

Wonderland



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Chapter One

The bus dropped Arnold at the turn off for the lake. It was new and so very different from his world on the edge of the city. Arnold and his mother were beginning to make an independent life. His bullying father stormed out one rainy November night. Relief tempered by guilt swept over the abused mother and son when a police officer came to the door to tell them that they were rid of him; "Died instantly when the car struck a stone fence." Mother's parents tried to control her, treated her like she was a baby or simple minded but she finally had it and moved to a new town.

They had moved before but were never able to establish a life for themselves and so returned humiliated once more to his mother's family. It was worse each time it happened. Arnold began to wonder if his grandmother was intervening behind the scenes, sabotaging his mother's efforts to break free.

His father's family had tried to get custody of Arnie as he was called in the family circle. They failed but it gave his mother some leverage. If she were unsuccessful in establishing an independent life for the two of them, she would take a job with her late husband's family and allow them to raise Arnie.

Things were tough at first but after a year or two they began to fall into place. Mother's sister, the black sheep of the family, located her.

"Mother, look at this letter. It has the same name as your dead sister. Can there be two Alice Riordans?"

"Arn, sweetie. Aunt Alice is very much alive. Grandmama treated her as if she were really dead. We weren't allowed to talk about her. Aunt Alice was the rebel and I was the good girl. You see how much being the good got me until I finally moved us here.

"Alice was very talented but defiant, independent. She earned a

grant to go to New York to study painting. Grandmama and her husband called Alice all sorts of nasty names. Alice had enough of their brutality. She fought back when Roger tried to beat her, went wild and really hurt him.

"Roger had been doing nasty things to her. He even took pictures of that nasty stuff. Alice sent the pictures to the authorities. Our family connections squelched the case but Roger lived in terror of exposure. Maybe nothing could have been done anyhow 'cause Alice wasn't a kid when it happened. I'm not sure if that hastened his death or drove him to kill himself. Either way it was no loss.

"I'm sure he would have done those horrible things to me too, but Alice promised she would keep him interested in her all the time so that only one of us would have to go through those tortures.

"Now let's see what's in that envelope."



Alice had found out through old friends back home that her sister had left to live on her **own** in an outlying section of a nearby city. It was time, she wrote, to resume contact with the sister who was proving she would no longer be the 'good girl' regardless of the cost to herself. Arnold agreed silently that Mother was at long last becoming her own person. And yet with each step toward adult independence Mother had become more withdrawn, spent more evenings in a brooding silence.

Alice had distinguished herself as a photographer and painter of avant-garde, often exotic, and always controversial work. She was wealthy, adventurous and completely her own person.

Alice's letter included a generous 'loan' to allow Mother to furnish a good sized apartment and to buy new clothes for herself and for Arnie She also offered to host Arnold at the artist colony where she had a summer home. There would be tons and tons of exciting creative things for Arnold. After all, coming to live in a new place so late in June

didn't allow Arnold an opportunity to register in school and make friends.

Mother's always-fragile emotional health was more delicate than usual. She needed space. Perhaps it would be better for them both if Arnie spent the summer with Alice at her lakeside retreat

"Wonderland" was just about the stupidest name Arn had ever heard for a lakeside artists' colony. Mother, in her brittle, overly inhibited style explained that this was the name of a summer camp for girls that had long since closed. "Remember, darling, that 'Alice In Wonderland' was a favorite of yours. You'll be staying with Aunt Alice!"



The bus pulled away leaving Arnold standing alone and bewildered at the turn off. There was nothing around except for a cluster of buildings on the opposite side of the road.

There was an odd looking store with three gasoline pumps out front. The sign announcing the "Wonderland Village Bus Station" also advertised groceries, camping supplies, hunting and fishing licenses, of course bait and ammunition. A second sign offered home cooked meals, cabins or rooms. There was also a sign indicating this was a ticket agency for the bus company. The blue bell in a white circle ringed in blue, so common back in the early fifties, was attached to a post pointing to an outdoor phone booth on the porch. The store also offered "Western Union Telegrams."

As Arnold's eyes adjusted to the glare he realized he was being watched by a skinny figure sitting on the porch of the store.

"Well hello," called the figure with a circular wave.

Whoever this was sat along the rail of the porch with their back propped against the post. Long legs extended from very short shorts. A straw hat concealed the features. A sort of dress shirt was tied at the

waist rather than tucked into the waistband.

The figure swung around to face Arnold.

"I take it you're Arnold, Miss Alice's nephew." The accent was anything but American. It had a hint of the British Isles but might have been rural Canadian.

Arnold nodded and spoke. "Yes, I am."

By this time the figure was halfway across the road. The hat, which was tipped forward, framed a delightfully elfin face. Green eyes went with the wine red hair. The smattering of freckles enhanced rather than marred the fair skin. The shirt was open almost to the knot that kept it just above the waist. A too short tank top undershirt gleamed pure white in the mid afternoon sun. Like the shirt worn over it, it didn't quite make it into the waistband of the shorts leaving a tiny bit of tan tummy skin showing. The flat waistband of white underpants showed above the shorts.

Arnold wasn't sure if the approaching figure was a boy or a girl. The shirt overrode that critical part of the tank top that would have shown what sort of boobs this creature might or might not have. The introduction didn't clarify Arnold's wonder. The teen extended a hand in greeting. "I'm Robbie Hargreave. Nice to know you. Let me help you with your gear."

The slender, almost insubstantial figure grabbed a heavy suitcase in each hand and easily lifted them and carried them across the road. "Come with me. Might as well keep cool while you wait for a ride."

Arnold followed watching the sway of the young teen's hips. He realized the slender figure concealed surprising strength. He noticed that the waistband of the underpants was the polished cotton of the pants apparently sewn over a narrow elastic band. "Girl," he thought. "Has to be... wearing underwear like that. Panties. Girl for sure!" Arnold could now relax and admit to himself that this attractive being had resonated a sexual response in him even before he was sure it was a

girl.

They left the bags on the porch as Arnold followed Robbie through the store and to the office beyond. A woman sat at a large table sorting some invoices. She was anything but the hefty outdoorsy woman Arnold would have guessed would be running this business.

"Mum, this is Arnold who's come to spend the summer with Miss Alice at the artists' colony. Arn, this is my mum, Mrs. Hargreave."

"Hello Arnie. Welcome to our part of the world.

"Please don't look so puzzled. I know the accent throws everyone off. Obviously we're not originally from here. We were both born in India... British Raj and all that sort of thing. Not at all glamorous except in films and novels. I took advantage of the change to independence to get out and so in forty-eight we came here to make a new life for Bertie and me in a new place. Offered a job as business manager here. Took it.

"I hope you like it at the lake. Lots of different things to do. And girls your age."

A car honked from the gas pumps. "I'll see to it," offered Robbie whose mum had just called her Bertie! "Come along. We'll get a cold soda on the way back in.

"Confusing isn't it? To some people I'm Robbie while Mum and few others always call me Bertie. Robbie's from the first half of my name. Bertie's from the second half."

"Got it," laughed Arnold. "Roberta, right?"

"Close enough," giggled Robbie. Mum hates when I call myself Robbie. She calls me Bertie so therefore she thinks everyone should do the same. Mum insists Robbie is too much of a boy's name. Silly but I really hate to cross her especially when she's in a mood."

Robbie started the gas pump and checked the oil. She stood on tiptoe to reach across the windshield as she wiped it clean. The hem of her panties was plainly visible as her shorts rode up. The man eyed

Robbie very appreciatively. His female companion elbowed his ribs. He paid for his guilt by giving Robbie a dollar tip!

This oddly spontaneous and almost too open girl rewarded the donor of the generous tip by pulling down the waistband of her shorts far enough to allow a glimpse of her belly-button and to stash the dollar in the waistband of her panties!

"Did you see him look? He practically drooled. He'll be back with more tips for me. Pathetic fool but fair game all the same!"

Arnold was more and more fascinated by this Robbie or Bertie or whatever the name would finally turn out to be. She looked about thirteen or perhaps even younger. Much too young to be the girlfriend of a guy who would soon finish high school, but her smile set his pulse racing. Her nearness stirred unknown sensations in his groin, an electric animal sensation he had never known.

Arnold was never really one of the guys. His mother had tried to protect Arn from the grasp of his father's family and the oppressive control of her own family. She kept him close to her. He had identified closely with this frail woman who was the source of everything good and safe in his world.

Bertie's voice snapped him back to the moment. "Miss Alice said you're to stay here until she phones.

"Let's have a catch! I've got an extra glove I'm going to call you Arnie. Arnold's just so stuffy."

Her accent made his nickname sound like ^Ahnnie' which was more like Annie than Arnie.

"You throw like a girl," said Bertie in shocked surprise. She returned the baseball to him with a peg that was as fast, as powerful, and as accurate as a rifle shot. His hand stung despite the baseball glove she had given him. Bertie certainly didn't throw like a girl!

"I just never played ball very much." He avoided eye contact

while making this confession of his athletic ineptitude. He realized more than ever how much he had been over-protected by his very neurotic mother.

"Try to step forward with your left foot as you throw with your right hand."

He followed Bertie's suggestions and was soon throwing better than he had ever thrown in his life.

They sat on the back steps sipping cola. Bertie had removed her shirt. The tank top clung to her sweaty body. Arnie saw her breasts through the thin cotton and felt reassured that this lithe, adorably sexy little amazon was indeed a girl. Conical nipples pushed the white cotton as it clung to the tiny peach sized orbs of her breasts. Sad she's so young. Perhaps her mother wouldn't allow her to spend time with Arnie who for the first time in his life was instantly intoxicated by an attractive, sexy teen however young.

"Split a popsicle, okay?"

"Sure," responded the smitten Arnie.

"Cherry?"

Arnie would have agreed to anything Bertie suggested.

Bertie returned in a moment with a double cherry popsicle. Her eyes twinkled.

"Chattie is so silly sometimes."

"Who's Chattie?"

"Chatterjee. She's Indian, like from India. Came to America with us. She was my amah. That's a sort of nurse for babies and tots. Now she takes care of the store. Cooks for us some of the time. Still really keeps an eye on mum and me."

Bertie unwrapped the icy confection, broke it in half giving one side to Arnie and keeping the other for herself. Droplets ran down the

popsicle as Bertie studied it in front of her face. Her tongue darted forward and caught the droplets as she licked upward along the icy shaft. Arnie stared in rapt attention.

A provocative smile from Bertie as she leaned against the banister post. The tip of her tongue circled the top of the red shaft of ice as her mouth opened to envelop it. She sucked gently but firmly. She slid it from her mouth to reveal cherry reddened lips.

Bertie extended one leg along the edge of the porch as she dropped the other leg to the lowest step it could reach. She smiled at Arnie as she again turned her attention to the popsicle. Arnie's eyes darted from the very erotic oral performance to Bertie's open thighs where the crotch of her white panties showed under the leg openings of the very short shorts.

Bertie's attention was diverted from her toying with Arnie by the approach of someone along the porch. Arnie looked over his shoulder to see an Indian woman. She was tall and dressed in fashionable but conservative American style; no sari for this exotic beauty. She wore a wrap around tan twill skirt that just reached the middle of her knees. Sandals showed her high arched feet and the deep crimson polish on her toe nails. Her graceful fingers had long well-manicured nails done with the same polish. Her rings, bracelets and earrings were the only items that were clearly Indian. The jet black hair was pulled back in a ponytail. When Arnie rose to be introduced he saw that her short sleeved blouse was unbuttoned far enough down to reveal her cleavage nestling in the low white lace cups of a very American bra.

In introducing him to Chatterjee, Bertie further truncated his name to Arn or as she pronounced it Ann as if it were spelled Ann!

"Your mum wants you both in the office now."



Mrs. Hargreave's beauty registered on Arn for the first time. It

was obvious where Bertie got that wonderfully rich mane of deep wine red hair. Mrs. Hargreave's was done in the popular page boy style, parted on the side. Emerald stud earrings showed in the tiny lobes barely visible beneath her hair. Green eyes shaped like large almonds were piercing in their intensity. A scoop neck tee showed just enough of the swell of her breasts to let you know that this was no frigid English snob.

Mrs. Hargreave turned her swivel chair to face Arn and Bertie. She leaned back slightly and crossed her legs causing her skirt to rise higher over her knees than was considered seemly in those days. As she recrossed her suntanned legs, Arn noticed that she was wearing green panties, the perfect color for her delightful claret red hair. Mrs. Hargreave tilted forward but made no effort pull her skirt lower. Arn immediately gave her full eye contact lest she think him a boor for staring at her panties.

"Ahrn," Bertie's mum used the same strange pronunciation Bertie used; a pronunciation that blurred his name so that it would be unclear if he was Arn or Ann. "Your Aunt Alice telephoned. She's unavoidably delayed in Philadelphia. Apparently she's met a possible new model. In any event, she'll not be back until tomorrow. She's awfully upset at having to disappoint you."

"We're used to that, my mother and me. I just hope I won't be in anyone's way or put anyone to much trouble."

Mrs. Hargreave got to her feet and pressed Arn to her. She lay his head against her shoulder as she stroked his back. The very comforting hug reassured Arn but at the same time allowed him to weep openly.

"Now that's a bit silly but really quite okay to let out your feelings. We could drive you to Alice's lake house but I think it would be more fun for you to stay here tonight and have dinner with us. Chatterjee can whip up a special dessert. Something sinfully delicious. Have you ever had a trifle?"

Arn shook his head through his tears as Mrs.

Hargreave dabbed at his cheeks with a tissue.

"You might just love it. Settled then! You'll have dinner and spend the night with us."

Mrs. Hargreave hugged him again even as he nodded assent. The pressure of her full breasts against him was both sexy and reassuring.

"Bertie, put Arn's bags in the woody (author's note: Ford woody, a "town and country station wagon" with wooden door panels) and drive down to Alice's lake house so that the bags can be brought up to Arn's rooms. Arn, just keep what you need by way of toilet articles. We'll have some things **for** you for the night and the morning. And Bertie, be sure you have your driver's license with you."

Arn was relieved to find that Bertie was old enough to drive legally. He was feeling better and better about the attraction he felt toward this pixie.

Bertie ran to the barn that doubled as a garage for the vehicles needed to operate and maintain the multi-faceted business that Mrs. Hargreave managed.

Bertie pulled the Ford woody around to the front. A middle aged man loaded the bags into the back of the woody. He introduced himself to Arn in a New York City accent. Arn took a liking to the matter of fact but friendly manner of the man who was called by his odd nickname, "The Skipper."

"Be sure to introduce yourself to my daughter, Marion. She's out at the lake for the summer. Sort of a general clerical and secretarial aide for the artist ladies. Keeps an eye on the wee ones when there are any around."

"Will do, Skipper," promised Bertie cheerfully as they started the woody and headed across the road and down the turnoff.

"Marion's his daughter. She really is spectacular. That girl's so

bright and so driven. Finished high school at the head of her class. Top field hockey player too. Going to Radcliffe with tons of scholarship money. You'll just love her. Everyone does. She's a real girl..."

With that observation Bertie suddenly stopped chattering. It was as if she said something she shouldn't have. Arn wondered what she meant by calling this girl a "real girl." Probably just means that she's really feminine despite her being a big time scholar and a super athlete to boot.

Bertie changed the subject to Skipper. "He's a really neat guy. War hero too. He does all kinds of things for everyone and makes sure there are no intruders or trouble makers lurking about."

"Why is he called The Skipper?"

"He was a high ranking officer in the New York City Police Department before he retired. He commanded lots of special operations so, like the commander of a ship, they called him ^Skipper.' Maybe someday he'll tell us why he left New York for the rustic life. There has got to be a great story behind that move."

"What about Marion's mom?"

"Died giving birth to her. There was a woman who helped raise Marion but she died somehow. They never talk about it. Painful I should think."

Chapter Two

It was four or five miles along what Bertie called the "turnoff road" before they saw the first houses that were part of the informal artists' colony. A large, old two story with gabled attic rooms stood on a small hill commanding the lake. A covered walkway connected it to a smaller modern outbuilding.

"That's Miss Alice's house. The low building is a studio, well two

studios really. She paints in one and takes pictures in the other. Your aunt is really neat, the big force behind this thing.

"Actually, I knew at once you're Annie. You're so very much like Alice. You've got those same hazel eyes and the same cupid bow lips."

Arn squirmed uncomfortably as he blushed.

