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# ADDIE'S SUMMER

**By Mardee Louise Prynne**

**Sequel to "The Education of Addie"**

## PROLGUE

Addie blinked in the bright morning sunshine. A glance around the room reassured the transgirl that the adventures of senior year of high school were not a dream. The skirt she had worn the night before was draped over the back of the chair, her underthings a pile of silken froth on the floor. She kicked off the coverlet and swung her legs over the side of the bed. Seeing her toes with their red nail polish brought a smile of satisfaction to her pretty and very smooth face.

Her hands strayed under the oversized baby blue tee shirt which served as a nightie. She felt a tingle that was both physical and emotional as her fingers explored her sensitive nipples and her budding, promising breasts. Standing in front of the full length mirror Addie raised her arms overhead deliberately causing the tee to rise above the waist band of the plain white cotton panties that were so comfortable for sleep. She studied the femme silhouette as she turned her side to the mirror. The swell of her male genitals doubtlessly added to her allure. She had already learned there were many men who were titillated by the thought that the attractive young woman who greeted them at the restaurant might be concealing a very functional penis in her panties. Next would come the look of guilt followed by a generous tip. Were they atoning because an attractive young woman had led them to a bizarre fantasy which threatened their sense of self or was it that they somehow knew this attractive yet innocent appearing girl had something more to offer than the girl they were with?

She pulled the tee over her head, brought her hands to her breasts and cupped them in her hands. Addie, now between an A and a B cup, wondered how large her breasts might

grow. Perhaps she would have to talk with the girls at Olga's as to when to cut back on the herbal preparations that had so effectively started changing her figure from that of a sexless boy to that of an adolescent girl on the verge of womanhood.

Stepping back and turning away from the mirror, the boy/girl looked over her shoulder at her deceptively firm tush, the product of the herbals she had been taking and her dance classes at Olga's.

Of course dance wasn't the only thing Addie was studying at Olga's. There were the strength building classes and the wonderfully fascinating classes in self-defense. Self-defense was really a misnomer seeing that the more advanced students, both real girls and transgirls, claimed to often provoke males in order to have a reason to physically beat them, humiliate them. At least some of the beaten men surely enjoyed the experience since they came back for more. Addie was beginning to understand the satisfaction her friend and sometimes lover, a real girl named Judy derived from beating and humiliating the clients who paid her well for the privilege of being the object of her aggression.

Addie understood that much about Judy but still was unsure of what motivated Judy in other areas. More than occasionally, Addie wondered why Judy was so sure that the car that came close to running her down belonged to Arnold's father.

The sex she enjoyed with Judy had already worn thin as Addie had become more aware of Judy's seemingly pointless attempts to manipulate her. Perhaps, she had been premature in cutting off her friendship with Rita in favor of Judy. She scowled at her reflection as she realized that Judy made breaking away from Rita a condition of their friendship. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of panties, slipped them off, and kicked them aside. Wrapping her terry robe around her, she walked to the bathroom, turned on the shower to let it run warm, sat down on the toilet to pee and decided it was time to put a little distance between herself and Judy.

Now that Adam, the boy that Addie had been, had graduated from high school a week before, Addie could all but totally replace him. There was no longer any need to wear coarse boy's underpants on weekdays in order to avoid embarrassment in the locker room. That, Addie knew, was no license to appear as femme as she would like in the dull working class neighborhood in which she had lived all her life. To do so would have been to invite harassment and worse. The days and evening she spent working at Theresa's, a secluded restaurant in the arts district, would have to be sufficient for now. Fortunately her friendships with Debra and Phyl allowed her places where she could transform Adam into Addie before arriving at Theresa's.

Phyllis, a manager at Theresa's, Addie had learned over time, had been Philip when he attended high school. It was ironic that a rookie cop who had looked out for Addie's interests a couple of times was Phyl's cousin and that as cousins they both shared the same first and last names. It was Phyl who had encouraged Addie and had given her first femme job at Theresa's. Now Addie was looking forward to spending the summer at a new restaurant on the Cape. Addie, still naïve in so many ways, wasn't at all sure of what a summer on the Cape might mean but that was no block to the enthusiasm with which she looked forward to the experience. It was a chance to get away from her mother and Marvin, her mother's leering lover. Being on the Cape and working as a cocktail waitress meant the op-

portunity to live as a girl, to live as her real self day and night. With any kind of luck she might make some contacts, contacts that might lead to independence.

