



Reluctant Press presents:

The Counselor

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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THE COUNSELOR

By Monica James

Shadows from the trees signaled early evening. Gabby stood outside the Falcon Camp counselor's office for a long time. The building, off the rustic path in a grove of trees, appeared empty. She waited because her cabin leader had left her a note to go there directly after muster.

When she heard a car drive up, she moved to the end of the porch to see who it was.

A man stepped out of his black VW Jetta and went in by the back door. She looked at him carefully. He was medium height with a firm, active step.

The light in the front came on inside after a long wait. She rapped on the door.

"Come in," Sandine said.

She stood in the doorway, waiting. "Pardon, Miss Orneau," she said in a whisper, "my cabin leader left me this note." She looked quickly around the office but did not see the man she had observed earlier. "I'm Gabrielle Gaynes."

"Yes, thank you for waiting. In addition to errands in town, I've been paper-work busy today. Please, sit down. We need to talk."

"Thank you," Gabby said with a formal note and sat primly in the chair facing Sandine Orneau's desk. She was immediately aware that the camp counselor, the very one everyone admired and respected, was appraising her figure. There was no time for regret for not having dressed more fully.

"You are pretty," Sandine said with a smile. "But you can't live your entire life on your good looks. Sooner or later, you'll have to come to terms with authority."

"Miss, I'm not sure what you mean." She shifted uneasily in the chair and turned her legs sideways, ankles crossed. She certainly knew what the counselor chief meant; her good looks were her lucky charm getting her out of scrapes and into comfortable circum-

stances. It was a matter, she understood well, of keeping control. She sensed this was one time it might not work. Sandine Orneau was clearly in charge.

“Not getting yourself up and ready for group assembly has caused problems ever since you arrived at Falcon Camp. On the other hand, I’m told your scholastic efforts are superb indicating a willingness, apparently, to keep up your assignments. So, here you are and, frankly, I do not know what to do with a very smart but undisciplined girl.”

Gabby gulped nervously. “I promise to try harder, Miss.” Sure, she thought to herself, I may not respond to some self-appointed chieftain of the tribe, but I do keep up my studies; it’s a reason for being. Academics constantly prove I’m worth something to myself and, maybe someday, to someone else.

Sandine came around to the front of the desk and looked down at the seated girl. There was a long moment of silence as Sandine considered the youngster.

“The Falcon Camp rule book states you are to endure some punishment designed to correct your behavior. Push-ups and laps around the track field seem inadequate.” She moved forward until her knees pressed Gabby’s leg.

Gabby glanced furtively at the door. She was at the edge of panic. Then she looked up at Sandine Orneau. The older girl’s olive skin, reflecting her French heritage, shone in good health. The dark eyes flashed but not in anger, she decided, but interest. “Miss Sandine, please, I’ll do whatever you say. Perhaps some help with the paperwork you mentioned. I’m good at that.” The knees pressing her naked leg could not be ignored and she looked down shyly.

“Perhaps. That might work really well. I do spend a lot of time each evening putting the day’s activity tickets in alphabetical order within cabin group.”

Gabby struggled to move forward. With Sandine Orneau’s body poised against her, moving away to break contact was impossible. “Yes, Miss. I’d like to help with that. Is there anything else?”

Sandine moved away just enough to free Gabby. “Come with me, Gabrielle,” she said reaching for the girl’s hand. “Let’s sit on the settee. I’ve had a long day and if I’m being too harsh, I apologize.”

They sat down together, Gabby having been guided to the center cushion. She blushed to be so close, almost touching, with the woman she considered stunning, worldly and suave. “It appears I’m at your mercy, Miss,” Gabby said wondering at her own audacity.

Sandine smiled and licked her lips, an intimate overture. “Tell me, then. You’re starting college in the fall, I believe. Where are you going? What about your friends from high school; are there any you want to keep in touch with?”

