

MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER



Mardee Louise Prynne

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by

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Dear Reader:

This is a companion piece, a sequel to "Wonderland" It is suggested, although not necessary, that you read "Wonderland" prior to reading "Mother's Little Helper". I am sure, however, that "Wonderland" will enhance your enjoyment of this book even if you read it afterwards.

Cordially,

Mardee Louise

PROLOGUE

Time: A few months before our present scene.

Place: A bedroom in Aunt Alice's home in the Wonderland Artists' Colony

Person: The inept, awkward Arnie, a total failure in his boy persona. However, having been awakened to certain possibilities by one Bertie Hargreave who is also called Robbie, a girl with that certain ne plus ultra, and encouraged by Aunt Alice, Arnie is becoming aware of Annie, a much more adept and adequate personality.

The baby blue tanktop undershirt was accented by a red bow at the center! Fresh pink nylon panties felt so good as he adjusted them over his hips. He turned slightly in front of the full length mirror on the bathroom door. He loved the way the glistening panties accented the small but well defined contours of his tush, He sat on the edge of the bed to slip on the powder blue ankle socks, Light blue linen shorts reached almost to the top of his knees. The full, flared legs gave the illusion he was wearing a skirt. He stepped into the penny loafers as he buttoned the dark blue cap sleeve blouse. Fie left the round Peter Pan collar undone. He felt a stirring in his groin as he once more checked himself in the mirror. Annie was very pleased with the young teen who smiled enigmatically at him from the mirror.

CHAPTER ONE

The fall arrived in a rich palette of reds and golds. Shadows lengthened and darkness came earlier. Karen was working now, the wine steward of The Two Sisters. The restaurant was doing well even beyond tourist season. A restored inn and a B&B had opened on the edge of town. These provided ideal weekend escapes for married couples trying to rekindle what had been as well as for unmarried couples seeking a discreet venue for that romantic tryst. Pretty racy stuff for the fifties. People were enjoying a sexual revolution even then; they just had more style and more taste than those who waited a decade longer to join the sixties sexual revolution which was more apparent than real.

Aunt Alice would see to it that Annie was accepted as a day student at a nearby non-denominational girls' school called 'Brierly Academy.' 'Non-denominational' meant a one size fits all Protestant outlook. No Bible thumping for these young ladies; just a tasteful, white-gloved hymn singing session now and then. Annie was enthusiastic about completing high school. The superbly attractive, marvelously passable trannie was secretly thrilled at the thought of wearing school uniforms. She had read somewhere that lots of men have a thing for girls in school uniforms. The thrill palled as soon as she read the uniform regulations in the school brochure, No crew socks, only anklets. Dark blue or gray cable tights. Sheer hose to be worn only on special occasions. Full slips must be worn if blazers are to be removed. Skirt length must cover the knees when kneeling with both knees of the floor. Even the type of underwear including panties was dictated for each type of activity along with the appropriate uniform for that activity. Bummer!

Karen had started work at The Two Sisters in late August. Her hours brought her home after Annie was asleep. She slept late and then was off to the restaurant to inventory the wine cellar. There was little time for Annie, Karen was, of course, working with Leslie who was becoming more elegantly beautiful each time Annie saw her. From trying to survive as a trannie on the streets of Philadelphia, this darkly seductive t-girl had become a sophisticated beauty who was all but the manager of The Two Sisters restaurant, a very popular dining spot recently opened by a pair of lesbian lovers from the Boston area.

Annie resented the demands on Karen's time and was more than a

little concerned that this young lesbian who swore that Annie was the first non-gg she had ever been involved with was spending more hours with Leslie than she was with Annie. "Well I got over Bertie so I can get over Karen," thought Annie, perhaps a little prematurely. But then again, perhaps not.

Orientation day for transfer students! Annie dressed carefully. She had chosen the character of demure, wholesome girl when she gave up being Arnie at the start of the summer. Despite her modeling for Alice's exotic photos and drawings, she loved the look of the ordinary girl. Nothing kinky about Annie unless you checked inside her panties.

The skin tone gaff gave Annie a perfect female torso. She stepped into white stretchy nylon briefs with only the tiniest bit of lace at the leg openings. The tailored waistband just brushed the bottom of her deep navel. She carefully chose her bra. White, narrow back, a tiny blue bow between the cups, and lace edging as understated as the leg bands of her panties. She sat on the edge of her bed as she pulled the cable knit knee socks over her toes and slid them over her lightly tanned calves. Brand new Cordovan penny loafers, a gift from Aunt Alice. She slipped the ivory silk chemise over her head and sat at the vanity table brushing her hair until it gleamed with its own natural oils. She took the tiny gold pins from her recently pierced ears and replaced them with the tiny topaz studs her mother had sent her.

