

RARE VINTAGES RARE LOVERS



Mardee Louise
PRYNNNE

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RARE VINTAGES, RARE LOVERS

By Mardee Louise Prynne

We drove my father back to the house he still lived in. It was the house in which my older sister Mim and I grew up and where, only a few years ago, we received callers who came to offer condolences on the death of our mother. Both Mim and I were, each in our own way, successful but still we were disappointments to our father who didn't understand how Mim earned her very comfortable living; and was still hoping I would take over his plumbing and heating business and marry one or another of the daughters of his partner.

He managed to congratulate me on earning my Ph. D. at age thirty after having gone into the Marine Corps as soon as I finished high school and, after my discharge, going through college on the GI Bill.

The three of us came together to celebrate my being hooded as Doctor of Philosophy (English history prior to the Norman Conquest) while serving as a graduate teaching assistant. It was a good evening, free from reproach.

Mim was driving with me in the passenger seat on our way back to her apartment. She eased the car onto the park drive and then accelerated but only to the speed limit. I was going to spend a couple of nights with Mim before I headed for my new job as an adjunct instructor at a small but respected college some distance from Boston.

"I know what you're thinking," she said as she took a deep breath. There was a long pause as if she were waiting for me to ask what she thought that was or for me to tell her what I had on my mind. She lit a cigarette and went on. "I don't know where Pearl is and even if I did know I wouldn't tell you. What I can tell you is that Pearl left New York and settled into a comfortably ordinary small town existence as a gainfully employed, socially active female who doesn't date."

"I appreciate your openness, Mim. To be totally honest, I miss her but that part of my life is over, done with. Look, I'm not saying I couldn't have an affair with a trannie. What I'm trying to say is that I'm not the kid I was back then and I'm pretty sure that Pearl is no longer the uncertain, confused *girl* she was when she dropped out of her senior year of high school because she was unable to face going on as a boy. I suppose if I ran across the woman Pearl has become I'd ask

her to have a drink with me so we could tell each other something about who we are now. That would be it. No trying to pick up where we left off and no recriminations."

Okay, so maybe I put too much emphasis on the word "girl" but Mim didn't miss a beat and responded with no hesitation.

"Goodness, you **are** so well adjusted," was Mim's only comment. Then we started to laugh but I'm at all not sure why.

It felt good to be back in Mim's apartment where she had so generously encouraged me and supported me both emotionally and financially. She had given me the confidence to explore my feelings, feelings engendered by Pearl who had gone from being a drippy boy in conflict with the rigid values of his family to being a very self-assured girl one hundred percent of the time. She hadn't been the first trannie who attracted me. The first was Maude, naturally femme, and naturally skilled in manipulation and seduction. But it was Pearl who had the real impact on me. Despite the things I said about Pearl to Mim as we drove through the park, I wasn't convinced that I would react to seeing her again with the devil may care indifference I so wanted to.

Thinking about Pearl and all the attractions she held for me always brought me back to Paul, Paul the poorly adjusted boy who became the girl I would think about forever.

The streets of the arts district had changed while I was away. There were more boutiques offering pricey clothing and accessories, clothing bought by young ladies from the more expensive parts of town and from the suburbs. Of course the debs and preppies who were going off to the better women's colleges needed at least one ensemble from these boutiques. The off the beaten path stores with their one of a kind skirts and dresses so recently taboo to the fashionable, were now the places in which to shop for snob appeal.

A few of the shops I remembered from my previous sojourn were still there; by the look of things they were thriving as well. I wondered if Val might still be at that wonderful ladies specialty shop where I bought those first gifts for Pearl, gifts that she would allow me to assist her in putting them on, a process which became even more seductive than helping her to undress.

I noticed a few small restaurants that were already closed for the night. It would, I decided, be worth sampling the menus and the clientele at a few of these places as I rediscovered the museums and art galleries of the city. I wondered what drew me to that conclusion. I had no answer.

A shop offering dance supplies caught my eye. Above it was a dance school offering advanced and intermediate classes along with individual instruction. No doubt the student body and the students' bodies of that school helped maintain the refined bohemian atmosphere of the district.

