



# DETOUR THROUGH BOSTON

Mardee Louise  
**PRYNNE**

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# DETOUR THROUGH BOSTON

**By Mardee Louise Prynne**

I kissed Mother, a not very nice but ever so provocative wet kiss on her lips, picked up my valise and boarded the New York, New Haven and Hartford train to Boston. Mother was right about toning it down for the time being. My junior year of high school came to an end a few days earlier and, after a very chaste good-bye to Phil, the boy with whom I had been testing my more and more predominant sexual style, I looked forward to spending the summer with Cousin Anne in

the New England in which she summered. (See "Perfecting The Art" by Mardee Louise Prynne; a Mags, Inc publication.)

That twerp Phil really should have been grateful to me for helping him accept that the only a girl like me could meet his needs or even get him hard. By now you know what I'm talking about or you wouldn't be reading this. But just for the record, I'm a pussy boy, a trannie, a chick with a dick. Got the picture?

Mother thought it would be best if I dressed in non-descript boy clothing until I was well away from home, home being our rigid lower middle class neighborhood in Brooklyn, New York. Cops were not at all accepting of queers, fairies, crossdressers and anyone else considered a 'perv' in those benighted pre-Stonewall times. They might not harass a kid like me but they wouldn't intervene to help me if someone else did. Going to a public restroom was another risk. If I used the men's room while dressed as a girl, I would be at risk for a beating by those insecure tough guy types who were so easily threatened by the very existence of someone who didn't fall into the rigidly predetermined roles of the times. But if I used ladies room, I would be subject to being arrested.

I found a window seat and waited for the train to pull out of Grand Central Station on its way through Connecticut toward Boston. A new and exciting sense of change pervaded my mood although I had spent summers with Cousin Anne so many before times as I grew up. But in all those earlier years I was definitely and unequivocally Sheldon, a too gentle boy usually called Shellie. Now I was becoming more and more Rochelle although I had yet to define the girl Rochelle would be if I dared to let it happen.

For a moment an unsettled, unsettling feeling crept over me like a dark cloud. In all the summers I traveled to North Brampton I never went through Boston. No doubt this long and possibly expensive detour was necessitated by an appointment with Miss Abigail Williams, aide to Winslow Allerton, Esquire, an attorney in Boston. Neither name suggested they did much business managing the private matters of Brooklyn Jews. I smiled openly as my imagination ran wild. Perhaps Mr. Allerton would tell me I had a secret benefactor who would see to my education and bestow a fortune on me when I reached my majority. But that was the stuff of fiction and not for the likes of me.

The dark cloud mood passed and I began to feel excited at being able to explore a new city while learning to live as the girl I hoped to be. Of course, I still had to decide what that girl would be like but trying on different clothing styles and even different personalities was going to be so much fun. Still, I couldn't shake my unease at having been asked to detour through Boston for no apparent reason.

I snapped open my valise, took out a copy of Young Miss along with a small leather shoulder purse. After leaving the magazine on my seat and stowing my valise in the overhead rack, it was off to the tiny washroom at the end of the coach car. Since the washroom could accommodate only one person, it was safe for me to use for my very minor transition.

A very soft dab of lipstick gave me, when blotted, the look of a slender, athletic girl, the cute all-American girl sexy tomboy about to blossom type. A rattail comb to affect side-swept bangs was all the tools needed to give me a hairstyle that complemented the teen tomboy image. That I had never developed whiskers used to

trouble me when I was still foolish enough to hope to turn into a 'real guy.' First of all, being a 'real guy' would have been so unsuited to my still undiscovered inner personality. Secondly, my smooth skin enhanced my ability to meet the world as Rochelle or any other femme character I needed to be at the moment. In all honesty though, Rochelle is really the girl I could be forever. The problem for the time being was that Rochelle's personality, fashion sense, and style were not yet clear to me although she was well on her way to mastering subtle bitciness.

The cat eye style sunglasses really did add so much to my femme appearance. I was beginning to understand that eyeglasses of any type were a great prop for flirting in much the same way belles of bygone eras used their fans. That would be too much for a train car was my conclusion after enjoying a few practice poses in front of the mirror. It would not be too much at all if I flirted with passersby once I got to Boston. Just something to do while waiting for my ride to wherever I would spend the night until I made my connection to the coast and Cousin Anne's.

The train pulled into North Station on time! I found a phone booth and telephoned the number Mother had given me. Neither Mother nor I had the foggiest notion of whose number it was. Cousin Anne had told Mother I was to call this number as soon as I got to Boston and a car would be sent for me. "Discretion, discretion and caution, darling. Above all caution," was almost all the explanation Anne gave me. She did add that Abigail Williams was a classmate at the girls' prep school they both attended way back when but that Abigail was one of these very beautiful girls who seemed troubled much of the time.

The number turned out to be the direct line to a personal aide with a respected law firm. Abigail Williams told me that a private car service would be by to pick my up in a matter of minutes and to please wait in front of the main entrance in five minutes.

