

# Safe Haven

An illustration showing the lower legs and feet of a person wearing blue pants. Two hands are shown placing black high-heeled shoes onto the feet. The background is a simple wall with a purple and gold patterned border.

Mardee Louise  
**PRYNNNE**

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# SAFE HAVEN

**By Mardee Louise Prynne**

## **MICHAEL'S CRUSH**

I had a crush on Lois all the way through grammar school and well into high school, which is when this story starts. Lo, as her friends called her, was average height, with green eyes and black hair. Puberty came right on schedule and gifted her with long legs, nice wide hips, a perky tush, and a cute rounded tummy which she soon hid under a panty girdle, the curious foundation garment that was de rigueur for nice and even not so nice girls in the early fifties. Nature cheated Lois out of one important asset; she was almost through high school and still hadn't grown tits! This minor lack didn't stop me from thinking that Lo was as nearly perfect as any human female need be.

Lois tolerated me, teased me and made me the target of her moods. Since I was intimidated by most girls for reasons I didn't understand there was no easy way to resist her attitude which was a combination of flirting, teasing, and bullying. She reminded me and everyone else who would listen that she was far above everyone else in our neighborhood because she was took piano lessons and dance lessons. Her mother, an attractive war widow, had attended a fancy women's college in New England which Lo somehow felt was something that elevated her own status.

Lo's never asked me to but I took typing, steno and bookkeeping classes in order to fill out my course requirements for high school graduation. All of these courses were part of the Secretarial studies department, hardly a place with a very masculine appeal. We both agreed that learning to be an efficient typist would help when it came to writing up term papers and reports. My unspoken hope was that it would give me a better chance of being in more classes with Lois. Steno might help with note taking but that was stretching it. Maybe, just maybe Lois was making a fool of me.

Since I was the only boy in most of these classes, the girls didn't hesitate to talk girl stuff while waiting for class to start. They would congregate in a corner of the room and talk softly about who was letting who get to first base or second base, about the latest fashions both in outer and inner wear. As time went on they either accepted me or thought of me as invisible and chatted in ordinary tones despite my presence. Some of the girls openly admitted or even boasted practicing French kissing with other

girls. At first I blushed but soon learned to enjoy listening as the girls talked about their practicing. There were subtle hints accompanied by knowing grins between two or three girls when one of them hinted at activities more intimate than French kissing. It made me wonder whether or not these so-called practices weren't rehearsal but an end in itself.

Of course I envied some of the girls who French kissed with other girls. I would have gladly helped them hone their skills by practicing my won yet untested and untasted ability in that art. Excited envy has to be the term to describe my reaction as the girls talked about the latest brassiere or girdle and whether the discomfort of wearing certain styles was worth the added sexiness. As much as I would have loved to try on and even wear such enticing and ego boosting unmentionables, I put such thoughts aside as being unattainable.

That I no longer allowed myself to yearn to try those fascinating items of intimate apparel did not stop me from not so unconsciously emulating the sitting postures of my much-envied classmates. Sitting with my legs crossed at the ankles or thigh over thigh became my usual way of sitting as opposed to the ankle or calf on thigh favored by most boys. Never again would I allow myself to sit with my thighs spread wide in the tasteless pose that seemed natural to most boys.

There were no padded brassieres back then, not really, just breast pads that were universally referred to as falsies. Lo's conceit convinced her that she was beautiful and sexy enough as she was and refused to consider repackaging her underdone cup-

cakes. Reality set in around the middle of sophomore year when upperclassmen stopped dating her and paid more attention to the more developed but, strictly speaking, less beautiful coeds. Thus it was that Lo settled into her books and became what was called a “grind,” a derisive term for any kid who spent too much time studying and reading actual books. She also resumed dance lessons which she had given up after eighth grade because the lessons took time away from her playing the role of queen bee in our grammar school and neighborhood. Big mistake because once we were in high school she had competition for guys’ attention. She might have been better off continuing her dance lessons which could have gotten her into the high school dance club, a source of status. Taking dance lessons again was intended to create an aura of being an ethereal, arty being, an aura that I was sure Lo was using to give herself an air of mystery and superiority to make up for her lack of more obvious female attractions.

In case you’re wondering about me, there’s not much to say. I was on the taller side of average, wiry, nice looking rather than masculine type handsome, and played guitar not well but acceptably. Lessons might have helped. In freshman year of high school, I tried to switch to the double bass for two reasons; one was that the high school orchestra needed bass players more I thought I might get into a jazz ensemble which would get me noticed by girls. My mother and father were unsupportive of the proposed change because father wasn’t going to waste any more money on my “craziness” which is what he called his aspirations toward culture. My father, who hadn’t lived with us for as long as I could remember, was determined to make life as difficult as

he possible could for Mommy and me. Although he supposedly made a good living he was always late with alimony and support payments when he sent them at all.

Why I wanted to get noticed by girls was something that wasn't clear since Lois was the only girl I ever felt comfortable being around. She sensed early in grammar school that I was drawn to her and that I would do almost anything to win her approval. By the time we were in fifth grade I was meeting her at the local public library to pick out the reference books she needed for school reports and writing the outlines for her. Sometimes she paid attention to what I was doing but when some of the popular boys were around, she just smiled and made goo-goo eyes at them.

My ball playing skills were adequate and then some in stickball and handball. My problem was that I wasn't aggressive enough socially and physically to be a really competitive jock. I avoided fights even though I could usually hold my own or even come out ahead.

This is as good a time as any to let you know that nature had cheated me in a way similar to the way Lois had been cheated. Before you jump to any conclusions about my anatomy and how well it did or didn't function let me tell you I was well put together down there and my range when I jerked off was pretty good. The problem was when my voice started to change it never got very far. You know how boys whose voices are beginning to change are often mistaken for girls on the phone. My voice never changed beyond that point. There were times when being called "Miss" by telephone operators and information ladies at stores really got me down. That

might have been because it was something that was supposed to annoy boys. I soon accepted that that was the way it was going to be for a long time to come so I adapted and even learned to enjoy it. My reasoning was that it was like playing a joke on the person I was talking to over the phone by fooling them into thinking they were talking to a girl to a young woman. It was self-deception since it was unlikely that anyone might think that mine was the voice of a teenage boy no matter how much I might try.

My body never broadened or filled out nor did body hair appear except for a light down along my legs. There was a triangle of thick, dark hair at my groin and some underarm hair. It was more like the body of a girl on the verge adolescence than that of a teenaged boy. Strange to say, I had no problem accepting that this was the way I would always be even though I did get some teasing in the school locker room. I would rather be the way I was than to look like a chimpanzee the way some of the boys did.

## **AN INCIDENT**

It wasn't until one Friday night early in junior year outside a local movie house that I got my reputation for never backing down. A couple of senior boys were trying to get Lo into their car. Lo had led them on but then chickened out. She screamed and clawed one of them in the face when he tried to put his hands on her. I jumped in to help her. It was just chance that I ended up standing in front of the bigger guy who happened to be a big shot jock.

My heart was in my mouth as I snarled at the cretin. Much to my surprise, he froze, then took a step back. My fists were at my side leaving me wide open but that didn't seem to matter to him.

“Cool it, kid. No one's looking for trouble with you. This cock-tease over here...”

Sensing that I had some vague advantage for at least a couple of minutes, I stood glaring at him with my hands on my hips, a decidedly unmanly posture. The jerk still acted like he was intimidated. “Just take your toilet mouth and leave her alone.”

“We were just going anyhow. No one needs a stuck up...”

That did it. I stuck out my arms and threw my full weight at him, knocking him off balance so that he staggered back and nearly fell. “Lucky shot,” he said turning purple with rage but still backing away from me much to the amusement of the crowd of teens that had collected around us. “I won't fight you 'cause everyone knows what a faggot you really are,” was his parting taunt as he slid into the passenger seat of the car.

Lois then told me off! I was suddenly a barbarian who embarrassed her by interfering in her personal business. That was the end of Lo as far as I was concerned.

We were little more than nodding acquaintances for a long time after that, not that we were ever much more than that once we entered high school.

It was a kind of poetic justice that she was not only not considered dating material by upperclassmen but that she was also teased by some guys and a lot of less snobby girls

because of her lack of mammary charms. The girls were worse than the boys because they almost always teased her to her face in the halls and in the girls' locker room.

It was a few weeks before spring recess that Lois started warming up to me again.

“Mick, why not come over my house and listen to records Sunday night? Besides I need a guy's opinion of some new clothes.”

“That sounds swell. It's just that I wonder why you want my opinion and not some of those goons you're always smiling at in the cafeteria.”

“If you must know, I feel safe around you. Besides that you're one of the few boys ever who has any sense of color or...”

“Sure thing,” I said without waiting for her to finish her sentence. “Nice of you to ask me to...” I was unwilling to finish my own sentence aloud but that didn't mean I wasn't finishing the thought in my own mind. *At least I'm useful to you, Lo. Go ahead and play me for a chump. I'll do almost anything to spend time with you. Even if you poke me and pinch me like you did back in grammar school, I'll stick around and do whatever you ask.*

## **EXPERIMENTING WITH LOIS**

Lo's mom was leaving to play cards at a friend's house. I thought she looked pretty spiffy for a night of card playing with her lady friends. Mrs. Vaughn assure me that Lois would be with me shortly and suggested I sit down so she we could catch up.

Mrs. Vaughn gestured for me to have seat on the couch and then seated herself on a Queen Anne chair facing me. I watched her move gracefully across the room. My eyes locked on her legs made all the more shapely by her high heeled ankle strap shoes and full fashioned stockings with flawlessly straight seams. From my seated perspective on the low couch, I was treated to a glimpse of her dark net petti. I all but blushed openly as I wondered whether she was wearing a girdle or a garter belt and if all her underthings were color coordinated.

It was as if my heart stopped beating when Mrs. Vaughn paused in front of her chair, ran her finger tip along the seam of one stocking and in doing so actually raised her skirt ever so slightly but high enough for me to glimpse the back of her thigh a few inches above her knee. Then with a graceful movement, she gathered her skirt and petti, turned to face me and sat. She crossed her legs and let her skirt and petti fall loosely in a way that offered me an unfettered view of her legs right up to the edge of the darker tops of her tinted hose.

“Oh do relax, Michael. You used to visit with Lois often. It’s been a while, I know, but that’s no reason for you be so stiff and rigid. I’ve always thought better of you than I do of any of the other boys Lois invites over; not that there are many of them. Matter of fact, you seem so much nicer than those catty girls she aspires to be like.” Then, almost as an aside, she remarked that my voice was exceptionally pleasant; ‘soothing’ was the word she used. “With your voice quality you really should work on developing singing skills. Your potential is so much better than Lois’s girl friends who cackle around the piano and think they’re singing.”

I immediately wondered why Mrs. Vaughn kept comparing me to some girls and was about to change the subject when Lo' called down from upstairs. "Mother, is Mickey here yet? Just send him up as soon as he gets here."

"Michael, it's time for you to go upstairs to be with Lois and time for me to be on my way." She stood, shook out her petti and skirt and moved toward me as I got up from the couch. She glanced over her shoulder toward the stairway as if to see if Lois had come down and she spoke softly. "Mickey, Lois will be away most of the summer but I would like very much of you would stop by so we can get to know each other better."

The upstairs hall looked the same as it did a few years ago when I used to visit Lois often. A minor difference was the few additional family photos on the walls. One caught my eye more than any other: it was Lois looking dreamy in her eight grade graduation photo. It was definitely not thoughts of me that put that dreamy look on her face. At that moment Lo called to be from down the hall.

"Come on up, Mickey. I've got some surprised for you." Her voice came from Mrs. Vaughn's sewing room at the end of the hall. No choice but to follow Lo's voice.

Lo deliberately stood with her back to me as I stepped through the doorway. She wore a chic skirt with only a single unstarched petti as opposed to the multi-layered, heavily starched crinoline pettis so popular in that era. A not quite opaque blouse allowed her light blue brassiere to show through. I swallowed hard as she eased the blouse out of her skirt and held my breath as her hands moved up and to her front. Although her back was to me, I

was all but certain she was unbuttoning her blouse! She confirmed that impression by sliding the blouse off her shoulders and halfway down her

shoulder blades. “Close your eyes now and keep them closed,” she said softly but with authority.

I heard the rustle of fabric and sensed that Lo was now close to me.

“Go ahead and open your eyes. You can look but no touching.” She stood a couple of feet in front of me, nude from the waist up except for her blue bra. I was astounded by this but also by the fact that Lo appeared to have grown tits overnight.

It occurred to me that these might have been falsies but falsies didn’t have nipples and the outline of Lo’s nipples showed through the flimsy cotton fabric of her bra. The bra, as pretty and as modest as it was, didn’t quite contain her boobs which were visible as soft swells of flesh above the edge of the bra.

The sudden change from a day earlier seemed impossible but true until I noticed the tiny brass safety pin on each bra cup where the strap was attached, a sure sign the falsies were pinned in place.

“You can stop staring now that you’ve figured it out. I thought if these falsies could fool you, they can fool anyone, any boy, any girl.” Had Lo somehow guessed that I spent a lot of time studying ads for bras & girdles in the Sunday Times Magazine? (In the fifties the Sunday New York Times Magazine was referred to in the advertising business as the “girdle gazette” because of the large number of as for foundations garments that graced its pages.) A greater fear than that popped into my head; Lo might possibly have sensed that I wondered how

these exclusively feminine and that I longed to try them on. That isn't quite honest. It wasn't that I simply wanted to try on these enticing unmentionables. No, I wanted to wear them and other exclusively female accessories for longer periods. Thinking about this as I jerked off over these ads was overwhelming, so overwhelming that I dared not plan to make my fantasy into reality.

*Bliss* is the only word that adequately describes Lo's air of calm and serenity as she finished speaking. Happy for her though I was, my thoughts ran wild. The only girl who didn't completely intimidate me simply by being near was standing in front of me wearing nothing above the waist but a bra and I stood there not knowing what to say or do.

"Come on, Mickey. Say something, anything." Her voice was soft but with an underlying intensity.

"Be careful, Lois."

"Whatever do mean by that? Once I show up in school looking my age, you know what I mean, they'll stop calling me nasty names and..."

"Lo, they won't. You look fantastic and you do look your age with or without those things in your bra. Think about it for a minute. Show up in school or around the neighborhood, everyone'll pick up on the sudden change. They'll make your life a worse hell than before."

She was biting hard on her lower lip as I spoke. Tears started to form in her eyes giving her a sad beauty. Her sadness turned to anger which I was afraid might be taken out on me.

"Mickey, you're the only person in that entire high school that cares enough about me to tell me

what I should be told and not what they think will get something from me.

Lying bunch of shits!”

“You know, Lo, maybe if you started with a smaller size...”

“I could never afford that. Mommy treated me to these so I could look more...more mature in some photographs she’s having taken of me for a summer program application. And I was silly enough to think I could wear them to school.”

Her shoulders heaved as if she was crying silently. I was stupid enough to try to make a joke of her undoubtedly expensive and certainly very convincing falsies.

“That would be silly. You’re so beautiful and so sexy without them. Forget those cows and their dumb jock boyfriends. Just get by on what you have until you start meeting guys who are grownup enough to appreciate you for who you are. Anyone could look good if they stuck falsies like those in their bra.”

“Anyone?” She started to turn toward me.

“Yeah, anyone!”

“Even you, Mickey?”

I felt my face grow warm and knew I was blushing. Lo had touched on a secret fascination that had been part of me for as long as I could recall. Perhaps a desire is a more accurate word to describe what I felt. Ever since I could remember I envied girls for their clothes which allowed them so much more than boys. Little girls could get almost anything they wanted from adults by flashing a smile or showing their pettis. As they grew a tiny bit older they

quickly learned more effective ways to get what they want from grownups and boys their own age and older. Girls could express their moods by crying, whining, stamping their feet or simply pouting. Boys would have been ridiculed or spanked on the spot for showing behavior like that. But boys could never ever hit a girl even if she teased him mercilessly or even hit him. Since I was considered 'pretty' for a boy, I had wondered if wearing pretty clothes like girls the girls wore would allow me those same privileges. My mind raced from reflecting on this idea of female privilege to what it might feel like physically and otherwise to wear a well filled bra and then slip on all the other feminine finery so well hidden under clothing in that more modest era.

That my cock was responding to these fantasies was obvious to me and had to be obvious to Lois.

The look on Lo's face went from hopeless gloom to cheerfully serious in a few seconds. "Mickey!" Lo demanded my attention. "I just know you want to cheer me up."

Her eyes were focused a few inches below my belt. "I challenge you to prove that anyone, just anyone including you would look good in a bra and expensive falsies."

I tried to think of some reason to refuse even though I wanted more than anything to go along with her unstated idea that I try on a bra.

"Oh, just forget it. Here I was absolutely convinced that we could be real pals again. Forget what I said and if you ever tell a single soul, I'll make you sorry and don't think I can't." Was she teasing or did she really mean what she said?

