

# DRESSED TO KILL



Mardee Louise  
**PRYNNE**

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# DRESSED TO KILL

**By Mardee Louise Prynne**

Think of a rainy Friday night, the kind of night that gnaws through your jacket and sweater and makes you think about curling up under the covers and listening to the radio while thumbing through a fashion magazine. That's the kind of night I'm thinking about and where I'll start to tell you about myself. First, some local customs.

Friday night wasn't a date night in those days, at least not in my neighborhood. There were parties on Friday nights or sometimes girls got together at someone's house to exchange secrets, try on each other's

clothes, and share their latest discover about which newly designed brassiere ('bra' had not yet become the prevalent term for that uniquely female foundation garment) gave them the most attractive shape under a sweater or blouse. Panty girdles in all sorts of lengths were another topic and were generally preferred over open bottom girdles since they provided much more protection if a boy's hands strayed too far. "And besides, they don't make you look like you were squeezed into a tube." If the hostess's parents were out there might even be a fashion show of intimate apparel and foundation garments as such things were called in the very modest but, in some circles, sexually active nineteen-fifties.

Some of the girls were rumored to practice French kissing, sometimes called soul kissing, with each other. It seemed like lot of girls did that. I never got to see that because although I was one of the girls, I was not a real girl, not a biological girl. You do get my drift, don't you?

I really, really enjoyed nights like that but when the girls started whispering about how their bodies were changing, getting a visit from their *friend*, I was included less and less often. It came as no big surprise to me considering that I was a boy, effeminate as could be but still not a real girl. That wasn't for lack of effort on my part. I really didn't have to try very hard because even though I was nearly out of high school, I was often mistaken for a girl, a girl younger than I actually was. People blushed and apologized when they realized their mistake but I didn't mind at all. I was flattered when things like that happened because I felt reassured. Of what, I never really understood. Not then.

Oh, I knew I wasn't female and I had long before discovered the pleasure that my dick could bring so there was no way I would give up that part of me. Rather than stay in my room studying and waiting to hear from some girls I used to hang out with, I thought about going to movie by myself. Lots of girls went to the movies without dates on Friday nights although they mostly went in pairs or small groups. It was a good way to meet new boys. Sure, it would have worked better if a girl went by herself but there was strength in numbers. And they needed that strength if some boy got "handy."

Thinking back, I wonder if it was something else that made the girls cut me out of the group. It was a cloudy, blustery Sunday afternoon. A group of us, all girls except for me, were in the front parlor of the home of one of the clique. We were quizzing each other for an upcoming test. It was break time.

Karen, a smart girl who was not a regular part of this group nor of any group but a coldly attractive loner who was sought after by lots of cliques, was eyeing me as if I were beneath her which, on the social scale of our high school, was definitely true. By smart I mean fashionable as well as intelligent. As unschooled in the ways of the world I was back then, I suspected that she got some sort of thrill playing the aloof and independent beauty, a teenage mysterious femme fatale.

"Tell us how your body is changing." A sardonic smile played across her thin lips as she spoke. I thought I was going to blush but somehow I didn't.

"Just some hair here and there. You know what I mean." I sneered back at her, something I would not have dared before that moment

“Oh, but we’re not at all sure what you mean so just tell us. Cat got your tongue?” I was certain Karen expected me to burst into tears or blush beet red.

“Under arms and in my pubic area.” I had been reading some manuals I had found on the top shelf of my cousin’s bookcase. I knew girls learned the correct names for all sorts of body parts and functions long before boys did because most of them were prepared for their first period by their mothers. Karen’s jaw dropped when I used the word *pubic*. I looked her in the eye and smiled as she started to turn crimson.

I knew I won this round so I decided to bear down on her and rub it in. I tugged up the leg of jeans so she could see my lower leg. There was no need to say anything as the giggles from the girls told me my message came across. Karen curled her legs more tightly under her and made sure every inch of her legs was concealed even though it was pretty well known she shaved them regularly because, according to the grapevine, she had to more than most. Poor Karen tired so hard to seem nonchalant but just couldn’t do it.

Karen’s hand touched the collar of her blouse, rested for a second or two on the pin, the fifties token of “going steady.” Was she calling attention to her ability to have a “steady date” or was she reassuring herself that she needn’t be concerned about her attractions? I was so tempted to provoke her by asking her how she managed to have a “steady,” but I held my tongue.

