



Redemption by Mardee Louise Prynne

REDEMPTION

By

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"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" Juvenal
(Who will guard the guards themselves?)

The Saint George was, even then, an old hotel although the steep decline that brought it to its end was still a couple of decades in the future. The pool was open to the public and had become a haven for me throughout my childhood and adolescence.

Fed by a deep spring that, according to popular belief, had supplied the brewery, which once stood on this site, the pool was decorated in classic art deco style as was the lobby and all public areas. A common gym separated the men's and women's locker areas. Between the men's locker room and the gym were a steam room and a "dry heat" room. "Sauna" hadn't yet become part of our vocabulary. Nor was this a sauna, as we know it today; it was simply a room, tiled all over with tiers of tile benches rising like steps from the floor.

Swimming was one of the few athletic activities I enjoyed. I was strong enough and had good reflexes, but I never, ever enjoyed the rough and tumble competition of boys' games. The hotel pool was one of the first places I was allowed to go without adult escort. It had been one of the few places where I felt totally relaxed, comfortable and secure. It was as if I instinctively knew this was a place in which I could exist on my own terms. It was a haven.

I was fascinated by the art deco design and I admired the sophisticated types who lived in and near the hotel. Some were the old moneyed, old Brooklyn types while others were recognizable painters, writers, and performers.

A balcony or gallery surrounded the pool on two sides. It was empty more often than not but now and then a few people would be there waiting for friends who were showering after a swim or simply seeing who was in the pool. I liked to glance up to see if I caught the eye of a potential admirer. On rare occasions I was afforded the opportunity to glance at a woman's knees and to hope I would see further up her skirt. I was as interested in the intricacies of women's clothing, especially

under things and foundations, as I was in their anatomy.

My body remained smooth and almost totally hairless as I slipped from childhood to puberty, from puberty to adolescence. My silken black hair and dark eyes with their long lashes were said to be wasted on a boy. It wasn't unusual for me to be mistaken for a girl. This didn't upset me in the least; it soon became a source of amusement, a source of power! I learned to entertain myself by assuming girlish postures and movements in order to seduce strangers into thinking I was a girl and then to see them flustered and confused. As a very young child I learned to use my eyes to flirt. Don't be deceived into thinking that I wanted to be a girl; my penis was and continues to be a source of great enjoyment to me. Still, it was great fun to pass myself off as a girl. What was even better was to make people wonder if I were a boy or a girl. It was so much fun to see them squirm, to react to me as a cute little girl while at the same time doubting the evidence of their senses.

My mother grew increasingly ambivalent over my little girl games. When I was still quite young, she encouraged me to be gentle, to avoid rough play but when I asked about ballet lessons or to at least be taken to see a ballet she told me that was 'only for fairies'. Childhood illness had prompted a closeness between my mother and me. There was no doubt she would have preferred a daughter and I became her willing substitute. Dolls and tea sets, jump ropes and jacks were my kind of toys.

My beastly stepfather broke up our idyll when he returned from service in World War II. We despised each other. He didn't treat my mother much better than he treated me. I often avoided the strife at home by spending time with an older cousin, a girl who encouraged my gentle ways and even let me use her old two-wheel bicycle, a girl's bike.

There was a price to be paid when I was with other children. Teased, excluded from games, and physically harassed, I backed away from other children. Then came a time in seventh grade when I finally had enough and turned on my tormentors. I seriously hurt one of them.

He was too humiliated to tell his parents that Connie the faggot had done it. I was left alone after that, too alone. I was isolated, shunned and, at some level, feared. They feared me not simply because I might go off on one of my tormentors as I had done so effectively once before. They feared me lest they might respond to me in the same way they might respond to a girl. They sneered at me, made wiseass remarks as I passed by. Yet some of these guys looked at me with real longing. They would avert their gaze if we made eye contact, look away sheepishly as if they had been caught ogling a girl they were really, really attracted to. I felt both a sense of confusion and a sense of power.