Lo had me intimidated while managing to keep me turned on by her not so absurd suggestion that I try on her bra. Of course I was terrified that she might blab about how she got me to do it. But who would believe her? Then I considered that a lot of cliques thought of me as a faggot, there might be enough kids who, whether they believed it or not, would have another excuse to make my life miserable.

“Okay, Mickey. You really think you’ve got me fooled. Well, you don’t. I can see that you want more than anything to go along with what my idea. You know it’ll be fun.” She paused and looked at me like a cat about to assault a canary. Her eyes twinkled as she tilted her head and thrust her tongue out of the corner of her mouth to moisten her lips. “I get it! Once you wear my bra for even a few minutes, you’re going to need to try more of my things and before you know it you’ll want your own stuff. But you’re afraid you’ll feel guilty. Don’t deny it. I’m right, aren’t I?”

A sheepish grin was all that the response I could muster. Lo was on the mark with everything she was saying.

“Well, Mr. Mickey, allow me to take responsibility for what’s about to happen. That way you can’t blame yourself.”

Again with that catlike leer, she launched herself at me so that her hands struck my shoulders and the full force of her body hit my midsection sending me sprawling on my back with Lo landing on me. By the time I caught my breath, Lo was sitting astride my chest with her knees holding my shoulders down in a schoolyard pin. Managing to raise my head gave me an unfettered view of Lo’s panty crotch.

“Like what you see, don’t you,” she said in a voice that was both mocking and sensual. “Of course you, do. I better check, though to make sure that the rumors about you aren’t really true.”

Lo was completely in control bit physically and emotionally as she leaned back and ran her hand over my crotch feeling both my hardening dick and my balls. Although I loved ever second of it, there was enough *macho* in me that I just had to make an effort to resist so I tried to buck Lois off me. Her response was to grab my balls through my jeans and squeeze. She smiled down at me as I grimaced at the sudden and unexpected pain.

Her hand patted my now hard cock. “Ohh, he likes being beaten by a girl. Would it be the same with any girl or am I the special girl, the only one you’ll submit to?”

I raised my head in a feeble attempt to nod that Lo was the only girl who could mean anything to me. It was then that the dark spot on her panty crotch caught my attention. Given my naiveté, this slowly growing apparently wet spot was a mystery at which I could only guess. Meanwhile Lois was growing impatient with my silent answer.

“Mickey, love, you’re not answering my question. Nodding “yes” is an impossible answer when I’ve asked you to make a choice.”

“Okay, Lo. You’re the only girl I would ever want to please. But, but your panties...”

“Mickey, it surprised me too. I’ve never ever been this hot before!” With that confession, Lois stood up, smoothed her skirt down as she watched me sit up leaning back on my elbows. Taking me by the hand, she helped me onto my feet. My heart beat rapidly,

both from being aroused by having been so easily overpowered by Lois and by the fact that she was now directly in front of me.

I held my breath as she unbuttoned my polo shirt and raised it over my body to my chest. No further hint was necessary as my hands took over from hers. As the shirt fell to the floor, Lois stepped away from me and opened her dresser drawer.

“You’re special to me, Mickey, but I’m not nearly ready to show you my tits. But we both want you in bra. As for my tits; soon, I promise but not tonight.”

Lo took out a bra similar to the one she was wearing and then from the back of the bottom drawer produced a pair of ordinary falsies. The scene that was being played out was doubtlessly meant to entice while frustrating my long hidden urge to wear feminine foundations if only for a few moments. My eyes went back and forth between Lois’s scantily clad upper body, more specifically the bra itself, and the items she was removing from her dresser. It felt as if Lois was guiding me closer to the moment when my fantasies would evolve into actuality. My sense of the possible forced me to reject that thought as just another facet of my perverse and what I believed to be my unique wishes.

As my mind raced from hope to gloom, Lois took a small box cloisonné box from the drawer, opened it and withdrew a few miniscule brass safety pins, mates of those that were holding the breast forms in their place in her bra. As she started to pin the cheaper falsies into the second bra, she turned to me and spoke softly with a wry smile. “Don’t stand there gaping, Mickey. Take off your blouse, er shirt,

so I can teach you to put on your own bra. You do realize there's a lot of catching up to do!"

I wondered if I could ever learn to be dexterous enough to maneuver miniature safety pins with the ease Lois did. I doubted it. She faced me directly and, in mock amazement, began to deride me for having only gotten no further along in removing my polo shirt.

"Gosh, Mickey, what on earth are you waiting for? Do you want to break the mood, slow things until we're both bored with waiting? I get it. You want me to really takeover! Remember you're asking for it!"

Her mock amazement turned to convincing impatience and then to anger. She flung the bra I was to wear at me with such speed and fury that I was barely able to catch it. I couldn't help but be aware of the feel of the bra in my hand nor fight the need to look at the detailing, the shape and texture. I'm sure Lois had sensed I would focus on the bra and not keep my eyes on her because she rushed at me, grabbed the edge of my polo and yanked it over my head but stopped short of pulling it off me. Unable to see with the shirt over my head, I started to panic, to grope wildly toward wherever I thought Lois might be.

I had held on my own even when I came out the loser in fights against bigger and stronger boys. This was different. Lois, although similar in size and weight to me, was incredibly fast. She would move in and jab my belly, poke her finger into the pit of my belly and then move out of reach. Her foot would lash out against the back of my knee causing it give way almost completely so that I has to struggle to retain my footing. Mercifully, Lo brought this en-

counter to a close by grasping the shirt, twisting my body like a steering wheel as she used her foot to sweep my legs out from under me.

As I lay panting on the floor, I gathered my wits and caught my breath enough to sit up and pull the offending polo completely off. Lo dropped to her knees beside me and frantically apologized with tears in her eyes. "Poor Mickey, you could have been hurt. I really didn't mean to get carried away like I just did. It's just that I was afraid you'd leave. Forgive me, I know you will."

I nodded and started to get up but Lo leaned over my body and ran her hand over my tummy. "Gosh, you're skin is so smooth, not at all like those apes who try to make out with me at parties or at the movies. They take my hand and put it against their disgusting furry bodies while they try to cop a feel." There was genuine hatred in her eyes, hatred directed at the boys who had tried to make out with her. "Just 'cause I'm flat they thought I'd fall all over them just to get a date. I showed them every single time. It was easy to hurt them by just grabbing their precious balls and squeezing. Most of those goons just shrieked like the pussies they really are. A few of them just screwed up their faces trying to pretend I wasn't hurting them but not for long. Those were the ones I made cry. Of course not a single one of them would ever tell anyone that flat Lois hurt them and hurt them badly so no one the price of trying to get a cheap feel from Lo."

Lois kissed me gently on the lips and then bounded to her feet as if this expression of anger and hatred at boys who thought she would come across out of thankfulness to anyone who paid attention to her despite her obvious lack of certain

charms. She extended her hand to me and helped me to my feet.

“I’m sorry you had to listen to me go on about those drips. Say, we’ve got to stop wasting time and get going with...you know. She picked up the bra that was intended for me and started to hand it to me but paused. “This won’t work,” she said as her face fell. Then she reached for my pants, undid my belt and fly before smiling once again. “Wearing guy’s pants with a bra is going to make you look silly. You’re going to have to wear panties in order for this to work. I was elated at the thought of dressing in bra and panties even under these weird circumstances but dared not let on that this was fine with me. Trying to look like I was having trouble making up mind was anything but easy as Lois eased my pants down to my ankles. She couldn’t help but notice the hard-on that was pressing against my white cotton boy briefs.

Lois turned from me and again opened a dresser drawer, not the same drawer from which she took the bra and falsies. As I hoped, she took out a pair of cotton panties, the cotton of which was so much finer and more delicate than my coarse underpants.

“These everyday panties will do for a beginner like you. Little girls who haven’t had a period shouldn’t be allowed to wear cute big girl undies and certainly not undies that are meant to turn on...turn guys on and maybe even more important, to turn themselves on.”

By now I had willingly taken off my pants and laid them over a chair. Lois nodded approval as she looked me up and down. Feeling embarrassed as her gaze lingered at my half hard dick. I crossed my hands at the wrists in a pathetic attempt to cover

up. Rather than tease me or berate me again, Lois unzipped the back zipper of her skirt and guided to her ankles before stepping out of it. The outline of her legs showed through the white diaphanous petti. It evident that her Van Raalte panties matched her bra.

My disappointment at her not removing either her bra or panties was only momentary. With her skirt draped over one arm she walked to her closet, took out a hanger and hung the skirt before returning it the closet. Each of her movements were fluid and graceful, enhanced rather than concealed he panty encased loins and tush.

As she neared me, Lo paused and allowed her petti to fall in a heap around her ankles. She had become a modern incarnation of Venus rising from the sea, in this situation a sea of white gossamer. My hard-on was raging once again.

“Copy what I do. You’re such a natural at this that I just know won’t need step by step instructions. Are you okay with that?”

I nodded and whispered, “Oh, yes, Lois. I’m more than okay with it.”

“Gee whiz, Mickey, when you talk in the sexy whisper you’re unbelievably sexy.” She moved toward me, took me in her arms and kissed me. Her hand grasped the hair in back of my head and forced it back so my face was up. Lo’s breath on my neck tickled in away that I had never known. Then her lips closed over the skin of my throat.

Facing me again as she took a breath, an odd look came over, part pleasure and part hunger but all sex. Her mouth covered mine; her tongue probed my mouth before she pushed me away.

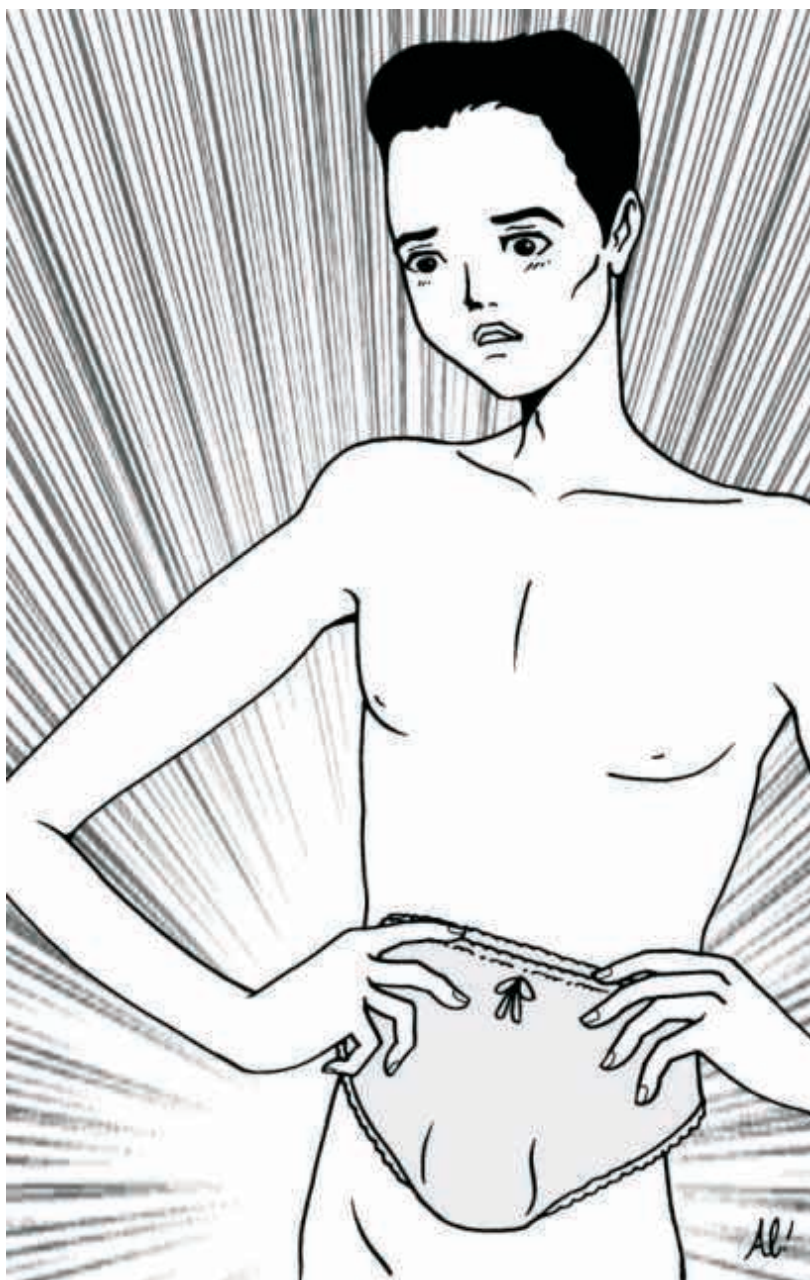
“Mickey, I know this is hard for you to believe but I’ve never ever kissed a boy like that. Don’t look at me like that. You’re wondering how I can kiss like that without being taught. You’re right but it wasn’t taught to me by those clumsy drips called boys.

No, I learned from girls at summer arts programs and we practiced until I became really good at kissing. And I practiced with girls from school until they used what I taught them to keep their boyfriends interested in them and their big ugly cow tits. But, Mickey, darling, you’ve shown more talent in that quickie kiss than all those girls and their jerk-off boyfriends combined. I promise we’ll finish the lesson but first we have to finish changing.”

Lois’s anger both intimidated me and heightened my arousal. To be controlled by an attractive girl my age appealed to me in ways I couldn’t understand. All I knew at that moment was that my cock was beginning to twitch. Watching Lois turn partly to the side, thrust her bottom almost imperceptibly caught my complete attention while clearing my mind of any stray thoughts.

“Just do what I do,” she said matter-of-factly. My imitation of every nuance of her movement was received with approval by the girl was well on her way to becoming my mentor in the art of sex. She got as far as wiggling her panties down to the base of tush when I had what amounted to a premature and spontaneous ejaculation. Lois, rather than being angry was amused. “Now that that’s over, we can go on without worrying ...at least for a few mutes. Wow, you pants are soaked. Get rid of them in my hamper. Wipe yourself and I’ll help you get into your panties.” She repositioned her panties leaving me exposed as if it were the most ordinary situation in

the world. My mind tried to make sense of what she had just said.



*Oh, my Lord! She really said 'panties.' Can't be. I must have heard her wrong or it's some kind of crazy wishful thinking. This is something I've dreamed about but now it's getting me scared!*

“Mickey, stop being a slow poke. You're not scared of what you really want, are you?”

“I'm not scared at all. It's just, just that I wasn't ready for this, not all at once.”

“Take them by the waist band,” Lo spoke in normal conversational tones as she handed me the panties. “That's how we girls do it and then hold them and look to see which way is the front.”

The soft cotton felt so good between my fingertips that my hands began to quiver as I felt renewed energy start to flow through my groin. It felt good to be standing thee nude but for my socks, the blindingly white cotton panties held front of me like a ritual object raised toward heaven in a rite meant to assure that my innermost dreams would be reality. But this wasn't simply a ritual, it was an ordeal imposed by Lois as if she were the priestess charged with testing me, the neophyte hoping for acceptance into a mysterious and wonderful cult.

“Good work.” Lois's voice cheered me on. “Now step into them, hold the waist band, leg opening at the same time if you can so they don't get too stretched out. Neat work! Didn't I say you're a natural? Now watch me.”

Lo guided me to the bed and sat me on the edge and then positioned me so that I was reclining against her pillows with one leg on the bed and the other draped over the edge. It was a seductive pose that felt ever so right even without the bra and falsies I was already thinking of as my own.

She again opened the dresser drawers and took out two items and placed them on the dresser. Facing me again, she repeated the quick but very seductive and feminine doffing of her panties. Unlike a few moments ago when she demonstrated this move for my instruction, she ended holding the panties between her thumb and forefinger while nonchalantly allowing me a prolonged, unfettered view of the perfect triangle that was her thick, dark pubic hair.

She beckoned to me to approach her which I did without hesitation but trying to appear casual. I took the panties from her hand, went into the adjacent bathroom where I dropped them into the hamper where my cum soaked underpants had ended up. Do I need to add that I managed a few furtive sniffs of her panties?

Lois had gotten her fresh panties on as far as the top of her thighs when I walked back into the bedroom. She turned her back to me as she pulled the panties into place and then hooked her thumbs under the narrow elastic leg bands adjusting the back of the skimpy panties to fully conceal as much of her tush as they possibly could. Lo slowly turned toward me caressing her bare waist before gliding her finger tips over the satin panty that clung to her hips. Be assured that these were the *brief* panties that were almost the only style to be had in the fifties yet this pair was so different from those that had gotten me so hot in ads. The waist band rode low enough on her rounded tummy to reveal all by the very bottom of her deep belly button.

Confusion began to override all other thoughts and emotions as I silently struggled to anticipate what was expected of me. It became plain that Lois

remained very much in charge and that she would control what was and what was not going to happen.

Again she stood directly in front of me and sneered derisively as she studied me from head to toe and back again. The slightest nod from Lo reassured me that I was somehow worthy; but of what?