He wasn't used to compliments from girls as pretty as Bertie. There was also that way she kept saying his name. With his name sounding more and **more** like Ann or Annie, he should have been uncomfortable but it was a kind of turn on! He also realized the way Bertie was describing his resemblance to Alice might just as well have been the description of a girl.

Bertie noticed his discomfort.

"Bless my ears and whiskers! I'm putting you on the spot. Sorry, love."

Arn recognized the source of the 'bless my ears and whiskers' exclamation. He was delighted to find something he had in common with the ever more attractive Bertie.

"Bertie, you're into 'Alice in Wonderland!' I love that book. I know it's supposed to be a girls' book but I love it anyhow. People used to tease me about liking a girls' book.

"I'm so glad you like it too."

"Perhaps your Aunt Alice will have a wonderland for you to discover and explore," added Bertie as she turned the woody into the drive leading to Alice's large and well maintained lake house.

A shapely and busty girl in a white tee and matching shorts greeted them enthusiastically as she approached the car. Her full but well-proportioned legs were solid and well-toned. This had to be the girl Bertie had spoken of so enthusiastically back at the store. Bertie got out of the car to greet her. Arn followed.

"Hi Marion. Your dad said to be sure to introduce our newest

resident. This is Ann. He'll be moving in with his Aunt Alice tomorrow. We're dropping off his bags. Staying with us tonight though."

"Hi Ann." She teasingly pronounced his name as femme as possible. No matter. He was enjoying the game. Her handshake was firm, confident. This curvaceous teen was as powerful as most men! "Just so nice to meet you. Can't let you into the house proper. I don't have permission to do that but you can stow your gear in the garage area for now. Sorry."

Arn liked Marion at once. She was pretty in a wholesome, ail-American, Doris Day sort of way. Her greeting to him might have sounded clichéd but for the spark in a voice that was matched by the twinkle in her cornflower blue eyes. Despite her athletic appearance there was a warm female softness about her. Arn had never been so attracted by two so different girls before. Indeed, he had never really responded to girls in the way he reacted to these two so contrasting but very attractive girls.

Arn eyed Marion's full, firm tush as she raised the overhead garage door. The white denim of her shorts clung to her revealing the clear outline her full coverage panties. Bertie tapped his arm with her fingertips and teasingly made a 'tsk, tsk' sound. She gave Arn a peck on the lips to take his attention away from Marion.

"Time for a swim?" asked Marion.

"No suit," responded Arn with disappointment.

"So? We're all friends here."

Marion's matter of fact attitude made Arn wonder if a skinny dip with Marion and Bertie would be workable. Ordinarily he would have cringed at the thought of exposing himself to two attractive girls. Somehow he was certain these two wouldn't make him feel vulnerable at being nude with them.

"Got to get back," interjected Bertie. "Chattie's doing a special dinner to welcome Ann. Trifle for dessert, I'm sure."

"Annie, I'm so jealous. Not that I need the calories. Welcome to our part of the world." She kissed him lightly on the lips by way of greeting.

"And Annie, we'll have to do that swim when there's more time...."

Her innocent intonation managed to convey a heady air of erotic promise.

"That was dumb," laughed Bertie as they left the lake area. "We didn't keep a change of clothing for you. Your toilet kit is back at our place though. No matter. Chattie will see to laundering what you have on."

"Is Chatterjee her first name or her last name?"

"Surname. Pretty common in India. First name is Aruna. Same as the Hindu fire goddess. Suits her."

Bertie showed Arn to a guest bedroom that adjoined hers in the family apartment above the store. "You can share my bathroom," offered Bertie. "Shower first and then I'll show you my rooms. Looks like Chattie's already laid out some towels and clothing for you."

Arn took a towel from the pile of things Chattie had left folded neatly on the dresser. There was a note attached to package of cotton panties in white and assorted pastels.

Please excuse the inconvenience, but we had no boy briefs in your size in the store. These aren't so different. I'm sure they'll fit I'm sure they'll do while your own are being laundered.

Aruna Chatterjee

"In for a dime in for a dollar," thought Arn as he opened the cellophane package and selected the pink panties. He remembered trying on his mommy's things when he was in kindergarten and first

grade. Well, to be honest older than that. Went on for a few years. They felt so nice although the fit was ridiculous. Mommy caught him but never got angry. She thought it cute but explained that was a very private thing so he had to be very careful.

The shower felt good. Arn toweled dry before donning the blue cotton kimono robe that Chattie had laid out for him. He held the panties in front of him to determine which way was front. He stepped into them and tucked his cock down before he tied the robe. This should have seemed bizarre yet it all felt so comfortable, so right, so natural!

Arn's thoughts again returned to his early years. He envied girls their pretty things. He hated the drab, heavy cotton of boys' briefs. The same boring stuff day after day. Girls had all the pretty bright colors, all the soft pastels. Even the white they wore seemed brighter, more special than the dismal, monotonous white of his boy briefs. Girls had tons of fabrics to choose from. He remembered how wonderful the silks and satins in his mother's dresser had felt to the touch, how elegant they were against his skin when he tried them on. Girls' things could express mood; they could be practical or seductive or everything at once.

There were vague memories, perhaps real, perhaps imagined. He seemed to remember his mother helping him select things to try, encouraging him to experiment. That must have been his imagination. Wishful thinking turned backward in time. Fate had now given him an opportunity and he was going to use it to the max!

The robe reached to the middle of his thighs. As he lifted his arms to brush his hair, the robe rose to reveal and flatter his thighs as it exposed his legs almost to his crotch. An occasional flash of pink panties heightened the sensualness of the experience.

"Probably a girl's kimono, this thing. Feels good though. Wow! Nice legs! Better than lots of girls have." Arn's thoughts betrayed a vanity he never realized existed within him. "Maybe I can be Annie in more ways than name."



A pair of powder blue Bermuda shorts were on a hanger on the closet door. A dark blue oxford cloth shirt was also on the hanger. Both seemed new. Knee socks that complemented the outfit were left atop his sneakers which had somehow been whitened. A white cotton tank top undershirt was folded neatly alongside the pile of panties he had taken from the package.

Arn breathed deeply as he pulled the tank top over his head and smoothed it over his hairless body. His small pecs hinted at breasts. He sat on the edge of the bed, formed the first knee sock into a donut and slipped it onto over his toes. After adjusting the seam at the toes to conform to the direction of his foot he rolled the sock up to his knee and folded the top over to form a cuff. as he drew the second sock over his calf he noticed the crotch of his pink panties. Nothing out of the ordinary; pink cotton briefs that were meant to be more practical and everyday than seductive or glamorous. Yet to Arn these were stirring wild but indefinable feelings. He wondered if Bertie would be wearing similar panties and whether he would get to see her adorable contours in panties. For some reason he couldn't fathom, the thought of Bertie nude was not half so arousing as the thought of seeing his sylph in panties. Was it Bertie or her panties he lusted after?

He slipped into the shirt, which did button left over right and then slipped into the Bermudas. The shorts closed right over left the way girls' stuff closed. "At least my shirt's a guy's. Makes this whole thing a little less weird.

"Nothing's weird really. These people gave me new stuff so I could feel clean while I spend the night here waiting for Aunt Alice to show. This was the only stuff they could find in my size. Nothing weird at all and it sure beats wearing those sweaty things I had on all day."

A knock at the door! "It's me, Bertie. Are you decent?"

"Sure. Come on in. And you didn't have to announce yourself. I

do recognize your voice."

"Neat. You look so much more comfy than you did when you got off the bus. Those colors are good for you. Bring out your eyes. Where's your comb and brush?"

Arn pointed to the top of the dresser. Bertie fussed with his hair.

"Much better. More original, more you." She smiled as she held a hand mirror in front of him.

Bertie had given a side swept bang treatment. It flattered the shape of his face, softened his angry looking features. He relaxed and smiled. "Well at least it's not like all the guys wear their hair."

"Annie, know what?" asked Bertie who really didn't wait for an answer. "You've got balls to wear your hair like that. Kind of girlish but it really does make you look so cute.

"Do you approve of my appearance?" Bertie stepped away from Arnie and pirouetted so he could see her from all sides.

Bertie wore a deep green A-line skirt with a white short-sleeved Peter Pan collar blouse. White crew socks and saddle shoes completed the ensemble. Her hair was pulled back behind her ears and held in place with a green ribbon that matched her skirt. A gold wristwatch was held in place by a thin black leather band. A tiny ruby ring on her left hand matched her earrings.

Coral lipstick matched her freshly polished nails. A touch of eyeliner and eye shadow was all the makeup she needed.

"Approve? God, you're exquisite!"

She leaned forward and kissed Annie on the lips. It was no peck! Her moist, warm lips lingered against his own. Her mouth opened ever so slightly, just enough to allow Bertie to flick her tongue over Annie's hungry lips. The palm of her hand was under his shirt on the soft cotton tanktop. The pressure on his nipple caused him to shudder.

Bertie took his hand and led him from the room. He was

overwhelmed, thrilled by the flood of new sensations, of new emotions this tiny sylph had engendered in him in the few hours since his arrival.

Chapter Three

Dinner was an odd but delicious combination of traditional English dishes and Indian side dishes. A crown roast of lamb seemed almost out of place in the rustic setting. Indian rice and vegetable dishes provided an odd but yummy accompaniment. A local girl helped Chattie serve and clear. Karen, the local girl, would also help **with** the washing up. She clerked in the store during busy weekends and vacation time. Karen had a small waist, full hips, shoulder length blond hair and a warm smile. She had a respectful way about her that made it clear she understood she worked here and was not part of the household. This distance between social classes was something Arnie realized he would have to get used to if he were to be spending time around Bertie and Mrs. Hargreave.

Mrs. Hargreave suggested Bertie and 'Ahnies' have a bit of a stroll down to the pond to **give** Chattie and Karen a chance to clear the table and get the dishes out of the way before the trifle. "And do take a torch. It will be quite dark in a bit."

A torch was simply a flashlight. "Mummy just loves to think of me as an inept child. I know these paths so well. Annie, just stay close."

"Half an hour. Not a sec longer." Mrs. Hargreave's firm voice reached them as they started down the path.

A noise like a loud sneeze came through the night.

"Oh Annie. You're startled. She pressed Annie's hand in her own and held it. "One of the horses. They make noises like that when they're relaxed. Mum and I both ride. If we can put together enough money we'll open a riding school here.



"Let me show you the paddock. That's a ring where you keep horses.

"We'll save the pond for later. Better that way, actually. More time to get to know each other."

The paddock was a large rectangular yard attached to a compact stable that was more than adequate for the three horses currently stabled there. The six large stalls were really quite roomy. A tack room stored the saddles and harness. There were ribbons and trophies that Bertie had won back in India and in the States. There were also photos of Bertie and her mum in various riding poses. Arn started to read the engraving on some of the trophies. Bertie caught his wrist and led him from the room as she switched off the light. Arn was almost certain that the trophy he had looked at said something about "under seven year old boys jumping!"

"No time to see all that stuff now. Besides it would be like I was showing off for you. . . Anyway there are other things I would love to show off to you. Be much more enjoyable for us both." A broad smile from Bertie as she ran her tongue over teeth.

"Charmer come and meet Annie. Charmer's an American saddle bred."

The narrow chestnut horse stuck its head over the gate of the stall. Bertie rubbed the horse's nose.

"Mmm. Feels so good. Give him a good petting. Most horses like to have their nose rubbed. Here you try it."

Arn or Annie as he was now called, had to acknowledge that the horse's nose was as smooth as velvet. Bertie took his hand once again. "As smooth and as yummy as my skin?" She tilted her head as she winked at him. They started back to the house.

Bertie stood on the middle slat of the gate to the paddock and swung back and forth. Arn's went dry as he stared at her lean but firmly developed calves, at the silky skin behind her knees as her legs vanished

under her very proper A-line skirt. She relatched the gate by leaning forward from her perch. Her skirt rose to almost mid-thigh. The lace edge of her white slip further enticed the smitten Arn.

Bertie mounted the top rail and began to walk along it in the general direction of the path home. Arn walked close to her, looking up adoringly at this adorable, bold and surprising girl. He gazed up at the curve of her thigh which was obscured by the slip and skirt despite the rapidly rising full moon.

Bertie smiled down at him. "Yellow," she said with an enigmatic lilt in her voice.

"Huh?"

"Yellow. Give me your hand."

Arn extended his hand to Bertie who had knelt low on the rail. Holding Arn's hand for support, she jumped down from the top of the fence. "Don't like to jump if I can't see where I'm landing. Thanks for the hand."

"Welcome."

"You really don't get why I said yellow."

"No. "

"You were thinking about my knickers, panties you call them in the States. Trying to steal a glimpse. They're yellow.

"Oh Annie. No need to blush. I'm flattered that you care enough to wonder about me. I liked you almost as soon as I saw you. Most guys would be angry if a girl played ball better than they could and they would be really pissed off if a girl offered advice. But you were just such a good sport about it and you took my advice and improved immediately.

"You're just so sweet. I'm sorry that the way I say your name sounds like a girl's name. I don't mean to tease."

They had their arms around each other's waists as they continued in step toward the house, dessert and what Arnie hoped would be his first real romance.



The trifle turned out to be a rich dessert made from cake, rum, fresh fruit and whipped cream. It was almost too sweet, too rich. Karen served very strong coffee that offset the richness of the trifle. Arn noticed Karen's tiny waist and shapely rump barely concealed by the light cotton waitress uniform she wore.

"Mum, may we be excused for the night?"

Of course, love. Annie, I hope you enjoyed the meal. We rarely have an excuse to impose on Chattie on short notice."

"Thank you Mrs. Hargreave. It's really so nice of you to put me up like this. It would be so lonely at the lake unless I had Aunt Alice to introduce me around."

"Bertie, don't keep Annie up too late. He's had a tiring and stressful day."

Mrs. Hargreave kissed Bertie goodnight announcing she would be in her room reading.

"Come here, Annie. You're like family, at least for tonight."

The hug and kiss were quite a bit too warm for family.



Bertie and Arn stood on the porch. The full moon rode high in the sky giving the woods behind the house a silvery glow that had a bright, eerie intensity.

"Damn it all, Mum can be so predatory. Why can't she stay away from my friends? Can't I have a bit of romance without her being so provocative? She doesn't have to outdo me in everything! Damn, damn,

damn."

Her green eyes were filling with tears of rage and jealousy.

"And Karen! How can I feel good about myself when you notice her so readily? Then again it isn't really your fault what with the way she practically stuck her fat bum in your face."

She took both of Arn's hands in her own as she faced him.

Oh, Annie. I've never been so attracted to a boy the way I'm drawn to you. Tell me I'm pretty. Tell me. I need to hear it...hear it from you!"

Bertie's hand was behind Arn's head as she pushed his face toward her own. A kiss, deep, sudden, short-lived. Bertie took Arn by the hand and led him along the path to the pond.

"You tell me so much with your eyes. Oh Annie, I wish I could say what I'm feeling but I'm afraid you'll think I'm going too quickly.

"And I can tell Marion likes you too. I'm so afraid she'll take you from me...she has so much more going for her than I do.

"Damn! Forgive me Annie. I've no right to say these things to you. It's putting you on the spot. I've no cause to pressure you like this. Things should just play out. And besides we English are supposed to be so formal, reserved and uptight."

Bertie smiled through her the tears that trickled down her cheeks. "Guess I fail that stereotype," she giggled as Arn kissed the tears from her cheeks, kissed her eyelids and finally locked his lips over her waiting mouth.

Arn inhaled deeply as Bertie pressed her hand against his hard cock.

"You do like me!" giggled Bertie who was beginning to recover from her minor snit.

A few minutes later they were at the pond.

Bertie scrambled to the top of a knoll. She reached up at the moon, which silhouetted her like a dream of enchanted creatures in a magical dell. Yet how could Bertie be an enchanted being when she was so much the enchantress?

Suddenly Bertie turned to face Arn who sat on a rock looking up at this pixie. She turned almost sideways, caught the hem of her dress in her hands and lifted it to reveal the hem of her panties. "See, they really are yellow!" And with that smoothed her skirt.

Bertie was playful yet provocative, unaffected yet worldly, a tomboy yet a seductress. She was unfathomable to Arn.

"Catch me," ordered Bertie as she jumped at Arn from the top of the knoll. Arn leaped to his feet as Bertie caught him across the chest knocking him the soft grass.

Bertie sat next to Arn who lay on his back with his arms spread to his sides. She deftly undid the top button of his Bermuda shorts and started to undo the zipper. Arn covered his fly with both hands. With surprising strength, Bertie grabbed his wrists in her own and yanked them away **from** his fly.

