



Our **700th** Novel!

DEAN OF WOMEN



Monica James

A "New Woman" Special Edition Novel

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DEAN OF WOMEN

By **Monica James**
[Q-Angle Fit invention of Cara Mia]

CHAPTER I. Awakening

Dean Maureen Arundel stepped into the lobby of the 'Living Spa' at precisely six in the morning. She was greeted by a friendly smile from a young girl obviously new on the reception desk. A quick glance at the wholesome young college student aroused her interest. She gave her the membership card and the girl swiped it across the computer sensors. Thanking her, Maureen noted a slight blush on the girl's cheeks. She went into the private locker room area

Tyne Tomas, her personal trainer, was folding towels and putting them away in the cabinet. She glanced at her watch.

"After all these years; five minutes late. What cataclysmic event has befallen us?"

Maureen was feeling equally playful. "I pay you to keep me in shape, not monitor my schedule. If you must know, I was delayed admiring the new girl at the reception desk."

"I did not ask but I'm glad you're feeling frisky today. It must be the right time of the month."

Maureen smiled and unbuttoned her blouse. "Right time of the year would be more like it." She stretched out on the pad, snuggled with the mini-pillow, which had her name on it and sighed. The lotion Tyne added to her back in preparation for the massage was soothing.

"You are breaking my heart," Tyne answered with affected disdain. She began the massage at the shoulder muscles. "You have the family name, position, education, more income than most of us will ever see and what do you do? You whine because you need to get laid. There has to be at least a dozen eligible morsels in and out of your office every day."

“Would you believe I am in conflict with myself? Sounds silly, I know. My dad had this affliction. He would pursue some goal he fancied and, when he had it in the palm of his hand, he closed to a fist and walked away, disinterested.”

“You call that an affliction? Fancy, but you’re describing anticipation being greater than realization. That’s not an affliction, it is human nature.” Maureen grinned happily. “Touché! I’m the gal who trips over the crack in the sidewalk. I can’t seem to get past it.”

Tyne adjusted the towel across Maureen’s hips. “Your conflict and fine wine have a common ground, time will out. But, I’m not one to fool with destiny. Are you?”

“Right; I’ll figure it out one of these days.”

Don’t be tough on yourself, Doc,” Tyne answered. She knew Maureen held a PhD.

To her, that was high enough on the scholastic roster to earn ‘doc’.

There was no doubt in Maureen’s mind that Tyne was the better informed about medical and anatomical studies. Maureen raised herself up on one elbow and faced the attractive girl she called personal trainer and personal friend. She turned over onto her back. The towel slid to one side revealing her perfect breasts. Tyne quickly adjusted it. “I like the look I just saw on your face,” Maureen said in a muted tone. “It was interest. Of all the women you see each week, is this possible?”

Tyne lowered her eyes, a shy gesture. She tucked the Terrycloth around Maureen’s hips and thighs. “You are beautiful; I can’t help admiring you.” Her voice was crisp as if answering an arithmetic question but when she said ‘admiring you’, her tone dropped, emotional.

An uneasy tension grew between them as each considered private thoughts. When the massage was over, Maureen waited until Tyne left the room to tend to the next customer. She next slipped on her bathing suit and dropped gratefully in the bubbly waters of the hot tub. She decided to speak to Tyne before leaving for work.

Fully dressed, she took a last moment to check herself in the mirror. She wore her navy blue pin-striped suit, side slips exposing shapely calves, spike heels accenting the delicate arch. Satisfied, she turned to go. She braced herself, mentally, for the rigors of Monday morning and headed for the lobby.

“You look elegant,” Tyne said catching up to her. “Were you born in spike heels?”

“Relax, Tyne; if I’m satisfied with my appearance, it reflects in what I do and say. Think I’m silly?”

Tyne was thoughtful. “And if you walk like a man, will that put you over the fashion top?”

Her mood turned shadowed and mysterious. “It’s an issue worth exploring.”

Tyne looked quickly around to be certain nobody was in earshot. “You’ve often been honest with me in your interest, uh, preferences, on the social agenda. Is there something more I should know about you?”

Maureen picked it up. “Tell you what, pretty personal trainer. Let’s do lunch and we can discuss whatever it is you have on your mind.”

They walked together onto the entrance landing. Morning traffic was filling the air with smog and street noises. Tyne touched her arm. "I have a confession to make. Saturday I went with some friends to the open-air concert. I saw a handsome man with a pretty girl on his arm. They had to pass us to get to their table in the reserved section. I was close enough to recognize you." She paused. "You are the handsome gentleman."

Maureen smirked. "And? Are you going to lecture me because I like pretty girls?"

Tyne laughed and released Maureen's arm. "I have an idea that may appeal to you. You can learn to walk like a man. You said a minute ago it is an issue worth exploring."

. "We've been saying for years we would 'do lunch'," Maureen quipped returning to the original subject. "Is today our time? Maybe we could start a routine: Lunch once a year."

Maureen reached for Tyne and hugged her. She held the embrace longer than either of them expected. She dropped her hands to Tyne's waist. "White Peacock Café at one o'clock. Ask for Griffes, he's in charge. OK?"

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At one o'clock sharp, Tyne approached the maître d'hôtel. At the mention of Maureen's name, a broad grin lit his face. He sniffed and turned with practiced efficiency. He led Tyne to the table by the window.

Maureen put her menu down and reached to shake Tyne's hand. Her eyes appraised her friend's strict apparel in one glance. She noted the white turtle-neck with black choker. The cut of her linen jacket rode sedately on her breast line. She was properly impressed.

"Please, sit down. I would not have recognized you. That's a gorgeous outfit. This is truly an occasion." She motioned to Tyne who sat gingerly on the high back chair while Griffes assisted her. In one swift motion, the highly trained man whisked her linen napkin off the table and let it lay across her lap. The movement was so smooth, Tyne felt a sensual thrill.

Maureen noticed the response and laughed.

After a delicious luncheon served with impeccable taste, she ordered a split of white wine.

"That wasn't just a meal, it was an experience," Tyne said in a whisper. "You seem to be well known here."

Maureen winked. "This is a haven for frustrated randy females on the loose. Are you feeling adventurous?"

"Always, you know that. And, I do believe the wink you often show me turned our new receptionist to jelly this morning."

"Ah, flattery." Next, without hesitation, "Can you teach me to walk as a man?"

"I have some ideas but first, please explain your intent."

Maureen sipped the white wine and looked at Tyne over the rim of the glass. As you observed at the concert Saturday, I am a cross-dresser, transvestite. I want to improve my act."

There was a long pause before Tyne answered. "I'm the last one to criticize your lifestyle. Totally, I admire you for your honesty."

Maureen was thrilled at Tyne's reaction. She was impetuous and enjoyed the verbal shock to see how her trainer-friend would respond. "You probably already guessed that I have what some civilized folk describe as a gender perversion. In the evening, I like to go out dressed as a guy. There are lots of advantages. Other guys don't 'hit' on me — well, not exactly but ..."

Tyne burst out laughing. "OK, so you're a guy and you're on the make. That makes you a lesbian, does it not?"

