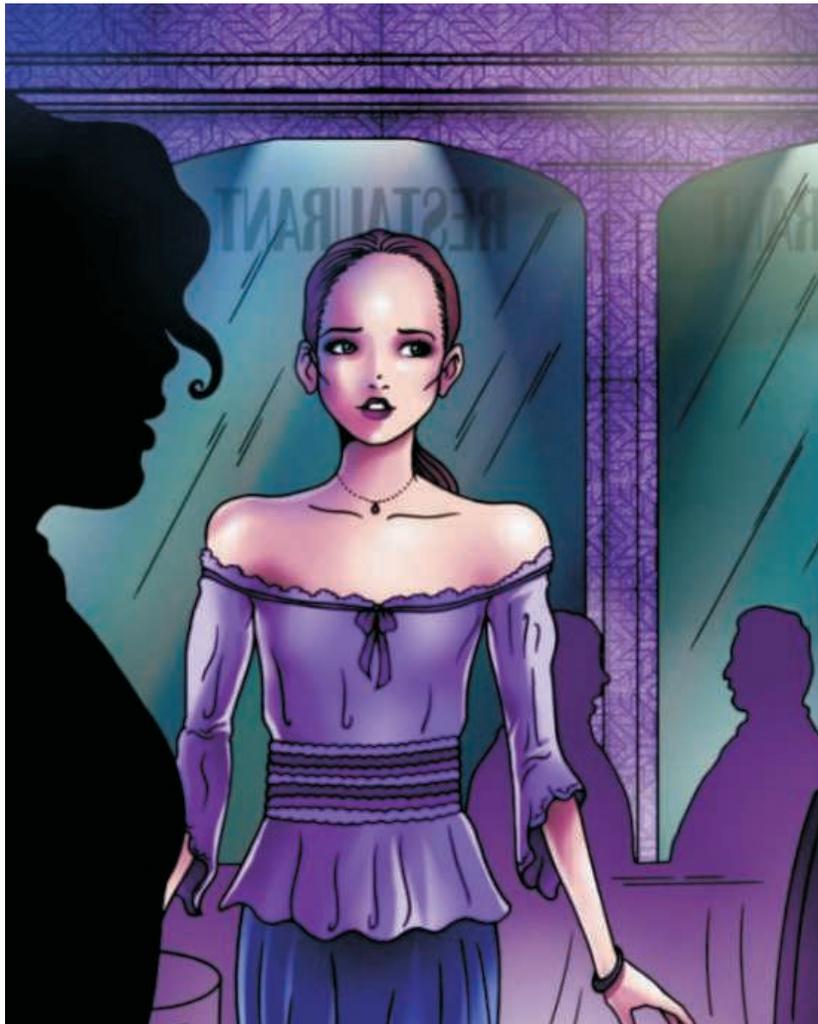




Reluctant Press presents:

Pompadoro's

Monica James



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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POMPADORO'S

By Monica James

I. Two for the Money

Robert Masen paid the taxi driver and went into the lobby of the Pompadoro Roadhouse.

He registered as Robyn Masen. As he turned around holding the room key-card in one hand, he reached for his luggage with the other.

"My name is Max," the large robust man said forcing himself on the new guest. "Welcome; we received your payment in full from the regimen director. I hope your stay will be pleasant here."

"Thanks; I'm bewildered by all this super-organization."

Max smiled. "The reason your medical counselor sent you here has logic. We are aware of your transient condition and the need to control your diet, take the prescribed medications, get plenty of rest and exercise; all that to the end you will be physically ready for your trip to the Middlesex Clinic."

While Max was sounding each detail, Robyn became more nervous.

"Thank you again, sir. Ms. Jocelyn Pip spoke highly of your service."

"Ah, yes, of course; your counselor. We call her 'Joy' because of the many happy people she sends to us. Make yourself comfortable. The dining room expects you and has your name plate on your personal place setting."

Robyn was relieved when the muscular man left to speak to someone else. 'He must be a fugitive linebacker,' Robyn thought as he searched for his room.

When the chimes announced dinner, Robyn went down the wide staircase to the lobby. He searched for his assigned place.

"Hi, I'm Jodi Lamar," an attractive girl with huge sincere eyes said as she looked Robyn up-and-down. "You must be Robyn; it's on the bulletin board."

Robyn sat and looked around. "My real name is Robert but call me Robyn. I'll take that name after my reassignment operation. This is all frightening to me. I've been tempted several times to just chuck it and go back to the mail room."

Jodi moved closer by sliding on her chair. "That's what you did? Like the post office, I suppose. You are handsome; I can see why you might feel ambivalent." She reached across the table to shake hands. "When I came here, nobody said hello, go-to-hell or anything. I really felt lost. Now I make it a point to greet any new faces to try to get them over the first day or so. I hope you do not think I'm imposing."

