



Reluctant Press presents:

Walk Like A Man

Monica James



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Dean of Women BOOK II:

WALK LIKE A MAN

By Monica James

CHAPTER I. The Franchise

As time slipped past them in the race for even more scholastic endeavors, Jayne Lansing turned out to be competent desk help as the spa's early morning greeter. Her steady, 'bubbly' attitude enthralled the dedicated 'health nuts'.

April Danton adjusted to a growing list of 'exercise devotees' mesmerized by the 'Q-Angle Fit'.

Maureen Arundel, still marveling at Jayne Lansing, did not miss an opportunity to chat when she arrived for her routine massage each morning.

Just when Tyne felt she could relax and 'go with the flow', turmoil struck.

The brochure implemented to respond to franchise inquiries was having a telling effect. When it became obvious someone had to go to a possible franchise site to demonstrate, another conference was called.

Attending the luncheon meeting were Tyne Tomas, Maureen Arundel, April Danton and Jayne Lansing. The problem, simply stated, was that, after almost a year, they had only established three franchises though the net profits of each were encouraging.

Tyne read off a list of seven potential franchises who asked for an on-site demo. The cost of sending April to remote locations was discussed. It was a two-edged sword. Someone had to stay at home base to continue the exercises. Continuity was essential.

April had already worked with Tyne to develop a planned routine. It was working but Tyne was unwilling to do without April for extended periods. Also, the cost was a factor as the "Living Spa" had no procedure for travel expenses for employees. It all had to be ironed out.

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At the sorority, during the evening after the meeting, Jayne and April discussed the possibilities. The membership for the sorority was expiring for each of them which also had to be considered.

Jayne spoke up. "I turned in my membership card today. Instead of checking the part where the payment is enclosed, I wrote that I don't intend to extend for another year. So far I've not heard from anyone. I did keep a copy of my non-renewal in case there is a hassle."

April tucked a pillow under her chin. "You are so efficient. I just told the hall monitor to 'shove it' and gave her the card to turn in. I really think they are happy to see us go. Outside the fact we're not held in any affection, they can let our rooms at the higher rate to some unsuspecting freshman. Don't expect an argument."

Jayne was thoughtful. "Do you think you can go to a spa someplace and get them to use the 'Q-Angle Fit'? From what you've told me, it isn't all that complicated and the legal work is complete."

"Did you notice the list of seven hopefuls Tyne had. One of them is San Francisco. Well, Silicon Valley is where the money is. Menlo Park. You already know what I'm thinking. Will your brother put me up for a day or so to help with expenses?"

"I can ask. You check with Tyne, I'll e-mail him right away. He has a car but I doubt if he will break away from his crowd to squire you around the Bay Area. Of course, there is adequate transportation anywhere from the city, or so I'm told."

April was engrossed in thought. "Tyne has to make new appliances and all the trimmings, weights, straps, and all. I don't think she has thought that far ahead. I have a feeling I'll end up doing it between appointments."

Jayne was excited. "I think it will work. No harm in trying."

"I'm thinking the franchise fee will include travel expense. They give a percentage of the gross after that. It's all set up by the legal beagle."

"You won't collect a franchise fee if they don't install the program. That will add cost to all the others." Jayne added.

April reached for Jayne and embraced her. Jayne accepted it and slid over next to April on the bed. They had both been thusly close before but no overt caresses came about from either of them. April was still thinking. "If the customer for the franchise wants to avoid the travel part of the fee, it would be OK to have them visit here at their expense. They would see how a well-run program works."

Jayne's cell phone jangled with ringtones.

"Hello, oh, hi Maureen. Yes. I'm talking to April now. We are discussing the meeting this morning." She listened for awhile and then clicked the phone shut. "Maureen is picking me up in an hour. She wants some company to go to a place called the 'Trident Inn'. What's what about?"

April grinned. "Congratulations. She took me there a couple times. It's rather sedate which means she wants to talk."

