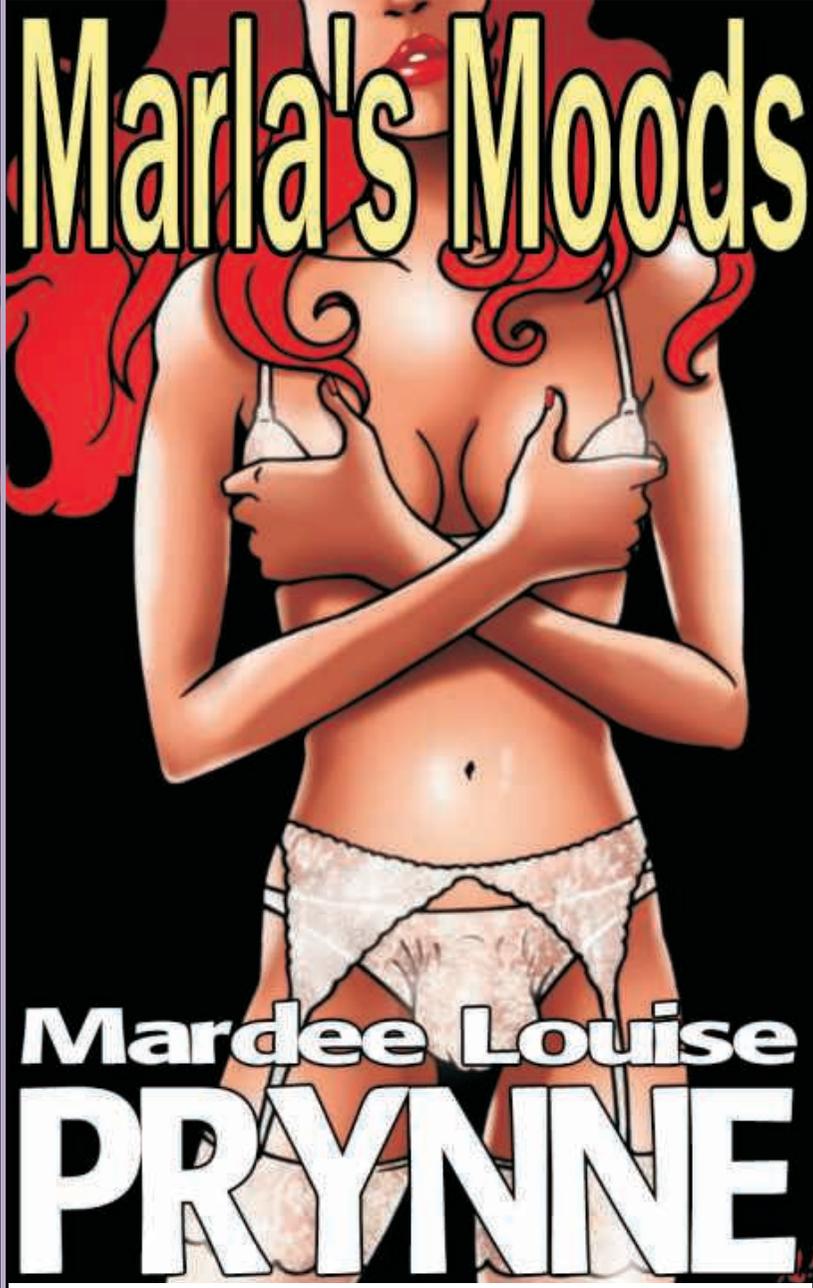


# Marla's Moods

A stylized illustration of a woman with voluminous, curly red hair. She is wearing a white bra and white lace underwear. Her hands are positioned to cover her breasts. The background is black, and the overall style is reminiscent of classic pulp magazine covers.

Mardee Louise

**PRYNNNE**

Copyright © 2013, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet***

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

# MARLA'S MOODS

**By Mardee Louise Prynne**

## PROLOGUE

Eddie was so very uncomfortable being called Ed but he accepted it all the same. Back in high school everyone called him Eddie. During the eventful half year between completing his course requirements and the graduation ceremony, the name Edie had become attached to him and he loved it. He tolerated being Ed during his stint in the United States Navy. There was little choice unless he wanted his transvestite proclivities to become known. That would have been a guarantee of disaster.

Garth Landow was likely the one who had smoothed his way to the best assignments. Garth had also given

Edie her first taste of the power a woman, even one as young and inexperienced as Edie, a girl with that something extra can exert over a man. Eddie wasn't unhappy that Garth's contacts with him had become limited to very occasional phone calls from pay phones or from the apartments of what Garth called "intimate and trustworthy friends."