Mim and I chatted late into the night over some very fine wines. We shared family memories both good and bad and wondered how we would dispose of the family assets when the time came. There was talk, too, of opportunities to be had in the development of the district.

Mim opened up to me on how she earned her very substantial income. She had begun as a secretary and bookkeeper for a woman high up in a specialized niche theatrical management and booking firm that had as clients some very high powered cabaret artists as well as performers with a narrower appeal. All was legitimate. Mim discovered that her employer was being swindled by her associates as were some of the artists. This information led to some very generous sub-rosa settlements. Mim's employer became even wealthier and Mim was catapulted to the top of the heap. She rapidly developed her own stable of performers and expanded the business to provide entertainment for exclusive cafes and cabarets of the demimonde. This part of the business became a form of psycho-drama where performers helped certain audience express their secret yearnings. Some select audience members sought private or small group *therapy* sessions with these self-same performers. Mim did not arrange the sessions but was given her regular commission by her clients. Since no sex was involved, there was no risk of intervention by the law. Even if there were such intervention, Mim's grateful contacts would squelch any scandal to protect themselves as well as Mim. Some of her clients in the demimonde became lovers or mistresses of prominent

and wealthy men and women. All this left Mim with money and influence.

"Is this how Pearl figured into your plans?" I asked.

"Not at all. She was too new, too innocent and, above all, much too fragile. What she needed most of all was to escape from her father and I figured I owed it to you to see that she got away. How would you have felt if she had been driven to suicide?"

"You can answer that yourself, Mim. I'm not going to press you on what happened to her or where she is. Like I said in the car, I'm pretty much past that now. Just tell me she's safe."

"She is and she's doing okay for herself. That's all I know. I swear, Mitch, I have no idea of where she is now. You're probably wondering how I can be so sure of all this. I get these letters from her that I'm sure she sends to friends inside another envelope to be mailed from where her friends live so that I can't even figure out where she might be by the postmarks. Of course she could travel to these places and mail the letters directly to me herself but that doesn't seem worth the trouble."

Mim uncorked another bottle and filled our glasses halfway. "Let it breathe for a few minutes," she recommended. "Mitchell, if you do find Pearl she may be very different from what she was, from what you remember her to be. Please don't waste your life looking for a memory. If your paths cross again, well, she may have aged to perfection just like this Bordeaux. Meanwhile sample the rare wines that come your way, whatever special vintage life offers. You're likely to find your tastes have matured. It's worked for me over the years."

“Thanks, Mim. I’ll try to remember that.”

I spent most of the next morning working on course material and writing lectures. It was close to noon when I went for a run along the esplanade. Moving along the streets of the district gave me a quick overview of the changes I had noticed last night. Some of the brownstones and federal period homes had been converted to apartment buildings. It seemed that office workers, mostly female and attractive at that, from the nearby courts and commercial buildings were in the district on their lunch hour to eat or to shop. No doubt this pattern would help secure the future of the shops and cafes I had enjoyed in those months when I discovered myself.

A shave and a warm shower relaxed me. Then I set out to more carefully explore the changes in the neighborhood. The menu in the window of a café appealed to me and so I went in and was seated at a table near the window. A salad, an omelet and a glass of white wine was all I wanted. I gazed out the window and watched the world go by. There was no dearth of attractive women, a few of which might certainly have been very passable trannies. *Wishful thinking*, I wondered to myself, *or is it?* My waitress interrupted my reverie as she served me the wine. I asked to see a dinner menu explaining that I would be around for a couple of weeks and was wondering about places in which to eat. As I looked up from the menu a figure outside the window caught my eye. It was a woman in a royal blue coat dress that ended at the top of her knees. Blue tinted stockings or tights highlighted the shape of her

superb calves and sculpted ankles. The dark blue pumps did nothing to hide the near perfection of her those ankles. I wondered if they have such nearly perfect beings in Massachusetts. Then again, I never saw her face. Yet there was something unsettlingly familiar about this woman. Wishful thinking, that's all.