Gabby gulped at the rapid-fire questions. As the evening began, the darkness in the room was comforting. Sandine made no effort to turn on the small lamp next to the wicker settee. Gabby relaxed back and squared her shoulders. She rambled about her school activities, the school play, the cheerleader squad and mentioned her “A” average.

While the young girl chattered on, Sandine put her arm across the back of the settee and began caressing Gabby’s flowing hair, a riot of blonde curls tumbling onto her back held by a simple white ribbon. Gabby stopped abruptly when she realized that Sandine

had moved closer. Their hips touched and Sandine was twirling a strand of hair in her fingers. "Oh, Miss, I guess I've been running off at every thought that came into my mind. You must be terribly bored with me. Very sorry."

Sandine smiled. "Not at all. I'm captivated, not only by your eloquence but also your beauty. We might get to know each other better. Would you like that?"

"Yes, Miss," she answered lowering her eyes. Her mind, however, was racing. What's going on here? This beautiful woman seems attracted to me. What am I supposed to do? If I run screaming out of here, it will be disaster for both of us. If I stay and she wants sex with me, how will that end?

"Do you have a friend, perhaps one of the boys on staff, outside waiting for you to leave?"

Gabby laughed with a full smile that further endeared Sandine to the girl's charms. "No, Miss. Very few boys at the girl's camp. I've not much experience with boys. By the time they get through pushing me around to prove how strong they are, I'm exhausted."

Sandine laughed. "So true. My encounters were the same when I was your age. Couldn't stand them but, being practical, needed a date to the prom with some dude of casual interest." She touched Gabby's skin with one knuckle. The skin was smooth, appealing. "So much for boys. You have a best girlfriend in school? Most girls often have someone special in their life."

Gabby sighed. "Her name is Barbara. Everyone calls her Barbie because she is small like a china doll."

"And a nice figure, this Barbie doll of yours?"

"Oh, yes; pretty. She is very important to me."

Sandine extended her arm and pressed Gabby's far shoul-



der. "You both are so very fortunate to have each other. Did you agree to avoid involvement with another girl?"

Gabby blushed, happy that Sandine couldn't see it in the darkened room.

"Not that specific. I'd call it a girl-thing."

"Rightly so; gives balance to your life to have someone close like that." She closed her arm around Gabby's shoulders until the young girl was in her embrace. "Did you and Barbie have sex? Girl sex? Or did you just talk about it?"

Gabby took a deep breath. "No, if you mean all-the-way. But, yes, we did talk about it. Curious, but fully honest with each other. I think we both knew we would want to have the experience some day but it hasn't happened, at least not yet."

"Would you like to talk about it?"

"I'd be grateful, Miss. I'm very nervous being physical with you like this."

Sandine relaxed back but kept her arm across Gabby's shoulders. "You know, then, that there is a difference between love and lust. Sometimes, when the event is right, two women, girls like you and me, feel an attraction to each other. I feel strongly attracted to you because you have such a pleasant way with yourself. Your good looks are second to that. I hope you don't mind me holding you like we just did. Are you afraid you will like it if I kiss you?"

Gabby took a breath. "I'm not afraid of you, Miss Orneau. I'm afraid of me."

Sandine laughed. "Explain that. Do you think I will ask some affection of you that is new, or novel, or satisfying sexually? That shouldn't scare you."

"I'm confused, that's all." She looked down, away from the intense look on Sandine's face, and clasped her hands onto her lap. She was aware that Sandine's playing with her hair had loosened her ribbon. Grateful for something to do with her hands, she took the ribbon and fingered it like it was a rosary. Then, looking directly at the older girl, she said, "I'm flattered by your attention. I hope I can do, uh, whatever, oh!" It was complete surrender.

Sandine knew the moment was ripe. She caught Gabby's chin, turned the girl's face toward her, and very gently brushed Gabby's lips with her own. Gabby, eyes closed, stiffened her body at first, then allowed Sandine's arms to bring her closer.

