



MARDEE LOUISE PRYDDE

Starting with a Kiss by Mardee Louise Prynne

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By
MARDEE LOUISE PRYNNE



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Written by Mardee Louise Prynne
Illustrations by Teeje

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Our Story Begins...

For as long as I can remember I've been drawn to pretty things. You do know what I mean when I say "things." Soft colors, pastels, brights, prints. Smooth cool nylon that warms against the skin. Soft cotton that molds itself to every contour, every dimple. Panties, slips, garter belts, girdles of every type, color, and style to express moods and whims. Slips and pettis that swirl deliciously around calves and knees. Hose that highlights the tapered calf, the slender ankle. Heels that are just so useful in bringing an admirer to heel. Those very same heels can prove to be such useful weapons in so many situations.

I wasn't terribly short but I was slender and remained so even past the age when most boys became thickset. Thank heaven I never became hairy. Neither did my voice change drastically. It deepened only to soothing contralto that was neither male nor female. People took the voice to belong to whichever sex they perceived me to be.

My mother and father separated when I was a baby and subsequently divorced. My father had no contact with us and so my mother and I had each other to ourselves. Mother was an independent, very private lady whose mannerisms and vocal inflections had become part of my own personality. Although only a clerk in an office, my mother managed to earn enough to provide us with good food, nice places to live, good clothes, and occasional extras like concerts and shows in the city.

I had only one cousin and I adored her. Rivie was four or five years older than I. Don't let that fact that she was a frilly, feminine sort of beauty fool you. She could hold her own against most boys in games or fights.

Cousin Rivie let me share in her "dressing up box" when I was little, and we played together. I was thrilled to be accepted by Rivie and to be included in her games. Being older, she was very

much in charge of our games and I was her never reluctant little girl when we played mommies, her waitress when we played restaurant, her strutting and sashaying model when we played fashion show. There was nothing deliberately erotic about these games, but they thrilled me all the same. Neither her parents nor my mother knew just how very creative the games were that we played in that attic. Or so I believed.

The thought that there would come a time when these games would have to end, as we got older was simply dreadful. That time never came; not really. These special activities modified and evolved until they were no longer fantasy games but reality.

As I progressed through grammar school and into high school, I began to hate my boys' clothing, especially my underthings. That was easily resolved by sneaking panties my cousin no longer wanted under my coarse white briefs. I realized I had my mother's tacit approval when a pair of powder blue cotton panties I had worn wound up in the hamper and, a few days later, turned up on my dresser along with my clean more typically boy laundry.

It was too soon to openly share my secret with my mother so we both ignored what we knew.

My tastes and desires didn't end with girls' clothing. I was looking longingly at boys but was still unaware of the possibilities. It wasn't that I simply wanted the boys to love me as they would a girl. Don't delude yourself by thinking that I wanted them to make love to me. Hardly! They wouldn't ever be allowed to use me to satisfy their needs. My needs, my satisfaction would always be foremost. Perhaps, just perhaps, if they were really "good" they might be allowed to relieve themselves. I wanted them to want me, to want me so badly that they would be subject to my whims, to my moods, to my desires. Did I say, "subject to my whims"? It took me a while to learn that the more appropriate word would be "subjugated".

From the time I started kindergarten I was rejected by the boys wherever we lived but I was accepted by the girls until they too realized that boys weren't supposed to behave as I did. It no longer mattered that I could jump rope, play jacks, that I had a good color sense, and knew the names of flowers. I was, by age ten, a total reject. Then things got worse. I was pushed in the halls at school, jumped by the boys and even pushed around by some of the most feminine girls. Once I started high school it was a little easier. I was mostly left alone. Better lonely than bullied, I figured. They couldn't leave me completely alone. There were still a few guys who just had to push me against the lockers, a few girls who just had to act sexually provocative in front of me and their friends and end the game by saying how "See, he's not interested in the least. He must be queer."

It was pretty much the same each time we moved although since the middle of high school things got a little better with each new school. This time the new living arrangements were pretty okay. I still looked up to Rivie for her beauty, her dance talent, and her independence.

I was, at first, a little upset to see that a boy I knew from one of my many old neighborhoods had moved to the same new neighborhood. Ron was kind of nice sometimes, cute, and even said "hi" to me every now and again. The thing was that I could never be sure whether he was being nice or making fun of me or both at the same time. I was hoping that he thought I was cute or pretty and that's why he was sometimes friendly.

It was a hot June day when the storm broke. There were very few teens at the library and almost no adults other than staff. No air-conditioning and the storm made it necessary to close most of the windows. I moved to an open window that was in a sheltered corner and made myself as comfortable as possible by sitting on the sill with my foot on it and with my back against the window frame. The near empty library had made me less than cautious so that the hem of my white cotton panties showed under

my very short shorts. It was then that I realized that Ron was staring at the back of my upper thigh. He was magnetized by the ever so slight glimpse of the hem of those oh so innocent yet so seductive white panties. Somehow, I wasn't embarrassed. Waves of confidence and of determination swept over me. I smiled at Ron who blushed. "Like what you see?" I asked teasingly as I touched the tip of my tongue to my upper teeth.

