got to New York. You can stay with me whenever you like.” Leigh paused to unlock the inner door when the door to the studio opened and a very attractive statuesque blonde stepped out. She looked me and down, then nodded approvingly. “Lordy,” she exclaimed in a stage whisper. “This gorgeous child is a gift from the goddess! We’ll have to do some work together when you’re ready.”

I blushed as I thanked her for the compliment although her comment went completely over my head.

Sensing my embarrassed awkwardness, Leigh guided me to the second floor landing and opened the door to her apartment and switched on the light. As I glanced around the foyer and to the living room beyond I was struck by the expensive looking furniture. Leigh took me by the forearm and led me through a closed door to a long hallway. “Rochelle, I know what you’re thinking. My family paid for all this when I left home. They wanted me far away from them.” By now we were in a small bedroom that overlooked the back garden. Gesturing for me to sit on the edge of the bed, she seated herself on the chair at the vanity table. Her demeanor saddened as she seemed to be looking at something far, far away. It had become clear that Mother had filled her in about my need to dress and to live as a girl. How else did she know about Rochelle? *What’s going on here? I thought today was going to be a rehearsal for meeting Phil; maybe giving me a chance to be a little bit femme when we meet. This is getting a little deep, maybe too deep.*

Leigh suddenly came back to the here and now. Rochelle, honey, I know you probably think your Mother is a little weird but just cherish her willingness to go along with your need to be full time transvestite, a boy who dresses as a girl." She stood up, unzipped her dress and let it fall to the floor. "See what I meant when I said we have so much in common."

I stared in astonishment as she ran her hands down her sides and rested them on her slender waist calling my attention to her demure blue silken panties. Framed by the straps of her garter belt was the outline of her cock! My amazement turned to admiration, admiration for her beauty, her combination of innocence and seductiveness, and, above all her, her ability to pass as a girl while building a successful life.

"My family despised me for being a sissy. Despite the beatings and forced trips to a private mental hospital I refused to change who I am. In the end they paid me to get out of town, came across with money it cost for me to set myself up in this place. They still send me generous check each month as long as I stay away from them. Don't feel sorry for me, though. Promise?"

I nodded. "Just help me be like you."

"Yes, of course. Why do you think you're here? Now strip down, get in the shower and use the shampoo and conditioner. Leave your hair damp so we can style it as best we can with that awful boy haircut of yours. Never fear because that will change soon enough."

Leigh left me alone other wise I would have either gotten rock hard or fallen apart undressing in front of her. I was stepping out of the shower when the bathroom door opened. Leigh's arm then appeared to hand

me a pair of panties and what I later learned was called a kimono robe.



The kimono barely covered my tush as I came out of the bathroom. Hooking my thumbs into the leg bands at the rear of my panties, I tugged them down to be sure my bottom cheeks were completely covered. A nod of approval from Leigh reassured me that the simple act of adjusting my panties fit right in with my femme style. She, too, was wearing a robe but a more elegantly chic velvet style, the sort a movie star would wear in a hotel room scene.

Throwing up her hands in despair after fussing with my hair she commented "It's not your hair that's bad; it's that awful haircut. Not to worry it will grow out and be just fine." This was said as she walked out the door. She was back in an instant carrying some furry looking object in her hand. Once it was attached to my hair, combed and pinned with barrettes I learned it was a fall.

Leigh guided me to my feet, faced me and eased the kimono off my shoulders. Our bodies touched gently as she kissed me on the lips. Suddenly she pushed me away. "Your kissing is awful. Just relax and let me lead the way." Her tongue became my tutor as we kissed repeatedly.

"Now you know how to drive that boy mad with kisses that promise every pleasure but, of course, you will dismiss him and ne it right then there. Now let's get you dressed and in character."

As I was already in panties, the next item was a brassiere. ("Bra" had only just begun to replace brassiere in popular usage.) To my dismay it was plain cotton, very basic. A full slip followed and I was reseated at the vanity table where Leigh gave me a very dated and minimal application of makeup.

