

FAIR EXCHANGE

By Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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FAIR EXCHANGE

By Patricia Smith

CHAPTER 1

The year was 1969. I remember it because that's the year I finished high school. I didn't graduate, I dropped out with two years to go. Dad said I wasn't smart enough to finish since I had failed a couple of years already. He wanted me working full time since I was old enough now and in his opinion, not smart enough to make the right choices. He was between jobs himself and heard of one he could get up north so that's where he was going. Mom worked as a waitress then.

That was the year I turned eighteen. That was also the last we ever heard or saw of my father. He lit out for that job up north and he never turned up in our lives again.

I got a job as a carpenter's helper. It was a good job and paid good money, two-twenty an hour. But I worked hard for that money. It wasn't easy for a guy my size to carry lumber and the sheets of plywood that were required, but I did it. I fetched the tools for the other guys and got to hammer in a few nails myself. We built houses. But it was seasonal work and when winter came it was time to look for another job to last until spring.

I was five foot four inches tall, too small for most people to want to hire me. I was a full two inches taller than Mom was but I was as skinny as a rake handle. Heck! I couldn't even get a job for a buck and a half an hour picking up garbage. All I could find was washing dishes for a buck an hour plus meals.

We were middle class people. Always had been and Mom worked damned hard to keep us there. But there were bills to pay and I wasn't helping us enough. She didn't blame me or herself. It was just the way things were. That combined with a worthless old man explained all. We were glad he was gone but the bills still kept piling up; Mom took a second job as a house cleaner. She spent eight hours a day waiting on people at the restaurant, then four hours a night cleaning other people's houses. I worked twelve to fourteen hours a day washing dishes.

Two years later and we were still in dire straits. I was delivering newspapers and handbills door-to-door and if I hustled I could make just under two bucks an hour. Mom had been studying and landed a job as a photographer's assistant. She was making three bucks an hour but she had to work twelve hour days too. She wanted me to get a haircut, put on some clean dressier clothes and go out looking for a better paying job. Not finishing high school, I didn't have a shot at those jobs and we both knew it.

Just like every other boy my age, I was sporting the long hair of my generation. I had grown it down past my shoulders and kept it clean. I washed it every day and wore it in a ponytail at the base of my head, the same way all the other guys did. There

were a lot of girls with shorter hair than what I had. Mom wore hers long, but it was shorter than mine.

As it happened, Mom's boss, Tony Argenta, had a little project he was financing himself. He was a photographer and a successful one, but he had a dream and he wanted to see it through to a successful completion. He called it erotic art but Mom called it pornography.

All the models were over the age of twenty-one and there was a big demand for pictures of naked or semi-dressed people in a variety of poses. Tony had the studio and all the equipment as well as the talent to take the pictures and process them. This was his own project for which there was no reward just yet so he worked on it at night. He needed another body to help with the lights so Mom mentioned my name and that's how I got the job.

Man! What a job that was! It was the dream job of a lifetime for a guy like me. The closest I ever got to a girl before this was on a crowded bus. I got a few good feels in then though most of them were accidental. I liked girls but they just didn't seem to like *me*. Now I got to see a lot of girls a bit older than me wearing nothing at all! The hardest part of my job with Mr. Argenta was hiding my constant erection.

Four hours a night aiming lights, wiring in other lights and adjusting the sets. Then watch the shoot, the naked lovelies that paraded their bodies for the camera's eye, the sweat rolling into my eyes from watching these girls strut their stuff. Then, pack it all up and put it away to go home and jerk off in the bathroom. I had to whack my meat every night that I worked for him. I loved the girls but it was understood that they were off-limits to guys like me.

The second stage of the photo shoot and Mr. Argenta's personal layout was to bring in the naked male models to pose with the girls. Big guys with lots of muscle and no fat and big, hard dicks for the girls to play with. I could've done that, too, but I was too short and too skinny so I wasn't chosen to pose with the girls. To help with finances, Mom took a small cut in pay in exchange for a percentage of the gross later on. She had my wages to offset the cut she took and we were slowly getting out of the hole.