With deliberate slowness her hand moved toward my chest; so slowly that a sense of apprehension and anticipation began to overwhelm me. Her palm moved lightly over my nipples creating sending chills through my chest leaving me hoping that Lois would teach the why girls reputedly enjoyed having their breasts caressed. That disdainful facial expression that was both a smile and sneer said it was not to be, at least not then.

Her hands rested on my shoulders, gently at first but with ever increasing pressure. Her nails dug into me skin as she pressed down hard enough for me to drop to my knees in front of her.

My eyes were level with her tummy as she placed a hand on each side of my face and moved me to inches from her deep belly button. "Mmm," she aid softly. "Your breath tickles so nicely. Go ahead, kiss me there." Lo pressed my face against her tummy. "No, you silly creature; not just your lips like your kissing an old aunt. Use your tongue."

Lo's admonition somehow made me react instinctively. I lowered my chin so that I could run my tongue over the front of her panties from a few inches below the waist band to her belly button. Her skin was cool as my tongue circled, wiggling as it moved.

Lo's reaction was to shove me onto my back.

“Oh, Lo, I’m sorry if...”

“Stop sounding so corny. Don’t even think about feeling sorry when you’re pleasuring me. It just felt too good to...” Without finishing her thought Lo fell to her knees next to me, covered my mouth with hers and massaged my balls through my panties. I was powerless to stop her, powerless to react in any way but to passively accept her ever more passionate attentions.

Lo’s mouth moved over my exposed throat, her tongue darting in and out, alternating with gentle nibbles of her teeth. Meanwhile the hell of her hand glided over the underside my cock. I writhed while experiencing more intense arousal than I had ever dreamed possible. Moans turned to high pitched whimpers as Lo pulled my panties below my balls. As she clutched my balls, she brought her face to my chest, ran her tongue in tightening circles around my nipples driving me into frenzy. Each time I moved to hold her, to reciprocate her every caress, her hand tightened on my balls forcing me to stop out of pain, pain which heightened my arousal and made me long for Lo to inflict more and other agonies on me.

Now she sucked my nipples as her hand grasped my cock. Then Lo suddenly paused and sat back on her heels looking triumphantly down at me. A pearl of precum had formed on the tip of my dick. Lois picked it up on her finger tip and held it a few inches from lips. I complied with her unspoken demand by raising my head and taking the drop of precum onto the tip of my tongue, savoring the taste and swallowing before sucking gently on her finger.

“Mickey, you’re so willing to please me that I ‘m going to do something to you that I never thought I would do to any boy, ever.”

I thought of asking what she was going to do but her hand covered my mouth before I could say a word. Lois put her index finger to her mouth in the classic “shush”

sign. I lay panting in fear and anticipation as she shifted so that one knee was on each side of my head. Her fingers encircled the base of my cock as her tongues circled the rim. “There’s really so many ways to make this last but I know you won’t hold out.” That said, she took my cockhead in her mouth. I was twitching now as electricity started to generate in my groin. Lois took her mouth from my cockhead, pressed the shaft against my belly and licked the under side of the shaft from base to head.

I held my breath as her tongue again circled the rim. My cock throbbed as she took the head into her mouth. She milked the shaft as I exploded into her mouth in wave after wave of orgasm.

Lo’s panty crotch was dripping wet as she sat with her knees drawn to her chest looking at me as I lay depleted of cum and strength. “Yes, it really is true that men and boys are helpless after being brought off by a female who knows her power. You liked that, I know. We’ll have to keep practicing together but next time it will last. Oh, and you’re going to satisfy me by...by lip service

Watching every nuance of Lo’s movements as she got to her feet, I wondered what she meant by “lip service.” Lo distracted me from wondering what she meant as walked toward the door to the bathroom and unselfconsciously lowered her panties to the top

of her rear cleavage. She stood just inside the bathroom doorway as she allowed the panties to fall to her ankles before kicking them aside. My jaw dropped at the sight of her back completely nude but for the narrow blue band of elastic fabric across her upper torso. With the flexibility peculiar to girls and women, she reached behind her back and unhooked the closure of the bra. Then she kicked the door closed.

My cock, despite the recent exertions, was no longer quite flaccid as the sound of the shower came from the bathroom. A few minutes later Lois emerged wearing a bath towel as if it were a sarong. "Your turn," she announced. "Don't be such a prude. You do need to shower, you know. And don't worry about your underpants. They're gross to begin with and even more gross since you came in them. Oh, just relax, I'll wash them with some of my things and you can take them next time you come over."

"But what'll I wear under my jeans?"

"Really, that's a silly question. You can wear nothing or you can borrow a pair of my panties. Plain cotton will work and no one will ever notice. Mickey, get that dazed look off your face. You know you want to wear my things. Just admit and we'll both feel a lot better."

A moment's hesitation and a deep breath and I knew I would no longer deny my secret fantasies, at least not to Lois nor to myself. "Lo, you can't begin to know how right you are. Help me, please."

"I promise," was all she said.

Lois watched as I came out of the bathroom wearing only the yellow cotton briefs she had left on the vanity counter. Without thinking I emulated Lo's gesture by hooking my thumbs into the leg bands and slowly guided the panty over my bottom. My reward was two fold. First was the effortless way the graceful way I was able to move through this classic feminine ploy as if it was something I had been practicing forever, second was the nod of approval and delight that this got from Lois.

By now she had dressed in a cowl collar top and slacks, slacks that though not tastelessly tight flowed over the curves of her hips and accented her pert derriere. Seated now at her vanity table, Lo held her hairbrush over her shoulder as if beckoning me to approach. I took the hairbrush from her and slowly brushed her hair furtively studying my own reflection in the vanity table mirror. My firm slender torso was all I could see but that made me focus my attention on the yellow panties that so nicely highlighted the outline of my dick. Even the most casual observer would be able to see that I was circumcised.

Lois reached up, took the hair brush from me. "Now it's my turn to play the lady's maid."

I looked up at Lois's reflection as she brushed my hair. This felt both erotic and natural as my cock began to stiffen. Long suppressed memories returned; visual recollections of my mother brushing my hair, hair that was kept too long for a boy's.

"It would only take the least touch of lipstick to completely transform you. Relax, though. There's not enough time. Now get dressed."

There was no hug at the door as I left but there was a kiss. Lois brought her moist lips to mine, pressed them over my lower lip and then slid her tongue into my mouth. It glided over the roof my mouth. I started to wrap my arms around Lois only to be rewarded by the edge of Lois's fist slamming into my balls. "Not now, Mickey. Neighbors might see. There'll be more to come, I promise."

## **ONE SMALL STEP**

I walked toward home with the realization and hope that this was the first step in a new road, a road that would allow me to discover what I could really be. First I would need to learn the intricate mysteries of feminine lingerie and foundations. Magazines would be my first source. It would be foolish to buy "Coed Life & Fashions" or "Seventeen" at the local news stands but I resolved to buy these and other fashion magazines away from the neighborhood. By the time I got home I was wondering about buying everyday panties at a five and ten away from home.

## **BACK TO SCHOOL**

That Monday morning Lo came up to me as we entered the school building. "Mickey, you're acting like a drip," she admonished.

"I don't get it."

"If you enjoyed our Friday visit half as much as I did, you would have called."

Then she slipped me an envelope. “Put this in your notebook and read it in private.”

I looked at the envelope as I stowed my things in my locker. It was a blue envelope with scalloped edging on the sealed flap. It was addressed to “MIKI.”

The feminine spelling of my nickname made my stomach jump. In class I practiced writing my name as “Miki” or Micki” with tiny hearts replacing the dots over the ‘i’ before deciding I preferred “Miki” as being more different from the male spelling I had been saddled with for too long.

There was no point in lingering around the school steps at dismissal time other than to catch a glimpse of Lois. She was nowhere to be seen so I took the city bus home and went directly to my room. It made no sense but I locked the bedroom door behind me before slipping off my shoes and opening the note from Lois.

*Dear Miki:*

*Last night was wonderful. I felt so free when we did what we did and now*

*know we’re both ready to become, not become but explore what we really need to be.*

*I was unkind, even cruel to you. You had become my way of getting back at all those creeps who still torment me, only now they do it mostly behind my back my back. You must know that you’re a target of their ridicule just as I am only they avoid you because you sometimes fight back.*

*Thinking about that has given me an idea. My mom will, if nagged enough, will let me take all kinds of self-defense classes and then I can train you.*

*That way we both can hurt anyone who dares to torment us.*

*That's not the only reason I'm writing this note. You see, I've never been able to cum with a boy before. Yes, girls can cum but it's much harder for us than it is for boys. Just seeing you in panties and imagining what you would be*

*like if you were wearing hose and heels or even makeup. And with your voice there's no one who wouldn't be instantly convinced you're really a girl.*

*Please, please let's get together next time my mom is out and go just a*

*bit further. We can't know where this will take us but I just know it will be special.*

*Love,*

*Lois*

*PS*

*You can keep what you borrowed.*

The note left me breathless. How far could Lois and I take this and how special could it be? The thought of wearing makeup overwhelmed but nearly as much as her suggestion that I might be convincing as a girl. Of course, the only thing I had borrowed from her was the yellow panties which she said are now mine to keep. That, I promised myself, would be the beginning of my feminine wardrobe. But that wardrobe would have to be limited to basic panties until I learned more of the intricacies of lin-

gerie, foundations, heels, hose, skirts and dresses; just for starters. That was no reason to delay shopping for my own things.

The school week seemed to drag on forever once my plan for the next Saturday was set in my mind. I would get up early, dress casually but presentably and go downtown where there were some large five & tens as well as ladies specialty shops where I could window shop.

Another reason the week was going so slowly Lois was glum to the point where she avoided almost everybody including me. The obvious cause for her prolonged lack of social interest was, in my mind, guilt over what transpired between us plus concern over the existence of the note she had given me. That simple and sincere note, if found by the catty crowd and their jerk-off boyfriends, could ruin both of us.

Lois had been dawdling around the school building after school. This may have been because she needed to use the library or talk with her favorite teachers or guidance counselor. My plan was to catch up to Lo, as if by chance, as she was leaving school and walk home with her. Starting out with small talk might open a chance for her to tell me what was on her mind.

I positioned myself at the end of the office corridor where it connected to the main lobby and sat with my back against the wall while patiently memorizing chemistry formulas. The school was eerily silent when a door in the guidance corridor opened and I heard a weepy sounding Lois profusely thanking Miss Lamont but for what I couldn't tell. A side-long glance down the told me that they were now standing in the doorway of the office anteroom. Miss

Lamont's voice reassured Lois that everything would end well and that she would not be abandoned. That meant there was a better than even chance that whatever things Miss Lamont was referring to might end up not well at all.

Another glance down the hall and I saw Miss Lamont take Lois's hand and gently pull her back into the anteroom. Then the sound of the door closing. A moment or two later the door reopened and Lois stepped into the hall looking furtively in each direction before walking toward the lobby. The back of her skirt was awry! Something other than guidance had gone one between Lois and Miss Lamont in those last minutes. It was an effort to reign in my imagination.

Lo was startled to see me sitting there as she walked into the lobby. At first I was intimidated by her reaction. "Michael, you've been lying I wait for me, haven't you? Can't you see that that I've been all but hiding from everyone this whole week?" She paused and stared at me. "I'm just so glad that you can't take a hint. I so need to talk to someone my own age and you're the only one I can trust. Please walk home with me."

"Lo, thanks for trusting me as your friend. Sure I'll walk home with you. But, your skirt..."

"What about my skirt?"

"It's all caught up in back. Your panties might show."

"Oh, really!" She was indignant now. "If that's the case, you should be able to see them from where you're sitting. Tell me, what color am I wearing?"

"Red, shiny red."

“Oh, my gosh. That could have been so humiliating. Thanks for being a pal and telling me. I thought I could trust Miss Lamont. She actually let me walk out of her office like that. I’ll be glad to see the last of her even though we’ve been...we’ve been kind of close.”

We were out the building now and walking along the quiet streets.

“Lo, what do you mean by “seeing the last of her.” Is she leaving school or are you?”

“It looks like I may have to leave no matter what happens. Mother has a new job out of town so either I go live with my father who is horrible or move away with Mother

when I’m starting a special friendship with you. Swear you’ll visit me over vacations and summers.”

“I swear I’ll do everything possible to visit you every chance I get.”

“Everything?”

“I said it and I mean it.”

“Okay, but will you do everything and anything? Before let me explain something. My father always looks for every reason to prove Mother is an unfit parent so if a boy stayed with us even for one night he would be make trouble.”

“Are you saying I would need to pass as a girl in order to visit you?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Lo, for you I’ll do anything and everything.”

We stood inside the side door to Lo’s house. Wordlessly we put or school books down and looked at each other. Lois again took charge ass she

brought her face to mine and firmly held my wrists as she guided my hands to her tush. Our kisses became more probing as she edged her skirt upward so that it bunched around her waist. My hands trembled as she guided to the sleek surface of her panties. Then her hands rested on my shoulders but unlike that evening when we were alone in her house, I needed no hint, no pressure to drop to my knees.

Lois turned her back to me and pulled me close. Pressing my cheek against the cleft of her panty covered bottom, I inhaled her exquisite girl scent. Bringing my face between her lower cheeks, my tongue probed her rear access eliciting deep sighs from her.

Suddenly Lois spun around and shoved me onto my back. “Michelle, it’s not fair to get me going when there’s no time or place to satisfy me all the way.”

Did I hear her right? She called me ***Michelle!*** Was she losing it or was I?

“Miki, I don’t want any seedy acts between us. Maybe it can be different when you visit...” Lo’s voice faded away like a distant radio station.

I picked up my schoolbooks and walked home. I never saw or heard from Lois after that.

## **GUIDANCE WITH MISS LAMONT**

Lois disappeared from school at the end of the week. A “For Sale” sign appeared on the lawn of her house. A few weeks later a moving van parked, four men loaded it and then drove off. It left me feeling

empty but also gave me the feeling that I could get back to normal and stop wondering how far Lois and I could have gone in our one on one games. By now I had put together a respectable collection of fashion magazines which fueled my solitary sex play which was often further enhanced by the yellow panties that once belonged to Lois.

Spring break was rapidly approaching; the summer vacation wasn't far behind. I had hoped somehow to reconnect with Lois for the summer but that was not to be. In a last ditch effort to get at least some clue as to where she had gone, I stopped in Miss Lamont's office before classes to introduce myself to her as Lois's friend. Perhaps she could give me some hint on how to find Lois.

Miss Lamont was affable couldn't give me any information, specific or otherwise.

"Of course, I recognize you. Lois pointed you out to me several times in the weeks before he left. She was very concerned that you might be hurt by her sudden forced move. Close the door so we can chat openly." That was the beginning of my special relationship with Miss Lamont.

Miss Lamont didn't seat herself behind the desk but positioned her chair to the side where we could face each other directly. "Do have a seat and relax," she said as she gestured toward a chair. Her almost serene style made me comfortable at once.

"My goodness, you move so gracefully for a boy." My face grew warm with blushing but not only over this much appreciated comment. As Miss Lamont crossed her legs so that her skirt slipped high enough for me to catch a glimpse of her stocking tops.

“Michael, I need to put you at ease so we can talk freely. Lois told me every thing that went on between you two at her house. She felt terribly guilty about not being able to continue what was started. Her fear is that something might have been awakened in you that couldn’t be brought to fruition unless you had help. We shouldn’t really discuss it now, at least not until you’ve thought this through. Just understand that I’m willing to guide you if you choose to follow your instincts however far you need to.

“Don’t be concerned, Miki. We’ll do our work away from school and there’ll be no fees or costs. Think it over. At some point you may want to explain things to your mom and dad.”

“Just to my mom. My dad is gone. Miss Lamont, I’m pretty sure Mommy, I mean my mother, will be okay with this as long as I don’t get caught at it by other kids.”

“That will not be a concern. How can you be so sure that your mother will go along with this?”

“When I was little she treated me like I was a sissy and she was always telling me that she was meant to have a daughter.”

The warning bell for homeroom sounded and I left the guidance area knowing that Lois had left me in safe hands.

## **A DAY IN THE BLUFFS**

My chat with Miss Lamont allowed me to open my mind to possibilities. I hadn’t the least clue as to how “we’ll do our work away from school” or even what that work might be. My sudden fear was that

my inhibitions would take over and I would remain stuck where being an ineffective twerp. This fear motivated me to action.

That Saturday morning I took the subway to the downtown shopping district. I browsed through a five and ten lingering among the counters that displayed girls' panties and hosiery. I looked at a slip of paper from my pocket as if checking sizes. Then I selected two multi-pair packs of unadorned cotton briefs; one in pastels, the other brights. The middle aged counter lady accepted the money I handed her without making me feel like a pervert. I tensed as a smile crossed her face. Had she realized from the first that I was buying these for myself? Not at all. "It's a rare young gentleman who has the confidence to buy a gift of unmentionables for a lady."