Jayne was concerned. "April, help me here. You know I'll freak if that terrific lady takes a fancy to me. I won't know what to do."

"You like her, I do believe. And you find her attractive, I do believe. And you know what she wants, I do believe. Is there a problem?"

Jayne looked stricken. "Yes, darn it. I'm afraid because I don't know what to expect. What did you two do on your first date?"

April hugged her closer. "Slow down, love. There isn't time for a crash-course. You'll have to endure. You know what I have to say about that."

Jayne was quick to answer. "Yes, you'll say; just do it, I do believe."

April laughed. "Come on. I'll help you dress if you like. Don't freak out, our lovable Dean of Women is a very nice lady."

They went to Jayne's room. April wondered idly why Maureen didn't include her in the drama but just as quickly dismissed it. Maureen's interest was in new experiences and on her own terms. Clear enough; no cause for resentment, only support.

Jayne walked out onto the porch at the appointed time. April had told her to be prompt; being fashionably late was not in the equation.

She wore a blue sleeveless vest over her white blouse, fluffy at the neck with a single pearl 'teardrop' dangling near her throat. The darker blue mini-skirt was the proper length, about six inches above the knees. Spangled belt design matched the buckles on her mid-heel shoes. She had followed April's advice and allowed a blue ribbon to gather her hair away from her ears, piled on top of her head. Except for an episode of shortness of breath due to anxiety, she was ready for the evening. Only conjecture could predict what that would be.

April waited inside and was pleased when Maureen's black sedan stopped at the curb. Maureen came toward Jayne wearing the expected chauffeur's cap, black uniform jacket and side breeches. She smiled with her special knowledge. This time the girls paid little attention to the brief scenario as they had 'seen it all' with April Danton.

Maureen held the door for Jayne and they were soon away. It was the usual ploy and Jayne had been advised but she went along by showing her amusement.

CHAPTER II. Believe It!

"I didn't fool you, did I?" Maureen asked as they turned onto the main street. "That April Danton is way ahead of both of us."

Jayne laughed. "Why, whatever do you mean?" she said in her false southern accent. All she needed was a fan to complete the setting.

At the 'Trident Inn' they found a table against the divider, close to the dance floor. Maureen ordered drinks without consulting her pretty companion. "Tell me," she asked after her first sip of Scotch and water. "Are you interested in the 'Q-Angle Fit' franchise? You seemed very supportive at the meeting. I want your honest opinion which is why I asked you here tonight."

Jayne was fearful she would stutter. "From what little I know, apparently your friend, Tyne Tomas, is brilliant to come up with it. I can see why April is so enthused."

Maureen stared at Jayne. "Are you and April intimate?"

"By that you mean friends? Yes."

"No, by that I mean lovers. Have you had sex with her?"

"Miss Arundel. Please! I've never had sex with a girl. I know what you are referring to but it hasn't happened to me in my short life. I can add I've had extremely little success with the super jocks that keep hitting on me."

Jayne's tone was so even, crisp and expressive, Maureen laughed. "You are a wonder. OK, I believe you. Oh, let's catch this dance; a favorite."

They went onto the dance floor with some other couples. It was certainly not an unusual sight to see a young coed in the flower of her youth dancing with a well-dressed guy.

Maureen held her close and guided the steps with skill. Jayne was beginning to relax. She hoped upon hope she would not endanger her standing with the handsome dean. It could well affect her job at the spa.

"You dance well," Maureen said as they sat back down. "That song, 'No Other Love' always sends shivers of pleasure through me. I hope you like it."

Jayne took a risk. "Chopin, I think. Etude in E."

Maureen's eyes lit up. "Aha! There is no end to your mystery. Did you study piano? This might have followed Beethoven's Für Elise."

Jayne smiled her indulgence. "Probably. My mom believed the piano added a demure touch to an eligible young lady. She might have been part right, I'm anything but demure."