Annie stared in admiring disbelief at the pretty girl who looked so pensive in the mirror. Could it be only a hundred days since the ineffectual Arnie got off the bus at Wonderland? A smile crossed Annie's face. Arnie was gone forever, replaced by this adorable and confident girl.

Her hand opened the drawer of the vanity. Her eyes roamed over the makeup carefully arranged in the drawer, Once more Annie consulted the girl in the mirror. No makeup today, not even lipstick.

A powder blue A-line skirt topped with a pink Peter Pan collar blouse. "God, I'm so preppie...I love it! Please God, let them like me,"

There was a gift box on the breakfast table. "To Annie who is embarking on a new journey. Love, Karen." Annie opened the box. It was a large straw hat, the sort of thing that wouldn't be out of place at a girls' school lawn party in England. She tried it on. It framed her face perfectly.

The streamer matched her skirt!

“What a lovely touch,” commented Alice as she kissed her nephew’s cheek. “Someone must care for you.”

“Not enough to bother giving it to me in person...Don’t be concerned Aunt Alice. I don’t expect more. Not to worry. This isn’t important enough to mess up my day. And I’ll wear it. No sense in wasting a perfectly good hat. And besides I’ll need a hat for the chapel service. I’m sure there’ll be one.”

“Wow,” thought Alice. “Where did all that assertive confidence come from so quickly?” She watched as Annie did a last minute check in the fit 11 length mirror in the hall. There was no way that anyone could guess that a little more than three months ago this heavenly butterfly was an awkward, stumbling caterpillar of a boy.

Alice glanced at the lovely boy/girl seated alongside her as the car made its way to The Academy. Alice realized she must stop thinking of Annie as her nephew and acknowledge that, at every level, this beautiful being had been remade, even reborn, as her niece.

“Mommy always said we’re Protestant. We sometimes went to different churches depending where we were living. I never felt part of any church.

“Once Mommy took me to Sunday school. There was real separation of boy things and girl things. They laughed at me and called me a sissy because I wasn’t very good at boy stuff. Now look at me. I’m better at girl stuff than any of those simpering cows who ran that rat hole.” Annie chuckled in self-satisfaction.

“I really liked the church you took me to. The service was pretty with all the robes and stuff. Neat hymns too. I’d be just so great to be able to sing that stuff in a lovely, peaceful old church. Maybe that’s why my mom gave me those music lessons once when she was doing okay. Like fate.” She relaxed softly humming “Amazing Grace” She hummed most of it but clearly sang “...once was lost, but now am found...” She leaned her head on Aunt Alice’s shoulder. “Thanks for helping me find Annie.”

The welcome talk and the “win one for the Gipper” by upper class

women really caught Annie's attention. For the moment she lost sight of what she had been and the struggles she and her mother had been through. She was caught up in the mystique of becoming, or at least giving the appearance of having become, a well-bred, well trained young lady.

They strolled the slate walks between the buildings that looked like a set for Masterpiece Theater. A tea was served on the lawn. The academic dean, a handsome woman of forty suggested that Annie would not be disappointed were she to order her uniforms now! She was in!

"Oh my God! Aunt Alice, what will happen if they find that I'm not what I appear to be?"

"Don't be silly, darling. What you are is no secret to Dean Cranston and you're not the first t-girl who has been reeducated at The Brierly Academy. There may even be others like you here although the real girls outnumber you by far.

"And you're to be educated like all the other girls here, real and trannie. They claim that this is a serious school and not a haven for teen kink. Personally, I think this is a haven for young snobs. You make up your own mind."

They approached the chapel where auditions were being held for the choir. It was an impressive example of the Norman style so often encountered in rural England. The square central tower made higher by the church being on a hill dominated the campus while adding to the Masterpiece Theater atmosphere that pervaded the campus.

It took a few moments for Annie's eyes to adjust to the dim light inside. It was more rural England than she could have imagined. The altar was set back beyond the transept while the choir section was arranged in fixed, high backed seats along either wall between the altar and the transept.