That was okay with Eddie. There was, he had been told, reason to fear Garth Landow.

Eddie avoided showing as much as a hint of his femme persona except when he visited Leah, his older sister, in New York. Even then it was never in public places but only at cocktail parties given by Leah and a close circle of her friends. Naval security or even the FBI might be looking over Edie's shoulder at any time.

The very real concern that Edie might be discovered didn't keep either Eddie or Edie from staying in touch with Leah and the few friends Edie had back in New York. It was always Eddie who wrote and it was to Eddie that the replies were written. The content was bland enough on the surface but served to keep Eddie well enough informed of the progress of La Boutique Boheme. The phone calls that Edie made to New York were always from pay phones located far from USN facilities.

Eddie's need to protect Edie from the curious and possibly treacherous people around him led him to settle for an all but non-existent social life in the DC area. Concerts, visits to museums and lectures on his own were it except for an occasional cup of coffee or few beers after hours with a couple of the guys with whom he felt comfortable.

He kept in close touch with Rick, Leah, and Rhonda Landow by taking the train to New York every time had more than forty-eight hours away from his assignment.

Often during Eddie's visits to New York, Edie reappeared.

Assigned to the Washington DC area, his duties as a typist clerk/medical transcriber kept him from becoming bored. Ed was promoted to petty officer third class in record time. The downside was that he began to envy the hospital corps personnel, especially the nurses and aides, both male and female. Not that he didn't wear whites on duty; it was that he didn't get to flirt by bending or kneeling to deliberately show off panty lines!

A few of the more sophisticated officers and enlisted personnel noticed that as Ed became more comfortable on the job, his sitting posture, especially when taking shorthand, became more femme. The occasional lustful glances from some of the staff reassured him that Edie had not lost her ability to attract and control both men and women. His uncanny ability to sense what was then called "sexual inversion" in others gave him the confidence to wink or flash an enticing smile at just the right moment. It was always a thrill when the person ogling him lasciviously looked away in embarrassment.

Some few who were drawn to him in this way were driven enough to chat him up and hint at a date. He always refused. Well, almost always! He never failed to imply a hint of encouragement, just enough to keep them coming back for more.

As Eddie's discharge date neared, he was promoted to second class petty officer as an enticement to ship over. No, but thank you all the same.

\* \* \*

Contrary to custom Eddie declined an evening of toasting to his success in the civilian world. Since he was

to be discharged the next morning he saw no harm in agreeing to drinks and dinner with a hospital corpsman who was as much a loner as he was. Eddie somehow knew that Marlon kept to himself for the same reasons he himself did. Surely something might happen between them but what possible consequences could come of it when he would be a civilian in about eighteen hours?

Eddie almost showed up as Eddie prepared for what he hoped would be a date. His choice of clothing screamed off duty military although officer rather than enlisted, or maybe just out of college. Tan trousers, blue oxford cloth shirt and navy blue blazer along with cordovan penny loafers were quietly masculine. All this had been laid out the evening before.

He smiled as he opened the gift package Carol Lee had given him on his last visit to New York. Body wash, shampoo, conditioner; bland enough items but just feminine enough that he dared not be seen buying them in DC.

Nude now, he rested his foot on the bathtub edge as he smoothed the shaving cream over his wet skin. Shaving his legs was not a necessity given his naturally sparse body hair. It was simply a thrill to engage in this simple task that real girls found so ordinary and which Eddie reveled in for its sensuality.

With an eye toward shaving his underarms, he laid the razor and shaving cream on the shelf on the shower. *No, not yet*, he thought. *Never know what might happen, who might see something. Better play it safe at least until I get back home.* Eddie, who was straining to be acknowledged, was consoled by being allowed to tweeze her eyebrows before showering.

The gift from Vera Lawsine was still wrapped when Eddie took off his robe and opened the dresser drawer.

He smiled, pleased for the umpteenth time that he had, at Vera's urging, rented this tiny apartment in Georgetown. He was shocked to find that Vera was paying his rent "for the sake of mental health."

It was no surprise that the gift box contained three pairs of panties. The white wouldn't attract attention even if someone glimpsed them in the gents. No one could possibly notice the absence of a fly.

Edie was making her presence felt as the mirror smiled back at the elated soon to be discharged sailor. The cotton clung to his hips and to his shapely, well proportioned bottom. The outline of his circumcised cockhead through the very innocent styled panties added to the androgynous allure of the still boyish twenty-one year old. In profile the curve created by his balls made Edie's attractions even more unique. A pity no one that evening would have the opportunity to appreciate the very seductive look under the lackluster, unimaginative and conventional male combination that concealed just a bit of Edie. But then again, sans male outer wear, it would be more than just a bit of Edie that might materialize.