From time to time, I would deliberately get one of the guys to watch me with that ambivalent longing they tried so desperately to hide even from themselves. Then I would turn to him and smile. Some might start to smile back but would stop themselves lest their friends and even they themselves should discover what they truly desired. If it were just two of us, I would assume a provocative, aggressively sexy stance and wink. I half feared, half hoped that my "fan" would try something physical so I might have a chance to strike out and dominate. That was an event so rare as to be almost non-existent. Even when a "fan" resorted to verbal taunts and threats, he would never risk the embarrassment of losing a fight to a sissy like me. It was different when they were in a group. Only when they had reinforcements did they dare to taunt me.

Taking the subway to Clark Street after finishing my paper route and then spending most of my afternoon at the hotel pool was an escape from the pressures to be manly. It was an escape from the mundane world of clearly defined but often externally imposed sex roles. It was also a glimpse into a smaller world, a world peopled by those who chose, often at great cost, to create their own, very personally defined role.

I had started to use regularly the gym before my swim. The locker room attendants issued you a one piece, tank top gym suit that strongly resembled a woman's one piece swim suit minus the front "skirt"

panel that the modesty of those bygone years demanded, or perhaps a bit like a leotard; shapeless but resembling a woman's swim suit nonetheless. I soon found myself asking for sizes that were just bit too small for me but which, I hoped, might enhance my naturally girlish body lines. It was then that I started wearing a jock strap, an item I abhorred and still abhor, in futile hope of smoothing out my groin line.

I don't recall many free weights in the gym but there were pulley machines that I used to try to enlarge my pecs. It wasn't that I was into getting big muscles; this was the only way I could ever hope to develop a semblance of breasts.

I often attracted the attention of varied sorts among the adult men who frequented the pool. As I walked from the gym to the "Turkish bath" area, I would put one foot in front of the other to give me a convincingly femme gait but with no burlesque exaggeration. Turning my back to those whose eyes were on me, I flipped a towel over my shoulder like a serape so that it not quite concealed my smooth tush and would slip out of my gym suit. My next move was to whip the towel off my shoulder allowing a complete but ever so fleeting glimpse of my nude back and backside before I wrapped the towel around me. Oh, I never wore my towel kilted as men do but would tie it, sarong like, at chest level. Raking my hand through my hair to comb it into the gamine style popularized by Leslie Caron, I would turn my head toward my admirers and smile over my shoulder as I walked into the dry heat room.

My "admirers" would often follow me in hopes of a glimpse of what has come to be called "full frontal nudity." I learned to sit with my legs crossed, one elbow resting on my knee, chin on my hand. In this posture of pseudo modesty, I was more provocative than if I had sat with my legs spread. I would often smile and wink at the proper middle class types who were closeted even from their own awareness. These pillars of the community would either blush or blanch but almost always left in embarrassment. I came to realize that I had power. I was determined learn to wield it to my own advantage.

My little games often led to conversations with some of the arty types I so wanted to emulate. It was from them that I learned of museums and galleries, of free or low cost recitals and concerts in venues in around Brooklyn and Manhattan.

There were times, especially in school and in the midst of others my age, when I felt isolated, too different to ever find others like me, too different to even believe that there could be others like me. It was on my solitary forays into Manhattan, usually to explore museums, that I realized I wasn't alone. Sixth Avenue (Avenue of The Americas) in the late forties and early fifties had several stores that sold publishers' overstocks. The back areas of many of these stores had wire racks of booklets and magazines; magazines featuring very femme queer youths, transvestite magazines as well. This was better than therapy. This opened my eyes to the fact that there were not only others like me but that lots of people were willing to pay to look at our images while they sat jerking off on the toilet. Pious hypocrites!

It was the summer I turned eighteen and was about to enter my senior year of high school when I began to grasp what potential I had. Indeed, I was to learn that my shortcomings were great gifts.

