

FOR THE LOVE OF CREE

By Annie Warren



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Chapter 1: Out and about

Once again I was out of the house and moving about wearing a pretty dress, luscious lingerie, my best wig and what I considered to be full make-up. There was always a certain danger in doing it this way, but I luxuriated in the feeling as I drove, fully dressed, to the party. It was another of those TV parties I had gotten wind of in an ad in the paper. The parties were periodic and I wasn't on "the mailing list". I knew where to look, and for what to look when they put out news of the next party. As was the (almost) rule, I'd called and gotten the invite with the almost standard, a sort of a "come as your are — if you're dressed — or, of course, you can change here". As usual, it was out at the edge of town, where there was less danger of exposure, but it was not negligible.

As I drove, I looked nervously in the mirror and kept myself scrupulously under the speed limit. I loved the view over the steering wheel where I saw my long, brilliantly gleaming, glued-on, red-enameled nails, the several feminine rings on each hand, the small, fine watch on one wrist and the bangles on the other. I concentrated on these and didn't look at the fine hair on my arms. I didn't dare shave it so it showed below the lace at the cuffs of my three quarter sleeved dress.

I'd occasionally look down and admire my trim, slightly glistening nylon covered knees and the lace where I had (purposely) pulled my skirt up to expose the hem of my slip. My naturally trim waist was hidden by the fake protrusions at my chest. Some said I padded too heavily, but, well, I liked big breasts, or at least reasonably large, say C-cup or so. My mother had had large breasts, so why shouldn't I? With my Phantom Phanny enhancing my hips and rear, I thought I cut a good figure...

Arriving, I was greeted, asked my femme name which was then put on one of those "HELLO, I'M" sticky cards. The card was plastered halfway between the tip of my breast and my shoulder. I smiled wider, imagining them plastering it right on the tip of my ersatz nipple. For sure it would then arrive shortly *before* I did.

Well, what can I say? It was a room full of women talking for the most part "girl talk", real or imagined. I entered, full of confidence and then started comparing. Many I had seen before and they were knockouts. My confidence plummeted.

Just like all the other times, I found I couldn't really mingle. I usually ended up off in a corner, nursing some drink or other, stuck in some closed closet, mixing but not really, ending up tied in some sort of knot or other. I just did not have the knowledge

they had to be able to talk freely and so kept quiet and listened, no doubt learning, but what? I had had the voice training, but just didn't use it all that much.

Damn, another of these frustrating parties. Why do I keep coming to these things? I can't mix freely enough, yet I feel compelled. Lots of people tonight. I wish these were women and not make-believe women. That brunette is a real knockout, tits and all, but he's a pre-op TS, or so he says. How could he ever do that to himself?

I knew that I could never do anything like that; couldn't afford it on my pay. Besides, that was *total* commitment. Anyway, I like sex as a man; one of the "No-No's" to be a *real* TS.

Then I noticed a new and very pretty face, I hadn't seen the blond before. *Oh oh, he's coming this way. He seems to be coming to speak with me. Well, I guess I'll get to practice my voice again. Hope he doesn't ask any embarrassing questions.*

"Hello there! My, but you are nice looking this evening."

Oh no, with his ease of speaking and intonation, just like a woman's; he's obviously a pro! What does he want with me?

"Me?" I tried to answer with my best and highest voice. "You are the one that is smashing. I don't believe I've ever seen you before at any of these parties. Are you new?" And, with trying too hard, my voice managed to crack at the point I least wanted it to.

He, however, only smiled and went on as if nothing were wrong at all. "No, I haven't been here before. I assume you have been to a lot of these gatherings? Somehow, you don't seem to be comfortable, sort of sitting off here alone? Actually, I just came looking. I'm one of those people who likes both sexes, if you know what I mean."

His eyes were almost hypnotic and held mine more strongly than a pair of finely set vice grips.