The next hour or two was devoted to window shopping and wondering toward the fringes of the shopping district and into the area called "The Bluffs" so named for it being situated on high ground overlooking the harbor. It was set off from the commercial district by an abrupt change in street patterns. A few streets featuring upscale restaurants led to tree lined streets with well maintained brownstone and federal period homes. The pre-war apartment buildings were no taller than six stories and often had interesting stored in ground floor commercial space. I was fascinated by those shops that featured artistic and original jewelry, shops that sold accessories such as belts, shawls, scarves, and hats. The boutiques that offered hand sewn one of a kind skirts and blouses along with offerings in the other shops resonated with me. I knew at once that this was the style I would be most comfortable with as I began working with Miss Lamont.

The streets were unfamiliar yet I felt calm and at ease wandering through what seemed to be the promised land of my dreams. A smile appeared on my face as I resolved to explore my reality with or without Miss Lamont's guidance.

The next street had a few restaurants featuring cabaret performances each evening. I resolved to lookup 'cabaret' in the dictionary as soon as I got home. This turned out to be unnecessary as a display of photographs in a small glass window at the door of one such place was all the explanation I needed. One showed a young woman at a piano accompanying herself as she sang. Another showed a girl seated on a stool holding a guitar. "Contemporary Folk Interpretations" announced the card under her picture. Cool jazz piano was a staple in almost all of the cabarets with folk interpretations a close second. Most of the girls advertised as folk singers were dressed in the style I had already decided to adopt as my own. It might be helpful to return one evening to see just how these young performers carried themselves, how they moved and how they coordinated their ensembles and accessories.

The sun was high in the sky and I was feeling a little hungry. Would I have enough money to cover a lunch, even a very light lunch in any restaurant or tearoom in this fascinating new world? It was too embarrassing to count what money I had left in the street. Then I noticed a brass plaque affixed next to the entrance way of a corner apartment building.

**CORLISS LAMONT, Ph. D.**

Clinical Psychologist/Psychoanalyst

By Appointment

## Suite 1-A

That had to be my Miss Lamont! That the first and last manes matched was too much for coincidence. I stared dumbfounded as Miss Lamont walked out of the building lobby. She was wearing a severely cut navy blue dress with a sliver pendant and matching cuff bracelet worn over black leather gloves that covered her wrists. Off black stockings and t-strap black leather shoes called attention to her superb legs. A matching cape and slouch hat added to the dramatic effect.

*Oh my gosh. It really is her. What if she thinks I've been following her or something like that?* I was hoping I would become invisible or that the sidewalk would open and swallow me. My near panic was unfounded.

“Of all people to run into! Michael, out for a bit of exploration or have you been shopping? I’m delighted to see you here in The Bluffs. I’m sure your going to love this

area. You’ll fit in just fine once you know your way around. I was just on way to lunch. How about joining me? My treat, of course.”

Miss Lamont slipped her arm through mine and we started off. She pointed out a storefront that was divided into a jewelry and accessory shop on one side and a clothing boutique on the other. Next door was ladies specialty shop, the then usual term for a store that carried intimate apparel and hosiery. All were owned and operated by her, she explained proudly. “I started with a small custom clothing shop where I made all the clothing by myself and

from my own original designs. The business grew and allowed me to afford graduate school.”

We were soon seated in a small tearoom ordering from a waitress about my own age when I felt comfortable enough to ask Dr. Lamont she went from creating original clothing to guidance and psychology. “Please, outside of school I’m Corliss to you.

“Even as I was successful in developing my craft and my business I wondered what to do with the rest of my life. Many of my clients were young women and men who sought relief from being what family and society forced them to be. The Bluffs has always been a refuge for bohemians, people who needed to live an unconventional life style. We all started meeting on a small cafe, talking until late in the evening.

“An effeminate boy in the group was attacked and beaten by thugs. He felt it was his fault and tried to reconcile with his family who refused to even talk to him. The poor kid was ready to kill himself. I talked him out of it, God only knows how. Why not make a career of helping people who don’t quite fit the mold, I thought. And so here I am.”

I mulled over what Corliss had said and then told her what had transpired between Lois and me. She already had heard Lois’s version which was pretty much the way it was except for what went on in my head during those and since those moments.

“Are you saying you want to further explore your possibilities?”

I nodded.

“Michelle, we’ll work together.”

Corliss invited my mother to an early morning conference in school. The next day the three of us met and Dr. Corliss Lamont became my mentor, therapist and guide.

Elated at first, I felt let down when Dr. Lamont tacitly refused to coach me through every detail, every step on my new path. Our conversations, usually held away from school, offered only broad suggestions with no specifics. When I dared announce a bold step, I felt challenged until one session when it finally dawned on me that Dr. Lamont was making me think through my unorganized plans.

Things began to happen after that session. I was certain that Corliss was choreographing much or the subtle but definite choices that opened for me.

I had started to spend two or three Saturdays each month exploring The Bluffs.

My style of dressing for these excursions had gone from jeans to something a little less casual. My usual attire now consisted of chinos, saddle shoes or penny loafers and a pastel polo shirt usually worn untucked. No longer did I get off the subway at the commercial district stop, but rode one stop further to the far edge of The Bluffs. As I reached street level I opened the buttons of my polo shirt and turned up the collar creating an effect that was as femme as I dared.

That particular day, I was window shopping and paused to admire some summer wear in one of the shops that catered to outsiders rather than the arty types who lived in or frequented the area. A fortyish woman, presumably the owner, was examining a pair of white slacks with one of her staff. She no-

ticed me, came outside and invited me in to “make an offer and ask a favor.”

After asking me my name, she explained what she had meant. “We were thinking of expanding our line to include ensembles for the freer, less inhibited, less conventional young fellow. Nothing extreme.” She draped the slacks over her arm. “These are styled for a young lady but the cut could be worn by a slender teen like you. Less opaque than what is usually available to young men but with the right foundation garments, underthings there’s no reason it couldn’t work.”

She held the slacks just out of reach and then suggested I feel the fabric to get a sense of how comfortable it might be. Then she brought it within reach. It was unlike anything I had ever worn before. Lighter than air and so soft that I knew it would just conform to every contour. “I can see you’re intrigued.”

“Oh, yes,” I blurted out with no thought given to where this might lead. “It’s so unlike any pants I’ve ever worn. There are probably some boys who would enjoy wearing slacks like these. Not that they could wear them to school or around but maybe here in The Bluffs. What I mean to say...” Caution and inhibition took over as my voice trailed off.

“Are you hinting that you want to try them on, maybe even wear them around for the rest of the day? You would be helping me out and you’ll be paid for your time. Gia, please show Michael to the private dressing room.”

Gia, a curvaceous dark haired girl, led me through the store to a tailoring work area. She drew

aside a curtain and gestured for me to enter the private dressing room.

Above a leather couch was a full length mirror fixed to the wall. An empire chaise lounge was near it. A makeup table with a lighted mirror drew my attention and made me long to sit in front of it as I applied my own cosmetics. A set of cubbyholes held several wigs displayed on faceless mannequin heads. A clothing rack devoid of clothing completed the furnishings.

Gia handed me the slacks but didn't leave as I started unfasten my chinos pants. It was obvious that Gia was not about to give me any privacy. "You can't be a prude and become a regular around The Bluffs, at least not this part. Okay, I'll turn my back."

I couldn't tell if Gia was making fun of me or whether this was meant be friendly humor. After laying my chinos aside, I tried to slip on the slacks. Not easy. They were cut more tightly in the thigh than what I was used to. After managing to get into them and closing the side zipper, I told Gia I was ready for her opinion.

"Swell. You could look super luscious in those but those boy briefs kill the look.

Just a sec." She disappeared into the front of the shop only to return a minute later with the proprietress whose name I was to learn was Lenore.

Lenore studies me carefully. "My lord! You have better potential than I dared hope for but Gia's right. Your boy briefs are the worst possible thing for these slacks.

I'm going to ask you to try something else."

I responded "Sure," although a response wasn't expected. Lenore left Gia and me to ourselves. "Might as well take off you slacks and save time," she suggested. "Undies, too." Gia produced a knee length kimono from somewhere as I doffed the slacks. I was amazed myself at how easily, clad only in polo shirt and underpants I slipped on the kimono and then stepped out my briefs.

Gia sat at the makeup table facing me as I sat on the couch legs crossed modestly, the kimono tucked tightly around my thighs. Unconsciously I draped one arm over the back of the couch, my hand dangling languidly at the wrist. A warm feeling as Gia smiled and nodded approval.

"You haven't been around very much. I just know you'll fit in and...Say where do you go to high school?"

I told her.

"I bet Corliss Lamont got you interested in The Bluffs. She's in your school now, I think."

"She is but I sort of wandered into this neighborhood and then she saw me and showed me around."

"Then what got you started?"

Gia made me feel secure. It was as if we were kindred spirits so I opened up to her from the beginning.

"That's so sad, you losing Lois when you were finding out about yourselves."

"Thanks for understanding. Good thing Dr. Lamont was there for me."

"Maybe. Just be careful. She may not be all you think or need." Gia's face showed genuine concern. I wanted to know why she was cautioning me

against Dr. Lamont but a girl arrived with a small pastel green shopping bag.



Gia thanked her and almost shoved her out of the dressing room. She took from the shopping bag, a pair of white panties. After examining the panties, Gia handed them to me. Free of inhibition, I stood allowing my robe to fall open and stepped into the panties.

I let the kimono slip from shoulders to the floor as Gia approached me. Standing before me, she traced the outline of my cock through the taught fabric of my panties. "Yummy," was her only comment.

Her touch and her comment combined to heighten the vague and indescribable sensation I felt at that moment. It was as if power had been suddenly been granted me but how and why I couldn't begin to say. My hand drifted to my face, my fingers aimlessly raked through my hair creating a gamine like effect.

Gia stood alongside me, studied our parallel reflections in the mirror. Bending forward and resting her hands on her knees she asked me to copy her movements. It was evident why her arms were close together as mimed her pose. She had shown me how to create a very convincing impression of small but adequate breasts.

A moment later we stood straight and I was fascinated that my nipples were now erect. "Back in a jiffy," Gia announced. She returned quickly with a free standing full length mirror and positioned it so that it reflected the mirror which Gia had used to show me how feminine I could become. Again we took the hands on knees pose, this time thrusting our bottoms out just a tiny bit further. My panties stretched firmly across my tush leaving a shadow of my bottom cleavage. The semicircle of the gusset

drew attention as did the hem of the leg openings on these innocent, virginal but very alluring panties. But it wasn't simply the panties themselves that were so alluring. My sassy derriere and narrow waste were seductive beyond what I could ever have imagined.

I began to wonder if Gia was a real girl or a more practiced girl like I was ever more convinced I was destined to be. My mentor's next words ended my doubt. "Sweetie, we have to stop now. You getting me wet. Don't misunderstand, this isn't over between us but Lenore does want to see how you carry the slacks."

I dressed with mixed feelings although delighted at the thought of walking into the store, almost in public, androgynously clothed. I stood barefoot for the moment only to have Gia place two pair of black shoes in front of my feet. Each pair was distinctly intended to be worn by a woman. The first was a pair of black flats styled like ballet slippers. Black patent pumps with a conservatively high heel was the more distinctively femme.

"Either pair will work but the flats will be easier on you. Afterwards I can give you your first lesson in walking in heels. Not was easy at it looks."

Gia seated me at the makeup table and dipped a comb in some gel like solution and then ran it through my hair. She was skillful enough to transform my appearance with only a few strokes of the comb.

I started to get to my feet only to have a smiling Gia push me back into the chair.

She opened a fresh lipstick and applied to my lips. Next a very light dab of eyeliner followed by eye

shadow. After blotting my lipstick with a tissue, she turned me toward the mirror. The reflection was all girl with not the least of hint of boy providing one ignored my flat chest.

“We’ll put your make up in case with your name on it; and it can’t be Michael.”

As she spoke Gia clipped a pair of tear drop earrings on me, then handed me a cloisonné

bracelet watch. Gia admiringly eyed me from head to toe which made me wonder whether she was admiring me for myself or as an example of her handiwork. An approving nod as she took a ring from a jewelry tray and placed it on my finger.

I stepped into the shop, hesitated and looked around. The several customers being waited on ranged from college age girls who were dressed in styles that were anything but coed to fortyish sophisticates. My entrance drew their attention.

Lenore spoke to one or two customers who were near her. “That’s a unique look, a very special and unique look that we’re showing for the first time.” She stepped over to me took my hand, raised it to shoulder height and led me to the center of the room turning me slowly so that I could be seen, even studied from every angle. Nods and murmurs of approval followed.

The eyes of several of the older women were on my tush and then my face as I was shown from every angle. Lenore smoothed the slacks over my bottom in a way meant to highlight my panties as well as my natural very unmasculine curves. More favorable nods were elicited. I eavesdropped as the sophisticated ladies assured Lenore that they would be most interested in similar items for their special

friends. The younger set looked at me with envious approval. They approached Lenore wondering if this new line would be affordable to “us girls who are limited budgets. Why, I wondered, were these adorable girls who were still in their late teens or early twenties asking about sexually ambivalent clothing styles meant for young males?”

Lenore used her eyes to let me know it was time for me to return to the dressing room. Gia who had been standing in the doorway all this time, kissed me as soon as the door closed. “Gosh, Michelle, you were super swell! Just don’t change yet. We’ve got to get some shots of this.”

It was the first time I had ever seen a Polaroid Land Camera as I posed before this strange device. There was buzzing sound after the first shot and a minute later a fully developed picture popped out! We both studied the picture with silent approval. The several more shots showed me in various poses some of which showed my panty lines!

Gia chatted as she removed my makeup, promising that after the snapshots were copied using a regular camera and then enlarged, I would get copies in the mail.

Lenore called me into her tiny office where she thanked me for my work and assured me that I would be welcome to be a regular part of her enterprise should I be interested. I nodded noncommittally not at all sure of what she meant by “her enterprise.” After opening her, she withdrew a sheaf of bills and counted out one hundred dollars! “For your assistance and inspiration. You’re worthy every bit of it and then some.”

This generous payment was only two hours I spent in her store! There had to be some mistake. Before I could speak up, Lenore bent toward me and rested her hand on my knee before speaking in a conspiratorial manner.

“Michelle, I’d like you to keep stop by next weekend if you’re interested in more work with me. Discuss this with your parents but you needn’t go into too much detail. I can work that out with them later on.” Had I just said that to a total stranger?

“I’m sure it’ll be fine with Mom. My father is no longer with us and Mommy always wanted me to be more like a girl than a boy.” Had I just said that to a near total stranger?

“Thank you for being so open with me. There is one more thing I want to bring up although I didn’t plan to so soon. Seeing that you’ve been so frank with me, we can talk about it now.

“Boys like you, as they move toward becoming...becoming their true selves become targets for all sorts of creeps. You might like to try a gym I have in mind. The staff will strengthen you and teach you how to overpower and destroy the worst attackers. Are you interested? Of course you are. That smirk on your face tells me you’re going to love it. And no need to be concerned about cost.”

What she didn’t tell me was that the skills I was to acquire would be very profitable to both of us.

On realizing that the shopping bag in which I had left my newly purchased panties wasn’t any where in sight, a sudden panic came over me. Gia leaned against the small counter holding the cash register and wrapping material, smiled at me as she

sensed my confusion. Her hand disappeared under the counter and came up holding a powder blue shopping bag with the store logo on it and the handles tied together by a festive darker blue ribbon. As she extended it toward me I realized she had rewrapped the panties I had bought earlier in the day.

The package was heavier than it should have been. Again Gia read my expression. “I put your heels in. Might as well start practicing on your own. We’ll arrange some more formal lessons next time you stop by. There’s a card from the gym Lenore mentioned along with the card from a dance supply shop. Call them during the week. Lenore will make sure they know you’re coming. Oh, and don’t worry about those boy undies you were wearing when you got here. They can go in your shopping bag or you can change out of the panties you wore for the photographs.”

I blushed down to the roots of my hair on hearing Gia remind me that I was still wearing the very plain white panties. They felt so comfy, so natural that felt so odd only a couple of hours ago. My response surprised even me.

“Gia, darling, just get rid of those boy undies. I’m not going to need such things for very long.”

The sound of my own voice both startled and impressed me. The ambiguous tone was similar to my every day speaking voice, the voice which had never changed beyond that of an alto. The difference lay in the forceful power from the very first syllable, a force fullness that spoke of confidence, assurance, even hinting at power and dominance. The choice of words, too, was decidedly that of a confident, lofty and disdainful woman. “Choice” is not the most

appt word to use because I did not consciously choose the words I used but rather they sprang from deep within me, perhaps from my long suppressed true self. For the first time since the start of puberty I felt that my body, my personality and voice were a perfect match.

Gia reacted to my words with a startled, literally jaw dropping face. Her breath caught in her throat so clearly overcome was she by my sudden surge of feminine condescension. It signaled to me that my emerging persona was other than she and Lenore were expecting. After a moment's pause, Gia found her voice. "Of course, Michelle. We can take care of that for you."

"Please see to it." I left the shop without thanking Gia or asking her to convey my thanks to Lenore. No point to expressing gratitude when I sensed that Lenore needed me more than I needed her.

