

# Both Ways

Bonus Story  
One Night in Bangkok  
by Mercure



Diane Morrill

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## CHAPTER ONE

It is purely coincidental that the two of us are five-foot-eight-inches tall, weigh 135 pounds and wear the same size 'everything' except panties and gloves. My hips are wider than hers, mostly because I was born a girl and she was born a boy.

We're married now, and Karen hardly remembers when she was Karl; his journey to becoming Karen started on the night that our college careers came to an end.

The two of us had played the clarinet in our University Band for almost all of our senior year when I could no longer keep from asking that gorgeous boy to ask me out on a date; it was the most difficult request I had ever made. Embarrassment bordered on shame.

What the boy didn't know was that I had had a crush on him for almost the entire year, and I had no idea what was provoking the yen for him.

I didn't want to 'sleep' with him; I just wanted to hang out with him. I didn't even know his name until I saw it on the Band-section roster. It was Karl.

To complicate matters, until I saw him at Band practice the first time, I had had no boyfriends, but heavy crushes on at least seven girls beginning in sixth grade. Fortunately, only those girls and I knew of my sexual propensities.

It was just before Karl asked, "Can we date again?" that he told me that he had had a crush on me, but settled for secret dates with several of the more feminine Cheerleaders. His face lit up when he told me that. I wondered why then, but I haven't since we spent our first night together.

His mother and sister had been Cheerleaders, and he had practiced with them as he learned to play the clarinet.

He even admitted to wearing his sister's out-grown skirt and letter-sweater as the three of them frolicked in their back yard. I didn't dare ask him what he had worn under the skirt.

We barely touched each other on that first date. I 'wanted his body,' but I didn't want to have intercourse with him. I had never been touched so softly; it was as though another girl had touched me. I remained confused for weeks.

With three weeks to go to graduation the Band was practicing for two hours every day, and Karl began walking me to my dormitory but paying more attention to other girls than he was to me, which exacerbated my confusion.

'What's going on in his head?' I kept asking myself day-after-day until the answer came. The girls he was eyeing were very much like the girls that I would have picked out to 'eye' for the purpose of getting 'involved' with them. Was I not as attractive as they?

I kept wondering to myself, 'Is it his Anima or Animus that comes alive when he looks at those girls?' For me, I knew it was my Animus - the silent but masculine part of my psyche - so I surmised that it was his Anima - the silent but feminine part of his psyche.

Each time we approached my dormitory he would take my hand in his. His touch felt so much like that of a girl I would have to look closely at him to remind myself that he was really a boy.

Then he'd smile at me and I'd wonder if I were anywhere near 'normal,' and why I wasn't getting aroused sexually. I felt like I was going crazy. Luckily, I had accumulated enough quiz-points that my crazy mind did not affect my 'Finals.'

Because neither of our parents would attend Graduation, Karl offered to drive me home after the ceremonies. He had rented a small trailer for his belongings and had plenty of space to accommodate mine.

It would be an overnight trip, and I agreed to reserve two, single rooms at an enroute motel. I kept wondering, 'Why hasn't he made an overture to have sex?' I was asking myself the same, perplexing question about myself.

"I have only one room with a queen bed," uttered the cute, teenage-girl-clerk at the motel; "The other one you reserved was hit by a cyclone last night."

Two heads cocked and four eyes looked aslant at the girl. "A

wild party," she said; "broke everything."

So there we were, too tired, too late, and too far from another motel that we looked at each other and nodded agreement. "We'll take it," we said almost in unison.

"How do we go about this?" my friend, driver and fellow band member asked as the room door closed behind us. What he didn't realize was that I was as dumbfounded as was he.

"We need to talk," I said.

"About what?" he asked.

"About who's going to sleep on the bed and who's going to sleep on the floor," I offered. No sooner were the words out of my mouth that my head began to shake.

"Crazy," he said.

"You're right," I agreed; "let's be good friends and sleep together." I waited for what seemed like minutes; my fear began to rise. 'Would we still like each other in the morning?'

I could see fear in Karl's affect; he began to shake his head. "We hardly know each other," he said with much trepidation.

"Sit down," I directed, pointing to the bed. He sat down on the end at the far corner. "Will we still be friends?"

"I've never done it," he said, tears almost forming at the corners of his eyes.

"Done what?" I asked, then realized that the question was a silly one.

"Had sex... intercourse."