“Don’t look so puzzled. You’re my cousin from central Pennsylvania which will explain to the salesladies why you need complete outfitting in one day.”

A not quite opaque white cotton blouse, short sleeved and with a Peter Pan collar justified the need for a full slip. A bias cut plaid full skirt made me feel like a hick but I reminded myself that was precisely what Leigh intended. White cotton crew socks and saddle shoes along with leather shoulder strap purse completed this all too basic ensemble.

“Stop freeing and look and just yourself in the full length mirror.” It was part suggestion, part order.

“Oh my gosh,” I squealed. Is that really me? I thought I would look dowdy but I look better than half the girls in my school on an average school day!”

“Of course it’s you. Of course you wanted to start right out as the glamorous young sophisticate, but, baby, you’ve got to walk before you can run. Before we do anything, I’m going to demonstrate to you just how attractive you are right now.”

Leigh helped me fill my purse with all the things a naïve teen from out of town would carry with her. After walking a few blocks east we took a subway train up town to Fifty-Seventh Street. As we walked through the half full car looking for two seats away from passengers, I became aware that many male as well as a few female passengers were eyeing me with appreciation.

I was passing in public and that while being very ordinarily dressed!

Leigh motioned for me to take the window set while she sat beside me half turned so her legs extended into the aisle. She casually crossed her legs af-

for any interested man the faint hope that her skirt might rise an inch or two further to expose her knees and perhaps a bit of thigh. Leigh began to rummage through her pocket book as if totally unaware of the sly glances and outright lecherous stares that she drew from the nearby men. Her pocketbook was suddenly snapped shut as she looked up and scanned the faces of the now flustered men. She stared back at them with an indignant and accusing look as she planted both feet flat on the floor while tucking her skirt tightly under her thighs. Turning her head toward me, she whispered "See how easy it is to upset those clods. Fun, too, when you have a few minutes with nothing else to do."

We came up from the subway station and walked west along Fifty-Seventh toward Fifth until we came to a very upscale ladies specialty shop.

We paused to look at the foundations and lingerie displayed in one of the windows. Much of it was tastefully sensual while others were what I imagined to be every day sort of things although aimed at young ladies with money to indulge their tastes and whims.

After allowing enough time for me to be suitably fascinated by the possibilities raised by these very appealing under-fashions, under fashions that were made to be seen in certain special circumstances, Leigh took me by the arm and led me inside. We slowly made our way to the lingerie and foundation area where a saleslady greeted Leigh with due deference.

"There's nothing you can do for me right now that's for myself but my cousin is new to the big city and will need to shed her out of town things in favor of a more sophisticated set of intimates."

We began with panties in so many colors and textures. I fingered them as Leigh helped me select what she thought would work best for now.

I was nearly fully hard just fingering the panties when Leigh made me move on to garter belts, waist cincher and panty girdles. Once more it seemed she was reading my thoughts when she whispered, "Patience, Rochelle, the open bottom girdles and merry-widows will be yours in due time."

Leigh insisted I slide my hand into any stockings we considered buying so that I could see what the color would look like on my skin. The thrill of learning to do this simple act that real girls my age would have taken so for granted was enough to bring me close to dripping pre-cum.

To my surprise Leigh paid for my things with that stores charge plate, an early version of credit cards. She was a regular customer at this high end ladies shop and no one appeared to suspect what she had in her panties. There was a lot to be learned from Leigh and I was going to make the most of every opportunity.

Lunch at a French restaurant around the corner and then to a shoe store on Fifth Avenue where Leigh selected the "necessary styles" to get me started. We finally picked up the parcels we had purchased before lunch and took a taxi back to Leigh's apartment.

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Another shower, this time supervised by Leigh who insisted I shave my legs although "Heaven knows you don't need to in the least. It's something every real girl does regularly even if she's as smooth as you. Then,

too, you might have a lover who's turned on by watching a girl go through her bath ritual. Shaving your legs in the bath gives you a chance to show off those superb gams. We'll work on trimming your bush one of these weekends."

Then she helped me into my padded bra and black panties. "What if I get hard?"