True to Miss William's word and impressive black Packard pulled up and a suited driver got out. "You must be Shellie." I nodded as he took my valise, opened the rear door for me, and then drove off. Having been too overwhelmed by this regal treatment to really notice the driver before, I studied him in the rear view mirror. Mid to late twenties, attractive and fit; he was by no like any of the drips back home. He willingly engaged in conversation and explained we would pick up Miss Williams at the office. The shops and offices on Boylston Street fascinated me and I resolved to visit the area when the opportunity arose.

The law offices spoke of old money and influence although there wasn't very much going on at that moment. Miss Williams fit right in with that image. Slightly above average height, her dark mahogany hair was worn in a French knot. Her conservatively well tailored grey suit was not meant to be sexy yet it displayed her generous curves to advantage. She held her eyeglasses in her hand as she greeted me.

Her confident style told me she was a self-assured woman who functioned as gatekeeper to the one attorney in this small but obviously prestigious firm. The dark wood panels, the caricatures of nineteenth century legal scenes, the leather furnishings were the stuff of English films.

I followed Miss Williams from the small reception room to her office which adjoined the suite belonging to, according to the name plate on the door, Winslow

Allerton, Esquire. The casual sway of her hips, the chiseled slenderness of her ankles, and the firmness of her calves under the smoothly taut nylon stockings all held my attention as I walked behind her. *How old is she? Go to be around forty maybe even mid-forties. I would love to look as good as she does, not just at forty but at any age. Definitely wearing a girdle, not that she needs one. Must be a great feeling; the snugness of the girdle, the gentle pull on stockings. Maybe one day I'll know what t all feels like. Hopefully not just **one** day but every single day for the rest of my life.*

After answering Miss Williams' perfunctory questions about my health and my trip, I began asking questions that might give me some insight as to how this old New England firm came to be involved in Mother's affairs or, if not Mother's, Anne's. That information might tell me something about my own unexplained origins.

"Mr. Allerton is engaged to look after the personal affairs of many diverse clients.

I may or may not have knowledge of matters related to your being here right now. Be that as it may, I am not at liberty to discuss any professional relationships.

"I'll escort you to where you'll be staying until its time to meet your cousin Anne. You'll find a small but sufficient wardrobe to carry through until you can get some shopping done. Hmm, then again the wardrobe that was selected for you isn't compatible with your image." My mind wandered as Miss Williams droned on. "We'll stop for a bite and then I'll put you in a cab." She rose from her chair and appeared ready for us to leave but a phone rang. Much to my surprise, she sat on the corner of her desk with one foot on the floor and



the other swinging gently as she dangled her pump from her toes. It was the kind of casual ordinary activity that a woman with good legs could use to arrest the attention of any male she chose. Abigail Williams did not have good legs; hers were spectacular.

She spoke softly and cupped her hand over the mouthpiece of the receiver so I heard nothing of what she said. What did strike me was the amount of leg she displayed.

There was more to Miss Abigail Williams than the efficient and icy veneer that I had been shown.

The phone conversation ended as Miss Williams' expression changed from flat to a subtly scornful smile. I felt like a mouse about to be toyed with by a hungry cat as her hand moved slowly to her exposed knee. (A glimpse of knee was a rare treat in those years, even for an effeminate boy like me.) She smoothed her stocking and then renewed her eye-contact with me. If she meant to intimidate, she was doing a good job of it.

"Shellie, I'm busy right now but one of our typists will take you to lunch and then perhaps to a few shops. You'll be put in a cab and taken to where you'll stay. Your valise will be there waiting for you."

The typist was a cute brunette named Heather who impressed me as an unusually free spirit to be working in that law office. Miss Williams admonished her to follow her instructions and to report to her if there were any developments.

*What possible developments could there be if we have a late lunch and do some shopping? And why the sudden change of plans? Miss Williams told me she would take me to lunch herself and that wasn't even five minutes ago. Girl, these people mean trouble. I would be on my guard from*

that moment until I was well away from Miss Williams.

Whether it was by design or by chance Winslow Allerton was in the reception room as we were leaving. He deigned to introduce himself to me and chatted amiably, even asking after Mother and Cousin Anne. He shook my hand warmly as we parted, so warmly that I thought I might be in for an avuncular hug and kiss from this dignified gentleman. As Heather and I walked out the door, I heard him tell the receptionist "Have Miss Williams come to my office immediately."

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"Abigail, I'm not at all sure why you're so convinced that this poor child is an impulsive tramp. She impresses me as trying hard to be a young lady despite having been born male."

"Call it a hunch; call it woman's intuition or what you will. It won't take long for **him** to prove me right."

"I've been retained to protect Rochelle. You will give me the courtesy to use the correct adjectives when referring to **her**. That should be clear to a woman as bright as you and who knows me in the ways you do."

Abigail Williams leaned back in the client's chair and crossed her legs. She looked at the ceiling as if trying to hold back tears.

"Please listen to me. I only told you my impression of this, this perverted teenager because I'm aware of certain aspects of this practice of yours and want only to protect your interests. And please don't tell me he or she is not perverted. Not only is she a pervert but he's breaking the law simply by dressing as a female."