I strolled the tree lined streets admiring the Federal Period homes and the brownstones wondering what extraordinary lives were played out behind these staid exteriors. My instincts told me that Dr. Corliss Lamont and Lenore's staff both profited from the hidden needs of this community. There was doubtlessly a compelling reason for Gia to warn me about Corliss. But was it a legitimate reason or was it meant to serve Lenore? It didn't really matter to me because at that moment I planned to exploit the competition between the two.

## **HOME AGAIN**

Emotional overload is not too strong a phrase to describe what was going on my head as I walked

home from the bus stop. So many pleasant episodes of that busy day competed for my focus. Of course I avoided the busy shopping streets for fear that some of the guys and girls who had teased and bothered me over the years might magically know what was in my small shopping bag. Worse, they might even snatch it away from me as they had too often done back in grammar school with whatever I might have been carrying.

My immediate problem was how to either conceal my newly purchased panties from Mommy which was near impossible or let her discover them. Maybe, just maybe, I might have a chance to justify my need to wear panties at least some of the time.

There was no response as I put the shopping bag from Lenore's on the hall table and called out to Mommy saying I was home. A note on the kitchen table told me she was going to meet a friend from work for an early dinner and then perhaps take in a movie downtown. This meant I had at least two hours, probably longer on my own!

Safe and alone in my bedroom, I opened the shopping bag from Lenore's, took out the panties I had purchased at the start of my expedition; in reality a twofold expedition because in exploring The Bluffs, I began an exploration of who I really am.

My fingers trembled as they caressingly laid the panties in two rows on my dresser. Plain cotton though they were, they were so much softer and finer than the shapeless boy briefs that I had been confined to ever since I could remember. After making sure the shades were drawn, I lifted a pair of the panties and gently rubbed it against my face.

Next step was to go across the hall to Mommy's room and use her three panel mirror to try for that wonderfully sexy panty line display which was so easily and effectively achieved at Lenore's. But no, the back pockets of my chinos interfered with creating an unfettered show of panty lines. Running my fingers over the hem at the leg openings reassured me that I could in some as yet unknown way create the seductive exhibition I wanted so badly.

I slipped off my shoes and undid the offending chinos. Slowly lowering the waist to where my thighs met my groin, the sheen of my panties was the first part that drew attention. Then as the trousers moved closer to where I wanted them, the outline of my cockhead and its rim became the area that begged to be exploited in developing the special image that was hatching in my mind. I raised the trousers and repeated the movements. The technique I discovered and practiced was enough to fix the attention of any sexually freethinking woman or man on my androgynous charm. I smiled inwardly; convinced that the mood I had created would be all the more effective, all the more arresting if the person to whom I revealed these charms had assumed I was female.

Needless to add I was aroused by my own image and at the prospects that would soon be open to me. My cock was stiffening but restrained from full erection by the stretchy fabric of these breathtaking panties. After allowing the chinos to fall to my ankles, I stepped out of them, turned my back to the mirror and leaned forward so that panties became taut across my lower cleavage the same as it was a few hours ago in Lenore's. But this time I did more than simply look. My fingers brushed lightly over

the smooth material sensing a current of arousal through my bottom and through my fingers. Tracing the curved seam of the gusset, my hand drifted between my legs discovering places and sensations previously unknown even in my fantasies. But this was neither the time nor the place to explore for long. Suppose Mommy found me in her room? But Mommy had gone downtown to meet a friend so I was safe for at least a little while longer.

Slowly wiggling my tush as I lowered the panties to reveal my nether cleavage further convinced me that I had the instincts and sexuality of a girl. With some practice the inner me would emerge but in what female form was yet to be determined. *Wait*, I said to myself in a soft whisper as if to further my already femme voice quality. *One of really neat advantage that girls have is that they can change their look, their hairstyle, their attitude, really everything and any thing any time they want to. Wow! Great chance to figure out who and what I'll be. Could happen that there'll be lots of different Michelles for every mood and every occasion.*

Admittedly some makeup would be a necessary asset and that some coaching in that area would be welcome. Then I heard a car in the driveway alongside our house. Panicking at being discovered by Mommy before I had figured out how to open up to her, I gathered my chinos and shoes and began to tiptoe down the hall.

## **BETWEEN MOTHER & SON DAUGHTER**

Mommy called my name but I dared not answer. She would expect me to come downstairs to sit and

talk with her but if I slipped back into my clothing, how could I explain the delay?

She called to me again, this time from the bottom of the stairs. There was no denying that she knew I was home because I had moved the note she had left on the kitchen table. But suppose I ran into my room, jumped under the covers and pretended I had been taking a nap. That would do it.

I made a vain attempt to fold my pants neatly as I rushed to my room. Mommy would never believe that a fussily neat boy like had gotten into bed without properly hanging up my clothing. Lie number two would be that I felt very ill and just had to get into bed.

“Are you up here?” Mommy called to me from the top of the stairs.

“Yes, Mommy. I felt like I was getting sick or had bad indigestion so I got into bed.”

She was in the doorway of my room now.

“Oh, poor Mickey. Yes, there’s a bug going around. Hazel got sick almost as soon as we met. Good thing she lives so close to downtown.” She looked around my room and noticed my chinos and polo thrown over the back of a chair. “You must be sick, not putting away your clothes. Even when you were little more than a toddler you were so careful with your things, more like a little girl than a boy that way.”

To my delight, Mommy smiled as she described my girlish need for order and cleanliness with something akin to nostalgia. I felt reassured that I might soon have an opportunity to open up to her about my special feelings.

Mommy picked up my polo and chinos from the chair, inspected them and proceeded to hang the chinos in my closet and toss the polo in my laundry basket. As she closed my closet door and turned toward me, her eye fell on my dresser. A pause in her movements told me she saw my new panties. I made sure not to turn away or lower my eyes as that Mommy's looked around the room. Another pause as her eyes locked on the bag from Lenore's.

Facing me now, Mommy gave me a knowing look. "Mish, you've always been my special child. Even though I had wanted a girl, I was never disappointed by your gentle ways. I'll leave you for now. Let me know when you're ready to get up."

"I'm fine now, Mommy." I was certain that she would accept my need to try being a girl. Throwing the covers off my upper body, I sat up, stretched my arms high over my head, then brought my hands to the back of my head as if lifting my hair from the back of my neck. My hair though full, was not even long enough to reach my collar; any longer would have been looking for trouble unless it was cut to make look like a greaser which I definitely was not.

My feet were now on the floor as I sat with my knees together and my feet slightly apart, in an approximation of how girls often sat. My hands were at my sides resting on the bed as I called to Mommy. "Wait, Mommy. Don't leave me alone yet."

Mommy stood in the doorway looking at me with grave concern. "Something is bothering you, Mishie. Do you want to tell Mommy? You're not getting sick, I hope."

"Not at all, Mommy. But there is something I must tell you. Can we talk, please?"

“Of course. Just get dressed and come downstairs. There’s something I have to tell you, too. You go first.”

“No, Mother. It can’t wait.” I was near tears as I stood up. “See what I’m wearing instead of underpants. That’s what I want to talk to you about.”

As expected, Mother stared at me in wonder. Tears filled her eye as she smiled lovingly. “Darling Mish, never be afraid to tell mommy who you are inside. I’ve suspected you were really feminine under it all almost forever. Come here and let me give my daughter a hug and a kiss.”

She took me in her arms and rocked me from side as she planted kisses on my cheeks, my nose, my ears and my neck. The warmth of her body felt good in the cool bedroom. Her girdled tummy pressed momentarily against my groin. Mommy stepped away. Put her hands on my shoulders and remarked, “Well, those panties are definitely not from the five and ten, more like a very upscale specialty shop. I wonder how you came by such lovely lingerie. Don’t tell me now. Let’s get you into a robe and we’ll have heart to heart chat about the new you.” I started to reach for my bathrobe when Mother laughed and said, “Mish, honey, that will never do. A pretty girl like you should wear a more ladylike robe. But nothing too seductive at your age. We’ll choose one of mine for you to use until we have a suitable wardrobe for you.”

I picked out an ankle length lavender velvet robe from Mommy’s closet along with a pair of scuffs.

“It was an odd fate that led me to call you ‘Mish’ today of all days. When you were a toddler you couldn’t say Michael or even Mike. It came out

sounding like Mish so it stuck as your nickname. Even your father thought it was cute. But when it came to register you for kindergarten that people at schools said Mish sounded like a sissy name so you became Mickey. Well, I think Mish will do just fine even it's just at home. Now tell me about your day before I tell you about my surprise."

I went into as many details of my very eventful day as I thought Mommy could bear to hear. She listened with a smile punctuated by occasional nods of approval yet somehow I knew that there were questions still to be answered.

Then it was Mommy's turn.

"Mish honey, I'm pleased that you're finally finding yourself and I'm going to help you to go however far you might choose to travel along your path. I've been toying with making some changes for you and me as a family. First step will be a move to a more sophisticated, more accepting part of town. You'd have so many more opportunities to improve your cultural background without being teased as an egghead snob. Think of living in a neighborhood where you can be whoever you need to be without having to look over your shoulder every time you go out."

"Oh, Mommy, that will be lovely! But what part of town are you thinking of?"

"The Bluffs is the only part of town that could ever meet our needs. Save next Saturday. We'll visit our new place together."

## PLANNING THE MOVE

I woke up on Saturday to the smell of freshly brewed coffee, eggs, and sausages.

Mommy asked me to eat before I showered. “Not that you’re the least bit overweight but this will be the last big breakfast for a long time. You need to start thinking in every way like a girl. A girl your age typically calls attention to herself by saying she has to watch her figure. Needless to say I ate sparingly that morning.

“Now shower and get ready. And be sure to shampoo your hair.” Mommy ordered as she took over my usual chore of washing the dishes.

Standing at the door of my bedroom with a towel sarong-like around my chest and rubbing my hair dry with a smaller towel, I was delightfully surprised by what Mother had laid out for me to wear. White tailored panties, a flat knit undershirt with a tiny blue flower at the neckline, a royal blue blouse or shirt and white slacks. Black patent leather flats would soon complement this plain, demure, but very femme and oh so sexy ensemble.

I had barely managed to get into the panties and camisole which Mommy was what Mommy asked me to call the undershirt, when Mommy opened my bedroom door and announced she was going to ‘do’ my hair.

She led me to her room and sat me in front of her vanity table. After dipping a rattail comb in a bottle so setting solution (no spray cans back then), she parted my hair in the middle and styled it in way that was acceptable for a male but more appropriate for a free spirited girl or young woman.

Like Narcissus, I was enthralled by the reflection in Mommy's mirror. My one fear was that my dick might harden. Mommy dealt with that problem by simply remarking, "Now don't get too self-involved just yet. Having to resort to a panty girdle to keep you in check would ruin the natural effect we want for today's outing." I turned crimson as any feelings of stimulation drained out of me. It was a good thing since most real girls don't walk around in a constant state of self-arousal.

Mommy put a few cosmetics in the handbag she gave me to carry but didn't yet allow me to try them. "Let's get of the neighborhood before you start learning to put on makeup." A bracelet watch was the only jewelry I was allowed or needed that morning.

We got into the car and drove to the industrial district that bordering the area.

I tried to make sense of what a sign announcing that some abandoned warehouses were being converted to lofts and apartments. Mommy explained that the old industries had long since moved to the midwest and the properties overlooking the river and adjacent to The Bluffs had become much too valuable to sit idle. The warehouse area, once redeveloped, was certain to become an intricate part of the area that had so totally fascinated me. She went on to explain that many people associated with the arts had already committed to buying there. Faculty and administrators from the nearby university and colleges were also moving there. Rumor had it that a finishing school for young ladies was planned which would combine secondary school with a two year junior college.

"We'll stop in the sales office but first I want to show you something." She took me to a row of town-

houses on steep embankment overlooking the river and the larger city on the other side. The duplex unit closest to The Bluffs was our destination.

As we toured the unfinished space I began to daydream how it could be decorated and furnished. In my mind's eye I saw the upstairs as having two main bedroom suites. Mine, I dreamed, would be the smaller and would have a bedroom, sitting room and bath. Tons of closet space would hold my extensive wardrobe.

Mommy ended my reverie by asking, "Do you like it?"

"It's okay, Mommy," I responded trying to sound very nonchalant for I knew that this was not meant for the likes of me. "Just why are we here? I thought we were going to spend the day..." My brief moment of self-assertion was cut short by Mommy.

"Not now, Mish. We have an appointment at the sales office."

That left me even more annoyed.

I sat sullenly while Mommy and I waited for a secretary to bring a file to a private office in the sales section. Mommy signed some documents and handed the woman in charge of sales something called a teller's check. Mommy said something about having her lawyer review the documents but added, "I'm sure we're not going to back out now that Mish here is so pleased with the prospect of moving here. Come on, Mish. We've some colors and furnishings to choose."

## ANTICIPATION

Mother saw that I was quickly growing bored as she and the decorator for the development company studied swatches of fabric, cards of paint shades, and window treatments (what ever they were). All this was much to abstract for me since I couldn't wait to pick out my bedroom furniture which just had to include a vanity table. And of course my sitting room was meant to reflect the feminine persona that was emerging from inside me.

I excused myself to take a walk around the offices. In an alcove I found several renderings of the finished complex along with drawings of the interiors of several sold units. A young man not much older than me was getting some other renderings ready for display.

His back was to me I entered the alcove. Not wanting to startle him, I waited for him to notice me. When he did turn toward me, a grin spread over his face, a face which, to my chagrin, I found attractive. Our eyes met for a few seconds and then he looked me over from head to toe.

"Well, hello. You must be Mish. I understand that you and you're mom are buying a unit. If I can help you..." He stammered as I smiled at him. My first thought was that had to mean he was as attracted to me as I was to him. An instant's reflection led me to a less hopeful possibility. His reaction might just as well have meant, realizing he was looking at very effeminate boy he was taken aback. It was time for me to take charge.

"Yes, I'm Mish. And you are?" I asked as I extended my hand toward him.

His hand was warm and smooth as I applied what I thought was just the right amount of pressure, enough to feel firm and not like a dead fish. The handshake lasted just a little too long for me to believe he was in the least bit repelled by a boy who was so feminine in manner and dress as I was. Perhaps he hadn't realized that I was a boy.

"Oh, I'm sorry for being so rude. I'm Roy. Can I help you in any way, any way at all?"

"For one thing, you can let me have my hand back." This came out as if from a self-assured, forceful girl. It sounded even better than I had hoped. Since I was only going to have very casual and fleeting contact with this boy, why shouldn't I experiment with femme roles?

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mish. Your hand felt so soft and smooth...and your handshake...so unlike those floppy handshakes those girls at...What I'm trying to say that is that you're pretty neat."

My confidence flagged momentarily as allowing him to go on thinking I was a real girl might lead to trouble. "Hold on, Roy. It's swell that you think I'm neat but there may be a misunderstanding somewhere."

"No misunderstanding. Let's have a cup of coffee on the terrace. We can talk openly out there." That he suddenly sounded both serious and awkward made me wonder what he had to say to me. Then, as if to change the subject, he asked, "Would you prefer tea or hot chocolate over coffee? A soft drink if you prefer."

"A hot chocolate tempts me," I answered trying to sound lighthearted.

A thoughtful nod from Roy as he reached for my hand but thought better of it.

We stepped into a short corridor with a door at the end opening onto a long balcony overlooking the river. Roy opened the door for me and asked, "Would you like to wait here while I make up a tray for us?"

He joined me a short time later as I leaned against the railing enjoyed by the spectacular and ever-changing view of the river and the larger city on the far shore.

After placing the tray on a small round table, Roy pulled over two chairs and joined me at the rail. After looking me over and smiling warmly as he did when we first met, his arm brushed against mine.

"There's something you should know, Mish. Two things, really..."

I stepped back, put my hand on his shoulder and turned him so that we faced each other.

"Roy, honey, what you have to say seems important enough to be said face to face."

He nodded. "Mish, you don't know how right you are. First of all, I do realize that you're not a girl, not really, not in a physical way. And I do want to tell you that I'm very attracted to you." A moment's pause and then he continued this strange confession.

"I was at Harvard but my father found out that I was too interested in boys he called sissy boys, boys he described as having 'no vigorous interests or characteristics,' whatever that was supposed to mean. He made me take a leave of absence to get my head together, maybe make me attend Columbia or

NYU where he can keep an eye on me. He has me working here so I stay out of trouble.

“Now you know enough about me to be disgusted, right?” He turned away from me to conceal his tears, tears that might quickly turn to sobs. Thanks for being open with me so soon after we met. I just know we can be friends, very close and very special friends.”

We move toward each other, I placed my hands on his upper arms and drew him close to me. The kiss was neither long, nor deep, nor intense. It was filled with promise.

His lean body felt solid under my touch. I suddenly longed to explore every nuance of his body. But that would be taking advantage of his agitation and risk bringing his father’s full wrath down on him and perhaps me as well.