Four girls in school jumpers sat in the front pew near a piano which had been moved to that position for the auditions. A petite, pretty woman with shoulder length reddish brown hair stood next to the piano talking to the girls. The woman wore a hunter green paisley patterned dress, belted at the waist with around collar with a ribbon tied in a bow. She looked like the wife of an Anglican cleric in an English country mystery. Her smoky stockings highlighted her muscular legs. The 'sensible' shoes failed to detract from the

exquisite ankles. She noticed the Riordans and waved them to the front of the church. She introduced herself as Miss Proctor, the choir mistress,

The girls gave the Riordans a superficially polite, perfunctory greeting as if to say there were already enough girls in the choir. One girl in particular gave Annie a bored look that was almost threatening as she scanned the new girl from head to foot. Annie was asked to take a seat next to the piano while Aunt Alice talked in the vestry with Miss Proctor who seemed to be an old acquaintance. Annie smiled at the girls who flashed their teeth in an absolutely shark like manner.

The head girl stared at Annie's knees then tapped the girl next to her and whispered. She too stared. Annie realized that as she relaxed, she had allowed her knees to part thus opening her thighs. She reddened as she snapped her knees together. "God, I hope they didn't see my panties," she thought.

"Priss," snarled the head girl under her breath.

Annie smiled to herself as she recalled her first conversation with Marion. Annie had apologized to Marion for being "such a priss" To Annie's surprise, Marion had urged her to go on being a priss, thinking it might yet turn out to be fun.

The group struck conversed among themselves making it clear that Annie, as far they were concerned, didn't exist, After a few minutes one of the group asked Annie, "From around here, are you?"

Annie answered cautiously. "Near enough."

"You can do better than that," cautioned the head girl.

"Yes, but only if I want to." Annie clasped her hands over her knee and drew the knee to her chest. She leaned back in her chair, posing prettily in a way that deliberately challenged the head girl who glared in angry silence. The head girl had offered Annie an opportunity to present herself for the group's judgment. Most new girls would have jumped at the chance to present themselves to this little clique but Annie wasn't having any of that. In so doing, she had challenged the groups' status and threatened the authority of the head girl.

One of the girls broke the icy stillness. "Amanda, you've got such

great solos. The Ceremony of The Carols will be sensational this Christmas.” That made it clear that the head girl was the diva of the choir, the biggest fish in this little pond.

Miss Proctor called from the door of the vestry. “Pamela, you will, please, help Annie warm up.”

The girl who fed Amanda’s ego stood up and curtsied very slightly. “Yes, of course, Miss Proctor.”

She stomped to the piano and sat down. “What key?” she said curtly.

“T major, thank you,” responded Annie curtly.

Pamela played an arpeggio and then ran a scale. She then gave Annie a keynote to start with.

“Excuse me,” said Annie rather firmly. “F major has one flat, not three!”

The girl next to Amanda giggled. “Snagged,” she whispered to Amanda who glared at her as she elbowed the girl in the ribs.

“I’ll demonstrate the keynote for you,” offered Annie as if she were talking to an unruly five year old. She precisely hit a perfect ‘F’ with no effort and no sliding into it. Pamela blushed at being caught in her vain attempt to show Annie up.

Annie stood with her knees to the back of the piano bench, rested her hands on Pamela’s shoulders and, again as if addressing an unruly child, “Let’s try it once more but do play correctly.” She wound her fingers through the back of Pamela’s perfectly groomed page boy and yanked the embarrassed girl’s head back. Annie set her jaw and looked down into the now frightened girl’s eyes. “If you try to throw me off during the audition I swear I’ll slam the piano shut on your hands.”

Annie shoved the girl’s head forward and wiped her hand on the back of Pamela’s uniform jumper. “Ugh, what sort of glop do you use to starch your hair?”

Annie resumed her seat. She put her knees together but kept her ankles a foot or two apart, rested her elbow on her knee and cupped her chin in her hand. She smiled broadly at Amanda whose sudden stiffness betrayed

the anxiety she felt over this new girl's audacity. On her part, Annie wondered where this new confidence, this suddenly released defiance had come from. It wasn't there when Am was around. Annie realized that her mother's newly released persona had inspired the dormant power in her.

"Bitch," mouthed Amanda. Annie smiled, rose to her feet and addressed Amanda. "So pleased to meet you. Such an unusual name but it suits you so well. I'm Annie. Again, I'm pleased to meet you Miss Bitch."

Amanda turned livid with suppressed rage. This self-proclaimed head choir girl, so unused to being challenged, so used to having it her way, wasn't about to allow this fledgling, begging for late admission, coming from God only knows what swamp of a public school to get over on her!