"I've been to many of these, uh, gatherings, but I don't seem to fit in as well as so many of the others like yourself. I must say you are perceptive and that is quite an admission to give to a stranger."

"Oh, we're not all strangers here, now are we? We all have our little secrets and our little variations, don't we?" We do? Are you also bi? Or are you into flogging, or pain or leather or rubber or some other `variation'?"

"Oh no, not me! I just like to dress. Uh, I just have to ask since so many of the people here are so good at what they do. Uh, are you a TV or a TS?" After a quick once over glance while asking, I commented before she answered, "With those curves you must be a TS."

There was an almost musical tinkle to her light laughter before she replied, "Me? I hope I don't disappoint you, but I'm a woman, all woman."

At that I sort of blurted out, "I must say you are a beautiful woman too. I'm afraid that I am probably an infinitely long way away from such perfection as you real women have, almost by just being."

At this point, she broke eye contact with me and looked me over, scanning me from my high heels to the tip of my wig.

"I must say," she paused to pointedly look at my name tag, "Belinda, you look good, but there are a few points that could use some improvement."

I looked at her name tag. It said "Cree". "That's a mighty unusual name, Cree?"

She smiled most disarmingly again.

"It's really Creighton. I think Daddy wanted a boy, but I don't think he got what he wanted."

"Far from it!" I had to smile.

"My friends call me `Cree'; it's sort of like the Canadian Indian Tribe. I'd like you to do so also."

"Thank you, Cree, I feel quite honored."

"Well now, Belinda, looking you over, I'd say you have a nice figure, but..."

"But?"

"Let's see."

Her eyes roamed over me as she spoke.

"One nylon is slightly twisted, a bit of slip, just a touch, is showing, your belt is not centered, nor is the zipper on the dress, both legs and arms are too hairy, you got some nail polish on your fingers instead of just on the nails, your lipstick needs touching up, your eye shadow is uneven, there are a couple of patches of beard showing through your foundation, and your wig is crooked enough that some of your own hair is showing through. How long is your real hair?"

I was crushed and could only look at the floor as I mumbled, "Down to my shoulders."

She reached out and lifted my chin until once more our eyes met and she held mine again.

"Now, now, Belinda, this is not the end of the earth. You are not a woman and have not been doing these things since you were a girl. That is no reason to be so downtrodden. Obviously, no one has been giving you any pointers, or other help."

I was still somewhat speechless. I gazed into her eyes and she looked back with concern in her eyes and expression.

"I'm Sorry, Belinda. I didn't mean to crush you or make you feel that you're despicable, or a caricature of a woman. Really, you are lovely, but it's just that, loveliness, is not all that there is to being a woman."

"I'm ugly, aren't I?"

"Oh far from it. Like I said, you have a real loveliness. It's just that you are not perfect. I suppose I shouldn't have said all those things, but they *are* what I noticed. On the other hand, especially when your voice cracked, I knew that you were a TV. Otherwise, well, you could have been a woman too, only one that wasn't quite as adept as so

many of the boys here are. Not all women are perfect at these things themselves, you know.”

Her smile was warm and friendly, causing me to smile a bit.

“Tell you what, Belinda; to show you how well I think you look, let’s blow this joint, if you don’t mind a cliché, and go get some dinner. I haven’t eaten and there doesn’t seem to be any food or much action here. Besides, I’ve found you and I want to know more.”

“Me? You want to go out with me? Looking like this?”

“Isn’t that what I just said?” She smiled again and I melted under those hypnotic eyes. “Uh, touch up your lipstick before we go, however.”

At that I had to smile in spite of it all. She was, without any argument, the most beautiful woman, real or imagined, in that whole room, and she had just asked *me* out? I was almost speechless, but not quite.

“If you want to chance it with all of my imperfections,” I had reached for my purse and dug out my lipstick and compact, “I’ll surely be honored by your presence!” I looked at my lips and had to agree. I must have eaten most of it off on the drive and had not looked since then.. I paused to apply a coating, being careful not to exceed the pre-painted outline.