“Then, if need be, we’ll test those outdated laws in the courts.”

“And have most of you clients flee? Your legitimate clients, that is. Winslow, I know you far too well for you to try to bluff me.”

Mr. Allerton’s response was to tug at his collar and avoid looking Miss Williams in the eye. She was undoubtedly the victor in this brief skirmish.

By now her skirt had risen to expose not only her stocking tops but much of her blue open bottom girdle as well. Her legs parted slowly affording a liberal view of the crotch of her red nylon panties.

“Abigail, coyly exposing yourself may have been appealing and seductive when you were a girl. It grows more tedious by the day.”

“But wasn’t it then that you seduced me, seduced me in more ways than the one. And if I seem tedious and boring to you now it has nothing to do with me and everything to do with your bizarre needs.”

“Those needs and your willingness to satisfy them have profited you. Think of where you would be had I not arranged and paid for your prep school education, seen to your wardrobe and grooming, given you access to all the right people. You would be in the gutter where I found you.”

“Win, I know full well that you gave so many opportunities that very few girls of any station have had. Above all I was able to nurture aspects on my nature that would have been erased which would have made my life boring compared to what it is. But what I have become has been profitable to us both. You have a fully loyal and competent private assistant who is fully involved in the more productive aspects of your so called

practice. That make us even so that neither one owes the other.

“There is something about Rochelle that makes me nervous. The instant I laid eyes on her I felt a shiver go through me.”

She took a cigarette from the silver and enamel case on the desk, tamped it tight, and rested it lightly between her lips. Her hand shook as she picked up the sterling silver desk lighter. Inhaling deeply, she tugged her skirt to a more modest level.

Winslow Allerton announced that he would be leaving for the day. “It’s high time we rethink our professional relationship. Your ambition seems to have grown too much for this small firm.”

The statement was meant to shock Abigail into conforming to Winslow’s rigidly if bizarrely structured world. The effect was not at all what he had hoped to achieve.

A sardonic smile slowly formed on Abigail’s sensuous mouth. “You’ll have my resignation on your desk as soon as you offer me suitable terms. And you needn’t worry about me exposing your affairs.”

“Abigail, don’t be hasty. We’re civilized...”

“Oh, but I’m not being hasty in the least.” She cut him off in mid-sentence and then paused. “I’m merely following through on your suggestion.”

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She dialed the number of a small restaurant near Beacon Hill and left a message for Heather to call her as soon as she arrived with Rochelle. *It’s been so long*

*since I was genuinely attracted to someone that I failed to recognize that the shiver I felt for Rochelle was sincere fascination. Damn it all; I've got an instant crush on this kid and I've become so jaded that I couldn't recognize it. Well then, Mr. Winslow Allerton, I'll see you in hell before I let you destroy another girl like Rochelle.*

She took a small leather portfolio from her closet and opened it on her desk. Unlocking a drawer in her desk, she took out a personal journal, opened her fountain pen and recorded the epiphany she had just experienced. It was the reawakening of emotions that had long been dormant under the facade she had adopted in order to survive her existence under the control of Winslow Allerton. Now she felt strong enough to break the awful hold he had on her.

"Heather, thank you for calling me so promptly."

"Oh, Miss Williams, I did what you wanted me to do as soon as we got here. I went to the powder room the instant we were seated and on the way back I put the 'out of order' sign on the men's room. Shellie said he didn't have to go. That's when they gave me your note so I'm in the phone booth now. When I dialed that's when Shellie headed for the men's room. Uh-oh, he's coming back right now. Couldn't possibly have used the toilet so quickly."

"Gesture for him to come to the phone booth but don't tell her you're on the phone with me."

"Hi, Shell. That was fast."

"I didn't go. The men's room is out of order and I definitely do not want to get arrested for going into the powder room."

"Okay, I just have to finish this call so why not wait for me at the table."

“You needn’t repeat that, Heather. I heard it all. Do not bring Shellie back to the office. Meet me at my apartment. It’s # — Tremont Street near....”

Abigail Williams hung up the phone with a sigh of relief. She looked out of the window just as Winslow Allerton was getting into a cab. She took a microfilm camera from her pocketbook and began photographing Mr. Allerton’s personal files. A trip to the powder room and then she was ready to leave for the day. On the way out she picked up Rochelle’s valise.

She walked along Charles Street and across Boston Commons as if wandering aimlessly. Once she was sure she had lost the black Packard, the same one that had met Rochelle at the train station, she doubled back to Tremont Street and headed home.

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I sat at the table studying the menu while Heather completed her phone call.

“That was Miss Williams on the phone. She wants us to meet her at her apartment. Pretty swank form what I hear. Great address, too. Can’t wait to see it.”

“That means not very many people from the office are ever invited to her place. ”

“I dunno. Guess we’re just lucky.”

