

RENAISSANCE WOMAN



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RENAISSANCE WOMAN
BAYPORT TRILOGY

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This is Book Two of the BAYPORT TRILOGY. The trilogy need not be read sequentially or even in its entirety. Each part can stand-alone.

However, the characters and the story will be enjoyed to the fullest when read in order

BOOK ONE THE GODDESS WITHIN

BOOK TWO RENAISSANCE WOMAN

BOOK THREE COMING TOGETHER

More background material on Janus Academy can also be found in the collection "*Student Bodies*" by Mardee Louise Prynne available from Mags, Inc.

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CHAPTER ONE

Janie Satroff gaped as she replaced the phone in its cradle. “Really,” admonished her roomie and fellow student at the Janus Academy. “That facial expression does nothing for you. Who or what was that?”

“It was Robbi. The good Doctor wants to see us promptly at nine.”

They cleared the table in record time. A quick shower and then into the most basic uniform for the junior college students. “O God, we’ve got to be the perfect image. Matthews’ must be pissed as hell. I don’t know why. She was the one who gave us carte blanche to pursue our art. Shit! We’re the ones who’ll create a real reputation for this place as a serious school.” With that Tabby stepped into the white cotton high cuts and tucked her cock and balls as she smoothed the hem. Janie Satroff, her gg roomie, sat on the edge of the bed pulling her knee socks into place.

“That bra is just too, too.... We’ve got to be more basic,” Tabby looked admiringly at the curve of Janie’s breast over the white lace cups of the demi bra. “A full slip will cover it through my blouse,” responded Janie as she pulled an ivory chemise over her head.

, At five minutes before nine the two sat on the bench in Dr. Jodi Matthews’ outer office. Robbi, her administrative assistant and lover, peered at the two over her glasses. They were the ideal image of any girl who ever wore a school uniform; so much more so to those who are admirers of the type. To all appearances, they differed only in their shoes and in their hats. Tabby wore saddle shoes while Janie wore penny loafers. The royal blue knee socks led the eye to the gray, box pleated skirt that both girls wore. Identical white blouses, navy blazers with the Janus Academy emblem on the breast pocket. Leather shoulder bags prescribed by the school code rested on their laps and formed a platform for their hands. Their feet were slightly parted, their knees together; so demure yet so seductive.

Tabby removed her uniform beret, touched the emblem on the side and placed it over her purse. She used her fingers as a comb to rearrange her luxuriant hair across her forehead. Janie removed her brimmed felt hat, a felt version of the straw skimmers they wore in the spring and fall. To all appearances the girls were, with the exception of those two articles of clothing identical in most respects. Tabby’s strawberry blond hair in a pixie

cut contrasted with Janie Satroff's long dark brown hair which was brushed in a long pageboy and parted on the side. There was a difference that was not obvious. Tabby was not a real girl, but a very beautiful transvestite endowed with a very functional penis. Janie was a genetic girl, one of the few at the Janus Academy.

Robbi raised her glasses to stare the legs of the two young women seated opposite her desk. Like many of the staff at Janus, Robbi was a tranny. Janie, irrepressible even on the threshold of a reprimand from the chairman of the arts program, whispered to her lover. "Horny bitch probably isn't getting enough of Matthews' cock. Catch this."

Janie slowly raised her left leg high enough that her skirt started to slide back over her thigh. As Janie started to move her leg away from the other, Robbi stared fixedly at the white cotton of Janie's panty crotch. Robbi breathed deeply as she felt a tingling in her cock. Janie crossed her left leg over her right and slowly closed her thighs. She lifted her skirt much higher than necessary as she pulled it toward her knees. Robbi reddened as Janie winked at her.

Tabby elbowed Janie. "Just behave yourself for a few minutes."

"No! That horny bitch thinks she's hot stuff. Nothing but a misfit townie before Matthews' took her in. And those glasses are such a silly prop. She never looks through them. Under them, over them... but never through them!"

A few minutes later the two stood facing the formidable Dr. Jodi Matthews, herself a twenty-four/seven transvestite. Her tan pump dangled from her toes as she reclined in her chair. The girls swallowed as they tried not to lose eye contact.

Dr. Matthews pulled her chair close to her desk and leaned forward over a sheaf of papers. The top three buttons of her blouse were open. Her full, firm breasts pressed against the tailored line of her black bra.

"You two disgust me with your antics. You're both bright and beautiful...enormously gifted in your respective talents. You could leave Janus today and make a great deal of money by doing what you do so very well. And yet you persist in these antics on and off campus.

"I've got two letters here. From a now estranged couple. The woman wishes to thank an unnamed Janus student who helped realize that she was wasting her life with a bore. Her husband, presumably the boor, speaks of

two girls in Janus uniforms who molested his wife and harassed him at a highway rest stop.”

