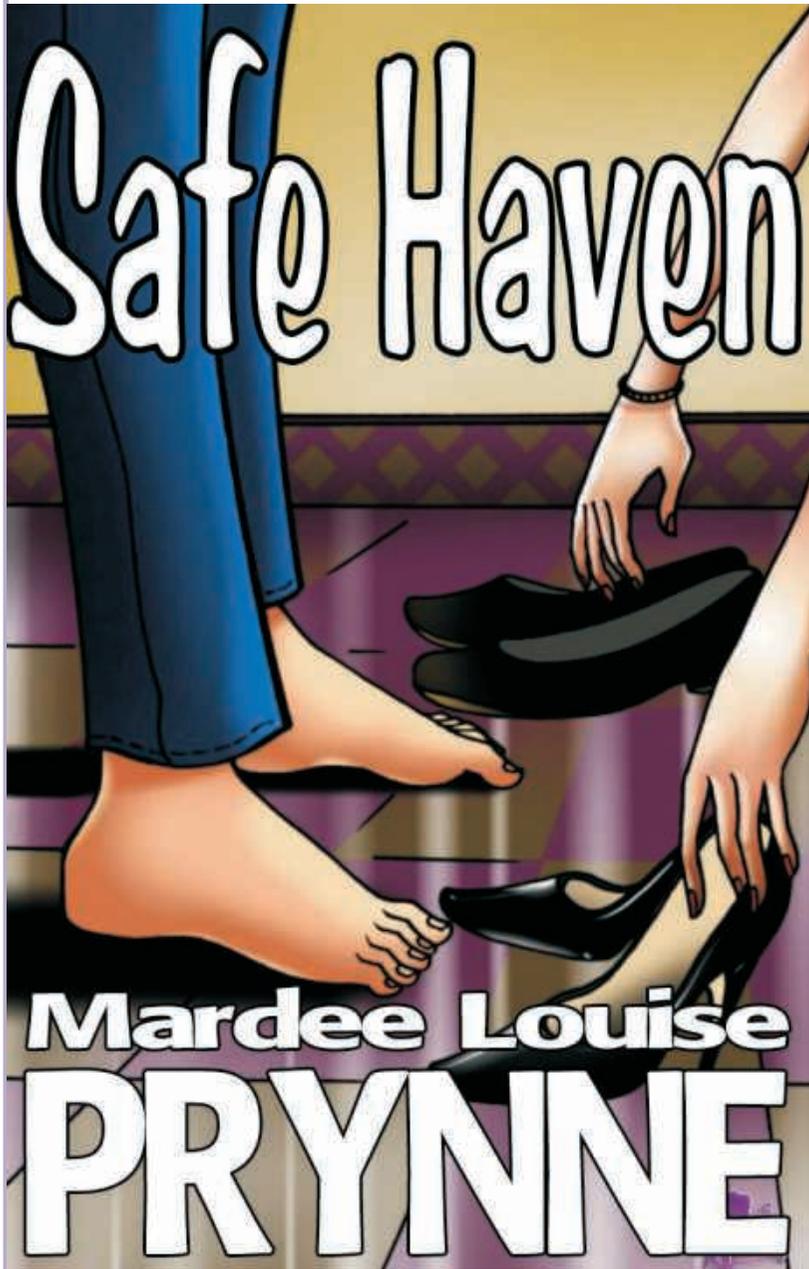


# Safe Haven

An illustration showing the lower legs and feet of a person wearing blue pants. Two hands are shown placing black high-heeled shoes onto the feet. The background is a simple wall with a decorative border.

Mardee Louise  
**PRYNNNE**

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# **SAFE HAVEN**

**By Mardee Louise Prynne**

## **MICHAEL'S CRUSH**

I had a crush on Lois all the way through grammar school and well into high school, which is when this story starts. Lo, as her friends called her, was average height, with green eyes and black hair. Puberty came right on schedule and gifted her with long legs, nice wide hips, a perky tush, and a cute rounded tummy which she soon hid under a panty girdle, the curious foundation garment that was de rigueur for nice and even not so nice girls in the early fifties. Nature cheated Lois out of one important asset; she was almost through high school and still hadn't grown tits! This minor lack didn't stop me from thinking that Lo was as nearly perfect as any human female need be.

Lois tolerated me, teased me and made me the target of her moods. Since I was intimidated by most girls for reasons I didn't understand there was no easy way to resist her attitude which was a combination of flirting, teasing, and bullying. She reminded me and everyone else who would listen that she was far above everyone else in our neighborhood because she was took piano lessons and dance lessons. Her mother, an attractive war widow, had attended a fancy women's college in New England which Lo somehow felt was something that elevated her own status.

