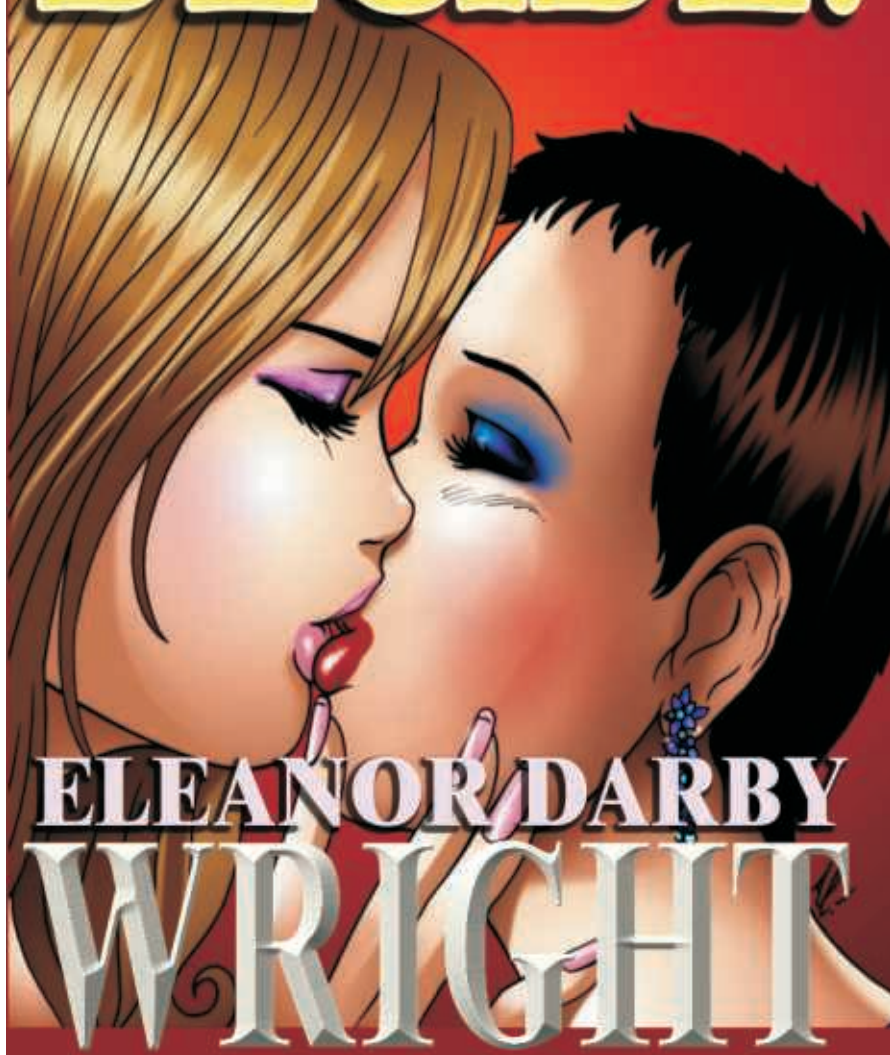


MARTIN OR MARCIE
DECIDE!



ELEANOR DARBY
WRIGHT

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MARTIN OR MARCIE: DECIDE!

by Eleanor Darby Wright

An excerpt from *Reputed to be a Girl*, the first part of the three part story about Marcie.

I should have slammed the phone down on her. "Penny!" I screamed at her, my voice going right up through the voice registers to that used by Marcie. "I am not doing that any more and I don't want to talk to you again!"

"Of course you do, Marcie!" said Penny then. "Look, girl, I am sorry about your mother. I really am. I know that we both called her a lot of names and I am sorry that I ever called her a lush. I really am. But don't you see what a wonderful opportunity this is for you. My goodness, Marcie, do I have to spell it out for you? You have a house where you can wear whatever you want at any time that you want to. You have a closet full of women's clothes and I can bring you over the half of my wardrobe that I never wear and you love getting into. Just think, every night and all weekend long, you can be a girl and nobody can tell you not to be. You are going to be my girl friend, Marcie, and we are going to drive the boys in Hillside absolutely crazy! Oh, and I have messages for you from both Brad Montford and Sean Unger for you to call them. So, what color are the panties that you are wearing right now?"

I. SEAN LOVES ME

"You're a guy," said Sean Unger as I sat on the end of my bed in my late mother's rustling, blue, cocktail dress and slipped the blue high heels over my stocking feet, crossing my nylons as I did so. My brunette, pageboy hair flowed about my face and my earrings

jiggled against my neck as I fitted the women's shoes to me. I could barely look at Sean, so afraid and nervous was I, as he studied my femininely madeup face. His eyes gleamed as he looked at the red lipstick I had chosen to wear instead of my usual, muted plum color.

"I won't tell anyone," I repeated to the boy who had kissed me so many times in the movie theater and told me that he had been waiting years to do that since he had seen me as a Good Fairy at his house on Halloween. "I won't tell anyone if you don't."

Behind Sean, my girl friend, Penny Shepherd, who had been dressing with me, took hold of Sean's arm as if to drag him out of the bedroom that he had invaded, ostensibly to offer his condolences to John Green, my alter ego, my male self, his partner on the Advanced Chemistry unit.

