



MARDIE LOUISE PRYNNE'S

DEFINING PATTY

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By
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PREPARATION

His pulse raced as he let the towel fall to the floor. The tan was flawlessly even except for that pale area that had been covered by the swimsuit. The line between pale and tan was sharp, as well defined as if he were wearing snow white panties. "Flawless," he whispered to himself as he smiled at his reflection. He had shaved his underarms while he showered, something he rarely did. His aunt, who was so accepting, so nonjudgmental in all things, perhaps not quite all things, drew the line with shaving his underarms. "Of course it'll feel good, even sensual, but it will definitely call too much attention to you and add to your trouble. You don't need to supply ammunition to those goons who tease and torment you, at least not until you can deal with them on your own. Wait until you're a little older." She was right. He was so very glad he didn't ever have to shave his face or his legs. Senior year of high school had begun and he was, for the first time ever, about to turn the tables on those who made his life a misery. He loved and admired Aunt Suzanne, respected her opinions and listened to her wise counsel. But today was going to be different.

The effeminate boy had always run from a fight, accepted the taunts and the mockery as he swallowed his pride, fought back tears, often unsuccessfully. Always until today. Patsy had finally had enough. Today, he decided, was the day the worm would turn.

Patsy had come to live with his aunt after his parent's divorce and his mother's subsequent madness. Suzanne wasn't really his aunt, just an old school chum of his mother but she cared more about him than anyone else on earth. She helped nurture his innate girlishness while teaching him to avoid unnecessary confrontations with the oafs who became threatened by what they couldn't understand, what they couldn't classify according to their rigid and outmoded standards. Pasquale became Patsy, close enough to the Italian diminutive of Passy. Pat never felt right, neither to him nor to those who knew him at all, and so he came to be called Patsy. Among those who didn't know him, those who

didn't realize this pretty child was a boy, it was often Patsy.

Today had been a long time coming. He had been bullied, teased and tormented for too long. Most kids were used to him and just let him be. But Ralphie and a couple of his cronies never let him alone. When he tried to ignore them he was slammed against a locker or tripped. Thank goodness Gary intervened for him but Gary wasn't always around. Jane, the star violinist of the school orchestra who was so daintily feminine, stood up for him. It was she who dared the bullies to try to hurt Patsy when she was around. It was astounding how they paled before this average looking girl and then backed away for fear of being embarrassed if a fight really started. She had made quite an impression on Ralphie and his stooge, Steve. That incident had made an impression on Patsy as well. It taught him that Ralphie and Steve couldn't cope with unexpected defiance. Patsy sensed that they would be confused, even frightened when, when and not if, he stood up to them. Then he would strike.

Patsy had decided he was going to pay back Ralphie and Steve by himself. He would ask no one, allow no one to stand in back of him, to jump in to help him if he were unable to hold his own in physical confrontation. This was going to happen in front of a crowd and it was going to happen at the start of their senior year of school. No summer would then intervene to allow the senior class to forget how the bullies lost face, how they were embarrassed by their former victim. Their humiliation would remain fresh in the collective mind of the senior class. Patsy's swishily defiant presence would be a constant threat to whatever would remain of their fragile dignity. Worst case scenario was that Patsy would be beaten up but, even if that happened, he was determined that his tormentors would carry souvenirs of the occasion on their faces for a very long time. To that end Patsy let his nails grow, used food supplements to strengthen them.

He went to the school athletic field at times when few were around to see him and laugh at his awkward girlish running style. Patsy persisted and kept up these clandestine training runs to build up

stamina. A few supportive guys and girls encouraged him to try some pushups and sit-ups. The exercises developed both his strength and his confidence. Patsy was delighted by how much these exercises were improving the tone of his slender body, by how much smaller his already narrow waist had become; above all he was careful to avoid the least hint of manly muscle. It was the look of a fit female and not of a macho oaf that he strived for. And despite the ever more feminine form his body was adapting, he was surprised at how hard he could hit and kick when he tried the heavy bag and speed bag in the training room between the boys' gym and the girls' gym. He didn't know whether to be pleased or embarrassed when one of the girls' phys-ed teachers watched him and then nodded approval. He liked how she smiled at him, at the incongruous image of a beautiful and graceful boy/ girl, dismissed as a sissy by so many, clandestinely trying to improve his strength and coordination in a manner suited for a fighter's training. The stamina gained through running would give Patsy the advantage if the fight lasted.