"Most of the time, truly. It's a matter of experience. Uh, add in a bit of pain and unrequited love to the mix. We can discuss it some time, if you wish. The final scene before the curtain falls leaves me more interested in the charms of young girls and women than I've perhaps a right. I do not think we are here to discuss my sex life. I was interested in your comment about 'walk-like-a-man', what did you mean?"

Do you know about the 'Q-angle'?" Tyne raised one eyebrow which was her query signal.

Maureen smirked. "You mean the I.Q. factor?"

"I mean the Q-angle of the hips, silly girl. It's the factor that makes a man walk like a man and a woman walk like a woman. You know bodies well enough. Since you have the M.O. in addition to all that education, you have an intimacy with both the male and female form. Do you want to learn to walk like a man?"

Maureen was thoughtful. Well, yes. I know men generate power and movement from their thigh muscles. We gals take the more subtle attraction; we rely on pelvic motion."

Tyne grinned. "You mean we have a better hip thrust?" She laughed. "I think we went to the same school as far as exposure to the theatrical is concerned. I'll refresh your memory."

"How, pretty friend, do you intend to teach this most sought after ability?"

"Can I make a request? Explain how a lesbian transvestite exists."

Maureen grinned. "Perhaps. The definition might elude both of us. Gender preferences get nebulous sometimes."

Tyne grinned. "You didn't waste any time turning on the new girl on the desk this morning. And, you looked at me with a special interest that I don't often see in my work on an everyday basis. May I assume, therefore, you are moody?"

"Touché. We could discuss all this on an endless weekend someplace or a week cruise in the Caribbean. Briefly, I'll bring you up to date." She hesitated, thoughtful. "There are three simplistic articles of lesbianism that I'm acquainted with. First, the two women form a bond which I call mutual interest. That's a starting point. Secondly; they enjoy the emo-

tional discovery, a ready and accepting compatibility. Thirdly, noting that this item is last, a physical meeting explores the strength they've come to enjoy. Any question?"

Tyne rested her chin on her folded hands, elbows on the table. "No questions, the defense rests. I am not without experience in such matters but I've nothing to add. Now that I see your motive, I want to explain an idea I've been working on for some time. It is already named the 'Q-Angle'.

Maureen watched in fascination as Tyne opened a napkin on the table and began to sketch an appliance that a woman can wear. In her design, it was fixed like a yoke high between her thighs to have a pronounced change in the way she walks.

"Is this the interest-bond in step one of a relationship?" Maureen asked.

"You are sly. Maybe it is; time will tell." She was thoughtful as she reviewed her sketch. Now, listen up; this is the way I see it. We can build on this as we go on. The Q-Angle is the angle formed between the axis of the femur. It is less than fifteen degrees in men and less than twenty degrees in women. You can see women have the greater flexibility."

Maureen looked stark for a moment, a wave of sincere interest in what Tyne had just said. "This is amazing. Please continue.

"With the appliance in place, training for the woman who wants to walk like a man continues by balancing weights over the hips into place. She will train the gait by walking exercises. We'll have to work on that. Walking, in a word propelling, with the weights and the appliance in place will force her to use the thigh muscles. This is how the Q-Angle gets adjusted."

Maureen was speechless. "Brilliant. Please explain why you've such an interest in doing this. There is nothing masculine about you, I'd like to say."

Tyne grinned. "My ideas are more pragmatic. Once the fixture and the exercises are perfected, a patent will have to be applied for. With this done, a franchise brochure can be created and the market will absorb it."

Maureen clapped her hands lightly. "There has to be millions of transvestites, women who dress like men, who could benefit from your invention. I smell profit."

Tyne smiled her indulgence. She wasn't sure how her ideas would be accepted. "This topic has to be discussed. Is there in fact a large enough market to interest the thousands of gyms and salons now catering to such a special group of women. I'm at a loss as to how we could go about learning all this."

"Needless to say, I'm enthused. When can we get started?" At this comment, she noted Tyne's hesitation, a withdrawal. "Did I miss something?"

"Maybe; it's just an extension of the thought. There are a great many men who dress like girls to attract other men. Any singles bar has a following of guys 'mincing' about. When they get dressed in a skirt and fishnet stockings, they can put on a very convincing act once they master the spike heels."

Maureen frowned in thought. "Maybe this is the reverse of the 'Q-Angle' some way. Are you suggesting the enterprise include both genders?"

"Yes, but I'm not quite sure how. Are we partners?"

"Yes, totally. We can join our limited expertise and work out the kinks; pretty kinky, I say. Sorry about that."

Tyne winced. "You should be. As incentive I'll throw in my new desk receptionist to escort to the senior prom or something."

"Which brings us to the ultimate question. How much money do you want from me?"

Tyne laughed. "As a business woman prostituting her ideas, I have to answer like a prostitute, 'All of it!' But, a little at a time."

"You are bad. This should be the best liaison yet."

Tyne answered, "Agreed."

Maureen glanced first at the check and next to Tyne. "This is the first expense for our new business. Who gets to keep the books?"

"Might you have some apprentice in your university connections who wants the experience?"

Maureen signed the luncheon check and stood to go. "See you in the morning. We both have a lot to think about."

CHAPTER II. It's a Date

The week flew by for Maureen Arundel, busy Dean of Women. On Friday morning she stopped to chat with April Danton at the front desk. She was disappointed at the news that Tyne was not there. Some family problems, April explained.

She leaned against the counter and looked at April. "This week has been all Mondays, nothing worthwhile seemed to get moving. Are you at the University? Surely I would remember seeing you."

April smiled and displayed a slight curtsy. "I'm not one to stand out with a thousand other students," she said as if waiting for a reply.

Maureen laughed. "You are adorable. Would you like to come with me to the concert tonight? But, wait, maybe your boyfriend has you otherwise booked. Am I being too forward?"

She showed her interest by the brightness in her eyes. "Miss Arundel, thank you; I'd love to go. And I can lay no claim to a possessive boyfriend. I've actually been super occupied with this job, classes and all. I need a night out; sounds perfect."

"My driver will pick you up at six, the concert is at eight. We can get dinner and go from there. That all right?"

April jotted her address on a pad and gave it to Maureen. The brief conversation was over when another customer came in. Instantly, April was 'all business'.

"Six will be fine; thanks. Uh, I hope you don't mind the substitute masseuse this morning. I should think Miss Tomas has spoiled you."

Maureen winked, grabbed her spa bag and went into the private changing rooms.

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That evening, at precisely six, the four-door black sedan stopped at the curb of the sorority house. The chauffeur stepped smartly to the door and, seeing April dressed in a fashionable dress with matching wrap, motioned her to the car. A porch full of coeds gaped and gasped at the scene.

The chauffeur opened the door to the passenger side and April sat sedately smiling at her good fortune. The chauffeur, very proper and saying nothing, drove past the quad and into the city proper. At the first traffic light, April watched as the driver took off the bill cap and threw it in the back. That was when the shock hit her.

The driver was not a man, but a girl. And, not a girl, but Maureen Arundel in drag. She laughed hysterically unable to do anything but point accusingly at her grinning date.

"Call me Maury," Maureen said. "Do you like my act? They'll be moving you up the social ladder since you have such wealthy connections."