A mousy but cute girl named Lisa was just as much a target of Karen’s sharp tongue as I was. She, too, noticed Karen fumbling with her pin. She turned her face toward me and winked. Then she took her shot at Karen.

“Say, Karen. We all know you’re pinned, you remind us often enough. So tell us how come no one, no one” she repeated for emphasis, “has seen you with your steady?”

The sharp tongue was dulled, at least for the rest of the evening. Did I say shortly after Lisa’ salvo Karen decided she had to go home early?

Karen was both a snob and a “grind,” a scornful term for anyone who spent a lot of time hitting the books. Some kids were awkward with that kind of reputation but not Karen who often seemed angry at the whole world and everyone and everything in it. Her sharp tongue and academic brilliance kept people at bay and it was pretty clear she liked it like that.

Lisa was the polar opposite of Karen. She was petite, dressed in what was then called bohemian fashion. Given to wearing flowing skirts, sandals, dark tights or no hosiery at all, Lisa spent her Saturdays in the city where she studied modern dance. She wore silver necklaces, and enameled copper bracelets that she bought on her trips to the city. Her dance training had given her a wiry musculature and powerful shapely legs. I envied her individuality and was certain that if I could, I would emulate her way of dressing.

It was around that time that most of the girls who were nice to me began to realize that, despite by my being more feminine than many girls, puberty was separating me from them. No longer comfortable sharing girl talk with me, the girls greeted me with a nod rather than with a friendly smile and a cheery “hi.” That meant lowered voices, averted looks outside the school building when they planned the next get together.

There were still a few girls who not only tolerated my presence but seemed to honestly enjoy having me around at least on a limited schedule, a schedule of their selection. I sensed that some of them might be giggling behind their hands when we were together or having a laugh at my expense when I wasn't with them; that didn't matter. I was hooked on a need to learn all the intricacies of feminine finery especially the finery that was concealed under the demure clothing so popular in the fifties.

Of course Karen had cut me off from her little clique of sycophants. (That's a College Board word for a brown-nose flatterer.) It was a pretty sure bet that our little sparring match had a lot to do with it. I even wondered if her nasty tongue had something to do with my being isolated from the other girls. Sure, it was bound to happen sooner or later: I couldn't be one of the girls forever especially not back then but this was being cut off almost over night. It hurt.

That explains why I was alone on that rainy Friday night with a choice of going up to my room to study and read or to go up to my room and jerk off while looking at ads for brassieres and panty girdles in magazines aimed at *teen-agers*. There was no need to add that these magazines for *teen-agers* meant they were the exclusive province of young ladies.

So it was that I chose to go to a movie by myself. No, I didn't really choose to go alone. I was left flat by the girls and it had been many, many years since any self-respecting boy would be seen around me.

"Marty" was the main feature at one of our local movie houses. From what I had heard the title character was some kind of reject. Maybe I could relate. Since it was raining, a hard and steady rain. I hoped there



wouldn't be too many guys in the theatre. If it seemed crowded, well, I could always keep walking.

I made it to the movie house without getting too, too soaked. As I paused under the marquee, a car pulled up and a couple of the guys inside rolled down the window and made some sort of stupid, vulgar remark that was supposed to impress the girl they was hoping I was into getting into their jalopy. As soon as I turned to face them and glare at them, they realized their mistake. The guy who had called out to me was now being jeered by the driver. To save face, the guy who thought I was a girl started yelling about he was going to beat the crap out of the faggot and started to open the door. All my frustration and loneliness drove me to a fury. It was that moment when you've had it and you're not going to take it anymore. I had an advantage since the shithead expected me to run, scream or both. *Not tonight, buster*, I thought to myself. He was already looking surprised and then a little fearful but he couldn't back off, not from a tiny boy whom he had just called all sorts of nasty names and promised to teach a lesson. It wasn't that I thought out what I was going to do but the second of hesitation on his part gave me a chance to direct my fury.