"This will keep you down and act as a defense should your friend Phil or any other guy with roving hands gets too close to your naughty bits." She was holding up a white mid-thigh panty girdle. Once the girdle was at knee level, Leigh made me lie on the bed where she showed me how to push my balls into the sockets in my groin. With the girdle fully in place, I had flawlessly femme contours. Stockings and modest heels followed. A sleeveless sundress made demure by a matching waist length jacket. Even with no makeup I was a convincing and attractive girl.

"Honey, you look good enough to eat." We laughed at the pun and then Leigh continued. "Your date will want to feel you all over and then some. You can raise your skirt just high enough for him to see your panty girdle. That will frustrate the hell out of him. If he tries to press you against a wall or a car seat, having your skirt raised like that means you've got his attention diverted enough so you can easily use your knee to drive his balls right up to his mouth before he knows what's happening."

"But that would be so bitchy."

"Precisely the point, Rochelle."

"It really is an art; being a bitch, I mean."

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I frowned when Leigh announced that the rest of the afternoon would be spent in a makeup and hair-styling tutorial. Leigh's response showed me sides of her that I hadn't expected but which, on second thought, was no doubt both an integral part of her personality and a very marketable asset.

On seeing my frown, Leigh put her hands on her hips and stared me down for a few seconds. "Listen to me, little girl. I've better things to do than be your nursemaid so just get that silly expression off your pretty face before I make it a little less pretty!" She lunged at me with lightning quickness and grabbed my chin forcing my head back.

"I'm sorry. Leigh," from me brought no let up in the pressure she was exerting on the sides of my face. I dared not strike back at her for fear of having my bruised. A menacing sneer was her response to my muffled apology. "You can show me you're sorry by obeying everything requirement, every demand I make. And you can do worse by adding my style to your repertoire." She had transfixed me with her forceful performance if that's what it was. I was so focused on her face that I was unaware she had slipped her hand my skirt. A sudden bolt of pain made me aware of where her hand had moved to as she grasped my balls and in one movement, squeezed and twisted. The pain was intense yet even as I stood doubled over my dick was hardening.

"Don't you dare pleasure yourself," was her softly spoken but authoritative command. That she might be reading my mind terrified me.

Somehow Leigh's physical and verbal domination gave me a sense of freedom. What little guilt, what little hesitation I might have had about going against society's predetermined sexual rolls evaporated at that instant. Leigh, by allowing me no option but to go along with her demand that I submit to learning how to do my own makeup and style my own hair had taken any responsibility for becoming a full time girl away from me. That all too brief domination scene had forced me to relinquish any sense of guilt that may have been lingering in my psyche.

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Leigh opted for an early dinner in a place called Jai Alai. We would, I was told in tones that brooked no refusal, take a bus down to Abingdon Square and walk a few short blocks to Bank Street. "You see, love, we've got to get you out and about. You'll absolutely glory in achieving your potential to flirt with men and embarrass them with look all at the same time."

We got on the bus just before the start of rush hour. We were able to find seats while still having an audience of guinea pigs on which I could practice my new found art. Seating myself on a bench that faced into the aisle allowed me to catch the eye of late thirtyish business type sitting opposite. As we caught each other's eye, I flashed a naïve smile that suggested I was Miss Innocence being attracted by the "big man of the world." He smiled back smugly. I crossed my legs and adjusted my skirt. My admirer hadn't looked away and his face told me I was fueling his fantasies. Leigh nudged me with her elbow indicating it was time to play out my assigned role. I nodded at her and then

stared coldly at this would be admirer while snapping my knees together. Clearly flustered, he looked away from me then slowly turned his head back to face me. My stern expression had intensified. The embarrassed man got up and started to quickly move to another part of the bus but no quickly that he didn't hear the triumphal laughter from Leigh and me.

It was an object lesson in how easily a girl like me could toy with men, and how satisfying even a momentary conquest could be satisfying.