There were so few options, though, for a pseudo-girl, however passable. Addie's friends at Theresa's had opened possibilities for her but there was no real choice. A real girl with Addie's combination of brains and beauty could be almost anything. Careers in law and medicine were opening up to women. There was modeling and the theater, music and dance. Had Addie been born with the genitals that went along with her soul, she might become a star with men vying to be her lovers.

She sat on the floor and began doing sit-ups, leg raises, and vee sits. Her own reflection was both a turn on and motivation to continue with the shaping and toning routines she learned at Mme. Olga's. Turning in her tummy she began doing regulation push-ups. A satisfied look at her image in the mirror as she exulted silently over having easily surpassed the number of repetitions that the muscle-headed goons in her high school gym classes thought were the cat's meow. The boy/girl had become powerful while retaining the femme slimness that had been the butt of teasing by those egotistical drips. And yet she knew that some of them, the very ones most threatened by Adam's androgynous good looks, were now willing to pay attention to the ever more femme Addie.

She remembered the approval and encouragement she had gotten from Miss Rubin, the librarian who had given her first real job and who had encouraged her to stand to use her natural femininity to control the same boys who had harassed her in school. It was Miss Rubin who gave her sound advice and how to pass as a female. Addie frowned as she recalled her break with this woman who had effectively been her mentor and guide through her first forays into full and public femininity. Might not have Miss Rubin been able to conduct her into femme roles that were not part of the demimonde that centered on Theresa's Restaurant and Lounge? Was that a choice that might have led to an even wider array of possibilities for the hesitant trannie?

As she stepped into the shower, Addie thought back to that day at the museum when she had had her date with Arnold and when Miss Rubin, the librarian who had been mentor to the conflicted boy Addie had been, helped her take her first real steps into femininity. I'm really being an ingrate. It would be nice to say good-bye to Miss Rubin especially since she's leaving for that school job she was talking about when I quit my job at the library. And poor Arnold, what's happened to him? Might be a good idea to get in touch with Rita. She's still working at the library, I think. I won't call her but I can manage to accidentally run into her and say more than just hi. But where?

## FLUID FRIENDSHIPS

Addie was enjoying being alone as she awakened from sleep after her mother had left for work on a Monday morning. Last night had been good at Theresa's. Alternating between powder room attendant and cocktail lounge waitress had earned her a tidy sum in tips. She and the gg Debra assistant to Phyl had been invited out by some occasional patrons who hadn't the least idea that most of the staff at Theresa's were not what they appeared to be. After treating them to a swell dinner the two escorted the girls to the door

Debra's apartment where they left after a good-night kiss. Debra's was a perfunctory peck on the cheek. Addie, more aroused at the thought of having deceived this apparently well off man in his early thirties than she was by his sex appeal or lack of it, started with a full kiss on the mouth but pulled back as Debra raised her eyebrows in her direction.

"Say, kiddo, if that guy ever gets any inkling of what you got in your panties there could be big trouble. Oh, I don't mean if he gets rough. I can handle him easily and so could you once you develop a little more confidence. He's the kind who'll go the cops, the district attorney, the newspapers or all three and then where would we be?"

It had been a valuable lesson that seemed so long ago now that she was enjoying the warm sunshine of the morning. It wasn't just the smell of freshly perked coffee. Being alone gave her the opportunity to stop pretending she was a boy. She had showered and dressed in a wrap around skirt that had parted to her waist allowing her to glance at her own panties; full coverage ecru panties with the cutest lace hemming at the leg openings. The silky-smooth fabric wasn't so opaque that it concealed her cock which, she was beginning to understand, made her more irresistible to many men than any real girl could be. She had bought the skirt thinking it was the sort of thing one might wear on days off in the resort area where The Inn was located. Then she realized she needed to learn to sit like a lady in a skirt that might show much too much leg if it were to start to unwrap. The heels didn't quite go with the casual denim skirt but she often wore them to give herself practice in the art of walking in high heels, an art that real girls had been perfecting since early adolescence but which she, as having been a boy for so long, was just mastering.