“All we said was that if he hints her, we’ll find out and humiliate him by beating his butt in public.”

“I suspect you meant well but you’re neither vigilantes nor avenging angels. Janus is a unique educational institution. We cannot allow any undue scrutiny. Our younger girls especially must be protected from publicity. Their families rely on us to retrain their misfit sons into very adept daughters and they expect us to protect their privacy. Is that clear to you Satroff?”

Janie lowered her head contritely. “Yes Dr. Matthews’.”

“Be seated, both of you.”

The two young women sat on the edge of the couch opposite Dr. Matthews’ desk; the same demure posture with knees together and feet slightly parted. Tabby rested her finger against the side of her chin. Janie rested her hands on her lap.

“Rhonda Crichton has sent me clippings of your artistic successes. Your grades haven’t suffered in the least. However. I must end your solo occupancy of the cottage I assigned to you. There’s room for a third since you now share a bedroom.

“Your cottage mate is a violinist, high school age. Very talented. She was, at birth, androgynous. Her mother declined to allow her to be surgically turned into a female. She felt Andie could decide for herself later on. She’s quite a beautiful teen; unequivocally a girl in face and figure yet she refuses to give up her penis.

“You two can help her adjust to life at Janus and in the world. Rhonda expects you to bring her to Bayport when you go down there. Perhaps Andie will keep you two out of trouble on the trip. And I expect she’ll be an overall stabilizing influence on you two.”

“But Dr. Matthews, how can you impose this high school child on us all the time? That is totally unfair!”

“Excuse me,” glowered Dr. Matthews’. “This is not open to negotiation. You two may leave,”

Janie plunked one of her cheeks on the corner of Robbi's desk. She swiveled so that she now sat on the desk with her arms around her knees. She pulled off Robbi's glasses and tousled her hair.

"I saw you scope out my panties before. Bet you're dying to know what a real girl looks like...and I bet you're too chicken to find out."

The secretary took an "outraged" approach to the challenge. "Just get off my desk and leave at once!" Her tear filled eyes betrayed the fact that Janie had touched a nerve. Robbi's lip quivered.

"Janie's just teasing," offered Tabby by way of consolation. "She doesn't mean any harm.... Janie let's go."

The two students stopped in the hallway powder room to check their makeup. "Well, we got off easy," offered Tabby. "For now. But Matthews' is planting her own spy in our midst." Janie wasn't comfortable with a lower division girl about to move in with them.

"Big whoop," asserted Tabby with uncharacteristic aggressiveness. "What do we do that's so awful? Our hours are strange but we only miss class when we go down to Bayport and then Rhonda keeps tabs on us...You're right Janie. What gives with this new girl? Probably some coarse, thickset slob."

"And if she's such a great violinist, why is she here? This place is no conservatory. That's why they treat us so gingerly...at least until now. Except I'm a dancer and you're a graphic artist. Still not right."

Their speculation was interrupted by the hall door opening and closing followed by the sound of a key turning in the double cylinder lock. The click of high heels on the tile floor assured them that there was no cause for alarm. The slamming of a stall door was followed by loud sobs. They followed the sound.

Robbi sat her on the lid of a commode. She wept copiously. Her mascara ran down her cheeks giving her the grotesque, silly look of a fifties horror flick character.

Janie looked at Tabby. "Guess I went for over-kill when I provoked her."

"Don't flatter yourself," Robbi challenged between sobs. "You're right though... I've never seen what a gg looks like down there. But that's not it...that's not it!" She dissolved into tears once more.

Tabby wrapped her arm around Robbi's waist and led her from the stall. Janie washed the hysterical girl's face. The cold water calmed Robbi

enough that she allowed Janie to redo her makeup.

“I think you need someone to talk to. Stop by the cottage anytime.”

“Thanks Tabby. You’re sweet. I can’t get away, even for a minute. Jodi, I mean Dr. Matthews’ has me on a tight rein lately...And Satroff, thanks for doing my makeup. Maybe you’re not as bitchy as you like people to think you are.”

Robbi unlocked the door and hurried back to the office.

“She’s just too weird,” observed Janie.

“Weird, yes. That doesn’t mean that there isn’t something wrong here.”

CHAPTER TWO

Their morning classes ended at eleven. Tabby hurried to meet Janie at the dance studio. Janie was already choreographing the solo dances she would present at the next weekend arts festival in Bayport.

Tabby sat on the bench that ran along the length of the back wall. Her large sketchpad rested on parted knees. She drew quick impressions of Janie as she moved ethereally, almost eerily to the chords of Ravel’s “Pavanne for a Dead Princess.” The pencil captured the essential lines of the slender, muscular girl as she arched and stretched. The music ended but Janie continued her esthetic yet seductive movements. She sat on the floor facing Tabby. Her hands moved along the outside of her legs. She lowered her body, slowly pulled forward so now she was on her belly arching up toward Tabby’s open thighs!