Roy looked down at me as he ended the embrace; not only looking down in the sense that he was taller than me but with in a sense of superiority as well. His eyes were no longer teary but had suddenly turned cold and hard. It was all I could do to keep from shivering.

“Something wrong, Mish?” He had suddenly reverted to the person he was when we started chatting minutes before.

“Nothing’s wrong. It’s just that the sun ducked behind the clouds so I felt a chill. We really ought to go back in. My mother should be done about now.”

He held the door open for me as I left the terrace. At that moment I experienced for the first time that odd feeling real girls get when someone repulsive eyes their body.

“So long for now, Mish,” he said pleasantly. “I’m sure we’ll see each other again.” His voice dropped as he added, “And thanks or listening to me like a friend.”

The sincerity in his voice made me feel guilty for having decided he was a creep.

Hadn’t he trusted me with some very personal information? That was his choice and certainly didn’t obligate me in any way. Of course there was no way that I could avoid completely as long he was working where Mommy was planning to move to us to. Then a realization came over me, the realization that I was thinking like an ill-tempered haughty bitch. Why not play that to the hilt? Bitchy girls seemed to get more than their fair share of everything including boys. Not that I was a real girl but this creep had responded to my effeminate attire. This might be the perfect opportunity to try out a personality style that might go very well with the female persona I knew would emerge from within.

## **THE REST OF THE DAY**

My confidence, if not shattered, was challenged as I walked away from Roy. Those icy eyes were boring into my back. “I’m looking forward to spending time alone with you, just the two of us,” I heard him say in a soft yet authoritarian tone, as if it were a command. The bitch in me welled up as I stopped and turned to face him. “Don’t be so sure that you will spend any more time with me and certainly never just the two of us.”

Roy deflated right in front of my eyes. His shoulders drooped and his face fell as if I had punched

him he stomach. I continued to face him with a mocking sneer.

“Sorry but I didn’t mean to offend...”

“Don’t ever talk to my back again. And you can give me the courtesy of waiting for me to initiate conversation. Now, good-bye.” I spit out the last sentence like a cobra spitting venom.

He all but crept back to wherever it was he was supposed to be. That was not, I knew, the last I would see the creep.

I found my way back to the office where Mommy had been taking care of whatever business had to be dealt with. Mother and a very beautiful woman in a fashionable suit were saying their good-byes in the open door way to the inner office.

On seeing me, the receptionist got up from behind her desk to greet me. The look of concern on her face told me that I was not looking as blasé about my encounter with Roy as I had thought.

“You’re not feeling ill, are you?” she asked with sincere concern. I head.

“Then I take it you met Roy, the social cretin.”

“Yes, I did but isn’t that pretty a pretty strong way to describe him?”

“Not in the least. I had to slap him around a few times before he realized I mean business when I tell someone to keep away from me.”

“Honestly? I kind of felt like socking that drip a good one, too.”

Darlene, the receptionist put her hand under my chin and turned my face up toward hers. “You’re

smiling now and I'll bet it's at the thought of physically putting the drip in his place." Her full skirt supported by starched crinoline petticoats thrilled me as, in Darlene's nearness, it pressed against my legs

"That would be so neat..."

"Now you're thinking right. Just stick with me, kiddo, and you'll be swank."

She reached for a card from the card holder on her desk, wrote something on the back and handed it to me. "My home phone number. Call when you're ready for an insider's tour of The Bluffs. I'm sure I'll enjoy showing you around."

I was beaming as the woman Mommy was with greeted me and Darlene and invited us into her office.

"It looks like there was another problem with Roy. I'll tell his father he has to go even if he does withdraw his backing. There have been far too many cover-ups already. I regret giving him a chance. It certainly won't be too hard to correct that mistake with what I'm finding out." She sounded bitter and vindictive. "Mish, you've already learned that he a way of making young ladies and young people like yourself very uncomfortable. If he comes near you again, here or any other place, scream as loudly as you can and kick him where it counts. He'll back off but don't let up. Understand?"

I nodded with satisfaction knowing that I had been given license to take of myself. But could I?

Miss Rabson, the woman who Mommy had met with, took Darlene aside. Darlene nodded as Miss Rabson whispered to her.

“It’s done then. You two go shopping and then meet at Darlene’s apartment so Mish can change there and then the three of you can go to dinner; my treat.”

Mommy drove to the central part of The Bluffs and managed to find a parking space quickly. She then led me to Lenore’s! It turned out Darlene had suggested it to her. As we were about to enter the shop, Mommy asked in a whisper, “Isn’t this the shop where you got that shopping full of clothes and shoes?”

I nodded as Gia opened the door for us. “You back so soon, super!”

“I need a dress right away, stockings, too, and all the rest. We’re invited out for dinner in a couple of hours so we don’t have time to...”

“I get it. I have just the thing in your size. Of course you’ll need the right foundations with it.”

A short time later I was in the workroom in a bra and matching brief panty girdle worn over contrasting panties that showed under the girdle. Gia handed me a pair of lightly tinted stockings. I rolled one stocking into a donut, slipped it over my toe pointed my leg straight out and smoothed the stocking over my smooth skin. It felt natural and sexy.

Gia looked on approvingly as I repeated the performance with the second stocking. “You’re just so luscious! You’re going to drive men mad.” She knelt in front of me and slipped a pair of suede pumps onto my feet. “The heels on these aren’t very high but we don’t want you stumbling around.” I nodded.

“Say, Gia, how do you know so much about girls like me?”

She glanced over her shoulder as if checking for spies and then locked the door.



“I’ll let you in on my secret.” With that she turned her back to me and raised her full skirt and the crinoline petti beneath it. I stared in awed anticipation at the brief silk panties that caressed her distinctly feminine tush. But there was no secret there. She lowered her skirt and turned to me with a teasing smile.

The skirt rose slowly, pausing at the dark welts of her stockings. A few inches higher and the secret became obvious. The front of her panties shoed the outline of her dick and the rim of her circumcised cockhead! Had I not been held in by my restricting pantygirdle, my cock would have come to full erection.

“Now do you understand?”

A nod was all the response I could manage. Gia should have been an inspiration to me but the effect was the exact opposite. *Oh, my gosh! She is perfection. No one would ever think she’s not a real girl. Can I ever be so perfectly female?*

Her skirt was still in disarray as she stepped in front of me and then put her hands and the side of my face forcing me to look directly at her.

“Don’t be frightened, sweetie. You’ve got a way to go but your natural gifts give you a great headstart. Most boys who want to be girls like us would sell their souls to have the advantages nature gave you.

“Funny, but I usually sneer at boys who are just putting a toe in to test if they can do it. I knew you were the real thing when you first came in. Even before you said a word I wanted to work with you. No, wanted is the wrong word. I need to teach you how to look and act like a young lady but most of all I

want to teach you the, the arts that will make you a perfect lover.”

“Oh, please.” I stepped forward and hesitantly ran my finger tips over the outline of Gia’s luscious cockhead. An all but imperceptible twitch was my only reward as Gia pushed me away.

“Please don’t touch me but don’t get me wrong. There’s nothing I want right now other to feel your tongue on my shaft...But I’ve got to save it up for my date. Why, I don’t know?”

“I don’t get it,” I asked wondering why the seemingly experienced and unflappable Gia was so ambivalent about having sex with a date she willingly accepted.

“Oh, you poor innocent baby. To make ends meet and put a little extra away for when I meet the right guy...Oh, shit! I’m a call girl; no matter I slice it that’s really all I am.

“Yeah, sure Lauren pays me good bucks to guide kids like you but only because it’s god business for her. But I need more. Every now and then a John, a customer, comes along that looks like a great payday and I take their business even though they revolt me. But business is business. Tonight’s one of those deals. It would be impossible for me to get it up let alone cum if I don’t save it up for this nut. I always promise myself that tonight is going to be the last night with a drip or some scary nut job. Only this time I mean it.”

“Another time then.”

Mommy had a dress picked out for me that was just dreamy. It was a perfect fit, too. A full skirt and

attached net and cotton underskirts with a sleeveless fitted bodice top. The neckline plunged just low enough to expose the hollow at the base of my neck but not enough to allow a glimpse of cleavage which in my case was non-existent. A waist length bolero jacket further assured modesty and would prevent uninvited glimpses of my bra when I raised my arms. “You soon won’t need coverups like the jacket,” Lauren assured me. “You’re so intuitively femme that you’ll quickly learn the way a girl moves in every kind of dress. One more check.”

Lauren sat down and motioned for me to twirl as if dancing with a partner. She watched critically before concluding that I did not need a half slip under my skirt. There were just so many nuances of feminine clothing that I had yet to learn. There was no doubt in my mind that I would be anything but a most apt student.

Gia held open the door for us and handed me a shopping bag as we left. A glance in the bag showed that Gia had folded and packed the clothing and shoes I had worn before she had so skillfully dressed me for diner with Mommy.

“I’ll be her until the shop closes at nine. Feel free to come back if you need any adjustments,” she said. Gia might have said more but Lauren called to her, “Phone for you, Gia. It sounds like \_\_\_\_.”

The name of the caller was unclear but it sounded like it might have been Roy!

*Please let me wrong. No wonder she was so revolted by having to meet her, her client. Yes, client. That’s a good word, not so vulgar. Maybe I’m wrong about it being Roy. Of course it’s not him. Gia is much*

*too classy to hookup with that jerk; not for any amount of money.*

After deciding it was much too early to meet Darlene at her apartment, Mommy took me to a few of the smaller shops featuring attractive hand crafted jewelry from lots of different places. I especially liked a new shop which featured southwest Indian turquoise and silver bracelets, rings, and the like. The girl who waited on us strongly urged me to “be careful of overdoing it by too much of one any one type” unless I was striving for a total look. Mother was in agreement. The sales girl said something which made me feel more than a little awkward even exposed. “Don’t rush into a total look too soon. Give your tastes a chance to grow as you do.” Had she somehow seen me as what I was trying to escape from being? Relief came to me when Taylor, for that was her name, added discreetly, “You’re really convincing for someone so newly emerging.”

Mommy treated me to a squash blossom ring and a cuff bracelet, each set with an oval turquoise stone. As Mommy wrote out a check I whispered to Taylor, “If I’m so convincing, how did you know...”

Her response was to smile knowingly and hand me a card from a rack next to the cash register. With a conspiratorial giggle she whispered “It’s in my blood. My father’s a Zuni shaman and my mother’s a descendant of an old New England family that was mixed up in the Salem witch trials.”

That explained her unique attractiveness. Jet black hair with silken luster, green eyes like those of a cat, a sharp turned up nose, high wide cheekbones, and fair skin combined the traits of her mixed ancestry into fascinating allure. Her slender

but curvaceous was showed to advantage even under the tee and loosely fitted skirt she wore.

Taylor's cleavage, which showed above the neckline of her tee, was more enough to convince me that she was definitely a genuine girl.

"Do you think Taylor's really what she claims to be?" I asked as Mommy and I strolled toward Darlene's apartment.

"Mish, sweetie, you're wise to question what people tell you. That attitude will protect you, something which will be more and more important as you spend more time as a girl. Be wary of Taylor and women like her. Her claims to an exotic mixed ancestry may or may not be true but she has little reason to make those claims to a stranger other than self-promotion."

"But she knew I'm not a real girl."

"She may throw that line out to any number of customers. Only girls like you would know what she was talking about. The lovely Taylor may have simply been trolling for girls like you for some mercenary reason."

"Oh, I see. She's not some kind of sorceress at all." The realization that I had almost been taken in made me feel vulnerable in my femme persona. Then something made me think of Gia. Unless I missed my guess, given her business date with Roy, she was much more vulnerable than I could ever be.

A veneer of calm soon masked the excited anticipation inside me. It allowed me to shrug off my concern for Gia as unfounded. Since when does a

neophyte need worry about an experienced working girl?

Noticing it was later than we thought, Mommy suggested calling Darlene from a phone booth. Since I was already fully dressed in a style acceptable in any of the restaurants where we might go to dinner, there was no longer any reason us to visit Darlene's apartment.

A short time later we approached our destination just as Darlene was coming from the other direction. The sound of a piano greeted us even before the hostess offered to seat us. Darlene excused herself saying that she would only interfere with the special time when Mommy and I first enjoyed a mother-daughter outing. We walked through the small bar and lounge area which was filled with couples and a few singles. All were well dressed in fashionable but not flashy styles. I instantly longed to fit in with people like those.

As the hostess took our cocktail order, Mommy nodded to me indicating that I may order a cocktail. For reasons I still can't explain I ordered a Rob Roy which Mommy explained was a Manhattan made with Scotch whiskey instead of rye. Everything about the cocktail made we feel grownup, sophisticated and more than a little bit naughty. I half turned in my chair and crossed my legs hoping to expose my knees to admiring glances. The sweet taste warmed me even as it eradicated my inhibitions about exercising what my buried feminine wiles. I knew it was going to be a memorable evening.

My leg crossing ploy was successful! I savored the feeling of womanly power as a cute guy and his date passed our table. After glancing approvingly at my face, his eyes dropped to my legs. The view was

enough for him to turn his head toward me as they passed by. So unabashed was his stare that his date elbowed him in his ribs in order to return his focus to her. I couldn't keep watching him without giggling out loud so I turned my face toward the bar in time to see Darlene get up from her seat at the narrow end of the bar and enthusiastically greet a handsome man who joined her. It struck me as odd that they both seemed to study everyone entering the restaurant. They were casual enough that no one would notice, no one unless they were seated where I was and had an interest in Darlene. Odder still was that Darlene looked back at me as if keeping an eye on me. Every now and then Darlene's friend or whatever he was looked at me as if he were assessing my charms. Maybe that was just wishful thinking.

The food was traditional American, well prepared and well presented. Mommy decided to forego dessert explaining that "real girls often plead 'must watch my figure' even if they don't need to." As Mommy called for the check, Darlene brought her friend to our table and introduced him as her cousin Ron who had asked to be introduced to me.

He suggested that both Mommy and I join him and Darlene for after dinner drinks, coffee and pastry at a nearby cabaret. Mommy declined but suggested that I join them if they promised to put me in a cab afterwards or else offer me a safe place to spend the night. I was hoping for the latter since it would give me an opportunity to further test my femininity.

## REVELATIONS

Ron insisted on driving Mommy to her car. Of course Darlene and I went along for the ride before going to Darlene's apartment. Mommy and I were surprised when Ron drove to residential street and parked in a bus stop.

Darlene began the conversation by opening her pocketbook and flashing a New York City Police Department gold shield (badge) and an identification card indicating she was NYPD detective. "Ron really is my cousin. He's here from Boston 'cause he has a personal interest in this case."

Needless to say Mommy and I were taken aback by this revelation. What followed was even more distressing.

After they both assured Mommy and me that we were not in any difficulty with the law, Darlene put her hand on my wrist and began a frightening story.

"Mish, you were right on target in sensing that Roy is a menace. It's clear that he's attracted to transvestites; boys and young men who pass as girls. There was a series of murders of transvestites in the Cambridge, Massachusetts area where Harvard is. Autopsies showed that these poor kids had sex just before they were murdered. Investigation led to Roy as a likely suspect. He had been kicked out of Harvard for reasons I won't talk about now. The killings stopped when he left the Boston and Cambridge area to work in businesses owned by his family. At least one transvestite was murdered in the same way in every locale in which he spent time. The patterns were all the same and inquiries found that the victims had been seen in the company of

someone fitting Roy's description for up to a few weeks or as short as a once or twice."

"How do I fit in?" I asked fearing the answer.

"He's obviously attracted to you. You're at risk but you can also lure him into making a move."

"This girl Gia, she's a girl like me. She works in a store called Lauren's

where budding trans, transvestites can get help dressing up. Gia may be out with Roy right now."

"Give us a description of Gia and we'll get an alert out to the patrol force," Darlene offered. "He may have flirted with you to divert us from other targets.

"Mish, sweetie, I'll drive home alone. You're safer staying with Darlene than coming home dressed like you are."

We went to Darlene's apartment which was west of the park very near The Bluffs. Ron was staying in her study which doubled as a guest room.

We were all too keyed up to go to bed so we sat in the living room talking openly about ourselves. When Ron excused himself to use the bathroom, I took advantage of his absence to ask Darlene a question which had been troubling me.

"Darlene, most men and boys despise any sissy types and that probably goes double for policemen. Ron is different that way. He's genuinely sensitive to what girls like me are all about. He really wants to stop Roy before nay more of us are hurt. And I know this will sound stupid. Do you think he likes me? Oh, I know he's too old for me but the way he was looking at me from the bar, I mean..."

“First, he’s not too old for you at all. And to answer your question, he does, as you put it, like you. Matter of fact, he’s really attracted to you and want t get to know you better. You can be sure he won’t step all over your feelings just to...Well, you get my drift.

