

TV Triple-Play



THREE EROTIC TV TALES

By MARDEE LOUISE PRYNNE

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ODD BEGINNING-HAPPY ENDING

As I sat on the park bench, I became aware of the long, slender legs on the bench diagonally opposite. I had just begun my last year of high school and was still very unsure of what sex was all about although I had some fumbling experiences with the girls in my area. The legs led my eye to a large sketch pad which obscured the body and most of the face of the owner of those legs. The pad was soon laid aside and my entire being responded to the loveliest creature I had ever seen. Auburn hair in a short waif style framed the large expressive eyes. A powder blue tank top fell off one shoulder. Cutoff jeans completed the outfit.

What truly attracted me was that this was a boy around my age. Yet the stirring in me was undeniable. I must have been staring because he smiled and said "Hi."

I responded awkwardly.

He introduced himself as Patti. He told me he was new to the area and was unfamiliar with the park. I offered to show him the prettiest and most secluded paces. Our arms brushed as we walked a narrow path and I felt tempted to try to hold his hand but Patti had his arm around my waist. I flushed. I felt myself harden!

We left the path so I could show Patti a little pool in the stream. As we stared at the fish, Patti drew my face to his and kissed me deeply. I nuzzled his neck and cupped his butt in my hands. Our mouths met again.

Patti pulled my hand to his breasts under the tank top. His tiny but defined breasts were firm with tiny erect nipples. I fell to my knees and undid his shorts. He pushed them down over his hips and kicked them away.

I was even more aroused when I saw that he was not wearing the ubiquitous jockey briefs but had on white cotton panties with picoting at the leg openings. I nuzzled his cock through the panties. Patti cooperated by sliding them down just enough to free his cock. I took the half erect cock in my mouth and felt it stiffen. Instinct guided me as I swirled my tongue around the rim. Patti sank to the ground and I knelt over him. I kissed the base of his shaft and went back to the head.



Patti was writhing and moaning but not so out of control that he couldn't get my shorts and briefs off me. I felt myself engulfed by his lips. We thrashed and screamed in my first gay orgasm.

I was exhilarated for days after the incident in the park. I felt no guilt; I was wonderfully satisfied in every sense. The girls I had had sex with never satisfied and left me filled with guilt. This was new and wonderful!

A few days later we met again and it was not really by chance. I was walking in the park after dinner. It was already daylight savings time. The sun was only beginning to fade when I saw Patti sitting on a knoll. His androgynous name went so very well with his androgynous beauty and smooth cello like voice that belonged to neither sex. I was instantly aroused as Patti waved to me.

Soon we were sitting looking at the colors of the reddening sky. The skin of our thighs touched so lightly, a caress more tender than any I had experienced. Patti's hand stroked my hair; the fingers closed on my hair as Patti pulled me onto my back. The other hand grasped my crotch and squeezed playfully creating just enough pain to arouse me to further desire and to submission to Patti's needs.

The lovely elfin face touched mine as Patti's tongue flicked across my lips. We kissed slowly, deeply for a long time. Patti straddled me, knees on my shoulders in a school-yard pin.

Leaning back, his fingers reached under my shorts and lightly caressed my balls. I writhed in fear and ecstasy. Patti pushed the loose, khaki shorts over his hips. I was harder and more aroused when I saw he was wearing blue nylon panties. He pulled the crotch aside. I licked his scrotum. Teasingly, he pulled back as I kissed the shaft. I could not get my lips around the head as Patti teased me beyond endurance.

Patti spun quickly around so his legs scissored my head and left us in a 69 position. My cockhead was engulfed in the softest, most velvet like mouth I have ever experienced. Patti's tongue found my male g-spot as I quivered and screamed in ecstasy. I now took Patti's cockhead between my lips. The pre-cum tasted so, so delicious. Soon we exploded in orgasms more intense than those of our first meeting. I came with an orgasm that started as an

electric vibration rising from the base of my cock until every muscle quivered as I exploded into Patti's mouth. Patti came an instant later.

We sat facing each other, our legs entwined as we kissed deeply. The mingling of our cum as we kissed was a new and delicious sensation.

We went our separate ways a little later but not before Patti asked me to visit him at his mom's apartment on the other side of the park from where I lived. Patti handed me a slip of paper. I looked at after Patti disappeared from sight. It was his phone number. He had written it out before we met. Patti wanted me to call him!

This was surely the beginning of a very special relationship.

The dime dropped into the coin slot. Dial tone. A female voice answered.

"Is Patti there please?"

"One moment."

"Hello"

"Patti? Great to hear your voice. I mean ...I'm all flustered.."

"Hi. I can't believe you really called!"

"Yeah. I'm in a phone booth at a candy store. I dunno. I have trouble calling girls for the first time when my mom might pick up the extension."

Laughter form the other end.

My face was hot with embarrassment.

"You called me a girl. I love it!"

"You do?"