Tabby was riveted to her lover. Janie rested her hands at her sides, raised her body from the floor, finally bringing her legs around so she supported her weight on her hands spreading her legs parallel to the polished floor. She lowered her bottom to the floor, touched her thighs and brought her legs together in front of her, her feet pointing straight toward the ceiling. The pencil and sketchpad fell to the floor as the mesmerized Tabby was aware only of the beauty, the grace, and the animal energy that Janie so uniquely harnessed in her dancing. Again Janie’s legs parted as she repeated the cycle of movement that was bringing her closer to Tabby.

Janie leaned forward as she extended her hand toward Tabby who

caught it in her own. Janie pulled her lover to her feet and wrapped her arms around Tabby's legs. Like a primeval serpent in an exotic Eden, Janie encircled Tabby's calves, her knees. She rose to her knees as her arms slid over Tabby's thighs raising her now standing lover's skirt as she did so. Her face cheek pressed against Tabby's rigid cock, which was unconstrained by any gaff. Her fingers roamed over the thin cotton of the Tabby's white panties. Tabby moaned as Janie's fingertips explored the trannie's bottom cleavage through her panties which highlighted rather than concealed Tabby's *extra* charms.

Janie knelt on one knee so that her other leg was behind Tabby at a ninety degree angle. A sudden shift and Tabby went backwards over Janie's leg. Janie eased her down as she fell. Tabby landed in a sitting position but Janie instantly had her hand through Tabby's luxuriant hair and pulled her to the ground. Tabby's legs splayed in the air as her skirt ended up at her hips in disarray.

Janie ran her fingers over Tabby's delicately elegant facial features. Her arm extended to the heavens in supplication as she resumed her slow, stately erotic dance. Once more on her feet, her hands swept down and brushed Tabby's nipples, erect and sensitive even through her blouse and bra.

Janie's dance movements were redolent with the untamed energy that only a well-trained dancer can hope to achieve. She beguilingly moved over Tabby's form in a triumphal swaying dance. Her feet brushed over the panty-covered cock, pressed against the throbbing balls. She circled her lover as Tabby reached up imploring Janie to allow her to join in the dance, which was more and more a sexual liaison. Janie stood swaying with her feet on either side of Tabby's waist. Feet in place, her hips moved lower and lower as her knees flexed. Tabby's arms were around her neck as their mouths met. The dance continued as tongues probed deeper and deeper into each other's mouth and soul.

Body pressed against body as the two slid to the floor. A deep breath, a whimper, sudden thrashing. The two lay still for only an instant as the sound of applause ended their brief reverie. Robbie had been watching the dance!

"Nice, very nice! Matthews' bootlicker is watching and I'm sitting here in cum soaked panties!" Tabby was not joking in the least. Any

sympathy she felt for Dr. Matthews' aide evaporated on the spot.

Janie stood face to face with Robbi, her hands on her hips. "You miserable worm! We were kind to you, offered you a friendly ear and you slip in and spy on us. I don't give a shit if you saw us get it off but don't ever say a word about the dance or I swear I'll worse than kill you!"

"God no, Janie, First of all I thought I was noisy enough that you couldn't help notice me come in. Secondly, I'm not spying. And don't be so sure that you could kill me or worse. Just try me!"

"Sure... Couldn't fit in as a townie so you sucked up to Matthews. Now it's easy to be the big tough bitch on campus when Matthews would expel any girl who bothered her pet!"

"Get this right. I'm not her pet. She's been hell lately. I can't take her plus you two being like this to me. Damn it all! I need you as my friends." Robbi's lip quivered as tears once more filled her eyes.

"Great! You two play out a soap opera scene while I still sit around in these wet panties." Tabby sat on the floor with her legs parted trying to ease off her panties without making a worse mess.

"Just shower in the changing room. You can borrow a pair of fresh panties from my locker," offered Janie. She turned back to Robbi. "So tell me what your purpose was in coming here when you did. Doubtlessly at the bidding of your mistress."

"Sort of..."

"What do you mean 'sort of? It was or it wasn't!"

"Lighten up on her. She may be having a real crisis," offered Tabby over her shoulder as she disappeared into the dressing room holding her messy panties in her hand.

Robbi continued. "Dr. Matthews wanted me to call you both and ask you to help me fit Andie, your new cottage mate, for her uniforms. Nothing as intense as what Tabby was put through. I offered to find you and tell...ask you directly. I had to get away from her for a few minutes. She slapped my face...twice...when I asked to go and speak to you directly.