They had the meeting, the fateful meeting to decide the next step. I heard it all from the studio where I was packing up the equipment. The six female stars of the show, Mom and Mr. Argenta were arguing over the next step: the lesbian layout!

Well, these girls were having no part of *that!* They weren't lesbians, they refused to touch each other and they refused to allow another girl to touch them in that way. That's all there was to it as far as they were concerned. The lesbian layout was on hold for now.

The next shoot I worked for Mr. Argenta was with just the guys. I didn't have my usual boner bonus since seeing a bunch of naked guys didn't turn me on. This shoot went faster since all these guys were really into what they were doing. Mom was the only woman present. Since it went so fast, Mr. Argenta suggested they finish the male part right now. The guys were all up for it. And I do mean *up!*

Not one of these guys had any problem with posing with each other. They kissed each other and fondled each other's soft cocks to make them hard. Mr. Argenta

bounced around taking close up shots of these guys jerking each other off. He wanted more and more from them and they gave him whatever he asked for.

I looked over to Mom and saw her eyes almost bugging out of her head as one guy got down on his knees to suck another's dick. Another guy lined up behind him to pork the first one in the ass. Mr. Argenta got it all on film. Mom handed him another camera, loaded and ready so he could keep shooting the action the guys were giving him. Two guys kissing and jerking each other. One guy getting a blow job from a guy who was getting his ass pumped from a guy who was getting *his* ass pumped. Six guys having sex together! Either they were good actors or they were *really* enjoying themselves!

Mom had trouble looking away long enough to do her job. She was supposed to re-load the cameras and keep Mr. Argenta supplied for constant shooting. Mom was a normal woman so I couldn't blame her if she got turned on by the action we were witnessing. I figured I was a normal guy and the nudity of other men didn't do a thing for me. But when they started in on the hot and heavy action, I got a boner just as big as when I saw the naked girls.

Each of the six cocks out there was at least twice the size of mine. How a guy could take a cock like that into his mouth and up his ass was beyond my powers of comprehension. I doubted it if I could ever do that, but it made me hard to watch these guys doing it. The suckee said he was going to cum so the sucker backed off to catch his hot load in the face. The camera got it from the first shot to the milking where the sucker licked the cock he was holding. The suckee got down to lick his own cum from the face of the sucker. I remember he had done that when he screwed the girls, too. Yuck! I could *never* do that! I was glad I was behind the lights then.

Mr. Argenta had shot enough film so that he would be busy for a month getting it all developed. The guys were done and everyone seemed happy with their "work", so they showered and dressed while I began to put everything away. Mom and Mr. Argenta were talking things over in his office without any yelling, I couldn't hear what was said. When I was done, I sat on the set couch and waited for Mom so we could go home together.

Mr. Argenta came out and called me into his office. "Have a seat, Mike," he said when I entered the plush private office. I sat down in the offered chair and looked at Mom who merely smiled at me. "Nice job with the lights tonight," he told me.

"Uh, thanks," I said.

"I was moving pretty good to get all the action out there and I didn't see a single shadow. You had to be running pretty fast to keep up with me."

"I do my best all the time, Mr. Argenta," I replied. "It's what you pay me to do."

"That's true. And you do good work, too. I can rely on you and I like that. You know, of course, that the girls won't have any part of lesbian action? I was kind of surprised that these guys could do the homosexual part so easily, but I guess they've had practice. They knew it was going to come up sooner or later. We're done with the guys now but we still need the lesbian shots with the girls."

"What does that have to do with me?" I asked him.

“None of the girls is willing to touch another girl or have a girl touch them in a sexual way. They don’t mind being shot naked or with guys, but they refuse to do the lesbian thing for me. I need those shots to complete the set.”