"You're not really cousins, are you?" asked Sean, unmoving as Penny tugged on him. We had told everyone for so long that I was Marcie Shepherd, a distant cousin of Penny's, when I was dressed up as a girl, that it was second nature to me to think that I was. I shivered as the truth suddenly hit home to me that I was not Marcie Shepherd at all. I was John Martin Green in his mother's dress and underwear. Well, some of it like my Merry Widow corset I had bought with Penny and it was hard to say whose underwear was whose as we traded a lot as girl friends will.

"Marcie is my girl friend and my distant cousin," said Penny hotly. "You've got the chemistry papers, Sean. So, why don't you leave now?"

"And leave you two girls," Sean stressed the word and sneered at us as he did so, "to your dress-up games?" he asked, still staring at me.

I uncrossed my legs and stood up in a rustling and swishing of my skirts. I was as tall as Sean then because of my high heels which I adored wearing. I felt the thrilling flow of my dress about my legs even though I was still in shock that Sean had burst in on me, and, worst of all, had recognized for who I was, John Green.

"I mean what I say," I said nervously to him, my voice the one I had practiced for so long as Marcie so that I could sound like a girl when I was dressed as prettily as I was. "I won't say a thing."

"You won't say a thing about making a fool of me," sneered Sean Unger. His face contorted in anger as he stared at me, my hair swirling about my neck. "You should have worn your other wig, the streaky, ash blonde one," he said suddenly, staring at the dark pageboy that framed my face so prettily, Penny had said, and I had agreed with her. "Or you should have made up like Marilyn and worn that blonde hair that you did. That wig," he nodded at my pageboy that I nervously pushed back a little from my soft cheek with a long, red, lacquered fingernail, "is too much like your natural hair color."

"I'll keep that in mind," I said to him while, inside, I was wallowing in the distress of being discovered and of the certainty of being 'outed' as a boy who liked dressing up in girl's clothes to the whole of the school.

"So what are you really?" Sean went on then, his lip curled in disgust as he spoke. "A drag queen? Is that what you are? Or a she-male like those perverts you see on the Maury show? I'd bet they'd never think that you were a guy if you were dressed and made up as you are now. What kind of tranny are you, anyway? Are you the kind that just likes dress-

ing up like a woman, a crossdresser, or are you the other kind, the one that wants to have the operation to turn you into a woman, a transsexual? Is that what you are or are you just a faggot who likes fooling real men into having sex with you?"

"None of the above," I told him weakly, my mouth quivering as the venom spilled out of him.

"You certainly know all the words," said Penny angrily, her hands on her hips as she glared at the immovable Sean, still staring at me and at the women's dresses and underwear littered about my room and on my bed. There was makeup on my dressing table and the wig that he had been speaking about that Penny had brought up and shown me earlier how to condition properly.

"Does Bradley Montford," Sean went on, with another sneer, "know that his girl friend is a guy? What was he doing with you all night in bed more than once if he doesn't know that you're not the girl of his dreams? Or are you?" he added, his eyes glinting with amusement. "Perhaps you are Bradley's perfect girl? A guy dressed up in drag and catching whatever Brad is pitching at him."

I was revolted as I caught the reference to me giving Brad blow jobs. I knew of Sean's sexual proclivities with Penny but to have him come out and say that to Penny and me made me want to throw up.

"That's not the way that Brad and Marcie made love," I said to Sean and that shocked him. Penny looked at me in alarm. She had come in on me as Brad and I were making love and so she knew exactly what I was talking about and how I had fooled Brad into pleasuring me like a girl as he thought truly that I was the girl for him.

"Let's not get into that," said Penny hastily. "Sean, you've got to get out of Marcie's bedroom!"

Sean's eyes then fell on the babydoll pyjamas that I had worn to bed the previous night with the negligee that hung on the back of my door. My ears flamed and I flushed all over as he stared at me. He turned abruptly then and clumped away down the hallway to the carpeted stairs.

Penny and I looked at one another and she put her arm about me. "Sean is right about that wig," she said. "We should change you back to being a blonde or a near blonde."

I nodded sickly but I couldn't change it right then. Penny took my hand and I minced after her, my women's shoes clicking on the floor as we headed to the stairs. I started down as gracefully as I usually did and then I saw Sean standing in the doorway, the door half open to the outside.

"I did want to say," he said then as I felt my dress shiver about me like the earrings at my ears, "that I was sorry about your mother, John, Marcie, whoever you are. My mom said that I was to offer you any help that I could even to inviting you to come over and staying in our house. There's an empty bedroom next to mine now that Randy's decided to stay in Florida for two years."

Randy Unger was Sean's much older brother who was pursuing some kind of career in diving for a marine research company.

"Mom and Dad are going down to see him next month," said Sean then, glancing at Penny, "and then I'll have the house to myself as you did, Penny. I think it would be a good time to get to know both of you girls a lot better then, don't you?"

Sean was smirking as I was staring at him in horror from the bottom of the stairs. He went out then, slamming the door closed behind him. Penny darted forward and put the dead-bolt lock on the door.

"I'm sorry," Penny said to me then. "I just couldn't keep him from coming upstairs to pay his condolences to you." She put her arm about me again and hugged me. She kissed me lightly on my mouth, smiling at the lipstick she must have left on me as she had some of mine on her pink lips. Our dresses swished together as she twirled me in a few dance steps, our high heels spinning easily together.