I had been noticing a very attractive albeit petite blonde, not too much older than I, looking at me from the pool balcony. This was no idle conceit on my part. It was late afternoon and there were few in the pool area, and her gaze followed me as I swam or lay under the ultra-violet lamps on one side of the pool. Sitting on the edge of the pool, I drew my knees close to my chest and wrapped my arms around my legs. A smile at the corners of her mouth as if to indicate approval of my very femme posture.

She was sitting in the lobby with a fashion magazine spread across her lap, her legs demurely crossed at the ankles. I wondered if it was chance or whether she had known that the stair well was the most direct way to the lobby from the pool. "Get a hold of your vanity", I said to myself. "How would that woman even know you exist? And

why would she care? This is just chance. Her smiling was just to keep from laughing out loud at your stupid posing".

I stopped at the lobby newsstand and eyed Seventeen Magazine without getting up enough nerve to take it from the rack, let alone buy it. I opted for a "Captain Marvel" comic book, one that had an adventure with "Mary Marvel" in it. Mary was pretty exciting. She was beautiful, seductive and deadly. I dreamed about being like her and destroying my tormentors. It would be so much fun to beat up the bullies and thugs while wearing a cute outfit with a short skirt.

I headed for the exit that connected to the subway station and saw reflected on a window the blonde talking with the girl who worked at the lobby newsstand. I shrugged it off as coincidence.

My next swim was two days later, and Miss Blonde was on the balcony again. It was a little disconcerting when she leaned on the rail and gave me a sort of nod. I thought I was losing it.

I didn't see her in the lobby as I walked to the newsstand. It wasn't clear in my mind whether I was relieved or disappointed. Then, as I scanned the fashion magazines before buying a candy bar, she was at my side.

Her soft, graceful hand with majestic, long fingers reached for a copy of "Seventeen." She stepped away from the newsstand and paused as I tried to study her appearance, not lustfully although she attracted me on a personal, even sexual level as no other female had ever done. I studied her as a woman might study a lady of fashion whose style she hoped to emulate. Her sky-blue shirtwaist dress was simple but exquisite in its simplicity. A narrow belt underscored her tiny waist. The skirt flared softly over her hips with the help of her soft petticoats. These weren't the extremely starched crinolines so popular with high school girls in that era. Hers were simply one or two layers of softness that made her skirt flare away from her body and made her curves more fascinating by not quite concealing them. She carried a wrist length kid glove that matched her purse and shoes. She wore the other glove on

her left hand. I wondered if she owned any of the opera length gloves that I so admired and envied. Her hair was in a modified pageboy pushed back far enough to show the emerald studs in her pierced ears. The top buttons of her dress were left open to expose, whenever she bent forward, the white lace edge of her bra.

My pulse raced as I felt her fingertips rest on my forearm. Despite her wholesome Doris Day sexiness, perhaps because of it, she exuded a sense of quiet confidence and of concealed strength- strength that might be physical as well as personal. "Please don't think me forward but I noticed you looking at this magazine". She extended the copy of Seventeen. "There's really no reason why boys can't read fashion magazines. It's just that everyone makes them so self-conscious about it. Please take this. My treat".

I made a fumbling attempt to thank her as she handed me the magazine. "Please," she began. "Just a gesture on my part. Thought it might be helpful if I bought it for you so you would realize it wouldn't be the end of the world. It's just so ironic that the boys who can appreciate these things are the ones who are too sensitive to face them. Once they do, they show some wonderfully intense pizzazz."

The magazine was in my hand and she was off as she called over shoulder. "We'll meet again."

I felt both energized and ennobled by this scant bit of attention from this very attractive, classy and awesome young woman. I was also emboldened enough to thumb through the copy of "Seventeen" as I stood waiting on the subway platform for my train. Of course, this was the Clark Street station in Brooklyn Heights where Bohemianism mingled with old money and all sorts were accepted. It would be different when I got off the train in my neighborhood.

