

CREATING GIGI



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By Mardee Louise Prynne

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Printed in the USA

CREATING GIGI

Chapter One

The athletic field occupied a full and rather deep block. A large concrete grandstand overlooked the quarter mile cinder track; a chute to the left offered a straightaway for the 220. A baseball diamond was set up on the center of the oval track; very strange foul lines. Soccer goals appeared in the fall.

Adjacent to the chute was a collection of concrete tennis courts and a row of handball courts. The handball courts were used for a local hybrid of tennis and squash.

The real attraction was the many social opportunities the courts offered. Girls preened for boys. Boys acted silly to impress the girls. Pates were made, secrets revealed and a little petting went on between the back of the grandstand and the train trestle a few yards away.

There were protocols to be followed. Few with social pretensions would appear at the courts on Sunday before noon. To be there early might mean you didn't have a date the Saturday night before.

I had no pretensions so I was often there early on Sunday. I was good at handball, a game we actually played according to the rules. The Sunday morning quiet offered me an opportunity to practice serves and "killer" shots with no competition for the court.

You must understand that I was socially awkward. I aspired to be "cultured." My blue collar family had given me up as weird and, despite my athletic prowess, looked at me as a sort of faggot. The girls I developed crushes on were miles above me. The girls I attracted never seemed attractive to me. Not that they weren't good looking; it was just that they were part of the world I wanted to escape. The girls of my own social standing liked me but thought my interests strange. At times they treated me as one of the girls. This left me out of the dating scene.

It was about 7:30 AM on a spring Sunday. A girl's bike was in the bike racks! Forgotten yesterday? The bike was a Raleigh, a very popular English make back then. Someone really didn't care if

she left a bike like that. I'll bet her parents were pissed. I put my Schwinn racer in the rack and took my handball glove and ball from the seat bag. As I walked to the courts I saw her. This was not a local girl!

Even from a distance I saw class and style. She was medium height, slender with flaxen hair cut in a short page boy. Sitting on a bench in front of the grandstand, she sipped a cola from a bottle. I stared in disbelief.

She stood, smiled in my direction and waved. I looked around to make sure there was no one else she might be greeting.

I was drawn to her immediately. I waved back and shouted "Hi." As I approached I noticed she had a field hockey stick. This game was played only in private high schools in the Brooklyn of the early fifties. My heart sank as I felt the gap between us grow even as I neared her.

She was lovely. Fair skin with just a sprinkling of freckles on her nose. Intense blue eyes. Her white shorts were folded up. A spotless short-sleeved white blouse was open enough to reveal the lace edge of a tank-top undershirt. Her jewelry consisted of a small watch and diamond stud earrings. My heart beat accelerated as I reacted to her unaffected natural beauty. Her fair complexion, and her grooming set her apart from the girls in this Italian and Jewish neighborhood.

"My name is Tenley," she volunteered as she extended her hand. I shook it awkwardly and was surprised by her firm, no nonsense handshake.

"We're new here. Mum and I just moved into a house we've rented. We're from England." Her accent had announced her origin with no need for explanation.

"My name's Mitch."

"I do want to get in a bit more drill before I go home and shower for church. People around here seem so standoffish. You're not like that or you wouldn't have responded to my greeting. I do hope we can chat soon."

She picked up the hockey stick, tossed a ball onto the grass of the field and began a ritual of drills. I couldn't say if I was more impressed by her speed of movement and reflexes or by the clear outline of her white panties through her shorts.

“Okay. See you around,” I said awkwardly as I stood open mouthed watching this angel.

A minute or two later I was at the handball court. My concentration was off; I kept looking back at Tenley.

Soon I was involved in a doubles game with some of the guys. Two were brothers, the third their cousin.

Tenley stood outside the chain-link fence of the court. She had no trouble getting my attention. Her face was framed by a girls’ version of the skimmer. The round straw hat with a turned up rim on the brim had a sort of scarf or ribbon around the crown. The look added to her attractiveness.

“Hi Tenley,” I said warmly as we finished the point.

“I meant to give this to you, my phone number.” She passed it to me through the fence.