Maureen laughed. "Another drink? You soaked that last one up." She motioned to the bar waitress. When the waitress brought another round to the table, Maureen watched Jayne intently. "You sure enjoyed looking at that waitress. Of course she is pretty; great legs as well. Am I missing something here? Are you naturally appreciative of a woman's looks?"

Jayne blushed. "I agree she is nice. I'm not going to ask her for the next dance, though." She was immediately aware of Maureen's stare. It was a look of interest and seemed to bore into her soul.

"Drink up, let's go," Maureen said.

In the car, with no traffic in the 'Trident Inn' parking lot, Maureen reached across Jayne for the buckle. She fixed the seat belt in place and, as she brought her hand away, she let her fingers slide across Jayne's thighs.

Jayne could not avoid a gasp in response. She closed her eyes and waited. She felt Maureen slide one arm around her shoulders; her other hand slowly worked beneath the hem of her mini-skirt until she fingered the smooth flesh above the flesh-colored stockings.

"Please, Miss," Jayne said without much conviction. "I'm not as experienced as you perhaps think."

Maureen leaned closer; their faces inches apart. "Are you offended that I like to feel your vibrant body? You didn't object."

Jayne stifled a sob. "I don't want to anger you, Miss Arundel. I'm aware of your interest in me. It's just that I don't know what to do."

Maureen speculated and moved her hand from the girl's elegant hips to cup her chin. "See if you object to this," she said and pressed a gentle kiss on Jayne's soft lips.

Jayne kept her eyes closed. An electric feeling went through her and she parted her lips slightly. In response, Maureen began a tender massage of Jayne's lower lip with her firm tongue tip. She next extended the kiss until she felt a flush of warmth.

Jayne moved away in a last effort to distance herself. All that gesture did was open enough space between them for Maureen to move one hand beneath Jayne's vest to caress her breast. Jayne sighed.

Maureen sat back and smiled at the nervous girl.

"Do you fancy me?" Jayne asked in a final moment.

"Only if you don't mind what I just did. I won't force you into something you don't want to do. Are you curious about what sex might be with a woman?"

Jayne took one last breath and called on her resolve. "Please, Miss; I've no cause to stop you. Maybe I'm flattered that you've shown an interest in me. I'd like to go home now, if you don't mind."

Nothing more was said. Jayne let herself out of the car at the sorority house and ran inside. She went directly to her room and threw herself on the bed. She buried her face in the covers and cried until she stopped shaking. She didn't know April had come in until she felt her weight on the bed.

April touched her back and the side of her head. "Easy, love," she said. "I've been where you are and it will pass, I promise. Did she kiss you and feel you?"

Jayne raised herself onto her elbows. "Yes; I'm so ashamed. I enjoyed it so much I didn't want her to stop."

"Now that you both know that, you can live with it until the next time. And, darling girl, there will be a next time, believe it."

CHAPTER III. San Francisco

Jayne came into April's room and dumped her book bag on the chair. "Listen up!" she said with enthusiasm. "Do you know that mechanic's garage about a block down from the spa? They have a sign in the cashier's cage window. It says 'Loft for Rent' and they give a phone number."

"Let's call them," April answered. "At least we can find out how much they want and maybe go see it. Before we do, though, are you sure you want to do this?"

"Seems practical to me; neither of us can afford that kind of privacy. Also, getting away from the bitch-patrol here is worth some sacrifice. What are you asking?"

April chose her words with care. "There is a routine here; we eat, go to school, shower and all that. We fit in even if the others don't like it. If we are alone, together, you might feel intimidated, or I might, if we run around in panties and bra, like that. I don't want to start packing boxes until I'm certain you are willing to put up with me."

Jayne didn't miss a beat. "You are saying I might cramp your style. I'm not aware you have an important someone in your life. I don't mind going to a movie if you want to entertain. Also, I'd be agreeable, if you had someone in, or another couple, whatever, to help with the meals and all. I want to get out of this place!"

April pursed her lips. "Give me the phone number." She placed the call and gave Tyne Tomas and Maureen Arundel as references.