*“Yes, just lucky.” Either this girl thinks I’m a total sap or else she’s more naive or more sappy than...Wait, she could be so excited about getting into some sort of inner circle...Still, dollars to donuts it’s me who Williams wants to come to her place. Definitely a change in someone’s plan for me. But whose plans and why?*

After some window shopping which served to show me where some shops that might suit my needs were located, we took the MTA to Abigail's neighborhood. The apartment building was impressive with a liveried doorman and a view of Boston Commons. Abigail Williams greeted us at the door and showed us both into the apartment. The sunken living room was, unlike the office, furnished in contemporary taste. After some cold soft drinks, I was shown to a guest bedroom, offered a chance to freshen up. By the time I unpacked my valise and returned to the living room, Heather was gone and Abigail had changed out of her business attire.

The astonishing Abigail Williams was now wearing a dark, not quite opaque, ankle length dressing gown that little to hide the fact that she wore no slip under it. It was open at the front from the waist down and revealed her legs well above the dark welting of her stockings. Her black garter belt was visible through her shimmery white panties as was the shadow of her hair. Despite her very enticing attire, she moved in a matter of fact manner as she poured us each a whisky.

"I need a drink and I won't drink alone when someone like you is near. I warn you, it's an acquired taste but I suspect you'll acquire it quickly"

The dark golden liquid stung as I rolled it over my tongue and sent out waves of warmth as I swallowed. It was not at all unpleasant.

Abigail seated herself in a comfortable chair and crossed her legs. I studied her in hopes of being able to emulate the relaxed grace with which she moved.

"Rochelle, I have a confession to make to you. Mr. Allerton is not what he appears to be but I'll tell you more about that later. Right now you're in danger of

being used and abused to meet his ends. I owe him so I've been weak enough to assist him and cover for him over the years.

"When I first saw you I had some very odd feelings, feelings that I had forgotten I ever had and which alarmed me until it dawned on me that I'm terribly attracted to you. Winslow Allerton will never have you in his stable even if I have to expose him to achieve this. We're getting out of here later tonight. I have a place where we can stay for a day or two and then I'll get you safely to Anne's. By then Mr. Allerton will no longer be a threat to anyone.

"We can't risk leaving here with you as you are. I'll do your makeup and help you dress as the girl you should be. That way anyone watching will never recognize you. Of course, we'll have to leave separately. Are you ready to risk it?"

Inexplicably, I immediately believed Abigail and knew I could trust her. I took another sip of whisky and answered her. "Abigail, I think you're risking more than I ever could. Just tell me what I have to do and I'll do it."

"To start with, I'm going to whip us up a couple of omelets, a salad and a bottle of white wine. On second thought, we'll let the wine go for another time. Might be a little too much for an innocent like you. No need to worry though; just stick with me, kiddo, and you'll be corrupted in no time."

Abigail's remarks puzzled me. Was she out to save me from Winston Allerton or was she out to corrupt me for her own reasons? Then, as I stared quizzically at her, a huge and spontaneous smile lit up her face.



“Oh, darling, don’t look like such a chump. Let’s say ‘altered’ rather than corrupted. Over the next few days you’re going to become a flawlessly real girl in every respect. And we’re going to start right after dinner.”

Dinner was over and I helped Abigail rinse the dishes and cooking utensils before putting them in the dishwasher, an appliance I had only, until that moment, seen in ads and on commercials.

“Darling, I want you to shower and shampoo your hair. There are towels and a suitable robe in the guest bath. Meanwhile I’ll lay out your ensemble for this evening. Oh, and leave your hair damp.”

The bathroom was posh to say the least. A sunken bathtub and a stall shower!

I took the robe into the bedroom, undressed except for my panties and returned to the bathroom. The shower had jets of water that went from my calves to my shoulders as well as a showerhead with all sorts of settings.

I wrapped a towel turban style around my damp hair as I sashayed back into the bedroom to find Abigail looking at a dress on a hanger and the returning it to the closet in favor of a second one.

“Oh, my goodness, Rochelle, there is no way that anyone could mistake you for a boy. Just stand still and hold this dress in front of you. The color is made for you. Really brings out your eyes.”

As I held the dress, my robe fell open. Abigail’s eyes scanned me from head to toe and back again as she took the dress from me. “You are the essence of the small breasted beauty, even more so than some top fashion models. Oh, and don’t be concerned about

your apparatus down there. Makes you even more fascinating more desirable."

We stepped back into the bathroom where I was seated on a stool at the marble counter. My hair was combed into a cute short style. Abigail did my makeup remarking. "With your lovely skin, this really gilding the lily." From time to time her hands strayed to my tiny boy breasts teasing the nipples, sending shivers of sensuality through me.

"Slip into these and we'll get you dressed." she said as she handed me a pair of blindingly white panties. They were not nylon or rayon, as I first thought, but were very fine polished cotton. Abigail somehow sensed my disappointment at the cotton.

"Most real girls prefer to wear cotton under a panty girdle. It helps absorb certain

Helps absorb certain secretions that can make a girl feel uncomfortable and lead to unpleasant odors. Even works well for a girl like you by absorbing sweat that could lead to a rash and no girl wants to think of her self as having jock rash."

"Abigail, you are so neat. The way you explain things is really keen."