“What Mr. Argenta is trying to get at,” Mom spoke up then, “is that the girls will only allow men to touch them. We have figured out that we can get the lesbian action he needs if we can find a man who can look like a girl to do it for us. That’s where you come in, Mike.”

“Your small stature and long hair combined with our talents, we figure you can look pretty damned good dressed up as a girl.” he said. “You *do* like the girls, don’t you, Mike?”

“Uh, yeah! I like girls! But you want me to dress up as a girl, too!? But I don’t have the body those girls have. I could *never* look like a real girl!”

“Sure you can,” Mom said. “A little padding here and there, the right clothes, makeup, hairstyle and jewelry and you can look as good as any of those girls. That’s all we need for now. Your made-up face kissing the girls, your manicured hands fondling them in the forbidden places and undressing them, your painted lips kissing and licking them between the legs and sucking on their nipples. I *know* you want to do that with those girls.”

“Hey! I’m a guy! Of *course* I want to do that to the girls, and a lot more too! But I don’t want to dress up as a girl to do it! I’m not a *modell*!”

“Just think about it Mike. I’m willing to pay you double what the other models are making. They get twenty five bucks an hour. That’s fifty an hour to you, cash, tax-free. You don’t declare it and I don’t declare it so no one knows about it. The girls will all see you naked and help you to get dressed as a girl so they will be at ease for the shoot and I get the lesbian action I need on film. I’ll be the only guy here. Your mother can handle the lights. You go home now and think about it, Mike. I figure it’ll take twelve hundred cash to get what I need.”

CHAPTER 2

Mr. Argenta gave us a ride home and just dropped us off on the street. Mom and I went inside our house while he drove away. "I know you wanted to jump those girls the second you saw them with their clothes off, Mike," she said to me as she turned on the lights. "Admit it."

"Hell Mom, what guy wouldn't? Of course I admit it! Proudly, too! And you wanted to get into the action with those guys tonight, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," she admitted slowly. "I've never seen guys doing stuff like that with other guys before, and they were all so well hung! I could imagine myself with two or three of them all at once! The same way you can imagine yourself with those girls."

"Yeah? I get horny just thinking about those girls."

"That's natural, Mike. Those lovely young ladies made me horny, too."

"You're a woman, Mom! How can girls make *you* horny?"

"I'm *human*, that's how. Every one of those girls has a beautiful, young, sexy body. The kind of body I used to wish I had. Seeing them naked made me wish even harder that I was just like them. Each one of them got me horny when they took their clothes off; the action they did with the guys intensified it for me. I would have loved to trade places with those girls if I had the body they have. I'm positive you would have traded places with those guys, wouldn't you?"

"Not tonight I wouldn't. Sure, I would have for the shots with the girls. But there is no way I could do those things with another guy."

"I don't see why not. I could do it with the girls, if they would let me."

"What!?" I almost shouted with surprise.

"It's no big deal, Mike. As horny as I get seeing those girls naked I would have no problem at all kissing them and touching them and tasting them. But they refuse to be touched like that by another woman. So we have two choices. Find a man who can pose as a woman with the girls and give us what we need, or scrap these girls and redo the whole show with other girls who can do the lesbian shots we need. It's a lot cheaper to go with a guy dressed as a girl than to redo the entire show."

"What's your interest in all this, Mom?" I had to ask.

"My percentage," she replied. "I'm a minor partner in this deal now, if I see it through to a successful conclusion. A lot of guys would jump at the chance to do this and for a lot less than what Mr. Argenta is willing to pay you. I don't understand what you're afraid of."

"You want to know what I'm afraid of?"

"Yes. I want to help you through it so you can do this for us. Twelve hundred dollars all at once can get us back into the black again. Then we can start to save for the things we want in this life. Tell me, Mike, what are you afraid of?"

Mom made us some tea and we sat at the kitchen table while I collected my thoughts.