"Neither have I," I said with a big grin. He cocked his head. "Really," I said with as serious a look as I could. I felt good about being able to share that.

"Let's go out and have dinner," he said, rising quickly from the bed; "I'm hungry." When he was up on his feet he smiled at me. "I'm scared, too."

"So am I," I offered; "and I'm hungry, too." I went into the

bathroom, closed the door and began to cry. The gentleness of my friend was unnerving me; it was making me far more vulnerable than I wanted, and I didn't know how to deal with it.

As I peed I began to stroke my nipples through my top and bra, wanting Karl to be doing that and thinking about being naked with him in the bed. I was turning myself on like crazy, wiped myself quickly and pulled my panties up.

I washed my face and hands, combed my hair, straightened my shorts and top and opened the door to face the music; it was rushing towards me.

"My turn," said Karl as he slid past me and closed the door.

## CHAPTER TWO

Dinner was quiet... very quiet; I had a lot on my mind, but none of it would reach my tongue. I kept thinking about what we'd do about sleeping arrangements back at the one-bed room.

I certainly wanted to sleep in the bed, and I suspected that Karl did, too; but how would we deal with the fear that I knew both of us had?

Every time I looked at Karl he began to squirm. Had I not been perspiring so profusely I probably would have been squirming too. At times I could see a tear form in one of his eyes; I felt tremendous compassion for him.

"What're we going to do about sleeping tonight?" he asked as we made our way to his car.

I thought for a few moments and responded, "We'll pick our own side, acknowledge the center-line and..."

Karl said nothing and made no gesture as he walked hurriedly to the car. I barely had time to fasten my seatbelt when the car lurched rapidly ahead; we were at the motel before any words came into my head.

"I'll take this side," said Karl as he sat on the bed.

"What do you sleep in," I asked, "like pajamas?" wanting to

drive the conversation but not knowing where. Karl started to mumble as he unbuttoned his shirt; I sat down on the other side of the bed and watched him strip to T-shirt and shorts, then head for the bathroom.

"Shower time," he said as the bathroom door closed.

I started to cry as I removed my top and bra. I had taken showers with all the girls I had made love with, and now I yearned to be in the shower with Karl. I stood up, gritted my teeth, let my shorts and panties fall to the floor and made a beeline for the shower before fear and pious morality stopped me.

"I'm coming in," I said as I opened the shower door and looked at Karl's back. I took the washrag from him and rubbed his back, then handed the rag back to him and turned around.

To my surprise, Karl turned around and began to rub my back; I was in heaven.

"Let me have the rag," I said after at least a minute of Karl's ministrations. As Karl reached between my arm and body, I took his hand with one of mine and took the rag with the other. He made no motion to resist; I breathed a sigh of relief.

I closed my eyes and placed his empty hand on my breast. Karl let his hand lay there for a few moments, then I could feel his other hand slide between my other arm and body and cup my other breast... just like most of my girlfriends used to do. I stood there for a few moments basking in ecstasy.

I turned around to face him. "I want to feel you all over," I said, laying my hands on his hairless chest; my hands fell on his nipples, and I began to stroke them... as I usually did with my girlfriends. I could feel his nipples get hard.

Karl's shoulders curled forward as I stroked the tips, then, out of habit, tried to grab handfuls of flesh as if his breasts were developed. His shoulders curled even more, and I wondered what he was feeling and thinking.

"I want to feel you all over, too," he said finally. I looked down and saw his lovely erection pointing directly at my vulva; I slid my hands down his body as I knelt down and took his penis in

my mouth and began to suck.

When I looked up, I saw him stroking his nipples with a wide-eyed look and open fingers. I took his penis deeper into my mouth and stroked it softly with my tongue as if it were his clitoris.

Then his eyes closed as his hands cupped his flat breasts, seemingly trying to gather flesh that wasn't there. My girlfriends and I had done that exact thing in the shower as we tongued each other to clitoral orgasm.

As I sucked his throbbing penis my hands found my yearning nipples and breasts and I couldn't help but fondle them. Ohhhh! How I wanted Karl to be doing that.

I stopped; I was distracting myself. I placed my hands on Karl's rear cheeks and pulled him deeper into my mouth; he came almost immediately. I looked up again to see his hands resting flat on his bony chest.

My girlfriends had done that exact thing with their hands, except that their hands had soft, full mounds to rest upon.

I began to wonder if Karl wasn't overly attached to his Anima as I felt his hands reach into my underarms and begin to pull me up. His hands slid gently onto my breasts as he bent over to kiss my nipples.