The bar and cocktail lounge of Jai Alai was filling up with a singles and couples; some were New York business types, others more arty freer spirits. Leigh and I were seated at a cocktail table where we could get a clear view of the comings and goings of the bar patrons. A few college types came in; couples mostly. It didn't take much encouragement for Leigh for me to draw a boy's attention from his date and then make him blush by catching his date's eye so she couldn't help but notice she was at risk of being abandoned in favor of this well dressed New York young sophisticate. How furious these girls would have been had they realized that the girl who was so easily attracting their boyfriends wasn't quite a girl at all.

I'm still thankful to Leigh for these early lessons. They gave me a sense of assurance and power that comes from being a mistress of the art of bitchiness.

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I awoke the next morning feeling well rested but a little disoriented. The very soft cotton pajamas, to my

distress, had no fly. Neither did the underpants I had on beneath them. I opened my eyes and looked around the unfamiliar room and smile at the realization I was in Leigh's apartment and this was Saturday and my date with Phil.

The clock-radio on the night table showed it was eight o'clock, too early to phone Phil and tell him where to meet me. Water running somewhere in the apartment told me Leigh was already awake.

I pushed off the covers, and swung my legs around, placed my feet on the floor and noticed the darling fuzzy mules that were meant for me to use. But why bother?

I got to my feet, stretched my arms over head and yawned. Was that really me reflected in that full length mirror? Of course it was me, had to be me. As I stretched again, my pajama top gapped to reveal a glimpse of the sky blue cotton waist and of my panties which just missed reaching my bellybutton. Overnight I had become totally and unequivocally femme!

*Maybe Mother was right when she said something about not being able to go back to being a boy next school year. But I'm not sure I'm ready to be the kind of girl Leigh is pushing me to be I knew at that moment that, as much as I was enjoying playing the roles Leigh was placing me in, I had to maintain my independence and not let myself be pushed into any character I wasn't ready to be. But if Mother is putting Leigh up to this, how can I test out other personalities? Cousin Ann will help me. I just have to make sure I get to be with her this summer.*

I slipped out of the pajamas, brushed my teeth and wrapped myself in the kimono. The mirror told me I

looked suitably femme; just casual enough for breakfast in a friend's apartment. But could I really think of Leigh as a friend? Whatever the answer to that question might be, I still had to go as if Leigh had nothing but my best interests behind whatever she said or did. To resist her advice, to challenge her would certain get back to Mother who could very well keep me at home for the summer. *Smile blandly and nod at whatever Leigh tells you. It's surest ticket away from Mother for at least the summer. Then again, I might enjoy whatever Leigh planned for me. Girl, keep those options open.*

Thinking it might be a good idea to call Phil's house and leave a message that I would phone him later, I lifted the receiver only to hear Leigh in the midst of a phone conversation. "This child, once she's ready to go out on calls, will make you a fortune. Don't bother to thank me. It's the least I can do after you got me set up in the trade."

Mother and Leigh were conspiring to lure me into being some sort of specialized call girl. Granted there was some sort of appeal in being seen with men of wealth and power, it wasn't fair to get me into that life without allowing me to try on other femme roles. As much as I needed to live as a woman, being a prostitute wasn't what I had in mind.

I hung up the phone, wrapped my hair in a scarf and called cheerfully down the hall to Leigh. "Mmm, that coffee smells super!"

"How do you like your eggs?" was her reply.

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When I finally did get Phil on the phone, he was having second thoughts. "What if we someone we know sees us?"

"Doesn't matter, you jerk. I promise no one will recognize me, maybe not even you."

"How can you be so sure?"

"For one thing, I'll be wearing a dress and strappy sandals with tinted stockings. With a fall attached to my hair, subtle makeup and fashionable sunglasses, I'll be totally Rochelle with no trace of Sheldon left. In case you're worrying about my figure, a padded bra and a girdle will eliminate any hint of maleness from my body, at least any hint visible outside my dress. Just make sure you dress well enough to be seen with. No jeans and tee shirt and definitely no engineer boots."

"Gee, Shellie, that will be so cool..."