"You heard what he said," I whispered to her in a panic, not thinking that we could continue what we had been doing, dancing together as girls and even doing a little exploring of each other's mouths, what Penny had called, introducing me, her girl cousin, Marcie, into lesbianism.

We had never done it together but I could feel it inside me and I knew that I could very definitely be a lesbian with Penny. So what if I was really a boy, Penny knew that and wasn't interested in me at all as a boy. She was though interested in me as a girl, interested in me in girlish clothes and making me into her best friend and a whore, as she had called me, or a slut on another occasion. She wanted me to be a girl in other words, just like her.

"Sean was just putting you on," said Penny, putting some sexy, slow music on the CD player. She put her arms about me and, as always, I had to be the female, submissive partner in our dancing together. It was her tongue that ran over my lips and made me shiver and, this time, as we had never done before, we French kissed as Penny deliberately swished me so that my dress swirled about us both.

I looked fearfully into her eyes as Penny kissed me so possessively, her tongue inside my mouth and it was like kissing one of the boys who had kissed me and liked it as much as me. Penny grinned through her slitted eyes at me. "My little virgin lizzie," she whispered to me and she was trembling in excitement as she hugged me to her. "That was one category that Sean never thought that you could be, wasn't it?"

II. LESBIAN LOVERS

Penny knew so much more about me than any of the men did who had kissed or made love to me. She knew what men liked as well but she didn't treat me at all like a man. She treated me totally as if I was the girl and she was the boy. And that was what so wonderful about dancing with her, cuddling with her and being her lesbian girl friend.

Penny knew just the right time to kiss me. She knew the right time to let her hands drift over my body and fluff or caress my women's clothes to me. She knew where my pantie line was and how to trace it gently as we danced, arousing all sorts of confusing, feminine feelings in me. She knew just when to slip the shoulder straps from my chest and back, me

shuddering in delight at the gesture, and leaving my shoulders, neck and chest, all exposed to her gentle, mobile mouth.

I was so aroused and dieing to be taken to the bedroom and to make love to her, my lesbian girl friend. Even the sofa would be fine. I wanted to be loved as a woman but Penny knew it and so she kept me close to her, kissing and gently touching me as we circled. Her head was on my chest as she kissed my breasts, lifting the neckline of my dress and corset free so that she could get at my little nipples. I assisted her to reach them as I was on fire for her.

I was ardently kissing her as well and letting her kiss my chest and fondle my tush, as we pressed together. It was what I wanted her to do as much as she wanted it as well. I might be a tranny in a pretty, cocktail dress but she was in charge of me. I thrilled to that thought and wouldn't have had it any other way. I wanted so much to be the girl in whatever it was that we were going to do.

We staggered up the hallway, pausing to kiss and for her to fondle me and keep on rousing me until we got right into my bedroom and she undid the dress I was wearing. Penny then undid her own in a rush, stopping me from doing anything, even taking off my shoes as she made me lie on my own bed. I was a quivering pile of femininity in my dress, wig, makeup and female underwear as she stripped naked and reached for her purse. She took out a coin then and smiled at me.

"Call it," she said.
"Heads or tails?"

I thought that it must be some crazy sex game that she wanted to play and it was. "Heads," I



said at last, with a big shudder as what she might have planned for her lesbian lover, and she showed me the tail on the coin.

"You lose," she said. "I go first."

I shuddered but, naked and bouncy, she ducked under the bed and hauled out the bag she had brought with her containing some clothes for me to wear, or so I had thought. I was quite unprepared for the dildo that Penny took out of her bag, laughing at me and the shocked look on my face as I stared at the rubbery replica of a well-endowed manhood in her hands.

"I go first," Penny said and I misunderstood as she pushed the thing at my lips and I had to take it in then, a pepperminty taste spreading through my mouth as all I could do was to suck on it.

"Penny!" I gasped at her as she pulled it back and then jumped onto the bed, pushing my shoulders down and my head and hair deep into a pillow, straddling me, taking back the dildo and then doing something that I just couldn't believe. She sat on my wriggling legs and occasionally caressed my stockings, making me writhe ever more and strapped the dildo on to herself.

"I won the toss," Penny said as the male thing stood out from the dark muff between her legs. "So, Marcie my girl, prepare yourself for your first encounter with a lesbian lover."

"Not with that!" I protested but Penny was insistent as she lowered her breasts onto my mouth and I had to shakily kiss her hard, aroused nipples and she had me put my hands on her false, wavering thing while she lifted my dress. She slapped my tush then and had me roll over, the thing flapping against me and making me break out in goose bumps.

"No," I said as I felt where Penny was pushing the thing against me, her hands holding onto and caressing my posterior. She wouldn't let me turn face to face. No, she made me lift my body so that I rested on my elbows and knees. I quivered and begged her not to do it to me as she intended to. But she caressed my legs and my panties, stopping to kiss me there and make me shiver all over at the strange but not awful things that she was doing to me.

