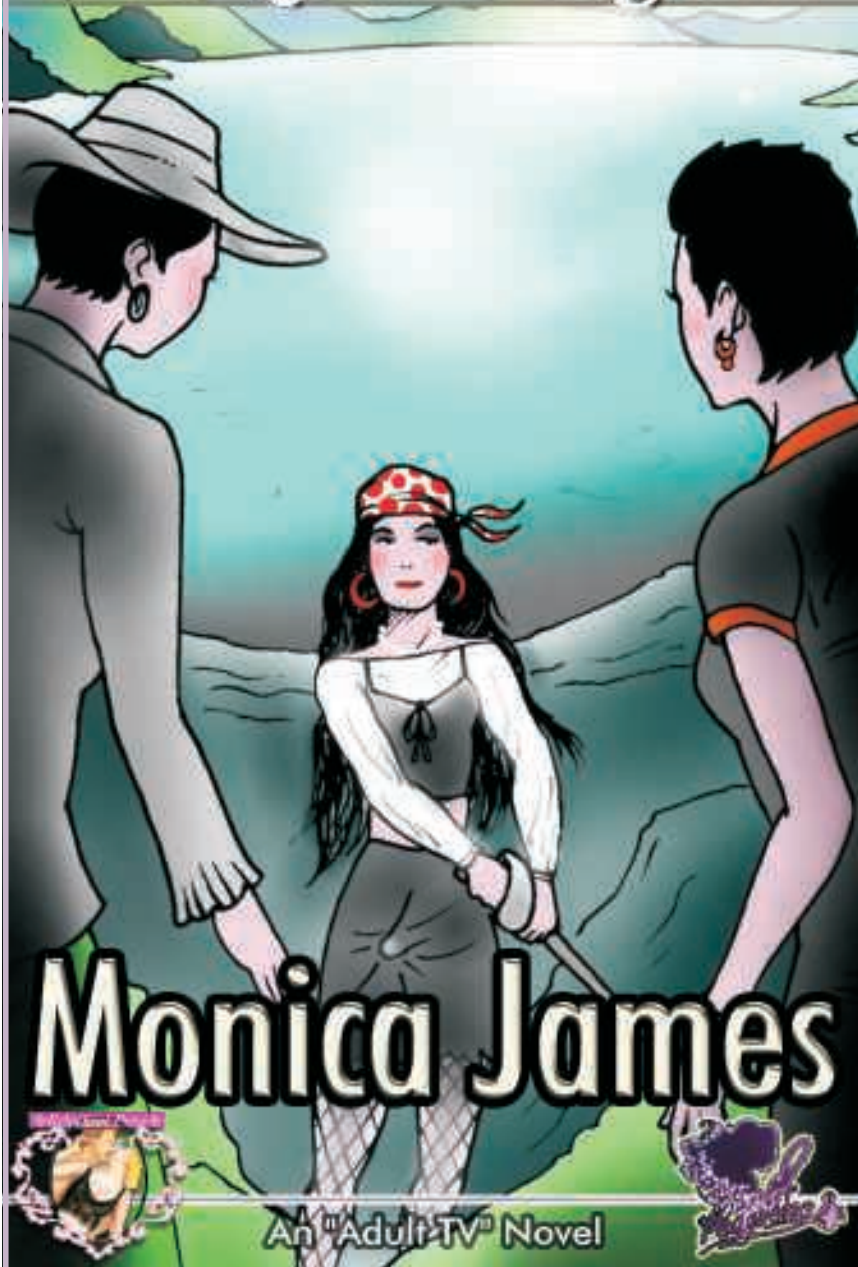


The Quiet Legion



Monica James

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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The Quiet Legion

By Monica James

I.

Returning from the Community College campus, Kris threw the weight of his backpack from one shoulder to the other. The setting sun was winking through the oak trees draped with Spanish moss. He didn't mind the long trek because it gave him an opportunity to sort out the myriad feelings of the day.

That was when the nightmare began. Three students stepped out of the shadows and blocked his path. "Hey, fruitcake," one of them called out. "We don't need your name on our graduation plaque."

A shiver of fear paralyzed his brain. "Let me pass, guys," Kris said, trying to be firm but realized he was suddenly unsteady. He approached the three focused on violating him. He stopped, looked from one side to another and back, ready to dump his backpack and make a run for it. He hesitated; too late.

Flying fists pummeled him until he fell to the ground. He tried to crawl to one side to escape the assault. A spirited kick in the ribs and again on the head left him semi-conscious. He stirred when he heard the three of them talking. Painfully, he crept toward the lagoon and the parallel path he knew was there. Their voices and laughter diminished as they left him. He crawled beneath a bush and passed out.

#

“They found you unconscious near the lagoon. At first it seemed you had had too much to drink, uh, or smoke.” Dale Davis chuckled. “Do you want to file charges? Someone beat hell out of you. There is little mercy in mob violence.”

Kris blinked and realized he was in the college clinic marked by the pungent smell of reagents. “Three guys jumped me. I don’t know who they are. I was alone, minding my own business; no reason, actually.”

“Now that you’re clearheaded, they want to run some tests. You say you did nothing to entice them?”

“That’s right,” Kris answered. “Were you there when they left?”

Dale laughed. “No such luck. I was sitting next to the lagoon in the gazebo shelter when I heard you moan. You didn’t answer me so I brought you here. Better safe than sorry.”

“I thank you, then.” Kris closed his eyes to try to will away a painful wave of headache. “This has never happened to me before. I thought I was safe but, well, now I learn the hard way.”

Dale chuckled. "Maybe I can help you home after they release you."

Kris watched Dale leave. As he tried to rest on the awkward gurney, he realized his rescuer was sincerely trying to help. Remaining silent, he waited and thought over the experience, the trauma and the cause.

"Kristopher Castille," he answered as the clerk filled out a personal form. "Call me Kris." He smiled and stared into the eyes of the orderly. "Second-year student. General Studies."

The orderly bent close to him and listened to his heartbeat. She straightened his covers and took his hand. "I'm Deb Speer. I'll be your contact here at the clinic. We see several cases similar to yours. The security guys will be around to make a report. How do you feel now? Any pain?"

"Just comes and goes. I hate to be a bother. There has to be some others needing the attention of all this stuff." He waved his hand at the well-equipped clinic. "A fellow named Dale brought me here."

"Yes, I met him," Deb said softly. "He is in the lobby waiting for your release. You are very fortunate to have a caring friend."

Kris responded to the overtones; a sixth sense of which he was aware. "I don't know him. Good Samaritan, I guess. He found me and brought me here. That's all."

Deb stood up, tucked the thin blanket around his shoulders and looked down at him with a quizzical expression. "Don't be offended. I was just saying." She collected her clipboard and left.

Kris leaned on Dale as he was helped onto the security office's golf cart. It had been a long night but Dale waited. Finally, they arrived at Kris's garden apartment on Raglan Alley which he shared with another student. The roommate wasn't there.

"There is some wine in the fridge," Kris said with a sigh as he sank down on the wide sofa pillows. "Draw two, please." He smiled and kicked off his shoes. "I appreciate your help."

Dale poured some white wine over tumblers filled with ice. "You needed a friend. I guess it was meant for us to meet."

"Those guys really worked me over. Called me a 'fruitcake' with no reason at all. It wasn't just a routine 'mugging' like we see in the news or on video. I'm sensitive to other people's feelings; it was hate."

"Let me explain," Dale said after a pause. "I have an assistant position in the outreach group, Sociology Department. Your adventure interests us; the word 'hate' just enrolled you as my friend. Do you live alone here? Very fancy for a college student."

"My roommate is visiting at home; family business. We get along socially. He doesn't like me though he hasn't said that in so many words. I come off as effeminate sometimes which offends some folks. I can't change who I am. The end result is that I do not have any real friends."

Dale casually dropped one hand onto Kris' leg. "You can count me as Number One, then. Come on, can I help you into the bath, bed or whatever? You have to go back to the clinic but they gave you the day off to get it together. Another way of saying they are too busy unless you are terminal." He chuckled.

II.

Kris set aside a class workbook on the coffee table. “Sometimes I feel like I should hide or something,” he said.

Dale poured some more wine. “It has been several weeks now; the bruises are healed. Uh, the ones we can see, anyhow. Have your classmates quit asking questions?”

Kris hunched down so he could rest his feet on the coffee table. “Nobody pays attention to me,” he answered. “That’s as well; look what happened to me when I went quietly about my own business.”

Dale sat next to him, sipped the wine cooler and carefully set the glass down on the end table. “I’ve wanted to ask you this question. You just mentioned hiding. Do you want to hide, be someone else? Have you thought of going out into public where nobody knows you and become friends with others your age of similar interests?”

“Do you think I’m gay? Should I make all the singles bars?”

Dale laughed. “No, not that. Have you thought of it? Do you know why those guys who beat you up are so afraid?”

“I was the one that was afraid. Do you think other people see me as a threat? That, maybe, I’m going to expose them for some totally awful sin or whatever? Tough thought but I’ve never had sex, guy or gal, so am really not qualified. What are you getting at?”

Dale relaxed and sipped from his wine glass. “There is a sort of club, very informal. They are known on campus as the ‘Quiet Legion’. You see them often without actually recognizing fellow stu-

dents. At night, on the quad, you can't tell for sure. Boys look like girls; they are hiding. Some girls do the same. Don't be shocked."

Kris sat up. "Transvestites? I've heard of that. Do we actually have some here?"

Dale sat next to Kris and stretched his legs. "Interested? Want to try? Remember that attractive orderly at the clinic, Deb Speer? We are both in the QL, Quiet Legion. Even not speaking in the course of a routine day, we are friends immediately."

"Because you both have some issue to hide. What is it?"

"Before I go into detail on the human condition, let's take a walk. It's Friday night. The soccer game is well over and the crowds are gathered in packs in favorite haunts. Want to go?"

"You want me to, don't you?"

"Yes, I wasn't sure at first but you are not only a likable guy but I find you attractive, as well. Your intelligent approach to issues can't be denied."

Kris let out a deep breath. "OK, yes; I want to go. Lead on, Macduff."

"Wise guy," Dale answered. "Let's go! Andiamo and we storm the human terminus."

"Such melodrama," Kris said laughing.

The gazebo at the lagoon, frequently abandoned, was full of guys and gals talking, laughing, smoking and agreeing to a simple revelry like a family reunion. "This is where I was the night I found you. Remember?"

“I don’t like to think of that. I do wonder what happened to those thugs.” Kris looked around at the unusual gathering. “Not likely they’ll be hanging out or hooking up here.”

“Oh! Hello.” A youngster dressed in bulky bib overalls, denim vest, outlandish orange knit tie and rough boots. “Kris and Dale, right?”

Dale stepped up to her and they hugged. “Is this the weekly meeting of the QL?”

Laughter. “As if you didn’t know or you wouldn’t be here. You guys forget me? I’m Deb Speer; clinic orderly extraordinaire.”

“Omigod,” Kris said showing his wide smile. “Of course but, really, I thought you were a guy.”

“Tut-tut, my dear man. All healed, I see. Hang here a second and I’ll find my date to introduce you.” She disappeared and did not return.

“What could she have to hide?” Kris asked as they walked back to his Raglan Alley apartment.

“Maybe she will tell you one day. For now, be content that she is happy, with friends who respect her lifestyle, and has reason to be out of harm’s way if only for an evening.”

“She is very pretty and with a special touch. I can’t imagine she has anything to hide. Now I wonder why she never came back with her date like she said. Fickle or freakish?”

At Raglan Alley, Kris checked his mailbox. “Hold a second,” he said. “Note in the mail from esteemed roommate. Unusual; he commonly uses my e-mail address.” He opened the door to let them both in. “Oh, shame! Family trouble which was such a secret

is now that human terminus you were shouting about. Seems he will not be returning and asks me to pack up and save his stuff. Might be a hospital issue; we know what that's like." He accepted a glass of white wine from Dale.

Dale put one hand on Kris' knee and pressed with his fingers. "Want to talk about it?"

"What? All of a sudden my sixth sense is sending me messages."

Dale moved one hand a little higher. "For a long time now I've admired your good looks. I was not aware you were in such good shape. Do you work out? Your physique is really firm. Do you mind me doing this?" He moved one hand onto Kris' back and then to his shoulders. A firm massage was next and Kris sighed.

"That feels so good. You have strong hands for a sociologist," he said trying for a moment of levity. He sat up and turned to put his back to Dale.

The massage continued. Then Dale moved both hands onto his shoulders to flex the neck muscles. "Um, nice," he whispered. "Want more? Want me to stop?" He undid Kris's top button and slid one hand in to run tickling fingers along Kris' exposed torso. Chest hair caught his touch.

"No; I'm OK. You have exactly thirty minutes to stop that," Kris said hoping for an amused tone. "I've never been in a situation like this."

"That's why I asked you if you want me to continue. You don't really know what to expect, do you?"

"Well, yes; sort of. You have caught me by surprise. Perhaps I've known for a long time that my destiny would call for me in some way. Is this it?"

“Should we stop? Do you want to talk?” Dale began to withdraw his hand from beneath Kris’ shirt.

“No, leave it there; I like it. Sort of soothing in a weird way.” Kris was making an obvious effort to get comfortable. He knew he was dealing with a conflict between fear and desire. “I fear we are at the gates. You said ‘terminus’ a while ago. That’s Latin, I think.”

Dale relaxed his hand. “That may be our destination, you and I. Are you afraid?”

“Yes, without knowing why. Maybe it’s the revelation concerning Deb Speer and the Quiet Legion. I do trust you as my friend, and that you will lead me out of the dangers of evil residence known as ‘Tartarus.’ There, now I feel better.”

Dale kept his position at Kris’s back and wrapped his arms around him. He dropped one hand onto Kris’s hip. He flexed the flesh there. “Tartarus; what’s that?” He moved his fingers aside but kept a gentle pressure.

Kris giggled. “I spent too much time alone so I read a lot. Also, about a quarter of my grade is in Greek mythology. Tartarus is the dungeon for sinners. That’s what’s bothering me but, at the same time, I like what you are doing.”

Dale moved his other hand across. “I’m glad. I think you will like dressing up to meet Deb Speer’s date. Should be interesting.” In moving his free hand, Dale softly brushed Kris’ bulge at his crotch. He kept still and said nothing.