Lo's never asked me to but I took typing, steno and bookkeeping classes in order to fill out my course requirements for high school graduation. All of these courses were part of the Secretarial studies department, hardly a place with a very masculine appeal. We both agreed that learning to be an efficient typist would help when it came to writing up term papers and reports. My unspoken hope was that it would give me a better chance of being in more classes with Lois. Steno might help with note taking but that was stretching it. Maybe, just maybe Lois was making a fool of me.

Since I was the only boy in most of these classes, the girls didn't hesitate to talk girl stuff while waiting for class to start. They would congregate in a corner of the room and talk softly about who was letting who get to first base or second base, about the latest fashions both in outer and inner wear. As time went on they either accepted me or thought of me as invisible and chatted in ordinary tones despite my presence. Some of the girls openly admitted or even boasted practicing French kissing with other

girls. At first I blushed but soon learned to enjoy listening as the girls talked about their practicing. There were subtle hints accompanied by knowing grins between two or three girls when one of them hinted at activities more intimate than French kissing. It made me wonder whether or not these so-called practices weren't rehearsal but an end in itself.

Of course I envied some of the girls who French kissed with other girls. I would have gladly helped them hone their skills by practicing my won yet untested and untasted ability in that art. Excited envy has to be the term to describe my reaction as the girls talked about the latest brassiere or girdle and whether the discomfort of wearing certain styles was worth the added sexiness. As much as I would have loved to try on and even wear such enticing and ego boosting unmentionables, I put such thoughts aside as being unattainable.

That I no longer allowed myself to yearn to try those fascinating items of intimate apparel did not stop me from not so unconsciously emulating the sitting postures of my much-envied classmates. Sitting with my legs crossed at the ankles or thigh over thigh became my usual way of sitting as opposed to the ankle or calf on thigh favored by most boys. Never again would I allow myself to sit with my thighs spread wide in the tasteless pose that seemed natural to most boys.

There were no padded brassieres back then, not really, just breast pads that were universally referred to as falsies. Lo's conceit convinced her that she was beautiful and sexy enough as she was and refused to consider repackaging her underdone cup-

cakes. Reality set in around the middle of sophomore year when upperclassmen stopped dating her and paid more attention to the more developed but, strictly speaking, less beautiful coeds. Thus it was that Lo settled into her books and became what was called a “grind,” a derisive term for any kid who spent too much time studying and reading actual books. She also resumed dance lessons which she had given up after eighth grade because the lessons took time away from her playing the role of queen bee in our grammar school and neighborhood. Big mistake because once we were in high school she had competition for guys’ attention. She might have been better off continuing her dance lessons which could have gotten her into the high school dance club, a source of status. Taking dance lessons again was intended to create an aura of being an ethereal, arty being, an aura that I was sure Lo was using to give herself an air of mystery and superiority to make up for her lack of more obvious female attractions.

In case you’re wondering about me, there’s not much to say. I was on the taller side of average, wiry, nice looking rather than masculine type handsome, and played guitar not well but acceptably. Lessons might have helped. In freshman year of high school, I tried to switch to the double bass for two reasons; one was that the high school orchestra needed bass players more I thought I might get into a jazz ensemble which would get me noticed by girls. My mother and father were unsupportive of the proposed change because father wasn’t going to waste any more money on my “craziness” which is what he called his aspirations toward culture. My father, who hadn’t lived with us for as long as I could remember, was determined to make life as difficult as

he possible could for Mommy and me. Although he supposedly made a good living he was always late with alimony and support payments when he sent them at all.

Why I wanted to get noticed by girls was something that wasn't clear since Lois was the only girl I ever felt comfortable being around. She sensed early in grammar school that I was drawn to her and that I would do almost anything to win her approval. By the time we were in fifth grade I was meeting her at the local public library to pick out the reference books she needed for school reports and writing the outlines for her. Sometimes she paid attention to what I was doing but when some of the popular boys were around, she just smiled and made goo-goo eyes at them.

My ball playing skills were adequate and then some in stickball and handball. My problem was that I wasn't aggressive enough socially and physically to be a really competitive jock. I avoided fights even though I could usually hold my own or even come out ahead.