I cut him off in mid-sentence. "Hold on, mister. When I'm dressed in full girl fashion my name is Rochelle and nothing else. Get that straight. One more thing. If you dare show up looking like you're ready to hang out on a street corner, I'll make sure you recognize me and then I'm going to walk off leaving you flat."

"I get it, Rochelle. Chino's and a dress shirt, okay?"

"And a summer weight blazer if you have one. I just know you'll look yummy for me"

Poor boy, I could almost hear him drool at the thought of what might happen if he could impress me as 'yummy.' But he might look really cute in nice clothes.

We would meet at the Museum of Modern Art at noon.

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I was deliberately early for my date with Phil. The museum was crowded but Leigh had told me of a few secluded stair landings that might give me the privacy needed to entice Phil into pawing me, as she put it, and so have an excuse to hurt him physically as well as emotionally.

There was ample opportunity to practice my feminine wiles and I took advantage of the young couples to do so. My newly discovered ploy was to point my toe forward as if fearing a run in y stocking, raise my skirt just to the edge of my knee, then with a moistened finger tip, lean forward and trace the non-existent run. I would then look up and smile at any guy or girl who might have been enjoying my brief show.

Phil arrived almost to the moment. I waved at him with unfeigned delight at seeing he was as good as word in choosing his attire for our date.

His face lit up when it became instantly clear that my promise to pass as a completely different person from the Shellie he knew at school was fulfilled beyond his wildest dreams.

I walked up to him, took both his hands mine as I faced him, rose on tip toe, and kissed him moistly on the lips. It was laughable how my show of unbridled feminine affection took him by surprise. Poor Phil stepped back and would have dropped my hands had I not held fast.

“Don’t you like what you see?”

“Like it? I love it! You weren’t fooling around when you said no one would recognize you...”

“Then shut up and kiss me.”

I threw my arms around his neck and pressed myself against him. This time he responded by putting his arms around my waist and accepting my kiss with gently parted lips. I raised one foot off the ground in that classic hug and kiss posture that was obligatory in so many romantic comedies of that era.

To fully appreciate this scene, you must remember that this was in the entranceway to the Museum of Modern Art on a pleasant late spring day in May. A handsome, well dressed college age young man being greeted affectionately by an attractive, petite and fashionably dressed girl was a sight not all that rare in the New York of the fifties. A few of the many people in front of the museum applauded politely. This brought a happy smile to Phil’s face. It was as if my passing had reassured him that it was okay to like me, okay to date me. But would it be okay to be seen with me back in our neighborhood, be seen with me if I weren’t en femme? The other question would I myself be happy being with Phil if I couldn’t be ever so slightly en femme? Too bad that a boy like me wearing something as neutral as Jamaica shorts might be at risk for a beating. There were some things about the Fabulous Fifties that were less than fabulous.

With an arm around each other’s waist, we bought our tickets to the museum. “But Phil, I insist on paying. Meeting here was my idea so it’s only fair... Okay, you can pay for lunch.”

Hand in hand we wandered through the galleries. Phil surprised with his appreciation of the paintings. He was especially taken by the early cubists. I wasn’t

unaware of how many people noticed us, this ideal young couple. That made me think Phil and I might belong together at least for the near future. A weird foreboding came over me when Phil let my hand fall from his. It was as if somewhere inside me was the fear that Phil would wake up to what was happening between us and flee. I wanted so hard to be a nice girl, to give up trying to be the domineering bitch I was being groomed to be but I was beginning to wonder if he would continue to need me, continue to date me if I didn't exert some real control over him.

It wasn't long before I slipped my arm through Phil's as we discussed one painting or another. Older couples looked us and then smiled at each other. We had a different kind of effect on couples closer to our age; it was an effect that reassured me I was choosing the correct path to follow but still left me uncertain of how to present myself once on that path. Boys would notice me; run their eyes up and down me. Then they would look at Phil with undisguised envy and resentment. The way their eyes scanned me made me feel like a commodity at first but then it became flattering in a strange way that I was able to make these so proper looking young men shed their veneer of respectability to eye me so lasciviously. It was better still when the young man's date would elbow him to pay attention to her and not me.