Kris took in a quick breath and gasped, “Oh! I felt that.”

In answer, Dale quickly unbuttoned Kris’s shirt and tugged it open. He next moved both hands down

over the slender hips onto the thighs kept tightly encased in the linen slacks. When Kris did not object, he fondled the supple flesh and waited.

Kris stifled a sob. "Dale, please; I don't know about this."

"But you *want* to know, don't you? It is desire and I can feel you tremble." He continued stroking the innocent lad's middle body. "We are alone here; good wine and plenty of space. Nobody will ever know unless you tell. You must agree to our secret even though the entire QL will make snide assumptions." He moved closer until his lips brushed the back of Kris's neck.

"Ah, Dale; I didn't really know this is what you wanted of me. I've really been elated over our friendship and, now, uh, I can't hide for very long, can I?"

Dale moved both hands, from either side, until he cupped the sensitive genitals. Next, he raised both hands and swiftly unbuckled Kris's trousers. He stopped again. "Tell me what you are hiding," he said softly. "It isn't me or what we might be doing this night, is it? It was fear a while ago but it's not like that any longer, is it? Maybe you don't like me to spend my time with you, ah, uh, in this way."

"Your interest in me physically has become a shadow on my self-esteem. That's what I was trying to hide. I didn't want you to know that I don't feel worthy. Now, with what you've suggested, I want to commit to what I must to keep your interest. Am I in the den of Tartarus or romancing with Dante? You tell me."

Without answer, Dale forced his belt buckle to one side and deftly tugged the zipper down. Then, instead of invading the naked domain at his fingertips, he caught Kris's firm erection in thumb and finger with

a stroking movement through the cotton briefs. “Wait until you’ve finished and you can tell me.”

Kris was wriggling in his passion. “I like it. I’m out of breath with no physical reason.”

“I know you want it but, since it is your first time, I think it best to go slowly. Maybe you need to accept each new feeling.” He continued the gentle stroking then stopped abruptly. “Lift up,” he said in a whisper. When Kris raised his hips by digging his feet into the sofa cushions, Dale firmly slid the tight slacks and briefs off Kris’ hips, down and aside. The starkness revealed a raging erection.

Kris blinked as if misunderstanding when Dale stood up and tugged at his hands. “What?”

“Let’s go stretch out on the bunk. You know where you are, right?”

Kris obediently stood and let Dale lead him to the bedroom. “No, seriously, where am I?”

Dale smiled and fluffed up the pillows. “The point of no return. Even sociologists know about that.”

“I’m glad,” Kris replied. He watched in amazed fascination as Dale stripped and climbed onto the bunk next to him. He accepted Dale’s hand and allowed him to guide onto his cock. At the same time, Dale reached for Kris’s hard tool and gently stroked it.

The awkward moment, like a first pass on the sport of the game, thus revealed made Dale dismiss any feelings of fear that Kris would object when he felt Kris fondle him with an affectionate gentleness. Feeling encouraged, Dale leaned over and began the erotic journey with hands and lips down Kris’s nubile body until he felt the pubic hair tickle his chin. “You want this; I know you do,” he whispered and moved

his hips in synch with Kris's building passion. "Tell me," he said firmly.

Kris's tone of voice faltered to a ragged tremble. "I've dreamed of this but, even now, I'm not sure. Yet, I've valued every nuance of feeling while our friendship became stronger. Do you want to do it?"

For answer, Dale plunged Kris' iron-hard tool into his mouth.

Kris moaned and then screamed. He reached to hold each side of Dale's head as it bobbed up and down getting each erotic fold of need. "Yes, omigod, yes, marvelous."

"Well, say something," Dale said gazing at the sated youngster. "I thought you were in a coma."

"Yes, well, so, uh, that's what all the fuss is about. Is there more?"

Dale chuckled. "Yes, but only when you're ready. It seems to me you have a recently developed interest in sex. It's listed up there with oxygen. As for more adventures, we have to talk."

"OK, right; I agree."

#

"Do you think she likes me?" Kris asked after a long pause.

"Who? As if I didn't know."

"Deb Speer. The girl with the orange tie and disappearing date."

Dale was pensive. "Look at you now. One minor sex session with a guy and you are off

on a sensual tangent of some kind.” He chuckled and leaned back to relax. “You haven’t even spent the night next to me and are now dreaming of a cute girl that wears orange knit ties.” He snickered. “Please, don’t be offended. I went through the same cycle but it has been a while. How about it?”

“About what? Deb Speer? We know very little, really, about her. Oh, we know she likes to hide with her transvestite friends. But, uh, what else?”

“Search me! Do you want to see her again? Do you have an orange tie?”

Kris frowned. “You are teasing me; maybe I deserve it for my naiveté.” He went for another glass of wine. “Or, maybe you are saying we already know all we need to. She is as we used to say ‘taken’.”

Dale gulped wine from the tumbler. “Do you want me to take you to see her tonight? Or, maybe you would prefer to go alone?”

Kris swallowed nervously. “Wouldn’t I be too close to that scene where you first found me? Do you think I’ve nothing to hide but am curious to learn more? Are you saying we are not through investigating our feelings? That, perhaps, we might move too fast?”

Dale hesitated at the door. “I’ll be back to pick you up about nine. I hope you are ready for more surprises at the meeting of the Quiet Legion.” He left abruptly though Kris sat bewildered on the side of the bunk, feet flat on the floor.

#

Kris showered and shaved. He was certain several times that his wall clock was broken as it seemed to refuse to mark any time closer to Dale's arrival.

He was lost in thought. 'I liked it; is Dale toying with me? Why? Wow, he is big. Maybe he wants me to do it. Um, that's a consideration. But, much as I like him, I had the image of Deb Speer in mind just before I exploded in his mouth. Now, maybe I need some help. Dale is a licensed counselor; he can guide me. I need; yes, I need to see Deb Speer's smile again. Soon; tonight.'

After letting himself in, Dale stepped boldly forward and caught Kris's hips with his hands. "You can close your mouth now. Tonight we are going to find out if you would like to hide with me and, if we're lucky, Deb Speer."

"You startled me," Kris said faltering. "I just didn't think, uh, oh, wow. Do you like being a girl?"

Dale was informal-appearing in white blouse, scarf knotted at the neck, short skirt and black knit stockings. He laughed. "I was hoping you would find me attractive. The next question is easy—would you like to dress up so the QL bunch will accept you as one of their own?"

"I'm still in shock. Come on, let's go."

Approaching the shadowy overlook, they saw a lone figure of a guy against the darkened sky. He was staring out over the water as if in deep thought. It was Deb Speer. She turned to face them when she heard their steps. Summoning a wide smile, she forwarded her hand in greeting. "Well, hey, you two. I



recognize the young, ravishing, stunner Kris Castille. But, please, who is this beauty escorting you?

Kris laughed. “Deb, let me introduce Ms. D.D., short for Dale Davis.” He took Deb’s hand, held it briefly and stepped closer until their bodies melded. “I think of you often,” he said. His tone was raspy with lust. He was glad it was shady enough so Deb could not see him blush.

“Oh, I knew all along. You can’t fool me.” She walked between them to the small meeting just beginning to form. “You ran away the last time I saw you. I wanted you to meet my friend but, well, y’know how it goes; he split.”

“Sorry for your loss,” Dale said automatically.

Deb took Kris’s arm. “You can be the needed replacement if Dale will be so kind.”

Dale nodded and peered absently over Deb’s shoulder at the dozen or so happy-go-lucky transvestites near the lagoon. “You go right ahead but, be cautious, I can be kind as you say but don’t know *what* kind.”

They all laughed and, with Kris a newcomer to the group, accepted a glass of rich red Burgundy wine. The group was not easily identified as to gender but Kris was fascinated. Later, Kris and Deb settled on a bench near the overgrowth.

“I’m glad to see you survived so well,” Deb mentioned in an offhand way. “No more nighttime travels?”

Kris winced. “It was just about ten feet or so in those bushes that Dale found me and brought me to your clinic. It wasn’t until later that he mentioned the Quiet Legion.”

“I’m glad you are OK. But, tell me, why are you staring at me? You can’t hide your interest in me but I would like you to admit your interest, if not your concern.”

“I’m sorry. You have a special, well, feature that I think about. I’m not very experienced in the social graces. Will you forgive me?”

“I already have. What is it? I think I’m saying I’d like to be a guy for you. Is that it?”

“Kind of—at least that’s my hope. I want to kiss you but you might be angry. Oh, damn it, Deb, I’ve had only a few moments of erotic bliss but I fantasize a lot. I want your mouth.”

She chortled and doubled over in laughter. “Kris Castille, you are amazing. I accept your explanation if not your invitation.”

When Dale heard their conversation, the laughs and joyous outbursts, he approached to quickly sit next to Kris. “Have you been harassing this pretty guy/girl?”

Deb spoke up. She was still merrily carrying on the conversation. “I don’t mean to be intimidating,” she said still choking on laughter. “But this really great youngster wants me to give him head. I’ve been around a while, a few places, different people but I never, ever, have been so flattered. Kris wants me so much he can’t contain his thoughts.” At that, she stood up to go but turned to face Kris and Dale. “This evening I was really depressed thinking about, well, the loss. You two clowns have brought me back to this planet with your own circus. Thanks.”

They watched Deb as she joined the small group at the gazebo. There were hugs and some laughter.

“Come on,” Dale said as he pulled Kris to his feet. “We need to talk.”

On the way back to Raglan Alley, Dale took Kris’s hand. “I’m proud of you. Well, for the way you mixed with that group of QL reverts; what did you learn or were you just getting the feel of hiding so you can join them?”

Kris was pensive. “It is difficult to explain. It took very little effort to merge with the group. We all have a common interest like we would need our own flag, so to speak. I have long been able to perceive some human feelings like a sixth sense. It’s like, when the QL group is together, as in hanging out, they generate their own aura. More like electrical.”

“Well said, my sexy friend. Would you like to dress up for the next gathering? We can go shopping at the consignment stores to pick out something you can show. But, what about the larger question?”

Kris looked askance quickly. “Larger question? Like, what? Do I like the members of the group? Yes, I like Deb Speer even if I probably alienated her from my future with her but I was honest. Maybe that counts for some small gain.”

Dale giggled. “Some small gain? Maybe but is she the only one? What about those other QL members? Are they easy to talk to? Transvestites have a reputation for being affable but, as the action often goes, they can be excitable and misleading. You will learn. I’ve never met anyone more sensitive than you.”

Kris slowed his stride, stopped and, still holding Dale’s hand, looked into his friend’s eyes. He stared long enough to be awkward. “One guy I met said he is waiting for his school loan to be approved and, once he has the cash in hand, plans to get a gender reas-

signment. The thought scared me but he was sincere.”

“Do school loans allow that? I mean, can you run off with the cash? I think your friend is floating a pie in the sky. They have better control over disposition. I’m aware of that.”

“Yes, I saw your certificate naming you as ‘counselor’. Is that just for TV or TG? What takes most of your time?”

Dale hesitated, then plowed right into the core of the topic. “You no doubt noticed how easily Deb and I met at the clinic. Even without a formal introduction, we fell right into a warm rapport. It depends on how far you want to go. Are you considering coming to the meetings as a girl? It is a path I’ve recommended to others; successfully, by the way.”

“One gal/guy, if that’s accurate, commented he is really a girl trapped in a guy’s body. He wasn’t joking.”

“I can tell you honestly that he was dead serious. You will see a few like that. They are comfortable cross-dressing because they can fantasize they’ve made the transition. It would sort of come across to you like Halloween every week or so. Want to try?”

“Yes but what about us?”

“Hmm. You are really asking about Deb, aren’t you? Is this like infatuation? Are you genuinely interested enough in what she can do with those pretty lips? If you persist, be prepared for the cost; it isn’t free, you know.”

As they turned onto Raglan Alley, Kris chuckled. “Free means included in the price. That’s what you keep telling me.”

“It’s all part of your education, young friend. Can you stay level-headed enough to do cross-dressing?”

III.

Late Friday, Dale sat on the stone bench. Students rushed along the quad in their busy lives.

“Well, hello,” Deb said as she approached. “Don’t look so self-absorbed. Or did you really lose your best friend?” She chuckled and sat next to him.

“Just waiting for Kris. He finally agreed to come with me to the Goodwill to pick out some outfits for tonight. After considerable thought, he has admitted to a compelling interest in QL.”

Deb looked at the steady stream of humanity as each closed their busy day. She touched his hand. “Tell me then, oh great benefactor. Did you seduce that nice boy?”

Dale grinned. “And, if I did? Am I stealing your interest out of the jaws of erotic desire?”

“I didn’t say that but Kris has, oh for the right word, a special ambiance, if you will. I took his invitation lightly when he blurted it out like the juvenile he is. Then, over these several weeks, seeing him, watching his mannerisms, there is a magnetic attraction between us.”

Dale giggled. “You amaze me. How shall I answer?”

She took his hand and moved it closer to her body. “Honestly would be refreshing.” Her smile disappeared with the flash of a frown. She touched her upper lip with the tip of her tongue.

“It’s easy to read too much into this. We had a brief encounter, maybe several, like boys at summer camp in the woods. The result was a blatant admission of his infatuation with a charming orderly at the clinic named Deb Speer. How delicate can we be?”

“How serious is the situation? You’re the counselor. You’ve been with him. I can only nurse a fantasy seeing his head bobbing between my legs.”

Dale sat back and took her hand again. “We both know the answer, n’est pas?” He waved absently to a passing friend before turning to search her face for a clue. “Your turn, then.”

“I suggest we induct him into the ranks of the QL. Let him get some exposure to our life. He can find some answers we might well have overlooked.”

“You must be very intelligent because we agree. Will you help?”

She slapped him on the leg. “He can always withdraw if he is unhappy. Many join, few leave.” She looked quickly past him to see Kris approaching. “As we speak,” she said.

They hugged and Kris seemed unwilling to break the delightful contact with her. “I’m going to see you tonight,” he said with a shy turn of tone. “Dale is going to help me dress. Will you be there?”

She stepped quickly in a half pirouette. “Sure; see you. I’m curious to see you in a normal attire. But, be warned; about your invitation, I just might enter into competition with your handsome friend here.”