As he tentatively put one foot out of the car door and onto the gutter, I threw my whole weight against the door, slamming it on his leg. He screamed, clutched his injured leg and hopped around on his one good leg. I hurled myself against him, knocking him off his feet. He ended up against the car as I grabbed his arm and yanked him around dropping him to his knees right in a puddle. No way was I going to give him a break. I pounded his back with the edge of my fists as he knelt panicked in the filthy puddle. The would-be bully groped ineffectively toward me with his arms as I

danced away from him. His own inertia made him fall face down against the curb. Now he was mine to do with as I pleased. I grabbed his wet hair and began twisting from side to side, keeping off balance. After a minute or so of humiliating him in front of the small crowd made up mostly of girls, I just let go of him. He collapsed in sobbing, pathetic heap. I stood just out of his reach with my hands on my hips in the pose that girls adapt when they know they're in control.

"Well, big shot," I taunted. "Now who's the fairy, who's the faggot, who's the pussy? Say it loud or I'll really hurt you, tough guy!"

This had been more than simply a physical triumph for me; it was an emotional release and a realization all at once. I didn't have to put up with bullying and taunts. I felt tears rising as I ran at him knocking back to the ground as he tried to regain his feet.

"Go ahead and cry like the little baby you are!" I screeched. "Now say it. Tell everybody that you're a faggot."

"Okay, okay, I give," he pleaded. "You win."

"You better do as I told you." I was pretty close to hysterical as I fought my urge to punish, to maul this bastard for all the taunting I suffered since kindergarten. I was ready to light into him against as police car pulled up. The car pulled in nose to nose with the car that had delivered my would-be tormentor. A rookie patrolman (Back then NYPD probationary officers were generally referred to as rookies and wore distinctive gray uniform jackets.) got out of the passenger side and grabbed the defeated boy by his collar and yanked him to his feet.

“Don’t open your mouth,” he ordered. “You sure as hell must have done something to deserve the beating she just gave you. Good for her.”

I smirked nervously wondering whether there might be some trouble in store for me since the cop mistook me for a girl. The officer put the jerk in the back of the car and then spoke softly to me. “Oh, sorry. I see you’re a boy. Listen, we’re still glad you kicked that jerk around seeing as how he was probably giving you a hard time. We’re going to take him down to the station house and call his folks, make them come and pick him up. They’ll probably give him worse than he got from you which is no more than he deserves.” He scribbled something on his pad, tore it off and handed it to me. “Call me if he ever comes after you.”

I sniffled and nodded.

“That’s the way. Just you smile because you showed him a thing or two.”

I nodded again. The cop was right about what had happened but that wasn’t why I was suddenly smiling. As he consoled me, I realized how attractive he was. What’s more he was only around twenty-three; not too old for me to date once I was out of school. It wasn’t that I wanted to date him; not exactly. It was the first time I admitted to myself that I was physically attracted to boys. Although this revelation or self-admission felt good, I knew I had to learn to deal with it.

By now the few kids who hadn’t fled had made their way to the ticket booth or were already in the lobby. I stood alone under the marquee and began sobbing. I felt a gentle hand on my arm and then an arm around me. All I could see reflected in the galls cases in the entrance way of the movie theatre was that a tallish girl in a hooded raincoat was hugging me like a sister. I

let myself go and cried openly as she guided me down the street and around the corner. She paused to unlock her car and guided me into the passenger seat. As my new and supportive friend got behind the wheel, she pushed back her hood. It was Karen!

I sat stiffly as she cranked the ignition and turned on the wipers. *Oh, shit*, I thought to myself and took a deep breath. *This could end up as 'out of the frying pan and into the fire' event. Just sit tight and shut up*, I told myself, thinking that would be the best strategy in the long run.

Karen must have read been reading my mind or at least feeling my nervousness about being alone with her. "Didn't mean to startle you, Cass." I winced hearing her call me *Cass*, a diminutive of my first name Caspar, which was so out of fashion that it made me feel even more ridiculous. *Cass! What is she trying to do to me?* "I really wasn't aware that you didn't realize it was me. It was so neat that way you stood up to that drip. It's just too bad you didn't have time to finish him off. I would have loved watching it. Not that I didn't get a real kick watching you beat him up." Her hands were shaking almost imperceptibly as she leaned across me and pulled a pack of cigarettes from the glove compartment.

I could see she was edgy over my spontaneous attack on the hapless boy. She took two cigarettes from the pack and held them between her lips as the same time and lit them with the car's electric lighter. She extend a cigarette toward me as she inhaled deeply on her own, held the smoke in her lungs for what seemed like an eternity and then let it out slowly as turned her wrist and put the proffered cigarette between my lips which parted slightly to accept her gift.