I found a seat, crossed my legs coquettishly for no one's benefit but my own and began studying the ads in my treasured magazine. Two stops further along a girl from my neighborhood boarded the train laden down with packages. Marilyn was one of the few of my neighborhood

contemporaries who still paid any attention to me. That might have been because she was almost as much of an outcast as I was. Medium height with long dark brown hair and almost olive skin, she set her own rules. She had become well aware of her physical charms in early childhood and learned how to exploit them. Her home life was as turbulent as mine. Screaming arguments with her father often resulted in her being beaten even well past the age when physical punishment was no longer appropriate. Marilyn was not easily intimidated and often dared boys to fight her when she had her fill of their unwanted attention or catcalls. She much preferred to hang with a select group of girls. This gave rise to rumors that she was queer. This group of girls that hung out together from time to time was an unusual assortment of types you would swear had nothing in common. It included, at least to a casual observer, everything from girl greasers, to rah-rahs, to preppies. What they had in common was an independent assertiveness and no need to be in a relationship with a boy for self-validation. They defied boys who catcalled to them to "do something about it." Their confidence, as they stood with their hands-on hips tilted to one side destroyed the coincidence of any male they chose to face down. That just wasn't how it was supposed to be in the early fifties.

Marilyn and I played together when were little. I was the one who had put the distance between us. For one thing, I didn't want being my friend to be a social hindrance to her. Another thing was that Marilyn's aggressiveness, although never directed toward me, made me feel all weird, all tingly inside. What I hadn't understood was that Marilyn's toughness was sexually arousing to me. Once when, we were about ten or eleven, she had beaten up an older, larger boy and I got a hard-on that wouldn't quit from just watching her do it. I felt uncomfortable when she eyed the swelling in the crotch of my short pants. I hadn't yet learned to recognize my own state of arousal.

My mind took me back to a brief conversation we had on the neighborhood playground years before. Marilyn was insisting that I wasn't as weak and inept as I felt I was. "Damn, Connie. You know you

couldn't do all those pull-ups if you were as weak as you think."

"That's just because I'm so skinny. There's not a lot of me to lift."

"Baloney! Think about how your hands move, so incredibly fast; just look at when you play jacks or handball with my girlfriends and me. You could sock those apes in the face and skip out of their way before they knew what hit them. It would take someone as fast as you are no time flat to pound their stupid faces to hamburger."

It was she who encouraged me to strike back the time I really hurt one of the bullies. She hadn't simply encouraged me to strike back but had urged me on as I punished him.

When I saw her enter the subway car I called to her. She greeted me with a smile. "Want to sit down?" I offered her my seat.

She preferred to stand but put her packages on my lap. "How goes it? Haven't seen you around much. Been swimming a lot, huh?" She didn't wait for an answer. "Been busy too. I started the summer at Girl Adventurers Day Camp. Then this nice lady offered me an office job downtown for really great pay. I do secretarial work in the office in the morning. I'm being trained for other stuff when I finally graduate. Like I said, the money's real good and it's fun work."

"Neat," I said. It was one of Marilyn's many peculiarities that despite her independence, and sexy toughness she had remained an active and committed Girl Adventurer, a local, more militant variation of Girl Scouts, even past the age when most others went on to what they considered more grownup activities.

I studied Marilyn from head to toe. She wore a white cotton sleeveless blouse that allowed a glimpse of her bra through the armhole when she held on to the overhead bar of the subway car. Her narrow waist was circled with a cinch belt. The Jamaica shorts were tight enough to give her very alluring, very visible panty lines. Flat sandals were secured to her legs by straps that wound round her slender ankles to the

middle of her shapely calves. Gold hoop earrings reaching almost to her shoulders added to her a primal sensuality. Her primeval sexiness and her Semitic/Mediterranean face combined to give the impression that Marilyn might be the reincarnation of an ancient warrior queen. She knew I was looking her over. "Oh, I don't dress like this when I'm in the office. It's a real classy place. Just changed there to go shopping. Kind of fun too, to shop in those snobby places dressed like this. They look down their noses at me until they see I know what I'm doing when it comes to stylish clothes and stuff. They act like they're doing me a favor by allowing me to browse even though I name all the designers they copy from but it gets real different when they see the color of money."