Without waiting for a comment, she walked away with a lively step.

“Wow! Did you hear that?” Kris said with a gasp.

“How do you feel about dressing up to be her date-night wonder?”

They walked slowly toward Raglan Alley. “Tell me, counselor. Is it normal to have both feet tingling at the same time?”

Dale laughed. “Only if your toenails stay together.”

IV

“Now is the hour,” Dale said as they began to rifle through banks of consignment clothing, declaring the sizes. When he found some item he thought appropriate, he abruptly interrupted Kris to show him. By the time they were ready to go, Kris was burdened with three packages of women’s apparel.

“This is the most exciting adventure ever. Do you think they will like me?”

“You mean Deb but you’re saying ‘they’. Don’t you realize it is very possible Deb will dump you like the last lover? She seems to have very little patience with awkward lovers. You have a good beginning with her so don’t blow it. Uh, if you pardon the expression. No pun intended.” Then he laughed and accepted Dale’s arm across his shoulders. “We need to stay happy; it attracts people around us.”

Deb found them sitting on the concrete bench. Dale had spent all his effort getting Kris ready for his debut so was quietly proud of Kris’ demeanor.

“Are you two on a date?” she asked with an amused twinkle in her eyes. “Am I interfering?” She chortled to make it seem a passing joke.

Kris took the initiative though he was unsure of what to say or, with something said, feared it would

spoil his chances. “Dale says I’m OK to merge with the crowd. What do you think?”

She burst out laughing in a good natured way. Sitting down she took Kris’ hand. “Just don’t tell any of them what you asked of me. They are more sensitive to newcomers. OK?”

Kris blushed. “I know I was forward, awkward and unforgiving, all of it. It is clear to me I might embarrass you which is the last issue for us.”

A long silent moment hung between them. Finally, Deb stood up and looked furtively around. “You are in good hands, little one,” she said to Kris. “Actually I’m here to hook up with a friend. Her name is Amy; I’ll introduce you. She likes to dress like a guy so we appear as a couple.” She laughed again and walked toward the crowd milling and laughing in the gazebo. Their joyful responses meant they were enjoying the early evening.

“What do you think?” Kris asked. “Did I do better this time?”

“Yes, totally. You look seriously provocative tonight. Look out; one of these gals dressed as a guy will try to pick you up.”

“I can tell them I’m with you. You are now assigned to be my lord protector.”

Dale chuckled. “You are so funny. Listen up! Six months from now, if all goes well in your adventure, you will be thankful for our continuing friendship. Theoretically you won’t feel the price was too high to satisfy me. Oh, and Deb; include her in that perspective.”

As they walked back toward Raglan Alley, Kris was thoughtful. "You say there is a cost," he said slowly. "Can I know more of what might be expected of me?"

"You want it honest, graphic maybe, and simple?"

"Yes; no secrets."

Once inside, Dale turned abruptly and brought a lusty kiss down on Kris's lips. "I want more than just a piece of you," he said while Kris made a heroic effort to compose himself. "Raise your arms," he said firmly.

After a blatant quizzical look, Kris allowed Dale to raise his T-shirt, up and over his head until the strong fabric caught at his wrists, essentially trapping him for the moment. "Hey. What are you doing?"

"You seem to like surprises. Try this." He again planted a warm kiss on Kris' surprised mouth. Without pause he began lightly touching Kris's lips, watching carefully his young charge's reaction. "Open up," he said and pressed Kris' lips. "Take my finger between your lips and let me feel your tongue. Yes, that's right."

Kris released the hold on his shoulders. Slumped in surrender, he allowed Dale some erotic motion like agreeing to play a new game. "Oops," he said with a slight cough as Dale went farther in. "I'm not sure what you want me to do. No complaint; I'm obedient."

Dale laughed. "Oh, just right, then. Take this second finger in too. Now, when I separate, push your tongue between them. In-and-back. Out almost to surrender, then again. Right. You do that to a gorgeous girl like our Deb Speer and you can expect demands for more."

Kris relaxed. “I get it. Whew! What a sensation. Wish me luck. It’s all just an overture, right?”

Dale put his hands behind his head and rested against a small pillow. “I guarantee it will send her into orbit. But, you do need more confidence. Let’s talk some.”

“Sure, all right. From what just happened, I’m thinking maybe she will shed her orange knit tie, open her blouse and go down. But, I need to make her cum first, right?”

“Correct; willing to give it a try? When she is in the throes of surrender, you merely break the hold she has on your mouth and gently sink down to bring your tongue in. Simple?”

“Are you testing me?”

“Yes but I’ve nearly finished. It’s this. If you continue on this adventure, you will find yourself in more and different kinds of sexual positions. I’ve seen it happen. The more you try to pass yourself off as a girl, the easier it will be to act it out.”

“Makes sense. But, I’m not scared; should I be?”

“You see,” Dale said raising his eyebrow in question. “It’s starting already. When you sense Deb is packing, you have the cue to act.”

“Packing? What did I miss?”

Dale laughed. “When a girl is hot for a lesbian encounter, she’ll wear a strap on dildo to attract the attention of someone she fancies. It’s a very effective ploy. You can imagine sitting next to Deb when she places your hand on her firm plastic erection. From there it is no turning back.”

“Wow! Maybe she is ready now, this very evening. Let’s get me dressed.”

Dale laughed and began sorting through the assortment of feminine attire spread out on the bunk. “Here; this blouse looks like you could wear it to a ‘coming out’ party.” He nodded as he held up the tight-fitting addition. Next he urged Kris to try on the matching skirt, then black stockings and dress shoes. “You look seriously sexy,” he said laughing. “So, ready to go?”

“I don’t know how to thank you for teaching me so much.”

They walked down the path to the lagoon. Soon they heard the small crowd of sexual adventurers. The raucous calls seemed to bounce off the water, punctuating the evening mists.

“You only get one lesson at a time. However, there is one issue you might keep in mind. It’s important to your demeanor.”

Kris sighed and accepted Dale’s hand as they trod closer to the group in the gazebo. He had not forgotten that the pathway there was the location where all this maturing had a beginning. “So, friendly sir, what is this issue you value?”

“Oral sex. It’s the signature event of the transvestite. One partner fancies another, each dressed as their opposite sex. It is natural to act out the sexual need when the time is right. Any questions?”

“Not now but I feel certain time will instruct us. I sure would not want to hurt any or each of those beautiful people. I am quick to remember the hatred packed behind punches while I was the object of some sick desire.”

Dale stopped to greet some friends before they continued the walk. “You have managed an important hurdle. Mature urges to either change or dress for the opposite sex can be fun but not at another’s expense. Maybe those adventurous souls are having trouble with their own sexual identity. What can I say?”

“All this for a plastic dildo? It seems counter-productive somehow.”

“Good call. They won’t all be plastic, you know. The possibilities are endless. You’ll see the big picture one of these days.”

V.

They settled onto the accustomed concrete bench. Watching the small crowd enjoying the evening, they finally saw Deb Speer walking toward them. “Aha!” she said with a low-toned exclamation. “Two of my favorite people.”

Dale smoothly stood and stepped aside while Kris took the advantage to hug Deb. “Do you like me as a girl?” he asked.

Deb laughed. “I like you as an orangutan if that’s what you’re asking.”

He chuckled and turned sideways to see Dale walking away from them, down the narrow path. He took her hand and, as a suggestion, led her to sit next to him on the bench. “It appears I’ve been abandoned,” he whispered. He slipped one arm around her waist. “You are really a nice-looking guy.”

She chuckled. “I like your attitude but I can’t be on a date with you tonight. Well, at least not for a while. I have another project.”

“I’ll take a rain check if you’ll agree to be patient with this excuse for an orangutan.”

She stood up and, still holding his hand, convulsed in laughter. “You are a great wit. How could I not be serious with you, even considering you register such flattery for me? Who knows? It may come to pass.” In a quick spin away from the embrace, she was gone obviously in search of someone more interesting.

He caught up with Dale after a brief sprint along the shore. “She turn you down?” he asked.

“Not exactly. She prefers someone, or something, else tonight. An orangutan would fit the bill.” He grinned and they walked back to Raglan Alley.

“Do you want me to sponsor you to the group? You will meet many interesting folks that, apparently, have similar interests.”

Kris nodded. “I see what you are doing. If Deb sees us differently, well, perhaps she will be more accepting.”

“She has already admitted she is flattered by your interest in her.”

“I don’t want to lose you as a sponsor. You have a subtle influence in the group. Everyone respects you. That didn’t come by accident.”

Dale held him close and cupped his chin to place a gentle kiss. It was an erotic moment. “So, you agree to keep me as your sponsor?”

Kris felt weak in the knees. “Yes; I’d be deathly afraid to continue the journey alone. I surrender even knowing what you want of me. I’ve never done that simple act before but when you caressed my lips like

you did, I almost fell into your embrace. If we make a practice of fellatio, do you think Deb will lose interest?”

“Are you willing to take the chance? “

Kris sighed. “Yes; I reason that if you want me, others may also. That’s a huge chunk of progress over the guy you found beat up waiting to be hauled to the clinic.”

“You are perceptive. If I don’t tell anyone you like giving me head, you should be free to invest your charms if you fancy someone else. I won’t stop you.”

“You want me, even taking the risk that I won’t be satisfactory?”

Dale quietly led Kris to the bedroom. He stood behind him, hands on hips, and pulled him close enough to rub his erection against Kris’ trembling body. Next he deftly undid Kris’ belt and tugged the zipper until his clothes were free.

Kris kicked the dress aside and allowed Dale to slip the blouse off his shoulders. “Get on the bunk, on your back, you are scheduled to find some answers. No more delays.”

Kris nodded assent and scrambled onto the wide mattress, face staring up as he watched Dale undress. “I’m not afraid,” Kris whispered. “Not with you.”

Dale straddled the willing lad, knees on his hips. “Take me in hand,” he said and pulled Kris’s arm so both hands could fondle the straining shank. He hunched his back, lifted up until Kris was helplessly caught in a sexual vice. “Put this pillow beneath your head. Yes, that’s right. Talk to me, lover.”

“Omigod, Dale. I don’t know what to say,” Kris said. A wave of nervous panic tightened his gut. “I’ll do it. I’ll put it in my mouth. I know it is what you want.”

“It’s more of what you want. Take it now. Suck it.”

#

At the clinic, Deb looked up to see Dale staring at her over the top of the cubicle. “Are you on official business?” she asked. “The last patient you brought in is a sexual handful. Just kidding. What’s up?”

Dale sat in the straight back chair and stretched his legs. “The sexual handful you remember is a sick puppy. And, to be sure, it’s your doing; not mine.”

Deb grinned. “Explain yourself. How sick is the puppy and what are the symptoms?”

Dale smiled. “Puppy love. He is so taken with your charm he is all but unable to function. He isn’t the kind of guy that had a dozen girlfriends before leaving high school. You absolutely bowled him over.”

Deb giggled. “And what, my dear sir, am I supposed to do to ease his malaise?”

“It would help if you chat with him at the QL meeting this evening. He needs to know what is going on with you and Amy or you and anyone else. If you want to thrill this youngster, he is ready. Oh, is he ready!”

Deb smiled. “I’m aware of your influence in the group. I knew about you before you brought your broken friend in for treatment. Therefore, I will go bareback with your friend if you will do something for me. Can we make a deal?”

Dale was fascinated. “You need only ask; you know that.”

“There is a girl. Her name is Julie Auday. I seriously want her. When you see her, you will understand.”

He nodded agreement. “Is Julie an easy mark? Like, does she cross dress? Is she a QL member? A little help here?”

She looked at the wall clock. “I’m off in a few minutes. Can we maybe stop for a coffee at the Bistro? The situation might be more than you can handle but of all the people I know, I’ve no doubt you can deliver.”

Standing outside the Bistro, Dale patiently waited for Deb Speer to make an appearance. He spotted her walking across the quad. She was taking deliberate steps, appearing to be in deep thought.

‘That is one neat chick,’ he thought to himself. He could see her shapely legs flowing in firm steps. The wind whipped her skirt so she reached down to hold it. As if she knew he was watching, she flounced and turned to wait for the light at the crosswalk. ‘It’s a marvelous fantasy,’ he thought as he watched her approach. ‘It will be a wonder if young Kris Castille gets any of that.’ He raised one hand to wave.

In the Bistro, they slid into a booth toward the back where it was quiet. The waitress brought the café au lait. Deb sipped it. “Thank you for being willing to hear me out. Your admission about young unrequited love inspired me.”

“So, tell me about Julie Auday and what has you so enthralled.”

“In a word she is tantalizingly fresh, ‘hot’ is the word on the street among the sexual hopefuls. I’ve tried to date her. Even bribed her with tickets to the symphony concert. No luck. Yet, I see no evidence of another body in her life; male or female. You are to make her acquaintance and learn enough about her character and interests to give me a handle to work with.”

Dale frowned. “Suppose I find she has a lover? Suppose she has someone else she is trying on for size? Just suppose. I would think, with your good looks, if you could get her interest in the QL, maybe she will cave in. That brings me to the finale question. What makes you think she is a candidate for an excessive play at cunnilingus? Is it possible she is of two minds on that topic?”

Deb opened her purse and fished out a paper which she handed to Dale. “Here; it’s all I know about her. Address, identity, passport, and so on. You get her to admit acceptance and your young Mister Castille will get his bareback blow job; extraordinaire, of course.”

Dale looked closely at the several photos in the file. “I can see your interest; she’s a looker. It would amaze me that, if I do the legwork here, she is not available for some reason.”

“I have one plan, however weak. I’m going to ask her to the clinic ostensibly to satisfy a rumor about a ‘bug’ going around like the flu or something.”

As the two conspirators made ready to leave, Dale had a last word. “Who is Amy? What am I to tell Kris?”

“Amy? Well, I guess you remember the name better than I. She is the gal that dresses as the Caribbean pirate. I like her and, as it turned out, she is not ex-

actly taken with me. One hand under her pirate pleated skirt and she freaked. Everyone else seemed interested in seeing the young girl fall to the expert. Who? Not me as it turned out.” She laughed.

“So, as the issue turns out, it is clear to me that I’ve no chance in getting your luscious lips to do duty. It’s all right because it has to be.”