“Well hello!” my playing partner said as he leered at Tenley.

“Are you always so vulgar or are you trying to impress me?”

Laughter from his brother and cousin as his face reddened.

“Do call,” Tenley said warmly.

“I will.”

Tenley waved and walked toward the bike rack.

My companions were suddenly mean. “You snub my sister but you run after that skinny bitch in a second. Mitch, you forget where you come from. Snub my sister, hey.”

He shoved me and I found myself surrounded by the three of them. I figured I could take any one or even two of them if I got in a good shot. No way could I handle three.

Tenley was suddenly there. As Vinnie stepped toward me, Tenley shoved both her hands into the small of his back. He staggered forward barely avoiding a fall,

Vinnie turned cursing expecting to find one of the guys jumping into the fight. His jaw dropped as he realized this slip of girl had dared to attack him.

“Just thought I would even things up a bit.”

“Look girl, this is none of your business. We’re friends. Just playing. So butt out.”

Tenley stared calmly at Vinnie. He didn't see the backhand slap coming. His head twisted with the force of the blow.

"But you see, I am definitely not playing. Never, never talk to me like that."

Vinnie shifted awkwardly from foot to foot. He was angry and frustrated. Things like this weren't supposed to happen. If a guy started with him, he knew what to do although he was more bluster than anything else. But this slender, angelic looking girl had disrupted his whole style. I had the distinct feeling that he was afraid of Tenley. This girl didn't know the rules of Vinnie's little world. She might just be fast enough to beat his ass and humiliate him.

"Just forget the whole thing! You can't even tell when friends are playing around." He backed away not daring to turn from her.

"I'll ride home with you," I said to Tenley.

"Well, I am glad to see that there's at least one gentleman around here."

Vinnie cursed me roundly as Tenley and I rode off.

"This is where mum and I are living. I'd invite you in but the place is a bit of a mess, what with unpacking. I've also got to get ready for church. Mum found an Episcopal Church not too far. No C. of E. in the States."

Tenley rested her hand on mine as I leaned on the handlebars of my bike. "Are you all right?"

I blushed as she asked the question. I realized I had been staring intently into her eyes. "Sorry. Didn't mean to embarrass you."

Tenley kissed her fingertips and touched them to my Ups.

"Do call. Promise?" Tenley palled after me as I rode down her driveway.

Sitting in the cool darkness of the parish church, I reflected not on my soul but on the intense attraction I felt toward Tenley. As different from the girls of the neighborhood as my Roman Catholicism was from her Church of England and its Episcopalian offshoot here in America. I was a little concerned that Vinnie, asshole that he was, would try to get even with her.

That evening I called Tenley. I was afraid her mother might answer and I didn't know the ground rules for talking to parents of girls who were from outside my narrow world. Fortunately Tenley picked up. Her voice rose a few decibels and picked up speed when she heard my voice.

"Please, please come visit. I want to see you. Mum has to see that you really exist and that I didn't invent you."

A few minutes later I knocked on Tenley's door. I heard her bound down the stairs. Silence as she composed herself. I peeked through the high stained glass door window to see her comb her hair with her hand.

The door opened. "Mitch! Hi," she said enthusiastically. A quick but affectionate kiss on the lips as I stood awkwardly on the threshold.

"Come in at once," laughed Tenley as she pulled me into the vestibule. "Place is a mess down here so we had best chat in my room. Well not just a room but I've got a sitting room/study too."

I followed her up the stairs. Although there were a few days to go to Holy Week and Easter, Tenley already had an outdoorsy glow to her fair, smooth skin that seemed to radiate from within. She wore a long shirt or tunic which she tied loosely with a silk scarf. It reached to mid-thigh. Soft ballet slippers drew my attention to the perfect ankles and tapered calves. I wondered if her choice of underwear would be as unusual as her choice of outer clothing.

Tenley stopped short. I almost ran into her. She turned, took my face in her hands, and bending forward from two steps above me, kissed me. Despite her polished English style, she was not the least reserved when it came to a kiss. Her tongue brushed over mine as she pushed my face from hers.

