

COMING TOGETHER



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Part Three of the Bayport Trilogy

By Mardee Louise Prynne

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BAYPORT TRILOGY

AUTHOR'S NOTE

“This is Book Three 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.

CHAPTER ONE

“Damn, never a cab when you need one!” The attorney complained aloud to no one in particular as she emerged from the subway kiosk. She never liked New York and this spring rain wasn’t doing much to improve her opinion. She loved the spring rain in Boston, her adopted town, where a walk through the Public Gardens in the spring rain smelled ever so good.

A cab turned the corner splashing through a puddle as it passed the attractive Ms. Lewyn. Short but not quite petite with a full but firm body, she had an earthy attractiveness despite her tailored suits and almost icy professional demeanor.

Nearby a man was berating his attractive companion. Doris smiled; inwardly hoping the girl would turn on her companion and humiliate him as she had humiliated Tim so many months ago. It was in the rest stop parking lot. A slender, young teen girl had knocked Tim on his useless ass. Doris tingled thinking of how her panties had become wet at the sight of Tim being roughed up a by a girl half his size. Of course the spanking the girl had given her in the ladies’ room had already turned her on. Doris still remembered the smug satisfaction of kicking his balls halfway up his throat and literally bringing him to his knees.

Doris smiled openly at the recollection of the tour of the ‘combat zone’ her friend Janine had given her. Once back at her hotel she would go through some of the magazines she had bought that night. The fem dom pictures had helped her get herself off more intensely than at any time since high school when she lost contact with Ellie.

Doris thought it odd that the magazine photos that turned her on were not the usual fetish gear fem dom stuff but rather the ones of girls and women in everyday things. Tailored panties and everyday stockings made things so much more believable and, by extension, so much more attainable.

Odd too that Ellie had resurfaced so soon after she got those magazines. An air of longing for what had been and what might have been with Ellie swept over Doris when she reminded herself that Ellie was now the lover of a 24/7 transvestite.

Doris had been pursuing some courses in unarmed self- defense for ‘fitness.’ But not really for fitness. She was hoping to have the opportunity to

work over some men. She didn't care about the circumstances; a bully in the street or an opponent in class would suit her equally well. She knew she would never be abused by any man again. Her innermost fantasy was to beat a would-be suitor, to dominate him, to humiliate him, to control him.

A cab stopped to discharge its passenger. Doris reached for the door handle only to find the man who had been berating his companion dying to push his way into the cab ahead of her. He tugged his protesting companion by her wrist.

Doris shoved her leg against the back of his knee and turned his shoulder with her free hand. He tumbled backwards into the stream of greasy water flowing along the gutter. She shoved the girl into the cab and dove in after her.

"Nice friend you have there," commented Doris to the girl.

"No friend of mine. A private detective my folks hired to get me home."

"You seem old enough to..."

"Please don't ask too many questions. I can't talk about it right now. And I can't go back to my apartment 'cause they'll be back for me. Just let me thank you for getting me loose from that shit...Sony for the coarseness."

"At least you can have a drink with me and maybe let me buy you dinner."

The girl nodded and tried to suppress an embarrassed smile. She leaned forward as she hugged herself to ward off the chill that sent shivers through her slender frame. Her large dark eyes stared momentarily at the floor of the cab. She tilted her head to the side as she pushed her wet hair behind her ear. A pleasant smile crossed her classic Mediterranean features. Long black hair framed the pensive face. This girl could just as well be the reincarnation of the model for a painting commissioned by the Medicis of Florence.

"Please forgive me. I've been terribly rude and ungrateful. If your offer still stands, I would love to accept.

"I'm not sure you want to be seen with me. I look like a drowned rat."

“You make a very pretty rat. And we’ll just have to get you a change of clothing.”

“Is this weird or is this weird?” Doris wondered as the cab crept through the rain-slicked afternoon. *“This girl might be a head case. She’s just too naive, too trusting. No! I’m sure she’s safe.”*

Doris spoke with the concierge. A set of towels would be sent up immediately. The convertible couch in the sitting room would be turned down for Ms. Lewyn’s ‘niece.’

The girl looked awed by the European luxury of the hotel lobby. She looked out of place, but she would have looked the misfit almost anywhere in her wet clothing. The wet clothing gave her an innocent attractiveness. Her white bra was plainly visible through the white cotton blouse as the fabric, made transparent by wetness, clung to her body. The loosely fitted, almost ankle length skirt, made limp by the rain, clung to her well-turned thighs.

They dashed to the five and dime across the street from the hotel and picked up two packages of cotton panties; one white, the other pastels. Knees socks, anklets, and a plain bra, stockings, a garter belt, and a white mid-thigh nightie. Next stop was the ladies sportswear shop next door. Two skirts, a shirtwaist dress and three blouses.

“Please call me Dossie,” ordered Doris. “Now, what shall I call you?”