The Sunday New York Times magazine had been left on the kitchen table. Addie was thumbing through the ads, studying the foundation garments. Her gaze lingered over a full page color ad for a bra and panty girdle shown in baby blue. The knee length girdle would work under a skirt or dress as well as under slacks leaving no unsightly line at the bottom hem of the legs. She extended her leg, pointed her toes, turned her foot one way and then another. The tone she had achieved in dance classes pleased her as did the smoothness of her legs, more naturally smooth than those of so many real girls. She ran her finger tips over her skin and smiled triumphantly over the irony that what prompted teasing when she was a full time boy added to her allure as a transgirl.

The ringing of the telephone ended her reverie. She reached for the wall mounted extension.

"Yes, Miss Olga. Graduation was last week so I do have more free time...I'm not going to the Cape for another two weeks. That's when the Inn opens full time...I realize this is important or you would have asked one of the girls to call me...Surely. I'll see you at one."

The kitchen clock read 9:30. There was still plenty of time to change and get to Olga's. There was even enough time to dress in slacks or shorts and a polo shirt and stroll over to the library and perhaps meet up with Miss Rubin or Rita. A few minutes later Addie had changed to dark blue panties and a green tennis shirt, one that buttoned right over left in true girl style. She stepped into white Jamaica shorts and checked in the mirror to make sure that her panty lines would be visible when she wanted to mock the guys who had so tormented her with her newly developing skills in androgyny, creating confusion in so many who saw, confusion as to whether this beautifully attractive being was male or fe-

male although their reaction was more intense than if she clearly came across as one sex or the other. Satisfied with what she saw, she donned a pair of tennis sneakers but no socks.

Keys, money and Id went into a very small clutch purse, really more a wallet, which she would carry as she walked to the library. A small wrist watch and a thin banded ring were all the jewelry she would wear. Sunglasses that were the last item, sunglasses in the cat eyes shape. Her confidence had already reached the point at which she could get by with such hints of femininity by assuming aggressive but feminine postures and verbally intimidating any boy who dared to harass her. Over the last month or so most of the local guys had developed a healthy respect for her. When she asked Phyl why this was happening, the older transgirl explained that the guys were starting to realize that Addie was attractive and that they no longer had to distance themselves from her. They might even be realizing that they were attracted by her, perhaps turned on although they would never admit something so unthinkable to each other.

Addie stepped out the front door and down the porch steps. Turning off the tree shaded residential street, she blinked at the bright sunshine and put on her sunglasses, something she would not have done before graduation. Here in her own neighborhood she felt more secure about showing off a few overtly feminine accessories. The local guys were accepting not only that Addie was different but that she presented no threat to them. A few of them were already thinking of Addie as a she or a her, and had begun to see her as cute. Addie was certain of that by the way they looked her up and down as she strolled by them as they hung around the corner. They had already begun smiling and nodding greetings. By returning their inhibited greetings with a friendly or even flirtatious "Hi," a few were returning her tentative greetings with "Hi, Addie. How's it going?"

In Addie's mind that didn't quite atone for the harassment these same creeps inflicted on her when she was still the ineffectual sissy boy. She remembered that afternoon when she was just starting her part-time job at the library under Miss Rubin's tutelage. It was a stormy afternoon when she had given Arnold a hard-on and then reminded the forlorn boy that he wanted to be her friend. That was her first taste of femme power, the power that girls and women wield. She promised herself that she would dominate and humiliate the rest of the creeps who had tormented her.

Addie did feel something for Arnold. They had actually gone out a sort of date which led her to her first real foray into public femininity. It was Arnold who, on that date, had first introduced her to Theresa's. She wondered what had become of him since he totally lost control on their way home. (For detailed background please refer to "The Education of Addie" by Mardee Louise Prynne; available from MAGS, Inc.) The transgirl shivered at the thought Arnold might be confined in a mental hospital somewhere.

Three of her former tormentors were in front of the corner soda fountain. To Addie, in her current mood, that presented an opportunity to practice her playfully seductive skills.

Well, what have we here? You gents are about to be subjected to a new level of sexual frustration. If you thought Judy and Joan are cock-teasers, just wait until Addie starts working on you. Oh, just look at you, you poor saps. Nodding at me with a half smile that's more like a grimace when you know you want to say something to me. Okay, here goes.

"Good morning, Ron."