Her raincoat was open, her skirt riding up just enough for me to cast a furtive glance at her knees which blanched as she rhythmically pressed them together as she stared vacantly at the windshield. My eyes, stinging from the unaccustomed cigarette smoke began to be obscured by tears. Karen quivered for an instant as a low moan escaped her lips.

“Do excuse my, let’s call it my...distraction. This will be our secret, Right, Cass?”

I had no idea of what she was taking about and wondered if it had to do with smoking or that strangely fascinating sound that she had just made. There was a subtly uncompromising undertone to her comment about something being our secret, a tone which brooked no refusal unless I was willing to pay whatever price Karen chose to extract from me. Even if I had immediately understood that she was masturbating, masturbating to orgasm at that, I would have willingly kept her secret. This *grind* with the additional reputation of *bitch* had been nice to me by going out of her way and saving me from humiliating myself by breaking down into hysterical tears after I had so handily turned the tables on a guy. It was only a few days later when what Karen meant by “my distraction” dawned on me that I began to wonder what had aroused to her to the point where she needed to cum so badly that she would do it in front of me.

Karen drove me to the house where mother and I lived in a second floor apartment and pulled into the driveway. I thanked her profusely for being such a good friend and then realized thinking of her as a friend was pretty big assumption on my part, an assumption that was probably wrong. I started to apologize to Karen both out of embarrassment and fear of

her wrath. Her reaction was not at all what I had feared.

“Cass, there’s no need to apologize. It’s really neat that you want to think of me as a friend. There are more things we have in common than you can possibly know. You’re right, though. We’re not friends, not yet. Maybe some day soon. Let’s just call us close acquaintances for now, special acquaintances.”

“I’d like that,” I said uncertain of what she meant and not really knowing if I would like being close to this enigmatic girl. “And don’t worry, I promise to keep your secret. Thanks again.”

“I should thank you. And I’m not at all worried about you keeping my secret.” She leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. “Not at all worried because you know what I’ll do to you.”

A not at all unpleasant chill went through me and I felt a stirring in my groin. It was new and disconcerting but something I wanted to last and to return. I slipped out of the car and turned to wave good-bye to Karen who blew me a kiss.

*Maybe Karen isn’t as mean as everyone says she is; at least not to everybody all the time. She certainly saved me from bawling like the sissy I am in front of the movies. Wait! I wonder what she meant when she said I know what she’ll do to me. Probably smack me around in front of her friends or make sure what few kids who still talk to me cut me off.*

I locked the side door behind me and went upstairs to our apartment. A note from mother told me she had gone to visit her friend on the next block and would be home by half past ten. She had left a pile of her freshly laundered clothing in the kitchen. A pile of panties caught my attention. My fingers strayed over the sleek

nylon, lingered on the lace trimmed hems. The tiny picot loops along the leg bands of another panty were, in my mind, much more appropriate for a girl my age to wear under her school clothes. They were so different from my thick, coarse, boring white boy briefs. No wonder the girls talked about underthings with so much enthusiasm. How could anyone not feel special wearing such lovely things? Even the fine cotton briefs that were so popular back then would be so much better than what I had to wear.

It wasn't easy to keep from swiping one of mother's panties and trying them on but I was so afraid that I would never be able to take them off before mother returned home.

I went to my room and undressed, slipped on my terry cloth robe and got ready to shower. Standing before the full length mirror affixed to the inside of my door, I opened my robe as if I were a young woman seducing her lover. My body could have passed for that of a young girl on the verge of puberty or that of a flat chested girl my own age; almost passed but for one problem, really a set of problems.

Like Narcissus, I adoringly studied my reflection. My hand strayed to my ball sac and I pushed my balls between my legs and then trapped my penis as well. The effect was so flawlessly female that I felt my heart begin to race. I squeezed my thighs together to keep my cock and balls from slipping free and destroying the beautiful illusion of femininity I had become. At that instant it dawned on me, dawned on me that Karen had masturbated in the car!