"That's how I wanted to greet you at the door. Mum would be upset if the neighbors started whispering."

The firm, muscular yet alluring curve of her thigh was

inches from my face. Tiny golden hairs on her thighs moved as I breathed. I wrapped my arms around Tenley's thighs and carried her to the top of the stairs. She ran her fingers through my hair as she smiled at me.

"Second door on the right," giggled Tenley.

I deposited her on the bed.

Tenley stood facing me. The tips of her fingers traced the contours of my face. She sat down on the bed and curled her knees to her chest. Her chin rested on her knees as she wrapped her arms around her legs. Her face grew wistful, almost sad.

"Mitch, I'm so attracted to you. You're so much more than the boys I knew back home...I'm afraid to let my feelings come out. We'll hurt each other if we get involved. Whatever happens between us will have to end and it will, all too soon..."

I felt a lump rising in my throat. Did Tenley have regrets about what was amounting to nothing more than a flirtation?

A knock at the door interrupted this adolescent melodrama.

"Excuse me Miss Tenley. Mrs. Crichton asked me to let you know coffee is ready. She would like to meet your friend."

"Thank you. We'll be down in moment."

Tenley slipped on a pair of dark slacks. She raised her skirt as she pulled them on and zipped them. Turning from me as she did so allowed me the briefest glimpse of the shiny white panties that caressed her tiny but shapely bottom.

Tenley's every move was seductive without being in the least affected. A wistful smile melted my heart as she pushed her hair behind her ears. Her fingers rested on my hand. "Come down and meet my mum."

Tenley's mother was an attractive, sophisticated lady. She explained she was in the art business and would be in New York for about eighteen months. If business opportunities were fruitful she would stay for several years and so might Tenley. She chose to live in this neighborhood so Tenley could experience a social milieu she had never known. Mrs. Crichton would also be lecturing in art history at New York University and at the New School.

I made a few points by explaining that I knew very little about art but had discovered the museums of New York and was

educating myself by visiting them regularly. I didn't tell her that my family thought that I was weird and my friends mocked me for this interest.

My acceptance to the municipal college system was met with mixed reaction by my family. They could see college as a sort of advanced trade school so one can be in a position to earn more money. My announcement that I would study liberal arts was met with a severe decree: "You do that, you get no support from us. You'll pay your own way and you'll pay your board."

Tenley became enthusiastic. "Mummy, this is wonderful. Mitch can show me the museums..."

"Yes, quite. I'm sure Mitch is quite bright. I admire his drive to learn the things that have made us civilized. I'm sure he'll be quite suitable as a companion for you."

Tenley and I walked around the block. She slipped her arm through mine as she rested her against my shoulder.

"Mummy's a bit protective. Don't take her aloof reaction too personally. She really does approve or she wouldn't have commented at all."

"Tenley, I really think you're special, I understand what you said upstairs. I know this will end when you go back home...but can't we just let our feelings happen?"

Tenley paused, looked up at me through teary eyes and kissed me.

"Mitch, promise you'll never hate me."

She put her finger over my lips before I could answer.

Chapter Two

Homeroom, the next morning, Vinnie was all enthusiastic.

"Big doings at the Avenue P handball courts next weekend. Doubles. You and me can make some easy bucks. No one in the whole city can beat us."

“Not on Saturday. Only Sunday. I’m going to the museum on Eastern Parkway with someone.”

“You’re fucking strange. You’re gonna leave me hanging for some paintings?”

He was not happy but he was okay with it until he mulled it over.

“That skinny one from the courts, right?”

“Yeah, so?”

“Mitch, Mitch. I know you want to get out of this place. You don’t want to work with your hands like your father and his father before him. I accept that ' cause your my friend.

“But you’re going about it wrong. That girl’s not from our world. You’re a joyride for her. When the novelty wears off, she’ll throw you away like a broken toy.”

“Thanks, Vinnie, for caring. I’ll get through it.” Given what Tenley had said in her bedroom, I suspected Vinnie wasn’t far from the truth.