Penny finally make me lift my tush up into the air as she moved aside my panties. I think I was crying then but she ignored me save to kiss my tush and fondle the front of my panties and the tape that was bursting against my garter belt. She inserted the dildo lovingly into me. It wasn't at all like it had been with Brad when my legs had been about his waist and I had been face-to-face with him and had been in a frenzy kissing him and rocking with him. Penny still had me as if she was the man and I was the woman, thrusting the dildo back and forth into me and I felt it as I had with Brad. Her hands held onto my breasts as she lay on me, riding me and kissing my back and my neck as I was so aroused with the piston-like action. I felt so womanly as she pumped and pumped herself against me and she wouldn't stop until I came.

"Come on, baby," she cooed at me. "You love it, my girlie wench, and you know that you do. Now, show your mama how much her little girl loves a man's thing inside her!"

I cried. I protested as tears streaked my face and I shivered and jerked as Penny slapped at my tush, pulled on my garters and rode me as if I was indeed her woman. She debased me and she told me to keep it up. She kept it going as she reached for my tape finally and set me free from the binding between my legs. Oh how I hurt and oh how I cried as she rode and rode me, first caressing my panties and then my tight corset to me. She told me what a sweet, little bitch I was and kissed me on my shoulder and my face. She wouldn't stop until I started to get hard and she undid my dress and my corset and I felt her soft fingers on my nipples, caressing and arousing me as my hair fell about my face.

I had to come and I showed her that I liked it when I was taken as a man does take his woman, doggie-style. Or that is what Penny kept whispering to me as I collapsed and she lay on top of me.

"Now it's your turn," said Penny at last after I had spurted all over the bedclothes but she seemed so charged still. I was rolled over and she lay on top of me, helping me out of my panties, my dress, and my corset, stroking my legs and my garter belt, taking hold of my manhood and caressing it, while I tried just to hold onto her, her soft breasts against me, her little bush stroking my abdomen.

"Not at all as large as mine," Penny said with a laugh, pressing her legs against my manhood, her hands tickling my thighs and the smooth skin between my panties and my stockings. And then she helped me out of my stockings. It might have been my turn to make love to Penny but she wasn't interested in any way in me taking her as if I was the man and she was the woman. She pushed me down as I tried to rise and rocked me against the dildo she still had on, letting it touch again against my tush as she lifted my soft, smooth legs about her as I had done to Brad a number of times. It was as if I was making love to him again but my tape and panties weren't in place, not my Merry Widow.

"You're a mess, Marcie my girl," said Penny as she kissed my eyes which were all watery. I was whimpering beneath her and she reached over and got some lotions that she put on my face and helped me remove my stinging makeup, sitting on my hips all of the time and rocking the dildo between my legs. I wanted to get up in the quivering distressed wreck that I had become but the still aroused Penny wouldn't let me.

"I know what you want for your turn," Penny murmured and lay on me, holding my shoulders down as she slowly, gently kissed me all the way down my body. I couldn't stop her and I didn't want to. I had never felt so wonderfully sexy and womanly as she whispered to me what a lovely girl that I was as she kissed me across my abdomen, me clutching wildly at her hair. She stopped me doing that as she finally found what she wanted, so erect under her gentle touches as she assisted me to grow and writhe. She laughed as she finally took me into her mouth and gave me the blow job that I had been told that I wanted and that I had been trying to tell her that I didn't want. But it was an exquisite feeling afterwards in any way.

Penny tossed away the dildo and then snuggled up to me, but only after I had put on my baby dolls while she was still naked. "And that's how we do it, girl on girl," said Penny then, her leg between mine as we cuddled so closely together, the bulge in my baby doll panties very pronounced.

"And no," she went on. "You are not putting your dildo inside me, Miss Marcie Frilly Panties. There is no way, by accident or any other stupidity between us, that I want to be pregnant." She took hold of my manhood, nevertheless, as we kissed and again she insisted on sticking her tongue into me as I grew and grew in the panties that pushed against her as she stroked and squeezed me.

"You can do this to me with your fingers inside me as well," said Penny unsteadily then. "And if we have time, you can use your mouth and tongue on me."

I shuddered but I was lost in the sexual pleasure of making love, in ways that I had never imagined, with Penny. She made me kiss her breasts and her body as she had kissed mine and showed me how to kiss her clitoris which sent her into spasms of rapture almost as extreme as her poking me had done.

I learned how to do a sixty-nine with her and both of us were moaning and groaning in delight as we writhed and wiggled on the bed and Penny held my erection so tightly and fiercely until she was ready and we both came together, my tongue finding places inside her I never knew existed.

"Oh, Marcie," gasped a trembling Penny as we returned to cuddling so closely and intensely in each other's arms. "That was wonderful. I came four times in that last position. It's a pity that you can only orgasm once at a time, poor girl."

I was so shattered by all that we had been through that I could only smile weakly at her as she held me tightly to her. She played with my nipples through my nightie and started to arouse me again but then we heard a melody floating through the air that made her break from my quaking submissiveness and reach over again to the bag beside the bed.

"Yes, mom," Penny said into the cellphone, snuggling back against me, her legs caressing mine quite deliberately. "Yes, I'm still at the Greens'. I have been trying to console Martin a lot. He really does need a lot of solacing right now." I could hear a tinny voice then in the distance as she lifted the phone and reached over to kiss me and press her breasts against my nipples again.

"Yes, mom," Penny went on. "Sean Unger did come over but he didn't stay long. He was just talking to Martin about Advanced Chemistry. I guess Martin is Sean's partner in class. Yes, I do mean John Green. You know how it is. His mother always called John by his second name and so do I."

