

THE GODDESS WITHIN



MARDEE LOUISE DRYNNE

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Printed in the USA

PART ONE

WE MEET TABBY & CRYSTAL

Crystal was an anachronism, a throwback to a time gone by. My sister personified the “new age” mystique. She was “The Age of Aquarius” incarnate. The difference between Crystal and almost all those still playing at being “new age” was that Crystal wasn’t playing; she was for real! The long hair, the tank tops, the sandals all were part of her being. She had many “gifts” and had become a true Wiccan long before it was the in thing to play at. Don’t get me wrong! I adored her and appreciated that she took care of me after we were left on our own.

We were always a step or two ahead of the family members who wanted to get the income left to us by our mother. Maybe some people would have had my sister put away but her beliefs, however odd or different, kept her from succumbing to the rather ugly face the world had presented to her. My inner being told me that Crystal’s world was less ugly and more real than the one around us.

Somehow she had agreed to take over a new-age tea room in a dying shore resort at the beginning of the off season. There was an apartment over the store for us to live in, an okay community college nearby and space for Crystal to open a boutique selling clothing and new age items.

Crystal made an alluring Wiccan. Her dark blond hair pulled back from her face, a black tank top over a gauzy skirt. A sliver amulet called attention to her swam like neck and her perfect breasts.

Crystal! Isn’t that a trip? Mom really named her that! Perfect name for a girl with my sister’s interests and style. Crystal was a new age relic for sure.

My name was pretty far out too. Tabby! At least that’s what Crystal called me. It came from the time she caught me pretending to be a cat. I was only three when that happened but the name stuck

Our first day in our new home. The gray, drizzling mood had a really positive impact on Crystal. The mists made her feel like she was in a primeval land. I had to agree with her. It would have been a great time to go

down to the jetty and sketch. There was work to be done.

The tearoom and the shop were ready for business by midafternoon. I wondered if there would be any trade.

“Tabby, this is going to be our home, our real home. I just know. Don’t you worry about the business. Those new summer vacation developments will bring all sorts of people to this area. The nice fall weekends will bring day trippers and fishermen. We’ve just got to hang in.”

“Cryst, they’ll be yuppies. They aren’t interested in what you sell and you wouldn’t do business with them if they wanted you. You hate them!”

“Tabby, sweets. I don’t hate them. I loathe them, I despise them. Their money is good.

“And I just know there’s a coven near... I’m restless. Let’s go for a run.”

Crystal had such great legs it was a pity to hide them in the flowing skirts she wore. In shorts and a tank top, she was spectacular! We covered about eight miles out and back on a flat road along the shore.

We took a break and went through some Tai Ch’i exercises. Crystal had a grace of movement that seemed to defy gravity, to slow time.

She teased me as she watched my movements. “Tabby, your legs are wasted on a boy. Most girls would kill for legs like yours. And your waist!”

My jogging shorts rode up as I went through the exercises. “Tabby,” laughed Crystal, “the hem of your panties is showing. You really are a little tease.”

“Come off it, Cryst! They’re boys’ fashion underpants.” “Right, sure! Don’t tell me you don’t remember wanting to try on my clothes when mommy used to get angry and hit you because you were a boy and might turn out like daddy. And it wasn’t so long ago that you still wanted to try my things.”

Blushing, I ran up to Crystal and slapped her playfully on the rump. “Catch me if you can,” I challenged as I ran down the road toward the tearoom.

Crystal was alongside me in a flash. She was slender with an ethereal beauty yet she was swift and powerful. Her delving into unusual religions had brought her into contact with subtle and rare forms of martial arts. Woe to any guy who tried to take advantage of Crystal!

We chatted as we ran through the cool September air.

"I love to tease you, Tabby. But one thing you should know is that the male and female combine in all of us...that's if we're healthy enough to know it. God and goddess, yin and yang. So many cultures haven't lost touch with the earth."



“Cryst, I know. We’ve talked about it. It figures into your Wiccan scene. I don’t doubt you. Besides I’m waiting for you to initiate me into...well, whatever. I want to be like a made man as the Mafia would say.”

A Lincoln Town Car was parked in front of the tearoom as we turned onto the seedy main street. A rather attractive woman in her mid-thirties got out to intercept us. Crystal’s invisible antenna went up.

The woman was a local real estate person who would be marketing the new developments. I didn’t expect to see a woman of her class and style in this area. She wore a gray tailored suit, blue blouse, high heeled pumps, and dark tan stockings. I do mean stockings because her skirt rose high enough to reveal the smooth skin of her bare thigh above the dark top of her stocking!