“I’m afraid of a lot of things, Mom,” I told her. “Most of all I guess I’m afraid of failing.”

“Failing? How? In what way can you fail?”

“I’ve never touched a girl in a sexual way Mom,” I admitted. “I’m afraid I won’t know what to do or how to do it properly.”

“I can help you with that. We can bring in one of the girls and you can practice with her.”

“I’m afraid I won’t look like a *real* girl when I’m dressed up.”

“We can practice that at home, too.”

“There is more to being a girl than dressing like one. I’m afraid I won’t know how to act like a girl either.”

“Practice again, Mike. And I’ll teach you all about being a girl so you’ll know how to act like a girl around other girls.”

“There is one more thing I’m afraid of, Mom and it’s almost as bad as failing.”

“What is it dear? I’ll do what I can to help you with it.”

“This is going to sound stupid to you, I know, but I have this awful fear that if I do this that I am going to like it.”

“That’s not stupid, Mike. What part are you afraid of liking?”

“*All* of it, *any* of it. I can look forward to having sex with the girls; I’m not afraid of liking that. But I might like being dressed as a girl to do it. *That* scares me. Dressing as a girl scares me, too. I might like it. Looking and acting like a girl scares me because I might like that part, too. All of it put together scares the hell out of me because I know it’s wrong for guys to dress up as girls and enjoy it.”

“It *shouldn’t* scare you, Mike. There is nothing wrong with a guy wearing girls clothes and enjoying it. I wear girls clothes and *I* enjoy them.”

“You’re a woman, Mom; you’re supposed to wear them and you’re allowed to enjoy them. I’m a guy and I’m supposed to enjoy *guys* clothes, not girls clothes.”

“Who says? Society? That’s a load of bull! If it wasn’t for the demands of society, we wouldn’t be doing what we have done so far. Society wants what we can give them and we stand to make a good profit doing it, too. There are only the nine of us who have to know that the girl you’ll be is really a guy. You, me, Mr. Argenta and the six girls. Other than that, the whole world has to believe that you are a real girl. And you *CAN* do it. If you can enjoy doing it, so much the better for you. I would never begrudge you the chance to enjoy wearing the same clothes I get so much enjoyment from wearing.”

“Yeah,” I chuckled halfheartedly. “Like you would let me dress as a girl at home if I wanted to after the shooting is done.”

“Let you?” she cried out. “Hell Mike, I’d help you! I’d *love* to have a daughter, even if she was once my son. Five minutes a week or twenty four hours a day! I’ll take what I can get if you can enjoy being a girl! *Let* you? I would *prefer* it!”

“*Prefer* it? You mean you wish I were born a girl?”

“No. I love you the way you are. What I want is to make you happy. If you can be happy dressing as a girl while still being a guy, *I* can be happy, too. If you can do the shoot, then prefer to never dress as a girl again, I can be happy with that. I can be happy if I know that *you’re* happy, too. Either way, the choice will always be yours. I won’t force you to do anything you don’t want to. But I would appreciate it if you do this for us this one time. It will get us out of the red, help us finish the project so I can collect my percentage, and give you the chance to experience a side of yourself I know you want to explore. The choice is yours, Mike.”

“I have a question, Mom.”

“Fire away,” she said.

“Are we going to change my name from Mike to Michelle when I am a girl?”

“No, of course not. Your father chose your name for you at birth. If you are going to do this for us, I get to choose your feminine name for you. *Are* you going to do it?”

“Yes, I’ll do it. So what’s the name you would choose for me?”

“Anne. It was my mother’s name and I wanted to give it to my daughter if I had one. Like it or not, I would call you Annie when I see you as a girl.”

“So, when do we start?” I asked.

“Tomorrow, first thing. It’s after midnight so we’d better get to bed. Would you like to borrow one of my nighties or would you prefer to sleep in your pajamas?”

“You’d lend me one of your nighties right now!!?”