That evening I called Tenley. There was an apologetic, almost sad tone in her voice. Maybe Vinnie’s prophecy was coming true sooner than he would have guessed.

“Mitch, about Saturday.” Here it comes I thought. “Mum had my car shipped in. They’re going to get it ready but I have to pick it up late Saturday morning. We just have to put off the museum. But I do want to see you later in the day and on Sunday too if you care to see me.”

I explained the situation.

“I’ll be at the Avenue P courts as soon as I can. Where on Avenue P?”

“Actually they’re on East Fourth between O & P. Nearer to P.”

“I’ll never understand. I’ll see you then.”

* * * * *

The school week ended on a high. I aced a renaissance history essay exam. For some dopey reason I wanted to show it to Tenley, Maybe she would tell her “mum” how great a student I was. Why the hell should I care about “mum”? Vinnie was right. This wasn’t going to last worth shit.

I went down to the courts to practice some doubles with Vinnie and the guys.

Saturday was a fine crisp day. Betting was heavy. Vinnie and I carried a few challengers to keep things interesting. This brought us more than a few bucks from some of the local gamblers who appreciated that we kept the betting going.

A couple of serious games later in the morning. Our speed, stamina, and concentration were holding up well.

Around eleven I started looking around for Tenley. Vinnie noticed.

“Mitch, Mitch concentrate on what we’re here for. She shows or she don’t show. Either way you’ll live.” Vinnie was starting to sound like my grandfather.

I walked over to the street vendor to get a soda. A manual transmission car roared as the driver gunned the engine for attention. The sound told me this was no American car. I turned to see Tenley behind the wheel of a classic MG-TD. Right hand drive, clam shell fenders, oversized headlights. Both Tenley and the car were classics.

Tenley smiled and waved. I walked to the car, bent over Tenley who looked up at me. We kissed. Applause from the hangers on.

Tenley pulled to the front of one of the few parking spaces on the street. Like any civilized person, her intent was to back into the spot. Some jerk in an Impala convertible nosed into the space as she started to back park. Tenley got out of her car and challenged the guy. The driver ignored her insistence that it was her space.

“Excuse me you rude creature but you’re not going to take my space.”

“I already did. Why don’cha take this?” The loudmouth brandished his fist at her through the open window.

I started running toward them. Vinnie joined me.

Tenley calmly grabbed the driver's hand and wrist between her hands and applied some sort of pressure hold. The driver bellowed in pain. Tenley released her grip and grabbed his hair. She started pulling him over the door of the car amidst laughter and cat calls from the crowd. The driver fell to the street landing on his knees. He flailed his arms to keep Tenley away from him. My slender English rose applied an arm bar. Her opponent was in big trouble.

The driver's wife or girlfriend called the two cops who had been watching the courts from their cruiser.

The cops pulled up and laughed. "This girl is the one who assaulted him? Lady, she should kick his butt. Might straighten out his brains. Give her the space before we lock you up for disturbing the peace."

Great applause and approving comments from the crowd who knew the driver as a pain who lived on that block. Tenley was the heroine of the moment.

After Vinnie and I dispatched the last two contenders we sat on a bench and counted up our money. About two-hundred eighty dollars for each of us. I was wondering how much money changed hands that the gamblers tipped us like that. Not that we didn't 'deserve it. There weren't many guys who could control the point spread as regularly and as effectively as Vinnie and I.

Tenley and I went out for Chinese early that evening. A light steady, spring rain started around dusk.

"Mitch, I know you're wondering but please don't ask me how I learned to fight so well, I promise you'll know but not just yet."

"Do they have a lot of Chinese restaurants in London?"

Tenley smiled as I compliantly changed the subject. "Lots, mostly takeaways. Lots more Indian restaurants than here. About as many as the Chinese places in this area."

Tenley studied the menu. She screwed up her mouth. "Really? Now what part of China is tomato egg drop soup indigenous to?" Her eyes glowed with her buoyant mood.

“A Brooklyn specialty. Don’t knock it if you haven’t tried it.”