Penny hugged me tighter, her hair pressing against my face as she kissed and kissed me and squeezed at me with her hands and her legs and I shivered and came out in goose bumps all over.

"Yes, I know I have a curfew, Mom," said Penny. "I'll be home on time, I promise. I just have to help Martin cook something up for tomorrow and then I'll be right home."

Penny hung up then and tucked the cellphone under her pillow. "Now, where were we?" she smiled at me, rolling over on top of me. "Shall we do it all over again from the start, Marcie?" I shuddered at that, at the thought of the dildo she had used on me. "Or shall we just do what you wanted to do?" she asked.

Penny's interpretation of what I wanted to do was, of course, done without any consultation with me. I was just there for her to play with, I realized, and it was so pleasant to be

at her beck and call and to do everything for her that she wanted, even though she said that it was me who wanted another blow job and wanted to give one to her and me who desperately wanted to experience a sixty-nine all over again.

"I wish I could stay and we could have tried a few more things, Marcie," said Penny as we walked down the stairs to the front door, me shivering in my negligee while she was in her regular girl's clothing, a short, tartan skirt, and white blouse. It was the proposed 'uniform' for Hillside 'College', the name and uniform being something that would become mandatory when the present frosh reached their last year at Hillside.

We kissed at the doorstep, a proper kiss, her lips forcefully on mine, her tongue on my lips, my body arching in desire for her once more. It wasn't one of the light kisses that we had exchanged before.

"I think that you have seduced me into lesbianism," said Penny as we kissed and hugged again. "I'd forgotten how nice it was making love to a girl."

"Penny," I said between kisses. I wanted to remind her that I wasn't a girl but she didn't seem to want to pay any attention to that.

"I know you have a date on Saturday," Penny said to me and I shuddered as I thought of Brad and how I was supposed to be going out with him as Marcie. "I'll try and get the old battleaxe to let me come over and console you again. You look cute with shorter hair despite what Sean said and you should always sleep in baby dolls with the tush and legs that you have. You're quite a girl, Marcie." She kissed me and smiled at my makeup-free face. "How do you like being a lesbian as well?"

"I love it," I told her, holding her to me and wishing that I could have breasts like hers. That would be so wonderful.

III. SWAPPING MORE THAN CLOTHES

I didn't know whether to go into school or not. It was the last day of the week and I hadn't been since in since Monday. Everyone would understand if I wasn't in but I couldn't write a note from my mother any more excusing myself from any activity. Not with what had happened to her. But I was a week behind in all my classes, even Phys Ed, and so I should go in.

I had thought that Sean would have spread the word about me for sure. Yes, he would have been laughed at a little but it would be nothing to the way that I was pilloried. But he must have said nothing because everyone I knew was really nice to me. They said nice things about my mother which made me feel so bad as I didn't know that so many people knew about her.

They all accepted as well that my mother had not wanted a funeral and memorial service. Her declared wishes saved me the embarrassment of being the only mourner at her service, or so I had thought. It was amazing, though, how many people, kids in my year at school and adults I met on the way there or in school, whom I told that to, and how many in reply said that they were disappointed as they would have liked to have gone to her funerary service and said goodbye to her.

Mr Gibbons was surprised when I handed in the Chemistry assignment. "Your partner, Sean Unger, has already handed it in," he said gruffly, handing it back to me. "He got one hundred on the paper and so will you, Mr Green. You picked the right partner for this class, you know, and here is the second unit, that Sean came in early and took a copy of, as he had to leave early today for some cross country race meet."

Sean was on just about every sports team in the school. He'd be playing football the following day after running five miles or so on the day before. It wouldn't affect how well he played, either. It was a relief that he hadn't had the time then that day to tell everyone about me. I shuddered. But wait until Monday and my name would be on everyone's lips and not for something I wanted to be known for.

I ducked out of Phys Ed and there was Penny who had ditched her class as well on her cellphone and smiling at me. She put her arm through mine and I shook all over as she continued with her call.

"So you want to pick Marcie up at my house?" Penny said with a grin at me. "No can do, Brad. I'm grounded for the weekend and Marcie isn't allowed in my house any more, Bradley, and you should know why. Why couldn't you be a gentleman and keep your big mouth shut about what you and that girl were doing together?"

I flushed and almost stumbled as we went out of school to the place where we had sat as girl friends before and watched everyone coming in to check their classes the week before.

"Yes, Brad," Penny went on. "I'll talk to the girl about where you can meet her and, No, I am not going to tell you where she lives. Where were you planning to go on this date with her anyway? No, I never heard of the Medallions. Sound like a mom-and-pop music group to me. And at the Rocket in Greatwood? You've got to be kidding me, Brad. Where would I take her if I was a guy?" Penny smiled at me and pinched my arm then as I looked at her in alarm. "Coca's, of course, where your cousin, Graham, wanted to take her.

"Yes, he did. He was propositioning her all the time she was going out with you, Brad. Yes, I think she really likes you. How would I know, Brad? Geez, Brad, how many girls have you slept with lately? How many of them who let you have your way with them even though they didn't want to get pregnant? Yes, the same rules would apply to going out with Marcie as before, Brad. But look, I should warn you that she has another boy friend, you know. He's in the Army and he'll be home on leave next week but I think she'll have to tell you all about that herself. Why doesn't she just meet you at Coca's? Yes, get a table and call me back and let me know if you're still on with her on Saturday. If you're not, I might be able to go to a movie with her, or go over and visit her if my Mom will let me. Call me."