"They want \$400 but it has only a refrigerator/freezer and stove. That's as much rent as each of us are paying here. Of course, meals are included here. Still, we should be able to manage. Tyne has some furniture in the back shed she would probably let us have. Shall we go take a look?"

They moved in the next day with only their campground sleeping bags. Within a day, a truck showed up with Tyne's donation of furniture which included twin beds, dresser and vanity. Maureen sent over an armoire she had been trying to unload and some carpets. Soon, empty boxes were on the curb and the utility company was paid.

The loft was one large room with a back stairway with private entrance. Also there was a freight elevator in one corner that was once used when the room was a machine shop.

"How is the new crash pad?" Tyne asked coming into April's office.

April turned around and smiled. "Neat; we have all the things you donated for which we are grateful. Maureen sent some stuff as well — towels, bedding, like that. We are both happy to be out of that sorority."

Tyne waited, saying nothing. "Well," she finally said folding her arms in front of her. "Are you two getting along OK? She is very attractive."

April grinned. "Are you jealous? No, I haven't made a move on her but I think Maureen has your dawn-patrol receptionist in her sights."

"Maybe just a little jealous. The reason for this meeting; did you not tell me Jayne has a brother in San Francisco?"

April came alert. "Yes, why? Are they ready to go through with the 'Q-Angle Fit' franchise?"

"They are in Menlo Park, triple-A rating. They want to see the equipment and a demo. You've been elected. The great 'City by the Bay' is not a place for a pretty girl alone which is why I asked about Jayne's brother. Can you look into that? It would be much better if you had somewhere there to look after you. I am willing to pay for any expenses incurred. We really could use this franchise; not only for the revenue but to include in our talk to other potential customers. I'll wait to hear from you."

April phoned Jayne right away to tell her the news. Jayne agreed to inquire if her brother would be available or, perhaps, someone else.

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The giant 707 touched down at SFO right on schedule. April deplaned and headed for the baggage carousel. She kept a wary eye for Jayne's brother but did not connect. When she telephoned, it turned out he was standing fifty yards away at the bottom of the escalator. She waved and he waved back.

"I'm Nevil Lansing," he said introducing himself. "Everyone calls me Nave. Probably a meaning there someplace, like a dropped 'K'."

After they retrieved the packages and luggage, they loaded his car and headed for the city. "I'm thrilled to be here and to meet you. Is there a place I can stay? I'd be glad to pay my way; expense account and all that."

He grinned. "We have a room in the same building where I live. It's on Castro Street but it isn't likely anyone will bother you. You are going to Menlo Park?"

"Sounds great, thanks. Yes, I'm meeting the owners of a day-spa there. We have the 'walk-like-a-man' device you saw in the news. Thanks for keeping us informed. We did have a difficult time getting it off the ground but we're confident now we have a going concern."

He grinned. She appraised him in the flashing lights as they sped along the freeway. He was taller, slender build, a rough chock of unruly hair on his head. There was a distinct family resemblance. His smile was warm, friendly, without guile or so she saw it. "Are you and Jayne close friends?" he asked.

By this time they were downtown cruising along Market Street to his parking garage. "She is a lovely girl and, yes, good friends. She speaks so very highly of you."

He frowned briefly. "It was not always like that. She was the brat little sister; drove me to distraction. When our parents decided to send her to college, we started making up for lost time. It surprises me she turned out to be such a neat person."

April laughed. "We both work at the same place; have some classes together, like that."

He parked the car and flipped the trunk release. Next he stopped, turned and looked squarely at April. "Did she tell you Castro Street is a gay community?"

April swallowed. "Yes; I'm fine with that as long as you think there is no threat to my safety."

"OK," he answered and started unloading the car. "Which things can be left in the car? I'm told by my brat-sister that I'm to drive you to your appointment. We don't need to cart a lot of stuff in and out."

April stepped up and set aside her personal luggage. "This will do. Nave, I don't want to impose. If you don't find it convenient to haul me around, I'd be happy to pay someone else. If not convenient, I'll take a taxi."