This is as good a time as any to let you know that nature had cheated me in a way similar to the way Lois had been cheated. Before you jump to any conclusions about my anatomy and how well it did or didn't function let me tell you I was well put together down there and my range when I jerked off was pretty good. The problem was when my voice started to change it never got very far. You know how boys whose voices are beginning to change are often mistaken for girls on the phone. My voice never changed beyond that point. There were times when being called "Miss" by telephone operators and information ladies at stores really got me down. That

might have been because it was something that was supposed to annoy boys. I soon accepted that that was the way it was going to be for a long time to come so I adapted and even learned to enjoy it. My reasoning was that it was like playing a joke on the person I was talking to over the phone by fooling them into thinking they were talking to a girl to a young woman. It was self-deception since it was unlikely that anyone might think that mine was the voice of a teenage boy no matter how much I might try.

My body never broadened or filled out nor did body hair appear except for a light down along my legs. There was a triangle of thick, dark hair at my groin and some underarm hair. It was more like the body of a girl on the verge adolescence than that of a teenaged boy. Strange to say, I had no problem accepting that this was the way I would always be even though I did get some teasing in the school locker room. I would rather be the way I was than to look like a chimpanzee the way some of the boys did.

## **AN INCIDENT**

It wasn't until one Friday night early in junior year outside a local movie house that I got my reputation for never backing down. A couple of senior boys were trying to get Lo into their car. Lo had led them on but then chickened out. She screamed and clawed one of them in the face when he tried to put his hands on her. I jumped in to help her. It was just chance that I ended up standing in front of the bigger guy who happened to be a big shot jock.

My heart was in my mouth as I snarled at the cretin. Much to my surprise, he froze, then took a step back. My fists were at my side leaving me wide open but that didn't seem to matter to him.

“Cool it, kid. No one's looking for trouble with you. This cock-tease over here...”

Sensing that I had some vague advantage for at least a couple of minutes, I stood glaring at him with my hands on my hips, a decidedly unmanly posture. The jerk still acted like he was intimidated. “Just take your toilet mouth and leave her alone.”

“We were just going anyhow. No one needs a stuck up...”

That did it. I stuck out my arms and threw my full weight at him, knocking him off balance so that he staggered back and nearly fell. “Lucky shot,” he said turning purple with rage but still backing away from me much to the amusement of the crowd of teens that had collected around us. “I won't fight you 'cause everyone knows what a faggot you really are,” was his parting taunt as he slid into the passenger seat of the car.

Lois then told me off! I was suddenly a barbarian who embarrassed her by interfering in her personal business. That was the end of Lo as far as I was concerned.

We were little more than nodding acquaintances for a long time after that, not that we were ever much more than that once we entered high school.

It was a kind of poetic justice that she was not only not considered dating material by upperclassmen but that she was also teased by some guys and a lot of less snobby girls

because of her lack of mammary charms. The girls were worse than the boys because they almost always teased her to her face in the halls and in the girls' locker room.

It was a few weeks before spring recess that Lois started warming up to me again.

“Mick, why not come over my house and listen to records Sunday night? Besides I need a guy's opinion of some new clothes.”

“That sounds swell. It's just that I wonder why you want my opinion and not some of those goons you're always smiling at in the cafeteria.”

“If you must know, I feel safe around you. Besides that you're one of the few boys ever who has any sense of color or...”

“Sure thing,” I said without waiting for her to finish her sentence. “Nice of you to ask me to...” I was unwilling to finish my own sentence aloud but that didn't mean I wasn't finishing the thought in my own mind. *At least I'm useful to you, Lo. Go ahead and play me for a chump. I'll do almost anything to spend time with you. Even if you poke me and pinch me like you did back in grammar school, I'll stick around and do whatever you ask.*

## **EXPERIMENTING WITH LOIS**

Lo's mom was leaving to play cards at a friend's house. I thought she looked pretty spiffy for a night of card playing with her lady friends. Mrs. Vaughn assure me that Lois would be with me shortly and suggested I sit down so she we could catch up.

Mrs. Vaughn gestured for me to have seat on the couch and then seated herself on a Queen Anne chair facing me. I watched her move gracefully across the room. My eyes locked on her legs made all the more shapely by her high heeled ankle strap shoes and full fashioned stockings with flawlessly straight seams. From my seated perspective on the low couch, I was treated to a glimpse of her dark net petti. I all but blushed openly as I wondered whether she was wearing a girdle or a garter belt and if all her underthings were color coordinated.

It was as if my heart stopped beating when Mrs. Vaughn paused in front of her chair, ran her finger tip along the seam of one stocking and in doing so actually raised her skirt ever so slightly but high enough for me to glimpse the back of her thigh a few inches above her knee. Then with a graceful movement, she gathered her skirt and petti, turned to face me and sat. She crossed her legs and let her skirt and petti fall loosely in a way that offered me an unfettered view of her legs right up to the edge of the darker tops of her tinted hose.