The small restaurant proved more than satisfactory and I figured I'd return in a day or two to sample the dinner menu and the crowd. After a chat with the waitress who told me she had taken a year off after high school and was going off to college in a few days, I paid the check adding a generous tip and left.

As I stood on the sidewalk getting my bearings and deciding where to start my exploration of the neighborhood, I noticed the woman who caught my eye earlier. She wore large dark sunglasses and a broad brimmed hat that she hadn't worn earlier. A large parcel tied with string and attached to a carry handle couldn't quite detract from the magnetism she exerted on me. She seemed to be looking toward me with a quizzical expression. An instant later her face changed to a brief look of startled recognition. She flagged down a passing cab and all but dove into the back seat revealing a great deal of leg in the process, enough leg to let me know she was wearing stockings and not tights. (Tights in this story are not to be confused with the English term for pantyhose. Pantyhose were not around until well into the sixties. The word "tights" in this story means just that, heavy opaque and often brightly colored leg wear.)

Okay, Mitch, I thought to myself. Stop wondering where she knows you from. She probably remembered an appointment so enough with the wishful thinking. Might be nice to get to know her but it's never going to happen.

Stopping at the local wine merchant, a shop that was there from my first foray into the district, I chose several cases of Bordeaux to be delivered to Mim's apartment as a token repayment for all of her wines that I had consumed with Pearl. A few steps down the street was the dance shop I had noticed earlier. To my pleasant surprise, the waitress who had served me at lunch was coming out and heading for the doorway that led to the studio above. She had gone from efficient young waitress to being a very arty dancer. She wore a cotton blouse and a wrap skirt over seamed tights and basic sneakers. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail. A dancer's duffle hung from her shoulder. Like the mysterious woman in the coat dress she seemed to recognize me. Unlike that enigma she did not flee but greeted me with enthusiasm.

"Oh, I'm so glad we bumped into each other like this. You left before I had a chance to thank you for your generosity." (She was of course referring to the tip I had left.

Impulse control evaporated on my part. "Please don't mention it. Would you mind if we got together for coffee later, after your class or whatever it is you do up there? I'm really a nice guy so you don't have to worry."

"Oh, I'm not worried. I already know who you are. The hostess told me you're Mim D' Aponte's brother back from the wars and from grad school where you just became a Ph.D. Your name is Mitch, right?"

"Correct, you are. Now that you know my name, can I know yours?"

"It's Arianna. Please don't tell me it's unusual. I've been hearing that almost all my life."

“I would consider it exotic, a fitting name for one as uniquely attractive as you are.”

“You’re flattering me but go right on. I love it.”

We agreed to meet in two hours at a nearby coffee house which gave me enough time to window shop and wonder if this meeting would lead to something more. Arianna was very specific in describing the side street location of our meeting place lest I have trouble finding it and give up before we had a chance to get to know each other. Arianna didn’t come across as the sort who would date a guy for what his sister might do for her career assuming she wanted a career as a dancer but you never can tell. My experiences since high school told me to be careful not be used like that and so I resolved to be careful to protect Mim’s privacy.

Arianna and I approached the coffee house from opposite directions. She smiled broadly as she declared “Well, at least we’re not going to be kept waiting.” She extended her hand right hand and as we shook hands she moved closer to me and kissed me on the cheek. There was a deliciously earthy scent about her, salty rather than sweaty.

“I really should have showered at the studio but I was so afraid of being late.”

The coffee house was nearly empty that weekday mid afternoon. Arianna took my hand and guided me to a corner table. She didn’t so much as sit in the chair as drape herself over it.

"I'm so pleased I wasn't late. More pleased that you kept our appointment."

"Why is that?"

"It's been ever so long since I had coffee with a man, especially one as attractive as you."

"Now you're teasing me. A young woman as striking as you are shouldn't have trouble finding men to spend time with unless you weren't interested in them."

"Say, you must be some kind of mind reader to figure that out so quickly."

"Believe me, I'm no kind of mind reader at all..."

Arianna interrupted me before I finished the thought. "Care for a cigarette?" she asked as she bent forward and took a combination silver cigarette case and lighter from her dance bag. I noticed she had a cigarette holder in her hand but let it fall back into the bag.