“My, my; you are under the influence of your understudy as we might term him. Tell me, now that we are in league with the devil, were you successful in seducing him? How did you manage that? He seemed funky freaky to me.”

Dale grinned. “So glad you asked. Yes, he flipped over on his back like Mom’s flapjacks. I fear he had no way to avoid an invasion which he handled very well. As much as he responded, he is more interested than ever in watching your gorgeous lips take in a wanton tool. Pardon the expression.”

“I see; so we will leave it. You are the super sponsor. As such, get me sexual partners and I’ll more than reciprocate. Do you dig?”

“In league with the devil; I’ll go with that.”

#

“Oh, good; you’re here,” Kris said when he heard Dale enter. “Please help me with this damn zipper. I don’t want to be late for the QL meeting.”

Dale secured the Hawaiian style skirt that swished on Kris’ instep. Next he slipped the breast pads into place and put on the bra. “There you go, lover. I saw Deb Speer today for a brief coffee at the Bistro. She speaks well of you which is more progress than you’ve made in a while.”

“A while? You mean in my life. Did she say she is not angry with me for my big mouth? Did you tell her you are my sponsor?”

“Sponsor, yes. Big mouth, no. As it turned out, the meeting was planned. Deb has accepted me as the QL sponsor and has given me a relationship challenge to keep me occupied.”

“Oh? What’s that all about?”

“A girl named Julie Auday. Deb has the hots for her. I have her photo but there doesn’t seem to be much to hope for if the girl doesn’t want to play along.”

“Does this mean Deb and I can’t be an item? Is it true she is only into girls? Is that why she cross-dresses as a guy so often?”

“When you accepted me as your sponsor, it suddenly came to light that Deb will cooperate as soon as I nail down this Julie gal. I really think Deb is strung out fantasizing about this girl. Who knows what may come of it?”

“I want her now even more. Can you get her for me? What about that Amy? Any report now that you are riding on the inner circle?”

“Yes; Deb made a move on her but it didn’t work. She thinks it’s because Amy is dressed as a pirate and getting beneath that fussy costume is too awkward. Flimsy excuse, I say.”

“Are you offended because of last night? You didn’t say and I feel sort of left out.”

Dale grinned. “I wish I had a video camera on your face when you finally managed a mouth full without

choking. I want to compliment you on your 'first time swallow.' It was beautiful."

"Well, then; that's settled. Can any random QL member have mixed emotions after an early affair? If I am 'bi' as you say, then I want to enjoy it but, somehow, I feel I'm better off with just one effort, not the entire tribe."

Dale smiled. "I'll be your effort. That sound OK? Can I depend on you to be a rewarding, sympathetic soul for Deb Speer? That more than anything may win the day."

"I need to learn more than what you've shown. You seem to be fading away and there's little I can do about it."

"Don't be discouraged. Even Rome was not built in a day."

Kris stood up and impulsively faced Dale as if angry. "You are using me for some underhanded reason of your own. I'm getting to not liking it." He turned to go. "See you at the meeting, then."

Dale watched him go. He was pensive. 'Woe is the poor fool who gets out on a limb to win the mark.' He sighed.

VI.

The darkening evening sky promised wind and rain. Kris hurried to the QL meeting which was protected due to an overhang covering the several wooden benches in the gazebo.

"Oh, Hi," Deb said to Kris as he approached. "You look very femme in that Hawaiian skirt. Come, sit by me. We need to talk."

Kris, immediately captivated by Deb's stunning smile, sat gingerly on the bench. He tugged at the white starched blouse to get it neatly tucked in his belt. "I'm open for discussion. Does this mean you've been as captivated by Dale Davis as I have?"

"I want to explain, if I can. Dale is not merely an extension member of our academic clique. He has the ear of the University Board of Regents which, as you may surmise, has an interest in any value, however reckless, in our student body."

Kris frowned, then brightened. "I consider that to mean our friend can do no wrong. Interesting. But, what? And, why?"

Deb laughed aloud and moved closer to him as a random spray of rain found them. "The 'what' part is easy. He has power. The 'why' is a bit more complex. You have already tested his taste in seduction, I believe." She stared at him with a quizzical look, eyebrows raised in question.

"He may also be a bit of a gossip." He giggled and tightened his arm around her. "What do I ask? Why am I here; though I must admit to curled toenails when I hold you close like this? Am I being forward?"

Deb snuggled and pressed her face into his neck. "For real! Would you be OK with us like this more often? You may recall I was amused and said I was flattered by your interest in me. It isn't all cross-dressing; it is much more."

Kris chanced a comment. "More of what?"

"I dress as a boy because I'd like to be able to act more masculine. I feel I've been messed up somehow in that I'm not able to entice some girls I fancy into my bedroom. Do you think I'm bad?"

“No; you have a handle on what you value in this life. Why not? But, just how did you get so attached to orange knit ties?”

They both laughed. Deb hit him on the shoulder with her tiny fist. “You’re awful. How did you manage to get this far as a college student without some more meaningful adventures? For example, an escapade other than the thrill of satisfying your sponsor in bed?”

“Not an accident, of course. I had no way of knowing you or, uh, my-oh-my, a girl named Amy.”

“She dumped me,” Deb whispered so as not to be overheard. “There has to be a reason. I’ve likely presumed I came onto her instead of waiting for her to make the first move. I’ll never know for sure.”

“If you like girls and, the obvious, I’m considering coming out as liking guys, where does that leave us? Is there a chance for us? What can I say or do to get Amy to come to terms? Our mutual sponsor might be able to put on some pressure.”

“That’s blackmail.” She sat up abruptly when the rain stopped. She brushed a wet spot on the bench. “Will you ask Dale to intervene? Call it mending a broken heart.”

“It’s not like a fence keeping the cows in, is it?”

Deb took in a deep breath and exhaled in a sigh. “I like your suggestions; let’s do it.”

“And, if I’m successful; how can we cement our relationship? There has to be campus activities we can attend as a boy and girl. You may just have touched on a better life on the quad.”

Kris struggled to create a possible strategy. “OK, I’ll carry the hot potato and, if it works, we are an item. That the way you see us?”

She hugged him. “I have dreams of Amy already. You are a miracle worker.”

He tipped her chin and gently kissed her lips. It was enough contact to make him hide the tell-tale bulge in his dress.

#

What about Julie Auday?

Taking a long walk along the lagoon pathway, Kris tried to organize his thoughts to make some sense of his scattered feelings. ‘I was bad with Dale. If he throws me away, what did I gain?’ He mulled over the complication and each time came to the same conclusions Dale had predicted. First, he knew he enjoyed the QL: the camaraderie and the shameless opportunities. Secondly, he concluded, ‘Dale has proved that I’m desirable. Not just sex, I don’t think. He wants more than I can give. And, I’m not even certain about that.’ “What’s the price?” he said aloud and swiftly looked askance to be certain nobody overheard him.

Kris had just passed one of the restful bench settings when he heard a feminine giggle.

“What price is known, Kris?” Deb said. “Are you wandering about talking to yourself? What’s bothering you, my young friend?”

Kris blushed a deep red. “Oh, Deb. I feel like I’m the pawn, Dale is the King and you are the Queen. It’s a fast game. Can we talk about it?”

“You are wise. Come, sit next to me. Maybe I can set the record straight.”

Kris hurriedly, fastidiously, sat next to Deb Speer and took her hand. “You can explain my confusion, perhaps.”

“It’s Dale, isn’t it?” she asked. Her hand was gently held close to Kris’ body. “I can guess what is bothering you.”

He smiled. “Make that hot and bothered. I really do value Dale’s friendship. I’m puzzled about what he asks of me. Does he own the QL?”

Deb smiled and moved both hands to capture his, however limp. “Do you remember? When you came to my clinic with Dale, you saw him embrace me without discussion. He did not know much about me or my QL interests but I knew him as the one member with most influence. He keeps it quiet but he is the kind of leader who always nurtures a goal without drawing a full picture. I’m talking about authority, lots of it.”

Kris was shocked. “I didn’t even once think he had some governing tactic about him. I never saw him giving orders or displaying a cunning political move.”

Deb smiled some more. “That you are surprised at tests to his success. He likes guys like you. He is proud of such a simple conquest over you in bed. But, he is also playing another game.”

“Dare I ask?” Kris was getting nervous in the steady gaze Deb was leveling at him.

“Would it be true if I said you were an easy lay? Did you like what he did? And did you admit to having other interests beside a gay sex life?”

“Well, you already recall me making a fool of myself that first time we met. After having absolutely no friends, no sex life, and certainly no way to interest a girl as beautiful as you. What was I to think?”

Deb leaned against him when he put his arm around her. “In a way, we are both snarled in his latest web. Can I be honest?”

“Please do but I fear the answer.”

Deb sighed. “Remember how we made fun of you when you were first showing an interest in us? I said I was flattered, which was true. Now that you’ve grown up in a way that pleases us, you might be ready for the next step.”

“Uh, which is, uh, what?” Kris stammered. He looked at the empty path and, for a moment, considered making a run for it as if bolting in a dead run back to Raglan Alley would somehow protect him. Finally, he gained control of himself. “Explain, please.”

“When Dale seduced you in whatever mode, you were probably quick to respond because you didn’t want to lose the connection with the campus authority figure. Did you swallow?”

“Yes, I did. It takes some discipline, doesn’t it?”

“But you like doing it? Was it the sensation or something else more basic to the QL way of life?”

“I have a feeling you are going to tell me.”

“Each member has an individual story but, basically, crossdressing provides a moment of comfort, of escape, of hiding behind the gnawing need to be someone else in another skin. Make sense? I know it does. Now, can you be persuaded to do some chore or task, for Dale if he can arrange a connection you de-

sire? What is that? Is it more of Dale or someone else? Me?”

Kris felt a sob building in his throat. “That’s almost too much to handle right now. What am I asked to do, what task as you’ve made clear? Why would I have the right of refusal? It’s a dumb question when I know not what he has in mind.”

Deb faced him and stared into his eyes. “Her name is Amy,” she whispered. I want you to meet her.”

“Is Amy QL?” he asked forthright.

Deb was pensive. “Yes, if you must know. However, she often keeps mostly to herself; a poker face. We were well on the way to becoming lovers when she blew up. No, not like that; no pun intended. She dumped me; simple.”

“How did you get out of that awful weight on your ego?”

“Easy, another girl. Within a day, a much better selection came into my life. Her name is Julie. She is so lovely I couldn’t resist hitting on her; gently, you understand.”

Kris folded his arms around his legs and smiled. “It is certain you have as much confusion to cope with. Not so? So, this Julie character doesn’t want to be seduced? A guy might be more agreeable. If she likes the feather touch from a novice in the social order, she might be interested in me. If she has different needs, Dale is your man.”

Deb sighed. “Maybe it’s the orange knit tie,” she said lightly with a frown for a smile. “Will you help Dale with my latest project? I really need to make contact with this gal.”

“Of course; count me in. What, if anything, have you accomplished with the esteemed Julie, uh, who?”

“Auday; Julie Auday. I called her to come to the clinic for a quick immunization. There’s a flu bug going around; well, that’s what I told her. Like a good girl, she showed up between classes and I played nurse; blood pressure, temp, all like that. I closed the exam with a comment about not needing medicine at this time. No argument.”

Kris smiled, an indulgence. “Here I am with you; so innocent. I so want to make up for the wrongs against you since our first meeting. Seriously. Now, as I gather my courage, you tell me about your desire for someone else. I am at your command, of course, but where do I find this charming ‘mark’ that has you so enamored? Is there an urgency? Like, we need to rush into action until another interest takes over? Sounds complicated to me.”

Deb grinned and touched her tongue tip to her lips, a quick gesture that threatened to leave Kris in an erotic funk. Taking a deep breath, she continued. “OK; it’s like this. Amy seemed interested in me until I put my hand beneath her skirt. I didn’t know pirates were sensitive like that.” She laughed in the favorite tinkle that often seduced anyone she fancied.

Kris looked away and up into the complex of oak tree branches. “Maybe it was the orange tie,” he said lamely.

Deb moved one hand onto Kris’ leg. “Would you like me better as a girl or full blown TS?” She clucked with her tongue against the roof of her mouth. “You need to think your desires through. You seem satisfied, now, to be easily seduced. Will it last? Just guys? Consider me, then: You see me as a transvestite. Do you want me to be a guy? Can you stay per-

forming cunnilingus on me? Many guy/gals will cave in when you agree to go down on them. Think about it.”

“Um, I’ve heard some QL members consider a physical, like surgical, change. It might be a ‘greener grass’ syndrome if there is such an issue.”

A psychic ice formed a mental wall between them. “Don’t be stupid,” she said with disdain. “Find out what this cute puss needs to turn her on. She won’t talk to me now that I’ve scared her off.” In an angry twirl, Deb stalked off, leaving Kris the most forlorn he had ever been in his personal battle of the sexes.

#

Later, when Kris came into the room at Raglan Alley, Dale threw a triangular pillow at him. “Hey,” he called out in good nature, “what happened between you and Deb? Whatever, it isn’t a recommended path to get her cooperation.”

“We were having a friendly talk and, all of a sudden, she went weird. Conundrum.”

Dale grinned and handed Kris a glass of wine. “Relax, handsome guy. I have information that might help.”

Morose, Kris sank heavily onto the sofa next to Dale. He sipped the wine, licked his lips in appreciation and nodded. “Like what?”

“Our charming Julie Auday signed up for EMT this morning. You see, I have spies everywhere.” He chuckled and poured more wine. “That might be handy info. What do you think?”

“Omigod. I know about that. It’s a closed group because there is so much ‘hands-on’ to learn. Secondly, it’s restricted to just guys. Julie definitely doesn’t qualify as a male of the species.” He sighed and accepted another glass of wine.

“You aren’t listening. No matter; let me be your coach and we can move forward.”

Disappointed, Kris shook his head. “No; I’m getting really seriously tired of being dumped without knowing why. You have a plan, I can tell.”

“I’ve talked over a plan with Deb. She shrugged her shoulders and had very little to add. I didn’t ask for any more support from her. She seems in a stew for the moment.” He stood up and went into the kitchen. The carton was soon opened and he set the pizza on the oven rack. He paced back and forth in deep thought. Finally, Dale said, “First idea—Julie is sure to be turned down for the EMT class. Two reasons. She’s a girl and, secondly, the class is limited to a dozen students.”