“I’m so rude! Gina.” There was an odd hesitation in the middle of her name. It was as if she had to be sure of the last syllable before she spoke.

“Let me assure you that I have no ulterior motives. I just felt so badly for you. I thought you were in an abusive relationship as I had been not so long ago. Now get out of those wet clothes and shower.”

Doris showed Gina the palatial bath and dressing room. “I’ll stay here and study menus. I won’t make a reservation until we chat and I know what you like.”

A short while later Gina stood in the doorway of the sitting room. The white terry robe the hotel supplied set off her olive complexion. She brushed her dark hair until it shone. As she stepped forward the robe fell open over her thighs to expose the hem of the yellow panties.

“You’ve been so good to me. I won’t impose on you any longer than absolutely necessary. I’ll be out of your way in the morning. There are things in my apartment I need. My dance gear, some clothing and underthings and a few personal items. No doubt that detective will be waiting around. I just hope I can get in and out without being caught again...I really don’t want to go back.”

“Then don’t. Gina, you do have options. You’re not a child. You’re a beautiful, and I’m sure, a competent young woman.

“Now get dressed and we’ll decide on dinner while we have a drink.”

Doris sipped her Scotch while Gina chose an aperitif. Somehow it suited her as did the shirtwaist dress and tan stockings. Cute with tennis sneakers. Very much in vogue back then. Doris felt a warm glow spread through her as her clit hardened. She was staring at Gina’s crossed thighs as the girl relaxed on the couch. ‘Wo’, she thought. *“I’m not going to take advantage of this innocent baby’s gratitude.”*

“Why are your parents so strong on bringing you home?”

“Don’t know. I thought they would be glad to see the back of me. I’ve been an embarrassment to them for years. They claimed they didn’t want me going to New York to try to become a dancer,,, thought I would make a fool of myself.

“My family’s not very Americanized, at least not in everything. Oddly matched pair of Italians. My mother is from a very old Italian Jewish family. My father, Roman Catholic, Calabrese, from Calabria, what the Italians refer to as stone heads ‘cause they’re so stubborn.

“Daddy was a partisan resistance fighter during the war. When the Germans took over northern Italy, they started rounding up Jews, confiscating their property, sending them out of the country into forced labor. My father’s partisan group attacked a German convoy and freed my mother among others. They fell in love. Eventually came to the United States, settled in Connecticut where my father developed a good business. My older brothers, I’m the youngest, are all in the business or have started their own.

I'm the only arty one, the black sheep, the oddball freak.

"I used to scream at my father. 'Mommy and you wanted a girl so why are you so upset with me?' There were times he would have hurt me if not for my mother's protection."

Doris wanted to take Gina in her arms and soothe her, make the world better for her. She knew she could never erase the horrid memories but she could try to make them fade. "*Get a hold of yourself*" Doris silently advised herself. "*She'll be gone and out of your life in the morning. There's something just so beautiful and melancholy about this girl... so special. Still...there's something she's not telling me.*"

They rode the elevator to the lobby. Gina leaned her head against Dossie's shoulder as she took her benefactor's arm. "I'm so grateful for the way you're treating me. I haven't felt this cared for in so long." She kissed Dossie's cheek in a totally spontaneous and unaffected gesture.

"Relax girl. There's no reason to feel indebted. I just didn't want to see a young girl being pushed around. And for now I just wouldn't cut you lose to get caught again."

Gina looked disappointed as they walked through the lobby. "I was hoping that you might care for me for myself. I kind of like you. If I'm just a cause..."

Dossie pressed Gina's hand in her own. "God knows you're not a cause as you put it. You are special in so many ways."

"But you hardly know me and I hardly know you. I mean it's as if I have a crush on you." Gina blushed beet red. "Please forgive my rudeness."

"There's nothing to forgive. Now where are we going for dinner?"

"This sounds silly but I need comfort food, something familiar. I saw a Chinese restaurant down the street. Silly isn't it? With all the posh dining rooms in the hotel, to go eat Chinese."

"Chinese is fine."

A few minutes later the two were seated in a booth. Dossie ordered a bottle of Riesling.

“Really, Gina. There’s no need to feel you’ve been rude when you talked of a crush. I had a very special very intimate relationship with a girl when I was in high school. There’s absolutely nothing wrong with it...as long as one is discreet.”

Gina curled her legs under her. She rested her hand on the table as she read the menu. Doris, tentatively at first and then more decisively, rested her hand on Gina’s. Her young companion tilted her head and smiled.

The hot and sour soup was the right combination of flavors. They kept it basic, almost unimaginative. Egg rolls for appetizers. Shrimp with lobster sauce.

Dossie looked serious. “Why don’t we get your belongings from your apartment now? Less chance of being spotted at night.”

The cab let them off at the corner of a street of apartments in Chelsea.