My face was warm as I took a towel from the laundry hamper and spread it on my bed. A few tissues and then my underpants and I was almost ready for

the relief I so suddenly and so desperately needed. A copy of a teen fashion magazine from my desk drawer was the last item for this ritual. I gazed at a full page ad showing slender girl in brassiere and brief panty girdle. As my erection swelled, I noticed for the first time that the ad promised to finish what nature had not, to have the full curves of a young woman. There was hope for me, hope that I could have the appearance of breasts! I came quickly and powerfully.

It was a sunny morning just before the warning bell sounded for homeroom. Tons of us were sitting outside on the school steps or on benches in the playground across the street. I was studying class handouts that I had in my loose-leaf. A shadow fell across the book and I glanced up to see Karen standing above me. She opened her pocketbook and dramatically took out a pack of cigarettes and made a show of shaking loose a cigarette, raising the pack to her lips and pulling the pack away leaving the unlit cigarette in her lips. I was staring up at her, wondering if this "grind" had forgotten the school rule against smoking or had decided she wanted to get suspended.

"Do you have a light?" The sound of her voice startled me and I figured she had to be talking to someone else. I glanced at her furtively; attracted the layers of white starchy petticoats visible under the hem of her skirt I never managed to look up. "Please, I'm desperate for a smoke. Oh, come on. Look, I really want to apologize for being such a bitch a few weeks ago. Just give me light, will you?"

In almost any other place I would have readily complied, especially with the show of pettis I was being



treating to. "Karen, I'm okay with giving you a light but you're looking for trouble if you smoke in sight of the school grounds."

Karen seemed to deflate like a balloon with a slow leak. She put her hand under the back of her thighs and sat down on the step above me in order to be modest in the show of leg that would undoubtedly follow her sitting on the steps. I slid over completely blocking her legs and Pettis from the view of any of the guys who might be passing by or hanging out across the street. It made me more than a little uncomfortable to suddenly be the object of Karen's attentiveness however minor.

"Thanks for reminding me of what I was doing." She sounded glum. "I guess you're all right after all. Listen, Cass, I need to talk to someone and you're safe. No, I didn't mean it like that."

Now she was not only sounding glum but frantic as well. I turned my head to face her. She raised her aviator sunglasses just long enough for me to see that she had a badly bruised eye; it was swollen half shut. Before I could catch my breath, Karen spoke.

"Okay, I was in a fight. It was with another girl. Don't ask me anything else. That's all I'm going to say about it. Mention a word to anyone and I'll call you a liar and I'll make you sorry besides. You know I can."

That last sentence carried an undertone of physical pain if not harm. My reply was simple and direct. "Mum's the word."

"How can I go to classes looking like this? The teachers will tell me to take off my sunglasses and I'll be so damned embarrassed."

"That's still not worth getting suspended. Especially not if no one knows how you got that."

There was no response from Karen. She seemed to be looking up as she gazed into the distance. After what seemed like hours but was really no more than a couple of minutes, Karen reacted by taking a long deep drag on her cigarette. She looked down at me and then at the sky as she let the smoke out of her mouth. Karen looked at me and smiled before flinging the cigarette to the stone step and violently crushing it to bits with the toe of her sturdy saddle shoe.

“If I get sent to the nurse, she’s going to realize that someone hit me and she’ll start asking questions and then they’ll call my house. I’ll have to tell my mom how this happened and she’ll kill me. Maybe I should just cut out of school today. That’s it...Only I’m scared to do it alone. Come with me, please. Come on, Cass, be a pal.”

I hesitated not knowing whether she was serious or not. Karen smoothed her skirt and petticoat under her and sat down next to me.

“Karen, you really tempt me but we both have a chemistry exam today. You worked too hard to get where you are to get in trouble for missing a test and cutting school.”

She started to giggle. “What’s so funny?” I asked.

“When you said I tempt you did you mean about cutting school or do I tempt you as in a *temptress*?”

“Come on, Karen this is serious.”

A group of boys stopped at the bottom of the stairs and began staring at Karen’s legs. She smiled at them and they smiled back. As they began to walk toward her, she screeched at them. “Get lost, you bunch of jerk-offs.”

It was pretty obvious the boys were taken aback by Karen's very loud, very coarse but very effective remark. They shuffled from foot to foot, averting their eyes and finally turning away from Karen before splitting up and melding into the growing crowd of students.