"She accused me of not appreciating her, not caring about her, being disloyal to her. Said I must think she's becoming old and ugly. Then she pulled me to her and felt my ass and tried to kiss me but I pushed loose. I

would have loved that a few months ago but she's been a beast to me...and what else is there for me? How can I go back to being a townie? Where else can I go? I don't have a place to go like the students here after they've been trained to be girls. There's no place for me."

Janie put her arm around Robbi's shoulder. "Shush. It's going to be okay. You're hurt. We'll help you tit Andie to her uniforms. You can talk with us whenever you want. Your place will be with us in the world we'll create for ourselves..

"Stay in the dressing room while I shower."

Janie guided Robbi, who seemed in shock, to a chan in the dressing room. She eased the spaghetti straps of her leotard off her shoulders and slid the clingy garment to her waist. The white bra that Tabby earlier thought inappropriate for the meeting with Dr. Matthews' was perfect to draw Robbi's attention to Janie's small but perfectly round breasts. Janie wiggled as she slid the leotard over hips and thighs. She kicked it aside and stood in her tights and bra. The outline of her high cut panties under the tights emphasized the contours of her hips, of her dancer's butt adding to her allure. She ran her hands over her hips calling Robbi's attention to the swell of her pubic mound, to the curve of her groin as it disappeared between her thighs.

She reached behind her and unhooked the bra. It slid down her arms revealing the firm height of her breasts, breasts so firm they needed no bra for support.

Janie turned her back to Robbi as she slowly worked her tights down her legs. Janie bent at the waist pulling the tights past her ankles and off one foot at a time. Robbi stared at the cleft of Janie's bottom as it drew her eye to that part of the gg that Robbi had yet to discover.

Janie faced Robbi but not until she snapped the hem of the panties over her cheeks. Janie gave Robbi an ironic smile as she quickly pulled the waistband below her hair. Robbi's eyes widened at the sight of Janie's neatly trimmed pubic patch.

A look of dismay, almost of fear crossed Robbi's face as Janie pushed the panties down her thighs. It was as if a very little boy was discovering that girls were really different, that there really and truly were children who lacked that very important part!

Janie put her hand under Robbi's chin and turned her face toward her own. "Relax, sweetie. You'll get used it. And when you are I'll show

you what it really is all about. Show you the part in between my legs.”

Tabby stood in the doorway to the shower. She wore fresh pink cotton panties and a white tailored bra. She slipped into her blouse and buttoned it as she looked at the scene between Robbi and Janie. “Damn it all, Janie Satroff,” she whispered. “You better get someone else to do all that showing for Robbi or else include me in the game. I’m feeling jealous. Do I have reason to be?”

Janie responded by tilting her head and running her tongue over her lips. Tabby looked intense but broke into a giggle as Janie winked and nodded her head in Robbi’s direction.

Robbi stared at the clock on her desk. She checked her gold wristwatch, a gift from Dr. Matthews. Robbi’s lover had left the office around noon. She was more sullen, more distant than ever. The shadows had begun to lengthen in the late autumn afternoon.

Robbi began to type some letters for Dr. Matthews’. There was nothing in them that gave any hint as to why Dr. Jodi Matthews’ had suddenly turned on her aide and lover.

Robbi was lost in her work when the distinctive sound of Janie’s classic MG-TD reached her ears. There was no slamming of a car door. Doubtlessly Janie and Tabby did their usual outrageous exit from the vehicle by sliding up the seats and stepping over the doors. It was a great attention grabber especially when performed in town or at highway rest stops. The two always could be relied for a great show of thighs and an occasional glimpse of panty. Observers even suspected that one of the attractive young ladies was a boy! And even if they were told, there was no way they could distinguish which was the girl with that irresistible something extra!.

A large sedan glided noiselessly into the parking space in front of the building, Janie and Tabby guessed that this was their new housemate. The passenger door opened. A very shapely leg’ made more charming by dark smoke colored hose and black patent pumps emerged. A tall, very attractive woman stood before them. Her short hair framed her exquisite features. Surely this classic beauty was well beyond the years of a Janus girl.

They'd been so absorbed by this stunning woman that they failed to see the driver get out. What struck them first was that she seemed far too young to hold a driver's license. She was slender with shoulder length hair the color of sand. Her green eyes were set off by a dark green beret that she wore at a rakish angle. Cupid bow lips needed little lipstick to bring out their perfection. Her long wool coat was open to reveal her taut body under the cotton dress, which flared slightly over white frothy petticoats. Her long, graceful fingers pushed the stray wisps of hair from her face.

"Yeah, right," whispered Janie. "Coarse and thickset my ass. She's got to be eighteen to drive around here but she could pass for fourteen or younger with no sweat!"

The newcomer stared straight at them. "If you two will stop gawking, you might be kind enough to tell us if this is Dr. Matthews' office."

"Andie, do show some civility and stop trying to come on like Gangbusters," admonished her older companion.

"But Mommy, I'm not a freak show to be stared at!"