“Sure. Why not? I sleep naked and only wear them when you’re around. But I have some sexy ones you’ve never seen me wear. Your father liked to see me in them but I doubt we will ever see him again. You can have them if you want them.”

“You don’t mind Mom?”

“I think I would rather see you wear them than your pajamas.”

We turned off the lights and went up to our rooms. Minutes later, Mom came into my room displaying four hangers, each with a sexy little nightie set on it. One each of white, black, red and pink. All of them were babydolls and very sheer, some had lace trim and some fake fur trim. She hung three of them in my closet and kept out the pink one for me to wear tonight. “Put it on, Annie and I’ll see you in the morning. Goodnight.” She left me alone then.

I stripped naked and reached for the nightie on the hanger and found that I had the shakes. I had a great deal of anticipation about putting on such a feminine garment as this sexy little babydoll nightie was. The panty was a brief style, completely see-through and trimmed ever so lightly with lace at the waist and leg openings. I had a boner the second I got it on. The nightie was equally as see-through as the panty part and felt delicious as I pulled it on over my head. It had shoulder straps made of a wide

lace and the thin material hung down just below my crotch where a trimming of pink fluffy fur barely concealed my excitement.

There was no way I could sleep with the boner I had, so I put on the jacket part that hid a bit more of my body and went to the bathroom. I lowered the panties to sit on the throne and jerk myself off. I shot my load into the toilet, cleaned myself off, then replaced the panty to return to my room. I took off the jacket part and climbed into bed. It didn't take long to fall asleep.

CHAPTER 3

I woke up in the morning with Mom shaking my shoulder gently. She was fully dressed and smiling at me and calling me Annie. It took a moment for me to realize why. I was still wearing her pink nightie and she could see me from my waist up. She was handing me the jacket part and saying, "Time to get up, dear. Put on your peignoir and come downstairs, Annie."

I felt pretty foolish. To actually be caught in bed wearing Mom's pretty pink nightie and to have her see me in it. But she had given it to me and told me I could wear it any time I chose to. I checked my closet and saw the other three hanging there so it wasn't a dream. She had given me her four sexiest nighties to wear whenever I wanted to. I put on the "peignoir" as she had called it and cautiously crept out of my room, down the stairs to the kitchen where I shyly made my debut to my mother.

"It fits you pretty good, Annie," she said to me. "How does it feel?"

"It feels better than it fits, I guess," I said as I took my seat at the table.

"You guess? You aren't sure? I would have said 'fabulous!'"

"This is the first time I ever wore anything feminine, Mom. I guess I have a hard time admitting that I like it."

"It's the first time you *remember* wearing anything feminine, Annie. When you were a baby I used to put you into dresses a lot. You were too young to remember, though. Your father gave me a lot of hell when he came home to find you in a dress on the floor."

"Why'd you put me in dresses?"

"You looked **so** cute in a dress, and it was easier on me, too. Babies have a tendency to wet themselves constantly; it was easier to change just a panty with the diaper than to have to change a pair of pants as well. Gave me less laundry to do that way. Your father didn't care for it and when you got older, he refused to let me put dresses on you. In his words, he didn't want a pansy for a son."

"Seems to me he didn't want a son at all," I said.

"He did when you were small. But the older you got, the less he seemed to care about you. Me, I loved you the moment I knew I was pregnant and that love has grown over the years. I will always love you no matter what happens."

"I love you too, Mom."

"I know. I called Mr. Argenta this morning and he will be here soon."

"What!?" I cried. "I can't let him see me like this!!"

"He doesn't have to see you like this at all. He's just coming by to give me some money so I can go out and buy you some of the things you're going to need to be a girl. My things *might* fit you but they are *my* things and there are some things we can't share. You need your own girl undies for sure and some padding too. My outer clothes are the wrong style for a young girl like you are so you'll need your own outfits. He is

willing to pay for everything to turn you into the girl we need to finish the project. I'll take the cash from him at the front door and he doesn't have to come in and see you."