I took a cigarette from her case and watched her nervously tamp hers against the table before putting in her mouth and lighting it before extending the lighter toward my cigarette.

"Mitchell, I have to be honest with you. Every single time I've ever had more than a couple of dates with a boy it turns horrible. Please don't say anything just yet because my confessional is just beginning.

"You see the district has been my life ever since I left home when I graduated from high school; not only my life but my salvation as well. And I misled you about when I finished high school. That was more than five years ago. I thought if you believed I was eighteen you would think I'm too young for you."

“You’re saying you don’t want to get involved with me, is that it?”

Hold on, I thought to myself. From seeing an attractive girl and having coffee with her is a big step from caring whether or not she wants get involved with you. What is it about her that’s got you so interested so quickly? Wake up, Mitch. You’re leaving town in a few days so why bother? She’s a nice kid so leave her alone.

“Please, Mitch, listen to me. I’m leaving for college in two weeks although honestly I’m frightened. The district had been my home since I got here five years ago. I almost never go out of it.”

“Don’t you ever visit your folks? At least do you bother to phone them?”

“Mitch, this may come as a shock to you but they pay me a very generous allowance as long as I stay away. Do us both a favor and don’t ask why.”

“I won’t if you don’t want me to. We can drop the subject now but I just can’t fathom how someone as beautiful, as graceful and as charming as you can fall so far from her family’s good graces.”

Arianna lowered her eyes and smiled. Her blue green eyes seemed to be looking back into her past, a painful past; I was certain of that. She moved her chair to the side of the table adjacent to where I sat, a move that defied understanding. Arianna then angled her chair so that she faced me while giving me a fuller view of her.

“Can I see you again?”

“You’re a nice guy and I would love to see you again, love for us to get to know each other but there’s one thing I know for certain.”

“What’s that?”

“That no good will come of it and we’ll end up hating each other in a very short time.”

Arianna had been crossing and recrossing her legs during this conversation so that by now her legs were exposed right up to the vee at the top of her thighs. Of course her opaque dance tights and traditional full cut leotard made this a less provocative display than it would have been if she were baring her stocking tops and panties; from my visual and emotional perspective, only slightly less so.

A wry smile at the corners of her mouth as if she were about to pounce as she parted her thighs slightly seeming to know full well that my eyes were moving back and forth from her face to her superb dancer’s legs.

Arianna rose to her feet while gesturing for me to remain seated. She held open her wrap skirt spreading it wide behind her so as to block the view of her lower body from others in the café. Despite her gaffe it was obvious from where I sat that there was more in her panties than any casual uninitiated observer might have guessed! It also dawned on me that on some visceral and instinctive level I sensed that here was a lovely, talented and totally passable trannie.

“You really don’t want to get romantically involved with me although I tell you again I would love to be involved with you.” She turned slightly while thrusting her hips forward to emphasize the truth about her anatomy. “Now do you still think you want to get involved with me?”

“Try me.”

“Another time and another place,” was her enigmatic reply.



Arianna and I met for walks a few times after that. To my chagrin, she refused to meet at any cocktail lounge or cabaret preferring to just walk. I never met her at her place, wherever that was, nor did she allow me to see her home. Then she asked me for a favor and my prospects seemed to be improving.

“Mitch, I hate to impose on you,” she said as she put her arm through mine for the very first time. “I’ve been teaching dance classes in a neighborhood school. Nothing special just the usual kids classes, preteens, early teens; that sort of thing. The subway ride home is so awfully tedious sometimes. Could you be a doll and pick me up after class and drive me home?”

“At your service, lovely lady.”

I was secretly hoping that Arianna would allow me to drive her home more than this one time. Sooner or later she would invite me up to her apartment. Reality intervened only occasionally but I quickly pushed aside any thought that Arianna might be using me.