From time to time Phil and I would bump our hips together. As we progressed to the less crowded galleries we managed to stand and walk hip to hip. What started as a silly game was turning into a very subtle kind of foreplay! It needed no words for us to acknowledge where this was going.

We found an out of the area at the top of stairway which was closed off from a corridor leading back to the galleries by a double door. The men's and ladies' restrooms in that area appeared to be rarely used. That we might be discovered in whatever was about to happen provided an additional level of excitement.

I threw myself at Phil wrapping my legs around his waist and kissed him passionately. We were suddenly standing with Phil's back against the wall, my skirt raised to my waist as I ground the flat control of my panty girdle against his hard cock. He was moaning softly as he grasped my bottom and pressed me harder against him. I felt his cock throbbing as I gently squeezed his balls through his slacks. It was fortunate that I was able to pull his handkerchief from his pocket and shove down his pants an instant before he exploded. Had I not done so, the stain left by his wad would have brought this wild and idyllic date to a premature end then and there.

Phil stood panting as he recovered from his orgasm. "That was wild, Rochelle."

"Oh, sure! Wild for you because you got off. What about me? Are you just too selfish to realize that a girl needs to get off too?"

My reaction wasn't what he expected but he didn't argue.

"Rochelle, I didn't mean to be selfish. It's just that you felt so good against me...I swear I'll make it up to you just give me a chance."

I ran my finger tips over his lips and let him look into my eyes.

"Sure, Phil. One more chance."

We managed to find a table for two in the museum's sculpture garden. I reached across the table and rested my hand on Phil's. "Honey," I began. "Today started out as a test of whether I could feel comfortable being...like I am today. For you it may have been a lark or a way to see if you could handle a girl like me. I've got to tell you I'm sweet on you. This could work but not with whom we really have to be for now. Just let's agree not to hurt each other."

He nodded and smiled but I could see that under it all he was hurt by the realization that he had discovered what his needs really were but could do nothing to satisfy them in his the world he was stuck in.

He needed some cheering up so I reminded him, "Don't forget you owe me a big orgasm."

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We walked arm in arm to the Seventh Avenue subway.

"I'd love for you to see me home like on a real date with a real girl but that would cause big trouble in our neighborhood. I'm staying with a friend in Chelsea overnight. I'd like very much for you to ride with me on the subway, okay? Call me at home tomorrow afternoon and let's study together at my house."

After finding an empty car, we relaxed and kissed deeply between every stop. I broke off our last kiss and moved to the door at the end of the car as the train raced toward my destination. The door between the cars slid open and a gust of wind lifted my skirt. I shoved my skirt down with one hand and blew Phil a kiss with the other.

There was no doubt in my mind that the image of my legs bared to my stocking tops and panty girdle hem would provide Phil with enough jerk-off fantasies to get him through the night.

“Don’t forget to call me. I expect you to give me what you owe me tomorrow night,” I called through the subway car door just as it closed.

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Leigh didn’t answer the doorbell but Diana, the photographer whose studio occupied the first floor of the building invited me into her office.

“Leigh asked me to let you in if you got back before she did.” She motioned me to a couch along the wall and then seated herself.

“Coffee, soft drink, something hard? No, okay. I shouldn’t be saying this to you... You’re a really sweet kid, somehow still untouched by the traps set by people who exploit kids like you. I’ve been photographing all sorts of types for a long time. Get sucked into the world of kept transvestites and you’ll never be able to live the life of a normal female. Trust me, honey, I’m not being altruistic. You’d make a great model. I can see doing a series of studies as you develop into a lovely young woman but that won’t work if you become what Leigh wants to make you into. No need to flee from her. Just don’t let her gain control.”

Diane’s unsolicited advice had reawakened the nagging doubts I had about being prevented from exploring the roles that would suit me best as Rochelle became my every day existence. Then it struck me that I had to confront Mother. To find if she was party to

pushing me into becoming a money making machine for her and her cohorts.

Once in Leigh's apartment I removed every trace of makeup and thoroughly shampooed my hair to remove all remnants of setting lotion.