Penny snapped her phone shut and grinned at me. "My, you look awful," she said as I walked sort of hunched over beside her.

I flushed. There were people looking at us, staring more like it. I would have been staring as well if I had seen a fox like Penny walking with and talking to a geek like me. Of course, the death of my mother had given her an excuse to do what she was doing, holding onto and squeezing my arm so that anyone looking at us could think what a nice girl Penny Shepherd was.

"You shouldn't wear pants, Marcie," Penny went on. "Not with legs and a tush like you have. You should wear a skirt and blouse like me as The Parents have insisted on for me. You'd think that this was a parochial school."

"I can't dress like you, Penny," I told her with a flush, "because I am not this Marcie you think that I am. Haven't you noticed that I am John Martin Green right now?"

"Oh, I noticed," said Penny with a smile, steering me towards her car. I owned a car now but I didn't yet have a license to drive it. "It's quite a disappointment to see you like that. Why don't we drive over to your house and change clothes and you can be me for a while and I'll be you. I'll show you how a man should really treat a pretty girl in a short skirt like the one I'm wearing."

"Penny!" I said to her in a panic as we had people all around us in the parking lot.

"Buckle up, girl," said Penny. I'm sure that Susan Ryder and Tannis Oakley heard her say that. They were staring after us as Penny whizzed the car right out of the parking lot.

"You heard what I was saying to Brad," Penny went on as we drove along. "It won't come so much as a surprise to him when you dump him now, will it? I left it so that you can have him one last time as well if you want it. You and he got on well in bed, didn't you? If I was you, I'd let him make love to me one last time, for old time's sake, and then I'd spring the army boy friend on him. He can't think that he can compete with a hero from Baghdad, can he?"

"I'll think of something else," I told Penny nervously and she looked at me in surprise.

"He'll understand," Penny said shortly. "So, when are you going to get your license and start driving? Or are you thinking that I'm going to drive over each day and pick you up? Hey, that's not a bad idea, is it? You can help with my gas money."

"I think I'll have to take a day off school and do things like that, get my learner's license and the stuff I have to do without mom," I told her, a lump in my throat as I thought about what I was doing at home now that she was not there. Okay, so we had been like strangers, ships that pass in the night, these last few years, but she was my mom. I was even feeling a little lonely as I thought of going home. I know that she wasn't usually there, and if she was, she'd have been sleeping off some bender or other, but I did feel truly alone for the first time in my life. Even having Penny coming over openly and helping me into drag didn't make up for the fact that my mother was gone and I would never see her again.

It didn't take Penny any time at all to convince me to let her into my home and perhaps even less than that to get my shivering, excited body out of the jeans and shirt I had straggled around with all day. What was even more wonderful was that she undressed as well, peeling out of her underclothes, her pantyhose, bra and stockings.

"Yes," Penny insisted. "You have to put them on, Marcie. See how you like being dressed in a skirt and a blouse like this one all day long. It makes me feel as if I was a thirteen years old schoolgirl again."

"I would have loved being a thirteen years old schoolgirl," I giggled with her as Penny dressed me in her clothes, sitting me in her panties onto her lap, where she had pulled on my underpants. She made me sit still while she combed, brushed and arranged my

streaked, ash-blond wig about my shoulders, little ribbons holding the braids she made for me in place.

She put me into her bra and stuffed it to give me the shape of a young girl, making me put small, dangling earrings at my ears, and a necklace at my neck. Then she put her blouse on me, drawing it up and tying it under the fake breasts she had made leaving my waist free for her to tickle me as she helped me into her stretchy pantyhose. Her short, red-pleated skirt barely covered my tush after she folded over the thin belt and hitched it about me.

Oh, I loved being a schoolgirl co-ed the way that Penny was preparing me, especially when she let me go to put on a little lipstick and eyebrow pencil while she giggled as she dressed in my clothes. She went around then doing all the things that boys did, ordering me about, insisting I put on high heels that I could never have worn to school, but, other than that, that I behave exactly as a sexy schoolgirl friend should to her very sexy boy friend.

"Oh darn," said Penny as I sat in her lap and was being cuddled and stroked by her, her panties bulging in front of me as she made sure that I was wearing them properly. "Look at what I have done to my pantyhose."

Since I was wearing her pantyhose at the time as well, I couldn't see that Penny had torn them where she had been stroking my tush in her lap, my legs feeling so wonderfully feminine all over by the way that she had been caressing me. I was so aroused and excited as I saw myself in the mirror in my room and saw how young and schoolgirlish I did look. I loved what Penny was doing to me. I bent over to kiss her and got what I deserved.

"I'll change," I said to her lightly, girlishly and she slapped my tush and grinned at me.

"No, little schoolgirl, you stay in this skirt and blouse," Penny told me, her hands filling me with delight and desire to be kissed by her again as we had the day before. I wiggled in pleasure as she caressed my smooth legs in her thin pantyhose. "You look so much cuter in this outfit than I do, Marcie. I can see why Sean prefers you to me when you go mincing around in such a short skirt. He couldn't keep his eyes off you at the golf club dance, you know, and I can barely keep my hands off you tonight as well. But I have to, don't I, little girl, as you are barely of an age to be touched by a man like me."