“Oh do relax, Michael. You used to visit with Lois often. It’s been a while, I know, but that’s no reason for you be so stiff and rigid. I’ve always thought better of you than I do of any of the other boys Lois invites over; not that there are many of them. Matter of fact, you seem so much nicer than those catty girls she aspires to be like.” Then, almost as an aside, she remarked that my voice was exceptionally pleasant; ‘soothing’ was the word she used. “With your voice quality you really should work on developing singing skills. Your potential is so much better than Lois’s girl friends who cackle around the piano and think they’re singing.”

I immediately wondered why Mrs. Vaughn kept comparing me to some girls and was about to change the subject when Lo' called down from upstairs. "Mother, is Mickey here yet? Just send him up as soon as he gets here."

"Michael, it's time for you to go upstairs to be with Lois and time for me to be on my way." She stood, shook out her petti and skirt and moved toward me as I got up from the couch. She glanced over her shoulder toward the stairway as if to see if Lois had come down and she spoke softly. "Mickey, Lois will be away most of the summer but I would like very much of you would stop by so we can get to know each other better."

The upstairs hall looked the same as it did a few years ago when I used to visit Lois often. A minor difference was the few additional family photos on the walls. One caught my eye more than any other: it was Lois looking dreamy in her eight grade graduation photo. It was definitely not thoughts of me that put that dreamy look on her face. At that moment Lo called to be from down the hall.

"Come on up, Mickey. I've got some surprised for you." Her voice came from Mrs. Vaughn's sewing room at the end of the hall. No choice but to follow Lo's voice.

Lo deliberately stood with her back to me as I stepped through the doorway. She wore a chic skirt with only a single unstarched petti as opposed to the multi-layered, heavily starched crinoline pettis so popular in that era. A not quite opaque blouse allowed her light blue brassiere to show through. I swallowed hard as she eased the blouse out of her skirt and held my breath as her hands moved up and to her front. Although her back was to me, I

was all but certain she was unbuttoning her blouse! She confirmed that impression by sliding the blouse off her shoulders and halfway down her

shoulder blades. “Close your eyes now and keep them closed,” she said softly but with authority.

I heard the rustle of fabric and sensed that Lo was now close to me.

“Go ahead and open your eyes. You can look but no touching.” She stood a couple of feet in front of me, nude from the waist up except for her blue bra. I was astounded by this but also by the fact that Lo appeared to have grown tits overnight.

It occurred to me that these might have been falsies but falsies didn’t have nipples and the outline of Lo’s nipples showed through the flimsy cotton fabric of her bra. The bra, as pretty and as modest as it was, didn’t quite contain her boobs which were visible as soft swells of flesh above the edge of the bra.

The sudden change from a day earlier seemed impossible but true until I noticed the tiny brass safety pin on each bra cup where the strap was attached, a sure sign the falsies were pinned in place.

“You can stop staring now that you’ve figured it out. I thought if these falsies could fool you, they can fool anyone, any boy, any girl.” Had Lo somehow guessed that I spent a lot of time studying ads for bras & girdles in the Sunday Times Magazine? (In the fifties the Sunday New York Times Magazine was referred to in the advertising business as the “girdle gazette” because of the large number of as for foundations garments that graced its pages.) A greater fear than that popped into my head; Lo might possibly have sensed that I wondered how

these exclusively feminine and that I longed to try them on. That isn't quite honest. It wasn't that I simply wanted to try on these enticing unmentionables. No, I wanted to wear them and other exclusively female accessories for longer periods. Thinking about this as I jerked off over these ads was overwhelming, so overwhelming that I dared not plan to make my fantasy into reality.

*Bliss* is the only word that adequately describes Lo's air of calm and serenity as she finished speaking. Happy for her though I was, my thoughts ran wild. The only girl who didn't completely intimidate me simply by being near was standing in front of me wearing nothing above the waist but a bra and I stood there not knowing what to say or do.

"Come on, Mickey. Say something, anything." Her voice was soft but with an underlying intensity.

"Be careful, Lois."

"What ever do mean by that? Once I show up in school looking my age, you know what I mean, they'll stop calling me nasty names and..."

"Lo, they won't. You look fantastic and you do look your age with or without those things in your bra. Think about it for a minute. Show up in school or around the neighborhood, everyone'll pick up on the sudden change. They'll make your life a worse hell than before."

She was biting hard on her lower lip as I spoke. Tears started to form in her eyes giving her a sad beauty. Her sadness turned to anger which I was afraid might be taken out on me.