CONFRONTATION

School opened the day after Labor Day. The first day was only a homeroom period with distribution of programs. Patsy had been deliberately provocative on opening day and for the rest of that week. He had tweezed his eyebrows into a more feminine arch, wore tight jeans, girl's style tennis sneakers or saddle shoes. Tiny rings adorned his fine fingers with their manicured nails.

When Ralphie started up outside the school, Patsy slapped his face hard enough to send him reeling. Was it a slap or an open handed punch?

"Bitch," he bellowed at the smirking femme boy. "Bitch, fucking faggot..."

Patsy interrupted. "Well, which is it? I can't be a faggot and a

bitch at the same time so make up your mind, such as it is."

It seemed like Ralphie was ready to charge Patsy who stood arms akimbo, staring him down. The bully backed off.

"You're not worth getting suspended for. Don't let me catch you away from school." He continued to back away out of range of Patsy's balled up little fists.

"True because you might regret it when we do meet up. Let me change that; you *will* regret it."

Laughter from the crowd as Patsy turned his back on the outraged boy. The tactic had confused Ralphie, paralyzed him. It was evident to the other kids that Ralphie didn't know what to make of Patsy now that his bullying failed to get the intended response.

Steve, Ralphie's yes-man, stood at the front of the crowd of kids, ready to jump in to aid Ralphie. Patsy put her arm against Steve's belly and gently pushed him aside as he sashayed off in his most femme walk. An awkward smile formed on Steve's face as he watched Patsy flounce off. A round of applause from the assembled kids.

PREPARATIONS COMPLETED

It was now Saturday morning, the day Patsy hoped for a showdown.

Patsy slipped on a pair of white cotton panties with flat, unadorned elastic leg bands and a wider waist band than usually found on girls' panties. He sat at his dressing table, a dressing table designed for a young girl. He remembered how thrilled he had been when he and his aunt selected that piece; no one had ever been that supportive of his need to be like a girl before.

No need to overdo it, he thought as he applied lipstick. Deliberately, he blotted it off until all that remained was a trace of color

that was too dull to be lipstick yet too bright to be the natural lips of a boy. He wanted ever so much to wear the training bra his aunt had bought for him. Wearing it to this 'showdown' would be both an act of defiance and a statement of self-affirmation. But the bra would be too hard to explain if he ended up hurt enough to require medical attention.

Patsy slipped on a baby blue scoop neck tee and then darker blue shorts that barely covered the hem of his panties. He put his hands behind him, closed the rear zipper and fastened the button of the waist tab. It was a well-practiced series of moves. Girls' ankle socks, too light to be considered crew socks, were next. He cuffed them down before slipping into his sneakers. A pause and then the sneakers were replaced by saddle shoes; much more solid for effective kicks.

Patsy smiled at his reflection as he studied the effect in the full length mirror. Well, he thought, they want a sissy, I'll give them more sissy than they ever imagined and they'll suffer more for having been beaten by this pretty sissy. He was more and more convinced that by departing from the expected scenario he would shock Ralphie and Steve, take them off-guard and get back at them for all he took from them over the years.

The last step in dressing was to brush his longish hair into side swept bangs. A puff of hair spray and Patsy was almost ready to leave. He laughed at the thought of not wearing a training bra or at least a cami under his tee. How much more startling would that be if things didn't go according to plan and he ended up needing medical aid would that be than the scoop neck and cap sleeves of his tee, than his rear zipped short-shorts, than the innocent little girl panties he wore?

He took a small shoulder bag from the back of his closet, a bag he had only previously used when he and his aunt vacationed on Cape Cod as they did each summer. There Patsy was accepted, even lauded for his femme ways. It was there that he was allowed to wear girl's swim suits, underthings, practice applying makeup without having to immediately wipe it off. No pretense of being Pasquale or Passy or Patsy; there it was Patty.

But summer vacations had always come to an end. Today, he was going to assert his right to be Patti wherever and whenever pleased him.