“You’re quite sharp for a girl with so little experience. Roy is protective of sissy types as you call them and here’s where his personal interest in this case comes in.. There was this kid in our neighborhood when we were growing up. Poor little guy was tormented, even brutalized for being what he was. Roy and I always stuck up for him. Frankie, that was his name, liked to watch me put on lipstick and eye-shadow. Tried it on his own and he came out looking like a clown so I helped him learn to do it right. He got away with it on Halloween. Tried it again the next Halloween and he got raped for being too pretty. Roy found the three guys who did it and kicked their butts until they turned themselves in to the cops.

“Roy was kind of sweet on Frankie or at least he would have been if Frankie was a real girl. He was devastated when Frankie killed himself. Joined the Marines. Planned on becoming a cop when he got out. I’m sure that under it all he wants to protect kids like Frankie. You know, sort of to make up for failing to protect Frankie.

“He might be very serious about you if you like him enough to play your cards right. Let me assure you that you could do worse. Enough talk for now. He’s coming back.”

The sudden and loud ringing of the phone startled me. Darlene picked it up and after initially greeting the caller her voice dropped and she turned

away cupping her hand over the mouth piece. Her sudden clandestine manner was unnerving but Ron's return a few seconds after the phone rang diverted my attention.

"That was my lieutenant. Something's up and they want me now. Ron, please take care of Mish while I'm gone."

It didn't take Sherlock Holmes to figure out that this had to have something to do with Gia's date with Roy. I watched Darlene slip on her coat and grab her pocketbook. Something about watching her leave made me uneasy, something that didn't fit. But was it only my imagination or something real that I couldn't put my finger on.

Ron put a record on the hi-fi and asked me to dance and dance we did, very close dancing. Then another thing that didn't fit. My hand rested on his shoulder as we danced. It was a very soft shoulder especially for someone who claimed to be recently discharged from the Marines. I ran my hand down his back and felt flab around his waist.

"Are you feeling ill?" he asked. "You just turned pale."

"No, just a little too much excitement. I'll be okay after I sit down for a few minutes." *Now he's coming across like he really is caring. Guess I'm overreacting. Yeah, that's it. First time really dressed as a girl and being alone with an older man has my nerves all jangled.* I dropped onto the couch, slipped off my shoes, and put my feet on the hassock in an attempt at a sensuous posture. I crossed my legs at the ankles to keep my thighs closed while teasing Ron with a display of petti surrounded leg right up to my stocking

tops. He took the bait by seating himself on the hassock.

## **SELF-DISCOVERY**

This opportunity for some heavy petting with a mature man had me so aroused at my judgment became clouded. All sense of caution vanished as he lifted my feet and rest them on his thigh. Now it was my move. I extended my toes and brushed them lightly over the front of his pants.

Ron looked at me and asked “Are you sure?”

“Not sure of going all the way but pretty far at least.”

His fingers massaged my feet until I brought my toes to his mouth. He understood what I wanted and sucked them gently. My other foot was pressing against his balls making him breath heavily. He was mine to do with as I pleased.

Standing at his side, I teased him by raising my skirt to show my pantygirdle, a move which made him stare at my crotch in openmouthed anticipation. I knelt on one knee deliberately offering an even better view my kneed and thighs. An inadvertent glance toward a table in the hall was enough for me to notice that the pocketbook that held Darlene’s shield was till there. The light bulb went on. That was what gave me the feeling of something not fitting in as Darlene left. She hadn’t been near that table between the time we got to her apartment and the time she left. As naive as I was, I knew that no New York City police officer of any rank or title would leave home without his or her shield. The so-

lution was something very much other than Darlene and Ron had led me to believe.

The shock of my predicament showed enough for Ron to notice and stare without speaking. *Okay, Mish, I began coaching myself on how get out of there. I can conk him on the head with a vase and even if I don't knock him out, he would be surprised enough so that I'll have a good chance of taking him. Oh, sit! There's a double cylinder lock on the door. Think, Mish, think hard.*

I slipped my hand inside his shirt and fondled his nipple. His soft moan suggested that II could take control by sexually arousing him. It was a risk but he sure couldn't penetrate my cute little butt through my pantygirdle. Ron half sat leaning back on his elbows. I started nuzzling his neck while fondling his balls through his pants. "I'm so sorry, Ron, but I have this sudden urge to pee. Just point me to the head and I promise to be back in a jiffy if you promise to stay hard."

"Head?"

"The powder room, silly."

No one who had ever been a Marine would forget that 'head' is that nautical term for a bathroom. This jerk was a bigger fraud than I suspected I felt a lot better about my chances of taking him if I timed it right. I got to my feet and suggested. Just make yourself comfortable while I pee." Glancing at him over my shoulder as I started down the hall to the bathroom, I added "Comfortable and accessible. Just not everything."

There was a small 'guest' toilet in the hall which I was about to use when it struck me that a check of the bedroom might offer me another escape route

from the apartment. After tip toeing into what had to be a woman's bedroom, I opened a few drawers. One drawer held several sets of falsies, an item for which Darlene obviously had no need. This was not Darlene's apartment!

I grabbed a small spray bottle of perfume from the vanity table, returned to the powder room and peed. After pulling up my panty girdle and adjusting my apparatus securely inside, I started to smooth my stockings but stopped. *Save that for later, Kiddo. Pull up your skirt and make a performance out of that bit and Ron will be drooling. He'll submit to anything if I do it right.*

I wedged the perfume pray in the cuff of my girdle and returned to Ron who had removed his pants, shoes, and socks. It was more awkward for him than for me as I eyed him. Despite my resolve my eyes scanned him from head to toe before coming to rest on his low rise dark blue cotton briefs. It was a style unknown to me in the straitlaced world I was about to leave. The scene made it difficult for me to keep my resolve to somehow over power this fake so I could affect an escape from this apartment and avoid whatever dark fate had befallen the person whose apartment it was. It was the shadow of Ron's dickhead that fixed my attention. He was circumcised and his ball sac was tight. My reaction would have been, under other circumstances, YUMMY!

My staring hungrily made Ron uncomfortable enough to half turn away from me as he unbuttoned his shirt. I slipped behind him close enough that he could feel the edge of my full skirt on the back of his legs and paused. Stepping closer I reached in front of him and cupped his chest. He shivered ever so

slightly as I pressed against him licking his neck. Then my hand slid to his balls. I squeezed him playfully; just hard enough to make him draw breath. Another squeeze, harder this time, and I sprawled on the couch.

“Ron, be dear and mix us a Rob Roy.”

“No Vermouth,” was his terse reply.

“Really!” I spat out in what I hope was a bitchy tone. “Use your imagination.”

“How about some wine?”

I nodded. Taking an unopened bottle of red wine and two glasses from a low cabinet, he looked to me for approval. I smiled and nodded, for reasons other than the contents of the bottle. The bottle itself looked pretty solid for use as club if necessary.

He opened the bottle, fussed with smelling a sample before filling the two glasses saying, “Let it breathe for a few minutes.”

“Good idea.” My voice was buoyant at having slipped the perfume spray from under my skirt and placing under a throw pillow. I shifted to a sitting position and beckoned to Ron. “Come close and let me see how big you really are.”

I sat ladylike, my knees together forcing Ron to stand straddling my thighs as I ran my fingers lightly over his smooth thighs, brushing over the base of his balls before resting them momentarily against his barely concealed cockhead. It was as if Ron was in another world as he breathed heavily with his mouth open. I reached for his hand and placed it over my breast; not over my breast to put it more precisely, but my false enhanced brassiere.



Ron was obviously as thrilled with feeling up my falsie as most guys would have been feeling genuine tit. He tried taking control of the situation by hold-

ing my wrist and forcing my hand to his crotch. His grip was firm almost to the point of hurting me but I rolled my wrist against his thumb and broke loose. “No need to play rough unless you like it like this” I cooed as I clamped my hand over his balls in a prolonged squeeze.

Staring up at with what in a vague impression of wide-eyed innocence, I parted my lips and slowly drew my tongue over the front of my teeth. Ron looked down at me with fascination and lust. Another smile as my grip tightened on his balls. A gasp of pain and anticipation as his features twisted with the sudden increase in pain.

“Oh, dear! That does hurt, doesn’t it?” He nodded as I began to twist while keeping his aching balls under my control. “I guess you want me to let go.” His head shook violently as he managed to get an almost silent but very emphatic “No, no.”

Retaining my grip, I got to my feet and stared into his face from only a few inches away. “Ron, you know I want to please you, to make you cum. But it has to be on my terms.” To drive home that message, I yanked up on his ball sac causing him to cry out and stand on the balls of his feet to avoid further and even more intense pain.

Here I was on my first time out dressed fully as a female and I had taken control of a full grown man who was ready to do almost any thing I asked of him. Granted Ron was a kinky, kinkier even than I could have imagined, just the thought of him doing my bidding was a heady experience in itself.

*The real trick is getting him to where I can overpower him enough to get out of here. Get him off, that’s it! One huge orgasm, what the French call the*

*little death. He lie there like he's in another world. But for how long? Doesn't matter. It'll take only a few seconds to conk him over the head and tie his hands. With what? Stockings! There've got to be some in that bedroom. Worse comes to worse I can use my own.*

I pushed him onto the couch and yanked his cotton briefs down to his knees. I stepped out of his reach, turned my back to him and started to unzip my dress. Slowly turning to him, I lowered the front of my dress to my waist and allowed it to fall to my ankles. Ron was captivated as I ran my hands over my girdled hips, the smooth my stockings and tightened the garter clasps.

“I’ve seen all sorts of women, real girls and girls with pricks. Even ignoring that you look so young and pure...you’re one of the most beautiful, most desirable...”

“Oh, shut up with the flattery. I don’t need you to tell me what I already know. And don’t think you’re going to fuck me either.”

I stepped out of my dress, sat on the edge of the couch and began toying with Ron’s nipples. My hand glided down his chest to his hardening dick. I spread his legs so that his foot rested on the floor and weighed his balls in my hand. “Mmm, so heavy, so full. Let Mish lighten your load.” I leaned toward his now hard dick, close enough that my breath tickled his tummy.

Ron started to answer me but I put my hand over his mouth. “We need room, lots of room,” I whispered as I eased him off the couch and onto the floor. My finger tips glided around the rim of his cockhead, slid along the underside of his shaft to the base.

The glow that came with experiencing the power a transgirl can exert over a man was giving me a glow that made my well concealed cock strain against the crotch of my pantygirdle. It was time to get this over with and get out of there before Darlene returned from whatever made her leave the apartment.

“Why not start on the wine while...?”

“Good idea,” murmured Ron as she climbed back onto the couch. He stared at me as if his arousal was about to ebb. It was no time to go back to the bedroom to fish for stockings.

Ron was drinking wine in as if her were downing beer. My knee pushed his legs further apart as I tilted his face toward mine. My teeth playfully nibbled his lower lip

as my stocking knee ribbed against his balls and then over his once again rampant cock.

“Drink up,” I purred as my tongue probed his ear and my hand reached under his balls. Taking the empty wine glass from him, I eased him onto his back. Despite my animosity toward Ron, I was hot to taste his dick, make him cum hard enough to leave exhausted and at my mercy.

My tongue momentarily circled the rim of his cockhead before I raised my head high enough to offer him a slow sardonic smile. His eyes responded by showing anticipation and fear. My mouth opened as I leaned forward to engulf his cockhead. Ron whimpered softly as my lips closed. Swirling my tongue against the rim for only a few seconds before pulling away was enough to make him squirm, to raise his hips in a vain attempt to keep his cock in my mouth. The slap of my palm against his balls

sent him writhing in frustration but didn't prevent a large drop of precum from oozing onto the tip of his twitching dick. My hand wrapped around his dick as my other hand poised to again slap his balls.

My tongue darted to sweep that salty drop into my eager mouth. Even as I savored the lingering deliciousness of my first taste of cum, I brought my tongue to the base of his shaft and licked my way slowly along the underside. Another slap to his balls and I again closed my mouth over his cockhead. The action of my tongue on the rim of his cockhead elicited whimpers of near ecstasy from Ron.

His cock began to twitch, to vibrate in my mouth as his orgasm began to form deep within in his groin. Thank goodness for my pantygirdle else I would have cum along with him. Suddenly it struck me that my first full taste of cum should be from someone I was romantically involved with and not this pathetic goon that I so easily controlled.

My timing was perfect. Releasing his cockhead from my mouth, I milked his ball sac just as he screeched in the first throes of a prolonged orgasm. I watched triumphantly as his twitching cock spurted burst after burst of cum onto his chest and face. Then he collapsed exhausted and spent.

Luck was with me as I raced into the bedroom, found some stocking and returned to the still exhausted Ron who was just beginning to revive from his post-orgasm stupor.

The wine he had so rapidly consumed had had a soporific effect which slowed him down even further. He barely managed to get to the couch. "That was incredible. Please, please take of that girdle," he begged.

“How about helping me, bug guy?”

He got to his feet and reached for my waist. My knee shot up catching him right in the balls! Ron doubled over clutching at his damaged manhood and crumpled to the floor like the sack of shit he was. For an instant I felt something resembling guilt over viscously injuring a person who was all but defenseless due the combined effects of wine and a very intense orgasm. The thought that Darlene and Ron might have had worse planned for me rekindled my rage to the point where I wanted to obliterate Ron.

Breathing deeply as I watched Ron struggle to his knees. Unconsciously assuming the stance off an angry female with my feet spread and arms akimbo, I scanned the room and saw my won reflection in a mirrored wall. It was liberating and stimulating to see this unequivocally feminine and emotionally powerful clad in uniquely female foundation garments stare back at me. It empowered me even as it reinforced and justified my rage against the fallen Ron.

The revolting creature was helpless before me as I grabbed his ears and yanked him to his knees. He looked up at me silently pleading for leniency. My knee smashed his face sending him sprawling as blood erupted from his broken nose. That gave me lots of time to find some stocking with which to bind him.

It took only a moment to tie his hands behind his back. It was hard to keep from giggling as he regained consciousness and became aware of how easily he had been seduced into letting down his guard and so very badly beaten by inexperienced boy/girl on her first night out fully dressed. Best of

all, his cock started to rise as I put my hand on his sore balls by way of warning.

Once his feet were tied, I connected the stockings binding his wrists and ankles together using a third stocking which I pulled tight enough to force his back into a bow. Then it was back to the bedroom where I took a falsie the drawer I had earlier opened. It made a great gag to keep him from crying out after I left.

That left the problem of how to get out of there without running into Darlene who might return any time. First order of business was to get dressed which I made a point of doing in front of Ron. Despite being tied up in a very uncomfortable position with a falsie stuffed into his mouth, his flaccid and much abused dick made a feeble attempt to rise. It might have succeeded had I not, after dressing and slipping into my shoes, placed my foot against his balls and brought it back as if measuring what could have been a devastating kick. My intent was only to frighten him and frighten him I did; enough for him to faint.

It was not as late as I thought it was but late enough for me to look for some sort of topper to wear over my dress. My assumption that this apartment belonged to a somewhat older girl of my own ilk led me to look in the hall closet where I found a very fashionable lightweight raincoat and matching hat, both of which fit me just fine. Further exploration revealed a service entrance off the kitchen.

The service elevator led to an alley exit. I paused long enough to turn up my coat collar and pull down the brim of my hat to protect against the night chill and to keep from being recognized should I pass Darlene in the street. Having no money, I

couldn't call Mommy. Going to the police was not an option considering the stories I had heard about how they treated sissy boys. My best chance of getting through that night would be to find the building where Dr. Corliss Lamont had her office and hope she lived there too.

Walking quickly would call unwanted attention to me so I walked with determination to the corner. Pausing at the street corner to get my bearings, a sense of relief at having escaped from an encounter that might have ended in disaster gave me a feeling of assurance unlike any I had ever known. I envisioned the badly beaten Ron lying tied up and battered. Oh, of course, the wine he had so quickly consumed tipped the odds in my favor just as my success in creating a femme image that made that completely impaired Ron's judgment. Otherwise it could readily have been me who lay there bloody and battered or worse. And whatever happened to the boy/girl whose apartment Ron and Darlene had hijacked?

## **SAFE HAVEN**

A few young men and couples noticed me with approving glances. *Now I understand why real girls are both pleased and offended when men eye them.*

*Right now it tells me that no one noticing me the way I look right now can begin to guess I'm anything but what I appear to be. Just got to keep from calling too much attention to myself. Keep walking, Mish.*

Lenore's Boutique loomed ahead of me. Now I had a chance of finding Corliss Lamont's office without wandering aimlessly. The clock in a drug store

window told me I had wasted little time getting to Lauren's. It was only ten o'clock which meant the streets would be busy for the next hour or two. As long as there were people around I felt secure from any attack by Darlene. That comfortable feeling didn't last long because Lenore's made me think of Gia who was on date, well, not exactly a date, with the creepy Roy.

The thought of Gia being with Roy, already a suspect in several killings, made me jam my hands into my coat pockets and walk trying to project an image of 'mess with me, buster, and you'll regret it.' Suddenly it was all I could do to keep from laughing at my own stupidity. It was only on Darlene's say so that I believed Roy to be a killer. Considering what I had learned about Darlene and her friend Ron over the last couple of hours, it was more and more plausible that Roy was just a harmless, awkward and irritating misfit.