"You're pretty neat too, Rochelle. You've got teen girl speech down so well that it's really a part of you."

I was no longer feeling the least discomfort about being effectively nude in front of Abigail so I shrugged the terrycloth bathrobe off my shoulders and let it slide to the floor. Abigail's eyes were on me as I stepped into the panties, slid them slowly up my legs. I pressed my dick flat as I drew the panties over my hips. The waist band just skimmed my belly button. My thumbs hooked the hem and snapped the panties over my tush.

It was a very ordinary gesture that so many girls with their swimsuits at the beach. It never failed to get a boy's attention.

"Rochelle, you are a natural. That little move was perfection."

I felt my face grow warm as I blushed.

"Hold it a little above your waste with the hooks in front of you," she said as she handed me the powder blue bra. "Good. Now turn it so the hooks are in the back. Lean slightly forward and slip your arms through the straps and slid the straps onto your shoulders. Now lean forward again and adjust your breasts in the cups. Perfect! Tighten the straps so they don't slip off your shoulders but not so tightly that they dig in. I won't bother to ask you how it feels. Just let me tell you look deliciously female."

"Oh, Abigail, it feels wonderful, wonderful and so right."

My mentor stood me in front of a full length mirror and said nothing. Her face said it all. I could scarcely believe that it was me looking out of the mirror. The slender girl was lovely, attractive and almost flawlessly femme. Even the padded bra fit with her youthful proportions. Only the outline of her cockhead gave any hint that she was not born female. It was difficult for me to even begin to believe that the girl in the mirror was truly me. Abigail was so close to me that I felt her breath on my neck. It both tickled and aroused. I turned to face her, put my hand behind her head and closed my eyes as our mouth came together.

The kiss was unlike anything I had ever experienced, ever dreamed of even in my wildest fantasies. My erection became intense, almost painful as her

hand guided my face to her bra. My arousal was not diminished but heightened as my lips closed on her nipple through the silky fabric of her bra. Abigail's fingers hooked the waistband of my panties. It was the cue for me to raise my hips so my mentor could slide my panties down to free my rampant cock.

Her finger tip took the pearl of precum from my cockhead's slit and brought it to my now open mouth, placed it on the tips of my tongue. I swallowed even as I sucked her finger into mouth. She worked the moist finger into my bottom hole, wagged it from side to side as I squirmed and whimpered with new found ecstasy.

"Would you like to cum, my girl love?" An enigmatic smile.

A nod accompanied by a moan was the most coherent answer I could manage.

"But that would make a mess all over you and those pretty new panties." Her mouth enveloped my cockhead, her teeth nibbling at the rim. A vibration started deep in my groin and spread through me as Abigail enveloped the entire length of my very swollen cock. My legs and arms shook out of control as I writhed beyond endurance, erupting wave after wave of cum into my mistress's mouth. Then, as I recovered from the intensity of this wild orgasm, she brought her mouth to mine as our tongues met in a deliciously cum soaked kiss.

After wiping myself clean with a damp washcloth, I stood watching as Abigail laid out other items of intimate feminine apparel, items which enticed me yet which I could not name or understand.

Abigail sat on the edge of the bed and held out in both hands a powder blue high waist panty girdle. I

leaned my hand on her shoulder as I stepped into the firm elastic garment. Abigail helped me pull it over my legs and onto my thighs but stopped before sitting it over my groin and tush.

“Ordinarily you wouldn’t need a girdle his constricting with what you’re going to wear. But you’re so new to dressing completely and openly female that you might just get hard and ruin the line of your frock and give yourself away. Oh, and while we’re at it, just lie down on the bed. We can turn this into your first training session in the use of a gaff.”

Even as I wondered what a gaff might be, I compliantly lay back on the bed as Abigail pulled the rear of the panty girdle partially over my tush while leaving the front just below my ball sac. “Just relax,” she said softly as he rested her finger tips against one of my balls. I nodded as she eased it into the cavity in my groin. She guided my hand to hold it in place while she repeated this process with the other ball. Then, as I raised my hips, she slid the panty girdle into place. My balls remained in the hollow in my groin and, with my dick press flat almost between my legs, and I now had an almost unblemished feminine contour!

Next I was handed a flat packet, seamless stockings. “Go ahead; slide them out of the package. The gossamer nylon felt as if it might dissolve if handled at all.

“Slip your hand into the welting; that’s the darker top. Then slowly and gently work the stocking over your hand with your fingers spread. That’s the way. Now you can see what the tint, the color will look like over your skin. Do that when you select stockings in a shop. It will help convince the salesgirls that you’re a discerning young lady who knows her way around better ladies wear.

“Now roll the stocking into a donut and gently slide it over your toes and smooth it over your foot. Slowly and evenly work it over your calf and knee smoothing out any wrinkles as you go. Fold the cuff of your panty girdle up and tug the garter clip over the welt of the stocking. Perfect! Now the other stocking.”