The gentleman sitting alongside of me noticed her appraisingly. Marilyn glanced at him, caught my eye and winked at me. She put both hands on the overhead bar and stretched so that her blouse rose up on her tummy allowing anyone seated in front of her to see the band of her snowy white bra and perhaps even the bottom of the cups. She made eye contact with the gentleman next to me who was already breathing heavily. Her smile turned to a frown of disapproval. "Like what you see?" The man squirmed uncomfortably as Marilyn stared at him. He rose from his seat and moved to the exit door as the train pulled into the next station.

Marilyn seated herself next to me and reclaimed her packages. She noticed the copy of "Seventeen." Much to my relief she reacted as if it were the most normal, most natural thing to be sitting next to a boy who reads girls' fashion magazines. For a few minutes, we acted as if that were true. "Oh, great! Let me show you something." Leaving it on my lap, she leafed through to an ad for a bra and panty girdle set. "Like it? I just bought in white and blue. Gotta redo my image for when the old man kicks me out after graduation. Hell, the way things are going for me I might just escape sooner."

I wondered silently if that ensemble would look as cute on me as it did on the girl in the ad. That doesn't matter I thought to myself. What

matters is that I just know I would feel as pretty.

As the train pulled into our local station I rolled up "Seventeen" and wrapped the comic book over it. Marilyn clearly disapproved. "Come on, Connie. Just carry it out in the open. Be who you are and if the ass holes have anything to say you just beat their balls with the magazine."

I unrolled the magazine and folded to once in my hand. We left the station and headed down the avenue, chatting as we went.

"Hang on, Connie. I'll be a second. Just need a pack of cigarettes."

I stood in front of the store while Marilyn went to the street counter and got her cigarettes. Two of the local jocks came over with their girls.

"Catch what he's reading! Guess he wants to try on that stuff." One girl was clearly uncomfortable; she walked off in disgust at her boyfriend's coarseness.

"Just leave me alone. I'm not bothering you." I kept my cool even as he stepped up to me.

"What are you gonna do to make me?" He leaned down, pushing his face at mine.

"Back off," I ordered. He was clearly taken aback at my unwillingness to run away. His hand grabbed at my shirt. With no hesitation I drove the bottom edge of the heavy, folded magazine straight up into his crotch. His eyes bulged as a silent scream came from his mouth. He clutched his injured balls as he dropped to his knees.

"Come on, Connie. You had no reason to deck like that." His buddy tried to sound menacing as he advanced toward me. His survival instinct caused him to stop at arm's length.

"How should I have decked him?" I asked with an arrogance that would have been clearly bitchy had a girl spoken like that in a similar situation. Flushed with my success in having dispatched the first guy, I inched toward the second.

His buddy stepped back from me but not quickly enough to

prevent me from ramming the magazine into his solar plexus. He turned red as the air rushed from his lungs. He staggered back as he gasped for air.

By now Marilyn was alongside me. "I'd offer to help you, Connie, but it's pretty obvious you can take both of them without help."

A small crowd had gathered. The prevailing opinion was that these oafs got what was coming to them for a long time.

"Maybe I better walk you home," offered Marilyn.

"Thanks, but that would kind of undo what I did for myself today. Can I call you sometime? I don't mean for a real date. Maybe we can just talk and be friends like when we were little."

"Yeah, sure. Talking's nice but why not a date too?"

I felt my face grow warm as I blushed. I manage to say "Okay."

"Connie," she said softly as she put her fingers on my smooth face. "I've never stopped wanting to be your friend. One mere thing; don't ever forget what you just did to those jerks."

After supper I went down to the corner store to call Marilyn from the phone booth. I didn't dare call her from home lest my mother and her husband saw it as humorous and teased me for calling a girl. Busy signal. I felt relieved.