"No fair. You've been treated to a glimpse of my knickers so it's only fair I get to see yours."

Arn struggled to get free of Bertie's grip on his wrists. She rolled him onto his tummy and straddled him. Putting her hand on the back of his head, she pressed his face against the wet grass. Try as he might, he was unable to buck this little girl from his back.

"Give up?"

"No!"

"Okay! You asked for it!"

Bertie locked her legs around his waist and squeezed. He could barely breathe!

"I give," he managed to mumble with what little breath he had

left.

He lay on his back as Bertie lowered his shorts to just below his crotch.

"Mmm. Pink! So sweet yet so sexy especially where one wouldn't expect them. Oh, Jesus! You look so delicious in those knickers. I am so, so hot. A popsicle would be so yummy about now!"

"Don't be silly. How would we get a popsicle here?"

"Silly question," giggled Bertie as she pressed her hand against his very hard dick through the thin pink cotton of his panties.

She yanked his panties down to his balls allowing his cock to spring free. A large bead of precum oozed from the pee slit. Bertie looked at him playfully as she lowered her face to his cock. Her eyes smiled at him her tongue slowly reached out. Suddenly she flicked the tip of her tongue as she took into her mouth. She covered his cock head with all five of her fingers.

"So soft, like baby skin, she cooed as she squeezed the shaft with her hand. Her warm breath was sending shivers of ecstasy through him. Her tongue stroked the soft skin, tentatively at first but then was a sensuous rhythm. She took the entire shaft into her mouth, moved her head up and down a few times. His cock glistened with her saliva as she pulled away from him. Now her mouth covered the head as she massaged the base of his shaft. Her cheeks pressed against his cock as she formed a vacuum with her mouth. Arn trembled as the orgasm raced through his body. His cock spurted what seemed like quarts of cum down Bertie's eager throat. He screamed as he came, a long high pitched scream that was followed by staccato burst of noise. Arn lay spent and breathless as Bertie licked him clean, milked his cock dry.

"Annie, you're so, so yummy!"

When Arn recovered he looked at Bertie with unwavering absolute adoration.

"You're wonderful. I love you, Bertie."

"Don't say that! Don't say that until you understand more about me."

"But why?"

"Bloody hell. Oh you might as well know now! Get it over and done with so you can hate me."

Bertie unbuttoned her blouse with an unreal intensity as she spoke. Standing next to Arn who leaned back on his elbows, she unzipped her skirt and let it fall around her ankles. She eased the straps of her slip off her narrow shoulders as it too fell around her ankles.

She stepped out of her clothing. The yellow cotton briefs had tiny picoted loops at the leg openings. A matching soft cotton bra was little more than a training bra. Her full mons was the only part of her that wasn't suggestive of a young girl just entering puberty. The little girl look made Bertie irresistible. Arn liked this quality of hers especially since he learned earlier in the day that she had a driver's license and therefore was not an under age little girl. He could lust after, even date this perfectly competent young woman whose little girl body and spontaneous unaffected personality wouldn't make him feel insecure the way other girls did.

"You still don't get it. You just don't get! "

She thrust her groin at him. Arn realized that her full mons was the outline of a cockhead!

Arn caught the elastic waistband of her panties in his hands and eased them over the hips of the sobbing Bertie. He kissed her cock, licked the tiny balls as she slid her panties down her thighs.

"Oh, Lord! This is unreal! You are fabulous."

Arn hugged Bertie to him as they kissed deeply.

"I want to eat you right here and right now. "

"No! Not that I don't want you to. But we've got to be sure that you're not simply taken by the novelty of what I am. See if you feel that way in the cold light of day.

"And besides, my mum becomes like the Queen of Hearts. Sentence first, verdict afterwards. And never a trial for me if I cross the limits she sets for me. We better get back."

Bertie was almost dressed by the time she finished her discourse. They held hands tenderly on the walk back, which necessitated a pause every few hundred yards for a gentle kiss. Arn was unaware of Bertie's smug smile. She had hooked her latest fish!



Arn awoke to the odor of freshly brewing coffee. The morning sounds coming from the woods around the house had awakened him. A quick cold shower. He dressed in the white cotton panty briefs that had been part of the package left for him yesterday. A dark tee shirt and white shorts. Kind of girlish but neutral enough. He looked around to make sure last night with Bertie hadn't been a beautiful dream. A tap at his door and Bertie staggered in carrying a tray with two mugs of coffee, sugar and milk.

"Morning, yummy one," smiled Bertie as she stood on tiptoe to kiss Arn. "Thanks for last night. Let's have a cup of coffee before we go down to breakfast. I need to talk to you."

Bertie wore a short wrap robe that barely covered her tush. Under it she wore a powder blue tank top with a little red bow at the neckline. Her panties matched the undershirt. The lustrous claret colored hair, still damp from the shower, was pinned up in loose bun.

They sat almost knee to knee on chairs on the porch that wrapped around three sides of the upper floor of the building that was store, office and home to the Hargreaves.

"Darling... No, I've no right to call you that. My instincts, your

attraction form, whatever you want to call it...I just went too fast last night. I'll never regret it no matter what happens ever, ever.

"But I'm so scared that you don't like me for who I am. You might like me because I'm different from any girl you've ever met before. A freak is what I really am!

"Should have gone slowly. Given you chances to learn to like me before I drove you off by letting you know what I have down there.

"Forgive me, please... then when you go to the lake I'll stay out of your way. I promise."

"Bertie, I'm not going to forgive you. How can I forgive you for when I fell for you the instant I saw you? If you try to stay away from me, I'll find you and haunt you until you stay with me.

"And as for what you got down there . . . perfect. Real girls used to scare me when I was little. Like how could they live with no dickie? I was always afraid that might happen to me so I avoided girls 'cause they might get my dick. Weird, huh?

"But you're perfect, perfect because you've got a dick. You're pretty, sexy, and all that goes with it, and you're safe 'cause you've got a dick!

"And you know what? I was already feeling for you like I've never felt for any girl before I knew you were so perfect. Okay? No more talk about staying away from me. Girl, we belong together."

They kissed lightly as their eyes promised 'forever' would be shared between them.

Chapter Four

The Skipper sat on the porch steps with Arn. He took careful measure of all the non-local cars that stopped for gas or to shop at the store. There was more activity and more people employed here than Arn

would have guessed from yesterday afternoon's doldrums.

"I like the people here, the locals and those associated with the artists. The locals are a funny lot. They're really willing to accept strangers no matter what they're like as long as they aren't out to hurt. Makes for a world where folks can be who they really are with no fear. Nothing to hide 'cause no one will bother them for it.

"When I was a cop in New York I came to realize that too damn many laws that were there to protect really hurt more people than they protected.

"Now take prostitutes for instance. Not really criminals at all. They're the ones who get it in the neck all the time. Can't protect themselves because they're the ones who are criminalized no matter what. And the cops and the politicians take big time advantage. You know, shakedowns and that sort of crap.

"There was a whole queer subculture. Really getting kicked around. Crossdressers, transvestites, drag queens. Not that they're all the same except they caught hell from all directions. I ended up breaking up criminal rings as well as nailing some politicians and cops who were preying on that harmless crowd, getting something out of that.

"Ended up setting up a safe haven area. Unofficial of course. There were some really talented, creative, good people in that crowd. Don't get me wrong; a lot of shits among them too. It was one of my better moves in life. Really worked for a long time.

"I lived for one person. Mary was her name. Marion's mother. Died bringing our baby into the world."

Skipper crossed himself. "God rest her soul."

He paused to compose his thoughts, get hold of his emotions.

"These people I set up a safe haven for were wonderful, so kind. Too many of my colleagues were secretly glad to see me in pain. Pretty

open about it, really. After all, I killed many a lucrative source of graft for them.

"My queer constituency baby sat, brought gifts for Marion, came to her christening. But there was one really caring girl who was all that and more. Not a real girl if you get my drift. Randi was a cabaret singer in legitimate places. Most people who saw her perform never knew she was a guy. Anyhow we fell in love. Lived together. She became an executive secretary. Didn't want Marion to have a step-mom who wasn't in a respectable line of work.

"I met your Aunt Alice at an exhibition of her work. She was going to do some shoots of Randi. Never happened.

"Randi went to the grocery one Sunday morning. Never came back. Killed by hit and run driver. I was sure it was a way to hurt me.

"I got the bastards as my last official act. Retired and came up here with Marion.

"Your Aunt Alice really set up the artists' colony. We had a lot of contacts between us. Got people interested. I found Mrs. Hargreave and got her in as the day-to-day manager for the store and gas station. Working out well.

"Sorry for dumping my shit on you, Arn. I just think you needed to hear that so you can believe me when I tell you that if you feel for Bertie, just go for it, but on your terms.

"It may never work out but then again it might. Either way you'll learn something about yourself. And if you don't go for it, you'll be kicking yourself forever for not having done that. Forever is a long time to wonder over what might have been. Just go for it but don't lose control. And watch your heart; might be breakable. Don't let anyone use it as their toy.

"Think it over. You've never known anyone like Bertie before. She's unique to your experience. Things about her fulfill your deepest, darkest, most personal needs. Right now you think there's no one else

like her. Not that she isn't beautiful and bright, but you're going to be meeting people you haven't even dreamed about. And you may be about to become one of them. Don't box yourself in just yet.

"Pal, your world is about to change. Aunt Alice is about to lead you down the rabbit hole. Follow her but hang on tight!"

"Skipper, thanks. I'm just a little confused."

"It's okay, kid. Sorry for the mixed signals."

Later that morning Arn was told that Karen would drive him to Aunt Alice's and set up his rooms. Aunt Alice would arrive around mid-afternoon.

Arn packed his toilet gear. Chatterjee had seen that the clothing he wore when he arrived had been properly laundered and folded. An overnight bag, already packed was open on the dresser. Arn noted the contents. The tank top undershirts were folded in there as were the panties he hadn't worn! Someone had some pretty sharp insights into what Arn was all about.

Karen had a bulled and shaved forty-nine Merc convertible. Fuzzy dice hung from the rear-view mirror.

"Like it?" asked Karen as she gunned the engine, popped the clutch and took off down the road.

"Far out," laughed Arn.

"Sorry for being so distant last night. You seem really cool, not like all those brainless greasers always trying to cop a feel.

"Just that witch Hargreave would fire me if I crossed her line of rank and all that bull shit. Snobby assed, bullying bitch that she is. She and that Hindu witch or whatever she is. Bertie's no treat either when she's crossed. Cares more for those horses than for people.

"Why Skipper allows them to be here is beyond me.

"Watch yourself with Bertie. She loves to play the innocent, put

the make on guys, and then break their hearts. Makes a habit of it."

Skipper's talk was beginning to make sense. In the context of Karen's remarks it was clearly a warning to him to protect his heart from being broken by the flirtatious and fickle Bertie Hargreave.

Karen broke the silence.

"Sorry for stepping above my rung on the social ladder around here. You must think I'm a really jealous bitch. I'm not. I just can't stand the idea of a sweet guy like you being played with by her."

Karen's hand rested on the knob of the floor mounted shift lever. He rested his hand atop hers.

"Hey, easy guy! Not that I don't absolutely appreciate the sentiment but I've got to get this crate around some curves!"

Karen's skirt inched further and further over her knees she worked the pedals. The darker edge of her stocking tops showed but not enough to reveal any skin above the hose.

The powerful car surged out of the curve and accelerated toward the lake. Karen dropped her right hand from the shift knob resting it on Arn's left hand on the bench seat of the car. She slowed the car as she spoke.

"Slowing down just so I can have a few extra seconds alone with you."

She moved Arn's hand to her stockinged knee. Moving it to her inner thigh, she spoke seriously.

"I can't give you that extra thing that Bertie has...but this is what a real woman feels like!"

Despite her air of trying to make light of the key anatomical difference between her and Bertie, Arn realized Karen was crying.



Marion was seated with her back against the garage door as they pulled up to Aunt Alice's house. The athletic gg was dressed in a short pleated tennis dress. Her racket was on the ground alongside her. Her knees were drawn to her chest, her arms around her knees. Her slightly parted feet allowed Arn to observe the patch of white fabric that spanned from between her closed thighs to her butt. He was transfixed. Arn was realizing that Bertie's assertion of waiting until the novelty of realizing what she was all about wore off before making a commitment, however self-serving and manipulative, was very practical advice. Still, he was glad he took the panties.



Marion sprang to her feet as she read Karen's mood. She gave Karen a hug.

"We're not going to let Bertie get this one, are we? No way."

Karen looked into her friend's reassuring face and shook her head.

"And she's not going to destroy this boy. Miss Alice wouldn't have that and neither will we. Right?"

Karen nodded.

"Annie, I'll bet she gave her 'why does Skipper allow them to remain here' routine. Good question and one for which I have no direct answer.

"I keep telling Karen and I'll tell you. I'm sure it's related to one of the Skipper's favorite proverbs: 'Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.' Times I think the Skipper raised me on a diet of platitudes.

"I'll see to Annie here. Karen, Miss Alice has a load of typing for you."

"Great! Keeps me from having to go back to the Hargreaves for the rest of the day."

Marion showed Arn to the bedroom, bath and sitting room/study that Miss Alice designated to be his.

"This Annie thing may be out of hand. I'll can it if it bothers you.

"Your Aunt Alice will be along soon. She's driving up from the airport. Seems this new model wasn't so great after all and wanted to hold her up for big fees. It may be wise to stay out of her way if she's in a snit over this."

"I've been out of her way since I was a baby. She did something awfully noble for my mother when they were girls so I have a really good reason to please her."

"The abuse thing? She told the Skipper about it early on and later told me. Thinks she should have killed him.

"She behaves like a great queen or empress or something like that but she's kind, loyal, and generous. Sounds like the Girl Scout oath but Miss Alice is no girl scout.

"Give her a chance. You'll love her. Why don't you shower and lie down. I'll unpack for you. "

A quick, cold shower refreshed Arn. He sat on the bed with his back resting against the headboard. His knees were to his chest. The **wrap** kimono fell back to reveal his smooth thighs. He rested his chin atop his bare knees.

Marion, you're really sweet to set me up like this..."

"Hush! I know you and your mom have had a rough time of it for too long. You deserve some pampering."

"The Skipper had a chat with me this morning. He told me to follow my feelings with Bertie but to watch my heart. She warned me too. I was so taken with her. Now I think it was 'cause she's so different. What was the Skipper warning me about? I mean it's just a teen crush.

"It was the first time I felt comfortable with a girl. I mean like a girl to make out with and stuff. Girls always scared me. First I thought it

was because she, er..."

"You can say it. She has a cock, a dick, a pecker, a prick! I've heard it all.

"And stop blushing. Girls know more about what's going on with sex than most boys will ever know."

"But just a little time with you and Karen...and I know there are girls who are really neat. I wish.. . Anyhow I'm sorry for being such a priss."

"Don't feel sorry and don't stop being a priss. It may yet turn out to be a fun thing.

"We'll have to work on your image."

"Thanks Marion." Arn smiled at Marion who sat at the foot of the bed.

"Just pay heed to what the Skipper said. And you've got an edge over most of Bertie's conquests, 'victims' is a better word. First I know of her ever warning one of her targets.

"This may hurt to listen to seeing how smitten you were last night. But hear it you must. Bertie is Hargreave's tool for revenge on the male sex. More 'Great Expectations' than that pretentious "Alice in Wonderland" bullshit she boasts about because of the name.

"Anyhow, Mrs. Hargreave had been taken advantage of by a number of men. Left her high and dry. She's still a bit of a nymphomaniac. Sometimes I swear her brains are between her legs. For all her efficiency and braininess, her sex drive controlled her. She decided the way to humiliate men was to get them to fall for Bertie who was pretty ambiguous in the sex equipment department. Chatterjee was some sort of herbalist. She cooks up these things to suppress Bertie's male characteristics and stimulate his tits without destroying his cock's ability to function. Weird, huh?

"I know what you're wondering. The Skipper never had an

interest in Bertie. He was empty after my mom died and Randy was murdered.

"Bertie has really emotionally destroyed some grown men. Boys like you were just snacks for the Hargreaves collective appetite to drive males wild with desire and then push them over the edge when they wake up and acknowledge that what they've been doing was having a queer affair.

"Something's different with you though. She's never ever warned anyone off before."

A car honked as it pulled up to the side of the house.