“Second idea?” Kris asked showing renewed interest.

“Use your charm to gain her confidence. The EMT instructor might see her differently if she is a QL member. You can do that.”

“Not sure but I’ll try anything. Deb assures me there is urgency in her interest so we have to move on Julie before the whole project is doomed.” He hesitated. “Deb has already hit on this new coming attraction. The girl wants to enroll in the nursing school which begins in her third, junior year. We now know that entrance, with attractive scholarship help, is made easier for graduates of the EMT program. Actual, hands-on experience is a serious plus.”

“Next, my turn. I’ll present our plan to the Board of Regents at the next meeting. They are still in conflict over the pressure to do more toward integrating sexes, all kinds, in the student body. If the EMT group can include a girl, well, try that on for size, sexy friend.”

Kris chortled and slapped his leg. “You call me ‘sexy’ but you don’t explain how I can get the stunning Julie in proper light.”

“You can’t without my help. You do this...talk to the coach. Let him know about the discrimination and gain his cooperation. If he caves in to that, he can be the hero and Julie the new EMT student. Will you do it?”

“Yes but something doesn’t seem right. What is the goal here and who all is involved? The wider the interest, the more members and the risk of a fiasco goes soaring. Just sayin’.”

“It’s up to you to install the scenario. When the moment of acceptance arrives, Deb Speer will swoop in like the avenging angel and save the day, so to speak. By this time there should be enough give-and-take to get the marvelous EMT student on her back for Deb to enjoy.”

“That’s gross and you know it. Too many venues, too much risk. I’m not convinced.”

“One item you’ve overlooked. If we don’t get the plan off the ground, and soon, nothing will happen. Even failure might change plans.”

“OK, I’ll do it. That can be my mantra.”

“Mantra?” Dale asked. “What’s that?”

“What the hell—let’s go.”

VII.

The EMT office and training area was in a Quonset hut under the football bleachers. Kris found the entrance and stopped to take a seat next to the sign that declared “Emergency Medical and Technical training”.

After a few moments wait, a husky, broad-shouldered, tall EMT official came in. His uniform was flashy which attracted Kris’ attention but his demeanor bordered on hostile. “Who are you?” he asked crisply.

Kris cleared his throat which gave away his nervousness. “Is, uh, Mr. Easton, Ernest Easton, in? I talked to him on his phone; he told me to come here.”

“Not to sign up for the EMT class, I hope,” was the firm reply. “We need men with a bit more muscle, if you know what I mean. You look like a spider on a postage stamp.” A brief smile flashed before he turned and walked into one of the offices. Next, he motioned Kris inside.

Following the unfriendly official, Kris couldn’t miss the array of emergency looking equipment—boots, uniform jackets, oxygen bottles with masks, medical kits and CPR units.

Ernie Easton looked up from paperwork on his desk. He glanced up and down at Kris’s slight frame. “I don’t think you can pass the physical to enroll; no offense intended.”

“Oh! I’m inquiring about that. A friend of mine wants to enroll in the Winter Term. What prerequisites and stuff, seriously, is needed?”

Ernie Easton stood up and walked until he was close to Kris. He playfully flicked the colorful scarf Kris used for neckwear. "Send him here so I can get a look at him," he said without taking his eyes off Kris who sat nervously twisting in the chair and crossing his legs.

"It's a girl," he managed to squeak. The physical powerhouse did not hesitate. He seemed to Kris to be aggressive but not threatening.

"Does this little lady have some background? Maybe experience in the military or whatever?"

"Do you have an opening for the Winter Term, sir? She would like to apply."

Ernie slapped his head and turned his palm outward. "I get all the weirdo students," he said as if impatient. "Tell you what, little sex pot, bring her here and I'll be just as quick to send her packing. We don't take girls for training."

Close to losing his 'cool', Kris looked up at the towering hulk posed by the attractive man. "And, if you did, sir, would you consider her?"

Ernie's expression changed as he silently appraised Kris. After a long moment, he spoke up. "This can't be as big a deal as you make out, Mister Castille. What haven't you told me?"

Kris forced his gaze away as if that mild movement would somehow protect him. Beyond that he was enamored with lust that he did not think would ever leave him. He shuddered when he saw the change in Ernie's eyes. He watched the massive hand reach for him and, in a panic, almost fell off the chair. "Uh, it's complicated, sir. Her name is Julie Auday. She is determined to get the training you offer."

“Don’t talk to me like I’m selling tickets to the circus.” Ernie strode across the room and threw the bolt to secure his office door. “Tell me,” he demanded. “Are you one of those QL people on campus? And, this Julie Auday, is she one as well?”

“I follow the QL interests,” Kris croaked. “To my knowledge, none of my fellows intend any possible harm. For the most part, they just want to be left alone to do their thing.”

Getting more interested, Ernie stepped closer. He ran one finger along Kris’s collar, feeling the smooth flesh of his neck. Using both hands, he undid the cravat knot in Kris’ scarf. “Tell you what, my young friend. I’ll agree to interview the young lady, which should please you. Might even make your concerns less complicated.” He walked around Kris’ chair to stand behind him. It seemed an immense weight when Ernie put both powerful hands on his shoulders. “It took courage to come here today. That pleases me. Also, I continue to admire an attractive feature you can offer me in return. Do you want to know what that is?”

“Tell me,” Kris squeaked. He looked at the curved wall as if it was seriously important. “May I inform Miss Auday?”

“Yes, I’m already looking forward to it. I’ll try to put some light on your mission. She must be a raving beauty of sorts to persuade you to enter this humble den of iniquity.” He chuckled and slid one hand beneath Kris’ white linen shirt. “Now, will you removed your shirt and undershirt willingly or shall I tear ‘em off?”

Kris’s trembling fingers worked at the buttons. The colorful scarf of which he was so proud was already on the floor. “Sir,” he said in an effort to quiet control. “I’ve never been in a situation like this.”

“You wanted me to tell you, remember? I want your mouth.”

“Omigod, sir. I know what you want but I must decline. The answer is ‘no’. It’s beyond my dignity, sir.”

Ernie spun Kris’s chair to one side and pushed him back down when he made a feeble effort to rise. “You came in here willing to play this little game, I believe. Now, open my belt.” He watched fascinated as Kris labored to free the steel belt buckle. “I’m even more curious that Miss Auday has sent you, knowing you have more to give. Or, am I wrong?”

Kris was near panic but with an act of will he let Ernie take his hands and force them against the bulge in his crotch. “I’ve not met Julie,” he said. He hoped this important revelation, seized upon at the moment, might speed his freedom, a not-so-subtle entrapment.

Ernie continued to force Kris’s limp hands up-and-down providing a direct sensation. “Um, that’s nice. Keep it up. So, tell me. Is it exciting? I mean, when you dress up like a girl with decorative outfits, cosmetics and all? Do you want to be a girl?”

Kris reached for words but with little luck. “It’s like a pastime, sir. There are some seriously interesting members in the Quiet Legion group.”

“You didn’t answer my question. Do you want to be a girl?”

Kris tried to remove his hand but swiftly returned to his task when Ernie raised a closed fist on the arm bulging with muscles. “With some experience, perhaps I can give you a better answer.”

“Ha! I can do better. You like being a girl because all the people in your life find you attractive, like, sex-

ual.” Ernie grasped Kris’s chin, squeezed until the lad had to part his lips. He began a gentle caress with the tip of one finger. “Open up: You know what they all want you to do. How often do you plan to object?”

Kris’s head was spinning. Fighting to keep lucid, he reacted to Ernie’s ploy. With lips slightly parted, the reality was a shock when Ernie jammed his hand harder. “Don’t,” he whined. The gag reflex Dale had told him about was immediately in mind. “Don’t hurt me.”

Ernie laughed. “There are many suitors for your favors. Many guys, and Julie Auday, of course.” For the first time in their seduction game, Ernie reached lower and caught a handful of Kris’s genitals. “Just as I thought. Hard! I hope you like doing what you will for me now. You will have many opportunities in your life. Open my trousers. Get those fingers busy.”

“You are abusing me, sir. It’s frightening.”

Ernie grinned. “Your search for pity will not help you here, young friend. Now, get to it.”

Kris turned his head, nodded and closed his eyes. He accepted Ernie as if in surrender. “I’ll do it,” he said.

VIII.

Dale quickly embraced Kris. “I hope your news is as good as mine.”

Kris sank forlornly onto the sofa. “The EMT director has agreed to interview Julia. I hope this part of your plan is worth the grief.”

Dale was delighted. He found the half-filled white wine bottle in the refrigerator and poured. Both seri-

ous and sober, he sat and stared at Kris. "You better tell me, then."

Kris took a hefty gulp and set the wine glass on the coffee table. "He didn't say he would enroll her. He only promised to hear her out before dismissing her. 'No girls' is his rule. He used me, uh, sexually, to persuade me; I had to agree. I fear he deeply enjoyed himself at my expense." He sank into Dale's embrace and sobbed. "It was awful, especially at first. Then, disastrous."

"How disastrous?" Dale asked.

"I liked it. I wanted it. I've never been so ashamed of my second self. He forced me to see a personal side I wasn't ready to accept. It became a need and he made me promise to visit him again, whenever, whatever." He dropped back from Dale; silence.

After a long pensive moment, Dale spoke up. "I'm glad you told me. I made my anti-discriminatory presentation to the Board. It is now taken under advisement. That's the answer but chances look good for our success. Properly handled, you will be a popular hero, Kris. With or without all this anguish over issues so unfamiliar, you're putting our QL friends in good hands. No more abuse as each becomes known on campus. Think of it, Kris."

"I've done nothing but think on it. One thought sticks in my craw, so to speak. You took advantage of our friendship to complete some outlandish plan or other. Sorry I disappointed you and took so long to see the entire picture. I can only assume now I am out of the plan but where, oh where, is Julie Auday?"

Dale touched Kris's face and wiped away an errant tear. "Don't be too hard on yourself, good friend. I am going to report your good news to Deb Speer. You've

heard of two birds with one stone? With you on task, it is one bird with two stones. Just kidding.”

“You are a lunatic,” Kris answered. “Maybe we’ll see Deb at the QL group this evening. We can both report on the advantage with Ernie at EMT. I guess that’s what you meant by two stones for one bird.”

“You catch on quick. Now, get dressed. We can stop at the Bistro on the way if you like. I’m wondering if the word is out about the EMT rules. Rumors get to be reality sometimes.”

#

Learning nothing at the Bistro, they hiked toward the lagoon. Kris wore his full-length Hawaiian style skirt, his hair piled up beneath a thin brimmed hat and a light cardigan closed at the throat.

Dale was comfortable in his bib-jumpsuit, dark gray with orange piping at the cuffs and neck. The filmy blouse emphasized his new bra just received by mail order from “Suddenly Fem.”

They were both in a jovial mood as they searched for Deb Speer. That was when they both looked at each other astonished at the sight. Amy, grinning and swaggering in her pirate outfit came toward them.

She stopped and stared at them, hand on the hilt of her sword tucked neatly into her black leather skirt. Kris immediately saw the bulge between Amy’s thighs. “Look!” he said breathlessly. “She’s packing.”

“Where is Deb when we need her?” Dale said.



“Right here, watching you two goons messing up the start of a great evening,” Deb said, coming up behind them.

Dale stepped toward Amy, turned aside and spoke to Deb. Kris kept his distance. “Deb, Kris has good news if you haven’t heard already. Ernie Easton has agreed to give Julia Auday an interview regarding her enrollment in the EMT Winter Term.”

Amy brightened. “Wait! I heard about that. By granting an interview to an otherwise discriminatory area, you are opening a path of acceptance for all of us. You rascals,” she said pointing to the three of them. “Three pimples on the ass of progress.”

They all laughed. “It may work out even better,” Dale said with a jovial tone. “Resistance to joining the QL group is now lifted. We aren’t the bad guys any more. There might be more transvestites on campus than we know. Three cheers for Kris Castille.”

Amy stepped forward to embrace Kris. He kept looking at her attire and wondering. The ‘packing bulge’ was obvious but he worried more about how sharp that sword might be. Kris accepted her hug which was accented with a gentle brush of her lips on his forehead.

“Oh, thanks,” he said in a nervous stutter. “First thing I’ve done right this week and it’s already Friday.” He chuckled in an effort to take the spotlight off his victory. The vivid memory of his adventure with the EMT director seemed sure to linger.

“Well, come on then,” Deb said and gathered them together to march on the gazebo. “You can make the announcement,” she said to Dale.

Before answering Deb’s comment, Dale turned to speak to Amy. “You make a great pirate, that’s for

sure. But, success in our plan to liberate our small coven didn't get off the ground until you rejected the attention of a very pretty TV gal/boy here represented."

Amy frowned then stepped toward the lagoon. "Maybe, maybe not but I'll be glad to take credit even if it isn't due." She chuckled, stood quickly next to Kris to take his arm in hers. "You are the real hero of the hour. Quite an achievement for a newly-arrived member. May I call you friend?"

"I'm honored for having done nearly nothing."

She giggled. "I can wager what you had to do to get on the good side of Ernie Easton won't come out in the X-rays at the dentist." She chortled knowing her next comment would strike a scandalous nerve. "Ernie Easton's preferences in young boys like our man Kris here, is well known on campus—to everyone except this guy." She hugged him as they walked and, having said what was on her mind, she hit Kris with her doubled-up fist. "Good going, young sir."

Deb skipped to catch up. "For once I don't mind being second best," she said gaily.

"Who said you were?" Amy asked. "You can be our poster gal asking for more QL members."

Deb looked furtively at the small crowd milling around in the gazebo. A cloud of smoke gave away the arrival of a new batch of weed. There was no sign of Julie Auday.

#

Walking back to Raglan Alley, Kris was still excited about the success of his assignment from Dale. "How

did you know at the outset that Julie Auday wanted on the EMT force?”

“Deb told me. Julie had confided in her that students with a certificate in EMT were given preference when selection takes place for practical nurses training. That was only part of the scene. The many glaring incidents of discrimination against us on campus had to be addressed. To do so without some backup would have been awkward. Deb was adamant in her interest in Julie’s sex life. Pardon the expression. Can’t knock that. Speaking of which, I noticed Amy’s interest in you. Any plans taking a chance on that swingin’ firm dildo?” He laughed.