*Damn! It's more than two years since I fist dressed, openly dressed as a girl and I still don't know how far I want to go with being Edie. Sometimes panties are more than enough. More and more it's that I'm attracted to cute femme guys. Maybe I'm meant to be Eddie and have affairs with girls like Edie. Just how do I know for sure?*

\* \* \*

## MARLON'S DIARY

Dear Diary:

I promised to see Eddie tomorrow night. Everyone calls him Ed but Eddie sounds so much cuter and it suits him so much better. He's just so neat!

I've decided to telephone Mother and ask her, beg her if I have to, to let me come home and talk with her and Daddy. It might be better to write to her but I think I'll call. Forcing me to join the navy hasn't taught me to be a man, only how to bury Marla deeper and deeper so that by now she's suffocating. I'm horribly depressed and need desperately to talk with someone or I'll go mad.

Eddie is my only hope. Maybe he'll like me the way that boys like girls. I swear I'm never going to throw myself at him until I'm sure; although that would be so sexy, so exciting. It's just that I'm scared of what might happen to me if...always that if. It's just so hateful

An inspiration! There are ways to drop hints and see how Eddie responds.

That's all for now. I have so much more to say but I do have to get ready to meet Eddie.

\* \* \*

## **PREPARATIONS**

The slender figure pulled the terry robe tightly across her chest and shuddered. Marl was what the few friends he had growing up called him. It suited both Marlon and Marla; Marl was a safely androgynous name that didn't shout femme. Marla was unequivocally a name reserved for female and as much as Marl longed to live as female, it would have been suicidal to adopt a femme name.

The dark cloud of impending depression had passed and now Marl was hopeful, perhaps too hopeful. He took a yellow nylon panty from the bottom dresser drawer,

laid it on the bathroom vanity surface and then studied his won movements in the large mirror

As she shrugged the robe from his shoulders and let it slide to the floor. The slim body retained the dancer's firmness he had developed in high school. Pleased that his breasts were still those of a younger boy, he resolved to start taking herbal supplements to help them develop female contours. *And not like those silly cows that so many guys got hot over. Oh, no, not I. Just enough to fill a size "A" bra cup, thank you. Well, B might not be too awful.* His fingers teased his nipples until they hardened.

Marl opened a drawer, selected a coral nail polish, rested her foot on the toilet seat and did her toe nails. That was a safe option. *He'll never know unless I'm convinced he can accept someone like me.* Then he stepped into the panties.

After hanging the terry robe on the inside of the bathroom door, Marl pulled on a flat knit tank top under shirt. Masculine enough except that it was powder blue. It wasn't a very risky choice since no one would see it so why not wear something in a color that made him feel good. (Men's underthings were still boring white in those days with the exception of boxer shorts which young men like Eddie and Marlon only wore when required to by USN uniform regulations and then those had to be white as well.)

Marl stretched the drying cord across the top of the tub/shower enclosure then took the drying rack from the closet and set it up in the tub. Stockings in practical skin tone shades along with a pair of very sheer very black stockings were hung on the cord as if left to dry. Some cotton panties and a cami graced the rack. *Oh, why not? My panty girdle might be just the thing to turn him on.*

Marla was quite used to the feel of feminine underthings in his hands and on his body but as he thought this display might be the start of an affair, he began to get hard. He fantasized about undressing with Eddie as each gave himself to the other's needs. Marl resisted the urge to jerk-off. *Save it up just in case...*

A rumble of distant thunder brought a frown to the boy/girl's face. She had started day dreaming about walking through a park, slipping her arm through Eddie's at just the right moment. A glance through the living room window showed the lightning flashes that ended the day-dream of a spontaneous hug and kiss in the dark vales of Rockwood Park. A disappointed sigh and Marl resumed dressing.

White slacks and a dark blue blouselike shirt. Black slip-on shoes that might have been meant for a man or a woman were next. Posing in front of the dresser mirror, her fingers toyed with the top buttons of the shirt. She practiced a shy smile as she opened the buttons, turned up her collar and made sure the blue tank top could be seen underneath.