“There, now that looks much better, Belinda. A woman must always be aware of her image. Unless she wants to tattoo her make-up on, it must be constantly monitored and adjusted. You look just fine; so, let’s be off.”

“Really? Are you sure you want to go out with a man in a dress and make-up?”

“In this case, since I embarrassed you so, I want to make it up to you and to go with you as you now are to show that the points I made were relatively minor and that I feel you are acceptable in your current image.”

She offered *me* her arm which I took and we left quietly, though there was some snickering to be heard as we pushed through the crowd.

With me hanging on the arm of this perfect Goddess, I couldn’t have cared less!
God, what a woman!

She insisted on driving though I wanted to argue. The result was that I drove my car home and then got into hers. It didn’t occur to me that she now knew where I lived while I knew nothing about her. But, at that time, I didn’t really care.

She drove to a quiet restaurant that was moderately full, neither packed nor empty. We had a good meal and talked. She said that she had some TV friends and that was how she had learned of the party. She asked why I was so off in a corner and I admitted that I was somewhat shy, especially since I did not know much about what all the others were talking about, and that, compared to the others, I felt like a frump. Basically, to add to that, I found it hard to talk to others when I was dressed as I was. She just smiled and said that I had nothing to be ashamed of.

We then went on to personal things. I told her of my job, trying to build it up, but there was nothing there to build on. Don’t get me wrong. It is not the greatest job in

the world, but it is pleasant to work there, with nice people. The pay is not as high as I would like, and the prospects for advancement are also not the greatest.

She smiled through it all. It was a friendly smile and not a condescending one. I think that she had sympathy for my “lowly position”, but she did not let on.

When it was her turn, she said that she was in the “Health Care” services. Then, with a bit of probing by me, she went on to say that she was on the nursing staff of the local hospital, well, not just on the staff, she was the head nurse.

I knew that that probably spelled a good bit of money but bit my tongue and made no comment. I could easily imagine her in a crisp white uniform with white nylons and white comfy-shoes. It made an excellent image that I was well pleased with calling up.

The evening seemed to end before all was said. We didn't really get into my “hobby” at all. She insisted on paying the tab. I objected, but not all that strongly as I did not have much money in my purse, not having expected any such expenses. I wasn't wild about her doing that. After all, **I** was the man and should be taking the masculine lead, right? However, dressed as I was, this quality was not all that noticeable!

She drove me home and even walked me to my door. She gave me a very warm good night kiss. I finally managed to assert my masculinity and asked her for another date. She readily agreed to next Friday with a smile so warm I think it melted half of my make-up with my hot blush of pleasure. *She said she'd see me again? This dream of a goddess has agreed to give me a second chance!* I did make the stipulation that the next time I would be dressed as a man and that I would pick up the tab. She smiled and agreed and we settled on what time she would pick me up. Well, I won one or two but not all. With one more warm, sensuous kiss, she was gone into the night.

I dressed in my usual house dress on Saturday and Sunday to do my housework and some reading. My thoughts came back repeatedly to Cree and what Friday would bring. The week went slowly for me and then it was again Friday.

Chapter 2: A Second Date and More..

Somehow, with her being such a beautiful and feminine woman, I wanted to impress her with my masculinity. It would have been awfully hard to do that if I were dressed to the nines (or so I thought) as a woman. So, for our date I put on a freshly cleaned and pressed suit, something I hoped would impress her at least a little. With freshly combed hair and freshly shined shoes, I was ready for her when she called. Everything had to be freshly done!

She knocked and I almost immediately opened the door. I wasn't quite standing behind it waiting, but I was not far from it. There she stood, as pretty as I had remembered her if not more so. She wore a full skirt and a soft, luscious silken blouse that let hints of the fullness of her lace bra show tantalizingly through. She had simple make-up, a string of pearls, pearl earrings and hair that was coifed to a tee.