“Kind of raunchy. Just a cluttered studio apartment. I liked it. Not that I was there long. Can’t stay. They would eventually drag me home.”

“We’ll pack what we can’t carry. When you have a new place we’ll arrange for the rest to be picked up,” advised Dossie.

Gina threw her dance gear into a carry all. Dossie noticed that it was all new. Personal effects, pictures, a photo album, and jewelry went into a suitcase along with some under things. A few blouses, slacks, jeans, shoes went into a second suitcase. That was it!

Dossie put her finger to her lip. The two listened to the stop and start movement in the hall. Dossie moved quietly to the door. There was a sudden move as she yanked open the door. The man practically fell into the apartment. As he rushed forward, Dossie slammed the door against his face stunning him. She put her hand behind his neck and shoved him forward into the tiny apartment. He staggered forward as he tried to regain his balance.

Before he could recover Doris drove her fist into the pit of his stomach. Her fists alternated blows to his midsection. Suddenly she shifted the target of her blows to his face. In a panic driven attempt to ward off this fury, he swung at Doris who stepped under the blow. Claspng her hands

together, she drove them into his crotch. He gasped and fell to his knees.

“Your turn,” she smiled at Gina who grabbed the man’s hah and shook his head from side to side before flinging him to the floor. The would-be pursuer lay on his side clutching his swollen balls.

Dossie knelt over him and raised his head by his hair. “You had best resign this case. If I hear of you bothering this girl again you’ll pray that I kill you.” She delivered a resounding slap across his face as she pounded his head on the floor.

“You were wonderful,” Gina said softly. This time the kiss was on Dossie’s lips where it lingered a little longer than necessary for a thank you kiss.

The bellman took the bags. He would see that they were brought up to Ms. Lewyn’s suite. Gina admired the way Dossie was able to get the best service without being rude. She noticed how discreet but apparently generous Dossie was in handling hotel staff and waitresses.

They went to the bar for a nightcap. Gina looked pensive, almost sad. “I really don’t want you to send me away tomorrow. I’ve no place to go where they won’t find me...”

“I was hoping you would want to stay with me for reasons other than safety. You’re very new to dancing.”

“Yes, I am. I danced in some school productions and in summer camp shows. I knew I wanted to dance more than anything. My family prevented it. They cared about their image. You know family honor, so damned important to Italians of a certain class. Happiness doesn’t matter.”

Dossie noticed the faded scars on Gina’s wrists. “Good God, her unhappiness was that deep,” she thought as her empathy for this girl grew deeper.

A second round of Drambuie was mutually enjoyed—this time with cups of espresso.

The convertible couch had been opened and turned down. Gina’s bags had been unpacked, her clothing hung in the closet.

Gina opened the photo album. A picture of Gina, very young, in a

Catholic school jumper. She was lovely.

“That was the best year I had in school. My father was in Europe, business. Mother worked it out so I could attend a Catholic girls’ boarding school as a day student. It was so great. I just loved it. I haven’t felt so right since.

“I hope you don’t think I’m forward or being a tramp. I know I have to go but I wish I could stay with you.”

Dossie smiled and took Gina’s hands. “Come to Boston with me. I’ll find a place for you to stay or you can stay with me.

“I have a young friend who’s a gifted dancer and choreographer. I’m sure you can apprentice with her providing you show promise. She’s very involved in a town undergoing a cultural renaissance.

“It’ll be a good place for you to grow, to heal your hurt even if you do things other than study dance.”

“But Dossie, I need you.” Gina stepped forward as she unbuttoned her dress. Her lips met Dossie’s. They faced each other, their lips parting to greet the probing tongues.

Gina shrugged her dress to the floor. Tongues probed ever more deeply as hands grasped faces. Gina carefully raised Dossie’s skirt as her hands cupped the lawyer’s panty covered butt. The silken warmth of Dossie’s panties thrilled Gina. They sank onto the carpet.

Dossie wiggled out of her blouse and skirt. The wetness in her crotch soaked through her panties and glistened on her inner thighs. Gina reached behind her older companion and undid her bra even as Dossie pulled Gina’s bra over her breasts.

Gina sighed a whimpering sigh as Dossie kissed her nipples. Her tiny, almost non-existent breasts were made more sensitive by their diminutive size.

Dossie kissed Gina’s navel as her fingers squeezed and pulled her lover’s nipples. Her hand found its way to Gina’s panty covered crotch. Dossie screeched and laughed as she felt Gina’s hard cock!

“Oh, God. This explains so much of what you said!”

Gina started to apologize for her deceit but her words changed to moans of rapture as Dossie devoured her cockhead. Gina’s back arched as

she exploded into Dossie's mouth.

Gina spoke as she recovered from her orgasm. "I was so, so afraid you would send me away when you realized what I really am."

"Shush, sweet love. No one is ever sending you away from me or taking you from me. Not now, not ever. That is as long as you want to be with me."