The smile turned to a frown of disgust as she turned her face aside. *Why am I even bothering with this? He'll just smack me around for being what I am. It's what they all do when they find out. . That wouldn't be as bad as if he turns me in. Even though Daddy wants nothing more to do with me I just know he won't let me end up in Portsmouth Naval Prison. Mommy would divorce him if he ever let that happen. What a delicious scandal that could turn out to be!*

That thought reassured Marl enough to start putting on jewelry. A gold copy of an ancient necklace, a matching cuff bracelet along with a small birthstone ring were enough pieces of jewelry. *The necklace is much too femme; a sure give away.* It was replaced by a scarf folded around her neck and tucked into her blouse; it complemented the

slate blue of her eyes. An off white raincoat, so fashionable for college girls and boys along with a wide brimmed matching hat gave her a smart look that might make on-lookers wonder if this were a male or a female. *Let them wonder. Might be good for them to have their smug egos to be shaken up a bit.*

The phone rang as she reached into the hall closet for an umbrella. Half fearing, half anticipating it might be Eddie, she lifted the receiver.

“Marlon, it’s me Eddie. Let me pick you up in a cab or something. It’s going to pour soon.”

“My, you are sweet! But I promise I won’t melt. Say, there’s a quiet little lounge around the corner. We can meet there, have a drink and decide where to have dinner. If you don’t think I’m being forward you can come up to my place. And if you’re worried about the weather, there’s a great pizza shop on the corner. I’ll phone for a pie and you can pick it up on the way here.”

“That sounds swell bout only if I can pick up some wine. Do you like Chianti?”

\* \* \*

## **EDDIE’S NARRATIVE**

The Connecticut Avenue bus took me out to Chevy Chase. I followed the directions Marlon had given me over the phone. The shopping street featured a few small restaurants and an assortment of shops. The one that caught my eye was a ladies specialty shop that offered clothing and lingerie as well as foundations. The window displays were tasteful but enticing albeit much more conservative than those of La Boutique Boheme. Only the im-

pending storm kept me from window shopping for more than a minute or two; just enough time to set me wondering what it would be like to own and operate a place like this in a very middle class suburb with an undoubtedly repressed clientele which, under it all, was ready to break loose.

I stopped in the nearby liquor store, selected a bottle of Chianti Classico. As I paid for it I had this momentary fantasy of sitting in a dimly lit room. It might have been a restaurant or the dining room of somebody's home. A girl in a basic black dress sat opposite me; definitely a classy lady but that didn't keep her from being sexy and desirable. Her face was Marlon's! Maybe I had been sitting on what could have been a good thing. Nothing would have been worth it if the nosey bodies starting snooping around and we ended up with a six, six and a kick. (Six months hard labor, six months forfeiture of pay, and a dishonorable discharged.) But I was to become a civilian in about eighteen hours so anything goes.

Then I thought it wouldn't be fair to mess up Marlon's life for my own selfish fling. A night of sex wouldn't be worth the guilt I would have to carry around. The best way to handle this was to convince myself that just because Marl was short and slender didn't mean he was queer. Then why am I thinking of him as *petite*?

I picked up the pie and was in the vestibule of Marl's building just as the downpour started. The voice that answered the buzzer might have belonged to a man or a woman but that was because the two way buzzer systems distort thing terribly; or so I rationalized.

Marl looked delicious as he stood in the doorway waiting for me. The hip on which his hand rested was cocked to one side as if to call attention to the very tailored fit of the white slacks. The other hand rested at shoulder height on the doorframe. Given the soft light of

the hall and the dim light in the doorway it might have been Marl or his sister standing there.

The shudder I felt as Marl's finger tips brushed my wrist as he reached for the wine bottle was anything but unpleasant. I couldn't help thinking of Marl as a girl from that moment on. She set the still wrapped bottle of wine on the counter, opened the preheated oven and put the pizza on baking sheet to reheat. The shot hairs on the back of my neck stood up as she brushed by me. A modest twinkle in her eye made my tummy jump as her tush brushed against my hip. Was I really blushing as intensely as I felt I was?

My head was spinning as the intense emotional and physical reaction to Marl was like nothing I had ever experienced since Connie; only it wasn't exactly like I felt with Connie. Marl had set me off with all the feelings generated by Connie and Joanie together; it felt good and it felt right!

"Just the right wine for pizza. I'll open it and pour so it can breathe. We'll start with salad. Now go wash up. Bathroom's at the end of the hall."

Marl, at least in girl mood if not mode, was proving to be a take charge type. That was okay as long it stayed in balance. Of course I had no trouble finding the bathroom in that tiny apartment.

My heart sank when I saw the girl underthings and stocking drying in the bathroom. No one in any military branch would leave this stuff around when he was going to have another serviceman visit for the first time. Marl, despite all his swishy qualities had to be living with a woman! And in that tiny apartment they had to be more than just friends. The balloon that had been making me feel I was floating burst and dropped me and my mood

right down into the dump and just when I thought Marl was handing me the solution to my conundrum.