I dressed in plain cotton panties, Jamaica shorts, a polo shirt that could have been worn by a boy or a girl although it buttoned left over right, crew socks and tennis sneakers.

When Leigh returned home a short time later, her face registered her disapproval of seeing me as I was when I arrived the day before. Her look of disapproval turned to one of near anger. I responded with a wry smile. Leigh, this self-promoting paragon of sophistication and icy emotions, was wringing her fingers.

"Something upsetting you, Leigh?"

"No, nothing," she spat out. "I thought you were spending the rest of the weekend with me. I was about to ask you if you felt like going to dinner with..."

"I'm going home now. I'm not ready to be one of the girls you hire out; not now and not ever. You just don't get it. I'm going to find out who I really am which is certainly not some kind of freak whore. Now if you get out of my way, I'll take a few of the things I bought uptown. I do thank you for the shopping expedition."

Leigh seemed to deflate like a worn out balloon. Her face went pale under her makeup. She looked scared.

Within half an hour I was walking toward the subway station with some of my new unmentionables and a pair of heels in a plain shopping bag.

I found a phone booth and called Phil to ask him to meet me at our local subway station in forty-five minutes.

Phil walked me home, something which made me feel more secure and more femme. This did little to deter me from my planned confrontation with Mother who I believed had tried to set me up as a call girl without my knowledge or consent.

"I need to talk to my mom privately so I won't ask you in. It's not because I don't want to." We were in the side entranceway to my house.

I stood on tiptoe and gave Phil a very wet kiss on his lips. "Call me later."

I went upstairs and let myself into the apartment. Mother was on the phone in her bedroom so I stood in the doorway of her room trying to look impatient and indifferent at the same time. Hearing Mother's end of the conversation startled me and changed my perception of what had happened in during my time with Leigh.

"Now you just listen to me, you stuck up hick. No one gave you any reason to think Rochelle was being groomed to be anything other than an ordinary high school senior. Don't dare think about crossing me again. You just get every item you charged to me together. They're Rochelle's, not yours. Someone will pick them up tomorrow morning. Then you can start packing and get back to Pennsylvania....There are no second chances."

Mother slammed the phone down and, for the first time, noticed I was in the doorway. Suddenly she had her arms around me and rocked gently. "My poor, poor baby. Why did I even think that slut was the one

to teach you feminine grooming? But you weren't exactly a babe in the woods when you announced you were leaving. It's okay, though.. Even nice girls can be bitchy when it's called for. Rochelle, always keep that in mind."

"Yes, Mother."

"Oh, Phil, I'm so glad you kept your word and called. Let's go for a walk. Give me half an hour."

A hint of eye shadow, an all but invisible layer of lipstick and a femme hair style to start with. Next came blue panties under white slacks. No socks with black patent look ballet style flats. A dark blue polo shirt and I was ready.

The doorbell rang and I trotted down the side stairs and opened the door for Phil. He stared dumbstruck.

"Oh, Phil, I'm so sorry," I teased. "I can tell from your face that you don't like what I'm wearing. I thought you would be glad to see me like this."

"No, No," he pleaded. "I love what you're wearing and I love you like you are. I just wasn't expecting it. Not around here, anyway." As he paused to catch his breath, he looked me over from head to feet and back again. His honest reaction told me that he was waking up to the idea that the values of our narrow little neighborhood were by no means universal. There was hope for him.

I cupped his balls in my hand, took his hand in mine, guided it to my non-existent breast and put his finger tips against my hard nipple.

"Let's go for our walk." O gently pushed him away from me. He was promising so far but I had to test him

further before I decided whether or not to practice making out and more with him.

I slipped my arm through his as we strolled along the darkened street.

He held my arm close to his side as we passed through circle after circle of light from the street lamps.

"Phil, you passed the first test," I said as I leaned my head against his shoulder.

"What test? I don't get it."

"You didn't drop my arm when we were in the light so I guess you're not afraid to be seen with me when I'm like this."

"Shellie, I know you're going away for the summer but when school starts again, I want to spend lots of time with you."