I studied the window display in Lenore's as a map the path to Corliss's apartment building formed in my head. Staying close to storefronts I strode purposefully toward my destination. The sound of a car suddenly caught my attention. The car seemed to move quickly for several yards and then slow to a near halt whenever it neared a cluster of people. Could that car be searching for me? An unmarked police car would be worse for me than if Darlene were in the car searching for me. I darted into the narrow entrance way of a storefront I hadn't noticed before. Pretending to be absorbed in the window display, I cast sidelong glances at the street until the car passed. The floodlights attached to the front doors identified the vehicle as an unmarked police car. That was somewhat of a relief but not enough of

one to make me continue on my way, at least not for a few more minutes. It was back to studying the shop window which had begun to fascinate me.

It belonged to an “herbalist,” whatever that was, and offered ‘crystals, talismans, & amulets’ as well as jewelry dedicated to the ‘old ways.’ The proprietor or proprietress, I couldn’t tell which as there was no first name listed, only a first initial but the surname had an old New England sound to it. There was no possible reason for me to make that assumption but somehow the impression that S. Osborne came from a family that was part of New England’s earliest history eerily stuck with me. It was all I could do to force myself to continue to the hoped for safety of Corliss Lamont.

It took only a few minutes for me to arrive in front of the building where Corliss had her office and, I prayed, her apartment. Even before I could scan the directory in the vestibule two men and a girl pushed open the inner door which I hoped would close slowly enough to allow me to slip inside. That turned out to be unnecessary as one of the men held the door open for me.

“Thank you for being a gentleman.” My relief was evident in my voice.

“New to the building?”

“Just visiting,” I responded.

“That’s disappointing. I was hoping for the best.”

I would have continued the flirtatious banter but his friends grew impatient.

It was just enough to calm me and to restore my confidence in my talent to convince.

Once inside I found my way to the mailbox alcove which, as I had hoped, had an alphabetical listing of tenants. There were two listings for **LAMONT, Corliss**, office and residence. My best bet would be to wait on her floor. Waiting in the lobby might have been more comfortable but I was still guarded about being seen from the street. Turning to leave the alcove my eye lit on a listing which stood out from the others; **OSBORNE, S.** The unsettled feeling I had at the store front returned momentarily but I shook it off. I wasn't at all sure of why I did as it hit me that it had covered my multi-layered fear of being overtaken by Darlene or discovered by the police.

On returning to the lobby, I found signs directing me to the correct elevator for

Corliss's wing. The lobby was uncomfortably warm so I paused to unbutton the filched raincoat. After folding down the coat collar to give me a neater more presentable appearance should I actually find Corliss, I removed my hat and raked my fingers through my hair.

Moments later I pressed the buzzer at the apartment door belonging to Corliss Lamont, Ph. D. "Be there in a jiffy," answered a muffled voice from inside, a voice I was certain did not belong to the Corliss Lamont I knew. Nor was the person who answered the door Corliss Lamont. It was a woman or girl who could have been any age from twenty or thereabout to her mid to late thirties.

Although casually dressed and wearing no makeup, she was strikingly attractive. Her attractiveness, I admitted to myself, might have been only a first impression and that she was so different from anyone I knew. She was about five six, almost too slender to be thought of as desirable but still man-

aging to project an underlying physical and emotional strength that could inspire awe and admiration in almost any person who looked at her. Her hair, the color of golden sand, was pulled back in a loose ponytail and held in place by a narrow piece of blue silk ribbon. A stray wisp fell near her sky blue eyes. Her face was more fascinating for being less than perfect. High wide cheekbones, lips a little too thin to be called a cupid's bow, and a pointed chin added up to something better than standardized perfection.

Her torso was covered by a thin cotton sweatshirt like top, so loosely fitting that it seemed to have been draped over her tiny breasts, the nipples of which pressed against the thin cotton. Very short shorts could have been tailored to show her hips and tush to best advantage. Shapely but well toned legs ended in superbly chiseled ankles. Keds style low sneakers were worn without sox. She pushed the sleeves of her top up past her elbows as she extended her hand to me.

"I'm Sarah Osborne, cat sitting for Corliss. You must be one of her high school students. Her patients wouldn't dare to come to her apartment unannounced or otherwise. You are?"

"Sarah, may I call you Sarah?"

"Please do. But you were about to introduce yourself."

"Oh, yes, I'm M...Mish Levinsky." Her hand was cool and firm as she shook mine.

"I don't mean to be intrusive but I'm thinking you've had a vey difficult evening or you wouldn't be seeking out Corliss at this hour; so far from home, too.

“Come down to my place and you can call home from there right off or we can sit and talk first.”

Sarah led me to her apartment on the floor below. “No need for the elevator,” she said as we entered the stairwell. What I could see of the apartment was furnished in an eclectic modern style which somehow didn’t fit with the colonial New England image I had dreamed up for Sarah even before meeting her.

“Would you like to phone your mother and ask her to pick you up or at least reassure her that you’re safe?”

Why on earth did Sarah even begin to think I would call my mother rather than my parents or my family? No doubt it was just chance and I was over-reacting to every little nuance of language. Or was there something about me that communicated I wasn’t a real girl and that no father would allow his son to be out in public dressed as a girl and doing a very good job of passing?

Sarah, noticing my hesitation, offered to let me use the extension in her bedroom if privacy would make it easier. “No, thanks. There’s no reason why I can’t tell my mom I’m okay in front of you, especially when you’re being so nice to me.”

“Great. I’ll make us some herbal tea while you use the phone. When you’re done I’ll try to reach Corliss and let her know you need her pronto. And it’s quite all right with me if you care to spend the night with me so you can see Corliss tomorrow morning. That’s if I can get in touch with her.”

After hearing an abbreviated version of what had happened with Roy, Mommy agreed to let me spend the night with Sarah on the condition that I call her

as soon we got in touch with Corliss. Sarah put a small platter of snacks and another of pastries on the counter that separated the kitchen/breakfast nook from the living room. "I'll try to reach Corliss while the tea kettle comes to a boil." It took a few minutes for the long distance operator to put the call through to the inn in Connecticut where Corliss was spending the night with "a special friend."

Sarah's conduct toward me can be best described as flirtatiously caring. After seating me comfortably on the couch, she lifted my legs by the calves and put a cushion under my feet. Her back was to me as she bent forward to slip the cushion place. Her very short shorts hiked up just far enough to expose the elasticized hem of her white panties which answered the question of whether I was still attracted to real girls. Only my restraining pantygirdle prevented me from becoming wildly erect. Sarah turned to face me and ran her hand across my forehead pushing my hair back from my forehead. I raised my head to meet her lips but the whistling of the tea kettle broke the mood.

The tea brewed, Sarah returned with a tray laden with a teapot, cups and saucers.

As Sarah poured, she suggested I see her study where I would spend the night if things worked out. "Sit up so you don't spill tea on your new dress. No need staining it"

Sarah eyes my knees as I swung my legs from the couch to the floor. Somehow her admiring stare at my briefly exposed thighs didn't make me feel uncomfortable in the very least. It made me feel wonderfully appreciated.

“Mish, it’s so good to see you relax. It’s your first night out in public and whatever happened must have been so frightening. I’m glad you fought your way out of whatever it was.”

The hair on the back of my neck stood up as another of Sarah’s uncanny insights filtered through my exhausted mind. The jangling of the phone startled me, disoriented me. It made me realize how tired I was.

“Relax. It’s Corliss calling long distance.” Sarah’s cheerful tones cut through the mist of my mind. “Why not join the conversation. There’s an extension in the spare room; first door on the right.”

The guest room was small but impressive. I found a light switch and saw the phone sitting on the desk. Corliss wanted reassurance that I would feel secure until she returned to speak with me. My trust in Sarah, she assured me, was not misplaced. “I’ll get a few hours of sleep and then drive directly back home.”

After hanging up the phone, I looked around this museum like spare room that was part study, part guest room and part something I couldn’t quite pinpoint. Bookshelves lined much of the wall space. The shelves were not crammed with books but were arranged to allow space for picture frames and various antique objects. From my reading of too many fantasy stories I recognized a primitive altar set up on a table. No animal entrails but a silver knife, a small cauldron, colored candles, and several tint dishes of herbs. Any doubt that Sarah was the S. Osborne of the store that had inexplicably held my attention dissolved on the spot.

As I left the room to rejoin Sarah, a sense of peace pervaded my being as never before. She rose to meet me, took my hand in hers and then, to my disappointment, reminded me to “Call your mother as you promised.”

“That was a dutiful daughter. A warm bath with some herbs would do you a world of good,” suggested Sarah as she reached behind me and unzipped my dress.

My awkwardness at standing in bra and pantygirdle vanished even before I stepped out of the dress. “Here’s no need to feel self-conscious or that you have to cover up. I was aware of your multiple natures as soon as I saw you.”

“And I thought I was so flawless...” I was fighting back tears of frustration and embarrassment at having been cocky and arrogant enough to think I was so perfect at passing as a girl.”

“Mish, I assure you few other people could begin to discern your multiple nature no matter if you were in girl mode or boy mode.”

“Then how did you know?” I snapped before Sarah could finish her explanation.

“I have what is often called the gift. It’s a hereditary trait although some can learn it.”

“Oh,” was the best response I could muster.

Sarah took my hand and gently led me to her bedroom. She took a cotton nightie from a drawer, laid it out on the very large bed and then added polished cotton panties almost blindingly white even in the soft light of the bedroom.

“Just let me start your bath and then I’ll help you finish undressing.”

Sarah hummed as she started to fill the bath. A cabinet door opened and closed.

That surely meant Sarah was adding some of her herbals to the bath. The sound of the water continued but more softly as this strange, almost magical woman returned.

We both were reflected in a large wall mirror over the dresser as Sarah undid the garter snaps of my girdle and knelt to roll my stocking down my legs. She next peeled the girdle from my body, freeing my cock from the restraining fabric.

Her breath was arm on my tummy as, still kneeling, she slowly slid my panties over my thighs. Her slow, deliberate movements allowed me to experience every nuance of sensuality as the skimpy cloth moved over my skin. On her feet now, she reached behind and unhooked my bra. My nipples were as hard as my cock and, as I was soon to learn, every bit as sensitive.

Without knowing it was happening, we were in each others arms in a deep and probing kiss. I shivered as Sarah's hand slipped between my legs and gently cupped my balls.

"Darling, I'm afraid you'll cum all too soon for us to share love making. There was just too much that went on earlier for you to hold out. Oh, I have no doubt you'll quickly learn that art but not tonight." As she spoke, she moved me toward the bed, pushed me back onto it and ordered, "Don't move."

Had I done something or not done something to cause her to move quickly from the bed? I started to giggle like a silly schoolgirl making out for the first time on seeing that Sarah had darted way from to turn off the bath.

“Really, my love, there’s nothing funny so get hold of yourself. Do you really want me to see you as a harebrained juvenile?”

For some unfathomable reason I nodded enthusiastically.

“I’ve had all sorts of lovers but an inane adolescent had never appealed to me.”

Sarah straddled me and looked down at me as if she were assessing my potential.

“Say, you’d make an adorable prep school freshman. And I do emphasize FRESHman.”

Sitting up straight, she pulled her top over head and tossed it aside. Her nipples pressed against her the soft cups of her bra. Shifting her body of me, she rose on her knees, unzipped her short shorts making sure I noticed every fine distinction of the way her panties clung to her. The shadow of her pubic hair arrested my attention until my eye caught the stray wisps of that peeking out from the hem of her panties. Sarah, whether through her so called gift or from experience with girls like me, understood my obsession with panties and kept hers on.

Sarah slithered over me, tinkling my tummy and my chest with her nipples before pinning me to the bed. Her legs spread apart and then closed to trap my raging erection between her thighs so close to her female dampness that I could sense it through her panty crotch. I writhed in ecstasy as her lips nibbled my ear, her tongue caressed my neck.

Soon she stood on the floor and lifted me as effortlessly as if I were a child and carried me to the bath. “You can step in or I can drop you in.” I chose the former option.

The warmth of the bath coupled with the subtle scents of the herbs soothed me and energized me at the same time. It took a few seconds for me to realize that I was alone in the bathroom. There was one thing for me to do and that was to cleanse my body with the materials Sarah had set out for my use. The feeling of someone watching me overcame me. Sarah was standing in the door way, her arms spread Samson-like against the door frame.

I hadn't noticed the white terrycloth robe that had been left atop a hamper until Sarah picked it up and held it out for me. It was signal that bath time was over.

No thought was involved in stepping out of the tub although every movement felt natural and distinctly feminine. Sarah slipped the robe over my arms and as I reached to tie the belt, ran her hands over the robe caressing and patting me dry. She sat me on a stool in front of the vanity sink mirror and brushed my hair until it gleamed. I glanced down at the lipstick, eye shadow and liner arranged in a tray on the counter.

"You don't need any of that, especially not for bed." Her pronunciation of the word **bed** strongly conveyed she was not simply referring to a place meant exclusively for sleep.

The robe slithered gracefully from my shoulders revealing my chest which might have been that of a girl approaching puberty, my rounded but firm tummy. I clutched the robe tightly to my waist at the point where my pubic hair would be visible as I turned my back to Sarah and faced the bed. The panties and nightie were not the ones that were placed there earlier. A pair of white cotton panties printed with tiny rosebuds reminded me that as she

readied me for the bath, Sarah had suggested I would make “an adorable prep school freshman.” These panties were part of that persona.

After stepping into the panties, I dropped the robe to the floor. Sarah’s reached for my nipples, rested lightly for a second and then slowly circled the areola subjecting me to undreamed of sensations. Easing me backwards onto the bed, my enchanting lover kissed my tummy, caressed my bellybutton with her tongue. Turning her attention to my panty covered dick, she nibbled the rim through the gauzy cotton. I inhaled sharply with almost too intense feeling that brought my stiffening cock to full, almost painful erection.

Sarah’s hands held my bottom as she slowly raised my hips, a signal for me to remove my panties. I lay on the bed with my legs parted looking up at Sarah leaning close to me. My eyes closed in anticipation of the unknown that was soon to come as Sarah’s lips teased my cockhead. Then a sudden pain made me cry out as Sarah slapped my balls.

“I know that hurt but you were already starting to twitch and I know you don’t want to disappoint me by cumming before I’m ready. Oh, that still aches. Let me kiss it better.” Her voice was firm yet soothing. The pain had added to my arousal!

Keeping legs apart, she turned me on my side and slowly, lightly kissed my inner thighs. Her lips toyed with that sensitive, responsive zone between my scrotum and my nether hole. Then her tongues flickered over the back of my scrotum before moving back to the superbly responsive erogenous zone that today might be referred to as the male g-spot.

Sarah swung her body around and held my hair as she guided my face between her thighs to her pussy. Her pulling her panty crotch aside was my cue to kiss her vagina. My lips found her full, hard clit making her sigh and squirm. My tongue moved over her outer lips as I lapped her juices before going deep into her.

I began to trash as Sarah's experienced tongue swirled around the rim of my cockhead. Vibrations of excitement welled up in groin spreading to my limbs as Sarah took more and more of my cock deep into her throat. Her hips began to move with an ever accelerating rhythm as my tongue plunged deeper and deeper into her.

Our bodies thrashed as we screeched in the throes of mutual orgasm. Countless kisses made our very stimulated bodies twitch and sigh deeply until, with the serenity that comes with sexual satisfaction, we fell asleep.

## **MORNING - An Epilogue**

I awoke fully relaxed in ways that I had never been before. The clouds of doubt and fear dissolved in the sunlight that streamed through the curtains. The unfamiliar but fascinating room, the oddly pleasing scent of last night's herbal bath on my own body felt as if a new adventure was about to start. As Sarah pinned my arms to my side and kissed my face and lips, it was clear that this was not the start of a new adventure but the start of a new life, multiple lives to be exact. These multiple lives would allow me to test out many roles, many personae until the right fit was created although I knew at once

that Corliss and Sarah would always be the women with whom I would always find a safe haven in which I could explore who I was meant to be.

The bra and panties and casual clothing Sarah had chosen for me meant one more day as Mish before I would have to go home to my old neighborhood and resume life as Michael. I mulled that one over as I watched myself reflect as I dressed. There was no thought that went into my movements yet they were unselfconsciously and flawlessly femme. It was simply a matter of letting my true being emerge.

Mommy thought I would feel disappointed by her not being able to pick me up until late afternoon or early evening. Not at all.

A leisurely breakfast with a Sarah and Corliss gave me a new perspective. Corliss needed a typist/receptionist for Saturdays. Those secretarial studies classes were about to pay off.

Our hostess at the restaurant where we had breakfast was the ever busy Gia!

She reported taking a liking to Roy who was a perfect although idiosyncratic date.

It turned out that Darlene and Roy had set up that apartment to lure young males who were drawn to transvestism into experimenting with their hidden dreams. They would then exploit the novice trannies for their own gain.

High school graduation was only four months away and then, watch out, here comes Mish.

*Mardee Louise Prynne*