His hands slid down my body as he lowered himself, his nose sliding down my body as he sank to his knees. I closed my eyes, fondled my breasts and let it happen.

Soft, gentle fingers of a girl spread my moist, waiting lips as her long, pointed tongue slid through and found my clitoris. My mind tried to tell me that my lover was a boy, but my body was responding to a girl. I was in heaven once again.

I could feel Karl's tongue lay quietly between my lips as I came; then he kissed them, laid his cheek against my pubic mound and with his hands on my cheeks pressed us close together.

I knew that lots of girls did that with each other; I was becoming more and more convinced that Karl was not all-male. Or did he just not know what he was doing because it was all new for

him? Karl finished his shower in silence while I stood there and watched him.

I began to see him in a very different light, and I wasn't sure what that was. He turned towards me, pointed to the stream of water as if to beckon me into it and stepped out onto the bathmat.

When Karl had exited the bathroom, I began to finger myself to a second orgasm, fantasizing that Karl - the girl - was standing behind me and doing it to me. His touches and caresses had been so much like a girl's that I wanted 'her' all over me.

I felt like a hopeless case as I walked naked into the room to retrieve my opaque, satin nightgown; Karl was under the bedcovers showing only his head, a T-shirt and bare arms.

"Pretty," he said as I let the gown fall down my body. "First time I've ever seen a girl put her nightgown on, much less seen one naked."

I looked over at him; his eyes were glassy as if fixed on the whole of me. I smiled at him; his affect didn't change.

"What's going on?" I asked. Again he did not respond.

I walked over to him, placed my hand on his shoulder and said in a slightly louder voice, "Karl, what's going on?"

His hand moved to my thigh and began to stroke the gown. "Soft," he said. "Girls are soft." His eyes began to water.

"Am I the first girl you've seen in a nightgown?" I asked.

"It's the first one I ever touched," he said as he continued to move his hand up and down my thigh.

"Like it?"

"How come boys don't have something soft like that?" he asked plaintively.

"Because they don't make things like this for boys," I said, pressing his hand against my thigh. I could see him shaking his head.

Karl removed his hand and laid it on the bedcover. "Boys are cheated," he said as he rolled over and closed his eyes.



I went to my suitcase and extracted a thigh-length, nylon gown. Karl was not to be denied the experience of wearing a soft, pretty gown to bed - if he would, that is.

"Here," I said as I tugged at his shoulder and draped the gown over his arm. "Put it on, Karl; you deserve better than a cotton T-shirt."

Karl looked up at me and smiled. "I like that one, too," he said as he grabbed a handful of the flared, lacy skirt.

"Get up and take your underwear off," I said to him, taking a hand and tugging.

He ran his other hand up my thigh to my hip. "You have panties on," he said, almost laughing. "Do girls always wear panties under their nightgowns?"

I nodded. "Most of us do," I said as Karl got out of bed, removed his T-shirt and I helped him into the gown. It fit him perfectly; he was smiling ear-to-ear.

I could see his bulgy, cotton boxer shorts under the gown. Karl looked down and saw the outline. "You need panties," I said as I made my way to my suitcase. "If you're going to dress like a girl, at least wear the proper underpants."

Karl began to laugh; he was beginning to lighten up. I could see him ease the skirt up and take hold of the legs of his shorts and pull them down.

"Good girl," I said, "this side front," as I handed him a pair of panties that matched the gown.

Karl took the panties with the tips of his fingers, bent over and stepped lightly into them. "Wow!" he exclaimed as the panties reached the top of his legs. "They feel really neat!" His smile had already said it all.

"You look really cute," I said as I admired his straight, flat frame. "But you need help here and here." I pointed to his chest and hips.

Karl laid his hands over the bodice. "I see what you mean," he said. Then he slid his hands down his sides. He was smiling and nodding his head.

"I'll show you how to get in bed with the gown on," I said as I scampered to the other side of the bed and sat down. "Watch what I do." I eased myself into the bed. "Your turn."

Karl followed exactly, probably even more daintily than I did; I was surprised at how feminine his behavior had become. Nightgowns and slinky things work feminine magic on me, too.

As Karl reached for the bed lamp, I rolled towards him to give him a goodnight hug. The hug I received in return was the most gentle I had ever experienced... it was like I was sleeping with a girl once again. Karl - the girl - was blowing me away.