April was flabbergasted. She mentally catalogued 'Maury's' uniform. It was an Anthony K design with whipcord twill knit in charcoal grey. The clip on tie was to assist the quick change. Next she saw another jacket, more formal, across the back seat.

"You are somethin' else," she managed to say in admiration.

"You are so kind," Maureen answered, eyes twinkling in the pleasure of the moment. "I just don't know what kind."

April erupted again in laughter and didn't calm down until they entered the parking lot at the White Peacock Café. The valet helped April out while Maureen quickly changed her tie and jacket, her mode for the evening complete.

"Griffes." She quickly said to the maitre d. "This is April. As you can see, she is a very special date this evening."

He was amused but in a friendly stance. "Of course, Miss. Please, this way." He led them to the favorite table and scooped up the 'reserved' sign before seating the two of them.

By this time, April was fawning at the elegant restaurant, the dress of the customers, the slick way the maitre d. handled them and, most of all, Maureen's fun-loving action. She slipped her light wrap off her shoulders in a gesture of abandon and tucked it into the fold of her chair. Her swift motion was proper, like practiced, and the moment was over.

Maureen had admired April's figure at the 'Living Spa' but to have the smooth flesh of her shoulders and the gentle rise of her breasts so close all but left her speechless.

The two girls, oblivious of the brief five-year age difference, carried on a conversation like old family friends. April blushed when she caught Maureen looking hungrily at her lips but she maintained control, smiled and made no comment. One issue, she considered in the secrecy of her mind, was the surely interesting evening they had embarked upon.

Leaving the café, April allowed Maureen to take her by the hand. They both felt fifteen again. The valet was busy with another car so Maureen lifted her keys from the board and

they went to the car. She held the door for April and, again, observed the neat turn of her legs just above the knees until she closed the door and went around to the driver's side.

"That was a wonderful dining experience, thank you," April said as she reached for her seatbelt.

"My pleasure, as you no doubt noticed. Here, let me help with that." She caught the buckle and moved it across April's lap to snap it secure. After that she moved her hand onto April's knees. "You have a marvelous figure." She moved higher before taking her eyes off the smooth thighs and looked inquiringly at the young girl.

April stopped Maureen's hand from any further progress. "Uh, Miss Arundel, I hope I didn't say or do anything to make you think, oh, I'm not saying this right. Please understand I've no experience in, uh, what you are asking of me."

Maureen removed her hand and touched April's face with the back of her curved fingers. "Are you offended? That's the last thing I'd want to do. Did Tyne Tomas tell you anything about me?"

April was relieved that the awkward connection was broken. "She only said you had admired me. I knew that."

"That's all? Do you know I'm the Dean of Women at your university?"

"Yes; I looked up your name in the directory. Miss Tomas didn't say anything about it. Am I suddenly on trial by virtue of my inexperience?"

Maureen laughed. "No, of course not. But, if we don't get going, we'll miss the first number at the concert."

Maureen waved at the valet as they left the parking area. He waved back.

After the concert, they waited in the car until the traffic thinned.

"Wonderful performance," April said in a whisper.

"Do you like Tchaikovsky? For me, his music does not contain any feelings about his sexual preferences. It's just one elegant tone poem after another."

April leaned back against the seat. She had not fastened her seatbelt and was taking the quiet moment to relax. "He sure keeps those musicians busy."

"Quite. Do you have an early day tomorrow? I know a cozy lounge where we can have a drink, just one, before I take you back to the campus."

She was alarmed; not at Maureen but at her growing attraction to the 'handsome' girl showing such an interest in her. Surely, she knew what that interest might entail and she had to cope with that. She had little to fall back on beyond a few porno videos, soft-core books and "The Well of Loneliness" which she had read. She decided to go along with the powerful gal bent on leading her down the primrose path, as she saw it. She was in no position to make an enemy, for one thing and, secondly, when the charming Dean of Women started feeling her legs a bit too high, she was easily dissuaded.

"OK, sure, if you wish. A nightcap, my dad called it."

"Oh, good," Maureen gushed. "Tell me about your dad, your family, where did you go to school? Did you join activities like cheerleading? I'll bet the captain of the football team

was completely smitten by you. And don't forget your best girlfriend. Have you ever kissed a girl?"

With it all, April's head was swimming with the rapid thoughts. She answered as succinctly as she could and was relieved when they stopped at the "Trident Inn". As Maureen had promised, the atmosphere was subdued, soft chamber music and a cozy ambiance.

They found a table a few steps from the dance floor.

"As for kissing a girl," April answered. "Only in a few games of 'truth or dare'. There was really no 'truth' to confess. I belong to a family of teen-trauma virgins; nothing of interest there, either."

Maureen laughed. "You are very pretty. I'm astonished you've survived this long without some recreation-minded stud sniffing behind you."

April laughed. "You have such an off-the-wall way of expression. I'm fascinated. But, my question if it's my turn. Aren't you at risk, the Dean of Women dating a mere sophomore? Or, is that why the waitress called you 'sir' when we sat down?"

"You mean the cross-dressing. I've done it for ages; it is fun and I get all kinds of responses. I loved the way you reacted and would dearly love to be in the corner to overhear what your sorority sisters are saying about now."

"The threat of scandal doesn't bother you?" April asked.

Maureen was thoughtful. "Time for a lesson. The name 'Arundel' is one you likely have not run across in your history studies. Not going into the dreary history of English kings and their acceptance or abuse of the Arundel family, there was an Anne Arundel who married Lord Baltimore about the time of the U.S. revolution. They had a daughter, Mary, who is the namesake of our state, Maryland."

"Wow!" April said, eyes blinking. "You are a descendant of royalty?"

"In an off-hand way, I suppose. The wealth, of all things, came from Anne Arundel County in Maryland that harvested tobacco for the European market. Neat huh?"

"Wealth gets my attention."

"Next time you're on the quad, look in front of the Pineville Science Building for the archway at the entrance to the gardens. The plaque there recognizes the Arundel family for donating significantly to the university building fund. It so happened, as chance would have it, that there were a few nickels left over which left me the wherewithal to get educated and have enough income to keep me for a lifetime. Not bragging, that's the way it is. Even if there did develop a scandal about my nefarious behavior, the board of supervisors would ignore it."

"You are the most interesting person I've ever met. I've enjoyed every minute this evening."

"Even when I shocked you?"

April grinned. "You mean at the house when 'you-the-chauffeur' picked me up? It was really funny."

"No, when I took the liberty of admiring your neat legs. You are what your friends at the sorority term a 'hottie'."

"I'm not offended. At first I was, like you say, shocked. Now, I'm flattered that a girl as worldly as you are would possibly be interested in me."

"Well, I am interested in you as a person. And, woe is me, I really like your neat body."

April smiled again. "I'll take that as a compliment." She looked up when several couples moved onto the dance floor. "Oh, a favorite of mine, 'No Other Love'. Shall we listen a moment?"

Maureen moved to get up. "Better yet, shall we join the dancing crowd?"

Enveloping April in her arms was the zenith of the evening. The marvelous body molded and followed with obvious practice.

"How nice," she whispered and laid her head on Maureen's shoulder.

"This happens to be a favorite of mine also. It is adapted for the string ensemble from a piano piece in the Chopin repertoire. It's from his 'Etude in E' and I'm delighted you find it so compelling."