I twitched almost to a hard on just looking at her standing there. But, I quickly gathered my wits, which I'll bet you thought were in the gutter (well, you're not too far off), and we left.

She drove to a simple (and relatively cheap, thank goodness) restaurant where we enjoyed a good meal and pleasant banter. Afterwards we went back home where I invited her in. She accepted gracefully, and we entered my humble home (ok, my humble apartment).

Her first impression was apparently on how neat everything was, and she remarked upon how it was not the classical "bachelor apartment" with beer bottles and underwear strewn about. It was pins and needles neat. Of course I had spent the last two days getting it that way on the premise (and hope) that she would visit. It was almost that neat to begin with, but I washed and dusted and vacuumed and then dusted again and so forth. She looked around and around, again and again, obviously impressed.

After I made a pot of coffee, we talked of more intimate things, like my dressing.. We had not broached the topic in the restaurant as there were too many ears around. It ended up with my showing her my wardrobe. There were nods, smiles and frowns at the various pieces that I showed her.

By the time I had shown her everything, it was late and we had to call it quits. Friday or no, she was on duty the next day. Also, I couldn't get up enough nerve to even try to go any further, even though she almost seemed to be playing with the idea, or was it just my wishful thinking?

Whatever. With another warm and most friendly kiss, we parted after setting another date for the Friday hence. *A second date? Wow. She not only didn't laugh at me but was interested in me and what I did and what I wore. This is unbelievable!*

I now knew exactly what it meant when so many TV's had commented on how finding a woman that understood and accepted a man's dressing was one of the rarest

and most wonderful of experiences. Yes, I now knew how it felt. At least I had a good part of it.

On Thursday evening, she called and we talked for a while and then she asked me if I planned to dress for the date. I had thought of a repeat of the last one, but when she asked, I asked if it made a difference. She said no, but she would like to see me in skirts. *She wants to see me in skirts? Is this another dream come true!* I agreed readily, saying I'd try to iron out some of the faults she had seen the last time. When she hung up, I got up, smoothed down my skirt and went to my mirror. Yes, I'd have to do better than last time.

When she came to the door this time, I was again waiting, but with a simple a-line skirt, a long sleeved blouse that covered my "hairy" arms, dark pantyhose to do the same for my legs, and two and a quarter inch heels; I thought I looked good. When she came to the door and I opened it, she smiled warmly and complimented me on how I looked "charming".

I got my purse and away we went.

Despite my wishes, she treated me again. We also went to a fancier restaurant, but still had a good time. Afterwards she took me home and, since she had seen my wardrobe, so to say, we went on to other things. This time there were no Saturday requirements and she stayed over. It was most pleasant and she didn't mind at all that we both wore night gowns, well, to begin with. I was not a virgin, but I was a novice compared to her!

Boy did I learn a lot!

Also, it was the best time I had ever had in bed, to be sure!

In the morning I got up early, put my gown back on and did my morning ablutions. I put on lipstick and blusher before I did a quick pick-up-straightening-up of the clothes strewn bedroom.

She awoke during this and watched as I got the room neat again. When it was, she got up, slowly and very sensuously, *Wow! What a body!*, put on her gown and went into the bathroom while I went off to make coffee and a simple breakfast. Her smile, even so early in the morning, was still heart stopping.

Over breakfast, I was all adoring. I had never met anyone like her and wanted to continue being with her and so finally in the banter blurted out that we should get married. Two weeks and I was ready to pop the all important question.

She reminded me that we had not known each other long enough for such a decision. She said that I knew nothing of her and her ways and that the question was very premature.

I'm afraid that I blushed deeply and had to agree. But I was enamored of her and let her know in no uncertain terms.