"I have to keep reminding myself of what my plan is; I'm a trans-sexual in the purest sense. I would be supremely happy if I could come home looking as attractive as you are."

After dinner, Jodi and Robyn went out onto the wide wrap-around porch. It was relaxing to watch the ducks frolicking in the pond.

"So, you had 'Joy' for a counselor; so did I," Jodi said as if it was a secret. "How long have you known?"

Robyn was briefly taken by surprise. "Known what?"

"That you are a girl trapped in a guy's body. It's natural to want to be who-and-what you are. Have you evolved from the phase they call doubt?"

"You sure ask a lot of questions. I can see you are trying to make me comfortable and I appreciate it. Please give me some time to adjust."

"Oh, dang!" Jodi said. "I was so hoping we could talk about sex. Well, when you have something on your mind, I'm your first stop, O.K? I'm a good listener."

"Thanks; I've read what I could find on the Benjamin Standards. It seems reasonable to me that, if I am to explore this new life, I should pay attention to the procedures."

Jodi was silent for a long moment. "You know, Robyn, right now we are of the opposite sex. Maybe we should take advantage of that. A serious discussion might make our later adjustment easier. After our stay at the Middlesex Clinic, we will still be opposite sex. I'd like to be your friend."

"You are hitting on me; very flattering. Girls don't like me because I don't have a build like an athlete."

"When you are a girl, are you going to pursue the gentler set in mini-skirts? It might seem easier to you now."

"I'm told my preferences are somehow governed by hormones and such as the like. I'll let you know." Robyn grinned. "I've never, uh, been with a girl," he said, shy in admitting what he considered a great gap in his life's experience.

Jodi almost jumped onto his lap. "You know what you just said? You admitted having sex with a guy. Is that the reason you want to be a girl? Do you feel it would justify your interest in some sexy guy you knew somewhere along the way? This is fascinating."

Robyn touched Jodi's hand and stood up. He stretched. "Fascinating or not, I've nothing to add to your memoirs. I'm going in now; long day. Medico team is in the morning so I'll see you at lunch, probably." He left the attractive girl sitting alone.

That night, after a refreshing shower, he snapped off the light and snuggled with one pillow between his legs. The room was dark except for some light from outside. 'Don't like spooky shadowy rooms; don't like strange beds; don't like nosey people,' he said to the secret brain in his head. 'That girl is quick. Maybe it is true that I'm trying to justify my one sexual tryst by running away, torn between finding a guy and being a girl. If I become a girl, expressing an interest in guys will be natural and nobody will be mad at me. I don't consider myself 'gay', just unlucky.' He closed his eyes and remembered the one time several months earlier. He considered telling Jodi about his sexual adventure. Maybe, he thought further, she would have a comment.

II Medico Team

Robyn sat in the waiting room of the medical offices, early for his appointment. He wore jogging sweats and a bulky shirt to give him plenty of space for moving arms and shoulders. He could feel the perspiration making rivulets beneath his armpits.

The doctor was dressed in a starched white jacket. He looked briefly at Robyn before he perused the medical forms sent to him by Jocelyn Pip.

"Thank you for being so prompt," the doctor said still without making eye contact. "Nurse will get you situated and fill out a questionnaire for our records. We will do some routine testing and a physical exam to set the benchmarks for your progress here." In a moment he was gone.

The nurse descended on him like a linebacker. She had a fierce look in her eyes that made him feel threatened. 'Must be Max's sister,' he thought looking up at her.

When the exam and question-and-answer session was over, Robyn again sat in the waiting room.

"You are good to go, Mister Masen," the nurse said. "Take these regularly as directed on each bottle; no cheating. Be back here in one week, same time. Any questions or problems, call the phone number listed on the prescription."

Robyn looked at the bottles of medications. Some were familiar; *finasteride* was included but the dosage and size were changed. The usual assortment of hormones looked, to him, as expected.

The nurse returned with an appointment slip. "Any questions?" she rasped, looking at him with disdain.

He would have said 'no' but the issue on his mind was nagging him. "Excuse me, Miss," he began knowing his voice was weak. "I've noticed a few physical changes like breast enlargement. Also, the genitals seem sore to the touch sometimes."

Nurse put her hands on her hips. "Well! You signed up for this, so don't blame us if some small change confuses you. Get used to it." Her eyes blazed with hostility tempered with 'righteous indignation'. Next, her demeanor softened and a hint of a smile curled her lips. She carefully tucked the different meds in a plastic bag.

He mumbled 'thanks' without looking at her.

"Listen," she said facing him. "The changes you are going to experience are just physical which your body will adapt to with time. The real hurdle is what your counselor has covered already — your personal 'mind set'. You will always have to cope with the things you have been taught; social behavior, personal hygiene, ethics and courtesy, all the nagging thoughts that make you who you are. It is true you are in some ways the master of your destiny. Being sensitive to living life on life's terms has a way of teaching you on a daily basis. Now, run along, Mister Masen, enough chatter." She was quickly gone.