I walked along the avenue toward the local ladies specialty shop. In the past, fearing ridicule, I had glanced furtively at the lingerie and foundations in one of the windows. This evening I paused to study the icy blue open bottom girdle and the clear plastic torso. Let them tease me. I'd shut their yaps like I did this afternoon. Maybe tomorrow I would go in and buy something just to prove to myself I could. But then again, where would I hide it at home?

Our house was empty when I got back. A note on the fridge said my mother and stepfather were at the movies. I started upstairs to

my room when the ringing of the phone startled me. It was Marilyn.

"Hi Connie. I've got a few minutes of privacy. I need to talk to you...Now listen to me and don't say no. When I was at the camp, I was doing sort of athletic training. The girls, not the real little ones, who weren't strong enough to handle themselves, I worked with them to make them stronger. Then when they got strong enough, we started teaching them to protect themselves. Connie, let me work with you."

"I really appreciate your thinking about me but just "cause I got lucky today doesn't mean I can become a tough guy."

"Connie, it wasn't that I thought we could make you into a tough guy; not exactly a tough guy."

"What do you mean not exactly a tough guy?"

"Forget that for now and just hear me out. It felt really good not to run away, to stand up for yourself and not only to knock those tow on their asses but also to make them scared of you. Remember you didn't think you needed me to walk with you. Felt great, right?"

"Okay, okay. It did. But we don't even have a place where we can work out."

"I gotta hang up but leave it to me. Come over my house Friday around seven. They're going to my grandmother's, my father's mother. He says he's ashamed to bring me to her "cause I'm so strange." She laughed a bitter laugh. "What he's really ashamed of is that I don't take his crap. Just let him try to hit my mother or me again and I'll give him something to be ashamed of."

"Sorry for making you listen to that. Swear you won't tell but I'm going to be out of here pretty soon."

"Marilyn, how can you leave home before you finish high school?"

"Tell you later. But you ought to get out too. Hey, you know something." Marilyn's tone changed from flat and sullen to animated

and excited. "The lady I work for is renting a suite at The Saint George while her house gets fixed up, so we have resident's pool privileges. You go there a lot, so we'll get you a pool pass for free."

"That's great. Maybe we can go together one of these days."
"Sure. Why not? You know it's just for a short time. She bought the house right next to hers in the Heights and they're fixing them up so they'll be just what she needs for business. When they're all ready, she'll give up the suite at the Saint George. Right now, we still have an office in her house."

I still hadn't any idea of what kind of place Marilyn worked for but the pool pass was waiting for me when I stopped at the hotel's front desk. It was unbelievable luck to have run into Marilyn.

I left the gym, turned in my gym suit, and headed for the dry heat room. A strikingly beautiful youth who had been in the hall, fully dressed, outside the gym while I was exercising came into the dry heat room just after I did. He was as slender as I but with narrower shoulders and an even tinier waist. His complexion went with his naturally blond hair. He had the wonderful glowing tan that a certain fair skinned type can get with patient, slow exposure to the sun. He wore a towel around him the same way I did whenever I felt flirtatious; it was tied under his arms like a sarong. The bottom edge of the towel just covered his bottom. His back was to me as he unwrapped the towel to reveal his perky tush. It was smooth firm and contrasted so much with his tanned thighs and back that it seemed he was wearing white panties. His graceful movements were mesmerizing me. Trim but muscular legs reminded me of a ballerina. He turned toward me. The pale, untanned skin extended all the way above his nipples. It was the pattern of a woman's swimsuit! That was so incredibly sexy that I feared I might embarrass myself by becoming visibly aroused. He definitely had worn his towel like a sarong to conceal his very female tanning pattern. Smart move in those very homophobic times. Smart move even these days.

I was mesmerized by this androgyne who was so beautiful, so

graceful, so ethereal, and ever so seductive. His naturally blond hair reached down to where his collar would have been had he been wearing clothes. High cheekbones, green eyes, a very fine nose and thin cupid bow lips would be the envy of any woman. I managed to steal a glance below his deep navel and slightly rounded tummy. His uncut dick was more than adequate. Electricity went through me and began to settle in my groin. I pulled my towel over my thighs to conceal the hard-on I knew was coming.