The days I spent as Edie, the very helpful sales assistant had, I believed, given me a real sense of which male customer would turn out to be a trannie and which was just a guy buying things for his female lover or perhaps his male lover. It had been a year and a half since I first noticed Marlon at the hospital at which we were both assigned. No one could mistake the small, narrow waisted boy for a macho type. But it was only over the last week or two that I came to believe he might be a trannie; wishful thinking on my part. A trannie wouldn't leave his femme undies out to be seen by someone he wasn't sure of so I gave up my hope that something romantic might happen between us. It just wasn't going to happen.

Not only wasn't there any hope for a night of romance and sex but I would go home no closer to having solved the problem of which alternative was right for me; living as an almost full time trannie or having a permanent relationship with a passable full time trannie.

It was really my fault for letting my needs take over my judgment so I was determined to be nice, polite and pleasant toward Marl. My smile was forced as I saw

Marl pouring the wine.

"I really appreciate a man like you, a man who can make something ordinary into a special occasion." She sounded like she meant it. Excuse me for being cynical.

"Thanks for the compliment but you're coming across as a class act yourself. I feel badly though, guilty really. What if your girlfriend shows up?"

Marl looked really puzzled as she put her finer tips over my mouth to shush me. Her eyes were getting watery as she took a deep breath to avoid crying.

“Eddie, whatever are you talking about. There is no girlfriend in my life, not now, not ever. Somehow I really believed, hoped you had a better sense of what I’m all about or else you wouldn’t be here with someone like me.”

“But all those things drying in the bathroom...”

“I deliberately left those things out for you to see, you dope. It was a way to let you know what I can be for you if you let me. Now just get out of here and we’ll both forget this happened.”

“No, Marl, let me have a chance so we can make this the special occasion we both want it to be.”

I took her gently in my arms and kissed away the tears that were running down her face. She pulled herself together as if nothing untoward had gone on, took the pizza from the oven, lifted her wine glass and toasted, “To us and to our affair.”

She started to turn away from me even as she pressed my fingers in her hand. Still halfway facing me, she stepped back and let our hands slide apart. The look on her face was anything but happy or peaceful. Marl raised her wine glass, let it linger with the rim against her lower lip, tilted it so the claret liquid touched the rim and then lapped a tiny bit with the tip of her tongue.

I drew a breath involuntarily and held it for a few seconds as I tried to anticipate what would happen next.

“Don’t get any ideas,” Marl challenged. “That’s just the way I taste wine.”

Marl dipped her fingertip into the wine and brought it to my lips. I gently sucked her finger into my mouth. “Mmm, promising! I hate men who think they have to imitate a vacuum cleaner.”

That playful remark encouraged my hopes, and increased my desire for both romance and sex with Marl. It also made me feel jealous while challenging me.

She could have been teasing but it was just as likely that she had had other male lovers before. The challenge was that I would have to be a better lover than any she had known in the past.

Marl slowly pulled her finger from my mouth and then shuddered in mock revulsion. "Oh, dear! I had better wash my hands before I serve the salad."

As she started to move toward the hallway, her hand caressed my bottom and then paused, her finger tips tracing the hem of my panties. "Ooh, so sexy. And I do really mean that, Eddie."

She blew me a kiss as she turned down the hallway. Being gone for longer than necessary to wash her hands made me wonder what she was up to. Marl had created a few subtle but significant changes in those few minutes. Understated though the changes were, she had transformed herself from androgynous to being unequivocally femme.

Very light lipstick, some eye shadow and liner enhanced her naturally large, expressive eyes. She had done away with the scarf and left the top buttons of her blouse undone to reveal the picot edge of her white bra. Whether the bra was padded or Marl had used falsies, the superbly proportioned effect she had achieved was flawlessly femme. The soft curve of her skin over the edge of the bra cup made my mouth go dry. I was more convinced than ever that what I needed most in life was a lover like this perfect girl/boy. Rooted to the spot unable to move, I was mesmerized by the simple yet total transition Marl had effected.

A sad embarrassed smile played over her face. She looked down and away from me as she pushed her hair back from her forehead. "Ridiculous, aren't I?" She didn't wait for me to answer but prattled on. "I never ever felt right as a boy but my father called me ridiculous ever single time I showed the least bit of girlishness. He always said I was ridiculous, asked who would want some freak...More and more I know he was right. So very silly pretending that I could ever fit in anywhere...I tried so hard tonight but I just know how it will end. It always ends that way. Best thing for me would be to end it once and for all... Don't try to convince me otherwise..."

I grabbed her upper arms in my hands and held her as still as possible as she sobbed. "Look at me. You're nothing of the sort. Forget all the lies you were told about yourself." It was my turn to chatter away with every supportive and flattering line I could think of. Marla's sobbing slowed down as she looked up at me.