April looked up and tears escaped to roll down her cheeks. She strengthened her hold on Maureen's waist and moved her hips closer to meld with her partner. When Maureen touched April's chin with one knuckle, April raised her face and smiled.

Maureen kissed the fledgling girl very lightly on the lips without lingering or fancy footwork. "Thank you for a wonderful evening," she said.

The music finished and Maureen clapped briefly before they sat down again.

By this time, April was feeling the effect of the delicious drink. "This is so good," she said sipping from the cocktail glass. "What is it?"

"I ordered Benedictine and Brandy over ice. It has both flavor and scent. Want another one?"

April looked at her empty glass. "Just one. You've hardly touched yours."

Maureen raised her arm and signaled the barmaid with one finger. "Just one for the road. I'll stay with this one because I'm driving."

In the car, April turned in the seat and faced her date. "That was memorable; thank you." She made no effort to adjust the hem of her skirt when it rode higher on her thigh.

Before starting the car, Maureen pulled April close to her and they kissed again. April returned the pressure and they lingered, tenderly, on each other's lips.

April was feeling heady from the evening and the fine liquors. She did not object when she felt Maureen's hand slide beneath her lapel and lower to fondle her breast.

"Do you like me doing this?" Maureen asked.

"I'm cool with it now; I wasn't at first. Yes, I like it."

Maureen lost no time. She deftly took April's chin and placed another kiss on the delectable mouth she had admired all evening. When she prodded April's lower lip with her

tongue tip, April sighed and parted her lips. She took April's hand which was on her lap, and guided it to her torso.

"Feel me," Maureen said softly. "Do you like doing that?"

April pressed and let her hand cup to fit. "You are very beautiful," she squeaked and hated herself for being so juvenile. "You better take me back to the sorority house before I explode before your very eyes."

She had said it in a kidding manner but Maureen sensed it best to not further push the young girl. She relaxed away from her, started the car and soon they were wheeling down the near-empty boulevard. She glanced at April. "Why are you crying?" she asked. "Are you full of brandy?"

April cleared her throat. "Are you mad at me for being so childish? I know you want to go further with me; you like to feel me and I like you doing it. It's just, well, I can't. I just can't." Next she started wailing.

Maureen pulled off the boulevard and stopped under a large tree. It was dark except for a street light in the middle of the block. She gathered the hapless girl in her arms. "Darling, please; I'm not angry. I'm worried you may think I've no respect for you. That would seriously concern me. It's just that you are so wonderful."

April stopped crying and sniffed. She found a tissue in her clutch purse and dabbed at her eyes and nose. "You do like me? Am I a one-night-stand?"

Maureen touched the young girl's face with her fingertips. "Please, don't be so quick to judge. Look! I'm taking you home. We had a beautiful evening. You have nothing to fear from me. I'm not going to haul you off someplace and rape you. Don't you think you're being a bit hasty?"

April sniffed again. "You're right; I apologize." She was quiet a long moment and allowed Maureen to embrace her. "You've done nothing wrong that I know of. I'm flattered you like me, body and all."

"Right, let's take you home. Come on, buck up. You're not hurt."

After a few blocks, back on the boulevard, April spoke again. "Do you pick up girls for a one-night-stand?"

"Not my style, love. Hope you're not disappointed." She chuckled. She knew it was just a matter of time that April would resolve the inhibitions. She stopped in front of the sorority house.

"Nobody here to watch, now," April whispered.

"I'll walk you to the door. Seems proper. I want to be certain you are safely inside."

April was feeling better. "Safe; it's only dangerous when I'm with you."

Maureen laughed. "That is a compliment. I'd like to do this again some evening when you're bored out of your pretty head."

April opened the outside door and, in case any of the sisters were watching, she extended her hand for a friendly shake. "I'd like to go on a date with you again."

In a moment she was gone.

Maureen returned to the car and waited a long moment before heading back to her home she called a condo. She missed the marvelous girl already. There was emptiness without her smile and the playful glint in her eyes. She sighed and drove on. "One of these days," she said aloud, "someone is going to get that sweet pussy. I hope it's me."

CHAPTER III. A Time for Invention

Saturday afternoon, Maureen called to be certain Tyne was in. When she arrived at the 'Living Spa', April was nowhere to be seen. She remembered that April worked only four days a week which often did not include weekends.

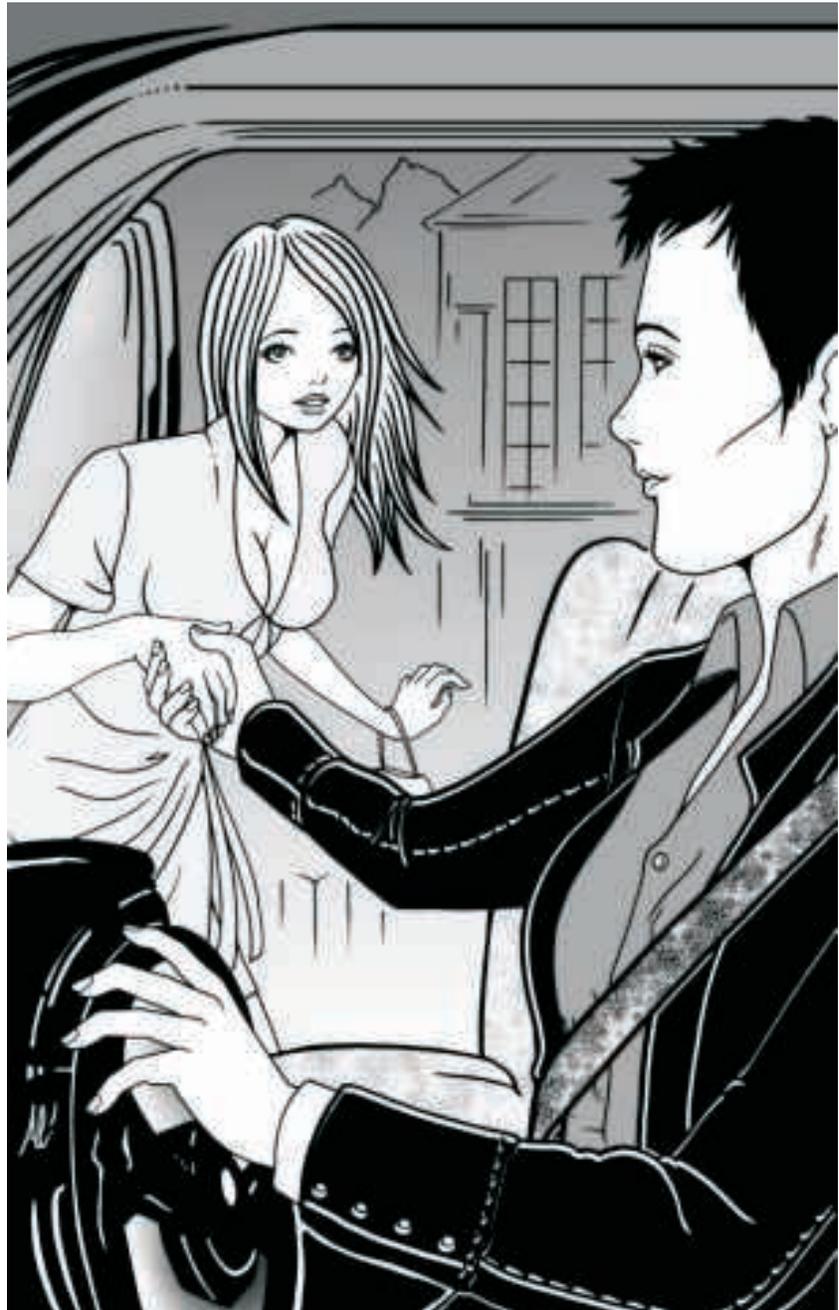
"So, I hear by the grapevine that you took our star receptionist out to wine and dine last night. How did it go?" Tyne asked with a grin and her knowing stance which included her hands on hips, heels flat on the floor.