Which of us was more shocked, I don't know to this day? I was startled but pleased with myself at how quickly, how easily, how naturally I took to the role of a predatory girl.

"I don't know what you're..." He was clearly flustered.

"Come off it, Ron. Don't tell me you don't know panties when you see them. You know you're staring so you must like what you see."

I reached out, took his hand, held it in mine for a brief instant, and then with a sudden yank, brought him closer to me. I ran my hand down the front of his chest, brushed my fingertips lightly over his hardening cock.

"A guy like you must have kissed lots of girls. You graduated from high school last year so you must be experienced; very, very experienced."

He started to back away as I stood up. My arms were around his waist, my hands clasped behind him. I brought my face close to his and paused. He put his mouth to mine and we kissed.

My hand found his prick through his chinos. The shaft was sticking up and held flat against him by his brief underpants. I pressed the heel of my hand against the base and rubbed up and down. In a minute a dark stain spread over the front of his tan chinos.

"Our secret." I winked and walked away. My heart was pounding as I realized what I had just done. How many girls could get a guy to cum so easily, so quickly, so mercilessly?

It had been over week since Ron and I kissed in the library. It gave me this really neat feeling, kind of like I could be in control of all the boys who had bullied me, when I thought about how much Ron liked the kiss and how quickly I made him cum. I was sacred that Ron might get his friends to jump me so I wouldn't tell what happened. It didn't turn out like that at all.

I was in the corner "candy store" looking at comic books. I had already picked out the latest Mary Marvel. She was so neat that I really wanted to be like her and beat up on all the bad guys. It would have been so incredible to have the nerve to buy magazines like Seventeen or Young Miss but I was too scared of the looks I'd get. Real girls my age were too old to read American Girl, but it had a special appeal since it had ads for stuff that younger girls would want; "Her First Brassiere" or "When She Goes From Bobby-Sox to Stockings." Besides all that, I thought those scout uniforms were really cute. Maybe if I bought American Girl people would think it's for my younger sister and not for me. The fact that I had no sister, younger or older, always brought back the fear of embarrassment and of mockery. Maybe I should have been used to that fear and to that mockery by now.

The bell over the door jangled and in came Ron. I was afraid to say hi or anything.

"How ya doin", Shel?" Ron was really glad to see me but he seemed kind of shy, with none of that schoolyard tough arrogance he usually showed! Ron came really close to me and, before I could answer, continued speaking. "Shel, I feel real bad about what happened in the library, I mean when I took off like that."

"That's okay. I understand. It happened so quickly. I guess neither if us meant it to happen. Forget it." I really wanted to say "too quickly" or that "it ended too soon" but I didn't dare.

"Okay, if you want me to. I want to buy you a soda or something to make up for my leaving you flat like that."

I smiled and nodded. "Sure, if that's what you like."

Ron bought sodas and treated me to my three comic books! I wondered if I could get him to buy those magazines for me. He offered to walk me home and I didn't refuse on account of how nice he was being.

We turned off the avenue and headed down the tree shaded side streets. "Shel, promise not to get pissed or anything like that. I have the weirdest idea that you were wearing girls' panties when we...you know when that thing happened in the library..."

I interrupted him to avoid answering his question. "Girls' panties! Aren't panties just for girls? Can you imagine such a thing as boys' panties? They wouldn't be panties if boys wore them. That's just so silly." Of course, I had been wearing panties, but I wanted him to think that he dreamed up that part, at least for now.

Ron blushed and forced a laugh. "Yeah, I guess I was being, er, like you said, silly" He sounded unconvincing and unconvinced.

I smiled at him and covered my lower lip with my teeth. I spoke with the barest hint of mockery.

"Could have been wishful thinking." He looked away from me.

I deliberately brushed against him as we walked. He liked feeling my skin against him but was too awkward to handle it. I was back in my predatory girl mode and pressed my advantage.

"Well, I guess a boy could wear panties." I glanced at Ron and smiled. My remark that a boy could wear panties brought a thoughtful expression to his face. I continued before he could speak. "Really kind of wild when you think about it. Here's my house. Thanks for the soda and stuff. I liked walking with you."

"Can I phone you so we can talk some more?"

"Sure. We're in the phone book. Might be nice to get a

phone call from you."

I knew he wanted me to give him my phone number on the spot but I wasn't about to seem like I was in any hurry to comply with his need to treat me as girl even though I was secretly reveling in how easy it was to attract a boy and make him squirm.

He waited in order to watch me go up the walk to my house. I took two or three steps up the walk, paused, turned my head over my shoulder. "Ron, let's not forget what happened in the library."

He fidgeted awkwardly but didn't answer. I touched his wrist with my fingertips.

"Promise me you won't forget." It came out as a low purr.

"Sure, if that's what you want."

"Don't you want to remember that too?" I turned without waiting for an answer.

Continues....