"I don't think that's going to work since Mother and I are moving away. Just let's enjoy the moment and not dream any silly dreams."

"Away to where?"

Ignoring his irrelevant question, I pulled him close to me so that our thighs brushed each other's as we walked. My arm was around his waist but for only a few steps. Then it slipped down to his tush where it rested lightly. Phil tried to return the compliment by sliding his hand onto my tush with his finger resting against my crack.

"Not so quickly," I said breathlessly as I wiggled away from his grasp while keeping my hand on his muscular rump. Stepping in front of him I kissed him and let him take me in his arms. The pressure of his hard cock against me told me he was already quite aroused, perhaps too aroused. I say "too aroused" be-

cause I didn't want him shooting off before I got the chance to taste every part of him.

"Let's get back to my house. Now!"

The light from the street lamp was bright enough for me to see his face register disappointment. The pathetic sap was convinced he had gone too far and had turned me off. This sudden turn of events amused me no end and reassured me that this technique of subtle, understated bitchiness came naturally to me and was meant to be my artful way in which I would control and even dominate men.

Phil remained a foot or two back from me as I unlocked the side door to my house. I managed a sad expression as I turned to face him.

"Thanks for this afternoon. It's something I'll always remember...."

"Phil, that supposed to be the girl's line, the kind of line a girl uses to tell a guy it's over," I said softly. "Maybe it is over as far as you're concerned. You could be right but why not come upstairs and we can end it in real style." I grabbed his hand and yanked him into the entranceway.

Fortunately Mother had left for the evening. Not that she would have minded but her presence, however indulgent, would have inhibited Phil.

"Wait here, like a good boy." I shoved him onto a club chair in the living room and, with the sexiest walk I could manage in heels, made my way down the hall to my bedroom. I slipped off the polo shirt and donned a padded bra. My flats were replaced by two and half inch t-strap heels, again black patent leather. I need something to replace the polo and opted for a loosely

fitting cotton sweater. I smirked as I imagined the look on Phil's face when he discovers I'm wearing a bra.

Phil was thumbing through a magazine when I returned. I ran my hands down my sides and over my hips. Before Phil could react, I was on him and pinned his shoulders to the couch. He began to fight back but I covered his mouth with my own and rammed my tongue down his throat.

"Oh, don't be such a stick in the mud, you jerk. This is what you want and you know it so don't try to back out." I unzipped his jeans, slipped my hand in and grabbed his balls hard enough to make him wince.

"Now take those pants off," I ordered. He managed to pull both his pants and underpants down at once. I rewarded his cooperation by pulling my sweater over my head. His eyes widened in disbelief as they focused on my bra.

Turning my back to him, I stuck out my tush as I lowered my slacks. I turned to face him clad only in high heels, bra and panties. His already swollen cock was even more rampant as I approached him.

Grabbing his ears and digging my nails into his skin I pulled him off the couch and onto the floor. "Suck me," I growled. He got to his knees and put his hands on my hips to free my dick from my panties. I put my hand on his forehead, shoved him onto his back and extended the heel of shoe toward him. "Not my dick. You have to earn that privilege!" He took the hint, rested my foot in his hand and took the heel into his mouth as if it were a dick. His twitching cock was oozing precum!

On some perverse urge I ordered him to put his underpants back on.

He was reluctant for only a few seconds but then quickly slipped the undies over his ankles and pulled them into place with his cock head showing over the waist band.

“My sister’s,” was all he said as I stared at the white nylon panties!

Overcome with passion, I tackled him. We were on our sides in the classic spoon position with my cock resting against his panty covered tush. I reached in front of him and stroked his dick through the flimsy nylon as he lowered the rear of his panties. My cock head pressed against his anal sphincter until I sensed he was almost ready to cum. Then I entered him and rocked from gently until we both came with an intensity we hadn’t ever expected when we started on our walk.

I rested on my elbow looking into his face as he recovered from his first fuck. As for me, I knew I was well on my way to perfecting my art, the art of bitchiness.

Mardee Louise Prynne