When I had both stockings in place, I instinctively point my leg and smoothed out non-existent wrinkles. Abigail nodded approval. “It’s a superfluous action as far as getting dressed but it does bring to heel any male who may be fortunate enough to be allowed to watch you put on your stockings.”

Abigail then placed a pair of white patent leather t-strap flats in front of me. They were a slightly more sophisticated version of the black patent Mary Jane style worn by young girls. I put them on and fastened the straps. Next was a white one piece dress, sleeveless with a net underskirt. It had a little jacket to keep one’s shoulders warm on cool summer evenings and which would add a suggestion of modesty, flirtatious modesty to be sure.

The overall effect was to make me look younger than eighteen while creating the illusion of a well brought up, demure young lady who still projected aloof confident sexuality that was both enticing and challenging.

“Hold your skirt near them and slowly raise it almost to the top of your thighs. Wonderfully done. And there’s only the very slightest swell over the hem of your panty girdle. Adds to the allure but we’ll firm those thighs a little more in no time. A young lady like you certainly would have ballet or modern classes. Of course you didn’t but it’s never too late to make up for missed experiences.”

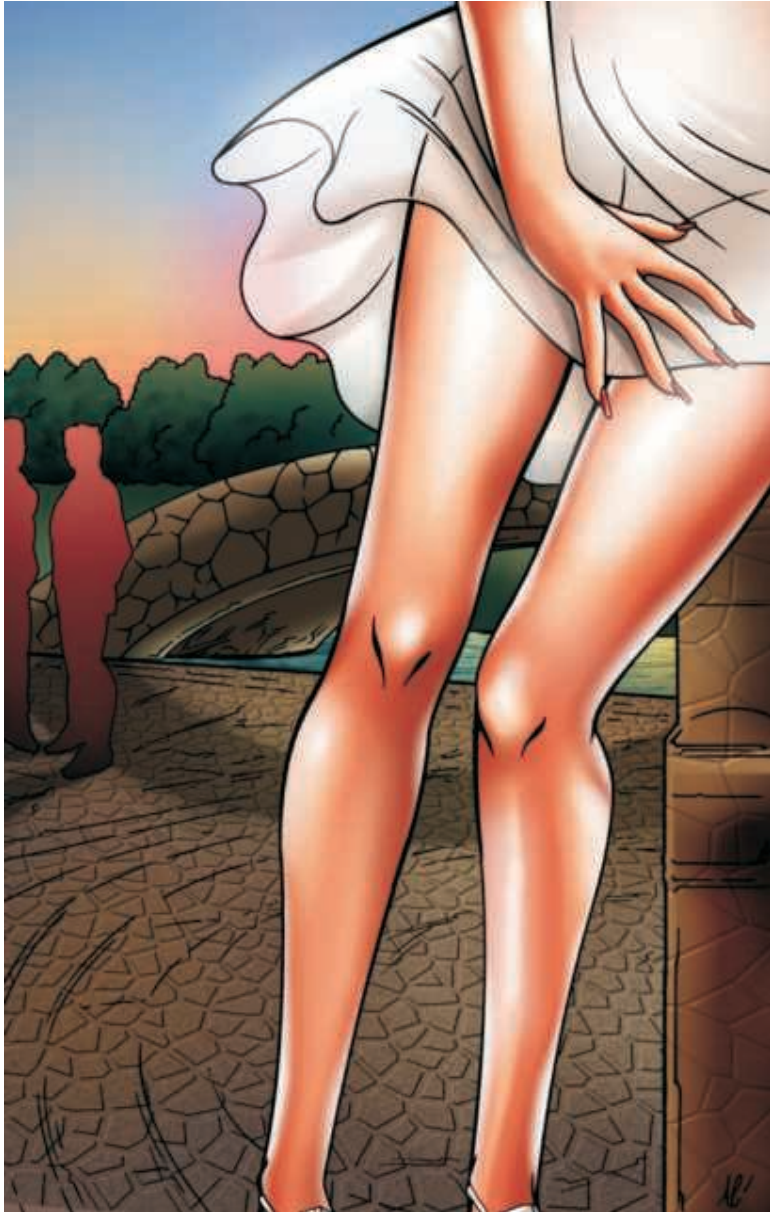
We went into the living room where I was coached in sitting down like a young lady, crossing my legs at the ankles, and getting to my feet with minimum exposure. Then, after checking the street below from the balcony, Abigail phoned her garage and asked them to have her car ready.

Turning to me with a serious demeanor, she explained "I have no doubt that that mad bastard is having us watched. You'll leave on your own on foot and follow the route I'll give you. I'll meet you at the intersection of..."

A blend of satisfaction and apprehension came over me as I paused in front of the entrance to Abigail's apartment building. The satisfaction flowed from stepping out into a public street totally en femme and, from the approving looks I got from more than a few passersby, totally passable. The apprehension arose from the unfamiliarity of wearing a dress and the attendant stockings, girdle and bra. A warm breeze stirred the net underskirt tickling the back of my knees and bringing brief smile to my face. That was enough to remind me that I was now an indisputably attractive young teen, although I wanted to be a more sophisticated coed type but Abigail had assured me any awkwardness would attract less negative attention if I played the role of a younger girl for a few weeks. "Of more immediate concern is that Winslow Allerton and his underlings will be unable to even begin guess that the pretty young teen you appear to be is Shellie en femme."