"Oh, hi, Addie. How are you doing?"

"Doing well. Oh, please hold my wallet while I fix my shoelace."

Before he could answer, she handed him the clutch purse which he held awkwardly.  
"Yeah, sure Addie."

"Thanks, Ron. You're sweet."

Addie knelt in front of the trio, untied and retied her shoelace as the trio looked down at the trannie as if they were hoping to see down the front of her polo shirt.

"Gosh, you're making me self conscious staring down my, at me like that."

She got to her feet, turned her back to the trio and again knelt down; this time making sure the rear of her Jamaica shorts pulled tightly across her perky tush, making sure that the hemlines of her panties became visible. A quick glance over her shoulder as she started to redo her shoelace told her that she had succeeded in welding the trio's eyes to her very sexy derriere.

A sense of satisfaction, the satisfaction that comes from exerting power warmed through Addie as another furtive glance showed the three would be tough guys shuffling uncomfortably from foot to foot while not being able to take turn eyes away from this irresistible being who so recently was the object of their antagonism.

Addie rose slowly and ran her palms across the seat of her shorts. Then she turned to face her former tormentors. "Thanks ever so much, Ron," she said reaching for her clutch purse. Her fingers brushed over his hand as she relieved him of what had first seemed to him an embarrassing burden but which had transformed into a personal object belonging to someone who was able to turn him on. Ron blushed as he felt his stiffening cock straining against his jeans.

As the transgirl turned to continue on to the library she winked at Ron who was left even more confused over his reaction to Addie's seductive play than he had been a few seconds before.

"Hold on, Addie. Is it okay if I walk with you?"

"Sure thing, Ron, if that's what you want. Just tell me why you would want to be seen with me?" They were walking together, leaving Ron's two pals staring after them in amazement and jealousy; amazement and jealousy at Ron walking with Addie in broad daylight. The cause of their amazement should be obvious; why would a real guy like Ron let himself be seen strolling along with Addie? The reason for jealousy was less clear even to them. But deep down they understood that despite wanting to be with Addie or a girl like her, they, unlike Ron, didn't dare to risk their standing among the hangers on.

Addie flirtatiously bumped her hip against Ron's and spoke barely above a whisper. "I know why you wanted to walk away from your pals. It's not that you wanted to be with me except as an excuse to walk away from them. The real reason is that you just don't want them to see the hard-on I gave you."

Ron hesitated and then laughed. "Yeah, I guess you're right. Say, you know you're pretty sharp."

In a few minutes they were in front of the library.

"Ron, I've got some things to do in here so I'll see you around."

Addie's smugness dissipated as she walked through the door and up the stairs to the second floor of the commercial building that housed the local public library. There were few browsers and fewer people reading periodicals or out of town newspapers. The check-out counter wasn't staffed but a sign advised "Ring for Service." Addie felt relieved that no one was at the counter although she wasn't sure why.

Why the hell do I feel so self-conscious? I have as much right to be here as anyone. Miss Rubin is probably long gone. Yes, that's right. Her name plate is off the wall next to her office. No! It's not her office; not any more. Some one must be in there. Why else would the door be ajar like that. No one official or important, that's for sure or else there would be a nameplate like Miss Rubin had. Uh, oh! Someone's in there. Maybe someone's getting Miss Rubin's belongings together for her. But what if it's Miss Rubin? Oh, who cares if it is? She was another one who tried to make me into whatever she thought I should be. Glad I told her off. Might be nice to get another chance to tell her off. No, that would be petty. After all she did get me started with makeup that day in the museum. I guess I could be nice if I ever meet her again. I might as well hang around here until it's time to go to Olga's.

Addie took the current edition of "Collegiate Chic" and sat down in the periodicals reading area. The chair she chose was in a more casual seating area away from the rectangular oak tables typical of older libraries. She crossed her legs making sure there one thigh rested closely over the other and began to read some of the articles. A tap on her wrist caused her to look up.

"Addie, where have you been keeping yourself? It's so great to see you."

"Rita, you look terrific. I just had some time to kill and thought I'd stop by to say good-bye to Miss Rubin. Looks like she's gone. Her name is off the door. Are you still working here now that Miss Rubin's gone?"