"Let's go in; we can figure out the schedule when you contact your people. You know, I suppose, there are a lot of transvestites, and some TG hopefuls, in this area. Your 'Q-Angle Fit' stands a good marketing chance."

She smiled and went in while he held the door for her. "That's what we're counting on. This is all super critical to our growth."

He let her into the room and gave her the key. "You have my number if you need to get in touch. Are you hungry? Maybe the airlines ran out of pretzels."

She laughed. "Can I buy you dinner? I noticed that diner down the block."

He grinned and walked in her room to sit on the easy chair. "I'll wait if you want to freshen up. They have specials that are usually quite good."

It was impossible to have dinner with Nave and discuss business. He was so popular with the local 'in-crowd' they were interrupted every few minutes. She was introduced to more people in the course of their meal than she'd met in a month. Several rough-acting girls came by to say hello. Their warm smiles belied their persona. April was impressed. People were different there.

They walked back to the room. Nave waited until she had opened the door. He wanted her to feel secure. "The girls you met want to know if you will go with them tomorrow night to the concert in Golden Gate Park. What shall I tell them?"

"If you say they are OK, tell them I'd be delighted."

"Oh, they're OK but remember you are in a gay community and they qualify."

She waited a long moment and looked into his eyes. He was waiting for her answer. "Tell your friends I qualify as well."

Two girls showed up to escort April to the concert. She immediately dubbed them 'Thing One' and 'Thing Two'. Both wore outlandish, by Eastern standards, costumes; too much contrasted makeup, pressure tattoos and a wide swath of hair missing from the top of the head, Mohawk style.

After getting over the shock, she found herself in very amiable company. They both laughed and lounged about the trolley paying no attention to the amused, or distraught, attention of other passengers.

The concert by a throw-back rock group soon captured the hearts of the mixed audience. April could not only smell the marijuana smoke hovering in the air but also was dismayed when 'Thing One' and 'Thing Two' accepted some tokes from strangers.

On the return trip to Castro Street, the two odd-balls seemed subdued. April got the impression they were tired of her and wanted to dump her someplace. As it turned out, she was wrong. They headed to a side street where a party was in progress.

The raucous group was in full blast. They went up a wide staircase to the second level of what was once a warehouse or processing plant. It smelled faintly of fish.

The music blaring from two huge speakers fed by four rock-style musicians was deafening. April retreated to a corner and sat down at a makeshift table. A girl in a long gown, early Good Will Store she supposed, smiled and set a glass of red wine in front of her. She said nothing because of the high decibel input from the stage. Nobody could talk; they danced in disconnected gyrations or watched or stepped back to retreat to the bar.

April looked for her two escorts but they were lost to the world weaving up and down with the heavy-metal beat. The strong tempo carried an earthy beat, like the fast padded steps of animals running, a magnetism. Their arms up high, reaching with their hands, as if in a trance; feet carried the mesmerized bodies like they wore springs in the insoles. The scenario was so distracting she was momentarily amused. When there was a break in the music to change tempo, it seemed that was the cue for everyone to talk at once.

"Are you waiting for your date?" It was a tall woman, dressed in street clothes rather than the indigenous period garb.

April smiled. "No; I came with a couple of gals assigned by my friend, Nave. Perhaps you know him?"

"Of course yes; everyone does, I think. He could run for mayor but that's a high risk job. I'm just surprised he is involved with a pretty chick, namely you."

She laughed. "I'm visiting here. Have some business in Menlo Park tomorrow afternoon. Nave is the brother of my roommate, Jayne Lansing. Jayne couldn't make the trip from the East Coast so she asked Nave to show me around."

"So, you are not expecting a date. May I fill in or do you need Nave to give me an endorsement?" Her smile was warm, inviting. A familiar demeanor, confidence perhaps, made April relax.

"You aren't dressed the part to be here," April commented casually. "You could easily pass for a half-tourist like me."