Amanda stood to face down her challenger. "Not here, at least not right now. But very soon we're going to have it out!"

Annie kept her half smile as she assessed the ruler of the choir and perhaps of the whole upper school. She was tall, taller than Annie, and full bodied. Certainly not fat but robust rather than slender. Her shape was certainly very feminine and very, very attractive. Her full bust wasn't at all out of proportion. Even in her school jumper, it could be seen that her waist was small, even tiny, giving way to full hips and a curvaceous butt. Even the cable knit knee socks couldn't conceal this amazon's athletically shapely legs and ankles that were not at all thick. Amanda's face was pretty with regularly symmetrical features, cupid bow lips, with straight dark brown hair, parted in the middle and showing reddish highlights in the midafternoon sun that streamed through the chapel windows.

Arn would have been intimidated but since his metamorphosis into Annie he had gained a new self-assurance. "Girl, you may kick my ass but you're not going to come out unscathed."

"So scared," was Amanda's sarcastic response.

Pamela was on her feet. The plump but pretty girl stood as close to the two adversaries as she dared. "Mandy, please. Proctor will be out any second. Oh, shit! She's here!"

Amanda spoke louder than conversation would call for. "Well' I'm sure we'll all get to know each other better. Lots of luck with the audition."

“What a brown-nosing, two faced bitch,” thought Annie who was now wondering if, in her defiance of Amanda, she had bitten off more than she could chew.

Annie smiled at Aunt Alice and Miss Proctor who appeared to be smoothing out her skirt. She could swear that Aunt Alice had redone her lipstick. “What on earth were they up to in there?” wondered Annie.

She sat down and did some deep breathing and relaxation exercises in the very few minutes before Miss Proctor sat down at the next to the piano and took up her clipboard to score the audition. Pamela took her place at the keyboard and so the audition formally began. Annie thought it went well.

“Annie, darling,” said Miss Proctor in a patronizing tone. “You’ve got fine potential but your voice is very untrained; a voice more suited to a cabaret singer than to what we expect. Perfect pitch is a rare gift so we’re going to give you a chance and try to work with you. Our expectations are very high and the competition very keen. You have a chance of making the choir but don’t hope for any solo just yet. I’m willing to give it a try. Are you?”

Annie surprised herself. “Thank you for your kind words and generous offer. I’ll give it some thought.” She had to keep from giggling when she saw Aunt Alice beaming approval at her over Miss Proctor’s shoulder.

“Very well,” said Miss Proctor curtly. “I expect to hear from you by Thursday. Amanda, perhaps seeing our facilities will influence Annie. Please show her around.”

“Of course, Miss Proctor.” Amanda smiled, pleased to have Annie alone for a few minutes.

“Pam, why don’t you come with us?” Amanda demanded of her disciple.

“Why yes, Amanda. I’m sure this tour will be most interesting. I’ll catch up in two jiffys.”

Annie wondered if Miss Proctor had deliberately fed her to Amanda and Pamela. She had never been in a fight in her life; not as Arnie and not as Annie. Her pent up anger and aggression might fuel her aggression but she

knew she would be short on technique and wondered if she would hold up under any pain or punishment inflicted on her. Then she remembered how quickly, as Arnie, she had learned to throw well under Bertie's tutelage. Perhaps necessity would teach her to fight effectively.

Amanda ushered Annie into the choir room. The piano used for the audition had been moved into the chapel for auditions leaving a large open area on the floor of the high ceilinged room. Music stands were pushed into one corner. Large cubbies, like open lockers, held choir robes. Two facing rows of chairs were set up to simulate the 'choir' of the church, Annie was uncomfortable. Amanda had promised that they would have it out very soon and this might turn out to be the time and place to have it out, Amanda had every advantage. This was her turf and she doubtless had punished girls who had challenged her in the past. Whatever advantages Amanda had and however she might punish and humiliate her, Annie wasn't about to run from the confrontation.

The door closed behind them. Annie tried to maintain her calm as she heard Amanda bolt the door behind them. The door on the opposite corner opened and Pamela entered. She leaned against the doorjamb with folded arms. Her face was set in a challenging smile. Annie realized that this shortish, roundish girl, despite being Amanda's tool, might be a formidable opponent in her own right.

"These are where our choir vestments are stored," offered Amanda solicitously. "Take a good look. You're never going to have your name on one."