"Let me ring you back so you don't have to keep feeding dimes."

"Okay..."

I stood on the sidewalk outside the candy store. This was the most intense crush I had ever had. Just thinking about Patti, hearing the echoes of our phone conversation made my groin tingle.

The thud of a bundle of newspapers hitting the sidewalk broke my

reverie. The knots of old men who had been waiting for the race results dissolved into the tree shaded side streets.

Lights went out in the houses that backed on mine. I sat at my bedroom window and inhaled spring as I studied. Beethoven's pastoral symphony mingled with my mood. The girl across the way never pulled the shade down all the way. Watching her brush her long black hair as she stood in white panties and white bra had lost all appeal. I thought only of Patti. Wondered what her world was like and how our worlds might overlap.

Oh dear! Patti had become a girl in my mind! I wanted her in ways I had yet to learn. But I wanted to discover all that life could offer in the company of this beautiful girl, this beautiful girl with a cock.

"Pick up the phone," my mom shouted. "Some girl is calling you. Must be a new one. I don't recognize the voice."

I ran from the shower and picked up the extension in my room. It was Patti! My mom had mistaken her voice for a girl's. But wait; Patti was a girl. So she had a cock but she was prettier, sexier, more fun than any girl I could even dream of.

"Hi Mitch. I miss you."

"Miss you too."

"Really? Thought you might miss our petting."

I was so rattled, I couldn't make sense. Giggling from the other end.

"I told my mom all about you. Can you come for dinner on Friday?"

"You really told your mom that..."

"Stop now Mitch. Yes. I told her that we have a crush on each other. I told her we make out."

"Patti, this is like sooo weird."

"I'll explain when I see you. Meet me at the Hbrary in front of the park. It doesn't open until one. Be there when it opens. I have to go to church with mommy soon."

I couldn't begin to fathom why Patti would tell her mom about us. But then again, a guy who wore panties and had his hair cut almost like a girl's couldn't keep everything from her family.

There were several people sitting on the steps of the library waiting for one o'clock. I grew anxious thinking that Patti might be having a joke at my expense. Worse, that I might not ever see her again.

A cab pulled up and discharged its one passenger. Wow, she was adorable! This could be the one who would get me back into girl girls. I eyed her as she turned and slammed the door of the cab. Madras Bermuda shorts set off shapely legs. Cordovan penny loafers and crew socks. A white blouse was turned up at the collar. A rather demure outfit but not so demure that the outline of her bra wasn't visible. She closed the shoulder bag, ran her fingers through her hair and waved smiling at some fortunate person in my direction. It was Parti and I was that fortunate person!

I stood up and waved and ran toward Patti. She caught my hand in hers and kissed me on the lips.

"Let's not go inside yet. I need to explain this to you."

"Patti, you are so beautiful. I don't care about anything except being with you."

"No. You have to know. If we're going to date, you have to know why I'm like this."

We sat down on the steps. Patti took my hand in hers, pressed it and rested it on her lap.

"My mom was left a widow with two children. My dad left us very well off. Mommy doted on my older sister. I thought the world of my sister. I tried so hard to be like her. Never realized I couldn't be a girl...a sissy! That's what I was... Mom didn't discourage it.

"Patricia died and mom was distraught. I was about to start kindergarten. Patricia would have been going into second grade.

"Mommy was very quiet. Couldn't work, couldn't see people. I guess she was really depressed, like out of it depressed.

"Then about two years later... One night after my bath Mom was

brushing my hair the way she had brushed Patricia's.

I turned and saw tears on her cheeks. I told her that I would be her little girl."

"How beautifully sad and tragic. But so special that you could be all that your mom needed."

Patti opened her purse and took out a tissue. She freshened her lipstick. Standing up, she pulled me to my feet.

As we strolled through the museum Patti held my hand tightly. She looked up at me with a plaintive smile. "Mitch, you're so nice to accept me for what I am."

"Patti, it's not hard to love a pretty, bright girl."

Patti put her arm around my waist and pressed me close to her. We entered the library.

Lost alone in the stacks of records, we said little but our eyes spoke much.

"I need some records for my dance practice. When I was about nine Mommy realized that the world of dance might be one I could exist in as a boy and girl or neither or both. God, that is so confusing."

I put my finger over her lips. "Patti. You may be boy and girl but to me you're something more...the most beautiful and creative being ever, ever anywhere.

"You draw so very well. Now you tell me you're a dancer. There is no end to all the things you are...And all the things you are to me"

"Mitch, you are so sweet. But you hardly know me. We have to be careful of where we put our hearts or this can be very complicated. No matter what I look like or what I do...the world will still see me as a boy.

"I really like you. I mean like I've never liked anyone. My feelings for you are feelings I thought wouldn't be allowed me. I hesitated. There were times I thought about letting Patti cease to be but I had to save my mother from her sadness. Mitch, whatever happens between us will make it all worthwhile."