At first I waited for Arianna outside the studio. It was a second floor loft over a storefront in a neighborhood that could have been my own growing up. After a few times, Arianna asked me to come up meet her in the waiting area. That’s when I realized why she asked this favor of me. She made a point of introducing me to her pupils’ parents and to the woman who ran the studio. Either they had pegged her as a lonely out of

towner whom they thought must meet some single male of their acquaintance or else they figured any girl that attractive who wasn't dating a guy had to be a lesbian. I was there to disabuse them of both notions.

"You do know what a huge favor you've done for me. I want to thank you. Come up to my place if you don't mind waiting around while I shower and dress and then we can go out to dinner. It'll be my treat!"

I was impressed that this woman who could so easily taken to be a high school senior so deftly uncorked a bottle of wine. "Comes with having been a waitress for so long." It was as if she could read my mind or else had entertained a lot of men who had the same reaction to her bottle opening skill as I did. This made me wonder if her story of having learned to avoid men was true. Maybe she had used it as a way of getting rid of men she found undesirable or less than useful.

The apartment was small but well furnished in the then popular Danish modern style. No knockoffs either; furniture and décor being designer originals. The sound of a shower down the hall snapped me back to the moment. Do I make a move on her here and now or do I wait until later? *Forget it*, I thought to myself. *I'm leaving for my teaching job in a few days ad it's never been my style to have a one night stand.*

I sipped my wine and listened to the classical music station that Arianna had her radio tuned to. "How are you with buttons?" Arianna's came voice from down the hall.

"As good as the next guy," I responded. "I thought girls were good at buttons and zippers, so good that they can close blouses and things in the back."

“So we are, even some girls like me. I just don’t want to mess up my freshly polished nails. Now get down here and help me finish dressing.”

Her bedroom door was ajar, perhaps deliberately left a certain degree to draw my attention to a full-length mirror reflecting Arianna as she adjusted her black brassiere to the correct height and fussed with the straps. I tapped lightly on the door jamb and paused.

“We’re beyond modesty, at least for the moment, so come in and get comfy.” She indicated a chair toward the side of the room, a position which would afford me a view of Arianna as she finished dressing, a view doubled by the mirror in which had revealed to me the details of how Arianna adjusted her brassiere for optimal effect as well as the large oval mirror affixed to her vanity table.

I seated myself as directed by this very elegant transie whose attractions were enhanced by her muscular legs, legs which were almost too well defined. Arianna held in her hand a black garter belt with a wide front panel and smooth, sleek suspender straps. Her back was to me as she reached behind and fastened the hooks. She lowered her glossy red panties far enough to allow me an unfettered total view of her bottom cheeks. She deftly slipped the suspender straps under her panty and then pulled the panty into place. From what I had seen there could be no doubt she had dispensed with a gaffe, a situation which might allow immediate access to her cock should the opportunity arise.

Arianna, her back still toward me, walked to her vanity, knelt gracefully and retrieved an unopened pair

of stocking from the bottom drawer. "Be a love and open the cellophane so I don't wreck my nail polish."

Swallowing hard, I walked over to Arianna who turned to face me. A glance at her panty front reaffirmed my guess that she wore no gaffe. She had made no attempt to tuck her apparatus between her legs. It was clear to see that she was circumcised.

As my fingers opened the cellophane packet containing the gossamer stocking that would adorn her superb dancer's legs she ran her finger tips over the edge of my jaw. Her touch was light as a butterfly as her finger moved toward my mouth, traced my lips. A tingle of energy ran through my face and neck. Her fingers pressed ever so lightly over my lips setting of a quivering of arousal began in my groin.

Arianna smiled knowingly as she took the stockings from the wrapper and draped them over her fingers. "You must have seen how girls get stockings ready to slide over their legs." I nodded as she allowed the stockings to fall from her fingers onto my wrist.

"Don't put a run in them." It was not quite a matter of fact remark although it did have a playful tone; but was it meant to be playful or was it a firmly stated order?

As I rolled the first stocking into a donut Arianna seated her self on the bench of her vanity table. "My, my but you do that so well."

Somehow I sensed that I wasn't expected to hand the stockings back to her so I knelt at her feet ready to slip the hose onto her feet. A sound half moan, half purr from Arianna was my clue that I was right.