"Mickey, you're the only person in that entire high school that cares enough about me to tell me

what I should be told and not what they think will get something from me.

Lying bunch of shits!”

“You know, Lo, maybe if you started with a smaller size...”

“I could never afford that. Mommy treated me to these so I could look more...more mature in some photographs she’s having taken of me for a summer program application. And I was silly enough to think I could wear them to school.”

Her shoulders heaved as if she was crying silently. I was stupid enough to try to make a joke of her undoubtedly expensive and certainly very convincing falsies.

“That would be silly. You’re so beautiful and so sexy without them. Forget those cows and their dumb jock boyfriends. Just get by on what you have until you start meeting guys who are grownup enough to appreciate you for who you are. Anyone could look good if they stuck falsies like those in their bra.”

“Anyone?” She started to turn toward me.

“Yeah, anyone!”

“Even you, Mickey?”

I felt my face grow warm and knew I was blushing. Lo had touched on a secret fascination that had been part of me for as long as I could recall. Perhaps a desire is a more accurate word to describe what I felt. Ever since I could remember I envied girls for their clothes which allowed them so much more than boys. Little girls could get almost anything they wanted from adults by flashing a smile or showing their pettis. As they grew a tiny bit older they

quickly learned more effective ways to get what they want from grownups and boys their own age and older. Girls could express their moods by crying, whining, stamping their feet or simply pouting. Boys would have been ridiculed or spanked on the spot for showing behavior like that. But boys could never ever hit a girl even if she teased him mercilessly or even hit him. Since I was considered 'pretty' for a boy, I had wondered if wearing pretty clothes like girls the girls wore would allow me those same privileges. My mind raced from reflecting on this idea of female privilege to what it might feel like physically and otherwise to wear a well filled bra and then slip on all the other feminine finery so well hidden under clothing in that more modest era.

That my cock was responding to these fantasies was obvious to me and had to be obvious to Lois.

The look on Lo's face went from hopeless gloom to cheerfully serious in a few seconds. "Mickey!" Lo demanded my attention. "I just know you want to cheer me up."

Her eyes were focused a few inches below my belt. "I challenge you to prove that anyone, just anyone including you would look good in a bra and expensive falsies."

I tried to think of some reason to refuse even though I wanted more than anything to go along with her unstated idea that I try on a bra.

"Oh, just forget it. Here I was absolutely convinced that we could be real pals again. Forget what I said and if you ever tell a single soul, I'll make you sorry and don't think I can't." Was she teasing or did she really mean what she said?

Lo had me intimidated while managing to keep me turned on by her not so absurd suggestion that I try on her bra. Of course I was terrified that she might blab about how she got me to do it. But who would believe her? Then I considered that a lot of cliques thought of me as a faggot, there might be enough kids who, whether they believed it or not, would have another excuse to make my life miserable.

“Okay, Mickey. You really think you’ve got me fooled. Well, you don’t. I can see that you want more than anything to go along with what my idea. You know it’ll be fun.” She paused and looked at me like a cat about to assault a canary. Her eyes twinkled as she tilted her head and thrust her tongue out of the corner of her mouth to moisten her lips. “I get it! Once you wear my bra for even a few minutes, you’re going to need to try more of my things and before you know it you’ll want your own stuff. But you’re afraid you’ll feel guilty. Don’t deny it. I’m right, aren’t I?”

A sheepish grin was all that the response I could muster. Lo was on the mark with everything she was saying.

“Well, Mr. Mickey, allow me to take responsibility for what’s about to happen. That way you can’t blame yourself.”

Again with that catlike leer, she launched herself at me so that her hands struck my shoulders and the full force of her body hit my midsection sending me sprawling on my back with Lo landing on me. By the time I caught my breath, Lo was sitting astride my chest with her knees holding my shoulders down in a schoolyard pin. Managing to raise my head gave me an unfettered view of Lo’s panty crotch.

“Like what you see, don’t you,” she said in a voice that was both mocking and sensual. “Of course you, do. I better check, though to make sure that the rumors about you aren’t really true.”

Lo was completely in control bit physically and emotionally as she leaned back and ran her hand over my crotch feeling both my hardening dick and my balls. Although I loved ever second of it, there was enough *macho* in me that I just had to make an effort to resist so I tried to buck Lois off me. Her response was to grab my balls through my jeans and squeeze. She smiled down at me as I grimaced at the sudden and unexpected pain.

Her hand patted my now hard cock. “Ohh, he likes being beaten by a girl. Would it be the same with any girl or am I the special girl, the only one you’ll submit to?”