We made a leisurely day of it. I put on some jeans and a sweat shirt. She, however, insisted that I wear panties and a well padded bra under them. I wasn't about to argue, though I had not mixed my two sets of clothing in just that manner AND gone out

in public. After I put on make-up, low heels and my wig, we went out for lunch (yes, I was still in jeans and sweat shirt) and then she took me back home. I invited her in, but she said that she had a shift to do on Sunday and so could not, “continue” our *discussion* of the *night* before. She did kiss me softly and most tenderly, smiling when we broke, saying she'd consider what I'd asked for that morning. When I frowned a bit, she said, about our getting together on a different, perhaps longer term basis.

At that she broke off and almost danced out of my arms and was away before I could react or ask any clarification above and beyond “What?...”

That morning? Longer basis? Was she hinting at marriage? I was “well warmed” to the idea but was she? She left me before I could even ask for another date.

I was not sure what to do and so, for the time being, since she said she would be thinking about it, did nothing that night but ponder.

At work, time just dragged. I thought of calling her but decided not to push *anything!*

As the week- end approached, I looked forward to another bleak Saturday and Sunday.

Saturday I did my normal apartment cleaning ritual.

On Sunday, however, I got a call in the afternoon.

Chapter 3: A Call Turns it all Around

“Hello” I answered as I picked up the receiver.

“Hello, is Belinda there?”

“One moment, please.” I put my hand over the mouth piece and cleared my throat. Then, hiking my voice I replied, “Hello, this is Belinda, may I help you?”

“Hi, Belinda, this is Cree,” as if I had to be told. “I need to see you. Are you going to be alone? Can I come over?”

“Of course you can, Cree. No one is here. I'd be happy to have you come. What's up?”

“Be there in about fifteen minutes. Tell you then, bye.”

Even as I echoed her “bye” I heard the click on her end. I simply put the dead receiver down and hung up. There was something in the tone of her voice and her question about my being alone that did not sound right. I went into my bedroom where I put on a wig and redid my make-up. I looked in my mirror to be sure that my stockings were not sagging. I pondered putting on heels but decided to keep my flats on. The dress was a bit mussed but she would understand that one if anyone would.

Ten minutes later there was a knock at the door which I opened to let in what seemed to be a slightly flustered Cree. She came in, gave me a peck on the cheek, and then swept into the living room where she promptly flopped into one of my stuffed chairs.

I followed in and lowered myself on a chair opposite her, straightening my skirt as I did.

She had on slacks and had taken advantage of it in her flopping into the chair. Nevertheless, it was obvious that she was agitated.

“Belinda, Dear, I have some bad news.”

“Bad news?” I voiced my concern, “What's wrong, is there anything I can do for you?”

“It's not that kind of news.” She paused looking into my eyes, her face set in a serious look that she normally did not have. “An old friend of mine has come to town and back into my life.”

Oh, that kind of bad news. “Oh, and he's the jealous kind and I am now in his way?”

“Well, you are right about the jealousy, but **she's** not one to allow me another lover, much less a **male** lover!” She smiled but the smile was somehow weaker than she ordinarily gave me. “She is very demanding and possessive.”

I sat back. I'm afraid that my pose changed from concentrated concern to wishful disbelief and in sitting back, my legs relaxed and my knees spread.

She looked down and smirked momentarily and my knees snapped back together.

To say the least I was shocked and vastly disappointed! Dreams of glory were instantaneously smashed. I didn't know what to say.

"I'm sorry, Belinda. There is just no easy way to say what I have to say. I want to remain friends, but I'm afraid it is going to have to be friends from afar. I'll give you a call from time to time."

I heard both concern and regret in her voice and saw it in her expression. I was crushed and mumbled a "sure" in return as a sort of place holder as I tried to think things out.. A source of great joy was going out of my life. What could I do? I couldn't fight some militant lesbian, if her friend was what she had hinted. Besides, it was her decision. Looking at her equally concerned look — I must have slumped badly — I managed what was probably a faint smile and replied to her premise.

"I'm truly sorry, Cree. As I think you know, I have a great affection for you and would want to continue as we were, but if this is what you really want, then I won't stand in your way."