Arianna extended her leg, toes pointed. I rested her arch in my palm and kissed the ball of her foot. My

hand moved to her ankle as I began to massage her arch, raised her foot to my lips and gently kissed her sole. The rolled donut of her stocking was now on her foot as she pressed her other foot against my balls and rotated it gently. Pushing my hand aside, she slowly, sensually guided the stocking over her exquisite leg. Then moving her finger tips to her ankle, she slowly smoothed the stocking over her leg. With unbelievable dexterity born of practice she fastened the garter clasps to the darker welting at the top of her hose. I rose to my feet and returned to the chair to which she had directed me when I entered her room.

The encore performance of donning her second stocking was at least as arousing as the first. I held my breath for a second as Arianna fussed for longer that she should have with the clasp of the rear garter tab.

“Oh, fudge! The fool thing is giving me a hard time and my nail polish is still not quite hard.” She got to her feet and walked toward me as she spoke. “Just close this thing for me.” The tone of irritation in her voice would have kept anyone from refusing her request or was it an order? In any case, I was more than willing to assist this gorgeous trannie in any task concerning her dressing especially when it involved intimate apparel.

Arianna put her finger tips to the sides of my face as she stood before me. I looked up at her only to have her turn her back to me. I reached for garter strap, pulled it behind her and fastened it to the dark stocking top. We both remained in place. Arianna smoothed the stocking running her fingers over the back of her thigh and then past the stocking top over the smooth skin of her upper thigh.

“That tickles,” she exclaimed after her hand had dropped to her side.

“But I’m not even touching you.”

“No, but you’re breathing on my skin. It’s kind of sexy. Tickles...in a nice way, a way that leaves my skin sensitive to touch.”

Arianna turned to face me straddling my lap as she inched closer. She was so totally femme that I wondered if I were the outline of her modest cock through so clearly outlined though the front of her panties were real or a fantasy created by my long dormant need to make love to a girl with a cock.

Somehow I was standing facing her as she put her hands behind my head and drew my face close enough to her that my lips met her open mouth. As our faces touched I was convinced that her smooth skin had never felt a razor or even the electrolysis needle.

“Oh, my gosh! I better make a phone call right now.” She pushed passed me and jumped onto her bed where she reached for a phone extension I hadn’t noticed before. I felt let down, certain that there would be no intimacy between us then or later that night or ever.

I held my breath afraid to listen to what she would say when her call was answered.

“Jordie, this is Arianna. I know I made a reservation for 7:30 but can you possibly change it to ten. I have a very pressing, very important matter to take care of...No, but thanks for your concern. No one is sick or hurt and it’s certainly not a family matter. It’s just something has suddenly come up.” She looked at me and winked before finishing the conversation. “As a matter of fact you might say two things have come up.”

Arianna hung up the phone and immediately lifted the receiver. She ran her tongue over her lips as she turned on her side, pulled open the drawer of her nightstand, dropped the receiver into the drawer and closed it. Her hand wrapped around my belt and yanked me to the edge of the bed. Swinging her legs to the floor, she undid my trousers and let them fall just far enough to expose the lower edge of my blue briefs.

"I can see what a big boy you are so you should be able to undress yourself." She reclined on her elbow her thighs slightly parted. I could have sworn her panty covered cock was no longer quite flaccid as her gaze swept over me from head to toe before alighting on the blue briefs that were starting to be stretched by my stiffening dick.

My shoes and socks were off as I stood in my shirt and briefs folding my trousers and hanging them over the back of a chair. My back was to Arianna for only a couple of seconds but as I turned to face the bed she was inches from me. She had moved silently and with uncanny speed. Arianna ran her tongue over my neck as her fingers began to unbutton my shirt. Slowly she pushed my shirt off my shoulders allowing it to slide down my arms. Tentatively at first, then more deliberately her fingers teased my nipples, circled them sending shivers of pleasure, pleasure that was both satisfying and arousing while hinting at shared delights that were still to be found.

"What's so funny?" I asked as she broke into a huge grin.

"That goofy expression on your face, that's what's so funny."

"That goofy look, as you call it, is there because what you do to me feels so good."