"Eddie, I'm sorry I'm ruining your evening. Forget the last fifteen minutes or however long my outburst lasted. We'll have our pizza and finish the wine. If you don't think I'm too revolting then maybe we can have sex. After all, you'll be on your way home this time tomorrow so you'll never have to look at me again..."

My hand was gently over her mouth as I spoke softly. "Marl, honey, I don't want to have sex with you. What I want is for us to make love together. There's a difference."

A mischievous light appeared in Marl's eyes, eyes still moist with tears. I yelped as a sharp pain shot through my hand. Marl had bitten me! "How can I tell you how much I need you to make love to me when you have that paw over my mouth? But I need to take this slowly, be sure that you're not giving in to an impulse. And I just know we're both going to need a lot of energy for whatever happens."

We had just about emptied the first glass of wine when we finished the salad. The quizzical look on Marl's face had perturbed me since we sat down to eat.

"Marl, there's something about me that's troubling you. What is it?"

"Am I that obvious? Of course I am or you wouldn't have asked me that. You left for New York every chance you got. Did you break off with her or were you the one who was dumped?"

"I know I want to give myself to you but the thought of never seeing you again, especially knowing you've gone back to your girlfriend...would kill me."

"Marla...Oh, hell! That slipped out..."

"Don't apologize! Just don't. Since I was in high school I've been dreaming some guy would call me that and not be making fun of me. The catch is that I never expected from a guy who's two timing his girl back home."

"Marla, there is no one else; not here and not back home. Give me chance to prove it to you. Come up to New York when you have seventy-two hour liberty and I'll show you the place I helped set up; a kind of oddball, classy fashion boutique but it caters to girls like you by appointment."

Marla listened intently as I told her about my feelings for Connie although I somehow felt it better to leave Joanie for some future conversation.

"I swear I'm not trying to find a, a special, yeah that's the word, a special girl to take Connie's place. She opened me up to a whole universe of possibilities so I owe that snob that much at least. Maybe we both owe her because if she hadn't opened y eyes we wouldn't be together now and I wouldn't be falling for you."

Marla looked contemplative. Although she was facing me her eyes were seeing something a thousand miles or a thousand years away from where we were. She came back to the here and now as she got to her feet, walked toward me, tilted my face toward hers, and kissed me. It wasn't a long deep kiss but it was full of trust and promise.

"Oh, gosh! I wish I had the confidence to have a worn a dress." Marla's giggle was like the soft sound of a wind chime on a spring day. "If you don't mind cold pizza, I'll excuse myself. Back in two shakes." Her walk was femme but without the exaggeration that turns so many otherwise convincing trannies into poor parodies of femininity. And yet there were enough intangibles about Marla that, while she could pass anywhere, reassured me she had sine qua non that made her the kind of girl I knew I needed.

Glancing over her shoulder as she turned down the hallway, she called out "How about topping off our glasses?" Who was I to disagree with a desirable girl?

\* \* \*

## MARLA'S DIARY

Dear Diary:

Eddie is so keen. I know he's sincere and really wants me. In just a few hours he erased all the mistrust and fear built up over my whole life. I knew I had to pleasure him so that he would be hot enough to cut loose and do all the things I've always needed. Well, maybe not all since this was our first tryst. There I go using big words again. I would love to finish college but it won't be at Daddy's old school. That was bad enough the first time. It has to be a

women's college next time and not Mommy's; I need to be my own woman.

Anyhow, I was in such a hurry to get into a dress that I was unbuttoning my blouse as soon as my back was to Eddie. I just had to get back to Eddie while he was still turned on enough to have sex with me. Unless that awful snob Connie and that silly boutique wee just lies I had no doubt he would know how to pleasure me in ways even I hadn't dreamed of.

My blouse was flung onto the bed as soon as I was through my bedroom door. Literally kicking off my shoes, I undid the zipper on my slacks and wiggled out of them.

This was no time to worry about matching my underthings so I just grabbed a garter belt and a pair of stocking from my dresser.

I stood narcissistically in front of my full length mirror in hopes of further arousing myself as I lowered my panties to the top of my thighs and fastened the garter belt. I slid the straps under my panties and pulled them into place. The panty was just tight enough to show that I was circumcised yet not so tight as to make me seem slutty I turned, inspected my tush. The semicircular seam of the gusset would, I was certain, make me even more irresistible to Eddie considering that was the only he could penetrate me to end my virginity.

Giving up my virginity to a cute guy had been my dream ever since I figured out that girls like me could literally fuck. Oh, sure I knew it might be painful the first few times but I also knew I would love it!