Karen tapped me on the shoulder and motioned for me to stand up even as she got to her feet. She handed me her books and shoulder purse as I stood wondering what she had in mind. Her hands grasped her skirt and shook out her petticoats fluffing them out to great effect. During this performance she made sure to show a little more calf and even some knee, more than would have been thought decorous by school authorities. She glared at the few boys who dared to glance furtively at her performance. They turned away in embarrassment.

"Cass, do you see how weak those guys are when you stare them down, talk back to them? You understand, don't you? You had to feel great when you bet up that bully outside the movies a couple of weeks ago. I know we got off to a bad start but you and I are two of a kind. We need to get back at boys and become great friends while we're at it."

I knew Karen was right. Just the thought of being able to stare down boys like she did, to make them so uncomfortable that they back away was thrilling. The warning bell for home room period jarred me out of my reverie. Karen squeezed my hand in hers and started up the stairs with me following close behind.

I still couldn't shake the image from my mind of Karen as she adjusted her pettis. The thought of being dressed in crisp white pettis under a full skirt with a cinch belt was making me almost hard. I managed to

get to homeroom and sit down at my desk without being noticed.

Karen made a show of going up to the chemistry teacher and handing him a note from the school nurse. She had somehow managed to convince the school nurse that she had irritated her eye and would need to wear sunglasses in school for a few days.

The rest of the school day was pretty ordinary except that a group of girls who had styled themselves as 'elite' invited me to join them at their table in the cafeteria during lunch. After some small talk they quizzed me on what I knew about Karen who had apparently snubbed several invitations to become part of this group of snobs. I knew I was being used but the attention I was suddenly getting as somehow perceived to be close to Karen was quite the thing after so many years being seen as a sissy and a chump.

My enjoyment of this chat with the snobby girls was increased by the occasional sidelong glances I got from girls as well as boys as they noticed me in passing by this exclusive table. At one a really cute boy named Ron headed in our direction. Our eyes locked on each other and continued so as he came closer. He smiled at me in a warm, friendly way and I felt a surge of adrenaline and couldn't resist smiling back. My heart was racing and I lost track of the conversations going on around me.

After school Karen passed me in front of the building and asked me to phone her that evening. "Can't stop now," she explained as she hurried to her mother's car which was waiting for her at the curb. I looked at her as she got into the car and watched it pull away.

All that had happened that day left me more than a little overwhelmed so I decided to walk home to allow myself a little time to review my reactions to what had gone on. As I waited to cross the street I was startled by a voice alongside me. It was Ron and my reaction to his greeting was no different from what it had been earlier in the lunchroom. It took a second or two but I managed to pull myself together and answer with some poise. "Oh, hello," I answered trying to be nonchalant. "Didn't I see you in the lunchroom?"

"Neat, you remembered! I saw you outside the movies a few weeks ago. I thought the way you took care of that loudmouth was sensational."

"Well, thanks," was all I could get out.

"You know those girls you were with, they really pretty selfish. Be careful of those b..." He caught himself in time to keep from using the word the word *bitches* in front of me. It was as if he were reacting to me like I was a real girl instead of a faggot. It was a feeling I had never had before but it was something I knew right then that I could learn to enjoy that feeling.

"You can say the 'b' word. I've heard it before."

Ron made a point of introducing himself to me and then apologized for having to go to practice. What he had to practice was a mystery to me but I acted as if I understood perfectly. It turned out later he was on the school baseball team.

"Say, you're a swell kid. Might be nice if we could get to know each other over a soda or something."

I was beginning to think he wanted to have a few laughs at my expense, to make me look like a desperate fool ready to play any role to get some attention so I answered standoffishly to say the least. "Ron, you

seem pretty nice but why would you risk losing your reputation by being seen with a freak like me."

"Look, maybe we can just talk in school. See you around."

"Not if I see you first," I managed to sound coldly aloof as I disdainfully rejected Ron's attempt to make me feel beholden at his willingness to stoop to talk to me..

Ron seemed genuinely disappointed although there could have been dozens of reasons for his reacting that way. As for me, I felt empowered by having been bitchy to a boy for the first time in my life. Things might be looking up for me as I now realized I didn't have to jump at the first crumb of recognition from anyone. Maybe some of Karen's loathing of boys and her skill at rejecting them and making them crawl back for more was rubbing off on me.