"I'm Stella Sabine," she said and extended her hand. Her inquiring look, very brief, asked if the name was familiar. Probably not, it turned out.

"April Danton," she answered and accepted Stella's hand.

"I just stopped in on my way home from work to see if there was anyone interesting. I saw you right away."

That was when the deafening music stopped. A slower tempo was introduced through the sound system while the band took a break. Several couples wandered onto the floor.

Without asking, Stella tugged April and they were soon swaying with soft music in a dreamy tempo. April accepted Stella's lead without thinking and, as the song wore on, she put her head on Stella's shoulder.

When the band returned and the smoke began to asphyxiate them, Stella put her mouth close to April's ear.

"Had enough of this? I know a bistro in the next block. How about a coffee?"

April was grateful. She looked quickly around to find 'Thing One' and 'Thing Two' without success. She shrugged her shoulders and accepted that she had been abandoned.

At the bistro, Stella sipped the black coffee and smiled. "I needed this to clear the taste of that awful wine."

April grinned. When she set her mug back down on the wooden plank that served for a table, she turned the handle around so Stella could see her lipstick imprint on the side. "Thank you for rescuing me. I'm not sure what I would do if I had to stay there much longer. My ears are still ringing."

Stella turned on the bench to face April. The hem of her skirt rode above her knees. "Now, explain this, please. I find a very attractive business lady, that's you, at a gay bash in The Castro in San Francisco. You know you are very appealing; it shows in your body language. Yet, even with friendly escorts close by, you allow yourself to sip coffee with me in a run down shop with a sleepy waitress. Are you isolating yourself? Do you want to sever all ties with your daily concerns, the inexcusable desires that nag at you, and just let a strange lady, that's me, haul you off into the night?"

April smirked. "You did all that without tarot cards. I'm amazed!"

"And also sassy," Stella countered. She tilted her head and put her finger on the rim of April's coffee mug. "You put your lip imprint on that mug, didn't you? That's sexy."

"You find me impulsive?"

"And adorable. Shall we escape this sorry scene entire into our own private world? Do you let yourself get picked up by strangers?"

April frowned. "You were a stranger at first. Now you are not: You already know more about me than I do about you. What is on your mind? You can't claim to be a lonely waif cut loose from society for the sole purpose of entertaining a tourist on her way to Menlo Park."

Stella closed the distance and expertly moved one hand between April's knees. She pressed until April inched opened her legs in invitation. At the same time, Stella kissed the pretty tourist on the lips in a gentle, tender, contact.

April sighed. The hand between her legs had gathered the cotton full-length skirt in her fist. Given ample room, Stella moved her hand onto April's naked thigh, then higher. She kissed again and held her close by pulling April's shoulders into the embrace.

"Please, Stella; no," April whispered, out of breath. "I'm not as experienced as you think."

Stella's smile was sardonic. "So what? I'm offering a short vacation from your mundane cares. You can indulge yourself in your true sensual being. New experiences are just as real as the imagined ones. But, I have a complaint."

April was startled. "What?" she asked, eyes wide.

"My feet hurt. I can probably make the hike to my place, just around the corner, but you may have to carry me. Shall we go?"

April burst out laughing. "Only if you can improve on that 'rot-gut' wine served at the dance."

"That, I promise you."

Without regard to the confidence she felt in 'hooking up' with Stella, the familiar lightness in her stomach came back as a warning. 'I'm really not ready for this,' she thought to her secret inner ear. 'I must be nuts; yet, she is so charming. I'm this far, nowhere to go, so let the play begin.'

Stella took her hand and led her into a shadowed entrance to her apartment foyer. She tugged on the heavy door and, once inside, pressed the elevator button.

"White sweet wine," she said serving April a wine cooler. "You can add a dash of seltzer water if you want inexpensive champagne." She sat next to her on the sofa and ran her arm along the back. "Tell me what is bothering you? I sense your distance all of a sudden. Are you afraid of me?"