She stood up and I followed her lead, standing before her. She came over to me and hugged me tightly. As we loosened up a bit, she sought out my lips and practically welded them to hers with the warmth and loving feelings of her kiss. I practically melted in her arms. I knew that there was, so to say, no love lost between us, but that there was this other barrier I would just have to accept, since she had made that decision.

"I too am sorry, Belinda. You are something very special to me. Don't forget that, even if we have to be apart." She moved towards the door. "I have to go now."

She reached the door and opened it and stepped out of my apartment as I moved in behind her to stand in the doorway. Then she turned and planted another kiss on my lips. I'm sure my lipstick must have melted and run down my chin!

God, but she can kiss!

"Take care of yourself, Belinda. I'll try and keep in touch, but don't know when I can call. We'll see...."

I somehow only managed a weak "Bye" as she disappeared out of my life. I closed the door and leaned against it. It had been quick, painful, but not without hope, even if slim.

That next week was really bad. At work they noted it and only two people asked me what was wrong. I more or less said that I had lost a dear friend and did not elaborate. They less left me alone as the word got around. I did not get any joy from dressing those evenings. She didn't call and I missed her quite a bit. It had been only a short relationship but was fairly deep. I almost didn't dress to do my weekend housework, but when I finally did I found that I felt better and started getting over it. It took another week to be more myself, and then I got word of the next party.

It was a chance to get out and about again. I had some new, luscious lingerie, a new, fantastic wig, and a new, pretty dress that was not all THAT full in the skirt.

What I mean is that dressing and the prospects of doing it again for the party, good, bad or indifferent, raised my spirits to a point above the regular cut of the day. I was feeling good about myself in ways that men's clothes just never seemed to allow.

Learning that there yet was another of the semi-regular parties and that it was to be held at the end of the week, in spite of my new lovelies, I debated if I should I go? What if SHE were to show up again? What would I do? How could I act? Should I try to talk with her or should I just ignore her? Could I ignore her? And, if she brought with her a lover, what then? When I talked with her at the last party, she had said that she was not into men. Well, if that were the case, what was she doing at a party full of transvestites and transsexuals? Her new lover must be a woman, and if she wouldn't come, then she might "forbid" Cree to come. If that were the case, then I'd be "safe"...

But what if she defied her lover?...

You can see the state of mind that I was in (or out of). It was whirling with questions, some quite dumb, that were raised by the prospect of the party. I wanted to go to be with others who were tolerant of my dressing. Even if I didn't seem to interact all that much with them, there was still a tacit sense of acceptance. Cree had given more than tacit approval... If you wanted, you could even say that she gave me tactile approval...

As the week progressed, I had gotten back to dressing, more and more. By Friday I had decided to go to the party. Somehow, I had not really gotten to the point of trying to iron out those points that she had made. So, I dressed as I usually had and went to the party where I could be my old self.

I was enjoying myself as well as I had at the last party I had attended when Cree hadn't been there. It was interesting and I felt all of the old envies and other feelings that I had "enjoyed" before. I was again more or less of a wallflower, not out of fear, but out of lack of knowledge to enter into the knots of "knowing" TV's about me.. But I didn't mind that much as I was back to "normal", sort of.

Some of the others asked me about that woman I had left with, but I sloughed off the questions, saying it turned out to be a case of mistaken identification, one I wouldn't mind happening again. At that point I laughed and they laughed and the moment passed. At the end of the party, or at least when I went home, I had the same old feelings. There was the joy of being among peers of like mind though not all of like body, especially the TS's. I was glad that I had come, but sad that Cree was gone; so, it was a mixed bag all around.

After that my life fell back into the old pattern of dressing at night, parties when they arose and so on. I still missed Cree but found that I had no way of contacting her. She had done all of the contacting and that was that. Of course, at the parties I did have a tendency to scan all newcomers in the hope... but it was a hope that was not to be fulfilled. I'd like to say that I rose to my previous level of happiness, but it just was not the same. Having had the carrot of happiness dangled before me and then having had it taken away caused a depression that would rise up every so often and drive me down...