I raised my head in a feeble attempt to nod that Lo was the only girl who could mean anything to me. It was then that the dark spot on her panty crotch caught my attention. Given my naiveté, this slowly growing apparently wet spot was a mystery at which I could only guess. Meanwhile Lois was growing impatient with my silent answer.

“Mickey, love, you’re not answering my question. Nodding “yes” is an impossible answer when I’ve asked you to make a choice.”

“Okay, Lo. You’re the only girl I would ever want to please. But, but your panties...”

“Mickey, it surprised me too. I’ve never ever been this hot before!” With that confession, Lois stood up, smoothed her skirt down as she watched me sit up leaning back on my elbows. Taking me by the hand, she helped me onto my feet. My heart beat rapidly,

both from being aroused by having been so easily overpowered by Lois and by the fact that she was now directly in front of me.

I held my breath as she unbuttoned my polo shirt and raised it over my body to my chest. No further hint was necessary as my hands took over from hers. As the shirt fell to the floor, Lois stepped away from me and opened her dresser drawer.

“You’re special to me, Mickey, but I’m not nearly ready to show you my tits. But we both want you in bra. As for my tits; soon, I promise but not tonight.”

Lois took out a bra similar to the one she was wearing and then from the back of the bottom drawer produced a pair of ordinary falsies. The scene that was being played out was doubtlessly meant to entice while frustrating my long hidden urge to wear feminine foundations if only for a few moments. My eyes went back and forth between Lois’s scantily clad upper body, more specifically the bra itself, and the items she was removing from her dresser. It felt as if Lois was guiding me closer to the moment when my fantasies would evolve into actuality. My sense of the possible forced me to reject that thought as just another facet of my perverse and what I believed to be my unique wishes.

As my mind raced from hope to gloom, Lois took a small box cloisonné box from the drawer, opened it and withdrew a few miniscule brass safety pins, mates of those that were holding the breast forms in their place in her bra. As she started to pin the cheaper falsies into the second bra, she turned to me and spoke softly with a wry smile. “Don’t stand there gaping, Mickey. Take off your blouse, er shirt,

so I can teach you to put on your own bra. You do realize there's a lot of catching up to do!"

I wondered if I could ever learn to be dexterous enough to maneuver miniature safety pins with the ease Lois did. I doubted it. She faced me directly and, in mock amazement, began to deride me for having only gotten no further along in removing my polo shirt.

"Gosh, Mickey, what on earth are you waiting for? Do you want to break the mood, slow things until we're both bored with waiting? I get it. You want me to really takeover! Remember you're asking for it!"

Her mock amazement turned to convincing impatience and then to anger. She flung the bra I was to wear at me with such speed and fury that I was barely able to catch it. I couldn't help but be aware of the feel of the bra in my hand nor fight the need to look at the detailing, the shape and texture. I'm sure Lois had sensed I would focus on the bra and not keep my eyes on her because she rushed at me, grabbed the edge of my polo and yanked it over my head but stopped short of pulling it off me. Unable to see with the shirt over my head, I started to panic, to grope wildly toward wherever I thought Lois might be.

I had held on my own even when I came out the loser in fights against bigger and stronger boys. This was different. Lois, although similar in size and weight to me, was incredibly fast. She would move in and jab my belly, poke her finger into the pit of my belly and then move out of reach. Her foot would lash out against the back of my knee causing it give way almost completely so that I has to struggle to retain my footing. Mercifully, Lo brought this en-

counter to a close by grasping the shirt, twisting my body like a steering wheel as she used her foot to sweep my legs out from under me.

As I lay panting on the floor, I gathered my wits and caught my breath enough to sit up and pull the offending polo completely off. Lo dropped to her knees beside me and frantically apologized with tears in her eyes. "Poor Mickey, you could have been hurt. I really didn't mean to get carried away like I just did. It's just that I was afraid you'd leave. Forgive me, I know you will."

I nodded and started to get up but Lo leaned over my body and ran her hand over my tummy. "Gosh, you're skin is so smooth, not at all like those apes who try to make out with me at parties or at the movies. They take my hand and put it against their disgusting furry bodies while they try to cop a feel." There was genuine hatred in her eyes, hatred directed at the boys who had tried to make out with her. "Just 'cause I'm flat they thought I'd fall all over them just to get a date. I showed them every single time. It was easy to hurt them by just grabbing their precious balls and squeezing. Most of those goons just shrieked like the pussies they really are. A few of them just screwed up their faces trying to pretend I wasn't hurting them but not for long. Those were the ones I made cry. Of course not a single one of them would ever tell anyone that flat Lois hurt them and hurt them badly so no one the price of trying to get a cheap feel from Lo."