"We're late or she's early. Get dressed quickly. You're about to meet Aunt Alice."

Arn slid into the shorts Marion threw to him and pulled them up as he slid off the bed. He blushed slightly as he realized Marion noticed he was wearing another pair of the panties from the package Chatterjee had given him when she laundered his clothes.

"Just slip on those penny loafers." He obeyed Marion as she pulled a colored rib knit tank top over his head.

"Hair!" Marion attacked his hair with a comb brush and some spray. She grabbed his hand and led him through a set of French doors onto the balcony.

They leaned on their elbows looking down on the large car. A few pieces of luggage had been removed from the trunk and were sitting in front of a door off to the side of the garage. A woman, almost certainly Aunt Alice, was introducing a short, angular twenty-something new comer to Karen. Aunt Alice look up at the balcony, and after a second or two smiled warmly at Arn. Karen beckoned for the two to come down.

Aunt Alice offered her hand to Arn. As they shook hands, she hugged Arn to her and rocked gently. "Too long, too long. I've wanted

to love you for so, so long. We have so much to learn about each other.

"This is Leslie," she said matter of factly. "Depending on how things work out I may be doing some work with Leslie. I hope you two get to know each other while you're up here. Leslie was of light build with soft, dark features, large almond eyes and jet-black hair. Mid-thigh Bermuda shorts and flat strappy sandals set off the smoothly superb legs and ankles. Arn's heart leapt in response to a warm smile from Leslie. He was enthralled instantly as he was by Bertie. Again, the attraction, the fascination was the undefined but overwhelming sexual power of this beauty who was neither clearly boy or girl yet more than both.

"Yes, I'm sure you two will spend a lot of time together," said Aunt Alice with a lilt in her voice. Under breath she added as an aside to Arn and Karen, "That is if Leslie learns to relax and realize she's not unique in this world." She put her arm around Arn's waist and pressed him to her side. She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

"Come with me, sweets. You can help me unwind." Alice took Arn's hand and led him to her rooms.

Arn sat on a chair in Alice's bedroom as she closed the door behind them. Alice was handsome rather than pretty. Her ample breasts filled out the fitted top of her shirtwaist dress. The loose skirt flared over hips emphasizing her tiny waist. Arn squirmed uncomfortably as his aunt began to undo the buttons.

"Oh really Arn. Don't be so bourgeois. We're family."

A moment later she stood in her white slip. The afternoon sun silhouetted her body through the diaphanous silk. She sat in front of the vanity table motioning Arn to come to her. He stood before her as she opened his shorts. "Panties! I approve. At least something positive came of your stay with those awful Hargreaves."

She allowed his shorts to fall to his ankles. Her face nuzzled his navel as she slid the tank top over his chest. His nipples hardened as her fingers and then her lips teased them. Her hand picked up a hairbrush

form the vanity. "Brush my hair. It will be such a treat."

Arn began to brush his aunt's hair. He gazed at the spectacle in the mirror. He realized how much like Bertie and Leslie he had become. His reflection could have been that of a younger, flat-chested girl, but a very pretty girl of the sort called a natural beauty.

"Arnie, you do that so well. Your mother and I used to brush each other's hair when we were girls. You're very much her in so many ways. May I call you Arnie?"

"I think Annie might work better."

Alice reached up and held Annie's wrist. She kissed the palm of his hand. Aunt Alice rose to her feet. She slid the straps of her slip from her shoulders. "Help me get ready for my bath."

Alice stood in her pink open bottom girdle and matching bra. Her sensuously full thighs swelled slightly above the tops of her tan stockings. She placed her foot on the seat of Annie's chair between his thighs. Alice slipped her bone colored high heeled shoe off her foot and rested her stockinged foot on Annie's thigh. It seemed as if her breasts were about to fall free from the low cut but very constructed bra. Annie massaged the high arch of his aunt's foot, kissed the toes. Annie's mouth lingered longer on the second foot as inhibitions dissolved.

Alice unfastened the garter snaps. Annie rolled the stocking down her legs. They held hands as they walked into the bathroom. Alice started the water, adding perfuming and soothing salts as the tub filled.

Annie unhooked Alice's bra freeing her breasts. The firm, full orbs needed no support. The large aureoles, the aggressively protruding nipples commanded attention yet the rest of this woman's body was as flawless, as arousing in its perfection. The deep navel in the soft curvaceousness of her woman's tummy asked to be kissed.

Alice wiggled the girdle over her full hips to reveal white silk panties with a flat lace waistband and lace inserts which allowed a glimpse of her light brown pubic hair.

"Annie, sweetness. I know this is all so new to you but you're supposed to be helping me." He guided his thumbs to the waistband of her panties.

"Not that you need to do this so very often seeing you're so smooth, but it's a good thing to learn to do well." Alice extended her leg high in the air as she lay back in the warmth of the perfumed bath. She spread shaving cream over the leg. Annie watched in fascination. She extended the other leg, handed the shaving cream can to Annie. "Now you do the other leg."

Annie's cock was hard and throbbing in his panties by the time he finished this intimate chore for Alice. "That will never do," said Alice with a serious smile. She pulled Annie's panties aside as his cock jutted from the leg opening. She grasped the shaft in her hand and kissed the tip. Annie shot stream after stream of cum into Alice's open mouth.

"Good thing we did that. Wouldn't want you to walk around the rest of the day in a state of anxiety."

"Now you go to your rooms and shower. I'll rinse off by myself. We both need a nap."



Annie showered, slipped into fresh panties, crawled under the covers and slept.

Dimly aware of someone in the room, Annie stirred. He slowly sat as he tried to get used to the new surroundings. It was difficult to accept that this comfortable bedroom, the adjacent room and the private bath were part of his newly discovered aunt's summer home and that they were his to use for the summer. Karen smiled at him through his post nap haze. She laid some clothing at the foot of the bed.

"Get dressed. Miss Alice has arranged dinner for you and her. Marion and I are going to be there too. Just a cold supper. Should be relaxed and fun."

Annie washed his face with cold water, brushed his hair into the cross swept bangs that so enhanced his prettiness and softened his boyish qualities. He spread out the pile of clothing Karen had put on the foot of the bed. He didn't need to be told this was what Alice wanted him to wear.

The baby blue tank top undershirt was accented by a red bow at the center! Fresh pink nylon panties felt so good as he adjusted them over his hips. He turned slightly in front of the full length mirror on the bathroom door. He loved the way the glistening panties accented the small but well defined contours of his tush. He sat on the edge of the bed to slip on the powder blue ankle socks. Light blue linen shorts reached almost to the top of his knees. The full, flared legs gave the illusion he was wearing a skirt. He stepped into the penny loafers as he buttoned the dark blue cap sleeve blouse. He left the round

Peter Pan collar undone. He felt a stirring in his groin as he once more checked himself in the mirror. Annie was very pleased with the young teen who smiled enigmatically at him from the mirror.

"And that conceited Bertie think she's hot stuff. We'll see..."



Alice sat on the large front section of the porch. A large sketchpad rested on her knees. Her right hand wielded a pencil as she sketched Les without looking down at the pad. She put down the pencil, kissed Annie's cheek and took a heavy sip of the whisky on the rocks that sat on the table to the side of her cheer.

"Les, you're exquisitely beautiful but hardly unique. Get some life in you, learn to move. You could be fabulous but get it into our head you're not a statue, some sort of idol to be worshipped. If you insist on being so plastic you might as well take the morning train out of here."

Les tipped her head back and snorted as her nostrils flared.

"Really, doll," Alice continued in an exasperated tone. "This just

isn't going to work. I'll pay you what I promised for the week but you're leaving."

Les started to cry.

"Oh I know you can't go back. Just don't accuse me of wrecking your life. You would have been dead in no time if you stayed where you were. This isn't the end of the world. It's the beginning of your new life, your own life!

"We, Skipper and I that is, have friends who would love a waitress like you for their restaurant. Not far from here. Have dinner with us and tomorrow we'll take you over there. "Poor baby, I know you hadn't much of a world and I yanked you from it. You're lovely but just too physically uptight to model for me.

"You're going to start a real life up here. No one's going to smack you around, rape you, prostitute you, shake you down or any of that other stuff you've lived with."

Leslie wiped away her tears with the back of her wrist. Despite her hard veneer of icy, streetwise sophistication, she was a vulnerable little girl. She laughed giddily. "Now I want to cry 'cause you're so nice to me."

The trannie girl slid from her chair, sat at Alice's feet and kissed her hand. Alice stroked **the** hysterical trannie's hair. Marion materialized at just the right moment. She eased Leslie to her feet, put her arm around her and walked her to her room. Leslie, emotionally exhausted, fell onto the bed and cried herself to sleep.

Marion returned to the porch and suggested that dinner be held off for an hour so that Leslie wouldn't be left out.

Annie was impressed by Aunt Alice's generosity as she was by her gentle kindness as well as that of Marion and Karen. Bertie Hargreave, on the other hand, was, Annie was sure, someone around whom it was a good idea to be very, very cautious.

Chapter Five

"Your mother was a very defenseless as a girl. Still is I suspect. Needed a lot of affection, a lot of nurturing. Used to come in my bed. I would snuggle her, rock her in my arms until she slept. She was angry but couldn't acknowledge that even to herself.

"Once, once I got her to fight back against another girl who would bully her whenever I wasn't around. Finally knocked the bitch silly. Her older brother came after her. Tried to double-team your mother so to speak. Your mother went wild on them both. His sister abandoned him and **ran** away.

"Years of pent up anger came out. She decked that fat bastard. Pulled him to his feet and worked him over more easily than she did his sister... humiliated him so badly his folks got him transferred to another school! How's that for irony?

"Your mother went back into her shell. What a waste of a beautiful, potentially powerful woman.

"We, you and me, are going to encourage her to let out all that hostility. She'll be dynamite! Dangerously explosive dynamite!

"Annie, you're different from her. In so many ways I see more of me in you. Just look at how you're sitting. If you were a real girl you would be driving every man who sees you and half the women wild with arousal."

Annie realized his legs were crossed higher on the thighs than need be. The effect wa to reveal a lot of leg and make even the most casual observer notice that perhaps the hem of his panties might be revealed.

His elbow rested on his knee as she leaned forward toward the speaker. His chin rested on his hand one finger of which was extended to his lips. Every so often Annie would cover her fingertip with her upper lip. It was the absent minded gesture of a little girl yet the

powerfully seductive message of a woman of the world!

"Annie, sweets," Alice spoke seriously. "You're more attractive than you know and in ways you've not yet heard of. Leslie may be very drawn to you. You must appreciate that the poor girl has been treated awfully. She can be deadly but she's exposed, vulnerable, and susceptible to hurt, to pain. And she's been hurt emotionally and physically enough for several lifetimes. We're going to try to rebuild her. Be nice to her. Treat her as though she's already what we want her to become; that is a young lady."

Annie realized he had already started to make Aunt Alice's mannerisms, vocal inflections his own. Would makeup enhance the physical similarities? Annie smiled abstractedly as she contemplated the possibilities.

Alice reached for the sketchpad that was beside her chair. She began doing quick sketches of Annie. Page after page was filled as Annie slowly shifted the turn of her head, the position of her body, the cross of her legs.

"Oh, Annie! This is so wonderful. I've found my perfect model. We'll try some photos tomorrow morning!"

Annie looked puzzled,

"Darling, don't even ask! It's you!"



Leslie reappeared just as Marion was getting ready to check on her. The catharsis of her cry and the refreshing nap had made the boy/girl a little less rigid. Her facade of hardness had been breached and hadn't been restored. It was still unclear whether Leslie would again adapt the awful mask that protected her from the abuses that the self-satisfied moralists allowed this beautiful being to suffer for no other reason than she differed from their concept of how people must fit

in.

She appeared very much a little girl. Her clothing had been laid out by Marion at Alice's direction. Leslie was going to be remade, allowed a new opportunity to grow from the beginning as a cherished girl.

The navy pleated skirt fell to the top of her knees. Anklets and black patent leather Mary-Janes revealed an expanse of smooth leg. A matching middy blouse, the sort that young girls in those years often wore in school, was fashioned after a sailors' shirt complete with white piping at the cuffs and along the edge of the wide square collar. A red neckerchief gave the somber blue a flash of brightness exceeded only by Leslie's enormously expressive eyes and bright, spontaneous smile. It was clear that Leslie was not only pleased but delighted with the ensemble.

The boy/girl, seeming so much younger and more innocent than when she arrived only a few hours before, whirled in a pirouette, her arms extended wide. "I just love it! Thank you, thank

Annie was treated to glimpse of the white cotton panties with little balloons printed on them. It was clear that Leslie was going to be treated as the young innocent until she actually became one.

Annie paid a lot of attention to Leslie during the buffet style cold supper. He failed to observe that Karen was looking daggers at both him and Leslie.

Karen saw to the removal of and cleanup of the remnants of the festive cold supper. Marion had helped her but left right after. Karen joined Alice, Annie, and Leslie on the porch as they watched the sun go down over the lake. Alice wasn't certain if Karen's flirtatious behavior was directed at Annie or Leslie.

The sun was gone but its red glow lingered on the western horizon when Karen said good night. She would stay with Marion in the small cottage that was hers for the summer. "No, really, Miss Alice. It

would be just too many new people getting in each other's way if I stayed here with you.. I don't want to be anyone's way." She cast an accusatory glance at Annie during that last sentence. She kissed Alice on the cheek, kissed Annie lightly on the lips but not so lightly that taste of her wetness failed to linger in Annie's senses. The kiss Leslie gave Karen lingered and Annie thought a flicker of tongue passed between them. As she separated from Leslie, Karen looked once more at Annie and flicked her tongue over her slightly parted lips.

"I always thought it would be so neat to have two girls after me. Not so much fun having to decide. And to think I fell for that Bertie bitch."



"Annie, I would love a walk after being cooped up on that train for so long."

Arn held Leslie's hand as they started around the lake.

"I love what Miss Alice is doing for me. I could never live as a boy no matter what. I was always treated as an oddball. My father used to beat the crap out of me. Then after he left, my mother thought to turn a buck by all sorts of sleazy methods using me. No wonder I'm such a mess.

"Somehow someone let this retired cop know about me and he sent Alice to see if I could be saved. Yeah, social workers tried to get me out of my situation but they said I had to be a boy. Bullshit! Oh, sorry.

"I spent a lot of time in libraries and museums when the weather was bad so I'm not stupid. I was just too uptight to model for real. You should see some of the sleaze I've posed for. God, I'm so ashamed.

"Miss Alice is going to let me do it over. Like I'm a little girl and learning the right way to be femme. Funny, when I was little I used to see girls' panties, the really cute kind. Thank God I knew enough not to

ask my folks to buy them for me. They would have killed me.

"Miss Alice knew without me having to ask. See!"

Leslie stopped and raised her skirt to show Arn the white cotton panties with red and blue and green balloons printed on them. She turned her back to Arn as she flipped her skirt over her tush. The semi-circular seam of the gusset of her panties framed the mysterious area that lay between her slightly parted thighs.

"You're wondering if I really am a boy where it counts. Go ahead and feel me."

Arn swallowed as he slid his fingers along the smooth skin of Leslie's inner thighs. Leslie leaned back against him and guided his hand over her chest and down to the front of her panties. At least in one way she was a boy! Arn's own cock stiffened as this beautiful, guileless being reached up and caressed his cheek. She turned to face him, covered his mouth with her own. Tongues explored mouths for long tender yet passionate moments.

Leslie gently pushed away from him, took his hand. "Thanks for the tenderness, for the respect. Novel stuff for me." She pressed his hand in her own.

"Now, we've got to go back. And besides, I'm new here and I don't want Karen to think I deliberately set out to snag the one she cares about."

Annie's amazement must have shown.

"You really aren't going to tell me you don't see how she looks at you? God, boys are so naive, even boys who aren't sure of being boys! She's fallen for you big time."



Breakfast was an informal catch as catch can arrangement. Someone, most likely Karen, had started coffee and brought in fresh

rolls and sticky buns before the house stirred. Leslie was almost embarrassed to be the last one down. She took it on herself to refill the coffee pot, to see that butter and jam were available. No sooner than a plate was empty she whisked it away and washed it.

"Really, Leslie. I appreciate your being helpful but do sit and enjoy yourself. We didn't bring you here to be a housemaid."

Leslie sat down, crossed her legs at the ankles, pulled her short nighty to as modest an arrangement as the brief garment would allow and sipped her own first cup of coffee.