But, I was gradually getting over it when things changed again.

Chapter 4: A Call

It came about a month and a half after she left, on a Sunday when I was doing my cleaning chores that I had put off the day before; the phone rang. Well, phones do have a tendency to do that, you know. That's one of the reasons we have the blighters. Well, it rang and I went and picked it up.

“Hello?” I have never been one for long introductions, you never know who is on the other end of the line.

“Hello! Belinda?”

There was no way that I could mistake that voice.

“Cree? Is that you?” I raised to my she-timbre but just had to ask. Who knows, it might have been some evil Cree-sound-alike calling to harass me! *Sure and I know a lot of them, right?*

“You can still recognize my voice?” I could hear the smile in her voice as she asked that. Then it became somewhat wistful as she continued, “It seems like such a long time since I talked with you.”

“Golly, but it was your choice, you know. What can I do for you?”

“I want to see you tonight! Are you free?”

Am I free? Before her I was never not free, if you'll pardon a convolution of negatives.

“Sure, I'll postpone my dates with my movie star friends and see if I can clear the calendar for this evening. When and where?”

“I really want to see you, Belinda, if that is not too much trouble. Say, I'll be around `bout six thirty?”

“You know my routine. It hasn't changed much. OK. Six thirty. Anything special you want me to wear?”

“Oh, something casual, a-line skirt, simple blouse, mid heels, hose, you know the bit..”

“As if I could forget it... OK, six thirty.”

“Great! Do it up well as I want to go out. I'll see you then... I missed you.”

“Uh, me too.”

“Ta Ta, [smack] [click] [buzz]”

The sound of a kiss, the receiver being hung up, and, after a while, the dial tone sort of told me that the conversation was over. I hung up and did some mental flips. I couldn't really flip with the narrowness of my skirt at the time...an a-line skirt like she had requested. And, she wanted to see **Belinda!!**

I finished my chores humming a little tune of happiness. Perhaps the carrot had been thrown back into the pot? I sobered a bit thinking about how it might be drawn back again, but I continued to be hopeful and to hum to myself....

By six thirty I had showered and changed into clean lingerie and a different skirt and blouse. Of course, the skirt was an a-line. I had also shaved again, close and had put on fresh make-up, very carefully.

We had been out before, but I knew that this was going to be quite different, and I didn't want to blow anything....

When I opened the door, she stood there smiling and then took several steps in and planted a warm and sensuous kiss on my equally reddened lips. Then, almost like a child, I was led out the door only barely managing to grab my purse and lock the door..

Thankfully, we went off to a quiet restaurant where (once again) she ordered for the both of us. I was on pins and needles to know what was going on, but she kept me dangling.

She talked of what I had been doing, of my current dress, of the more obvious errors and such.

I was chagrined but all ears since I wanted to know what was going on.. Finally I got some words in sideways, as the saying goes, and asked her what *she* had been doing.

She smiled and said that she had been having wild and wonderful sex with her friend, a true man hater. Once she had said this she again paused for effect as I reeled a bit.

Then we had a dialog...

“She hates men? Then what does she think of you seeing me now? Does she know?”

“Yes, she knows, and she's no doubt furious. Probably cursing me up and down and back and forth, wherever she is.”

“What does that mean `wherever'? Isn't she at your house?”

“After what I told her?” She laughed lightly and then got a more or less straight face. “I doubt she will be anywhere within a mile of my house. I am now tainted in her eyes.”

“Cree? Please tell me what's going on. You have chattered of nonsense and cross examined me, but I really don't know what is going on...”

“Ah yes, my sweet Belinda. I guess you are wondering what this is all about, and why. After my `final' parting so many weeks back, here I am again, feting you and talking like nothing had ever happened... Hmmm, I guess you'd really like to know, wouldn't you.”