I started walking toward the corner when I noticed a familiar looking young man lounging against the fence of Boston Commons. It was the driver who had picked me up at the train station earlier that day! My

first reaction was to bolt but thought better of it. I waited for the light to change and then crossed the street toward him.





Other than a lecherous glance, he showed no reaction to me. It was as if I were just another pretty young girl out for an evening stroll. When I was several hundred yards into the park I glanced back at where I had left him to reassure myself he did not associate me with the effeminate boy he had met at the station. He was pacing as he glanced up and down the street and then turned to once more watch the apartment entrance. The persona I had adapted was so effectively a person other than Shellie that I walked with a yard of a man whose intent was surely to harm me either on the spot or at some moment in the all too near future.

The breeze stirred my skirt once more, a more intense and longer lasting gust than when I first emerged from the apartment lobby and out into the as Rochelle. My skirt was lifted above my knees but somehow my freehand was able to hold it down as the gust subsided. To my vexation a few men stared at the spectacle. It also appeared that I represented a threat to the girl accompanying one of these gawkers.

They had been strolling arm in arm but as soon as she noticed my attempt to hold my skirt in place, she pulled the gentleman's arm tightly to her side and looked up at him. Glorifying in my new role, I caught his eye and winked. His reaction was to blush. Not wanting to call any more attention to myself, I let it go at that and continued along the route Abigail had given me.

I exited Boston Common onto Charles Street and turned right toward the Charles River. At the intersection of Charles and Beacon a classic MG caught my attention as the driver waved to me. It was Abigail! An illegal u-turn and then she pulled up at the curb and motioned me to hop in.

“We’re going to a quiet place just off Harvard Square in Cambridge. A girl with your looks could get any guys she wants in that neighborhood but for now just ignore those drooling college boys. You and I are going to have a heart to heart talk. There are things I need to tell, a confession of sorts. Some of these things I’ve only told my analyst. I assure you that it won’t be boring.

“One more thing. You needn’t ever again concern your self with Eric, that’s that driver, being a threat. I took care of that. Led him on a merry chase but when he tried to ram me into an abutment I did some fancy steering and he crashed. Unfortunately the car rolled and exploded. Don’t feel too badly, he was dispatched to kill you.

“Winslow Allerton realized that I feel special affection for you and that this love has motivated to get out of his clutches. I’m a threat because of what I know about his operation. I can and will destroy him for what he’s done to me and so many real girls and girls like you. He knows he’s done for so his last gasp is to try to hurt me by hurting you. That will never happen, I swear it.” Abigail’s hand rested reassuringly on my stockinged knee for a few seconds.

“Thank you for protecting me and of helping me to become Rochelle.”

“Just think of this as my atonement.” Her voice quivering and then she sniffed. Abigail Williams was crying silently. She lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply, held the smoke in her lungs, and finally exhaling slowly, she launched into a diatribe against Winslow Allerton. Her anger and hatred were fueled not simply by what he had done to her and made her a part of but her claim that she had traced since traced her ancestry

to one of Salem's oldest families. After establishing her ancestry as fact, she wondered why and how Winslow Allerton had found her and rescues her. Clandestine searches of his confidential files revealed that he had a significant hand in the machinations that led to her mother's divorce and subsequent suicide. It was quite certain that she was determined to get back at Winslow Allerton in the very near future.

Abigail was fully composed by the time we reached the environs of Harvard Square. She left the car in a back alley and we entered a small Bohemian cafe via the side entrance. A girl not much older than I in a flowing print skirt and cotton blouse that managed to show a lot of cleavage greeted Abigail deferentially but warmly. My guess was that she owed Abigail for something important.

Cassandra, I want you to meet Rochelle. You two have a lot in common. Rochelle, this is Cassandra a special friend and the operator of this special oasis."

Even as I was charmed by Cassandra's sincere greeting, I wondered what it was

she and I had in common. We were shown to a tiny alcove set off from the main room by a beaded curtain. A platter of cheese was delivered by a petite waitress. Cassandra asked if we would like some wine to go with the cheese. A bottle of sauterne appeared a few minutes later. With a sigh Abigail told me how Winston Allerton had discovered her when she was a waif in childcare. He allowed her to be used as a model for photographic stories that were, at best, tasteless. Realizing how innately bright she was, he provided her with an expensive prep school education and then finishing school. Being over twenty-one at this point, she became a sort of private secretary who provided crea-

ture comforts to him and to business associates. "To my everlasting shame I functioned as recruiter and trainer for young women who were foolish enough to want to be part of the team. That I saved some of them from even more horrible fates is something to be said on my behalf." She leaned forward and lowered her voice. "I have copies of all his records. Enough to convict him of tax evasion and a whole lot more. Over the next few days, in between getting you a suitable wardrobe and teaching you to walk in heels, I would like you to know where all this evidence is stored; just in case anything happens to me." She pressed my hand gently in hers and caressed it. "Don't fret. Nothing's likely to happen. He knows everything will be sent to the public prosecutor and to the newspapers if he even tries to hurt me."