A sense of anxiety crept over me. This boy was disconcertingly familiar, yet I knew I had never seen him before. There was no way I would ever forget someone, boy or girl, who was that beautiful, and such an incredible turn on. He had to look like someone I knew.

"Hi. I'm new around here. Name's Vic."

"Oh, I'm Connie... Short for Conrad. My mom named me after my father's favorite writer." What I didn't say was that gesture still didn't get him to marry my mom or anything else. I had never even seen my father in my life.

Vic started some slow, sensual stretching exercises that were as elegant as a ballet. "Really loosens me up. Why not try some."

I felt like a jerk, but I tried. I really did feel better. Vic's careful observation of my movements caused me to blush. I headed for the pool while Vic went back to the locker room.

A short time later Vic let himself into a suite upstairs. He kicked off his penny loafers, penny loafers worn without socks. He let his trousers fall and kicked them aside as he walked toward the bathroom. His white cotton briefs slid down his legs as he pulled the jewel neck tee over his head. A cotton kimono replaced his clothes. With no hesitation he wrapped it over his body right over left and tied the sash. He crossed his legs carefully and picked up the phone. His fingers raked through his hair while he waited for his call to be answered.

"Marilyn? Hi. Vicki here. You're always so right. Your friend

Connie and I met. He really is terrific. Shouldn't I say, 'she's' terrific...?" No second thoughts about this? Keep in mind that Connie will be making scads of money if you can convince him to work with us... He'll just love it."

Marilyn sat on a swing at the playground that evening as she waited for me. I noticed that her always-solid looking thighs had become more muscular of late. She had phoned me about something she said was important, the chance of a lifetime. I leaned back against the safety fence that fronted the swings.

Gee whiz, Marilyn. No wonder they had you doing that stuff at the day camp. You look as strong as..."

"Mary Marvel?"

"Don't tease me..." My mouth dropped open as Marilyn grasped the chains of the swing, extended her legs straight out and hoisted herself off the seat in a perfect "L" position!

"Sorry, Connie. Didn't mean to tease you. Yeah, I've been getting strong and I know how to use it. You'll see one of these days. Not only that but you'll be doing it too if you give it half a chance."

We moved to a bench near the handball courts. "You have more faith in me than I do. No way could that happen to me."

"It can and it will. My boss is interested in meeting you. She'll explain what we're all about. You've seen her already."

"I have?"

"Yeah. The blonde who bought you that magazine. I told her about you, and she wanted to see you for herself."

A few days later Marilyn and I walked into a small restaurant near her job. We were led to a booth near the back. A few minutes later we were joined by Marilyn's employer, the blonde from the Saint George! She wore a green tailored skirt and antique ivory blouse. There was something about her that I found irresistible. "So good to see you again,

Connie. My name is Vicki Fairmont. I'll explain everything shortly but first I have to ask you to please forgive our little deception. "Marilyn tells me so many wonderful things about you that I had to see you for myself. There's more to how we did that than you realize. You do recall the boy you met the other day in the heat room. That was me!"

I suddenly felt lightheaded and then exhilarated. I longed to come in contact with that world I only half believed existed outside of dreams and forbidden magazines. Now it was about to happen and not in a clandestine, seedy underworld but in the sophisticated setting of the Heights.

"Miss Fairmont, that's quite okay. It's just that I never expected..." My hand shook as I held my water glass.

"Just relax, Connie. Let's have lunch and then we'll go to my office."

I behaved as if having lunch in a nice restaurant with linen tablecloths and napkins with Marilyn and Miss Fairmont was the most ordinary thing in my life. Needless to add that my cock was straining against my briefs at the thought of what Miss Fairmont had in her panties.