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I rolled the stocking and slipped it over my foot. Unlike the hundreds of times I practiced this simple everyday act that real girls surely take for granted, practice in which I slowly moved the filmy nylon over my leg to entice the lover I who existed

only in my fantasy, I moved as quickly as I could. Clipping only one garter clasp to the stocking, I donned the second one in a similar slow yet erotic manner.

On my feet now, I smoothed the nylon until it was as wrinkle free as my skin, snapped the second garter tabs into place and stepped into my black patent t-straps. Turning to study the overall effect in the mirror, my heel caught in my slacks which were left on the floor. I lifted my foot to kick the slacks aside and fell hard on my bottom knocking over a chair as I went down.

I looked up to see Eddie standing in the doorway. "Let me help you up, okay?"

"Of course it's okay. Why wouldn't it be?"

He lifted me onto the bed and checked my ankle to see if I was hurt which, dignity aside, I was definitely not. Meanwhile Eddie sat on the edge of the bed with my calf resting across his thighs as he massaged my ankle.

"What happened?"

"Oh, Eddie, I feel so stupid. I wanted to look and feel like a girl for you but I was afraid you'd lose interest if I took too long so I hurried and tripped myself up."

As I talked he leaned over me and looked into my eyes in a way that made me uncomfortable.

"Eddie, you're scaring me looking at me like that. Why are you doing it?"

"Just looking for signs of concussion."

Taking advantage of his nearness, I put my arms around his shoulders, pulled him on top of me and covered his mouth with mine. His chest was against my bra and I could tell the silky-smooth feel of the cups had made his nipples as hard my own. He raised himself onto his knees but kept close enough that his panty covered cock was in contact with my tummy.

Eddie reached between my legs and cupped my balls in his soft, firm hand. Even through the gossamer nylon of my panty his finger tips sent gentle waves of sexual promise through my groin. Another kiss, deeper, longer and more probing than the first. Again, Eddie moved his mouth away leaving me whimpering, begging for more.

I reacted with a screech as his tongue danced over my tummy tantalizing me via my belly-button. Quivering with anticipation, I raised my hips as he slid my panties to my ankles leaving my cock pointing at the ceiling. My legs spread wide as I pulled my feet toward my hips. Eddie was knelt between my thighs, ran his tongue along the underside of my dick from base to rim, then sat up and looked at me with what I prayed was admiration, love, and lust all at once.

He was at my side now, caressing what would have been my breasts had I been a real girl. Nevertheless the slow movement of his fingers over my padded bra was thrilling. I sat up, reached behind me and unhooked the bra. His mouth gaped in awe as I massaged my tiny breasts. Almost non-existent for a girl, my tiny mounds and prominent nipples caused me no end of embarrassment in high school and in Navy boot camp.

I hated them all the more because they would have been cute on a girl but were so humiliating on me as a boy. But now for the first time I exalted in my tiny boobs as my lover stared in surprised adulation. A chill of excitement ran through me as his fingers circled my nipples until they were as erect and as swollen as my cock. Then he leaned over me, tongued my tits as his hand massaged my balls.

Eddie kissed my scrotum, licked his way over my thighs and between my legs to that sensitive I didn't even know existed, that source of pleasure undiscovered by most guys. Thank goodness there were no other apart-

ments adjacent to my bedroom or else the neighbors would have surely complained. I twitched and writhed as my lover's tongue traced the rim of my cockhead, enveloped the head. Electricity was building in me as he swallowed my entire shaft. "Fuck me, fuck me," I screamed, "No, no don't stop, don't stop!" My moans crescendoed as I came loudly and long while only vaguely aware that my lover was swallowing every drop of my cum.

"Delicious, that's what you are." Eddie looked like the proverbial cat that swallowed the canary.

"Am I? How can be sure unless you've sampled other girls' wares?" I meant only to tease this cute gut who had given my first sexual experience but I had struck a nerve, my own. It was a sure bet that to be this good at oral sex Eddie had to really on both instinct and experience.

Even as we cuddled in the rare combination of warmth and exhilaration that follows intense, meaningful love making, I knew that I was going to enjoy sex as often as I could get it and give it even if my affair with Eddie ended then and there. Kissing his lips tenderly and playfully I asked, "Why didn't you fuck me when I begged you?"

"Marla, honey, you're a classy lady, an all-American girl so coarse words like "fuck" don't fit the image. They're okay on arty types and tramps but neither type is you.

"Sure I want to go all the way with you but it's not going to be a quickie. When you're out we can go to some quiet inn on a lake in Connecticut and walk in the woods during the day and make love all night long."