Conservative teardrop garnet earrings, matching ring and a ladies Rolex watch were her only pieces of jewelry. Her dark auburn hair was in a tight bun.

“I’m so sorry to have caught you when you’re just getting back from your jog. I do want to welcome you and ...”

“Please come in,” interrupted Crystal as she unlocked the door of the tearoom.

A few minutes later I put a platter of scones and butter on the table as I waited for the water to boil for the herbal teas I knew to offer.

Rhonda Carter was truly excited at the prospect of having businesses that would give an exotic, arty touch to the decaying downtown area. She was absolutely taken with Crystal’s outlook and style.

“Crystal, who did the wonderful drawings?”

“Oh, Tabby is quite talented.” Crystal nodded in my direction. Before Crystal could elaborate, Rhonda began gushing.

“Really? You and your sister are so talented. It’s so rare to find two sisters so attractive and so talented.”

I wasn’t about to clue Rhonda to the fact that I was a boy. I put my knees together leaving my feet apart and hugged myself. I had no doubt that this female posture would assure that Rhonda Carter would go on thinking I’m a girl!

The kettle began to whistle. I got up to fill the teapot. Rhonda followed me with her eyes. My thumbs found the hem of my panties as I snapped them over my cheeks.

I left Crystal with Rhonda and went up to shower. Crystal came up about forty-five minutes later.

Crystal took a confrontational posture in the door to my room. “Brat!” I didn’t know if Crystal was angry or not. “Now how do we get of this one? Rhonda thinks you’re a girl!

“Now don’t try to cute your way out of this one. She can bring us a lot of business. Her plan is to show prospective home buyers there is more to this town than they expect. We’re going to be the vanguard of an arty downtown.”

She pushed me onto the bed, straddled me and yanked open my robe. “Well, are they fashion briefs or panties?” She squeezed my balls.

“Actually they’re panties, plain white cotton, no trim. You ought to know, you bought them for me.”

“Tabby, you’ve passed as a girl before to get rid of detectives hired to track us down. You were good at it. You’ve got to do it again!

“And besides, this may generate some publicity so that family of ours may pick up our trail. Two girls will throw them off!

“Do it, Tabby. Do it for us both! God, I don’t want them to find us.”

“Crystal, you know the answer. I’ll do anything for you. You’re the only one who let me have a life.”

We hugged each other as Crystal cried softly.

I kissed the salty tears from my sister’s smooth soft skin.

I started the shower for Crystal and checked the kitchen. Best go to the Seven-Eleven out near the state road. The supermarket could wait. Besides, I had no idea where to find it!

I figured I might as well let people around here know that Crystal had a younger sister. Better play it cautiously at first.

Cutoff jeans with about an inch or two of inseam. Let the hem of my white panties show. A scoop neck tee. A gold chain with a cross. No need to let them know our involvement with “natural” religions. Slouch socks and sneakers. I put a pair of emerald stud earrings in my pierced ears. The green of the emeralds was just the right color for my strawberry blond hair and green eyes.

I deliberately wiped off the lipstick as soon as I put it on in order to

give the outdoorsy, athletic girl impression. The hint of color that remained was just right. Bra or no bra? No bra for now. Let them guess at my gender. Still, my appearance was that of a very healthy, well-toned athletic young girl.

I drove the car to the store. A group of rather coarse guys and their trampy girl friends were parked in the adjacent strip mall.

I made a mental note to find out if the pizzeria and the Chinese restaurant were any good. They noticed me as I stepped from the car. I gave them a bland smile and went in to get eggs, bread, milk and a few other staples to take us through to the next day.

As I put the bags in the passenger side, I made sure to give the crowd hanging out in the strip mall a glimpse of my panties. It was the only way I could be sure they would remember they had seen a girl driving Crystal's car.

I started to walk around to the driver's door when I noticed one of the guys twisting his girlfriend's wrist. "So tough, picking on a girl," I taunted. His friends' laughter, more than what I said, made it necessary for him to save face.

He ran over to my car and stood blocking the driver's door. "Do get out of my way." He responded by blowing smoke at my face. I snatched the cigarette from his mouth and jabbed toward his eye with it. He jumped back and stumbled. The laughter died quickly this time.

"Wise ass bitch."

"What a remarkable name! It suits you."

I leaned against the car waiting for him to make a move. He blinked first by backing away and rejoining his friends.