"But you aren't keeping your hands off me," I protested coyly, swinging my hips against her. She grinned at me and was exploring my tush lovingly then as the house phone rang and I sashayed away, my little tush in as much motion as I could give it, to answer it. Of course I forgot who I was and I answered it just as if I was Marcie. Well, I was dressed like a schoolgirl, even down to having Penny's panties and bra on, the latter feeling so tight on me with all the stuffing that Penny had given me.

"Hello," I said gaily, femininely, and there was a snort on the telephone.

"Oh, young lady," said a gruff man's voice. "I must have the wrong number. I was trying to reach John Green."

I shuddered. "J-Just a m-moment," I stammered to him, recognizing at last that this was Mr Reilly, my mother's lawyer and executor of her will. It must be important for him to phone me so late on a Friday. I frantically tried to recover my senses and come down

from being the girl of my dreams and into being John Green again. I wasn't easy. I hated it as I tried to compose myself and be boyish even though my skirt was swaying about my tush as I couldn't help swishing as I held girlishly onto the phone.

"Who is it?" Penny asked, coming into the kitchen where I was trying to compose myself and get myself into a condition where I could go back to the phone and talk as I should as Martin, me, also known as John Green.

"The lawyer," I hissed at Penny, who strolled over a gleam in her eye as she wore my pants and my shirt, even my tie and socks. She looked like she wanted a taste of me. She flipped my skirt with one of her hands and then both of them went tight about my waist, pulling on my skirt and panties. I squeaked and had to kiss her, well, I had to respond to the heavy kiss she was giving me just as if I was her girl friend. I loved it as she twisted me this way and that and then she began to caress my legs and up my skirt as well. Oh, this was a Penny I had come to know and love so well. I melted femininely, like a sex-starved schoolgirl into her arms.

"Answer the man," Penny murmured as she caressed me and held me to her, my lipstick appearing on her face as she mauled me. I loved how she made me quiver as I held the phone in my hand as she sat me on her lap and began to kiss my bare waist and undo her blouse on me to get at her bra and my nipples and padded 'breasts'.

"H-Hello," I began again, trying to be boyish.

"John Green?" asked Mr Reilly in surprise as I squeaked again as Penny pulled on my panties, well, her panties that I was wearing, as I started to talk, her eyes glinting as she worked her way then across my waist and then she began to slip her panties and skirt over my tush..

"Y-Yes," I gasped hoarsely, grabbing Penny's active hands by her thumbs, the telephone receiver under my chin. "Who, who is this?"

"Edward Reilly," said the old, fussy man whom I could imagine sitting in his office in his three-piece suit, his half-lensed glasses on the end of his nose, peering at a document in front of him. Penny transferred her hand to my lap, exploring her panties as I tried to speak to the executor of my mother's will. "Is this John Martin Green, the son of Martha Green, to whom I am talking?"

"Y-yes," I gasped, finally slapping at Penny's hands myself as she grinned up at me. At least, it made her cuddle me for a little while and listen a little to what Mr Reilly was saying. "I'm, I'm sorry not to sound like myself, Mr Reilly, b-but I was just trying to c-catch up on m-my Ch-Chemistry assignment that I m-missed and we were m-messing around with the helium. There, m-my voice is getting back to normal, isn't it?"

With no thanks to Penny, I could have added, who was running her hands over my bare arms and kissing them up to the short, puff sleeves that would have suited a little girl, really, I thought, knowing what she meant now about the way she had had to dress for school. It was more appropriate for little girls to be dressed like this and not big girls like her and me.

I don't know how Penny had been allowed into class if she had tied up the lower part of the blouse beneath her breasts as she had had me do. I looked about fifteen years old as

I could see in one of the mirrors in the hallway. She had re-tied the blouse even higher, and so, worse than before, I looked like what we called jailbait, Penny and me. I looked like a little floozie trying to get a man or a boy, anything male, to notice me and Penny showed me that she had noticed me. She flipped up my skirt again and was gyrating my tush and her panties against the front of my pants, that she was wearing, as if she had something there for me to feel.

"Oh, you went into school today, Mr Green?" Mr Reilly asked, as I was stroked and caressed so delightfully. "Did you not get my message when you came home?"

Yes, there was the flashing light on the phone and there, on the main set, it said, 'two missed messages'. "I, I'm sorry," I said, forcing my voice down in tone but still, I think, sounding like a girl. "I didn't think. My, my friends wanted to get this work done quickly as well as, as they, they are going out tonight."

"Ah," said Mr Reilly. "Well, Mr Green, first, the cremation is set for Tuesday at nine as I said that it would, the coroner having no objections. You said that you would be there. Second, I do recommend that you take a friend with you, Mr Green, as even a non-service event like this can be traumatic. You should have someone to take you there and bring you home. Do not count on going to school that day."

"No," I said shakily, taking Penny's hands and moving them off me. I stood up and wiggled a little away from her and she looked at me in concern as I sat down in a chair, crossing my legs in my nylons as I knew that I should as I was dressed so girlishly.

"Thirdly, I do have some other news for you," said the lawyer. "Your mother was a woman who put more away for the future than I would have expected. She had not just the one life insurance policy on her life but three. One isn't a great deal. A small lump sum, ten thousand dollars, to meet funeral costs, I suppose, and two times her annual salary. That's from Sands', where she worked."