"So what kind of undies are you going to buy for me, Mom?" I had to ask.

"Well, you'll need panties for sure. I think girls these days prefer bikini panties. I only have briefs for myself. You'll need matching bras, too and I think they should have larger cups than mine do. I have small breasts but all those young girls have quite large breasts, as you saw. To be in pictures with them, I think you should be built the same as they are. You'll need garter belts, stockings and pantyhose, too. You'll need all the same things you saw them take off and put back on. Teddies and slips and camisoles, minidresses and miniskirts and blouses and those very high-heeled shoes, too. I'll have to get you some of the younger makeup, too, since we can't share mine. I can help you with all of it *and* do your hair for you, too. But there is something you have to do while I am out shopping for you."

"What's that, Mom?"

"You have to take a bubble bath and shave."

"Shave what? I don't even have peach fuzz on my face yet."

"Not your *face*, dear girl—your body! You have to shave your legs, chest, stomach, arms and underarms. You saw where those girls had hair and where they didn't. That's all that *you* can have now, too."

Yeah, Mom was right. If I was going to dress as a girl I had to be as hairless as a girl. I didn't have a *lot* of body hair but I did have *some* and it had to go. I had just picked up my toast to begin eating when the doorbell rang. Mom went to get it while I stayed hidden in the kitchen. I didn't need for anyone else to see me as I was.

I heard the door close and Mom came back to say to me, "Mr. Argenta wants to see how you look right now, Annie. He brought you a surprise, too."

"*What* surprise?" I asked.

"Cyndi! She's that gorgeous redheaded model from the shoot."

"They're going to laugh at me, Mom." I was terrified.

"No, they aren't, dear. They need *you* more than you need *them*. But they won't come in unless you say it's okay. Cyndi can help you with your bath and shaving, then teach you all about having sex with a girl *as* a girl. Mr. Argenta is going shopping with me to help pick out the right clothes and he's going to pay for everything with his credit cards."

I had agreed to do it, so I couldn't very well turn them down now. I hadn't expected this, but it was a bonus for me. A girl to have sex with in my own room...and a gorgeous model at that! "It's okay to let them in, Mom," I said with a great deal of nervousness.

I heard Mom open the front door again and say to them, "No laughing. He's nervous enough as it is."

They all came into the kitchen and I was petrified to see them. “Yeah, he’s pretty,” Mr. Argenta said. “He’ll be gorgeous once we get him all done up. Thanks for doing this for me, Mike,” he said.

“I’m calling *her* Annie because *she* is a girl now,” Mom said.

“I think Annie is the perfect girl for us,” Cyndi said. Mom led the way and Cyndi and I followed her to the bathroom. I felt even more foolish than I had before. Mom gave Cyndi her bubble bath and shampoo and showed her where the towels were. Cyndi had stopped at a store on the way and bought me a ladies shaver and shaving foam. Mom left to go shopping so it was just me and Cyndi in the house, in the bathroom, and me in a pink nightie.

“Don’t be so nervous, Annie,” Cyndi said to me as she looked me over very carefully now. “I won’t bite you *too* hard. You’ve seen *me* naked lots of times. Now it’s my turn to see you just as naked.”

“It’s not the same thing,” I managed to mumble.

“I know it’s not. But don’t worry. You are the only kind of girl I can like for what we have to do together. I’ll bet you have a hard-on right now, don’t you?”

I stood with my hands in front of me covering it. “Yeah, I do.”

“Let’s see it then.” She came over to stand right in front of me; in her high heels I stared straight ahead at her huge tits. She smiled and I barely registered it as she removed the peignoir from my body. She reached down to grasp the bottom of the nightie and lifted it off of me. Then she knelt in front of me to bat my hands aside and lower the sheer panty briefs down to my ankles. I stepped out of them and my boner bounced in front of her face.