“What was it they were saying when they made ‘arrangements’ before each handball match? ‘You’re on,’ wasn’t that it? Mitch, you’re on!”

We ordered and were served.

“Oooh, I love it!” Tenley was loosening up as she reacted to the tomato egg drop soup. She had replaced her funk of the previous weekend with a large dose of verve.

Tenley sat with her back against the wall and stretched her legs along the bench of our dark booth. She bit the end off the egg roll. She turned slowly to me as she rested her foot on the edge of the bench. Her skirt slid over her thigh. Unfortunately the table prevented me from seeing her inner thighs and her panties.

Tenley giggled as she assumed a more modest pose.

* * * * *

Outside the restaurant, a light drizzle had started. Tenley reached inside her bag and pulled out a small umbrella.

We squeezed under the tiny umbrella as we strolled back to Tenley’s house. Tenley put her arm around my waist as she pulled mine around hers.

The maid who had knocked on Tenley’s door during my first visit handed us towels as we entered. “Tea or cocoa, Miss Tenley?”

“Nothing now, thank you. You may retire.”

“Yes miss.”

“Mum is out until late this evening.”

I found myself in a sort of sitting room. Tenley steered me to a small couch. We snuggled close together. I found I was more relaxed with Tenley than I had ever been with any girl before. We sat back listening to the rain.

“No handball tomorrow I should think. This sounds, like a long rain. Can we do the museum if that’s so?”

“God, yes. I’ll do anything with you.”

I noticed a picture album on the coffee table. “My baby pictures, that sort of thing. Care to see?”

“I want to know everything about you forever, from day one to forever. Of course I want to see.”

She was a beautiful baby, an adorable toddler. The first day of school in her jumper and hat.

Tenley pointed to a lovely woman who held her in the early pictures. “My real mother. I’ve no memory of her. Mummy adopted me. She was my real mother’s friend.

“My dad. Wasn’t he ever so handsome? RAF officer in the war. Shot down just before I was born.”

A picture of a three year old child scampering nude on the lawn of a large country house. “You were so ...” I started to say cute when I noticed that the child in the picture seemed to have a penis. Yet the resemblance to Tenley was uncanny. I was reasonably sure she didn’t have a brother. Must be a cousin. Still, it was her face.

Tenley closed the album. Her mood changed when she saw I had noticed that picture. “Some other time.” She closed the album and so closed my brief glimpse into her early years.

Tenley leaned over me as she guided my hand to her breast. She covered my face with kisses. “God, Mitch.... don’t ever hate me. I want you so much. Don’t let me hurt you but don’t ever hate me.” She was shaking as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Had I not already fallen in love with her, I might have cut out of her life. Her mood swings were too extreme. Then there was this recurring theme of her not wanting me to hate her.

“Nothing you could do or say will ever make me love you less.” I kissed the tip of her nose.

“I’ll be by for you around noon. Will you be okay or should I wait until your mother gets home?”

“You are so, so caring. I’ll be fine. Annie is used to looking after me.”

We walked hand in hand to the door. “Mitch, I want so much to love you.”

“Amen to that.”

I walked home with a Cole Porter song running thorough my

head. The one that starts “I am dejected, I am depressed yet resurrected, sailing the crest...so in love with you am I.”

Damn me for a fool, for not keeping my place in the order of things. Why did I have to go fall in love with a snobby little English girl? Protestant no less. Delicate English flower my ass. She can kick butt with the best of them,

There was a note on the door when I got home.

Call Tenley,

She needs to hear from you,

P. S. Who is Tenley and why does she talk so funny?

My mother’s sense of humor!

Tenley picked up on the first ring. “Oh Mitch. I miss you so much. I’m so confused...I don’t want to love you because it’ll hurt too much when we have to part.

But I do love you. I knew it when I saw you, when I sensed you were made from a finer clay than ...oh I just want you and I want you to want me.”

“Jesus, Mary, Joseph and all the Saints...Slow down girl! I have feelings for you that are much more complex than I’ve ever dreamed possible. And I know I’ll never hate you”

“Promise?”