"I was worried about that," I said.

"The other two are for thirty thousand, as I mentioned to you, and a hundred thousand, this other one I just found she had along with the motor association fees that she paid. That should enable you, Mr Green, if you so desire, to get through university, I would think, with the house that she left you as well, now clear of its mortgage. If you could drop by my office on Tuesday as well after the cremation, I'll have all the papers to sign and the checks ready for you."

"That fast?" I gasped as Penny began to strip again in front of me, looking so ridiculous as she took off my clothing and showed me that she was even wearing my new blue, boxer underpants that I hadn't noticed she had on.

"Yes, the insurance companies always work quickly in an open and shut case like this one is," said Mr Reilly. "Fourthly, there's one last thing that I thought I should contact you about before I went home. I went ahead and posted an obituary notice in Chicago where your mother was born, as we discussed on Monday. There was one in the local paper that I hope you saw and approved of, Mr Green?"

"Oh yes," I said to Mr Reilly, shivering as Penny walked nakedly about the kitchen stopping and posing coyly every now and then, making out that she had strong biceps like

a boy as she posed for me. Then, she passed me by and riffled my skirts as Mr Reilly went on and on about the costs of the notices and when they would end. Then Penny bent over me and kissed me most forcefully, and yes, like a man, on my soft, lipsticked mouth, knowing full well, I think, how it would reduce me to female longing and desire.

"There was one reply to the Chicago notice that you should know about, Mr Green," said Mr Reilly then. "A woman did phone and say that she was representing your father. He was making no claim on your mother's estate, she assured me, but she did ask when the cremation was to take place as your father, whom she correctly identified as Robert Martin Harvard, wished to pay his last respects to your mother and possibly have a few words with you."

I shuddered and moved Penny's hands from my neck where she was playing with my braids and kissing my face. "I, I don't think that I want to meet my father then," I began and Penny at last stopped teasing me as if I was a randy schoolgirl. Well, I know I looked like one but she was the one who had done that to me.

"I agree," said Mr Reilly. "I suggested to this woman, who identified herself as Ms Melinda Lamaitresse, an associate of your parent, that, if you wished to meet your father, that I should talk to you first and then let her know when and how you would like it to be. I don't know how to stop him from coming to the cremation, though, as that is a public time that the funeral home will give it out if your father phones them."

"We'll just have to hope that he doesn't show up than, won't we?" I said unsteadily as the half-naked Penny gave up playing with me and went dancing off to my bedroom in my underpants to find clothes for herself, I thought. "I will come in and see you on Tuesday then, Mr Reilly."

"Of course," said the gruff lawyer, hanging up on me. That was when I thought about the voice I had used. I was sure that I had used my Marcie voice then at the end. It was so normal for me that I think that I had forgotten to keep my tone as low as I had to make it deliberately now for Martin.

I went swaying up to my bedroom then, my high heels clicking on the hardwood floors of the passage that led to my bedroom. Penny grinned at me as she lay on the bed in just my underpants, the bulge in them easily recognizable. I should have guessed that Penny would have strapped on her dildo again.

I had been going to tell her that I didn't want to do again what she had done to me once before. But she told me how cute I looked as a little schoolgirl and I lay with her only to kiss her and play with her breasts but, of course, I couldn't say 'No' to my 'boy friend', as she called herself in the end. Only this time, it did start off a little differently as she rolled on top of me and kissed me intently and soon I was putty in her hands.

I even lifted my tush eagerly for her as she slipped pantyhose and panties aside and put the dildo so lovingly into me. Bliss overcame me as I lay back like a girl and was made love to by my dildo-wearing 'boy friend' who demanded that his little schoolgirl move her tush like a girl who really loved her man should. And I had to tell her how much I loved her and how much I loved being made love to in that fashion and, to prove it, I had to move and writhe as my lover rode me. 'He' kissed me as any girl would who was as thor-



oughly aroused by her man as I was. I was almost delirious as I finally came with her and Penny spasmed over me as well.

I told her about the lawyer's phone call in between sessions of lying on my back and being made love to as Brad had made love to me, the only concession Penny giving me being to allow me to take off her pantyhose and not ladder them any more than they already were.

"I wish I had breasts like yours," I told her as Penny lay on top of me, panting and trying to get her breath back after she had stuffed that thing so many delightful times into me, her, my, schoolgirl skirt lifted only slightly and her, my, panties pushed to one side to accommodate her taking me as a girl. Oh, I didn't mind it at all now how she took me. I was so thrilled to be the girl while she seemed to love her role as the boy.

I spurted again all over her anyway and Penny thought that was okay as she seemed to be drilling a way through me with her dildo, so ardently did she make love to me, her new lesbian lover. Yes, I must admit that I loved it. I loved being the girl in our lesbian relationship, as she called it, and she certainly wanted to be the butch, she said, or in control, and so I was the 'femme'. I loved to be called any kind of name that was used for a girl or someone feminine. I didn't mind at all then and let her decide how I was going to be penetrated by my 'butch' lover.

"Melinda the Mistress," Penny finally said with a wicked smile. "You know that was what the name meant, didn't you? I don't think it would have fooled your Mr Reilly at all."