Maureen laughed. "She is a delight. Thank you for not telling her about my dress code gender perversion. Let me tell you what I did."

After describing the scene at the sorority house, Tyne was in stitches laughing. "Poor April, I can well imagine it." She started laughing again. "You will soon be dubbed the acme of transvestites on the loose at the quad."

"Think of it; a sobriquet. New to me. Now, where can we set up to work on your invention?"

They adjourned to a workroom near the rear entrance. Tyne had a large table set up and some tools she thought they might need. "You look ready for action," Tyne said as she checked Maureen's outfit. She took off



the cotton dress that made her look like a bygone-age housewife. She stepped forward showing off in her basic black bodysuit with a flowered pareo.

Tyne raised one eyebrow. "Please remove that sarong around your middle. You're supposed to be a guy, not a flaming diesel. Get into the act. I think this is going to work."

Tyne wore a black leotard style body suit with fuchsia and orange neon stripes running down both sides of the arms, torso and emphasizing her long legs. Both girls were bare-foot; of similar height, they formed a stunning silhouette.

They assembled what materials they had gathered for reference and began an easy team spirit. When Tyne was studying some of the papers Maureen had provided, Maureen sat down on a tall cedar chest and crossed her legs. Tyne responded immediately.

"We both agree your legs are great but, dear, you are sitting on my invention. Look inside there."

Maureen smiled and tugged at the lid. In the chest was an assortment of devices — mock-ups, snaps, Velcro tags, buckles and cords. She poked around tentatively. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you are into bondage."

"Not far wrong," Tyne answered and began sorting the pieces and laying them out on the table. "OK, I'll explain this as I go." She grinned. "Remember, when the victim gets clubbed by the cave man —uh, cave girl? — the poor unfortunate was aware of the gender of her stalker. She could tell by the way he walked. What we are doing here is developing a regimen of exercises, with some help from an appliance and some weights, which will make a change from female to male in the appearance. That's what you are interested in doing."

"Fascinating; let's do it. Where do we start?"

Tyne meticulously assembled the spreader designed to put pressure to keep the thighs separate. She had stitched some buckle slots at the ends and, when the 'Q-Angle Fit' was in place, she ran straps through and tightened the Velcro. She was ready for the first trial.

"OK, love," Tyne said motioning Maureen to the table. "I'll hold it so you can step into it. Right, like you were putting on panties or a diaper."

Maureen opened her knees and steadied herself by holding onto Tyne's shoulders.

Tyne fitted the trans-bar in place and pressed the Velcro. "Wait, don't go running out to the parking lot," she cautioned with a grin. "There's more."

Next she wrapped a black plastic around Maureen's hips. The unit, made to act like a corset but look like panty house or garter holder, easily adjusted to Maureen's slender hips. She looked up at Maureen who was gazing at her in fascination. "You OK?" she asked. "You will be ready for your first steps out of babyhood as soon as I attach these weights."

She hooked twelve-ounce weights on each side. When she stood up, hands on hips, she beamed at the accomplishment.

Maureen took a deep breath and stepped onto the carpet. She swung one leg, then the other, until she had the first steps done. She smiled. "I can feel the pressure of the spreader gadget and the balanced weights forcing me to walk in a new way."

After several tries, Maureen pleaded fatigue and Tyne took off the unit. She hauled herself up onto the tall stool and grinned. "I think it will work. How long it will take will probably vary from one person to another. Hey, where do you think you're going?"

Tyne planned to avoid trying out her own invention. "Perhaps another time, OK?"

"Absolutely not; right now. If we are going to work together to perfect this contraption, we have to both be experienced in the operation. Think of it as your first bicycle lesson."

Tyne stood still while Maureen fitted her with the 'Q-angle Fit'. After a few awkward efforts, she matched Maureen in the number of steps.

They compared notes. Both agreed that they felt the appliance controlled their step and forced the body to adjust to the masculine angle. It was a success.

CHAPTER IV. Fears or Promises

Tyne looked up from her cluttered desk to see April Danton standing in the doorway. April wore a mod sunsuit, shoulder straps, with oversize pockets on each hip. The jagged cutaway hem displayed a generous portion of thighs.

"Come in, April," Tyne said admiring the young girl.

April stepped close to the desk. "You sent for me, Miss Tomas?"

"Yes; please calm down. There's no need to be frightened of me."

April forced a smile. "The other girls said you were going to fire me for my one date with your girlfriend."

Tyne grinned. "Nonsense; I'm glad you had a pleasant outing and, believe me, Maureen is not my girlfriend. We have been working on a project together which is why you see us together so often. Please, sit down. You look lovely today."

April was relieved. She sat on the straight back chair and pressed her knees together.

"Thank you. Is there something you wish?"

"Just a chat, if you don't mind. First, you've been here over the month's trial period which entitles you to the raise in pay we promised you. It will be on your next paycheck. Secondly, Miss Arundel told me you consistently avoid returning her phone calls and messages. Would you like to talk about that? Please, let me be your friend."

Her fears of being dismissed were absolved for the moment so she decided to speak out in her own defense. "If my friendship with the Dean of Women is causing trouble, I'll do whatever you suggest to mend any broken feelings."

Tyne came around, pulled up a chair and sat next to the young girl. She caught an agreeable scent and concluded it was Ivory soap. 'No doubt that this gal keeps up her personal hygiene,' she thought to herself. She reached and touched April on the knee. The sensation of the smooth flesh on her finger tips was enticing.

"Explain why you are avoiding our mutual friend," she said as soon as she removed her hand from April's leg.

Tears welled in April's eyes. "It's fear; that's the only way I can explain it."

"There has to be a misunderstanding. What happened during your evening together that makes you afraid?"

April blurted out, "Oh, I'm not afraid of Maureen; she is wonderful. It is me I'm afraid of. She did nothing improper." She hesitated and sniffed. A few tears welled and ran down her cheeks. "Just being with her aroused some feelings in me I'm not certain about. That's why I'm afraid."

Tyne relaxed back and breathed a sigh of relief. She pursed her lips in thought. 'So the charming Maureen has another conquest and the youngster is scared witless. This requires special handling.' She touched April on the shoulder.

"Do you mind if we talk about this? I do have some experience and knowledge about what is causing your fears. It might well be that Miss Arundel's cross-dressing fetish is bothering you. Also, after all these twenty-two years, all the trials with teen-growth behind you, you suspect you are attracted to pretty girls. No crime has been committed so don't get upset. How close am I to the truth?"