“Frankly yes. This whole thing is a mystery to me. Am I just a momentary fling between lovers?”

“Oh NO, my Dear! Let me explain.

“I had known Mary when we were attending the University. It was she that really taught me the art of womanly love. I had gone with a number of guys who never really got all that close, and I had known some women, but she more or less picked me up and that was that! We were almost inseparable. It was a wonderful time.

“But it was the end of my last term and when I graduated, she stayed in school as she was not finished and I went off and gained the experience that got me my current position. My boss says I am a natural supervisor and smart and all that other lavish stuff. I manage well enough but am no superwoman.”

“You're a Super Woman to me!” I had to interject and got a smile in return before she continued.

“I've found that I liked men *and* women, but had never found another woman like Mary. So, when she showed up again, I was ecstatic!

She wanted to take up where we had left off and I was all for it. She said I would have to break off with any other women I was seeing and stay strictly with her. I wasn't about to tell her of you but agreed to her conditions. She had gotten even more dominating than before. Yet, sex was great and we seemed to be taking up where we left off.

“Well, we did not stay at home all of the time. I have my job and all that. Well, Belinda, She turned out to be fickle. In a lesbian bar we went to she made passes at a lot of the women there, and some of them came on to her in spite of us obviously being together.

“Last week, I came home early and caught her in bed with another woman. I was furious and threw her lover out. I told her that she was nothing but a bitch and that I had more pleasure with men than with her. It wasn't really true, but, well, you *are* a fine lover and learning more every time.”

She reached across the table and put her well manicured hand on my not so great hand and gently squeezed.

“I think that was what blew her gasket. She ranted and raved and finally left. I doubt that after saying what I said about men that she will ever be coming back. And, besides,” at this point she again gently squeezed my hand, “I do enjoy you, Belinda, both in bed and out.”

Through all of this I was glad that this was a more or less non-dense restaurant. I could imagine some eavesdroppers being titillated by her little monologue on the trials and tribulations of Cree and Mary. I smiled. I was no fool, however, for I knew that I as a man could not hold a candle to a woman making love to a woman. I had some of the basics, some that Cree herself had taught me, but a man just doesn't have the same set of buttons that a woman has and it takes a long time to learn the right ones and when to push!

Nevertheless, she was hinting, as far as I could see, that she wanted to get back together with me ... Or was she?

“Cree, does this mean that you are through with Mary?”

“Belinda, she is history! Ancient history by now. I never realized what a gem I had in you until after she left. I hope you can forgive me for running out on you..”

I know I must have really blushed at that for I felt hot all over. She? Was asking ME? For forgiveness? I was about to blurt out forty or so yesses, when I thought better of TOO much enthusiasm.

“I thought **I** had lost **you**, Cree,” I began cautiously, “but now you are asking **me** to come back? I find it incredible that this should happen. I have very strong feelings for you and was more or less crushed when you departed. Of course I would like to get back with you, but...”

“But what?”

“Can I be reasonably sure that some other woman won't turn your head, or even some other man?”

“I've learned my lesson on that score. But, we won't rush into it if you don't want to. Let's have another date next, say, uh, next Friday. You think it over and I'll think it over and we'll see what we can make of it.”

“That sounds great by me. You know, Cree, I had been about to ask you to move in with me before we broke up. That is how strongly I felt.”

“Me? with you? That is something to think about. But not tonight. We both have to work tomorrow, so let's let it stew a bit and see what kind of soup it makes, OK?”

“Fine by me.”

I had played it cool. I only hoped I had both not played it too cool nor blown it by more or less blurting out my desires of a closer and/or longer liaison. I knew I had a lot to think about and knew she did too. But she'd asked for the date and I agreed.

She drove me home and again, on parting, curled my toes with another of her warmest kisses. No woman had ever kissed me like that. And, to boot, we were both wearing skirts, blouses and the rest like each other.

Maybe I HAD found an understanding woman. The next date would tell — onwards or apart!