"I'm still here and I'll be here over the summer. Not everyone's lucky enough to get a neat summer job in some resort area. Judy blabs a lot. I hear you got smart and starting dumping her. Good move. She would have dumped you as soon as you started being your own person."

Rita, you may be right but you sound like you still have a crush on Judy.

"That sounds neat. I mean staying home and working in a place where you're comfortable. That's not for me though." A wistful tone betrayed Addie's indifference.

Rita gave Addie an indulgent smile as she pulled a chair closer and sat down facing the transgirl.

"I understand," Rita replied.

"Do you? Can you even begin to understand? I've started to reject the lie that I've been living all my life, a lie that was forced on me and a life that wasn't my own. Oh, sure. There are things and people around here that are familiar, comfortable. At least I know where I stand; Addie the faggot, the fairy. I need to get past that, learn to live as if I've



been a girl all along. There's a lot of catching up to for me, to learn all the things that girls, natural born girls, learn along the way.

"Rita. I'm going to miss you. You've been honest with me and you've been a better friend to me than I've been to you."

"Hey, cut it out or you'll make me cry. I might never see you again."

Addie rested her finger tips on Rita's knee as her friend dabbed at her tears with a tissue.

"We'll get together after the summer, I promise." Maybe fate will give me a chance to be a better friend to you somewhere down the road.

A stage whisper addressed to no one in particular grated on their ears.

"You two are disgusting! Showing your perverted affection in public. Sickening!"

Rita straightened up in her chair and spoke without turning to face the speaker.

"Hello, Judy. Good thing no one's around to hear your whining. Jealous, aren't you?"

Rita stood up to face Judy who paled and froze as Rita confronted her.

"Don't you dare come near me. I'll scream and that will be the end of your job here."

Addie, suddenly emboldened, got to her feet and stepped between Rita and Judy.

"I don't work here so don't threaten me. Don't think I'm one of the men you playact..."

Addie's verbal assault hit home. Judy's stance and tone became conciliatory.

"Gosh, can't you two take a joke?"

"Sure, we can. But I'm not at all sure you meant it as a joke."

"If that's how you're going to be, I'm leaving"

Rita and Addie looked at each other and managed to suppress their giggling until Judy stalked out of the library. Judy was furious almost to tears as she hurried down the stairs that led to the street. She paused half way down and biting her lower lip, took a deep breath in an attempt to gain her composure.

The angry girl blinked as she came out of the dark entrance way of the library into the blinding sunshine. A voice greeted her before she could even begin to clear her vision. She recognized the voice as Ron's.

"Oh, hello, Ron. I didn't even notice you."

As her eyes adapted to the glaring sunlight, she saw Ron lounging against the fender of a parked car. The boy took a drag on his cigarette as she studied the usually aloof girl who would rarely deign to speak to a boy unless he had something she wanted.

He tensed visibly as she walked toward him.

"I'm so glad I ran into you." She smiled. I really am but you'll never know why.

And just what's going through your filthy mind eyeing me up and down like that? Sure, you can see my legs silhouetted through my skirt. That'll give you something to think about when you jerk off tonight. Say, I'll bet you're one of those boys who would

love to try on my things. Poor Ron, don't you know real men pay me for that privilege? You're going to be my tool to get back at Addie and that klutz Rita.

"Yeah, sure." Ron eyed Judy as he folded his arms across his chest as if to close himself off.

"Ron, don't be like that." Her tone stopped just short of becoming whiney. "Now that we're finished with school we don't have to pretend that we don't like each other just to stay in good with our friends."

"What makes you think I like you?"

"Maybe it's just wishful thinking on my part."

Ron relaxed as Judy's feminine wiles were beginning to have an effect. The predatory girl inched closer to her prey.

"How about a cigarette?"

"Yeah, okay."

Ron unrolled the sleeve of his white tee shirt and caught the cigarette pack as it fell free. He shook it to raise one of the cigarettes above the edge of the pack and extended his hand toward Judy. Rather than take the cigarette in her fingers, she held his wrist and brought the pack to her mouth, closed her lips over the proffered white cylinder as if it were a penis and released his hand. Judy's eyes lit up as she sensed that gaining total control over Ron was near.

"A gentleman lights a lady's cigarette. You are a gentleman aren't you?"

"Only for you, Judy."