April reached for a tissue from the dispenser on the desk. She pressed her nose and eyes. Next she forced a smile. "I want to talk about it but I don't know what to say."

"Then answer a few of my questions. But, before we begin, I want you to know that anything we say here will stay here; no sordid tales."

April nodded. "Thank you. I realize this could affect my reputation as well as Miss Arundel."

Tyne laughed. "I'm afraid Maureen already has a reputation beyond tarnishing. We both admire her greatly but, I don't think either of us want to emulate her behavior. I know I don't."

For the first time, April smiled in agreement. "You wanted to ask questions?"

Tyne glanced around and decided to move to the sofa against the wall that viewed the manicured lawns outside. April did not resist and Tyne took the girl's hand in both of her own. "How long has this been brewing in that pretty head of yours? Do you like to look at pretty girls? What do you see? It's agreed, I think, that women like to be admired by other women. Nothing surprising in that. Did you have a girlfriend in high school? Did you feel each other's bodies or kiss on any pretense at all? If you did not, did you want to but were too afraid to enter into it?"

April looked at the floor and next settled a naked stare on Tyne's eyes. "I prefer to be around girls. I like to catalogue in my mind how they dress, how they walk and talk, how they show off their bodies trying to appear innocent. There is an art to being a girl in our society. Being accepted at the sorority is a goal to be worked for. Unfortunately, the girls at my sorority don't speak to me. They don't like me. I believe it is because I don't join in their simple, juvenile head games."

Tyne nodded and waited for April to finish her thoughts. "Have you ever kissed a girl?"

April's eyes bulged. "Miss Tomas, please; the answer is no. Wait! That isn't true. When Miss Arundel and I were dancing, she kissed me very gently on the lips. Later, in the car,

when we were talking, I was a bit upset and when she kissed me again, I returned it. So the answer is yes. I have kissed a girl; once."

April smirked. "I'm afraid that doesn't qualify you as the hot date of the month, darling. Did you want her to kiss you? Did you want her to feel your legs or breasts in an admiring way?"

She frowned. "Maureen put her hand under my skirt, I liked it. I wasn't offended. When she cupped my breast, one time only, I liked that as well. There is no hope for me."

"Did you want to do that to her, too?"

"She guided my hand to her breast and I cupped it. I admitted to her that I liked doing that which was the truth."

Tyne put her arm around the hapless girl and held her in a light embrace. "Darling, you did nothing wrong. You honor yourself by having integrity. Have you thought about what all this means? Do you know you are going to eventually fall prey to some attractive partner who wants to enjoy your charms?"

She nodded 'yes'. "OK; I admit it. The fine dinner, symphony concert, elegant drinks and dreamy music at the Trident Inn, all came together for me. I was aroused, turned on. And frightened. I don't want to be a social outcast, a disappointment to my parents who are now looking to me to provide them grand children to spoil. Everything we've ever been told, or taught, by text or innuendo, points to the steady Victorian lifestyle. Be born, learn arithmetic, have babies and die."

Tyne hugged her again. "Consider one more thing and we'll close our discussion for now. Let's play 'What If...?' She looked into April's eyes. "What if you get married and have babies, a family, diapers from the baby aisle of the market, and all you want to do is get in bed with the pretty girl who lives next door? Who wins? Nobody. Who loses? Your kids, your husband, your self-respect by the way you behave; everybody loses including you. Do you honestly think you can beat it? Would you be like the girl in a wheelchair who has never walked. No amount of effort or desperation will change her circumstances. If you think life is not fair, get accustomed to it."

At this April broke down crying. Sobs wracked her body, shoulders shaking, while Tyne continued her embrace. "I'm sorry I'm such a mess. Thank you for putting up with me."

Tyne abandoned the embrace and again dropped her hand onto April's naked thigh. "If you are a mess, you're a beautiful mess. Do you like my hand feeling your smooth legs?"

April started crying again. "That's what Maureen asked when she did what you are doing. I'm not naïve; I know what 'they' want of me. I'm afraid too that I won't be able to perform. I just don't know." She looked up abruptly when the telephone jangled. "You can answer that, I need a moment to get myself together."

Tyne went to the desk and patiently ordered supplies for the laundry of the 'Living Spa'. When she was finished, April was standing in the middle of the room ringing her hands in despair. She realized then that her April Danton was no longer the young girl she

saw so many times. April had just graduated to 'young woman' and, from all accounts, was going to be a credit to herself and the people around her.

They embraced again. "Darling, please call Maureen and tell her you've changed your mind — that you want to see her again. It's a woman's prerogative, you know."

She went back to her desk and started digging into the mound of paperwork that needed her attention. She pondered the final design of the "Q-Angle Fit" appliance and felt a mild accomplishment. Maureen did in fact assist in bringing the idea, along with all the junk in her 'hope' chest, to fruition. When she looked up she saw April sitting on the sofa, staring at her cell phone. She slammed the paper weight on her desk top. The clatter startled the ambivalent girl-turned-woman.

"Oh, OK," she answered and pressed the phone number.

Tyne watched with interest as they discussed something on the telephone. When April rang off, she again admired the perfect legs as April slid forward to stand up. "Any news I can pass on to the gossips in the aerobics class?"

April smiled. "You better not. Maureen is picking me up in a few minutes. She said she didn't want to risk me changing my mind."

Tyne watched April take a deep breath, fluff her hair and walk confidently out of the office. 'Ah, ain't love grand,' she said in a resigned whisper.

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Maureen Arundel stopped at the curb in front of the 'Living Spa'. The striking girl with shapely legs in her fashionable yellow sunsuit, approached the car.

Maureen rolled the window down. "Come on, get in; it's my chauffeur's day off."

April slid onto the front seat and smiled. "I thought at first you'd lost your cap."

"Smarty," she said and they drove off toward the campus.

"Where are you taking me?" She noted that Maureen was in her business garb and surmised she had come directly from her office in the Admin Building.

"Wherever you want to go," was the answer. "First I have to run a quick errand to pick up some supplies for my home computer — paper and an ink jet pack to be exact."

"I'm happy to just ride along. Aren't you curious as to why I called you just now?"

"Very but I didn't want to upset your sensitive soul. I do believe I have a champion somewhere who you trust enough to talk to. Am I right?"

"Yes, Miss Tomas is your champ du jour. We had a long talk and she set me straight on a few issues that had been bothering me."

Maureen's eyes glistened in interest. "Are you going to tell me about this mystery or do I have to get it from Tyne Tomas?"

"Oh, she is sworn to secrecy but I'm not."

Maureen parked in front of the Office Supply Mart. "You stay here. Don't run away. I'll be right back." She took another glance at the marvelous girl who sat smiling at her. Then she went into the store.

April sat mesmerized in admiration. Maureen was wearing a navy blue pin-striped suit, side slits exposed shapely calves, spike heels accented the delicate arch. For April, the worldly woman was a study in poise. She strode, buttocks swaying in rhythm, trim waist, full bosom straining at the merino-silk wool blend jacket. Her crisp tailored white blouse allowed a mere hint of cleavage.