THE FIGHT

Patsy sat on a bench in the playground that adjoined the high school athletic field. A few kids, boys and girls, even stopped to congratulate him for standing up to Ralphie and Steve. One or two even invited him to join them for a game of handball or boxball. He shook his head no. "Thanks anyhow. Maybe some other time." A gracious smile and a cute tilt of the head accompanied this. Patsy was surprised at the warm smiles that were returned by many of the girls and even a few of the boys.

Ralphie and Steve showed up soon enough. They spotted Patsy, paused, looked around. Too many kids had seen them notice Patsy for them to pretend they hadn't seen him. They had to make good on their threats by at least challenging or intimidating Patsy. The boys swaggered over to Patsy.

Patsy smiled at them and gave them his most girlish wave. He then drew his knee to his chest and rested his foot on the bench hoping to expose the hem of his panties, to let them know just how much of a sissy this boy really was; this boy who was about to hurt them, hurt them no matter what the price.

"Come on, faggot. Let's see how brave you are when we're not on school property. We're gonna beat your balls in." Ralphie stood close but not too close as he somewhat hesitatingly made his challenge. His game plan was for Patsy to beg them to leave him alone. That's not the way it played out. Ralphie's game plan totally failed and he knew it as soon as he heard the coldly confident, even intimidating challenge that Patsy flung back at him and at Steve.

"Come off it, Ralphie. Doesn't take being brave to stand up to

you two pea brains. Want to fight me one at a time or both at once?"

"Let me have him first." Steve sounded less than confident, as if he were following a scripted role not meant for him. He stepped in front of Ralphie only to receive a whip like blow across the face with the strap of Patsy's shoulder bag! Before Steve could recover from the blow, Patsy was on his feet, pummeling Steve's face with rapid punches. Steve pulled himself together enough to throw a slow, ponderous overhand punch at Patsy who deftly parried the ineffective blow and landed a solid shot to her assailant's stomach. Steve clutched his belly and tried to suck in the air that was driven from his body. Patsy followed up this advantage with a series of alternating punches as if he were using Steve's face as a punching bag. The gangly boy collapsed to his knees as he vainly tried to engage Patsy in some sort of wrestling hold. The whole exchange had taken less than a minute.

Ralphie stepped back, his face pale. His hand was moving toward his pocket. His plan had been to have Steve tire out Patsy enough for him to step in and fight the girlish teen once Patsy's energy had been sapped. The scheme had failed miserably leaving Ralphie to confront an angry but very much self-possessed and very energetically aggressive sissy boy. Patsy, emboldened by how easily he had dispatched Steve, confronted Ralphie.

"Go for your knife and I'll make you regret, right here and now."

Ralphie kept backing away. "Touch me and I swear I'll kill you..." Reaching out toward Patsy, Ralphie spread his arms as if trying for a bear hug, and hurled his bulk at the slender boy/girl who drove his knee into Ralphie's unprotected groin. The frightened bully clutched his aching genitals as he doubled over and staggered forward. Patsy grabbed his hair, clawed his face and then slammed his fist against Ralphie's kidneys. He put his foot behind the defeated bully's and yanked him backwards by his hair sending him hurtling over his foot and onto his back. Ralphie was safely out commission for the moment

Steve struggled to his feet and tried to flee only to face a

windmill barrage of punches to his face from the enraged and newly empowered Patsy. He covered his face with his hands leaving Patsy an opening too tempting to resist Patsy's fist slammed against Steve's balls. The boy doubled over, dropped to his knees and rolled into a fetal position as he cried like a baby. Steve's crying alternated between a frightened, anguished wailing and disconsolate sobbing. The sounds were more reminiscent of a preadolescent girl than of a would be 'greaser' entering his senior year of high school.

Ralphie was struggling to get to his knees as Patsy turned his attention to his long time tormentor. Patsy's nails sank into the hysterical Ralphie's ears as he pulled him to his feet pushed his legs apart and whipped his foot into his balls. A silent yell from Ralphie as he lost consciousness.

Their heads cleared slowly as they saw the triumphant girl/ boy towering over their beaten bodies.

"Well, guys, whose balls got beaten? Huh? Whose?"

A few others had collected to see the spectacle of Patsy beating up on Ralphie and Steve.

"Great work, Patsy." A boy voiced what could have been the sentiments of the dozen or so kids who had watched Patsy smash the two to shameful, humiliating defeat.

"Thanks but from now on you can call me Patsy. I don't think anyone has a problem with that, do you?"