“Promise”

“Night Mitch”

“Night Tenley”

Chapter Three

Annie answered the door. “I’ll tell Miss Tenley you’re here. Please come with me.” I was shown into a study off the front hall. Mrs. Crichton rose to greet me.

“Mitch. I’m so very pleased that you and Tenley have taken an interest in each other. From what she tells me you’re a fine young man. Really quite impressive how you are educating yourself

in so many things.

“I’m sure Tenley will benefit from your being able to show her so many of the attractions of New York.”

She was warm yet I felt as though she saw me as some sort of convenient buffoon, a gavone who would act as a tour guide for her daughter. I could be discarded with no remorse when I was no longer a convenience.

Tenley’s mother was tall with light brown hair worn in a French knot. She had a figure that my Jewish friends would describe as “zaftig,” juicy. She wore a blue knit dress with a fitted top and a looser skirt. Grayish stockings highlighted her superb legs made all the more shapely by high heeled pumps.

Mrs. Crichton seated herself in a Queen Anne chair on one side of the fireplace. She motioned me to take a seat. “Please relax. You seem awed by me. No reason for that. I’ve never been comfortable with the boys who’ve shown an interest in Tenley until you. . Tenley is really impressed and drawn to you as she should be. I will not stand in the way of you paying sincere attention to Tenley.

“She’s different from most young people. But I sense you’re open enough to understand her, to adapt to her, to even love her. And I do mean love her in every sense of that word.”

Mrs. Crichton leaned back and crossed her legs. She fanned her skirt flashing the dark welts of her stockings. There was a wistful, concerned, and caring quality to her voice and to her facial expression as she talked about Tenley.

“I know I’ll never deliberately or even carelessly abuse your trust. Tenley is so different from the girls I’ve known. She’s become very precious to me in the few days we’ve known each other. I just hope I can be worthy of her...for however long she’s interested in me.”

“You see Mitch, Tenley’s mother’s short life became a hell that I failed to protect her from. I’ll not let that happen to Tenley. I get the sense you wouldn’t allow that either.”

“Mrs. Crichton, the only reason I would part from Tenley would be if she asked me to or to keep from hurting her.”

“Thank you, Mitch. I believe you.”

A light knock at the door and Tenley entered. She sat down next to me on the small couch. Leaning her head against my shoulder, she rested her hand on mine.

“Well, Mum. Isn’t he every bit as yummy as I said?”

“He’s that and more. Don’t go treating him as you’ve treated some of the others. Cling fast to him.”

“Oh mother! Don’t lecture. We must go. The museum opens in half an hour. May I take the MG?”

“Please do. And take an umbrella. You might enjoy a walk in the rain. Spring rains can be so romantic, what?”

Mrs. Crichton walked us to the door. She kissed Tenley. To my surprise she kissed me warmly. She stood between us, one hand on each of us. “Take care of each other.”

Tenley wore a pink dress with a white Peter Pan collar. Her white gloves were so ladylike as to be an almost surreal touch.

We slid into the MG. She pulled her skirt above her knees. “The better to work the pedals,” she offered by way of qualification. The white garters led my eye and my imagination toward pleasures I couldn’t have conceived.

The MG maneuvered through the wet, green park toward the Brooklyn Museum. Tenley deftly parked the car in the one space left in front of the museum. We walked hand in hand into the museum.

We strolled the galleries not really seeing the exhibits nor the other visitors. We held hands and gazed into each other’s eyes. Coffee in the cafeteria. We held hands across the table.

“Can I take you to dinner?”

“You must have studying to do. Why don’t we eat at my house? Mum has an appointment with friends in Manhattan. It’ll just be the two of us and that will make it very special.. Annie can make us omelets and salad. White wine. I’ll phone Annie.”

The phone booths were at the entrance to the gift shop. Tenley stepped out of the phone booth. I took her hand and led her into the gift shop.

“They have wonderful reproductions of ancient jewelry. I want you to choose something so we can have a keepsake of our first date.”

“Mitch, you’re so sweet, such a romantic...” Then that pause and the sadness in her eyes. I beat her to it this time.