“She scares me. Truly. Maybe one day but not now. I wondered at Deb’s tale about Amy dumping her before she had a chance to declare herself. I suppose the next step in your plan is to orient the mysterious Julie Auday to get her the interview. Are we expecting too much?”

“One more question and I’ll be quiet,” Dale said. “You are best qualified to answer this. What will happen to Julie when she is in the grips of that campus predator? Deb is certain to find out but likely too late. I think it’s exciting.”

Kris frowned. He headed for the supply of wine. Glasses tinkled. “My guess would be that Julie might be so traumatized that she will come running to Deb Speer for comfort. I surely felt that nagging panic until you were so effective in calming me down.”

Dale began to undress in preparation for a long steamy shower. He was suddenly pensive and turned to face Kris who was watching him closely. “Deb has experience plus. Put that against Julie’s experience minus. Bingo! Romance.” He disappeared into the bath.

#

Deb looked up to see Julie Auday staring at her from the doorway to her office. “Ulp, oh, hi,” she stammered. “Come in; be comfortable. You didn’t have to rush.”

Julie came in and sat where Deb pointed. She wore the school uniform of short, plaid skirts with logo vest and matching tie. “You said you had some gossip or some such.”

Deb took the chair opposite and smiled. She wet her lips nervously. “Are you still interested in trying for the EMT certificate?”

Julie’s eyes lit up in interest. “Yes but I didn’t know getting in the next class would be so difficult. I’m about to give up the quest. Maybe nursing is not my calling.”

Deb deftly took Julie’s hand. She pressed with her fingers. “Don’t be discouraged. I for one think you will make a great nurse. Being the gorgeous gal you are should help in getting the classes.”

“You said you had something of interest?” Julie said, eyes wide and flashing.

“That’s why I asked you here. I’ve made arrangements, wily hot gal that I am, for you to interview with Ernie Easton, EMT director. First off, so you know. He will object to a girl being in his class. To counter that, the Board of Regents have considered putting some pressure on the department directors to allow more non-discriminatory acceptance for students. You don’t need a lecture on that, I’m sure.”

“Deb, that’s wonderful. If you can pull this off I’ll be in your debt forever,” Julie gushed and stood up. “What shall I do?”

“Look at the scenario this way. Make a good impression while on your interview with Director Easton. If he turns you down at the outset, so be it. He will have only you as a female candidate when the board pushes him. I’m in a position to get you recognition. Can we meet soon? I’d like to review your school credentials, answer questions, like that.”

Julie went up on the toes of her feet, a joyful expression. “Yes; any time. I am grateful though I’m having difficulty getting my head around the reason for your interest in promoting me.”

They walked to the door. Deb put one arm around Julie’s waist. “You said you wanted in. I pulled Dale Davis into my confidence and there you have it. When you are successful with this interview, the wider effect will be a liberating movement. Don’t get your hopes up too high, however. We don’t need a revolution. Just...”

Julie returned her hug as she headed for the open door. “Just, uh, what?” she asked.

“You might be inclined to do something for me when the progress is posted on the bulletin board. I get liberation. You get EMT certification. Wish us both luck.”

Julie was fast. She kissed Deb on the cheek and returned her round-the-waist hug. “You are my hero,” she said.

Deb scooped up the phone. She punched in Dale’s number. “Julie Auday just left my office. She is on the team. Next stop is Ernie Easton. May the best one

win,” she said. “This is getting more exciting every minute.”

Dale was quick. “Now, aren’t you glad Amy dumped you to get you behind this effort to loosen the bonds on the student body?”

“Don’t remind me,” Deb whispered in disdain. Then she giggled. “Are you taking bets on the outcome?”

Dale laughed. “You already know your role. It is that win-or-lose race. I believe my man Kris fits in there someplace. I’m salivating.” He closed the phone and rubbed his crotch. “Oh, fun, fun,” he said aloud though nobody was hearing.

#

Julie braced her shoulders, lifted her hands to knock on the wide entrance. It was marked: Ernest Easton, Director, EMT Services. Suddenly her arms seemed heavy and she realized the importance of this meeting as Deb Speer had made her understand.

She wore the standard school uniform of short pleated skirt, vest and colorful choker with the popular logo. Impulsively, she spread her hands and straightened her skirt, wondering if she should have ironed her starched blouse.

Finally, she tapped timidly on the door. She took a deep breath and turned the knob when she heard Ernie’s booming voice.

“Come in. Don’t stand out there all day. This is a busy office.”

She stood aloof in the doorway wondering if, perhaps, her feet were too big or her ears drooping. “Sir,

I'm Julie Auday," she said in a mere whisper. "We have an appointment to discuss enrolling in the next EMT class. I've been looking forward to this for a long time."

Ernie came from his desk as if being forced. "Yes, of course. Please, Miss Auday, sit down, make yourself comfortable. I have some lemonade if you indulge," he said with a smile. For all the discussion about a girl enrolling in the EMT course, for whatever reason, he was not prepared for a stunning student with gorgeous smile.

"Yes, thank you, sir. That would be nice."

Ernie sprang up and strode with forceful athletic moves. In a moment he cracked some ice and added the cubes studiously as he tried to control his natural impulses.

She smiled, lips slightly parted, and accepted the cool drink. She quickly scanned his muscular build, rippling abs and steel blue eyes. She gulped and was grateful to have a chilled drink to sip.

"So, Miss Auday. You surprised me, as you probably expected. Are you not aware that the EMT crew is limited to twelve guys in the class? Girls, while we appreciate your beauty and intent, would find it challenging to say the least. I do believe the entire turnout gear, once shouldered, weighs more than you do." He chuckled and congratulated himself on his speech.

"I'd like to try, sir. Honestly I'm in good physical shape and have spent some time at the gym; the weights, treadmill, and all like that. I'm only asking for consideration." When she sensed him looking at her bare knees, she impulsively tugged at the hem of her skirt.

His smile was just short of sardonic. "Please, Miss, don't be offended. You are beautiful as you are well aware. Having your charms recognized by the male of the species is certainly a regular occurrence in your daily life. So, now, that being said, tell me about your academic plans. Why is the EMT course so important to you?"

She blushed and blurted out her oft-repeated speech. "EMT certificate gives the student an edge when it comes to acceptance in the nursing curriculum. Some experience in addition is an extra plus. I'm not as confident in my scholastic standing as some of the students but I'm willing to work hard to please you."

He watched her carefully as she corrected her posture. She crossed and uncrossed her legs several times. In one serious moment she braced her shoulders in an effort to show her breast line. He licked his lips. "Miss Auday, may I call you Julie? I've no doubt you will give us your all, so to speak. Tell me, if you will, are you involved in this so-called Quiet Legion active on campus? Do you like to be seen in guy-type clothes?"

She breathed easy for a moment. It looked like she was over the worst of the interview. Being armed with the possibility of campus-wide non-discriminatory movement gave her an instance of comfort. "I know about that group, Mister Easton. Dressing up to appear as a guy is of no particular interest."

His eyes flickered. "My point exactly," he said still letting his gaze dwell on her youthful good looks. "As an EMT Cadet, which is what we call those students taking the course, you would look revealing in the uniform. That wouldn't bother you?"

"Being a transvestite is something removed from your uniform, sir. It's a way of life for some folks try-

ing to hide from life or perhaps expressing their innermost fears in some way. I don't see why you place so much importance on a small segment of the student body. It is entirely possible, I suppose, that some of your group might be represented at their meetings."

"I know for a fact that many of the QT students are struggling with a sexual identity. I bring that up because an EMT on a serious call has no time to worry with his own concerns. I use the pronoun 'his' advisedly." He rested back with his body relaxed against his desk. When he moved one knee from side to side, he noticed her nervous response. "Come now, Julie; we are adults here. Your point of view is critical to the type of work we do."

She took a deep breath and exhaled as if the conversation was tiring. "Have you reviewed my credentials, sir? Am I acceptable as a student if you take gender issues out of my profile?"

"Frankly, my dear. I am thinking in the positive at the moment. You are very persuasive." He walked behind her and paced from one wall to the other. "I have in mind an associate or assistant EMT course. The certificate would list the achievements and make a recommendation for future academic interests. Maybe that is workable. We must have the respect of the public when we go screaming on a humanity call of some kind. What are your thoughts?"

"I appreciate your efforts to help me, believe me, sir. My thoughts which you requested cover your suggestion. The answer is 'no'. We seem to be getting no agreement, Mister Easton. May we leave my enrollee status as is until we both have a chance to think it through?" She uncrossed her legs for the final time and stood up facing him just inches from his tight body. She felt he was ready to pounce on her at



the least provocation like a football lineman. "I need to go," she said firmly.

But it was too late. He was aware he had done all he had agreed to do with the young Mister Castille. Now, he surmised, it was his turn. In a flash second his two heavy hands came down on her shoulders and pushed. "Sit, lovely girl," he said firmly.

"Ulp! Really, sir. I gave you no reason to be abusive." She raised her chin in defiance. Her skirt flared when she sat down to keep from falling. The curvaceous legs above the knees tucked so neatly in her upper thighs were naked to the thin lining of her panties. She deftly grabbed her skirt to cover her beauty. "Sir, there is no call for this," she whined and tried to stand up.

"May I tell you what I wanted from first seeing you when you arrived? You have a special feature of which you are no doubt aware."

She swallowed nervously. "I have a feeling you are going to tell me." She held her breath and tried to keep from shaking in terror.

He reached to touch her chin with one finger. He watched her as she steeled herself and closed her eyes. He touched the lower lip with his finger. "Your mouth, dear Julie. You should make it a bargaining chip in our fun word game. You want a letter of recommendation from me? OK, you can have it but, in return, I have a specific need for you to take care of. If you do well in this test, I can see you enrolled in the EMT class as my assistant to care for the equipment, oxygen and so on." He moved his finger across her lips and pushed. "Open up, pretty girl. I'd like a lot more than this and I shall have it if you won't give up your quest to dilute the masculine group now at hand."

“This is outrageous! I know from your hands on me what you want and, sir, I don’t need it. I’ve never done it and this is no time to start. Your wild assumptions will get you no place with me.”

He stepped away and admired her sullen stance. “What you don’t seem to understand is that you are not leaving here today without having performed for me as I require. I can get really rough but I know how to give you subtle pain without showing any bruises. All part of the service,” he chuckled and walked to the door.

She heard the security bolt snap into place. “Uh-oh. You touch me one more time and you risk a lawsuit.” She tried for a serious tone but knew it fell short. A side glance made her situation even less secure. The bulge in his trousers was statuesque.

He continued to hold her down by forcing her from the shoulders. From behind he slid one hand inside her blouse, the other hand to keep her still. “Very pretty; I thought as much when you tried to impress me with the size. May I remove your handsome top? I can undo the buttons.” He laughed again.

“No! Keep your hands off me. I’m not going to undress to satisfy some wild whim of yours. We do not need this kind of trouble. What are you thinking?” There was a wave of horror when he caught her chemise by the collar, twisted slightly and it ended in shreds on the floor. His beefy hands tore off the bra. “Omigod, I don’t believe this is happening. I offered to please you but I didn’t mean for you to rape my mouth.”

“You can best stop protesting and accept your due.” He cupped both naked breasts and caught the nipples with his thumb. “You are not leaving here without satisfying me in any way I so demand.”

She tried pleading with him. “Mister Easton, please. I have no reason to so anger you. Just let me go and we’ll forget this ever happened. I’m glad you like my body but asking for my lips and tongue is too alien to my upbringing.”

While she was whining, he methodically removed his shirt and trousers. He glowered happily when she blanched watching him opening his fly. “Take this in your hand, sexy kid.” He grasped her hands and shoved them onto his hard tool. When she pulled away, he came across her with a resounding slap on the right side. She almost fell of the chair. He loved to hear her scream.

“I’m no match for your strength, sir. But, if you want me to do it to you, beating me will not provide what you wish.”

He grinned. “Did you send little Kris Castille here a few days ago? He sat in this same chair and in a fraction of the time you have shown me, he gave me a splendid blow job.”

“I do not know anyone by that name,” she whispered between sobs.

“He did say he had not met you. I guess that leaves you entirely abandoned.”

“In what sense? I did not ask for this. I’m glad your previous action was satisfactory. I’m not of a similar persuasion.”

He leaned into her and pushed the head of his cock against her lips. “Open up. With that sexy mouth, I can safely predict you are going to be doing a lot of this in the weeks and months to come. If we are to keep this quiet, as you suggest, then you have to do as you’re told. Open!”

Her mind was racing. Will he kill me? That cock is large enough to choke an elephant. Do I go to class in the morning with two black eyes? The ordeal began when he clasped his hand on her throat and squeezed. Her mouth sprang open to allow an even flow of air. “Ugh,” she said and his large penis rammed her. He was so aroused that the spectacle was soon over and he released her. “Oh,” she said, swallowing and smacking her lips. “That’s enough.”

#

Deb Speer had just said goodnight to Dale and Kris when there was someone at her door. She at first thought one of them had forgotten some item or other but a quick glance showed only the empty wine bottles. “Yes, who is it?”

“Deb; open the door. It’s me, Julie Auday.”

She quickly released the bolt lock and threw the door open. One look told her the plan Dale had so meticulously worked on had somehow gone astray.

Julie stood in the doorway holding her torn blouse in one hand. She tried to keep from collapsing. Her bruised face was streaked with tears. “Please, Deb,” she said pleading. “I didn’t know where else to go.” That was her last effort. She fell into Deb’s arms and crumpled to the floor.

Deb’s heart was racing from the shock until she fell back on her training. She calmly, automatically, went through the procedures to do what the situation demanded. With Julie in bed stretched out on her back, Deb brought some hot cloths, bandages, and surgical tape. She checked the obvious bruises and ascertained Julie had no broken bones, just the effects of a severe beating. A quick check of her vitals—blood pressure, temperature and pulse, were

all clear. Julie did manage a half-smile when she opened her eyes.

“Be calm now,” Deb said in a soothing, professional tone. “You can tell me what happened when you feel up to it.”