#

Jodi sat down at lunch and observed Robyn's stressed look. "What happened at the medical?" she asked.

"Nothing; routine, I guess."

"Well, you haven't said a word and, frankly, you don't look happy."

Robyn finished his lunch and excused himself to go to the room. He sat morosely at the wide picture window overlooking the garden and grounds.

Next he settled at the small desk and lined up all the prescription bottles. He organized them according to when they were to be taken. 'I'm having serious doubts about this,' he said to the brain committee in his head. 'Maybe I'm overreacting.' That was when he noticed a woman toting an easel and suitcase into the shrubs at the far end of the lawn.

He was fascinated. Her long brown hair was streaked with bright orange. She paced easily with confidence. Her long legs were sheathed in a weathered skirt that billowed around her ankles in the slight breeze.

'That must be Jemi Creech. Jodi mentioned her. Resident artist and nerd musician.' He watched as Jemi set up the artwork and began a 'still life' of the trees, shrubs, and flowers spaced around the placid brook.

A gentle rap at his door distracted him.

"Hello; come in," he said to Jodi. "I was watching our artist setting up for a sylvan painting."

Jodi came to the window and looked out. "That's zany Jemi; a good sort. She will be entertaining with folk songs and such at the lounge this evening after dinner. Will you go with me?"

"Are you asking me for a date? I should be asking you; I'm the guy."

Jodi laughed. "Come on; walk with me. I'll introduce you to Jemi. She likes to feel she knows everyone in the universe; well, the planet anyhow."

#

"Jemi, this is Robyn; he has agreed to come tonight to hear your homespun guitar in the lounge."

Jemi spun around on her short stool to stare at Robyn and Jodi. She had fresh paint blobs on the palette so she set it aside carefully. "Welcome," she said to Robyn.

"What do you think of when you paint something?" Robyn asked.

Jemi looked away and considered the scene she wanted to paint. The sun sent dappled colors on the smooth water of later afternoon. "Well, it depends on my mood, I guess. Right now that little rock on the other side of the brook might well be Niagara Falls. Other times, it is likely to disappear altogether."

Robyn sat on a nearby stump. "So, the painting reflects your feeling at the time."

"Otherwise I'd get a camera, n'est pas?"

Jodi sat on a tuft of grass, crossed her legs and listened as the two of them became acquainted. When the road house van pulled up, she went on alert. "Look, a new customer. Excuse me, please. I have to do my thing."

Jemi grinned. "That's our girl."

"Totally," Robyn answered. He was aware the artist was interested in him.

Jemi stared so intensely Robyn felt uneasy as if the mysterious girl could look into his soul. "Do you enjoy looking at art? Which form?"

Robyn settled back on the bench and held one knee with both hands, fingers interlocked. "All kinds, I suppose. It isn't the media of expression, as I see it. This may sound strange but when I see something original, like your sketches at this moment, it is like a vision. I see what you see, moment by moment; it is like I have a brief chance to look at the world through your eyes. You think I'm weird, don't you?"

When she turned her face away from the shadow of the Sycamore tree, the sun glinted on her stark white skin. Her eyes sparkled. "You certainly make your point of view clear; admirable," she said.

"When I was about fifteen, my parents had an opportunity to visit Spain because my dad had some chore or other to do with a branch of his company there. We soon tied in

with a group that my mom called 'cackling Americans'. They all went charging off to the bull fights but I didn't want to go. Actually, you understand, I am on the side of the bull."

Jemi laughed. "Another point in your favor though I've been told the event is a national pastime like baseball, TV or girl watching."

"My mother took me to the museum, 'El Prado' and I was enchanted. There were paintings only seen in art history textbooks. I was able to view originals through the unique perspective of the famous artists. It took me a long time to get over it; I felt jaded."

Jemi dabbed with her brush and just as quickly a bush appeared in her sketch as if by magic. "When Jodi brought you out here, I have to admit to a preconceived notion; a failing of mine. I thought she was escorting some new arrival or other to show off the resident curiosity, that's me." She laughed. "You might look like a dork anxious about some lingering acne but you are an interesting and sensitive guy." She mixed some other paints.

Robyn looked at the complacent scene around him. "You do see differently with your personal vision but not always what you expect."

She glanced at him and back to her canvas. "Actually, I'm pleased you are here."

"Jodi is a pretty girl, sexy as well. I would be happy to come back from Middlesex Clinic looking like her."

Jemi raised one eyebrow and looked at Robyn. "Why do you want to be a girl? You're a cute guy."