Ron, you poor lost child, lighting my cigarette isn't the only thing that you're going to be doing for me and for me alone



He took the book of matches from the cellophane outer wrapper of the pack, struck one and, with trembling hand brought it to the end of Judy's cigarette. He was surprised at how firm and strong her grip was as she steadied his hand.

She drew the smoke deep into her lungs, held it here for a few seconds as she kept her hold on Ron's wrist allowing the match to burn close to his fingers. She smiled disdainfully as she felt Ron trying to tug loose from her grip. Then she released his hand as she blew smoke at his face. Judy turned to face the same way Ron was facing and in so doing brushed her hip over his groin.

"They always said you were a cockteaser."

"They did and I still can be but when I care about someone I deliver. Just what and how much I deliver depends on how much I like the man."

"That so? And how much do you like me? "

"Well, you'll just have to find out for yourself. I'll tell you this much; you are a man, not like those stuck up juveniles back in high school who used to think they were doing me a favor by asking me out."

The odd pair now both leaned on the fender of the car and smoked in silence until a flabby middle aged man approached.

"You two got nerve. What do you mean by messing up my car like that? Get off it before I throw you off."

Ron straightened up and stepped way from the car.

"Sure, Grandpa. We don't want to catch any disease from this junk heap."

"Go on, you fresh punk, before I cal the cops. And take your chippie girlfriend with you."

Now it was Judy's turn to react. She stepped in front of the man with her hands on her hips.

"Shut your filthy mouth, you lump of lard." Judy's voice dropped almost to whisper. "Back off, now, or I'll kick your useless balls so hard they'll end up in your throat. Go ahead and call the cops so I can make a complaint about you trying some fresh stuff with me. Better still, we'll cal the cops. Ron, get a cop."

Judy had successfully and easily turned the tables on the man whose tone became very conciliatory.

"Please, Miss. It's hot and I lost my temper over nothing..."

Judy interrupted by reminding Ron that she really wanted him to get a cop.

"No, no, Miss. I don't want any trouble."

"Then don't make any trouble. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, yes. I'm sorry."

Ron looked at Judy with respect and even awe as the much chastised man got into his car and drove off.

"Judy, you got some, er, nerve."

"Say what you mean, Ron. I've got balls. Isn't that what you started to say?"

She pressed his hands in her own and started laughing before adding, "Metaphorically speaking, that is."

A pause and then Judy asked, "What are you doing hanging out in front of the library on a nice day like this? This isn't one of your usual haunts, I would think."

"No, it's not. I was waiting for a friend to come out. I wanted to talk to her, him."

"Oh, that means you're waiting for Addie."

Ron blushed.

"How could you tell?"

"Easy. Addie's the only one around who could be thought of as her and him in the same sentence. I pity the poor freak."

"That's not at all nice, Judy. Addie..."

"If you can say that I'm not nice just forget everything I said to you a few minutes ago. Don't ever expect me to speak to you again and don't dare try to speak to me."

Ron, you shit, you have the nerve to defend Addie! Not that I need you but you'll be begging to get back in my good graces before I'm done with you.

Ron looked at Judy as she strode off indignantly. The sight of her legs and hips silhouetted by the sun shining through her light skirt made him wonder if he was making a mistake by focusing his attentions on the intriguing transgirl and not on the challengingly haughty Judy.

The agitated youth took another cigarette from his pack, put it in his lips and then thought better of it. He took a slow walk to the corner and back. Suddenly a wide grin appeared on his face and he all but burst out laughing as he realized that Judy's bravado with the man whose car they had been leaning on was all bluff. What the man had responded to was her threat to call the cops and to report him for annoying her.

His pace picked up as he saw Addie come out of the library entrance way and look up and down the street. She gave Ron a friendly wave as she saw him hurrying toward her.

"You look happier than when you went into the library," Ron said. "Must be some great books in there."

"There are but that's not what put me in a great mood. I was talking with Rita when who do you think started getting all high and mighty with Rita, she even threatened to get her fired."

"That has to be Judy. What happened then?"

"I stepped in and you should have seen that chump back off. What a jerk."

"You know she pulled the same kind of thing out here. Threatened to call the cops and tell them this old guy was bothering her. She's all talk. What a waste of time she is. Hey, how about a cold soda?"

"Another time, Ron. I'm almost late for an appointment. It's kind of far."