April shrugged. "No; I was just thinking how my life has changed over the past several months. I landed a receptionist job at an exercise club, The Living Spa, which led to a meeting with a stunning lady who is the Dean of Women at my college. Among others, she led me down the path I am now travelling. No complaints there."

"Are you involved with Nave's sister? You mentioned her earlier. Lovers?"

"No, at least not yet. She is very, oh, provocative is the word. We are roommates and friends; both work at the spa, like that. Totally, she is very sensual, I suspect."

"Has she had sex with a woman? Have you?"

"You are curious. Why do you ask?"

Stella sighed. "I'm trying to get you to talk about what is bothering you. I'm not a shrink, far from it, but I feel this is an opportunity for you to unload. You know what you feel, what you say here, will go no further."

April agreed to stretch out on the sofa. She rested her head on Stella's lap. "When I was growing up, those teen-trauma years, I was as inept as I was unattractive. The few friends I had at school, all the way back to the fifth grade, all told me I was a sure loser. By some miracle I graduated from high school and am now enrolled in college. I boarded in a sorority house where, again, the girls there go out of their way to tell me I don't fit in to their group. The exception is Nave's sister, Jayne."

Stella smoothed April's hair and tucked a loose strand around her ear. "Can you honestly say your success, which you seem proud of, fits in with your perception of how others feel about you?"

"It's a conflict but, every once in awhile, when I think too much or too long, I feel myself sliding back into that cloud you call lack of self-esteem. It becomes a prison and my efforts to please the people around me seem to fall short."

"I find that difficult to believe. Here you are thousands of miles away from home on a mission of, I hope, some importance. That didn't happen by accident."

April sighed. "They didn't have confidence in me at first. The Dean of Women and my employer, the owner of the 'Living Spa', became partners in the marketing of an exercise device my employer, Tyne Tomas, invented. It's called the 'Q-Angle Fit' and has so far shown promising results."

"When you discuss your work, your enthusiasm comes out. That's hardly an inferiority complex."

"Perhaps but the story goes on. The Dean of Women took a liking to me and recommended me for the job as personal trainer for clients buying the 'Q-Angle Fit' regimen. The boss appreciates me, uh, physically I guess I should say. We had sex."

"You found the sex with your boss satisfying? Was it good or an obligation with frills."

"Both, I guess. I also had a first-time experience with a transgender candidate. I was pretty drunk on Saturday night and ended up giving the guy a blow job; uh, fellatio I'm told is the word."

"You didn't like that, I can tell."

"When I realized what happened, I was angry and said some hasty things but nobody seemed to listen. I'll not allow myself in that type situation again."

"Is that all? Your employer and some horny transsexual? Hardly a record for the erotic Olympic trials." She unbuttoned the top of April's blouse and flattened the lapels. She parted the wide fabric and felt the soft skin with a light touch. "I can hardly fault your boss for taking advantage of you. You are lovely and do not deserve the picture of self you've described. I'd say most comments, all the way back to grade school, were prompted more by jealousy. Haven't you had any other experience? No other girls hit on you?"

April grinned. She felt better having vented her feelings with the worldly lady. "If they did, I missed it. Being convinced I'm not attractive enough to interest anyone, it's easy to pass it by."

Stella leaned over and kissed her again. This time, April put her arm across Stella's shoulders to tighten the embrace.

"Did you ever think, darling, that you are really two girls, not one? I mean, one side of you, the one we see most, is vivacious, confident, interesting, committed; all very normal. The other side, same coin, is a frightened child filled with an inner terror that, though the world is treating you well, might burst the bubble at any moment."

April relaxed her arm but kept the light embrace. Her sincere look would have captured the heart of a hardened harlot. "You have just described the committee of two in my head. There is frantic activity; one creates a fantasy and the other buys in to it."

Stella continued the kiss and, once breaking away, began to nudge and fondle April's ear and neck. "So, now we have it. What is your most recent fantasy?"

"That's tough; I often feel guilt-ridden, anxious, for no apparent reason. The fearful child might be losing the fight."