"This is just so neat. I've never been in anything so normal before."

"Neatsy keen, hey?" teased Alice. "I'll bet you're a prep school girl under it all."

"Me, south Philly trash that I am? Never."

"Don't be too sure of anything just yet."

"Annie, we've got work in the studio. Leslie, why don't you just relax? Sun yourself, have a swim. We have something planned for later this morning."



Arn **was** more and more comfortable with the new androgynous role that he was falling into. The strappy sandals he wore had a thicker heel **than** he was used to. It was almost the low heel sort of thing that a junior high school girl might be allowed to wear to her first dance. To compensate for the heel he took shorter steps, placed one foot more in front of the other more than a boy would ordinarily.

The studio was a large open space with art material at one end and photographic and lighting equipment at the other end. Alice looked at him with some satisfaction. "Pants off," she said softly but in a tone that indicated now and no discussion.

"Mm. Those blue panties are just right. They just skim the bottom of your navel and the prominent leg bands are defining. Good thinking, Annie love."

Alice gestured to a salon chair like one might find in a beauty parlor. Alice placed her hand under Annie's chin and studied his face carefully. Make up was skillfully applied. The chair was turned to the mirror. Annie gasped. This was more girl than he ever dreamed of. Alice pinched his nipples so they showed through the undervest. She drew him from the chair and spun him to the floor. He lay still, relaxed as Alice adjusted the lights. The camera clicked away. Roll after roll of film. Change of panties. More film. A training bra. More film.

"We'll look at the contacts after lunch. Use cold cream to remove your makeup. Karen and Marion are taking you to your first lesson. Now go dress."

Annie removed the makeup and studied the clothes that had been laid out for her. A white short sleeve leotard and loose fitting shorts along with white cotton panties and a soft halter-top that resembled a bra. He felt so sexy that he feared he would cum.



"Don't know if we should tell you about Miss Terwynn. Maybe just drop you off and let you figure it out." Karen teased Annie as the Merc turned onto the main road.

Much to Annie's relief Marion intervened. "Give the kid a break. Miss Terwynn lives up here pretty much full time now. She worked as a costume lady and designer in theater and dance. Now she teaches little girls how to behave like young women of the world. The girls learn to have tea and how to sit so they can provoke guys without showing too much. She teaches them social dancing too.

"When they're a little older they can get one on one instruction in makeup and how to use foundation garments to enhance their shape,

how to choose clothing for their figures.

"Before she came up here she helped create the image of lots of famous stars. Some of them were her lovers!"



"Do get rid of those silly sneakers, not that they don't have place in your wardrobe. You are to wear these at once. You'll take them home and wear them as often as you can but not too long to begin with."

Miss Terwynn dropped the black patent opera pumps at Annie's feet. Before Annie could slip off the tennis sneakers, Miss Terwynn was at her again.

"Stand up so I can put this garter belt on you. Take off your leotard first! Really! Pumps must be worn with stockings."

Annie stood as Miss Terwynn faced him, reached around his waist and hooked the garter belt behind him.

"In everyday dressing you'll wear your panties over the garter belt so you can use the toilet which you'll do sitting." As she spoke, Miss Terwynn opened a pair of stockings.

"Put them on. Try to leave them in usable condition."

Annie carefully rolled the stocking as he had done with the knee socks. His soft hands and well cared for nails gave him a definite advantage over almost any boy Miss Terwynn had ever been called to teach femme ways.

"You did that so very well," declaimed the formidable Miss Terwynn with sincere enthusiasm. "Efficiently, seductively and without making it look as though you were being deliberate. You are very, very talented!"

"Walk me for me."

Miss Terwynn sat back as Annie maneuvered across the room in the unfamiliar two and a half inch heels of the pumps.

"Indeed, you're talented, very, very talented." An expression that was very much like a smile appeared at the corners of Miss Terwynn's subtly expressive mouth.

"There is one key thing you must learn to use before we go any further. I venture to say you'll have less trouble with this than getting used to the heels although you seem to intuitively know what to do when you move in them.

"Take off your panties and lie on the floor."

Annie turned slightly hooked his thumbs in the elastic waist and wiggling his tush, eased the panties down.

"Well done! God, I wish those wooden girls I'm called on to make into sophisticates had your natural moves. Do you realize how good you're going to be with your instincts and my training?

"Slip this over your ankles and pull it onto your thighs." Miss Terwynn handed Annie an elastic garment cut like a much abbreviated panty. He raised his thighs and tush from the floor as she obeyed. He felt perfectly at ease now despite being on the floor in stockings, heels and a halter-top. Although not quite flaccid, his cock wasn't erect. This all felt so ordinary, so natural and yet so thrilling.

Miss Terwynn placed her finger tips on Annie's balls and gently eased them up into the cavity in Annie's groin that so easily received the. Annie raised his hips once more to allow Miss Terwynn to pull the odd garment into place as she guided his cock between his legs.

"It's called a gaff. Put you panties on over it and study yourself in the mirror. But first a touch of mascara, eye liner, lipstick."

Miss Terwynn, happy with her new pupil, deftly applied the lipstick using a thin brush.

Annie smiled as he studied the flawless femme outline of his groin. The heels pushed his bottom up and out giving him a still more femme figure. The pretty face smiled back at him from the mirror. He

could scarcely believe the total effect. Tears ran down his cheeks. Annie knew that Arn was gone forever and Annie was here to stay.

"That can't be me but I know it is! Thank you. I just can't thank you enough!"

"Oh, but you can. You've affected me like few have over my career."

Miss Terwynn lay back on a couch. Her skirt was over her thighs. At fifty or so she was more attractive than most women half her age. Her dark hair showed silver here and there. Large eyes burned with fiery intensity. Her blouse had become undone to display the firm curves of her impressive cleavage over the lace edge of her bra.

Miss Terwynn rested one leg on the couch, the other on the floor. A wet spot was visible on the crotch of her beige silk panties. She beckoned to Annie who knelt at her feet. Her fingers drew the silken panty aside as her other hand guided Annie's mouth to her awaiting cunt. Moans, screams of ecstasy.

"You're quite talented in so very many ways." Miss Terwynn kissed Annie as she left the Victorian house.

Marion and Karen leaned against the fender of the Merc as they waited.

"Wow, long lesson. No one ever gets a lesson that long in the beginning. I'm impressed," Marion remarked in mock seriousness.

"Could be trouble," laughed Karen as she eased the car from the parking space.

Chapter Six

The trio stopped at the old fashioned five and dime in the small town. Long rows of counters displayed merchandise of all kinds. Cash registers were set up in each section and operated by local high school

girls; housewives working part time or middle aged ladies supplementing limited incomes. Wooden floors. Merchandise in bins on the counters for all to examine before selecting a purchase. It was in such stores that Arn had furtively glanced at the all the pretty things that were the prerogative of the creatures he feared and envied

Today was different. It was Annie and not Arn who confidently, even boldly entered the store. Annie strolled the aisles of the girls' section. Now, as Annie, there was no problem browsing counter after counter, studying the delicate items, even holding them in front of one's own body to check fit.

Tentatively at first and then with determination Annie picked out a pack of white lace edged ankle socks. These were not the cellophane wrapped sealed packages familiar today. The anklets were held by a single stitch to a cardboard piece that listed content, size, and price. She quickly caught a similar pack with pink, yellow and blue pairs. These previously forbidden items were packed the same way as the anklets. Her fingertips lingered over the soft, smooth cotton. Panties in similar assortments were next. Cotton and nylon; three of each in white and three pastel assortment. Marion whimpered to Annie reminding her that she would need training bras. "Only three until I know my fit and style preferences better," giggled the excited Annie. Three cotton slips to use as nighties. No one batted an eyelash as Annie paid.

They tried on sunglasses when they bought suntan lotion at the local pharmacy. Each girl settled on a different style but all were ostentatiously sexy, the sort of thing that only a cute teen girl could get away with.

Marion suggested a ladies sportswear shop to buy swimsuits. "A bikini and a maillot for starters."

"Good thing I'm wearing a gaff!"

Trying on swimsuits was a new kind of thrill for Annie. She loved the fuss the shop owner made over her especially when Marion

introduced her as Miss Alice's sister's child spending the summer as her aunt's model.

They sat at the cool marble counter of the old fashioned ice-cream parlor enjoying chocolate ice-cream sodas.

"Don't look now but that snotty Bertie just walked in," observed Karen as she lowered her sunglasses over her eyes. Marion and Annie did the same. Karen turned to the front of the store where Bertie was studying the list of flavors. She leaned back on her stool and made a show of crossing extending her legs. Three college age boys turned their attention from Bertie's pert rump to Karen and her two buddies. Bertie, aware of having lost her audience turned to see Karen, Marion and an unfamiliar girl.

The three rose as one and flounced out of the ice-cream parlor after leaving a generous tip. "Hi guys," they teased as they walked past the trio of boys. Bertie bought a vanilla cone and raced after them.

"Wait up," she half asked, half ordered. "What's happened to Arnold? Has he gone home? I hope I didn't upset him too much. Really, thought he would be by to see me if he had stayed."

"Well, aren't you so sure of yourself?" Marion's tone was less than friendly.

"Conceited, aren't we?" added Karen rather provocatively.

"Lighten up," snapped Bertie. "I just know if Arn were around he would have been to see me. Strange but I never felt so attracted to someone before so I just know he's got to feel that way too."

"Maybe at first," said Annie "No longer though."

"And how would you know how anyone feels about me? You're new here and haven't a clue. Sorry to come on so strong but we haven't been introduced. Karen, do the honors."

"Of course you've met," laughed Karen as Annie raised her sunglasses.

Bertie turned pale, then red, then purple. "Bitches," she muttered as she turned on her heels and walked briskly away. "They better not see me crying. I'm so embarrassed...Bloody bitches! It's not supposed to be like this."



Bertie slipped in the passenger seat as Chattie pulled the Ford woody to the curb. Chattie looked at her charge with sincere concern. As the car slipped into the traffic lanes Bertie snarled at her. "Just shut the hell up and mind your own business! Keep your big nose out of my personal business. Just get that clear, bloody wog..."

Bertie was inconsolable as she raced from the car to her bedroom. She flung herself face down on the bed. Her face buried in her pillow, she wept kicked her feet until her skirt revealed the shiny white satin of her full coverage panties.

"Let Mum make it better," said Mrs. Hargreave softly as she rubbed her child's back.

"Oh, Mother. You promised I would be able to break any boy's heart, that there wouldn't ever be a boy/girl even close to me. It was a lie. And that wog witch ruined my body so I'm neither a boy nor a girl."

"Darling child, you're so much more than either simply a boy or a girl."

"But Mother, just get rid of her. I never want to see her again. Can't we go somewhere and start again?"

"I really believed you until I fell for Annie. He's more a girl now than I am and I still want him. I can't bear it. That Karen person has him... her wrapped around her little finger. She's a witch to make him choose her over me.

"Mother, please, please... I can't face them. I've never lost a quarry before. Just let's get out of this hick town.

"And if you make me stay around here I'll let everyone know you're not my mother!"



Annie showered quickly as soon as the trio returned to Miss Alice's lakehouse. Garter belt and hose. Panties and bra. She slid the heels Miss Terwynn had given her onto her feet, smoothed her stockings and tightened the garter straps. A flared half-slip followed by a shirtwaist dress. Bending forward as she started to button the dress, Annie noticed the soft swell of her boy tits over the tight, bandage like training bra. A surge of joy as she realized she had already become the cute, sexy girl that she fantasized about being for too many years.

The contact sheets were spread on Aunt Alice's worktable as the older woman adjusted the large lighted magnifier. "That's really me? But it's so weird, so beautiful but like the girl in the pictures or boy or whatever stepped out of a dream..."

"No, wait. It's like she is a dream and she is going to lead you into the dream with her. And the dream is more real than reality. Just so weird **and** so, so beautiful.

"I just find it so hard to believe that it's me."

"Annie sweets, believe it! It is you and nothing weird about it. You've a gift that you're only just discovering. Miss Terwynn called. Believe me; that lady has been around. You're the most uniquely talented being she's had the pleasure of knowing. She tells me you do it all so spontaneously, so naturally.

"Your description of the dream girl stepping from a dream world is very appropriate. You, Annie, are waking from a dream in which you pretended to be what you're not. Now the new dream is bursting forth. Annie will lead all who are open into a dream world that's truer, more honest than this so called reality of false masks and of uncomfortable roles."



Bertie was despondent. She kept to her room except to come down to the kitchen to prepare her own meager meals lest Chattie tried to damage her further with her potions. Mrs. Hargreave suggested to Chattie that she spend a vague undefined length of time with relatives in Boston or perhaps even visit England. Chattie, perhaps more insightful than her employer, gave notice and left for England.

Mrs. Hargreave prevailed on Bertie to accompany her on a shopping trip to the town beyond the one in which she had the unfortunate experience of being outdone by Annie, the only quarry she had never been able to leave heartbroken at her feet.

"Mother, we are going to do this right this time around. I'm going to be just an ordinary girl and not your tool of vengeance. And we're going to do this without that wrong bitch and that shit she fed me."

"Darling, I don't think I deserve this."

"Just do as I say, Mother."

"I will leave and you'll never see me again. We are doing it my way this time. Is that clear?"

Mrs. Hargreave delivered a backhand slap that sent her daughter reeling. She caught the startled boy/girl by her hair and yanked her over her knee. Sinking the nails of her left hand into the back of Bertie's neck, Mrs. Hargreave pushed her face down. Her right hand lifted the girl's skirt over her panties.

"Mother, no. I'm too old for this. No, Mother!"

"Then you'll never speak to me like this again, ever, ever. Is that understood?" Mrs. Hargreave didn't wait of answer but rose to her feet unceremoniously dumping her petite boy/girl child to the floor.

"Arrogant ingrate!" sneered Mrs. Hargreave as she kicked the overwhelmed trannie's bottom. She knee dropped the sobbing trannie's tummy knocking the breath from her.



Bertie lay curled in a fetal position sobbing as Mrs. Hargreave left the room locking the door behind her. A merciful sleep over came the emotionally perturbed boy/girl. She didn't stir again until she became aware of Mrs. Hargreave bustling about the room. The young trannie watched silently as an unfamiliar dress was hung on her closet door. Several boxes had been placed on her dressing table.

"The little ingrate is less arrogant now but no less an ingrate. Of that, I am sure," mocked Mrs. Hargreave. She knelt on one knee and caught Bertie by her hair. "Strip nude and shower. I'll see to your dressing. We're going out to dinner."

Despite her sense of defeat, Bertie was more than a little aroused at being dressed by this beautiful, physically and emotionally powerful woman who was the only mother she had ever known.

"Darling," she smiled malevolently as she grabbed the nude trannie's flaccid cock. "We'll make sure that horrible Chatterjie person's concoctions didn't harm your works."

Bertie stood nude, vulnerable and very aroused before her Mum. Mrs. Hargreave sat on the edge of a chair as she kissed the boy/girl's pert, round breasts. Her tongue circled the nipples; her lips sucked them coaxing them to stiffness. Her hand cupped the smooth balls, her fingertips gliding over the sensitive skin behind the tight, small but fully functioning balls. She sucked gently at the now erect cock. Her tongue took all the droplets of precum that now oozed from Bertie's rigid dick. She stood and guided Bertie to the full-length mirror.

"Look at yourself and tell me that anyone has destroyed your body."

For the first time in weeks a smile, albeit a sardonic smile, crossed Bertie's pretty features. "I do think I'll need a gaff tonight."

"Perhaps not," commented Mrs. Hargreave as she pushed Bertie back onto the bed, and knelt over her in a classic sixty-nine position. Bertie pushed Mum's skirt over her rump, slid her panty crotch aside

and teased Mum's clit with her very experienced tongue. "Oww, Mother, owww!" exclaimed Bertie as Mrs. Hargreave took her cock into her mouth.

Mum help out a pair of black silk panties as Bertie stepped into them. A black long line bra, strapless with pushup cups was next. Mrs. Hargreave knelt at Bertie's feet as she rolled the black stockings over the teen trannie's legs and fastened them to garter tabs hanging from the longline bra.

The dress was black velvet with a slit at the back to allow movement. The black lace of the bra, the curve of Bertie's small but well-formed tits were visible as she moved, bent forward. The severe makeup Bertie applied, the teardrop earrings, the pearl choker, the three heels on the strappy sandals all combined to give Bertie a formidable, even intimidating beauty.