I slapped his face, told him he was a prude, a selfish prude for not wanting to do what I needed after he did what he needed. Then I told him to leave.

Was that stupid or smartly independent? Only time will tell

Diary, this is a very long entry and more than enough for tonight; besides I'm going to cry.

PS

I still think Eddie is pretty neat.

\* \* \*

## EDDIE'S NARRATIVE

Giving head to Marla was incredible. She responded to touch with an innocence sense of discovery that convinced me she had never been with a guy before. I hated like hell to leave her since it was pretty obvious she was overwrought. It seemed she needed to cling to that moment of discovery and to me as if her life depended on it. If she had any awareness of how cute and attractive she was, she would have known she was serious competition to any real girl when it came to attracting guys even guys who weren't the least bit queer.

When it came time to say good night we stood in the doorway with our arms around each other, her head resting on my chest.

"I guess this is it..."

"Not if you don't want it to be. Marla, I swear I'm going to write to you and phone you whenever I can. I promised you that weekend in the country where you can give me your cherry in a dreamy, tender mood."

"That's a stupid thing to say. Girls like me don't have a cherry so just stop patronizing me and get out of my sight!"

This wasn't her first sudden change of mood that night but it was the most extreme. A moment before her face was almost beatific as she looked up at me longingly. Now she literally shoved me away.

"Marla, honey, I mean every word I say..."

Of course you do but you're fooling no one but yourself. This thing we have going between us is going to end horribly so let's just avoid the pain and call it quits right from the get go. And you can hate me for dumping you which is fine with me; better than me hating you for dumping me after the novelty wears off."

I reached out, grabbed her wrist and drew her to me in a misguided attempt to calm her. Tears were running down her cheeks as she finished her rant. Her mouth opened as I planted a passionate kiss on her. It was she who broke the kiss this time.

"Eddie, you're too nice a guy for someone like me. Please go now."

"Goodnight, Marl. Too bad we couldn't get anything going between us. Might have been special while it lasted."

I turned to leave, paused for a few seconds and walked toward the stairway. It wasn't easy keep from looking back at her.

"You can write to me if you like," she called to me as I neared the stairs. That was no reason to turn back. "Or you can call me."

*Kiddo, I thought to myself, you really had me going for a while. No, like you said, it could only end horribly. I have no idea what your problem is but it isn't just being a girl with a dick...I may be a sucker for admitting it but I swear I'm not going to let you go.*

Once outside I saw the rain had stopped and the sky had cleared. I was surprised that it wasn't even 8:30 according to the clock in a shop window. A lot had happened in the two hours since my bizarre visit with Marlon or Marla had started. Maybe it was her lonely vulnerability but I wasn't about to give up on her. I tried hard to convince myself that she needed my protection; but from what? From nothing but her own selfish machinations. All her agitation was coming from within her and it had a purpose. It enabled her to control me and anyone else she needed to serve her needs.

\* \* \*

The final paperwork was ready at 0900 hours and Eddie was given a handshake and his DD214 by ten AM and sent on his way. He had a reservation for New York on an early train the next day and planned to spend the rest of the day packing and cleaning out his apartment. But first he wanted to say good-bye to some of the staff who had been closer acquaintances than most. No, that wasn't it. He was hoping to catch one more glimpse of Marlon in his whites. Funny thing, though. Marlon wasn't on duty.

\* \* \*

## MARLA'S DIARY

Dear Diary:

This is the last entry that I'll make for a long time. It might even be the last entry I'll ever make.

I really messed up with Eddie. It's a mystery to me why I couldn't just loosen up enough keep from rejecting

him. Maybe it's because I hate men and want to hurt them and since I can't do it physically I have to do try to break their hearts. Getting back at Daddy is what my shrink used to call it.

I really did try to come across like a real man and a good son when I phoned Mommy after Eddie left.

Then I asked to speak to Daddy. What a mistake. All that did was give him another opportunity to berate me for every little thing that I've ever done. He went into a rage when all I said was "Hi Dad, this is your son." I wanted to tell him that I was going to try to be more like what he needed me to be and he yelled "How dare you claim to be my son?" It was horrible. He blamed me for all the friction between him and Mother. I'm glad I told Daddy that it was him and not me who made Mother an alcoholic.

I do know that my girlishness has been a trial to Mother. That really isn't my fault. toward us both.. Daddy's abusiveness and his womanizing were there before I was born and I'm glad I told him so before I hung up on him.

There is too much pain to tolerate. My decision is made.

I'll take some antihistamines with wine, sit in a warm bath and when I feel groggy enough, I'll slit my wrists. It will be just like falling asleep, a long and peaceful sleep.

Eddie, if you ever see this, please forgive me.