Cyndi gave me a reassuring smile, then licked her lips as she grasped my erect pecker and guided it to her mouth. It was barely a couple of minutes since she had put my dick into her mouth when I told her I was going to cum. She kept sucking me and I couldn’t hold it back any longer and shot my load into her mouth. She kept sucking and drinking it, milking me for every drop she could get until my cock went soft in her hands and mouth.

“That was nice,” she told me when she got to her feet. “I’m glad I’m here and got to do that with you. I hope you’ll let me do it again.”

“Anytime you want,” I answered with a smile of my own.

“First things first,” she said. “We have to get you bathed and shaved, then we can work on how to be a girl with other girls.”

Cyndi reached into the bathtub to put in the plug, then turned on the water. She adjusted the temperature to get it right, then added a generous amount of Mom’s bubble bath. She had me get in and sit down while she stood off by the sink to take off her clothes. She got completely naked so she could climb into the tub with me and sit in front of me. She filled the tub until the water began to run out the overflow, then turned it off. Then she turned to face me.

Cyndi took my hands in hers and looked me right in the face. “Your mother and I are going to make you into a very beautiful young lady, Annie. From now on no one is

going to call you anything but Annie, so you can get used to it. I can see the potential you have to be just as beautiful as any real girl there is. It's going to take a lot of cooperation and work on your part, too. It's going to be real hard for you but you have to learn not to get an erection all the time. It doesn't fit in with the role you have to play now. The only way you can learn to not do that is to learn to be comfortable with a real girl around. I'm going to teach you that."

"That's impossible," I said. "You're too sexy for me to not get an erection when you're around."

She smiled then. "Thanks, Annie. If need be, we'll get you some saltpeter."

"What's that?" I asked.

"It's this natural stuff that makes it impossible for a man to get an erection. I've never seen any but from what I've heard, it looks and tastes just like salt. Men who take it lose the ability to get it up. It's just temporary though. You'd have to take it several times a day to keep that little man of yours under control. We want you looking and acting like a girl and you can't do that with that man-thing out of control."

"I guess I'm going to need that stuff then. What? A couple of boxes of it?"

She laughed then. "How horny are you?"

"Most of the time," I told her. "Especially with you and the other girls around."

"Not any more, Annie," she said.

The high water level and the mountains of bubbles hid most of us from each others' view or she would have seen that I was hard right then. She got to work on the task at hand which was to get me shaved all over, just as she was. I watched and learned as she shaved my legs very carefully below the knees, then above to my groin. Then she shaved the few wisps of hair from my chest, all of both of my arms and my underarms. I had to turn around so she could check my back but there wasn't any hair there. Then I had to stand up in the tub so she could be on her knees to shave my stomach down to my fully erect manhood. She even shaved the hair from out of the crack on my ass. She lathered up and shaved my cock and balls too. I didn't have a single hair left on my body below my neck.

"Sorry, Annie," she said to me. "Where *I* have hair down here," and she touched the bush between her legs, "*you* have a penis. I had to take it all off. It's going to itch like crazy when it grows back. Let me know when it does and I'll shave it again."

She smiled up at me, then closed her eyes to take my hard little pecker back into her mouth. I lasted longer this time though not by much. She milked me dry once more and licked up every drop she could get before releasing me from her mouth. "You naughty girl you," she said to me then. "You were trying to hold back on me, weren't you?"

"Of course I was. It felt so good, I didn't want it to end."

"Just like a girl," she said. "Now, premature ejaculation is possible, too and we can't have that since we don't have the saltpeter yet. If you feel you're getting close to an orgasm, I want you to tell me so I can catch it for you. We can't have you unloading

it into your panties, now can we?” It was a rhetorical question. If she said we couldn’t, then we couldn’t.

Cyndi got herself completely dressed then while I put my nightie back on. I cleaned out the tub since I was ready before she was. Then I led her to my bedroom. It was time for my next lesson in how to be a lesbian.