*Great! I'm lucky enough to become Rochelle and get some great coaching to boot but the payback is that I'm in the middle of a personal vendetta between two really ruthless people. I just got to stick it out and get to Cousin Anne in one piece. Look at the bright side, Rochelle. Getting some nice clothes and shoes is pretty neat. Say, I really am Rochelle now, aren't I?*

A tap on the door frame and our waitress entered and announced that Cassandra

would begin her performance in a few minutes if that was okay with Miss Williams.

"Of course it is Amanda. Oh, and please bring us a small pot of coffee American coffee and some pastries." Amanda left and returned shortly with the coffee and a platter of pastries. This time she pulled the beaded curtain aside and left it open.

The cafe had filled up since our arrival two hours earlier. The tables were crowded with a mix of types

ranging from the arty regulars one would expect in a place like this to students from Harvard, Radcliffe and MIT to well dressed thirtyish young up and coming couples and older established types. I wondered if it was only the food and wines served that drew this eclectic crowd whether Cassandra was the big draw.

The main room lights dimmed even lower as an attractive blonde recorder player and a surprisingly slender auburn haired girl with a hand drum took their places at the corner of a platform raised a foot or two above floor level. Both were dressed in a style similar to Cassandra's. The pair gracefully seated themselves by lowering their bottoms to their heels and then, after spreading their skirts around them, assumed what might have been a modified lotus position. This was done with astonishing grace and poise to the extent that not an inch of skin above their ankles was exposed. The drummer began to tap out a simple rhythm and then varied the tones by striking the drumhead in different places. The effect was beautifully eerie in a way that conjured up ancient temples and the priestesses who served in them.

The audience was left breathless as the drummer lifted her hands to shoulder height, then brought them to rest on her knees. A wave of applause started but quickly ceased as the recorder began an exotic melody which, after a few bars, the drummer began to accent. I could hardly take my eyes off the drummer. Her long graceful fingers moved effortlessly. My eyes moved to her face. She was striking i her facial features and skin tone. What I could see of her figure reassured me that despite her slender build, she did not appear to be malnourished or even underweight. To the contrary; there seemed to a muscularity and dormant in her petite body. It struck me that I was attracted to this talented

young beauty in ways that were both aesthetic and sexual. Did the attraction I felt to this girl mean I wasn't ready to live as a woman? Not likely since I never felt so comfortably secure in my own being as I had during the few hours I had been out in public as a well dressed young lady.

I rested my chin on my hand as I watched and listened. Then came a jarring halt to the music as the lights went out. A moment later an over head light came on in the center of the stage. Under it was Cassandra, crouched like a tigress ready to spring. The music resumed a slow beat accompanying a plaintive prayer like melody. Cassandra slowly reached skyward and then rose as she followed her hands. She raised her leg to the side and slowly turned. A leap across the stage as the tempo increased. Her skirt parted as she moved, revealing her black skintight dance trunks which emphasized the contours of her muscular bottom. She wore no tights. Somehow the front of her skirt never rose to reveal the front contours of her lower body. Her sensual dance came to an end. She acknowledged the applause and then, with all eyes on her, walked across the room to rejoin us.

Cassandra smiled at me and then addressed Abigail. "Your new protégée seems taken with the performance or at least with one of the performers."

I felt my face grow warm and knew I was blushing. Had I been so blatantly ogling the drummer? Since there was no denying it, I decided to meet Cassandra head on.

"Yes, I'm so taken by the drummer. I would just love to be introduced to her even for just a minute. Could I get to talk to her? Of course, I haven't the foggiest notion of what we could talk about. She's just so

talented and so uniquely beautiful..." Realizing I was breathlessly running of at the mouth, I stopped before I embarrassed myself.

Abigail caught my eye and nodded approval.

"We can arrange that," was Cassandra's response as she beckoned for a waitress.

"Ask Brienne to join us." Cassandra then got up to leave. She walked slowly across the main dining area and into a corridor marked 'private.' No one in her audience dared approach her nor even say a word as she passed them. They were awestruck by goddess like presence.

Abigail gestured for me to lean close to her as he put her head close to mine. "Don't ever underestimate your talents. They've been dormant for too long but they awaken now that you know you'll live as intended. You'll be guided through a journey of discovery and training that will..."

She paused suddenly as she tapped my wrist and looked up. I followed her gaze and found myself looking up at Brienne. My heart pounded as if from a surge of adrenalin even as I felt a stirring under the very constricting but empowering panty-girdle.

Brienne stared at me and then her expression blossomed into one of surprised delight. "This is so neat. I noticed you when I first came on stage and now we're being introduced." She took my hand as if to shake it but gently pulled me to feet. She kissed me on both cheeks and then allowed her moist lips to brush across mine. "You had me so scared on account of I was so drawn to you that I wondered if I could concentrate on my drumming."