Gabby felt Sandine's tongue tip flip her lip gently. She was either asking to enter there or telling Gabby there was going to be a more involved sexual romp. Either event aroused her. The beautiful lady with so much authority moved her; she let her lips part slightly. But, the expected tongue did not enter. Sandine opened her lips to fit and the kiss was stronger, a new passion. She began to breathe deeply and rapidly. Her lungs filled like a drowning person gasping for air. Her breasts firmed and ached to be touched.

When Gabby moved to grasp Sandine's arm, Sandine deftly took Gabby's hand to her breast and pressed the fingers. When Gabby squealed she brought down another, busier, kiss. Gabby's naked legs were next. She began caressing her thighs while Gabby, hand still on Sandine's breast, continued to fondle it.

"Gabby, open my blouse."

Gabby worked at the front of Sandine's blouse and parted the linen fabric. She next reached behind her back and unhooked Sandine's bra. The beautiful breasts, firmed by the level of passion, tumbled into view. Gabby cupped one breast with her hand. When Sandine again brought another kiss, she parted her lips and sucked Sandine's tongue gently. The errant tongue slid in and out quickly. She was savoring the sensation, while her lips pressed and held.

Sandine pressured Gabby's neck and shoulders to move lower. Gabby took a deep breath, as if to duck beneath the water, and filled her mouth with Sandine's breast. It was a new thrill. Sandine released her and guided the talented mouth to the other breast. "How nice, Gabby," she whispered. "Do me some more."

Gabby looked up, pleased with the look of satisfaction on Sandine's face. "I'll do whatever you want," she said softly. "This is what Barbie and I talked about."

Sandine closed the short distance between them, ran her fingers through Gabby's hair and brushed a kiss onto her cheek. "There is something we have to make clear. We can't continue if you and your girlfriend have a love-pact. You wouldn't feel right about accepting me and, of course, I don't want you to feel any remorse. Well?"

Gabby folded her arms over her chest and sighed. "I think the answer is 'no' because we never discussed it. We haven't promised each other a long-term relationship, like, as you call a love-pact."

"I'm glad. But, look at it this way. There might be some assumptions. If Barbie was here with me, us kissing and touching each other, what would she do? How would you feel about her having sex with another girl? Would you feel betrayed?"

Gabby giggled. "Tell you what! If she did some fancy dance steps with another girl that she refused to do with me, I'd be pissed."

Sandine laughed. "Even if it was entirely up to her discretion? Not very nice, pretty girl."

Gabby snuggled into Sandine's embrace. "When I came in here, I was scared. I didn't know you were attracted to me. Now that I know you are, I'm not afraid any more; I feel safe."

Sandine kissed her again and fondled Gabby's breast with firm fingers. "How far are you prepared to go? Are you afraid, if not of me, of the unknown?"

"I want us to do it. At last I will be able to stop thinking about it, wondering about the sensations, like that, whatever."

Sandine folded the young girl in her arms and ran her hand down her back to press on the firm buttocks. "My desire is to take you right now, do the things you want me to do. I have a warm bed with clean sheets for us."

Gabby could stand it no longer. She firmly lifted her chin for another kiss. She opened her mouth and, in a sensual tryst, licked Sandine's lips. "This is not a mistake; I so want to do it, I need to know. But, Miss, uh, earlier I saw a man come in the back way. Would that be awkward? Is he still here?"

Sandine laughed. "Darling, girl. That was me. I always cross-dress when I go into town on an errand. I'm afraid if I dressed in a mini-skirt and halter I'd stop traffic. And that means I'm far from modest, I suppose."

Gabby was silent as she allowed Sandine to walk her into the quiet room. A bed on one wall, desk and bookcases, completed the scene. Cross-dress, she said to herself, that's new and different; even kind of exciting. Think of it, she considered, a genuine transvestite. Who'd of thought it? She decided to speak up.

"I'm more nervous now than ever. I've heard of cross-dressing but never thought I'd come face-to-face, so to speak." She stood firmly in the center of the bedroom/study and waited for the svelte girl.

Sandine reached down and unfastened Gabby's belt. "And we can keep this to ourselves? Let it be our little secret?"