“Tenley, don’t ever think I might come to hate you. I promised I never would.”

She leaned her face toward mine and kissed me lightly but lingeringly.

We leaned over the showcases. Tenley pointed excitedly at a small brass figure on a matching chain. “Bast! An Egyptian goddess. Please, Mitch. That one. It just suits me.”

I hooked the chain around Tenley’s neck. “Thank you, thank you, thank you. Ooooh, I’m so pleased!”

Tenley held the figure in her palm as she offered it for my inspection. The goddess Bast had a figure to rival even Mrs. Crichton. The odd aspect was that this clearly female figure had a penis!

The street lights were coming on as we drove home. Annie had set the table in the breakfast room. Warm French bread was on the table, a bottle of Riesling chilling in a silver wine bucket. Tenley used a waiter’s corkscrew to open the wine. My innocent looking angel was as skilled in opening a wine bottle as she was in so many other things.

Annie cleared away the salad plates. Tenley refilled the wine glasses. She fingered the figure of Bast looking as pleased as Punch.

As she filled my wine glass, Tenley bent over me. “Thank you. I just love it.”

Her mouth enveloped mine as our tongues probed deeply.

Annie cleared her throat as she entered to serve the omelets.

“Miss Tenley, will you be needing me? The coffee is set up. Just add hot water.”

“Thank you. Good night Annie,”

“Good night Miss Tenley. Good night sir.”

This slight recognition from Annie gave me a sense of acceptance, a feeling that I was less a non-person than on earlier visits.

A door closed. The sound of a television in Annie’s room. We were effectively alone.

“Let me play for you.”

“Pardon.”

“Piano. I play the piano.”

I followed her to the sitting room. She seated herself at the Steinway parlor grand. The lid was partially raised.

“Come sit with me,” Tenley suggested as her fingers roamed the keys. “Hasn’t been played of late. We had a tuner in this week.

“We have a Boesendorfer in London. Boesendorfers are so neat!”

I had no idea of what a Boesendorfer meant.

“Oscar Peterson plays one,” commented Tenley. I had heard Oscar Peterson’s recordings and listened to him on a jazz radio station. A Boesendorfer was a piano of some kind! I realized the limit of my experience. A surge of hesitation came over me. It would take some work to come up to Tenley’s world. God and Mrs. Crichton willing, I might just make it.

“Shall I show off first?”

She didn’t wait for an answer but played Liszt’s “Fantasies on Hungarian Folk Themes.” There was no music in front of her yet she played on! I knew something about Liszt from reading and from listening to recordings I borrowed from the main branch of the Brooklyn Public Library. It was awesome how this small girl had the power to play this difficult piece so well. It was beyond my wildest dreams to be sitting with this beautiful girl who could play so well, with such intensity. Would, I wondered, the passion with which she played translate to our love?

Tenley moved her hands from the piano and lowered them to her lap. I jumped to my feet and applauded. “Bravo, bravo!

Tenley, you're so phenomenal! I must have done something right for me to be here with you."

Tenley rose, pulled her skirt to the side and curtsied.

Again at the piano. Her touch changed. Debussy's "Girl with the Flaxen Hair."

"The title suits you. You play it so well."

"Mitch, thank you. But don't you see how much you know of things that matter. You don't belong here. You belong with me. We belong together."

She wrapped her arms around my neck as we stood with our bodies touching. I hugged her, pulled her close against me. My hands roved over her back as she drove her tongue deeper into my mouth.

My hands cupped her bottom. I felt the hem of her panties through her skirt and slip. Her belly ground against my groin. Suddenly Tenley leaped against me and wrapped her legs around my waist. Her nylon covered bottom rested in my hands.

I sat back on the piano bench as Tenley tightened her legs around my waist. She feverishly rubbed her body against mine. We fell to the floor.

Somehow Tenley opened my belt and lowered my trousers. She pulled my cock from my briefs. I pushed her away. "Tenley, don't do something you may not be ready for, something you may regret."

"Oh shut up and let me love you! Mitch, I need you so badly...not just now, but forever."