With that Amanda spun around, shoved Annie into a vacant cubbie and stood barring her way. "You'll do well to get on your knees and beg my forgiveness or you'll never have a quiet moment in this school,"

Annie was furious. She jabbed her fingers straight into the bigger girl's tummy just below her rib cage! Annie followed through by flailing the strap of her pocketbook against Amanda's back as

Amanda went pale and clutched her abdomen, unable to speak for having the wind knocked out of her. Annie slipped out of the cubbie and slipped behind Amanda. She put her foot against Amanda's heel, her arms around her waist and yanked the girl backwards. Amanda landed on her butt

with a thud. Annie instinctively knew that she couldn't give Amanda an inch or the bigger girl would seriously injure her.

Annie dropped her knee into Amanda's belly. A loud "oomph" came from the big girl as her breath was again knocked out of her. She was flailing in panic, her skirt flapping above her hips. Her semi-opaque nylon panties showed the shadow of her hair. It was clear that she wasn't one of the other t-girls that Aunt Alice mentioned might be at the school. Annie was amused that this self-proclaimed paragon of Brierley was wearing panties that were not in keeping with the dress code. "Tsk, tsk," tormented Annie. "You're out of uniform."

A second knee drop had Amanda crying; whether from pain or humiliation or both wasn't clear. Annie thought another knee drop would do it and give her time to leave before Amanda recovered and went after her. She suppressed her urge to maul the amazon's pretty face, bloody her nose, black her eyes. Any complaint that she had attacked the head choir girl would go badly for Annie. There must be no visible evidence of her win.

Annie got to her feet and tried to get back into the church. Amanda had locked the door. Annie was beginning to panic and bolted toward the door leading outside only to find Pamela coming at her. Annie moved quickly at the short, plump girl who caught Annie's arm, slid her hip under hers and judo tossed her to the floor. Annie got to her knees just as Pamela stood over her. She grabbed Pamela's foot and lifted, Pamela fell to a sitting position. Annie was inspired to more mischief by the sight of Pamela's mid-thigh panty girdle. She dove onto Pamela's legs, grabbed the waistband of the panty girdle with both hands and yanked it down effectively hobbling her and taking her out of the fight, at least in the short term.

Annie realized Amanda might be pulling herself together. The big girl was on her knees trying to recover her breath. Annie pushed Amanda's forehead as hard as she could, sending the crying girl onto her back. As Amanda's open legs shot into the air, Annie realized that she was becoming sexually aroused at showing up the two snotty bitches. Amanda, to avoid more knee drops to her belly, rolled onto her front, LARGE error! Annie planted her knee in the small of the now humiliated head girl's back and grabbed her hair. She pulled Amanda's hair slowly as she unrelentingly forced the bully to raise her head and bow her back. Annie released her hair,

caught her under the chin, Amanda, unused to defeat, was whimpering through her tears.

Annie released the hold. Amanda lay bawling like a frightened baby. Annie slid Amanda's panties down the quivering girl's legs. She eyed Pamela who was pulling her girdle into place. "Don't make me hurt you to!" she threatened Pamela who stared in disbelief at her leader who was so thoroughly beaten by the smaller, thinner new girl.

As she crushed Amanda's panties into a ball, she grabbed her distraught opponent's shoulder and rolled her onto her back. "No, no, please..." murmured Amanda through her tears. Annie stuffed the edge of the panties into the wretched loser's mouth. Amanda, her spirit broken* sobbed relentlessly.

Pamela, despite having judo tossed Annie a few minutes before, was cowering as she sat on the floor. Annie approached her. "I won't start with you. I promise, I promise..." offered Pamela who wasn't about to tangle with the formidable Annie.

"Kind of late to say you won't start with me," sneered Annie. "On your knees like the frightened puppy you are!"

To Annie's surprise Pamela obeyed without hesitation. She turned back Amanda, yanked off the defeated amazon's penny loafer and proceeded to paddle Pamela's full butt.

Annie flung the shoe at the disconsolate Amanda who seemed totally overcome with crying at her defeat and humiliation.

Pamela lay on her side holding her crotch! Her eyes were glazed as she breathed heavily. A moan escaped her lips, She had been incredibly aroused by the spanking Annie had subjected her to! And to think that Aunt Alice had so recently asserted that this school wasn't a place for teen kink!

Annie smiled triumphantly. "Well, thanks for the tour. It was most enlightening! See you around campus." With that she flounced out giving her walk an especially sassy wiggle as she strode away.