Mrs. Hargreave dressed quickly. She was no less attractive than her special daughter. They took the Packard sedan and drove toward the main road.

"Mummy," said the now repentant trannie in a tone that was as much question as the beginning of statement."

"What can Mummy do for her darling?"

"Mummy, tell me about what happened to my real parents and how I came to be with you. Please."

"You never do tire of hearing that. I promise I will but it will have to keep until tomorrow. We're almost at our destination."

The new restaurant on a wide expanse of the river was already popular. It was run by two women from Boston who were widely believed to be lovers. For the summer crowd of vacationers, it added a naughty thrill to dining there. That the food was well prepared and reasonably priced were further reasons for the success of the establishment.

"There'll be a bit of wait for a table for two. Perhaps you might care for a cocktail or a drink in our bar while you wait. Leslie will show you to the bar and she'll seat you in no more than twenty minutes."

The odd mother and daughter pair sat at the bar. Bourbon Manhattan and a Rob Roy.

They turned their backs to the bar and surveyed the cocktail lounge and the entrance to the restaurant. Leslie drew the attention of both as she smiled beguilingly at them from the hostess desk. Her fine hands reached for some menus as she escorted a party to their table. The girl appeared to be no more than eighteen. The dark crushed velvet skirt of her one-piece ensemble was held away from her body by layers of white petticoats. This gave emphasis to her tiny waist. The off the shoulder top was made more sexy rather than less by her flat chested appearance; well, not quite flat but certainly small. A shawl complemented the fashionably tasteful ensemble and gave Leslie a prop to fuss with to call attention to herself when she wasn't busy with diners.

The young hostess moved quickly and gracefully despite the three-inch spike heels she wore.

"Watch that Leslie. Don't be fooled by her little girl style. I'll wager that she's the sort of girl you are. I just know it. Protégé of Alice Riordan I venture. Excuse me while I powder my nose." Mrs. Hargreave left her purse on the barstool.

Bertie crossed her legs and pulled her skirt over her knees as if she were checking her hose. She caught the attention of a thirty something man, well dressed and wearing a Rolex.

"I'd like to buy you whatever you're drinking."

"Oh but my Mum doesn't think I should accept such things from strangers."

"But if I bought you a drink we would get to know each other."

"That couldn't work at all. You see I know all the people I care to

know so you have to wait until one of them dies before I have room to know you. "

"Jesus, you are nasty."

"Look, little man, just leave me alone before I have to hurt you. And don't think I couldn't do some serious damage to your puny body."

"No offense meant. I'll leave."

This was a brand new game for Bertie and she was at the top of the game. She noted with some smugness that her threat resulted in a slight but obvious stiffening behind the poor sap's fly.

Leslie seated Bertie and Mum at a window table in a quiet corner. "Do take your time. You've been so patient about waiting for a table."

"You're very sweet. Can you bring us a good cabernet? Let it have a breathe while we study the menu."

"Of course."

Leslie left as their waitress put a basket of warm breads on the table. She proffered the wine bottle in a manner that strongly suggested she was not a local. Mrs. Hargreave nodded approval. Leslie quickly and easily opened the bottle, poured a small amount into a wine glass for Mrs. Hargreave to judge. She studied the color, swirled the contents, sniffed it and, finally tasted it. "An excellent choice. Thank you," smiled Mrs. Hargreave as she handed discreetly slipped a folded five-dollar bill into Leslie's hand. "I take it you haven't lived in this area very long."

"I've very recently arrived from Philadelphia. Things are working out very well for me up here. Please excuse me, I've work to do."

Leslie smiled pleasantly and managed to brush her hand over Bertie's shoulder as she walked back to the hostess station to seat more diners. Despite the busy evening Leslie managed to check on the well-being of Mrs. and Miss Hargreave, the only names she knew for them since the sheet at the hostess station listed only "Hargreave, 2."

"Darling, you see you've lost none of your abilities. It was my fault for keeping you in that early teen role for too long. You're so far above that. No wonder you were unable to compete with those ridiculous juveniles and that Annie creature. Poor thing doesn't yet know if he's boy or a trannie girl."

"You're right, Mum. I almost laughed out loud when that ridiculous man started getting hard when I was threatening him. Oh, I would just so enjoy knocking him about until he cums in his pants."

"But, Darling, we're not going to let you give away what many, many men will pay you to do. You see, love, we perform a very special service. We protect these ridiculous hypocrites from their own guilt. Better than a psychologist."

"And you were right. It's time to move on. Find a place where you will be appreciated for your power rather than for your little girl aspects. Soon, doll, soon."

The conversation paused as the waitress served the appetizer. Bertie raised her glass. "Thank you, Mum, for having had the patience to make me what I am and what I'm going to be. To you...Mara."

Mara Hargreave wasn't pleased that Bertie had used her first name. "Too damned independent, sets herself on my level. Ingrate little twit," thought the indignant but well controlled woman. Still, the evening was going too well to make an issue of it. Better to let Bertie practice the new dominant woman role that Mara Hargreave was hoping would earn them even greater success than Bertie's previous character of teasing teen.

Leslie smiled down at them as they sipped their coffee. "Was everything satisfactory? We hope to see you again. Rare that we're honored by a mother and daughter as attractive and appreciative of what we have to offer as you two."

"And have we seen all that you have to offer?" teased Mrs. Hargreave. "I'm thinking about opening a small inn but not in this area."

When I'm ready, I'm sure I can find a place, an important place for a girl with your...attributes.

"Are you living here?"

"I'm staying with Miss Riordan at the lake until I get my own apartment. I think I've found a place."

"We'll keep in touch. When are you off?"



The cool mountain air struck them as they emerged from the restaurant and made their way across the parking lot. "Mother, I think I had better drive. You seem a little the worse for wear."

"Bertie, love, I'm still calling the shots around here and I say I'm clear enough to drive home. If I'm intoxicated, it's over Leslie. Never thought I could feel this sort of intensity ever again!"

Mrs. Hargreave slid behind the wheel of the car and promptly fell asleep. Bertie quietly slipped out of the car, pushed her mother into the passenger seat and drove home.

She eased open the driver side door and placed her left foot on the ground. She opened the passenger side door and turned the still sleeping Mrs. Hargreave toward the door. As she attempted to pull the older woman other feet she felt her skirt being raised. Her panties were pushed down as Mother's sharp talons sunk into the tender skin of her tush!

"Oww, my bum! Mother, no. I was helping. Mother...!"

"You upstart bitch. Say a word of this to anyone and it'll be your face I scar and not your useless bum!"

"Just keep in mind who is in charge!"

Mrs. Hargreave collapsed on her bed. Bertie, in a last act of gratitude, undressed the sleeping woman leaving her in her panties, cov-

ered her and tiptoed from the room. Karen, who was the first to work in the store that morning, awakened Mrs. Hargreave. There was no sign of Bertie nor of the Ford woody.

Mrs. Hargreave checked the closets. Almost all of Bertie's clothing and personal items were gone. Half the large amount of cash that Mrs. Hargreave had secreted away was gone.

"Shall I notify the police?" asked Karen in genuine sympathy for Mrs. Hargreave.

"No need, love. She's of legal age. Small price to pay to be rid of her. Good riddance to bad rubbish, I say.

"Oh, don't look so shocked. You know she wasn't really my daughter. Still, there was a certain fondness for her."

Mrs. Hargreave turned from Karen so the girl wouldn't see her tears. Mrs. Hargreave herself wasn't sure if these were tears of relief, of anger, or of sadness. "A little of each," she told herself.

Mrs. Hargreave was on the phone when Karen brought her some toast and coffee. "Thanks, love. You are sweet." She beckoned Karen to have a seat as she moved her hand from the mouthpiece of the phone and resumed her conversation.

"This Monday then... Around half past ten... We'll drive out for a picnic if the weather holds ... Thanks ... Bye now, Leslie."

She turned her attention to Karen. "Karen. Love, I knew we've treated you quite shabbily and for that I'm sorry. I did too many things to mollify Bertie, things that were really quite awful. You'll find a raise in your pay envelope and then when I sort things out for a bit I think we can find a better position for you."

"That's awfully generous, Mrs. Hargreave. Thank you," said Karen aloud. Her thoughts were different. "Sure without Chatterjje to organize this place and without Bertie to be your whipping boy or girl or whatever that pretty thing was you're going to need someone to get you

through your mess." She then added a loud. "I'll give your offer some thought and let you know later in the week."

Mrs. Hargreave stared in shocked disbelief as Karen left the room.

Chapter Seven

Mara Hargreave spent a lot of time on the phone over the next few days. There was no way that she would stay where she was. "Those provincial bitches sneering at me behind my back. Gloating frogs. They can rot in this frog pond forever but Mara Hargreave will not be around for them to mock and pity."

Mara Hargreave thought of Leslie as she fell asleep each night and as she awakened each morning. "God, I could love that girl and I can use her to make us both wealthy."

Skipper was more than willing to let her out of her contract to operate the store. He was oddly uninterested in Bertie's progress after Mrs. Hargreave told her that the girl was visiting schools in more suitable places for a girl of her talents and would not be back. She was certain that Skipper knew more about Bertie's whereabouts than she did.

"Call me Mara," she said cheerfully as Leslie slid into the front passenger seat of the Packard. The flower print, gauzy sundress was mid-calf length and so Leslie had to hike it as she entered the car. The trannie's suntanned legs were awesomely shaped. Her high heel open shoes emphasized her superlative calves and ankles. A round straw hat was tilted forward and to the side at a rakish angle. The boy/girl was adorable!

They picnicked on the bank of a creek where it widened to form a deep, clear pool. Leslie leaned back on her elbow and hiked her skirt to let the cool breeze play on her bare, golden thighs. An occasional gust of wind allowed the briefest glimpse of white silk panties adorned only

by flat lace leg bands. Leslie was almost too careful in keeping her skirt at a modest level. Mrs. Hargreave was hoping for a romantic encounter but Leslie seemed reluctant.

A bottle of Riesling was opened and poured by Mara who sat herself so the Leslie's legs were alongside her as she faced the beautiful trannie. Her hand casually found its way to the cool smooth skin of Leslie's inner thigh. The boy/girl showed no resistance. Mrs. Hargreave guided Leslie's hand to the buttons of the poet blouse she had bought just for this picnic. "Mmmm, that sun feels so good. I'm going to be naughty and sun myself in my bra and knickers. Care to join me." Leslie couldn't respond because Mara had all but swallowed her lips in her mouth. Their tongues lingered, explored.

They lay side by side as they slowly, sensually discarded garment after garment. Mara leaned over Leslie and explored the small but ideally shaped breasts. She caressed the boy/ girl's smooth skin. Thighs that were silky yet seemed not to know the scrape of razor thrilled Mara to her core.

"You like the way I feel, don't you? I was always like this. When I was still torn between being a boy and being what I needed to be since I could remember, I hoped and feared that my manly hair would grow. I'm thankful that I was so fortunate that it never happened."

"Yes, real girls must envy your silky skin. I do."

"Funny how my family used to treat me so miserably because I didn't come up to their standard for a *real' boy. Drove to me run away. I lived on the streets so to speak. The street was horrible. From time to time I found patrons, protectors who would put me up in a nice place for a few months. I felt so filthy but I had to survive. Now I'm living as a real girl. Not about to change that. I'll kill before I ever again resort to...I'm sure you know what I mean."

Mara bent over Leslie and fondled her breasts. She kissed her nipples as the trannie sighed. "Darling, you're wasting yourself working

as a hostess for those two ridiculous dykes. Come with me and we can make tons of money."

Leslie pushed Mara off her and pounced on the surprised woman! Mara yelped as Leslie held her wrists in a surprisingly powerful grip. She straddled the older, larger woman and dug her knees into her shoulders in rather mean schoolyard pin. "You bitch! Don't think for one second that I'm ever going to be anyone's whore ever again!"

"No, please. It was just... just..."

"An offer? A proposition? Is that what it was?" Leslie slapped the frustrated Mara even as she pinned her. "Was this a business lunch? And I was fool enough to think you wanted me because you cared for me. You shit!"

Leslie knelt over Mara who was more upset than she cared to let on. She had, in fact, been very attracted to Leslie. Wouldn't it have been wonderful if they could be lovers while living off Leslie's beauty? Mara lay weeping on the grass.

"I did, I did care for you. I still care for you. I have this stupid crush on you. Never had a crush like this since I was a schoolgirl. . ."

"Just figure out why you had to go and spoil it by offering to be my pimp!"

The words stung Mara but shocked her enough to make her aware of what she had become.

Leslie was dressing quickly. "Just drive me home. Say nothing and don't even think about phoning me or talking to me at the restaurant."

Mara Hargreave, through her own greed and arrogance had lost the best chance at happiness that would come her way for a very long time. She sniffled as Leslie slammed the car door. She waited until she drove out of sight before using a tissue to wipe away her tears. "That's that. Stupid trannie. We could have done so well together." Mara had

learned nothing.

A week later Mara recognized Bertie's handwriting on an envelope having no return address but postmarked from a big city on the east coast.

Dear Mara:

I am writing to let you know that I miss you and appreciate the part you played in my life. I took only what is mine. We're sort of even but you still owe me because it was I who earned us the money and the opportunities. Perhaps I'll be back for what is still due to me. Have a care!

I still have affection for you but it is different from what it was in the past. We could have become lovers were you more aware of what those around you feel. You also failed to acknowledge that I've grown in the years you were my surrogate Mum.

You failed to realize that I'm a person and an individual because I'm that rare but not unheard of being, a girl with a cock, doesn't mean I exist to satisfy the needs and fantasies of others. I exist, as does any other individual.

That night we dined out at the Two Sisters was an inspiration to me. We both read Leslie or knew by some strange instinct that she was a tranny like me. I was attracted to her but I saw how desperately you flirted with her and so held back my feeling.

As I watched you I saw something that I never saw before. Here was the elegantly beautiful, full-time crossdresser with no hing of the bizarre earning her own living and functioning very adequately in a real life girl's role. How I envied her.

It was at that instant that I decided to leave you and to be a real girl. I would live the ordinary life of an ordinary girl. I swear to you as I swore to myself at the moment, my life as a sexual freak, as a tool for other people to live out their darkest needs was over.

I'm working and living comfortably on what I earn. There are courses in all sorts of cultural thing, which I will soon take. Exercise is still important to me. Only now I'll exercise my mind as well as my body. The ford Woody will be returned to you. My only request is that you find a good home for Charmer. I'm sure The Skipper can arrange that.

Roberta

Mara ripped up the letter. She couldn't see that she that the same shortcomings in her failed to keep Bertie and drove Leslie away.



Alice Riordan looked at the most recent photo shoot. Annie was superb! There would be a gallery exhibition devoted to the ethereal black and white photographs of the mysterious beauty who tantalized women and men.

She sighed. Annie was almost too good to be real! The many moves her sister had made had the effect of giving Annie a rather scattered and incomplete education. Alice decided that she would assure that her sister's child had a good education, one commensurate with her quick intelligence and her unique beauty.

Annie was doing very well with Miss Terwynn. Miss Terwynn gave her a lot of attention. She saw to it that Annie started dance lessons with a friend of hers. The regimen included classical ballet as well as modern dance. These lessons offered the twofold benefit of adding elegance to Annie's natural grace and to tone her body in a more femme manner. Annie was thrilled each time she slipped the full-fashion tight with their heavy back seam over her legs. The classical, conservatively cut black leotard slimmed her figure. Of course it was necessary to wear a gaff under such sleek attire.

Annie was soon taking individual instruction first thing every morning in addition to several classes each week. Classes for preschoolers and school age children, mostly girls, were offered in the

morning following Annie's individual sessions. The mothers who escorted their children to those dance classes were impressed by the slender otherworldly brunette who moved so well that she seemed to float above the floor as she danced. They were charmed by her warm smile as she toweled dry in the waiting area. The children, even the youngest, quickly came to adore this young beauty who encouraged them with her cheerfully supportive comments and her flattering observations on their appearance. The girls of every age soon insisted their mothers but whatever kind of scarf this very passable trannie used to bind her hair. Dance bags just like Annie's were hard for the nearby dance supply store to keep in stock. Every girl wanted one. In a Annie was hired as assistant teacher for the basic classes. She was so successful as a dance teacher that several of the mothers asked if she could teach an adult beginners' class in the late afternoon.



Aunt Alice was conducting classes too. It was a cool Sunday evening as she sat with Annie, Marion, and Karen. A late summer sunset was reflected on the lake as the crickets and tree frogs began their serenade. Two bottles of wine were stood open on a table. A platter of cheese and thin slices of crisp bread was artfully arranged by Karen. Each girl had two empty glasses in front of them.