Lunch over, we went to Miss Fairmont's office in a brownstone that also served as her home. The adjacent brownstone was undergoing extensive renovation with the intent of opening a passage to Miss Fairmont's house.

"Do call me Vicki. I'm certain we're going to be working very closely."

She chose to sit in a chair near the window rather than behind her desk. Vicki crossed her legs in an immodest, totally seductive manner but without a hint of trashiness. The darker tops of her tan stockings were clearly visible as was the back of her thigh. The taut garter strap that kept her stockings so wrinkle free was plainly visible. As she recrossed her legs, the pale pink panty showed at the apex of her thighs.

"I was explaining to Marilyn that a boy of your gifts could easily

fit into our operations and become an asset to the firm. Marilyn told me about you. As you know I had to see you for myself before meeting you. Let me first explain how this all came about.

"I was very much like you and in many ways I still am. Rather, I should say I'm closer to what you can be, what you're going to be with our help and support. I was a loner because of my small size and very effeminate ways. My mother was widowed before I was born. We had some money, but she worked as a legal secretary to a woman lawyer. They were doing a divorce and the errant husband was resistant. His wife suspected he was molesting young girls. They needed someone who could pass for a girl in her early teens. They decided I would fit the bill. I began dressing as a girl and attended a private school for girls.

They saw to it that I was trained in unarmed self-defense, judo & aikido. I studied ballet to increase grace and stamina.

"An added bonus was beating up on some of the jerks that had given me a rough time before I made the change. It turned me on. One thing I learned along the way is that many men enjoy being beaten by a woman. They pay high for the privilege and some pay even more if the girl has something extra. There's no sexual contact involved nor is any necessary.

"I think you've already guessed that my undercover work was very successful in securing enough information to force the wretch to capitulate to his wife's demands. It worked so well that my mother entered a partnership with her employer. The lawyer provided funding and my mother opened a private detective agency. Don't look so surprised. I'm a licensed private investigator.

"The agency has always been a very small, very selective, and very lucrative operation and I plan to keep it that way. There are other ways I'm expanding the scope of my business operations into less exciting but more traditional and safer ventures. We plan to provide some of the most attractive and most effective bodyguards in the New York area but only to a very select clientele. We can afford to be picky. At present our

ladies will begin providing what can be best described as English lessons as well as private combat sessions.

"Questions so far?"

This was fascinating and unbelievably sexy. My naivete forced me to ask what should have been a silly question. "I'm sorry, Miss Fairmont, but what has teaching people to speak English have to do with what you're telling me about?"

"I asked you to please call me Vicki." She smiled indulgently. "To answer your question. English lessons refer to erotic playacting during which a woman dominates and abuses a man. This is often done in costumes. One theme involves a schoolgirl turning the tables and on a man, who is about to spank her. Again, some men prefer their woman to have a penis, often revealed after he's been totally dominated or humiliated. You, my sweet, can easily be that young schoolgirl."

I nodded thoughtfully. It was all so deliciously exciting; better even than those magazines I had seen in the Sixth Avenue bookstores. "That's kind of wild. But how do I fit into all this?"

"Connie, you're so perfect to take over my place in undercover work. And I'm sure you'll love the extra bonus of giving lessons.

"There's a coffee house that I've invested in with an art gallery on the floor above. I've been doing sensual photographs and selling them through the gallery. I'd like very much for you to start working as an assistant in the gallery. I might ask you to help out in some other projects as well. Right now, I'm short staffed in the coffee house so you can start there. It'll be a good place for you to learn to be comfortable, to feel natural as a girl.

"All of the operations I now own will be run from here and next door. There'll be apartment space for my permanent staff, which will be kept small. That will include both you and Marilyn if you care to join us."

"But how can I pass myself off as a girl?"

Vicki smiled as she buzzed for Marilyn.

I followed Marilyn to what seemed like a small beauty parlor. She put a pink smock over my clothes and seated me facing away from the mirror that covered one wall.

"Just relax and leave everything to me." She began to do my make up!

End of preview