The question was answered by a murmur of assent from Patsy's newly acquired fans.

It had been a heady, liberating experience for Patsy. She had fought back. (From now on we'll refer to Patsy in the feminine. She proved she has the right to be considered on her own terms.) Patsy had no clear idea of what to do now. That's it, she realized; I'm going home to put on my bra.

She became aware that Jane and Gary had fallen in step with her.

A MORE PERSONAL CONFRONTATION

"Great job, Patsy." Jane was grinning from ear to ear.

"Thanks but I really don't think I'm done with it yet. Do call me Patsy; it's so much more me.

"And Gary, thanks for not jumping in to help me. This was something I had to do on my own."

"And you did it pretty well. Unfortunately I think you're right about it not being over. I don't mean just those two jerk-offs but..."

"Thanks for the advice but I think I know more about what I have to face than you can ever understand. I mean I know you care and..."

Jane interrupted. "Say, this is getting a little heavy for me. Catch you guys later. Orchestra starts Monday so I'm going home to practice."

"Okay. See you."

Patty and Gary walked on in silence. They turned off the avenue and onto a side street.

"Seems like you're walking me home." Patty broke the silence.

"Guess I am. Hope it's okay with you."

"Listen, Gary. You're a nice guy and you kept me from a lot of beatings but I don't need you or any other guy to protect me. I think I proved that this morning. You can just stop patronizing me and go do whatever you need to, whatever it is you and Jane do with each other when you're supposed to be studying together."

"Jane and I study together when we're supposed to be studying together. And I'm not patronizing you. Can't you understand that I might want to be with you because...Well, just because. And you never had to prove to me that you can stand up for yourself. I knew it all along

but you were the one who didn't. What you did this morning was prove to yourself what everyone who cares about you already knew."

Patty's up quivered as she turned to face Gary. She was about escalate this telling him off when she realized what he might have meant by "because." Was it that he had a secret crush on Patsy, a crush that might become more intense, even open now that the effeminate yet self-sufficient Patty had begun to emerge? Damn it, she thought, I kind of like him, maybe I even want to try making out with him and I don't dare say it.

"Just go," she ordered. "I need some time by myself."

"Sure, you can have all the time in the world to be by yourself."

Patty bit her lip as they turned their backs on each other. She blinked first as she turned back to watch Gary walk off. "Call me, later. Please don't forget."

There was a long pause as Gary froze in his tracks. He turned back to Patty.

"Sure. Before dinner."

"Promise."

A reluctant nod was all Gary's response.

It wasn't so much that he was angry as hurt. He had exposed his vulnerability by admitting his 'sort of crush' to Patty. A cute guy like Gary, a good student and a varsity athlete, was considered a 'catch' by most of the girls around. Lots of real girls would have been thrilled to have him flirt with them the way he flirted with Patty. I can't believe she snubbed me like that, he thought. He felt his face redden as he realized he was thinking of Patty as 'she.' A sense of panic swept over him. He had to prove to himself that he wasn't queer. To hell with her, he decided. So stupid of me to let on that I liked her. From now on I'll keep my secret thoughts to myself. Shit! He screamed to himself. Patty's not a she but why am I thinking so much about him if he's a boy?

Patty let herself in the side door and made her way up to the apartment that she and her aunt shared. It was the entire second floor and garret of a very large two family house. Silence greeted her. She remembered her aunt was meeting a friend in the city to spend the morning shopping for clothes, then have lunch and go on to see a matinee of South Pacific on Broadway.

She went to her room, stripped of her tee and donned a bra. It was a training bra which was all Suzanne had allowed her up to now. "A more sophisticated bra would be too obvious under your clothing if you were ever tempted to wear it outside the apartment." Thus Patty had been limited in her underthings. Nevertheless it was real bra. She studied her reflection.

"Damn it all, I have the right to be me. I don't care what anyone thinks." She grasped her narrow waist, ran her hands over her hips. "Lots of real girls wish they can look as good as I do right this second and I don't even have make up on or a girdle or a padded bra or anything." Her smile became more confident as she turned to admire her small but shapely tush, so perky under the tight shorts. A frown. "OH, God! Suppose he doesn't like me this way. Suppose he thinks I'm just an arrogant queer. Hell, I just told him off. Please make him call me."