After helping my mom with the after supper cleanup, I went to my room and started to hit the books. This was far from my usual pattern of going for a walk and then watching television doing a little homework and studying as necessary to maintain a B to C+ average. In my mind it didn't really matter as we had no money for me to go to college and it was unlikely that an effeminate boy with no varsity sports would win a college scholarship. To add to the reasons I used for rationalizing not putting in effort was having been pushed out of the groups of girls who studied together on Friday and Sunday nights while they talked about girl things. Maybe now that Karen was talking to me I might be invited back to these gatherings.

Perhaps this change began the night Karen had given me a ride home the front of the movie theatre that rainy night when I first stood up against a would be bully. I was certain that she was somehow offering me some level of friendship. I guess I felt that I had to stop being a marginal student if I was to continue to be accepted by Karen who was, after all, an outstanding grind as well as a bitch.

Mother raised her eyebrows but said nothing as I went to my room, turned on the radio but left the door ajar in order to hear the phone if it rang which it did about half an hour later. I turned the radio down so I could hear my mother as she answered.

“Yes, he’s home...I’ll ask if he can speak to you...Jut one moment, Karen.”

Mother pulled the phone as close to my room as it would reach. (No wireless phones in the fifties and we didn’t have an extension.) My heart was racing at the realization that Karen deigned to phone me. I tried to sound blasé as I greeted Karen while trying to close my bedroom door on the receiver cord.

“Cassie, I heard about how you got rid of that jerky Ron. I just wish I were there to see it. You are really cut him down to size. Say, what are your plans for Friday night? You can come over my house and we can study. It will be fun. No other girls so we can really get acquainted. Look, I know I was mean to you but...Oh, never mind. Just come over.”

This was too good to believe. Karen had just invited me to study with her at her house and it would be just the two of us. Not that I saw her as a girlfriend, not in the dating sense. It was just that I was so flattered at being singled out to spend some time with this inaccessible queen of the school. Despite her nasty

standoffishness or maybe because of it Karen was sought after by all sorts of cliques. Big man on campus types tried to date her but had their egos deflated by her sharp tongue. She had rescued me from total embarrassment the night I lashed out at a loudmouth in front of the movies and she had been nice to me ever since. Deep down I knew there might be selfish motives but my need for acceptance, so long unmet that I despaired of being anything but a loner was now being fulfilled. *What's in it in for Karen? I asked myself. What does she see in a loner like me? Hey, Karen's a loner too. She's never had close friends and never ever stayed long as part of a one group. Could be that this will be an okay friendship.*

Friday night came and I set out for Karen's house. It was a large colonial set on a corner plot. For the first time ever I made my way to the side door and rang the bell. Karen answered the door herself.

"Come on in. My folks are away for the night. Let's go up to my room."

I followed her up the backstairs where she led me to the second floor and the back end of the house. It was then, as Karen led the way up the stairs, that I first noticed how firm and shapely her calves were. In those days of modest skirts one needed an unusual perspective to get a full view of a girl's calves let alone her entire leg. That, for the moment, was the perspective I had.

"That's my bedroom and this is my sitting room as Mother calls it. She says a girl my age needs privacy although she's always nosing through my desk and dresser. My bathroom's through that door in case you need it." She opened the bathroom door as if to be sure





I understood what she meant. It was pretty posh. Tub and stall shower as well as a lighted mirror over the sink. Her sweeping gesture was, I thought, meant to show me how luxurious her bathroom was but it might have been meant to call my attention to the drying rack in the tub. I surreptitiously looked at the drying rack or

more exactly at the *things, intimates* as they were called back then, draped on the rack. Panties in so many different fabrics and colors arrested my attention. A few panty girdles added to the thrilling array of intimate apparel. As I longed to reach out and caress these wonderful bits of nylon or cotton, I openly admitted to myself that I wanted ever so much to know the feel of lingerie against my skin, to feel the restraint of a girdle.

Karen took me by the wrist and led me from the bathroom. "We've got some work to do. We can have some fun later. I promise." She did leave the bathroom door ajar before flopping down onto her bed and fanning her thighs with her skirt. A knowing, flirtatious glance from Karen made me a little uncomfortable at having been treated to a glance of her red panties.

"Come on into the sitting room. We've got work to do."