Maureen dumped her packages on the back seat and settled behind the wheel. "Sorry, I took extra time to listen to someone else's troubles. It seems I'm elected hero to the luckless and oppressed."

"Nothing amiss here," April sang out. "I was enjoying a quiet moment."

"Thinking about what?"

"School, work, pay raise from Miss Tomas and, some extra thoughts about you. Where are you taking me?"

Maureen shook her head in wonder. "You are a marvel. I'm on my lunch hour which is a misnomer since I often take twice that. If you've no objection, we can go to my place for a snack. Just a modest condo." She pulled out into the traffic and headed toward the upscale 'LakeView' section of the city.

'Uh-oh,' April thought and made an effort to control the swarm of butterflies in her stomach. 'Maybe I was too hasty, or too willing, or too naïve.' She thought it over before saying anything. "Fine with me."

Maureen picked up her car phone and punched her home number locator. She gave instructions for the luncheon. "That was Philip; he's my house boy, sort of. His dad and my dad were in the Boer War together. I inherited him when my dad died."

April's chuckle sounded like a gargle. "Yea, right! Boer War indeed. I'd guess it was really the Boxer Rebellion."

Maureen roared with laughter. "Touché. Wrong wars, right? Well, Philip is part Korean and part Philippine. The war they survived was a fist fight on the lower East side of New York.

April shook her head in amusement. Her nemesis, she feared for that, was a never-ending stream of insanity, comedy and contradictions. All she could think of to say was, "I see; I promise not to ask Philip any probing questions."

Maureen drove up a winding one-way road, lightly paved, with an assortment of trees on both sides. The 'modest condo' Maureen had often spoke of was a huge two story southern colonial. The white columns supporting the porch roof were each larger than her entire house at home. This was no 'condo' — it was wealth. Struck dumb, she remained mute.

Philip was standing on the front steps smiling as they drove up. He hurried to open the door for April. He said nothing, only nodded his approval when Maureen raised one eye-

brow in question. "Shrimp chef's salad for lunch," Maureen said like she was at the Chinese Restaurant.

Inside, Maureen took April's hand and hustled her to the kitchen which was on one wing. April assumed the living quarters were somewhere but she didn't see signs of clutter.

After a delicious lunch, Philip uncorked a split of white Mouton-Cadet and poured, first for April, next for Maureen. He picked up a few dishes and left the dining area.

April sighed and looked through the picture window. There was a well-kept lawn with patio, swimming pool and gardens extending to the grove of trees in the distance.

"If you think I'm impressed by this expanse of decadent excess, you're exactly right."

Maureen laughed. "Remember, I didn't earn this; it's in my family. It's probably a stretch that they let Philip and I live here but there has been no communication from the mausoleum in quite some time now."

April grinned. "That is gross. I feel like I should ask for a guided tour."

"Always available, that's me. There is some artwork and sculpture lurking in strange places you might find worthy of your adorable eyes. Let's go sit on the patio."

They found some chaises longue under a wide umbrella. They set their wine on the small table and stretched out. "I do believe decadent was the right word."

Maureen sipped her wine. "Are you going to tell me?"

April acted the innocent, surprised. "Tell you what? That I'm happy to be here because we are together. The answer is yes."

"Do you want to play twenty-questions? Out with it! I suspect you were super uncomfortable because I kissed you or touched your breasts. You said you liked it at the time but, when you had a chance to think about what it is that fascinates me, you decided to pull a snail act with the shell you've used all these years. Am I right?"

April hesitated. She didn't want to create a scenario that would alienate either of them. "Perhaps; but I confessed to Miss Tomas that I was afraid."

Maureen was shocked. "Afraid? Of me? How could you possibly conclude that?"

"Not you; I was afraid of me. I was beset by feelings I'd not recognized before. I told you I am completely without experience. You were supposed to realize that the lack of any carnal contact in the past also extended to my self-esteem, at how I saw myself. I'm convinced I liked what you did and said, the food, the concert, the dancing, way too much."

Maureen was pensive. "How did you resolve all this?"

"Miss Tomas explained the possible reasons for my enchantment with you. I'm not the complete innocent. If I'm a snail, then you want some escargot."

"Was I ever dishonest with you? I like my adventures as a transvestite but I didn't ask you to join in. I admit my admiration for you is sincere; in a word, you turn me on. Also, and this is essential to both of us, I respect you as a person and do not want to offend you. That is, possibly, what was bothering us. You found yourself in the clutches of a reckless lipstick lesbian and it scared you. I can understand that. I so totally want to earn your re-

spect and friendship that I'm willing to be reticent if that's what you need. I do not want you to go back to act out the snail."

April had to control the sobs building in her like ocean waves ready to crash on the beach. She looked at Maureen who sat waiting, an expectant look on her face. The classy lady wanted an answer, she realized. At that moment, all she wanted was for Maureen to hold her, embrace her and tell her it will be all right. Crying would not be an appropriate answer. Finally, she cleared her thoughts. "I now know I want you. There is so much of all this that adds up to who you are, that I'm overwhelmed. You did this to me the night of the concert. I couldn't handle it but I wanted you to put your hand under my skirt and inside my bodice. I wanted to be a part of your life and I was afraid all I had to offer you was sex, my body for your love. It is an essential and, you're right about the choice of words, I'm witless." She broke down and cried, the sobs shook her but a valiant effort brought her back to reality

In a flash, like an Olympian sprint, Maureen was sitting on the lounge next to April. She opened her arms and they embraced. "Darling, please; let me love you."

April raised her chin bravely and welcomed the passionate kiss Maureen settled so incredibly gentle on her lips. "I don't know what to say," she whispered. "It's all so confusing."

Maureen kissed her again and next arose to brush April's forehead with her lips. "I didn't say 'make love with you'. I said love like the feeling between two people that form an emotional bond. That's what I want us to have. If you need me with a strong urge for sexual release, I can give you that. But, let sex be in our future until we both iron out what has happened to us."

"Oh, you are the giant emotion kissing me and touching me in private places. Can you be patient with me? You already know I'm emotionally immature. That probably means you will have to endure my mercurial ways, I don't know."

"We have an agreement. The next time we go on the dance floor and swing our bodies together to the strains of "No Other Love", you can lead." She touched the tip of April's nose with her finger. "Terms never did bother me particularly. I agree to what I must to get what I need. Right now, it is back to escargot, an interesting metaphor you came up with. Are we all right with each other?"

This time April quickly captured Maureen's lips with her own. She moved one hand along Maureen's leg onto her hips. "Yes, when I told you I liked what you did to me, I meant it. I just didn't know it at the time."

Maureen brought her hand to April's throat to part the lapels of her blouse. She kissed the smooth skin and let her tongue linger there. She nudged April's breast with her nose and looked into the adoring eyes. When she dropped one hand to caress April's naked legs, the adoring eyes closed and April's lips parted to emit a low moan of acceptance.

"You touch me like you're not sure I'm really there. That's flattery," Maureen whispered and fondled the lovely girl's legs.

"I guess my first thought was correct. I've nothing to offer you. I feel unworthy of your attention to my poor person." She snuggled closer to Maureen on the lounge. "Tell me what I may expect if sex is all you need from me."