Lois kissed me gently on the lips and then bounded to her feet as if this expression of anger and hatred at boys who thought she would come across out of thankfulness to anyone who paid attention to her despite her obvious lack of certain

charms. She extended her hand to me and helped me to my feet.

“I’m sorry you had to listen to me go on about those drips. Say, we’ve got to stop wasting time and get going with...you know. She picked up the bra that was intended for me and started to hand it to me but paused. “This won’t work,” she said as her face fell. Then she reached for my pants, undid my belt and fly before smiling once again. “Wearing guy’s pants with a bra is going to make you look silly. You’re going to have to wear panties in order for this to work. I was elated at the thought of dressing in bra and panties even under these weird circumstances but dared not let on that this was fine with me. Trying to look like I was having trouble making up mind was anything but easy as Lois eased my pants down to my ankles. She couldn’t help but notice the hard-on that was pressing against my white cotton boy briefs.

Lois turned from me and again opened a dresser drawer, not the same drawer from which she took the bra and falsies. As I hoped, she took out a pair of cotton panties, the cotton of which was so much finer and more delicate than my coarse underpants.

“These everyday panties will do for a beginner like you. Little girls who haven’t had a period shouldn’t be allowed to wear cute big girl undies and certainly not undies that are meant to turn on...turn guys on and maybe even more important, to turn themselves on.”

By now I had willingly taken off my pants and laid them over a chair. Lois nodded approval as she looked me up and down. Feeling embarrassed as her gaze lingered at my half hard dick. I crossed my hands at the wrists in a pathetic attempt to cover

up. Rather than tease me or berate me again, Lois unzipped the back zipper of her skirt and guided to her ankles before stepping out of it. The outline of her legs showed through the white diaphanous petti. It evident that her Van Raalte panties matched her bra.

My disappointment at her not removing either her bra or panties was only momentary. With her skirt draped over one arm she walked to her closet, took out a hanger and hung the skirt before returning it the closet. Each of her movements were fluid and graceful, enhanced rather than concealed he panty encased loins and tush.

As she neared me, Lo paused and allowed her petti to fall in a heap around her ankles. She had become a modern incarnation of Venus rising from the sea, in this situation a sea of white gossamer. My hard-on was raging once again.

“Copy what I do. You’re such a natural at this that I just know won’t need step by step instructions. Are you okay with that?”

I nodded and whispered, “Oh, yes, Lois. I’m more than okay with it.”

“Gee whiz, Mickey, when you talk in the sexy whisper you’re unbelievably sexy.” She moved toward me, took me in her arms and kissed me. Her hand grasped the hair in back of my head and forced it back so my face was up. Lo’s breath on my neck tickled in away that I had never known. Then her lips closed over the skin of my throat.

Facing me again as she took a breath, an odd look came over, part pleasure and part hunger but all sex. Her mouth covered mine; her tongue probed my mouth before she pushed me away.