Julie winced in pain when Deb touched her battered cheek with a surgical cloth. “You are an angel,” she whispered. “I’m sorry to barge in on you like this. You were nice to me, uh, before when we met. I kept your card. Thank you.”

Deb glanced aside to see if Julie had any evidence of rape to go with the beating. “Shall I call an ambulance? We may want to run some tests if you wish but from what I can see, you are on the mend. It would please me to play nurse for a day or so until you get a chance to explain, fill out a report for campus security, all like that.”

Julie tried to sit up but fell back on the pillow. “It was an unfortunate event and probably not very exciting. I’m not used to being stupid. I could have avoided the thrashing but my brain was frozen with the horror.” She closed her eyes before speaking. “He raped my mouth. When he was through, he left the room. It was over.”

Deb leaned close and kissed Julie on the forehead. “I’m glad you told me. I’ll get a sample of your saliva to send to the lab. Did you swallow or spit it out?”

Julie’s eyes were downcast. “Swallow. I had to keep from drowning if that’s an appropriate description. I’m feeling better now, thanks to you. One issue is glaring—I’ll never put myself in such a vulnerable position again. I wanted what he could do for me but, as you can see, he was all take and no give.”

Deb's mind was racing. She, of course, knew where Julie had visited and why. What she had not expected was the EMT director playing into the plan. "You can tell me about it when you wish. There might be criminal intent. We can decide later."

"Ernie Easton," Julie blurted out. "He was nice at first, early on, but after stating his case, that is to block my enrollment, he went through all the usual threats, slapping me, coercion. Had I an ounce of common sense, I could have avoided his brand of foreplay and proceeded to the main event." She forced a weak smile. "It was the first and last time for me. I never really understood how a man could get so obsessed with a woman's mouth. Seriously, now I do."

Deb patted her on her naked shoulder. Assisting her to sit up, she wrapped a hospital-type gown around her. "There, there; it's over now. Don't be too harsh on all mankind for this one episode. Believe me, darling girl, it could have been much worse."

"Yes, I suppose," Julie answered after a long pause. "And, well it could, I know now. I hate being such a big baby."

"Perhaps I can interest you in a steaming hot bubble bath? It is designed to get the kinks out and, your lucky day, you've won a soapy back rub." She stood up and began gathering the sick room supplies. "I will not accept 'no' for an answer."

Julie sat up again and, swinging her naked legs off the side of the bunk, shifted her weight to stand up. She fell gratefully into Deb's strong stance. In a moment she was sitting on the stool as Deb ran the bath. "Here I am almost totally nude in the company of a charming savior. I'm not the least embarrassed."

“I’m glad but I take no credit. It’s the soapy back rub; gets ‘em every time.” She laughed and checked the temperature of the gushing water. “Next you get to sleep all day if you wish. We will be delighted to provide breakfast. How does French toast with plum jelly and strong coffee sound?”

“I’ve gone from Hell to Heaven in one move. Sure glad I kept that card with your address.” She accepted Deb’s support as she sank into the swirling water. “I’m in good hands. Thank you so much.” Her elegant body was soon covered with soap suds. The scent of special salts mixed with the steam. For the first time, Julie Auday welcomed a new day.

IX.

Dale Davis’ cell phone buzzed and jangled alternately. He groaned and slapped the bedside table until he found it. “Hello; this better be good or it’s a homicide.” He was nursing a hangover from strong drink which he had embarked upon the night before when he sent the stunning Julie Auday to her adventure with the EMT director.

“Dale, wake up. I have news.” Deb quickly related all that had happened. Then, “Bring me up to date on the non-discriminatory action you started. If I get this correct, Easton has promised Julie a letter of recommendation to submit to the board for consideration. He knew, of course, that it could hardly get any serious attention.” She tapped her phone frame, impatient of the outcome.

“Ow! I’m so sorry she is carrying bruises on that neat bod. Our man, Ernie Easton, surprised me on that one.” He sighed.

Deb was dismayed. “Well, maybe it served our purpose but if that is service, it’s more than we needed.

As for our involvement, when Julie is up to returning to her room, I'll be expecting a chat of consequence with young Kris Castille. Any thoughts on that?"

"The regular QL meeting this evening, I think. How goes it with Julie Auday? She is what you wanted, I believe."

Deb chortled. "Relax, horny friend. We had a deal and you provided your part. Kris should be happy enough if I add a gentle touch. It's flattering, you understand. Nothing permanent with him but I've seen Julie in the bath and, believe me, she is a walking sex goddess. Gorgeous. Now to interest her in swearing off male predators to accept the advances of more sophisticated gals, especially one that wears an orange knit tie." She giggled and was slightly taken aback when Dale hung up on her.

#

Kris came in to find Dale cozying up to an ice pack he held against the side of his head. He carried a girl's school uniform he had purchased at the cleaners. "Look what I got from Louie the Presser," he said proudly. "I hope to wear it tonight. Oh, are you feeling poorly?"

"Oh, shut up. Just a mild hangover. It's all your fault—certainly not mine."

Kris laughed. "Sure. I admit to pouring that whiskey down your throat when you weren't watching. It is what it is."

Dale croaked like a distraught frog and cleared his throat. "Listen up. Deb Speer just called to say Julie is getting a letter of recommendation in her favor from Ernie Easton. With a favorable response from the Board of Regents, she will be the first female ac-

cepted in the EMT squad class. You know what this means?”

“I’m surprised she was able to impress Ernie. Good for her. I’m a guy and it is highly unlikely he would accept me for anything higher than water boy at the circus.”

Dale raised one eyebrow. “Is there something you haven’t told me?”

“Oh, like what? Maybe soon the EMT guy will be carousing the student circuit getting all kinds of action from the student body. He has persuasive methods.”

Dale pulled himself up and out of the bed. “Yes, so Deb tells me. Julie went to see Ernie Easton and after making her case, found herself with a mouthful of the same cock you encountered. She is recovering now as we speak. Deb said she is persuading Julie to swear off male predators in her favor. From what she says, Ernie beat hell out of her. Unfortunate, I say.”

“Stupid, I say. Julie has a reputation of one of the most attractive gals on campus. Could even make Prom Queen or something. But, sadly, won’t even enter the competition if what you and Deb tell me is true. Tell me, did Deb mention my interest in her? Did we win any favor?”

Dale frowned then brightened. “This is beginning to look like a horse race. Bookie-type results are to be posted. In the winner’s circle, Kris Castille on his back getting head from the beautiful clinic nurse. Also ran: Comely EMT candidate spreads legs for clinic nurse. By one length: Ernie Easton seduces new EMT student. How about that?”

Kris smiled. “What do we do now? Wait?”

“Well, yes. Let’s take this time to dress for the QL meeting. The rumor is that one of our membership has been accepted for surgery into the ranks of trans-sexual. Formal announcement this evening, I’m told.”

“Maybe some old money is suddenly new. More power to him/her, I say.” Kris took out the school uniform and displayed it for Dale’s approval. Then he asked, “Surgery? Bet that’s not in an out-patient office. There are places to go?”

“Yes, several but there is the usual balance between cost and experience. Rather like a car repair shop. Sometimes difficult to locate one that has the right reputation for your model.” He looked at the stark expression on Kris’ face. “Don’t be shocked. I was just making an example. You’re the one that asked. One of the most expensive and certainly well-known is the ‘Middlesex Clinic’ in Ft. de France, Martinique.”

“Hard for me to imagine,” Kris said, deep in thought. “I can imagine life will be a change for a newly minted QL on campus.”

“You had an experience, maybe an escapade, with the same powerhouse that beat up Julie Auday. Just imagine a transsexual in his clutches. Wow! An announcement on class openings is expected to be posted by the registrar. We will now see if my influence is worth priming the pump.”

Kris slipped on the short skirt and snugged it to fit his waist. “Um, yes. I hope Deb Speer likes it on me. Are you certain she has agreed to date me? Maybe we will have double cream pies at the Bistro. OK, I admit to being nervous.”

Dale smiled. “Just don’t forget that I created this entire scenario. It was all designed to please you.

Well, as a side issue, it looks like Deb gets Julie or, better yet, Julie will turn hostile to any busy predators that take a fancy for her. Time is drawn to heal all ills but she seems quite ready with a possible vendetta. Deb sure picks ‘em.”

Later that evening, Kris was walking alongside Dale on their trek to the lagoon and the QL meeting at the gazebo. They were holding hands like lovers. Kris looked stunning in his college outfit. The short plaited skirt hem bounced on his flesh-colored stockings a few inches above the knees. He had spent undo energy shining the Oxford-type shoes. The vest had the school logo and, when fastened in the center, emphasized his breast line, however imitation. “Kick me if I don’t behave myself,” he said to Dale. “I don’t need a social disaster. She is too important.”

Deb showed up as expected and sat daintily on the bench. Julie Auday was next to her. They were so close in their posture that a sheet of paper wouldn’t fit between them. When she saw Kris, she smiled and waved.

“Over here, Kris,” Deb called out. “Someone I want you to meet.”

Of course, Kris knew who Julie was and was anxious to avoid a discussion of their mutual seduction by Ernie Easton at the EMT office.

They made a fabled foursome as they walked casually over to the gazebo. Introductions all around and a wave of excitement when the TS candidate showed up with his TV partner on his arm.

Kris turned to address Deb Speer. “I noticed the Bistro has a new flavor in their ice cream bin. I was hoping you would be interested. We can explore it together. How about tomorrow when you leave the clinic?”

“You are sweet,” she answered. “It’s a date, then. B.T.W, I’ve been busy helping my friend, Julie Auday, to adjust to being alive, so to speak. If I can’t make our date at the Bistro, I’ll call you and we can plan a different time. Julie does need some social as well as physical attention. I’ll tell you about it.”

Kris hugged her lightly. “I admire what you do for folks so much. Is Julie interested in joining the QL? She is very pretty, isn’t she? Pretty good or pretty bad, is that it?”

They walked together along the lagoon path. “Definitely pretty; even gorgeous if you like girls, like me.” Deb grinned. “I heard about you getting Ernie Easton to grant Julie an interview. I also have learned, from Dale, that it’s possible the EMT class may include some girls. They would have to be qualified, of course.”

“I sure hope my efforts to get that interview for Julie was worth the risk. Well, risk is not the correct word but that musclebound dork has his own preferences. I found it disconcerting as well as very happy when it was over.” He was silent when they stopped to admire the column of light from the moon on the water. “Is Julie still going to try for the EMT class? Dale tells me it may work out. She certainly made the effort to be included.”

Deb frowned. “Do you not know what happened? That monster abused her to the point of nearly drowning her if she had refused to swallow. I’m of the opinion he should be tossed off the faculty. Any of his experienced crew members should be able to take his place. Shall we make that a project of our very own? Dale might like to take part and he has the ear of the Board of Regents.”

Encouraged, Kris put his arm around her, across the shoulders, and drew her closer. “I’d join any

cause you endorse. You just have to tell me.” He impulsively turned to face her and brushed her cheek with his lips. “Um, I could get used to you doing that. Certainly you do not object to a flirtatious kiss from one of ‘the girls’.” He chuckled.

Deb indulged in a wan smile. “Thank you; I like you for all you’ve gained in maturity since that first visit to my clinic office. There is a difference, truly, if the kiss comes from someone you admire.”

“And that includes Julie Auday?” Kris asked in a quiet introspective moment. “I would never, I hope, interfere with you and Julie. Dale told me you are quite taken with her. It isn’t all just sex, is that right?”

“Julie is unaware of the effort to get her to take part in the QL movement. Soon I expect to purchase another orange knit tie for her. Just kidding. I know what happened at the EMT office, both you and Julie. It’s appalling. The act is not a disgrace as long as two people respect one another. But, what happened is shameful. Oh, I said that, didn’t I?”

Kris nodded agreement. “So, you intend we keep the details of the plan to seduce our comely friend to ourselves. Later, perhaps. It was a deal gone astray, I would say. It could have been much worse for either of us. I don’t think Julie has much experience with oral sex. I know I didn’t when Dale first introduced me to it. Just the thought, imagining the two of you together is very exciting for me.”

Impishly, Deb accepted his embrace and dropped one hand onto his narrow waist, then his tight buns. “I think we are supposed to seal the deal, so to speak.” She moved her hand off his derriere around to his front and pressed his erection. “I’m willing to satisfy you to get you to agree to keep our confidence. I won’t be content until I go down on that gorgeous girl.”

“Is there such an issue, like all of us, of a multi-direction street? We used to call it a two-way when it described our mutual interest. Now, it’s getting complex, politically speaking, of course.”

“You can be honest with me. Are you following us QL folks in hopes of changing gender? Maybe we are an amusement to you. In either case, we welcome you for your easy approach to our ways.”

“It’s hard to explain but I’ve always been the outsider; never big enough, or smart enough or an achiever. My dad was my biggest fan until he realized that I was never going to be the school football hero. From then he treated me like an invalid. Sad as I look back on it. I wanted so much to be accepted. The QL group has taken me in and I’m very happy about it.”

Deb pulled him close and they sat together on the narrow wall skirting the water. “I have a confession, neat boy. I was candid when I told you I was flattered. I did not know at that time what might become of us. Now this friendship along with the details of our social mode is thrilling. You aren’t feeling left out because I will one day have sex with Julie Auday? I can’t force her like an Ernie Easton. It will take a special touch, I should think. In either event, it’s a real dream that’s my personal fantasy.”

Kris leaned closer. “You are making my fantasy about you a reality. I fully understand, seriously.” Their next kiss was more erotic, more touching. “Did you know about our agreement? Sex efforts can sometimes be more a friendship binder in some ways. I want us to be friends.”

Kris gathered his nervous vestige of courage. “And I want to be part of your life.”

She accepted another kiss. “Don’t be frightened, new friend. I’ll go down on you soon. Do you mind

waiting until I'm ready? It will be good for you. Is my promise enough?"

Kris gulped and shifted his weight next to her. "Tell me what I might look forward to. Let's make my fantasy as pleasurable as yours. I take your promise seriously."

She kissed him again and let her lips linger on the smooth flesh where neck meets shoulder. She whispered: "OK, it's a deal. I'll swallow."

#

After a festive evening, Kris was on the 'high life' having smoked some, danced some, told jokes and off-beat stories. Dale finally was able to pull him away from the raucous group. It was one of their better meetings touched by the Friday before spring break.