Annie rested her feet on the seat of her chair. Pulled her the loose skirt of her shirtwaist dress over her knees, wrapped her arms around her legs and watched her aunt pour a half glass from each bottle for each of the girls. Marion and Annie were attentive to Alice's every detail while Karen was attentive only to Annie. Her eyes were fixed on the backs of Annie's thighs. The view became more open as Annie reached for the first wine glass allowing her skirt to slip toward her hips. Karen was fascinated by Annie's white cotton panties with their narrow, much tailored legbands. The gg wondered how and why this trannie who posed for the most exotic photographs she had ever seen would choose for herself the role of basic, wholesome girl. It was this lack of any

obvious erotic intent that gave the innocent Annie a sexual attractiveness more effective than the most blatantly prowling, fetish wearing femme fatales of either sex.

They learned the difference in "nose" or smell of the wines. They learned the correct terms to describe flavors. Most impressive of all was that all three girls were becoming quite adept in identifying the variety and even **the** vintage of wine by smell and taste. It was a skill that would serve them well as they moved into the greater world beyond the hills and valleys of this sleepy area.

Annie was the quickest in learning wine. Karen was a very close second. "Soon you two will be ready to be fully fledged sommeliers. "Sommel...what?" screeched both in disbelieving unison. "Sommeliers...wine stewards. Usually a man's occupation but no real reason why young women couldn't do the job as well. More to it than simply being able to do blind tasting but you both are well on your way. I'm quite serious."

"Well, I'm glad to hear I've talent for other things. Being a dance teacher to little girls and their moms is okay but I know that just because I can do it here doesn't mean I'm ready to be a real dancer."

"Quite true," said Aunt Alice in a serious vein. "Marion, you'll be set to take on any place, anything, and anyone what with going to Radcliffe. "Annie and Karen here are wise to consider all the options. They have too much going for them to be the local girls gushed over by patronizing summer people."

The lesson over, the rest of the wine and cheese was consumed amidst girl talk. Alice excused herself to go for a stroll. "Don't wait for me. I'm going to turn in early." she kissed Annie goodnight. Alice started her walk and just happened to meet The Skipper as if by pre-arrange-ment.

Marion decided that turning in early might be a good thing for her too. "I'll leave the light on," she said to Karen who was sharing the tiny

cottage with her.

Annie and Karen washed the glasses and plates leaving them on the drain board to dry. Annie sat against the edge of the kitchen table pointing her right leg out at almost ninety degrees. "Think the dancing has been shaping my legs?" She lifted both legs from the floor, spread them in a tight vee and leaned back raising her legs in the air so that Karen could assess her slim, sculpted legs made all the more shapely by her recent involvement in dance. Karen stared, held her breath as Annie leaned her back flat on the table and crossed her legs, now pointing straight at the ceiling, at the ankles. The loosely fitted skirt of her shirtwaist dress was at her hips. Her white cotton panties were a stark contrast to the golden tan of her thighs.

"Annie, legs like yours are so fantastic that they can't be improved on. Damn, I'm so hot for you. I want you, I want you! Damn it all, you're so, so smart and you can't see how I've been needing since I first saw you. I want you so much it hurts!"

Annie sat up and pulled Karen to her, drove her tongue deep into Karen's mouth. The kiss was long desperately intense as the gg and the trannie grabbed at each other's body. Annie scissored her legs around Karen's waist. The surprising powerful Karen wrapped her arms around Annie, her hands under her ass and lifted her. Still locked in the passionate kiss, Karen carried the responsive girl/boy to her bedroom.

Karen knelt over her smiling lover who looked up at her with eyes glazed over with an intoxication generated by the discovery of new sensations in her body and in her being. As Karen pulled her sweater over her head Annie's hands groped at her bra. Annie whimpered as Karen leaned away from her long enough to reach behind her and unhook the bra. "Gently, gently," she whispered to her trannie lover as Annie grabbed at her tits. Suddenly Annie caught Karen's hair and pulled her onto her side! Her mouth found Karen's nipple, tugged it, nipped it, sucked it. Karen spoke no words but her animal sounds were a more eloquent statement of her passion than any clichéd words.

Somehow Annie's dress was on the floor. She bent over Karen as her tongue teased the gg's navel while her hands pulled the girl's panties down over her hips. Annie wet her finger in her own mouth before turning her oral attentions back to Karen's ample but incredibly firm tits as the girl rocked from side to side in the intensity of her excitement. Her thumb now rested on Karen's hard clit. The girl's cunt was all but gushing love juice which. Annie pulled her hand from Karen's throbbing lips and tasted the gg's nectar.

Karen plunged her own finger into herself. Annie, startled, yelped as Karen worked her cunt-moistened finger into the trannie's tight, virgin asshole. The boy/girl began to moan with ecstasy as Karen worked her finger deeper. Annie now had two fingers inside Karen who was writhing and moaning. Karen caught hold of Annie's cock even as she kept her finger in her taut bottom. Her tongue flicked the precum from Annie's pee slit. She kissed the tip and then ran her tongue around the rim. The sensitivity of Annie's intense arousal combined with the newness of uninhibited love making drove the inexperienced trannie wild. She kept her fingers in Karen as she kissed her clit. She caught it between her lips as she flicked her tongue over it. Annie withdrew her fingers and plunged her tongue deep into Karen's hungry cunt. As she withdrew her tongue she moved it forward gliding over Karen's engorged clit. Karen moaned rapidly, repeatedly as her legs went rigid and began to quiver as a prelude to a long, loud, and satisfying orgasm.

Annie looked down at her lover as she recovered from her orgasm. Annie's cock was granite in its hardness, her balls swollen with arousal yet to be discharged. Karen reached up, put her hand behind Annie's head and pulled her face down to her own. Before they kissed Karen lapped the remnants of her own juices from Annie smooth face. Karen took charge now. She eased the wiry boy/ girl onto her back, put her hand between her legs and again worked her finger into the virgin hole.

Annie moaned and quivered as Karen grasped her cock tightly in her hand. As she applied her lips to the whimpering Annie's

extraordinarily erect nipples she released her cock and sunk her nails into the tender skin of the trannie's scrotum. Annie yelped at the new sensation of sexually arousing, even gratifying pain.

Karen turned Annie on her side and placed her head between the boy/girl's open legs. Her tongue lapped the base of her lover's cock, again tasted the precum. Her quick, agile tongue was on Annie's male g spot, that ever so sensitive, ever so responsive place between the back of her scrotum and her hole. Annie was on her back, screaming, begging to cum as Karen grabbed her cock with one hand, her balls with the other and massaged her, squeezed her until she moaned, whimpered, and finally screamed as she her back arch and her throbbing cock geysered gob after gob of warm cum high into the air and on her belly and onto Karen's face!

Breathlessly Annie kissed her cum from Karen's face. Karen lapped the cum from Annie's belly. "Thank you, thank you!" Annie looked in adoration at her lover as the gg repeatedly thanked her. They soon dozed off as they hugged face to face.

A few minutes later they were awakened to full consciousness by Alice who was singing. Annie **and** Karen giggled softly as they realized that Alice had contrived to get them relaxed with some wine and then had gone off to allow their attraction for each other to play out its course.

The two unusual lovers dressed quickly or at least dressed to bra and panties should Aunt Alice decide to see how things worked out.

"Karen," said Alice softly. "This is the first time I've ever had sex with anyone. Never even petted before. I'm glad it was you. No matter what happens ever, I'll always be glad for that. Was I okay?"

"Okay? You were sensational. I have a confession too. This is my first time with a guy!"

"But how could that be? You knew exactly what to do."

"Well, I have a confession to make...I've had sex before but I never had sex with anyone with a cock. I'm a dyke!

"I really, really wanted you. I couldn't understand it. Still don't. I guess it's that you're so much like a real girl. Somehow I knew you weren't one of the guys when I first saw you.

"You're special and I think I really love you."

They faced each other in the glow of moonlight. They were about a foot apart as Karen lightly ran her finger tips over Annie's delicate facial features. She slid the heels of her hands over his breasts barely concealed in the everyday white bra with its pretty bow between the lightly padded cups.

Annie moved closer as Karen cupped her trannie lover's balls through the light cotton of his panties. Their lips touched lightly and lingered as bra clad breasts met. The touch lips became a kiss, a kiss which told so much.



Annie returned from the dance school late the next morning. Karen was waiting for her outside the house. "Your aunt wants to speak with you in her office. Something serious is going on!"

Alice hung up the phone as Annie entered. She pivoted in her chair to face Annie.

"There's been an emotional setback with your mother. It's something that can be fixed with a little time and therapy. A friend of mine who has some unorthodox but effective ideas is seeing her in treatment. Your mother will be her real self in a matter of weeks. Note I say real self and not old self. That frightened little worm wasn't the sister that I really knew existed deep within.

"She was her best when she turned on that bullying brother and sister. El was awed by her own power and so fled into herself. Denied her dark side so that she was never in balance. Now she'll learn to use

her dark side to liberate her real self. She may turn out to be a fury in order to compensate for all the time she was bottled up.

"We'll go visit her. Seeing how her ineffective, scared son has turned blossomed into such a beautiful and competent teen girl will have a therapeutic effect on her.

Annie, you've got to understand that your mother was never crazy, mad, insane or whatever. The transition has already begun so you may be surprised at what you see. I'm quite sure you'll approve of the changes. You're going to like your mother much better this way."

Chapter Eight

The next day Annie showered and changed at the dance school. They were on their way to see the real Ellen Riordan. In keeping with her new assertive, confident self, she had reassumed her maiden name.

They parked the car in the street in front of brownstone to which Ellen had moved. She had rented the first floor apartment from the woman who lived in the upper floors. The brownstone had the advantage of being on a quiet, tree lined street a block or two from a commercial district with shops, restaurants, a gym, and a school of self-defense.

The building's owner greeted them as they emerged from the car. She was of medium height with a short, severe haircut that emphasized her attractive features, which were handsome rather than pretty. She wore silver earrings that were shaped like some sort of mystical symbols. Her clothing was unusual but attractive. Her skirt which may have been a shawl at one time set off her small waist and full hips. Bracelets and rings called attention to her gracefully powerful hands.

"Hello," she smiled as she extended her hand. "I'm Gwynn. Excuse the familiarity. You have to be Ellen's sister and her daughter.

One face for all three of you.

"Funny, she's mentioned a child but if I had a daughter so lovely I would be boasting. But then again she's just coming to herself.

"I'll look in when I come home. I do want to know more about Ellen's family... especially this beautiful girl she keeps a secret."

Ellen answered the door and hugged Alice warmly in what previously would have been a rare display of affection. She shrieked with delight as she took Annie's hand and looked at the beautiful young girl who had been her dishrag of a son. After assessing Annie from head to foot, Ellen threw her arms around the startled trannie. She kissed the boy/girl's cheeks, pressed him to her in a warm hug in a spontaneous gesture of affection that had been lacking in his life since he was a toddler.

Alice and Annie sat on the couch as Ellen served them tiny sandwiches she had made for the occasion. They were awestruck by the positive changes in the once mousy woman.

Ellen wore a knit jersey dress in dark green. The neck was low and left no doubt that she wearing a pushup bra at least. The dress was fitted to the waist and then flared out over a contrasting tier of petticoats. Dark stockings shone on the well-toned legs, the slender ankles made more so by the very high heels of her black patent leather pumps.

Ellen sat back in an easy chair after pouring wine. Her petticoats served to raise her skirt offering a fair view of her thighs. It was a modest view as long as she kept her legs together from ankles to knees and rested her feet flat on the floor. That posture didn't last at all. It was only minutes before her legs were crossed thigh over thigh high enough that Annie was treated to a view of his mother's legs all the way to her stocking tops and then some.

Annie's pulse was rapid with the discovery that his mouse of a mother was an incredibly sexy woman. The taboo of being attracted by

her added to the naughty thrill of being a girl..

"I took the liberty of making dinner reservations nearby. Still not up to cooking for a party. Gwynn will stop by first. She's so unlike anyone I've ever known before. I can say that about so many people I've met since I began to discover my shadow side and get myself balance."

Annie was enthralled with the new woman that Ellen had become. The transition was, in its way, as radical as her transformation from Arnie to Annie. Alice seemed to affirm by episodes from childhood that all the traits Ellen had been developing were always there.

Gwynn soon joined them. Annie was taken by her. This exotic woman was a silversmith and clothing designer who was noted for unique, one of a kind jewelry and for relaxed bohemian clothing. "Annie, you are just too beautiful, too sweetly innocent looking to clutter yourself in the stuff I sell. You're the ideal schoolgirl, the perfect teen.

"And I think you know it. I'll bet you're wearing white or pink panties," she added with good-natured teasing.

Annie blushed slightly but got right into the spirit of things by standing, turning her back to the others and flipping her blue a-line skirt over her hips to show her pink cotton panties. "Ooh la la," from Gwynn as Ellen and Alice applauded and laughed.

"Friends of mine have opened a restaurant in your area. Have you heard of it? Called The Two Sisters."

"Superb from what I hear. We plan to go soon."

"Yes, working out very well. It may turn out to be a year round venture. They need someone to be a wine waitress, sommelier's a title too pretentious for the area. Know of anyone?"

"Actually, yes," answered Alice with enthusiasm. "I've been training Annie and a special friend of **hers** in wines. Please call your

friends and let them know I'll bring Karen around for an interview. I think they'll find Karen will fit in very well."

"They really hadn't been planning on a year round enterprise. Too many other interests. They've got a wonderfully clever hostess who may turn out to be there manager when they're not around."

"Wouldn't happen to be a girl named Leslie."

"Why yes!"



Annie was thinking of the odd circumstances that led to her transition to a full time trannie from the pathetic boy she had been. Chance had led her to a lesbian relationship with Karen and now, through her mother's personality change, she was meeting a world of sexuality that she hadn't dreamed of as Arnie. She heard her mother call.

"Annie, come help me change."

She followed her mother into her bedroom. "Undo me," said her mother with an inscrutable smile.

Annie unzipped the back zipper of her mother's dress and helped her out of it. She was startled at her mother's appearance as the older woman stepped out of her petticoats. A black lace merry widow all in one nipped her waist and pushed her full breasts to perfection. Black panties showed through the open bottom of the foundation. Attached garters pulled the dark stockings with their black tops to wrinkle free smoothness over her full but desirable legs. Ellen's shoulders were firm and toned. It was obvious she had gotten into a serious routine of training, very likely with weights as well as calisthenics.

That forbidden thrill again as Annie felt relieved she had worn a gaff. It was if her mother was a stranger who was turning her on but she knew she would soon be used the fact that this dynamic, sexy, and confident woman was truly her mother's true being. Annie brushed her

mother's hair. She watched as her mother fashioned her hair into a ponytail and then flip it forward in a quick but very alluring hair-do. She smiled at Annie in the vanity table mirror. "Easy to do if you've got the right kind of hair. Another plus is that when you loosen the barrettes and shake it loose around your face the effect is devastatingly sexy!"

"Mother, I'm shocked at you...shocked and delighted!"

"Is that all?"

"No, Mother. I'm absolutely thrilled!"



Gwynn apologized for not joining them for dinner. There was a ground floor apartment below Ellen's, which she was going to show to a girl named Roberta Hargreave! "Has some sort of affected English accent. Cute but doesn't realize that people in the know can read her as a t-girl although she's almost as good at as Annie here."

Annie and Alice looked at each other, smiled and tried unsuccessfully to hold back their laughter. It started as a giggle, which became contagious and quickly erupted into silly laughter. Alice explained the situation to Gwynn who, if anything, was more empathetic and hopeful for Roberta than anyone might have guessed.

"I'm sure you understand the child's been hurt, used, and abused by Mara Hargreave. She's trying to live a normal life, something she's never experienced. In a sense she may be trying to atone for the guilt she feels at abandoning this Hargreave person as well as for any hurt she's caused people who might have cared for her."

"Please say hello to her for me and that I'm honestly pleased to hear she's doing what she has to do and becoming who she really is," said Annie seriously and with a sense of lost chances. "I will, I promise, said Gwynn warmly while adding, "I won't tell her she's living below your mom. That's for you to decide."