Gabby nodded. "Sure, I know things can go awfully wrong. People over-react, like that. I promise to be discreet. When did you know? About girls, I mean?"

"Ever since I can remember, I've been attracted to some girls; the ones who have a special allure. You have that. Girls that don't are fodder for the marriage mill; husbands that get drunk and beat them then screw their eyeballs out. Babies come along that take up a lifetime of loving and care but you are left to wonder where your husband is at night. No thank you."

"That the way it was for you growing up?"

Sandine told the story as matter-of-fact, without rancor. She had successfully purged the ill feelings, the sympathy for her mother, the misplaced guilt. It was one of those impulse-driven moments. She fell silent and stared at Gabby. She pursed her lips to speak but did not.

Gabby decided to take the initiative. "What?" she asked.

Sandine winked out a tear and threw it away with a swish of her finger over her cheek. Then she spoke as if in a reverie. "My mom wanted to go out by herself, have a good time and forget the abuse, but even in those far-forgotten times, a lady wasn't safe at night, especially one as attractive as she was."

"Seeing how stunning you are, I know she must have been the flower of many a desire."

"Very poetic, love. Anyhow; Mom decided to cross-dress and, keeping out of bright lights, she could come-and-go as she pleased. That was when the change took place."

"Change? What happened?"

"Not sure. As I look back on the story, Mom must have met a girl she really liked and seduced her. That could have been damned awkward." Sandine looked aside and laughed. "After that, she dressed as a man regularly. In a while she had a wardrobe that included wide-collar white shirts, ties, the whole bit. I often saw her in her corduroy suit and felt hat, she looked really good as a guy, and I wanted very much to be just like her."

Gabby snuggled closer. "And?"

"It works for me, too. I can dress as a boy though anyone with half-an-eye can tell I'm really a girl, and go where other cross-dressers are. Pickups are easy; I get to select whom I want. They know what to expect."

Gabby managed to close her mouth. "Astonishing. But, here you are, what's this all about?"

"Oh, this is credit toward my degree in administration. I didn't know I'd find so many marvelous model-quality girls all packed together. Like cheaper-by-the-dozen."

"It's fantasy, right? Look but don't touch."

Sandine leaned closer and kissed Gabby. "Yes, until tonight when you walked in that door."

Gabby gushed, impatient to ask, "What did you see when I came in?"

"A girl worth the risk. You have an argument with that?"

"Not at all," she answered. There was a note of joy in her voice.

Sandine tugged at Gabby, they had closed the office door when they retired to the bedroom/study. Sandine was still thoughtful. She had long since accepted her lifestyle as a rescue from the evils lurking around every corner. "I was lucky to have a girlfriend who came from a 'proper' family. She had that strength. Anyhow, she came crying on my doorstep in the middle of the night. Her boyfriend had beat her up and she was afraid to go home. Her crime, it seems, was refusing to give the lad a blowjob. That, dear Gabby, is the sickness. It's like the guy has two people in his head; one is manufacturing bullshit, the other is buying it. So, I'm not buying. You can if you prefer but give me a soft and beautiful girl any night."

"So you made love to her that night?"

"Yes, it was the first time for both of us. Afterward, we both admitted the desire was there all the time. Just shy, I guess."

Gabby reached for Sandine's neck and caressed it with her fingertips. "And since then? A lot of girls?"

Sandine giggled. "Not a lot; I need to feel close when that is possible. That's the very reason we are spending so much time with each other now. I'm aware of my influence over you, of your status, and I'm worried you may feel obligated."

"I thought about that. If I go running out across the campgrounds in a panic, it would end badly."

"And that, dear girl, is precisely why I like a partner with some brains. You use yours well. It intrigues me." Sandine kept her hold on Gabby's hand. "Come on, you'll never be more ready than you are now." She tugged again and Gabby struggled to follow her. "The world is at your feet, Gabby; you can have it all."

Sandine checked and bolted the door. She led Gabby to the bed. They undressed each other without speaking. Each admired the other's figure, the luscious curves in all the right places.