"Come on," Dale said as he tugged on Kris' belt. "The Raglan Alley crash pad awaits with a full complement of cold beer as well as a surprise I smuggled in for you."

Kris smiled and allowed Dale to lead him. At the same time he searched the members of the QL, hoping for a glimpse of Julie Auday. "Maybe I'll never get to meet her," he said as he continued to watch the departing members.

Dale continued to tug him along the path. "Who did you miss meeting? Oh, yes; you mean Julie Auday. She is a marvel, for certain. There should be no mystery as to why Deb is so taken with her. That's a thought, aye?"

They continued in lock step back to the cottage. "I can't get the image out of my mind. I see Deb as a so-

phisticated guy in Ivy League three-piece suit fighting off the horny hounds. She really impresses me.”

Dale chuckled. “Guess what, little sex pot with the hot mouth? If this is any indication of how your life is shaping up, there will always be a competitor for your affection. Count your lucky star if Deb gets around to taking care of her part of the deal. Any comment?”

“No; you are way ahead of me on that score. But, now I sense you are anxious to get back to the pad and the liquor cabinet. Or, am I wrong?”

Dale put one arm around Kris’ waist and pulled him close. “You scare me sometimes when you come out with that sixth sense of yours. Do you want to drink some before you go to bed dreaming of the pretty Deb with the orange knit tie?”

Kris chuckled. “I guarantee nothing, friend. Nothing.”

When Kris came out of the shower, he pulled the robe tight around him and sat down next to Dale on the sofa.

“Sometimes,” he said to Kris, “you have a sarcastic tone. What is bothering you? Can you tell me how I can help?” He slipped one hand beneath the fold of Kris’ robe and lightly tickled the flesh there. “If you are tired of me, please say so. I can handle rejection as well as acceptance. You learn that after some varied experience.”

Kris was pensive. “You have been more than just a friend to me. I have not forgotten that you hauled me off to the clinic and the expert hands of Deb Speer. In my mind, considering the situation, you are a hero. How much in the way of special touches do you need? But, don’t call me sarcastic. You don’t talk that way. It doesn’t become your hero status.” He smiled and,

with Dale's hand reaching to touch more of his slight body, he leveled his gaze on Dale's face with such intensity, Dale was momentarily distracted.

Catching the twinkling in time, Dale sighed. "Can you benefit my new noble status tonight without dreaming of Deb Speer's luscious lips? You must realize by now there is a time to make a move. We've discussed this before. When you approach someone you fancy, there is a chance you will fail because you are too early or too late. You have made me a believer on that. You seem to know. But, when Ernie Easton raped your mouth, you moved away from all of us. I want you back." He turned Kris's chin and settled a gentle kiss on the firm lips he so often admired. "I still want your hot mouth, little friend."

Kris felt he was being forced into a decision. "Omigod, Dale. There has never been a time that I don't appreciate you and all you've done. I may be heading toward a bisexual relationship but, there is this fact, of all the QL guy/gals I've met, not one of 'em is more attractive than you. It's more than your heroic status. But, cut me a little slack and I'll cooperate."

Dale stood up and went to the kitchen for ice cubes and more Scotch whiskey. "Do not try to manipulate me," he said firmly. He returned to the sofa and handed Kris a strong drink. The ice tinkled on the glass. "If you have different preferences from time-to-time, I'll understand because I'm caught up in the same affliction. However, do not press me too hard. I have power over you." He drank deeply and pursed his lips in thought. "You do as you're told and we'll be OK. Understand?" He stepped closer until their knees mashed.

Kris gulped, nervous. He suddenly realized he was in danger of losing the mentor that held so much

sway in his life. He did not want that to happen and was shocked he did not feel it sooner. "Please, Dale," he whimpered. "Please, if I've offended you in some way, let me make up for it."

"Oh?" he answered. "What will happen if I send you back to see Ernie Easton? A sore rear end, I wager. The man is a moral loser in my opinion. Even so, alienating Julie Auday on the same terms, we are able to welcome the gorgeous girl into our group. Never mind the motive. She needs what we can give her. It may take her some time to respond to Deb and any others in the lineup but it will happen." His speech was tinged with anger but he did not take his eyes off Kris's face.

"Wow! Dale, calm down. I didn't ask for this tirade. What am I missing?"

"Easy if you think about it. Now that you've tasted the freedom than comes with crossdressing, you can give us more of your talent. You don't realize how much in need many of us are. But, can you kneel in front of me and give joyful sensations? Will you 'pretend' with Deb Speer that she is really a guy on the road to TS while you move your sensitive mouth down on her, between her legs?"

"Don't be gross, Dale. I've never done that but, with Deb, I'm more than willing. I see her differently, I guess. As for going down on you knowing you seriously find pleasure in living the fantasy, I agree to your power over me, your control. Do you get that over anyone you fancy?"

Dale frowned. "I wish it so but it isn't. I've too many failures, too many botched relationships, too many losses, to continue. I fear your attitude of rejection. You touch me deeply."

“My, oh my. That’s something I didn’t expect to hear. What will happen if you crossdress in your finest and visit Ernie Easton? I don’t recommend it but it just might be the step to strengthen your self-confidence. You need it!”

“You are not a psychology major, hot stuff. Come with me, please. The time has come when you get to know me better.” When Kris stood up, he pulled the robe off his shoulders and let it drop to the floor. Dale whistled in appreciation of Kris’ naked body. To continue the assault he had started earlier, he shoved Kris into the bedroom.

“Hey. Take it easy. There is not one hero around here except you. All of a sudden, I’m afraid of you. Not good; not at all.”

Dale stopped as if in second thoughts. He sipped the watered-down drink and set it down on the bedside table. “You’ve no call to be scared of me. After all we’ve been through, what have you to fear? Is it because I’m likely to ask you to resolve some issue or other? What might that be?”

“I know one word from you will get me kicked out of the QL group. That’s the last thing I want to see happen. Until tonight I was not aware of your influence, you called it power, over me and the rest of the group. Am I correct in saying you’ve led us this far? Where are we now, uh, exactly?”

Dale sighed and was silent for a long interval. “Not much to say at this juncture,” he said slowly, still in the depth of thought. “There is a movement in the student community toward more freedom, uh, that is more people are seeing the need for equality. Ask Julie Aunday if you don’t believe me.”

Kris grinned. "Oh, I take you at your word. You know that. I'm still dumb-struck now that you've taken the position of influence."

"Not to worry. Why shouldn't I? I have the agreement from the highest level of management, the Board of Regents. Yet, even though I have their support, I couldn't help the feeling that I'm missing some issue or other. You have an attribute that can be useful. At the next committee meeting, I'll introduce you. Maybe you can identify that which I cannot, I mean, just nail it."

"Whatever you say; I'll try. You know that."

Dale sighed and resumed fondling the slight build of his protégé. He forced Kris several steps into the bedroom before he made his desires known. "You are always ready for sex. It happens that I need you to perform for me." He turned Kris around and approached him from behind. He let one hand linger on his waist while the other went lower to excite the lad even more. "Your time has come, hot mouth. To bed with you."

X

Deb came in to find Julie sitting serenely on the vanity stool. She was applying a light makeup to cover the bruises on her face.

"Hey," Deb called gaily. "Lookin' good there, girl." She walked across the room and stood behind Julie. Julie did not object when she touched her shoulders with both hands. "Not as tense as yesterday," she said. "But, don't panic. I brought you a gift."

Julie grinned and spun around to face Deb while still seated. Her dressing robe swirled to display a generous field of flesh. "You surprised me; thought

you were out for the day. A gift for me? How thoughtful. Please, let's just talk if you have time. I'm feeling much better now that you have me all patched up."

Deb handed her the package. "If we have time to talk, I want to discuss this with you." She gently withdrew a tie wrapped in tissue. "You have been making remarks about my orange knit tie so I got you this. I hope you like it since it isn't orange." She laughed at the expression of curiosity on Julie's face. The tie was knitted a blend of purple and yellow. "Do you think it's too loud?"

Julie shook her head in wonder. "You are always coming up with something that leaves me totally, seriously, surprised."

Deb moved closer and Julie deftly made room for her to sit on the narrow bench. "I know you are aware of my involvement with the Quiet Legion on campus. It's a nice group and lots of fun but lately many of the group have splintered off and taken up some political tactics." She almost lost her thoughts when Julie turned her head until their faces were just inches apart. She cleared her throat and continued. "I bought this tie for you to wear at the next group meeting. Will you go with me?"

Julie stood up and walked to the sofa. She sat down with the aplomb of a Southern belle, crossed her legs and gathered the folds of her robe. She kept a wary eye on Deb as her friend and nurse approached. "I want to return all you've done for me in some way. I'm not sure the QL is important enough. But, yes; count me in. I've thought over my adventures since moving in with you. I don't want to meet any new guys. I'm not entirely distraught but I am afraid of getting in a circumstance I cannot control. Surely you understand."

Deb sat next to her and slipped one arm around Julie's waist. "I do understand. I was hoping we could discuss your current feelings, outlook, if I may call it that. Perhaps the silly purple tie will start us on a conversation that may have some short term healing for you. Yes, I realize there are long term issues you will have to meet like PTSD. What is on your mind, pretty friend?"

"Do you do oral sex with any of the QL people? Is that why you crossdress? Do you play at being a boy? Do you want to give up your feminine ways altogether? Do you even know?"

Deb burst out laughing. "You are a sweetheart. I can tell you've been thinking about the roads ahead. You are brave after such a trauma at the hands of Ernie Easton. Let me take your questions one at a time. Each idea is open for discussion." She took Julie's hand in both of hers and smiled. "First, oral sex. Yes, I like it. Before I go into infinite amounts of detail, may I ask this of you? Have you had someone important in your life to go down on you? You are very pretty. There had to be some ambitious suitors along the way."

Julie crossed and uncrossed her legs, a nervous gesture. "I know what you mean and I am curious but the answer is 'no'. I think it's because I'm afraid. The encounter with the EMT made me face it. What have you to add? You mentioned some details."

"Going down on a partner has a psychological effect. I'm not as experienced as you might think but once the person you fancy is in total surrender, you have control. It may take just a gentle pressure to get results. You could not have seen it at the time but when Ernie Easton forced you to do it to him, you were likely in shock. When that wore off, you all of a sudden were aware that the roles of each of you

changed. It happens. Sex is a great equalizer or, as many QL folks say, it levels the playing field. Not to suggest there are any more promiscuous members in our group than in any other. It goes with the territory. I can suggest this and we'll close the oral sex topic. When you are ready to enter safely into a relationship that might involve oral sex, consider me. I see you more as a friend than a sex object but, let that stand for now." She moved her hand onto Julie's naked thigh and pressed with her fingers. Then, with a sigh that implied she did not want to abandon what she had so skillfully started, she said: "Next question."

Julie sighed, apparently satisfied. "OK, now, next. What is the obsession with crossdressing? Why do you put so much of yourself into it? Not just an orange knit tie, is it?"

Deb leaned back against the sofa pillows. "When you ask a dozen cooks to cook some eggs, be prepared to get at least a dozen results. Many QL members are on a trip to show off their costumes. They make jokes about preferring sex appointment in their garments and so on. For me, I feel very strongly that I should have been born a guy. My therapist has suggested I should just go on with my life and not worry about it. Easier said than done. When another person sees me as a guy, I'm able to judge how I might build a relationship. Maybe sex; maybe not. Opportunity, for sure. Was there another question?" She hesitated before continuing.

"Several topics come up from time-to-time. One is the invasive surgery procedure that can effectively change sex. It can be done physically so that a TS has a different body but, get this, his or her orientation is changed. It's a new world. Can you imagine?"

Nervous, Julie smiled and wet her lips with an errant tongue. “Thank you. That gives me a lot to go on. If I am successful in getting into the EMT class, even perhaps netting some events experience, would all that fancy gear count as my crossdress since only guys are allowed in the class? I’m asking what I must do or say to get accepted in the QL?”

Deb leaned in and brushed a quick kiss on Julie’s cheek. “Oh, you are quick. There is no special dress or lack of it to take advantage of the membership in the group. But there is a larger picture. What happened when you went to visit Ernie Easton is on the far end of human relationships. Visualizing him forcing your pretty mouth as well as humiliating you by taking advantage of his rank is a defining moment. Think of it as a continuum. That being said; visualize a warm, accepting relationship with someone you genuinely care for and you have the other extreme. Question?”

“What does ‘going down’ mean?” Julie had a stark expression as if trending in a dark, deep sensation might ultimately become more than just a serious need. “I know about it physically but the idea intrigues me.”

Deb took a deep breath and after a moment of serious mental debate decided to plow ahead. “May I describe for you what might occur when a partner you fancy tells you what is to happen? I might have to be a bit graphic but you should know what to expect when you slide between clean sheets with someone you value.” She knew her tone of voice faltered. With the fantasy approaching an erotic fulfillment, there was dangerous ground to cross. She was on full alert—too fast, too soon, more talk, an emerging need?

Julie hesitated. "I'm afraid I'm not in the right league at the moment. My mind is cluttered with a hundred and one conflicting emotions, most centered on that big beefy cock in my mouth. I really was not ready for that. Seriously, the end extreme is an apt description of what it is all about. I sure have changed my attitude about the social order and guys in general. Secondly, I'm not as quick as you may think. Right now I think I am searching for another venue that does not include some horny guy cruising my body. The girl you describe or any girl like that interests me. Some possible event should work to satisfy my natural urges without getting beat to a pulp."

"Yes, the scrambled eggs are out of the skillet. You are wisely deciding to be 'one of the girls' at the QL meeting. Just for tonight, we can touch on the forbidden. It will be your fulfillment of being a woman. Have you seriously agreed to accept satisfaction, making the masculine gender take second place? Ready for another question so important to us both?"

"No commitment, right?"

"Correct. If some gal, like me, fancies you for your sweet ways and interesting body, be flattered. I can tell you an amusing story about that." She moved her hand higher on Julie's thigh to gently brush the sexual center felt as her explicit need. "One last question," she said slowly and turned to kiss Julie's comely lips. "Will you sleep with me tonight?"

Julie stood and strode to the walk-in closet. "Deb, be a dear and pick out a shirt and jacket that will go with a purple/yellow knit tie."

The End