Karen had lots of what she called study aids spread on the couch in her sitting room. They were mostly outlines of what we had to know for our history class. Karen drilled me on what she had set up and I, in turn drilled her. She asked me to turn away from her when she asked me questions. That seemed weird until I noticed I was looking into the open bathroom which afforded me a very clear view of the lingerie adorned drying rack. It did make it difficult to concentrate but if I could flesh out the outlines I was memorizing with that marvelously tantalizing distraction, I could do it on any essay question in class.

After about an hour and a half of intense practice Karen called for a break.

"Let's go down to the kitchen and I'll make us some coffee, tea if you prefer or soda. Cake with or without ice cream might go well with the hot coffee.

“Say, why don’t I bring down some of my sketch books and you can look at them. I almost never show them to anyone but I’m really getting to like you...” Karen pulled me to my feet, took some pads from a cabinet and led the way to the kitchen.

Once in the kitchen put the sketch pads on the table and started the coffee percolator. She pulled a chair alongside mine and began to show me her drawings.

“Well, what do you think?”

“Karen, these are so luscious! It’s like surrealism but so sexy.”

“All these are drawn from my imagination. I started doing fashion doodles in my notebooks like lots of girls but then I got stuck on undies, nice things, nothing cheap or slutty. This idea came to me; drawing super-realistic sketches of all-American girl types in pretty underthings but posed like the great artists posed their models.”

“I don’t know what to say about these, they’re just so great. Unbelievable but so real.”

“Unbelievable but real, is that what you like? Take a look at these.”

I stared intensely as Karen slowly turned the pages of a smaller sketch book.

“Never mind these girdle designs. Something I think about doing for a living someday, designing foundations.”

I nodded as if I really knew what she meant by ‘foundations.’ From the drawings she pointed to I guessed it had something to do with girdles, brassieres and such. Then, as Karen paused in her page turning, my mouth dropped open in total astonishment

She was holding up a pastel sketch of a slender, flat chested girl with shoulder length hair and side swept bangs. Her large dark eyes stared provocatively from the page and seemed to follow the viewer. Her hands rested on her hips as if pointing to the waist band of her powder blue panties, one which just skimmed her navel. What gave the drawing its ultimate surreal quality was the subtle but obvious outline of her penis through the clingy fabric of her panties!

"I guess you really do like it, don't you?"

"Karen, you're just such a sensational artist. You show every part of her in such detail. I can just imagine what you could do if you had a live model."

"No one would ever model for art like that... Unless..." Karen's face lit up as she paused as if pondering what she was going to say next. "Cassie, would you?"

Karen's question set my mind racing with possibilities. I visualized myself in brief panties posed on a couch, my face made up to highlight my best, that is to say, my most feminine features. Earrings too, emerald studs to match my green eyes or dangly earrings reminiscent of nineteenth century nobility, the beautiful ladies and courtesans of Paris and St. Petersburg.

"Really, Cassie darling, there's no need to blush although it does become you. And I know the possibilities appeal to you."

"How do you know?" I answered completely discomfited by Karen's all knowing expression.

She leaned closer to me and patted my growing erection through my slacks. Her intent was not, I'm sure, erotic, but playful. It broke the tension that was suddenly building between us. I started giggling which

led Karen to burst out into laughter which sounded not at all mean.

“Cassie, you are too, too inhibited. Not that you need to open up in front of all the boors around here but you can be more open with yourself about who you need to be. No, let me change that; just be open about who you really are. And you can be open, be who you are with friends who understand and don’t condemn what they can’t understand.”

Karen’s brief and friendly tirade shocked me into accepting that I couldn’t forever remain as repressed as local values forced me to be.

“You know me and understand me better than most people ever could. Just maybe better than I know myself. And you’re so right. Please, Karen,” I continued as my eyes welled up with tears, tears of joyful anticipation, “help me find who I was meant to be and then help me become that person.”

Karen stood and pressed my face to her tummy as if consoling an unhappy child.

“Cassie, I promise I’ll help you and, believe me, I’ll keep you from getting hurt in the process.”

I sniffled as I wiped the tears from cheeks with the back of my hand. Karen’s indulgent smile reassured me that good things were in store for me.

“How about some ice cream with your cake?” Karen made everything seem normal again. Let me correct that. She didn’t make everything seem normal again; she made things feel normal for the first time in a very long time. She scooped some ice cream from the freezer compartment of her fridge onto my plate. I looked up at her and spoke. “When do I start modeling for you?”