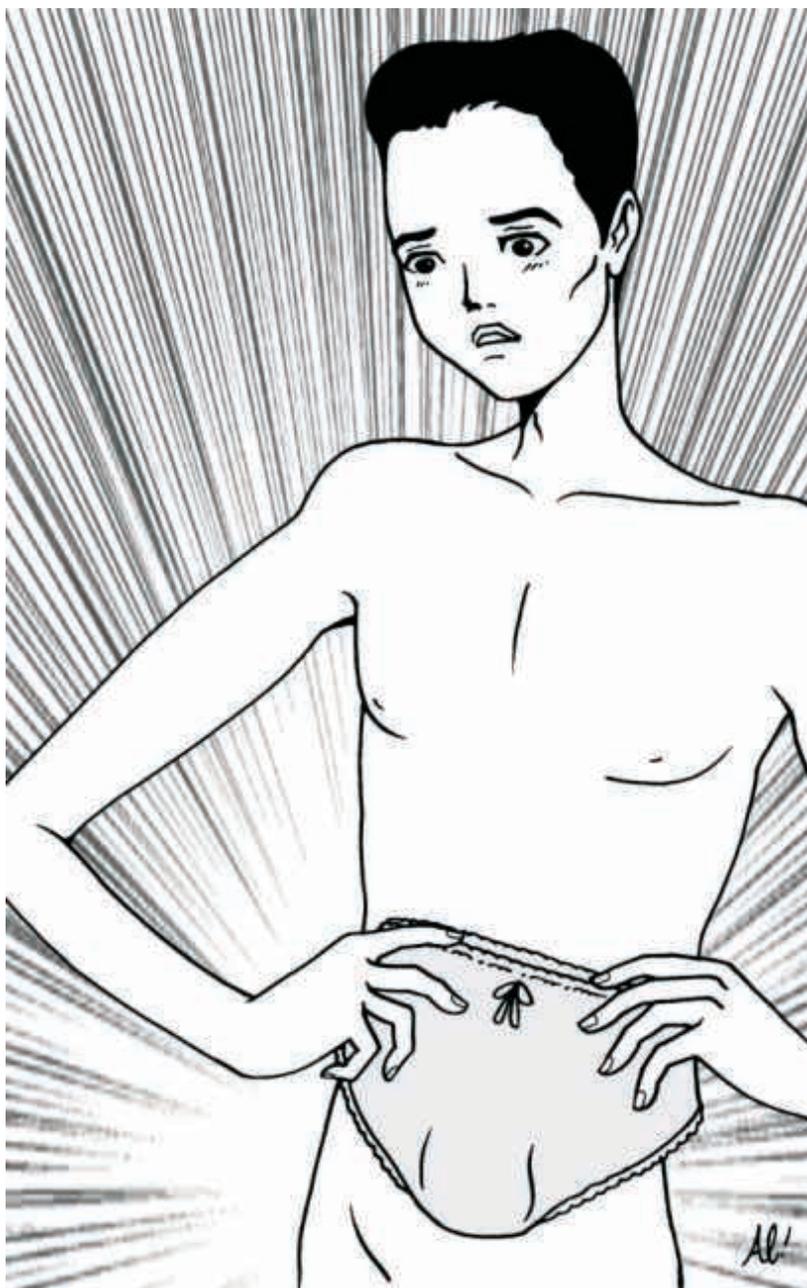
“Mickey, I know this is hard for you to believe but I’ve never ever kissed a boy like that. Don’t look at me like that. You’re wondering how I can kiss like that without being taught. You’re right but it wasn’t taught to me by those clumsy drips called boys.

No, I learned from girls at summer arts programs and we practiced until I became really good at kissing. And I practiced with girls from school until they used what I taught them to keep their boyfriends interested in them and their big ugly cow tits. But, Mickey, darling, you’ve shown more talent in that quickie kiss than all those girls and their jerk-off boyfriends combined. I promise we’ll finish the lesson but first we have to finish changing.”

Lois’s anger both intimidated me and heightened my arousal. To be controlled by an attractive girl my age appealed to me in ways I couldn’t understand. All I knew at that moment was that my cock was beginning to twitch. Watching Lois turn partly to the side, thrust her bottom almost imperceptibly caught my complete attention while clearing my mind of any stray thoughts.

“Just do what I do,” she said matter-of-factly. My imitation of every nuance of her movement was received with approval by the girl was well on her way to becoming my mentor in the art of sex. She got as far as wiggling her panties down to the base of tush when I had what amounted to a premature and spontaneous ejaculation. Lois, rather than being angry was amused. “Now that that’s over, we can go on without worrying ...at least for a few mutes. Wow, you pants are soaked. Get rid of them in my hamper. Wipe yourself and I’ll help you get into your panties.” She repositioned her panties leaving me exposed as if it were the most ordinary situation in

the world. My mind tried to make sense of what she had just said.



*Oh, my Lord! She really said 'panties.' Can't be. I must have heard her wrong or it's some kind of crazy wishful thinking. This is something I've dreamed about but now it's getting me scared!*

“Mickey, stop being a slow poke. You're not scared of what you really want, are you?”

“I'm not scared at all. It's just, just that I wasn't ready for this, not all at once.”

“Take them by the waist band,” Lo spoke in normal conversational tones as she handed me the panties. “That's how we girls do it and then hold them and look to see which way is the front.”

The soft cotton felt so good between my fingertips that my hands began to quiver as I felt renewed energy start to flow through my groin. It felt good to be standing thee nude but for my socks, the blindingly white cotton panties held front of me like a ritual object raised toward heaven in a rite meant to assure that my innermost dreams would be reality. But this wasn't simply a ritual, it was an ordeal imposed by Lois as if she were the priestess charged with testing me, the neophyte hoping for acceptance into a mysterious and wonderful cult.

“Good work.” Lois's voice cheered me on. “Now step into them, hold the waist band, leg opening at the same time if you can so they don't get too stretched out. Neat work! Didn't I say you're a natural? Now watch me.”

Lo guided me to the bed and sat me on the edge and then positioned me so that I was reclining against her pillows with one leg on the bed and the other draped over the edge. It was a seductive pose that felt ever so right even without the bra and falsies I was already thinking of as my own.