Patty sat on the edge of her bed, put her face in her hands and wept. When she stopped crying she unlaced her shoes, slipped off her socks and faced the full length mirror. She undid her shorts and let them fall to the floor. The outline of her cock in the modest white panty briefs didn't fit the rest of the image.

That looks funny, she said to herself. Know what? I like me like this; and I like that my dick shows. It's as much a part of me as wearing girls' clothes and using makeup. God, I feel so drained. Well, I finally stood up for myself and I like it and now I know lots of kids kind of like me. Shit! This would have been a perfect day if I didn't go and act all independent with Gary.

She went into the kitchen where she slowly ate a few spoons of

cottage cheese on a slice of diet bread. A few sips of iced tea and she returned to her room, slid between the cool sheets and drifted off to sleep as she felt the sheets being warmed by her own body.

CONFESSION

Gary sat on the floor of the spare room in Jane's house. He glanced at the crinolines Jane had spread over open umbrellas to keep their fullness. Jane stood adjusted the metronome and moved to the music stand. She counted softly in time with the metronome and then began the piece for the umpteenth time. Gary sat patiently until Jane was finished.

"Jane, Promise you won't laugh when I tell you this? I mean there's no one else in the world I can say this stuff to."

"I promise not to laugh. It's about Patty, right?"

"Yeah." He looked at Jane as she sat on the floor facing him. She was comfortable enough with Gary that she folded her legs in a sort of half-lotus position despite wearing an a-line skirt, an a-line skirt that by now had ridden up almost to her waist. Gary appreciated the almost unobstructed view of her pink pantied crotch. Jane made a token effort to adjust her skirt. She ran her tongue over her lips as she did so. The gesture wasn't wasted on Gary.

Gary took a deep breath and haltingly began.

"I'm not queer, at least I don't think I am but ever since Patsy moved into the neighborhood I've been...well, not really attracted to him, just kind of..." He blushed as he paused and took a deep breath. "Maybe interested in him is more like I feel. That's because he was so different from anyone I ever knew. Like I would rather have been spending time with him instead of dating girls."

"Don't I know it? That's when we stopped making out together and went back to the same stupid platonic relationship we've had since

kindergarten."

"I'm sorry. I mean really sorry in lots of ways. I almost told Patty how I felt and he or she or whatever the hell he wants to be told me off. Shit! Like suddenly she's a stuck-up bitch because she finally did what she should have done the first day they teased him, her.

"Jane, please don't laugh or tell anyone else. This isn't easy for me but if I don't tell someone right now I'll freak. I was really little when I first found out girls didn't have dicks so I thought it was kind of scary and in a way I never got over that. Now I find a girl with a dick and I figure that it might work better for me and then she goes and tells me off. Made me feel like shit. I swear to God, Jane, if you give me another chance I'll never hurt you again."

This time Jane really did adjust her skirt to cover her panties. It wasn't out of modesty but because she didn't want Gary to see the wet spot on her panty crotch, the wet spot that had formed as he talked about a girl with a dick. This was a new concept to Jane, a concept which aroused her on the spot. Now she had to find a way to explore this exotically exciting idea. Patty was out of the question. No way was Jane about to mess around with someone she couldn't begin to understand, someone she couldn't even influence let alone control. Patty was totally exotic and totally foreign to Jane, the cute grind who spent most of her time studying her schoolwork and practicing the violin.

"Come on, Jane. One more chance. I'll do anything to make it up to you."

It was only when Gary interrupted her reverie that she realized how long the pause had lasted. A wry, playful smile lit up her pretty features as she bent forward and crawled, catlike, toward the very agitated Gary.

"Anything?" It was almost a purr. Then she added with a sharper, sexier edge to her voice, "Absolutely anything?"

Gary nodded.

"Anything to please me? You do know what I mean when I say 'please me'?" The last two words were both seductive and challenging.

Gary fell backwards onto the floor as Jane covered his mouth with hers and pressed her body across his. Her breasts ground against his chest as her hand found his crotch. She brought him off in what seemed like seconds.

"That must feel all sticky," she offered. "Why don't you change your underpants?"

"Yeah, that would feel better; but change into what?" The slight tremor of anticipation in his voice told Jane that he wouldn't really resist if she offered him her panties. She would remind him he had just promised he would do anything for another chance.