"I need you Tenley. You're my life, my hopes, my ..."

The sound of taxi discharging a passenger broke the mood.

"Your mother!"

"Really, Mitch. Don't be so bourgeois! Mummy's been around. She expects the same of me. And she does approve of you."

But the mood had been broken. Our assignation would wait.

I phoned Tenley every evening. She refused to see me

during the week until after finals and Regent's exams. We agreed to meet early on Saturday. Tenley wanted me to learn tennis.

Chapter Four

“Wow, the sun glare off your tennis dress will blind me. No fair!”

Tenley wore a one piece tennis dress with a very short pleated skirt. The top was open enough to show the lace edged cotton tank-top. I wondered if she was wearing a brassiere.

She bent at the waist as she adjusted her white crew socks. Her skirt rose to show me the back of her panties! It was pretty obvious that she wore ordinary panties and not the shapeless things that came with tennis outfits. I was transfixed by the white nylon, aroused by the curved seam of the reinforced crotch that so beautifully framed the mysteries that had so enthralled me.

The early morning sunshine was overwhelmed by clouds. A steady rain called off the lesson. Tenley had brought her bike. “You pedal and I'll sit on the seat.”

We were in Tenley's house in a few minutes. Annie was out shopping.

“Mum” had to go into the pity to meet a potential client. I wondered what “mummy” did for or with or to her clients.

Tenley led me to her room. She opened the blinds. Trees and foliage kept the back garden private. “No one can see in,” assured Tenley.

She went to the hall linen closet and returned with two large towels. Tenley threw a towel over my head and began drying my hair. I never knew a kiss as light and as fleeting as the one she gave me at that moment could be so sensual, so arousing.

Tenley looked at me wistfully. “Hold me, hold me. Don't ever let me go!”

Her arms were around my neck. The hug lasted and yet was too short.

“Get out of those wet things before you catch a chill.” She undid my jeans as she spoke. The rain became a storm as the light from outside faded from the room.

Tenley pushed my arms up and pulled my tee shirt over my head. I kicked off my sneakers. Tenley knelt down and removed my socks. She nuzzled her face against the front of my Jockey shorts. Her tongue tickled my navel. “Everything off,” she said firmly as she rose to her feet and pulled my briefs down.

Tenley sat on the edge of her bed. She extended her leg straight up as she undid her tennis sneaker. She repeated this with the other leg. The shoes fell to the floor as she wiggled her feet. I dropped to my knees and rolled her socks off her feet. Massaging her arch, I kissed her toes, her ankles. Her legs parted. The panty crotch was taut and frill.

The rain punctuated our breathing.

Tenley stood in front of me as she unbuttoned the tennis dress. It fell to the floor as I extend my hand toward the swell of her tiny breasts under the soft cotton tank-top. Her nipples hardened.

Turning her back to me, she wiggled her panties down over her cute bottom. She turned to me giggling as she revealed thin cotton panties under her outer nylon panties. “For comfort and hygiene. The nylon knickers were to tease you, to make you want me.”

“I want you, I want you now and for all time.”

She crossed her arms and grasped the edge of her tank- top. Her arms rose pulling the tank-top over her head. Her breasts were tiny domes with soft pink nipples. I kissed them slowly. My tongue circled her nipples as she quivered and suddenly sucked in air.

Her hand cupped my balls as if she were weighing them. Her tongue ran along my neck, buried itself in my ear. I shivered and moaned.

Tenley stepped back from me. “Mitch, you promised you would never hate me.”

She hooked her thumbs in the waist band of her panties and pulled them down. Her cock sprang from between her legs! She was rock hard.

I was totally fascinated, totally aroused and even more in love with this unique beauty. “Tenley, you’re so, so beautiful. I love you.”

Our cocks touched. We drew closer in a tight embrace as we

fell onto the bed. Tenley straddled me, her balls just inches from my face. I tried to lick them but she teasingly pulled back. Her hand grasped my balls as she sunk her nails into my tender skin and squeezed. It was both painful and arousing. I was writhing and moaning as I yielded to the control of my lover.