Maureen broke the embrace and moved to stand up. "I'm looking forward to getting all your thoughts. I'll catalogue them like an old time library. Let's get back to the hustle-and-bustle of the big city. We both have some thinking to do. How about a date tonight? If you behave, I'll take you to the Trident Inn for a B&B."

April walked with Maureen to the kitchen where they thanked Philip and they were soon on the winding road back to the city life. April touched Maureen's shoulder. "I'm so happy we had this really important lunch date. Maybe we can get them to play "No Other Love" at the Trident tonight."

"Did our friend, Tyne Tomas, help us both out of this emotional quagmire? Did you admit to her that you found girls more attractive than guys?"

"Yes, I did. She seemed pleased, not judgmental as I probably expected."

She stopped and carefully entered the flow of traffic. "Did she also mention that my penchant for pretty girls like you might cause some disruption in our relationship?"

April was taken aback briefly. "No, she did not, you just did. You're right, we do have something to think about. I'm not sure I can handle knowing you are with another girl. Am I grown up enough for this?"

"Right now it's not a problem, believe me. You are the one I want. You make me happy just being next to you. If this changes, you will know. I place a great value on the virtue we call fidelity. Not often, but sometimes, I really need what only a woman can give me. When that happens, I'll call on you. That should be clear enough."

April frowned. "Transparent."

CHAPTER V. Color Me Jealous

Maureen decided on a taxi for the evening which would give her freedom to have more to drink. She stopped the cab in front of April's sorority house and, with an affected swagger, went up to the porch. It appeared all the residents were either on the steps or on benches in the yard waiting to see who would show up to escort April Danton to a sinful night on the town.

Maureen wore a bulky cowboy shirt with string tie. The French beret had a tiny tassel in the center that gave it a casual look. The ankle boots were wide enough at the tops to keep the trouser cuffs in place. To complete the ensemble, Maureen had applied a light cosmetic made specifically for transvestites that made it appear 'he' had a 'five o'clock shadow'.

April came through the door and burst out laughing. She took 'his' arm when offered and both stepped gingerly to the waiting taxi. Once away, April snuggled up to her date. "Talk of the town, that's me," she said and grinned happily. "You are hilarious."

At the Trident Inn they felt lucky to get the same table location they'd had previously. Maureen ordered the extra large tray of hors d'oeuvres. They snacked on the different

tasty concoctions and sipped draught beer. Satisfied, the waitress took the near empty tray away and brought them the cocktail glasses filled with chipped ice and B&B. It was a happy moment.

"You can quit ogling the waitress with the short skirt," Maureen said to April. "I don't think she is your type."

"She was looking at you, not me. And, what is my type?"

"Female and hot, of course. Drink up, lass, our dance number should be coming up soon." Maureen looked carefully at April and licked her lips. "You look stunning in that dress," she said.

April had a simple empire style dress, cut low to hint at the breast cleavage. The ribbon that held her hair away from her ears matched the crimson colored belt. The skirt was short enough to make Maureen's fingers itch but nothing happened. Maureen was saving exploratory thoughts for later.

April snuggled and let her head rest on Maureen's shoulder. "I'm glad you like my looks. This dress is a hand-me-down from Miss Tomas. She altered it for me." She looked serious a moment, then, "Tell me about your first girlfriend. You already know mine."

Maureen smirked. She knew a spicy story, however embellished, would set the stage for some intimacy later.

"Well, her name was, get this, Mala Petrarca; Greek. She had long, flowing black hair, flashing eyes and was about ready to give up her trainer-brassiere."

April punched her on the shoulder. "Go on; you're making this up."

Maureen raised one hand. "I swear it. We were both fourteen and anxious to learn what love was all about. We were both virgins at the time. That's another story for later."

April grinned. "OK, continue."

"Mala was already 'boy crazy' which I didn't mind because she allowed me to feel her body on the pretense that it would be like that when she dated a cute boy. She did not return the caresses but I let that pass. One Saturday night her parents were out so we slept together. It was the first time I went down on a girl and my poor friend was horrified."

"She didn't like it?" April asked, her eyes sparkling in amusement.

"Correct, that was the end of our romance; Eighth grade affair that it was."

They were both silent for several minutes. They sipped their drink and told themselves they were waiting for their favorite dance number to play.

April moved one hand through Maureen's arm and they clasped fingers. "Is that what you call it? You said 'go down on a girl'."

Maureen held the dainty hand and rubbed the palm with her thumb "Technically, I later learned, it is called cunnilingus; it's the lapping and licking of the girl's vaginal lips. Of course, it's all a prelude to putting a firm tongue inside. After that, we understood how to use the fingers to excite her while the tongue gently pressed the clit. I believe you are familiar with your own anatomy, are you not?"

April flushed crimson. "Yes but I'd never heard it explained so bluntly."

Maureen kissed her on the cheek. "Maybe that was blunt but, when there is love between the partners, it is an affectionate touch much valued by each lover. Also, in those days, there was a concern about pregnancy in our teen group. Cunnilingus allowed us to have multiple orgasms without danger of getting, what did they call it? Oh, yes, knocked up."

"So, what about the guy and his girl. How did that work?"

She touched April's leg just above the knee. "I don't believe you. Are you teasing me?"

"Honest; I want to know."

"Guys like to have their girlfriends give them head. That also is referred to as 'going down' but the guys want their girl's mouth. It's in the genetic, I think. Naturally, either sex can go down on either sex. In the case of a guy getting head from his partner, it's called fellatio. Now, if you've finished the sexology lesson, how about a dance to keep my knees from locking up."

April giggled and moved to get up. "I thought you were going to tell me you were getting wet. I hear the girls at my place talk about that."

"You are naughty, you know that?"

They went onto the floor and, just as Maureen had promised, April took the lead. To a casual observer, it may have looked slightly ridiculous to have a girl leading a guy in the dance routines. April didn't mind how it looked; she felt in control and, with that, a certain power.

After about the fifth strong drink, Maureen excused herself to go to the rest room. The waitress approached and spoke to April.

"Would you and your boyfriend be more comfortable in one of the booths against the back wall?" the girl asked. "The crowd has thinned out and you seem to be in the mood for some serious drinking. Just a suggestion."

April realized the girl was correct. She was feeling slightly dizzy from so much to drink. Being able to relax against the back of the booth would be better. "Thanks, we'll do it. And, by the way, later we'll depend on you to call a taxi for us, OK?"

"Sure, I understand," the waitress said. She added their drinks to fresh napkins on her service tray and brought along the trail mix as well. April stood waiting for Maureen to come back. The waitress felt it more discreet to wait also in case there was an additional order. "You are very pretty," the girl said. "You two seem to be enjoying yourselves. Nothing like a guy and his gal to keep the spirit young."

That did it! April laughed and pulled at the girl's arm. "My date is not a guy," she said smiling. It's what she does for amusement. I hope you're not shocked."

The waitress grinned. "In my business you see all kinds. I'm not one to judge but I'll be thinking about you when I go to sleep tonight. Ah, here he comes now; oops, she. I won't let on you said anything."

Maureen came up and they slid into the booth. "You getting cozy with the girl with the short skirt and neat legs?"