Kissing came first and we tried to do it standing up. But she was a lot taller than I was even when she took off her high-heeled shoes. So she sat on my bed and I sat beside her and that was only a little better. She was taller than I was through the body and the legs. She had me sit on her lap facing her, one knee on each side of her body. She held me around my waist while my hands were on her shoulders or around her neck and we began to kiss again. Mouths open, tongues dancing with each other we kissed for what felt like hours but was more like fifteen minutes or so. She told me to do everything she did and I was a willing student.

I felt her right hand come off my back and around to my flat chest. I took my right hand from her shoulder and placed it over her left breasts. She squeezed and I squeezed. She found my small, flat nipple, so I found her hard, erect one. She pinched and pulled at mine, so I did the same to her. She loved it! We stopped kissing so I could back up a bit on her lap and play with both of her breasts with my hands. She loved it for a few minutes, then told me to stop. I stopped. “Why?” I asked her.

“Too much attention like that and they start to hurt,” she told me. I didn’t want to hurt her at all. She had me kissing her lips, her cheeks, her neck and playing with her ears with my mouth while my hands worked behind her back to undo her dress. I pulled it down in front according to her directions, then eased the straps of her full slip down, too. Then I had to find the catch to her bra and undo it blindly as well, as my mouth was still working at her neck and ears. With the bra undone and pulled from her shoulders, I had to stand so she could stand and remove the top part of her clothes. I sat beside her now to be at a lower level and take her breasts in my hands and her nipples into my mouth. She kept giving me directions on what to do to make her enjoy herself and I did it as soon as she told me to. I had another hard-on inside my sheer panties!

Cyndi lay straight back on my bed and I did what she told me to. I kissed a trail down her body to her pantyhose and used my hands to roll down the semi-sheer nylon. She wasn’t wearing panties since pantyhose were panties and hose all in one. She told me to be very careful about taking them off of her as they could get a run in them and they would be useless to her later. I was as careful as I could be under the circumstances and soon she was as naked as she had been in the tub with me. I kissed her creamy thighs and kneaded the skin in my hands. She parted her legs and I slipped between them and got my first look at her pussy up close. I stroked it and felt how wet she was and I tasted her juices from my fingers. She had me lean in close to kiss her there, then stick out my tongue to lick her. I used my fingers as she directed and pulled at her flesh to fully expose her little clit and give it the licking she wanted. I licked her right through several orgasms before she asked if I was hard again yet.

“I was hard before we got started,” I told her.

“Ohh, good girl. Move on up and stick it in there, okay, Annie?”

“Is this what girls do together?” I asked knowing full well it wasn’t. She was really horny and wanted me to fuck her. I was willing. “Don’t we need a condom?” I asked.

“Noo,” she cooed. “I’m on the pill. Put it in there, Annie. NOW!”

I did what she begged me to do and I felt her shudder through another orgasm before I got it half way inside her. She bucked and jumped about below me, her hands stroking me, her legs wrapped around me as we fucked. I told her I was about to cum and she told me to let it go, she was ready, too. We had a great orgasm together.

Her legs relaxed their grip on me and I was able to slide my limp pecker out of her still wet and dripping pussy and roll off her to one side. “That was great, Annie,” she told me, “and yes, girls do that together. When it’s two real girls, they have a strap-on cock and can go forever. To finish it off, you have to go down there and lice me clean, then come up here and kiss me again.”

I was somewhat hesitant about licking her pussy when it had my cum in it but she kept encouraging me to do it since my cum was deep inside of her. So I did it and it tasted the same as before I had fucked her. It was nice. Then, I was up to kiss her and she licked her own stray juices from my chin. “*That’s* what two girls can do together,” she told me.

“I think I can like being a girl with you. How about if I was a guy with you?”

“That wouldn’t work, Annie. You’re too short and too pretty and too small down there. But you are the perfect girl for me.”

If the other girls were anything like Cyndi, then I had made the right choice.