A light drizzle started to fall as they walked to the restaurant. Annie wondered how much of Ellen was veneer and how much was substance. Could she sustain this powerful image under pressure? She began to think of Ellen as reincarnated as a Celtic war goddess, some sort of fury who would protect herself, her women, and her world from marauders who would enslave them. She dismissed this as too hopeful yet longed to see Ellen as the ideal Amazon, a role model for her, the once wimpy boy turned attractive and competent girl.

They walked through the bar area of the cellar level restaurant. An obnoxious man, not a regular in this bohemian spot frequented by artists and lesbians, stared rudely at the attractive trio. His remark was ignored so he stood barring their way. "It's rude not to answer," he said matter of factly. Ellen stood almost against him as she smiled. "You're so right." He winced as she locked her hand over his balls! He bellowed as she continued to apply pressure. He stood on tiptoe as she pulled up on his aching balls.

"You are about to leave, aren't you?" She smiled prettily as she twisted while continuing to squeeze. He fell to his knees as she released her grip. "Sir, you cannot come in here and create a disturbance by molesting our regular guests. You'll have to leave." The hostess enjoyed her little joke but it was clear that, despite her petite feminine appearance she would have no difficulty and no hesitation in bodily ejecting the humiliated man from the premises.

Annie's concern over Ellen's ability to hold up under pressure had been very well addressed. "Mummy, please teach me how to do that stuff with nasty men."

"My pleasure, Annie."

"Teaching me or hurting men? Which is your pleasure?"

"A little of both, Annie. Perhaps I should make teaching you how to hurt men my avocation."

They drove home to Alice's later that evening. Annie leaned close to her aunt and rested her fingers against the woman's thigh. "I'm not getting fresh, Aunt Alice," she said quietly. "I need to feel that you really are next to me, that you made all this happen for me. I'm just so afraid that I'll awaken from this wonderful dream and that Arnold will be look back at me from the mirror."

"No, love. I'm here for you and we're going to see this through; you and Ellen and me."

"I hope you'll stay with me. There's a fine private school near here. I'm sure you can attend as a day student. It will allow you to make up the missed pieces of your education. There's no reason why you can't go on to college. The fees from your photo sessions with me, once we market the prints and albums, will provide you with tuition money."

Annie dozed contentedly as the car made its way through the later summer rain. The reed-like but well-toned teen curled up on the front passenger seat. Her head was pillowed on her hands. The knee length skirt inched its way over her thighs and bared the pink panties taugth against the shapely little tush. The curved seam of the crotch defined that most fascinating area, all the more fascinating for Annie's hidden assets. The boy/girl's waist rose and fell as her breathing became deep and even in her sleep. Alice looked glanced down from time to time and found herself reaching out to pat and caress her niece's most desirable bottom. She pulled her niece's skirt to more modest level. As she drove Alice thought of how incredibly sexy Annie had become. Her panties were damp!

Annie awoke as the car slowed to make the turn for the lake. "Aunt Alice, why is there a for sale sign at the store?"

"The Skipper has decided it's time to move on. He's taken a job as the security director for some firm or other. He feels now that Marion is grown and leaving for college there's no need to be here.

"He also needed to keep a place for Mara Hargreave and watch

that no real harm came to Bertie but Bertie is doing okay for herself out in the world. She freed herself from Mara's control. He feels good about all that."

"He should. The Skipper is a kind of guardian angel, isn't he?"

"Yes. We're fortunate to have had him around all this time. You know he did private detective work while he was up here. Only special cases. How do you think I located you and Ellen?"

Alice pulled the car into the garage. Annie was on her knees on the passenger seat, her knees slightly parted as she faced Alice. She threw her arms around her aunt's neck and leaned close to her. "I'm just so happy, Aunt Alice. You're just so much more than an aunt to me. You're my mentor, my role model, my everything. Mommy's a little scary now but I love her so much more the way she is." She hung on her aunt's neck and began kissing her, small nibbling kisses. Alice faced the trannie and nipped at her lips.

"I think you very tired and very excited and that I love you very much. I think we need to relax with a shower."

"Damn," exclaimed Annie. "I've gone and done it. Now you're talking to me like I'm a baby. 'WE' need to shower. Perhaps 'WE' need to go potty and all that other stuff people say to babies. I know I was stupid just now but, Aunt Alice, it hurts so much when you talk to me like I'm a baby."

"No, Annie sweets," responded Alice with a warm, indulgent smile. "I wasn't talking to you as if you're a baby. I meant exactly what I said. We need to shower together!"

Annie unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor as Alice unbuttoned her blouse. Annie shrugged the blouse from her shoulders and groped at her aunt's dress. In a moment Alice stood in an ivory silk chemise that barely covered tops of her hose tan stockings. She stared at her trannie niece's unbelievably female body. The upper edge of her breast forms, visible above the cups of her white teen bra, were the

slightest hint that this beautiful teen girl might be anything other than the persona she carried so well. The cotton panties with their wide little girlish leg bands clung to every curve of her hips, her groin, her delicious tush. The gaff worked well. There wasn't the least shadow of Annie's hidden charms!

Annie stepped forward to press her body against Alice's. Annie's hand cupped Alice's soft ungirdled bottom while her other hand grasped the woman's breast. Alice found herself pushed back onto the bed as Annie's thumb and forefinger drew her nipple to hardness through the silk of her chemise and bra. Annie pressed her mouth over Alice's as she ran her tongue over her mentor's sending chills through the woman's body. Alice's legs parted as she pulled her feet close to her own bottom. Annie pulled Alice's panty crotch to the side and fingered her dripping cunt. The trannie was on the floor with Alice's thighs draped over her shoulders as she pulled her aunt closer to the edge of the bed. Annie's finger, wet with Alice's lubrication, teased Alice's rosebud. "Oh, oh that's so good. No, no. No one's ever been in my ass. Oh no...Oh, that's so good, so good." Annie continued to finger fuck Alice's asshole as she ran her tongue over the woman's hard clit. Alice screamed as she came!

"Thank you, thank you! Annie, that was wonderful!"

"No, thank you Aunt Alice. I owe you so much." Annie inhaled deeply as Alice pulled her panties down, pushed the gaff to her thighs and swallowed her cock. In a few minutes it was Annie's turn to have a screaming orgasm.

Annie gathered up her clothing and blew a kiss at Aunt Alice who lay exhausted on the bed. "Night Aunt Alice. I guess we didn't need the shower after all."

"I guess not but I think I need you to fuck my ass! You seem to know an awful lot that I haven't taught you."

Annie slipped into fresh panties, washed her face and fell asleep as soon as she slid between the sheets. Karen, tears streaming down her

face, tiptoed into the room, tucked Annie in. She kissed the sleeping boy/girl tenderly on the cheek "I love you, just you, only you." Annie moved in her sleep and made a purring sound. Karen turned off the light and left the room.



Annie blinked away the fog of deep sleep. Karen looked down at her with a sad, sweet smile as she placed a tray with coffee and buttered toast on the edge of the bed. The hem of her panties showed under the edge of her cut-off jeans as she bent at the waist to pick up the clothing Annie had dropped on the floor when she staggered into bed the night before.

"Karen, you won't believe this but my mom has become a dynamite lady. I won't be the least surprised if she gets off beating up guys! She's so sexy now. I swear I was almost turned on helping her change her dress.

"And you know what else? Bertie may be moving into the neat building my mom lives in. Unreal!"

"Calm down girl. We've got all day to talk. Alice is out so it's just us."

"I had this neat dream, Karen. You came in my room and tucked me in... and you kissed me goodnight. I wanted the dream to go on so we could love each other."

"You mean you really had enough energy to do it again?"

"Oh, you heard us."

Karen nodded.

"I'm sorry. I was carried away. I wanted to show affection as a way of thanking Alice for all she's done for my mom and me. I never meant to hurt you." She sat upright on the bed, the sheet kicked aside, her legs folded in the half lotus position. Annie placed her hands on

Karen's shoulders as she moved her face close to her lover's. "Please forgive me."

"Nothing to forgive. You're free to have sex, make love with anyone you want. The older lesbians told me that.

"I understand what happened last night. Alice is just so special, so sexy without being the least bit trampy... Well anyhow... I was like a lot of girls... Could have gone either way. I used to practice kissing with Marion and with some other girls. One of them, she moved away, let me do more than just practice kissing. I was very upset when she moved. Alice saw how sad I was. She hugged me to comfort me and then we got really into it. It wasn't the only time we had sex. She taught me a lot.

"There... I've said it. I feel better now."

Annie jumped at her lover, pushed her onto her back and began kissing her face, her eyes, her ears. "That is so, so funny. I felt guilty about taking advantage of old Aunt Alice. Wow! And you, you are so unbelievably honest. I love you forever!"

Karen rolled Annie onto her back and kissed her deeply. She reached down, pulled Annie's panties down freeing his now hard cock. She straddled Annie as she undid her shorts. Annie's eyes widened with anticipation as she saw the wide wet spot on the crotch of the gg's blue panties.

Karen reached back and slapped Annie's balls. "That's for cheating on me last night!" Annie winced at the slap, which was just a little too intense to be simply playful.

"That hurt," protested Annie.

"It's supposed to, twit. I'm punishing you. Since you're turned on at the thought of your mom being a domme, I thought I'd be your personal punishment girl!" She laughed as she slapped Annie's balls even harder. The light pain was intensifying the boy/girl's arousal. Annie thrashed from side, bucked her hips but was unable to get the playfully punishing gg off her chest.



"No fair. You started out on top of me."

Karen slowly got up. "Okay. Maybe we'll finish this later." She spun around as Annie got to her feet and grabbed her cock through her panties. "Gotcha!" She pushed her trannie lover onto the bed, clamped her thighs around his head as she faced his rising hard on. She took about two inches into her mouth and bit gently. Annie whimpered with delight at the discovery that minor pain can be so beautiful. Try as Annie might to eat her, Karen kept her very wet slit out of reach of the boy/girl's tongue until she had brought her lover very close to orgasm. Karen squeezed the base of Annie's cock and rubbed Annie's shaft as she sucked the head. Annie quivered as wave after wave of violent ecstasy swept through her quivering limbs, invaded every corner of her body as it arched with spasm upon spasm of electric energy that radiated from her cock to permeate every aspect of her being!

Annie lay whimpering as she was finally allowed to dart her tongue into Karen's drenched and drenching slit and bring her to an orgasm almost as long and as intense as she herself had just experienced.

They lay side-by-side, their fingers and passions intertwined as they recovered from their morning activity. A cool shower. They kissed as each soaped the other's body. Every few minutes they stepped far enough apart so that each could gaze at the perfection of their lover. Karen with her tiny waist and full curves was the antithesis of Annie's almost preadolescent angular, flat body.

Again each reached out to the other. Despite the intimate, passionate nature of their relationship, their touch was light, even tentative. It was an act of affection and of discovery as innocent as two young children sharing a bath and yet as full of promise of ecstasy to come as any tryst.

Karen stood dripping as she toweled her hair. A breeze blew through the open window causing Annie to shiver. "Oh, my baby," cooed Karen as she wrapped a large bath towel around Annie. As she

rubbed her lover dry, Karen drew her face against her shoulder and kissed the t-girl's cheek as he warmed her in her arms.

"That feels great," purred Annie.

"I love you and I love taking care of you. I want to take care of you forever. Please let me."

"Only if I can take care of you too."

"Deal." smiled Karen.

Annie rummaged in the dresser. Without turning she tossed a pair of white cotton panties behind her onto the bed. A bra followed, then a pair of crew socks. As she looked for a suitable pair of shorts and a tee, the underthings hit her on the back. She had thrown them at Karen who had sat down at the edge of the bed.

Karen was spectacularly lovely as the morning light reflected from her tanned thighs. The contrast between her tanned skin and the paler parts covered by her swimsuit made her appear to be wearing a white all in one. The dark pubic hair was visible between her parted thighs. It was not so thick as to totally obscure the slit between her full outer lips.

"You are so beautiful. You don't know how much I want you."

"Annie Riordan, don't start. And I do know how much you want me because I want you as much."

"Let me watch you dress."

Annie held her white cotton panties at chest height as she studied which side was front. She bent forward, stepped into them and tucked her cock between her legs. The sexual activity of the morning made it unlikely that she would need a gaff to keep her down.

"No gaff?"

"Nope. I want to be ready when you get randy! Besides I think the shadow of my cock in my panties is more appealing to you than if I

hide it completely."

"Mind reader!"

Annie smoothed the leg bands making sure that the tiny picoted loops showed. As she turned to reach for her bra, she hooked her thumbs into the rear of her panties and snapped them down over her perky tush. She ignored the bra for the moment and sat down on a chair to put on her socks. Slipping one over her foot, she bent forward slightly as she adjusted the toe, pulled the sock over ankle and folded it down. The entire operation, repeated as slowly with the other foot, was meant to show her breasts, which, though tiny, were perfectly round with small, almost aggressively protruding nipples set in luscious pink aureoles.

After slipping on her tennis sneakers Annie walked to the bed, bent over Karen to retrieve her bra. Annie stood in her sneakers, crew socks, and panties holding the bra in her hand as she kissed the forehead of her thoroughly enthralled lover. She stood with a relaxed, natural grace that had been refined by her dance lessons. Her perfectly shaped breasts were so much lovelier than the cow sized tits that seemed to be the object of desire to so many boys. Ugh! ! ! Boys! ! Who needs them? These teen lesbians were a dedicated, loving, and self-sufficient pair as any straight couple could even hope to be.

Annie hooked the bra in front at her waist. She turned it, raising the band higher as she did, so the cups were now to the front. She slipped her arms through the straps, settled her breasts in the lightly padded cups and adjusted the straps. This took a matter of a few seconds and was done as smoothly as if Annie had been a real girl who learned these skills from age ten or eleven.

"Wow, you do that so well. Sure you didn't practice before this summer?"

"Well, I did get to try my mom's stuff every now and then. Hey, this is no fair. Now you have to dress for me." Annie stepped into her navy blue back zip short shorts and slipped a lighter cotton tank top

over her head. The tank top could have been a girl's undervest. As a matter of fact, it was.

The phone interrupted their leisurely morning dressing show. "For you," said Annie as she handed the phone to the still nude Karen. Annie who was applying the slightest bit of makeup in the bathroom overheard Karen say "Eleven. I'll be there. Thank you so much," followed by a shriek of joy. "On my God, oh my God! Where's Alice? I just know she's behind this. Annie, Annie help me pick my clothes for the test and interview or whatever it is. Oh my God, I'm so excited!"

"Karen, calm down and tell me what's going on."

"Annie, how can I be calm? That was one of the ladies from the Two Sisters. She wants me to interview to be in charge of wines!"

Annie caught Karen by the hands and started jumping up and down like an excited little schoolgirl. "How does Leslie dress for work? That would be a good way to start"

Annie the excited Karen to her room. Karen chose her underthings as Annie went through her closet. A flower print skirt and a cowl neck tee. Modest but attractive jewelry. Karen stood in wine red panties as she adjusted the matching bra. Her breasts, more ample than her lover's, swelled over the lacy edges of the cups. She fastened her garter belt and slipped the suspender straps under her full coverage panties. Smoke gray stockings and t-straps with one and a half inch heels. Annie styled her lover's hair and applied her makeup as if she were a priestess performing an act of devotion to a goddess.

Annie accompanied Karen to the door of the restaurant where they were greeted by Leslie. Leslie's greeting to Karen was a kiss on the lips that was more than just warm affection. Annie was certain she saw some tongue pass between the two. "I guess that serves me right for getting it on with Alice last night and upsetting Karen."

Annie and Karen chatted warmly with Leslie in the bar of the closed restaurant. "I'm sorry I came on so strong with Karen. I just

Wonderland

wanted to let the boss lady know Karen is one of us, them, and whatever. I mean everyone here treats me like a lesbian but I'm not really sure I am one seeing as I have a cock."

Annie laughed. "I know what you mean. I'm in the same fix you're in."

Leslie rested her hand on Annie's wrist. "Not really. You've so much class and style. I feel like I might land back on the street at any moment. Working here is getting me over it. I guess I'll be okay."

Karen tried hard to look blasé as she stepped out of the office. Her grin proclaimed the job was hers.

Annie and Karen held hands as they walked along the lakeshore. They slipped off their sneakers and socks and waded in the cool water.

"I'll be staying with Aunt Alice for the school year. We can still see each other. Maybe we can go off to college together the next year."

"Lover," answered Karen with a quiet determination. "We're going to be together next year and forever. No way are you getting rid of me."

"Deal," smiled Annie as she kissed her lover's cheek.

The End