He was uneasy at first. "It is complicated. You're not just talented you have a warm personality. Do you perhaps wish at times you could do things as a guy? Maybe you have been passed over for art school scholarships because you are a girl."

"Do you often get away with answering a question with a question?" she asked. Her eyes sparkled in amusement.

"Well, all right; I'm not the athletic type likely to get the attention of the girl next door. I've not been very successful, uh, like that."

She smiled. "You are telling yourself that but don't expect me to believe it. There are too many guys that adjust to who and what they are. You think yourself an exception; nonsense, not logical. What's the rest of it?"

He was on edge ready to tell the inquisitive girl what happened to him at camp. He hesitated. "You first," he said lamely. "How did you end up in this place?"

Jemi laughed out loud, a raucous gurgling sound from her throat. "I'm running away. Not in the usual sense; nobody is looking for me, for true. A few years back I had a neat boyfriend. Really, I was the envy of all my friends. Anyhow; we were in love, uh, physical love. Call it 'in lust'. Having intercourse 'bareback' was exciting like we were rebelling against the status quo. You being a guy can appreciate that."

He folded his arms and fingered both elbows. "Uh, yes; I suppose. What did you two do when you came home pregnant?"

She laughed again. "Better than getting the clap, you have to agree. When I told my boyfriend he was about to be a father he went ballistic. He immediately went to his father and an abortion was arranged. There is a point in this; don't go to sleep."

He smiled, unsure of what to say. "What happened?"

"I did not like being forced to part with my baby. Other girls have said otherwise but I wanted what my guy and I had created. After the abortion I realized the fellow I thought I loved was a mere eccentric friend. I'd lost respect for him as a man. Not a pretty story but you can understand why I said I'm running away. I don't want to be a part of Victorian society."

"I'm thinking of the guy's father that not only had to pay the bill but lost the grandchild he may have really wanted. Two time loser in a way."

"Max Pompadoro is my boyfriend's uncle. He brought me here. He pays my way with a room and meals. I have to make whatever money I can by entertaining, selling crafts, caricatures, whatever. I think he likes me but hasn't said or done anything; he doesn't hit on any of us here."

"Seems a nice fellow." Robyn moved to get up.

Jemi was quick. "Oh, no you don't. I answered your question; it's your turn. Are you going to give me that old saw about being a girl in a boy's body? I've heard that a couple times. Something had to happen. Out with it!"

Robyn felt a compulsion he rarely knew. 'I want to talk to her,' he thought to alert his brain committee. 'She has had more trouble than I ever will.' Gritting his teeth to force his decision, he touched her hair. "Have you always worn your hair 'hippie style' to keep your tummy warm?"

She grinned and moved her body sideways to catch a shaft of light through the trees. "You have an absolute talent for evading the issue. Are you aware there are many transsexuals in the world today who live as normal people, accepted by society?"

"Like who? I'd like to know. I don't think there are any celebrity types that have an effect of note," Robyn answered. He lapsed into silence before continuing.

"I have a date with Jodi to come to your performance tonight. Can we talk after that? I have to get my thoughts together because I've never so much as uttered a word of this before."

Jemi frowned. "Sure; it sounds serious. I was being flippant before; I apologize. Maybe I can help if nothing more than as a good listener."

Robyn smiled ruefully. "That's what Jodi said to me; a good listener. Seems I've come to the right place."

"See you tonight, then. So, get on to dinner and let me get this scene framed before the light leaves me." Jemi threw her hand at Robyn to figuratively wave him away.

#

"Ah, there you are," Jodi said when they met in the lobby.

"Did you get the new arrival all right?"

"Yes, a very pretty and very mixed up girl. Like the rest of us, she has a story to tell."

Robyn grinned. "Your friend Jemi collects stories or so it seems."

"Wait until you hear her when she gets warmed up," Jodi answered. Next, her eyes went wide with wonder. "I have an idea; let's both dress up. We are fairly near the same size; you are a guy, so come as a girl. I'm a girl, so I come as a guy. Legitimate transvestites; what do you say?"

Robyn laughed. "Sure, O.K. I've never cross-dressed before. Only because I never had a chance; should be fun. But, can you dance with a girl, being the lead, I mean?"

They went up the wide staircase. "Did you consider there might be some things I've done you don't know about? Try me; I'll be your devil in sheep's clothing."

"Just what I need; a wolf in shining armor," Robyn answered.

III. Date Night

Robyn pulled his clothes out of the closet and arranged them on the bed. He next enjoyed a refreshing shower. When he came out, Jodi had arrived and was sorting out which clothes she wanted to wear for their date.

"What do I get to wear?" Robyn asked while standing, hands on hips as if being left out. He tightened the towel around his middle. Jodi laughed and bundled up what guy-garb she wanted to wear. They went to Jodi's room.

Robyn carefully searched for an ensemble he thought would fit. He removed his shirt and slacks and held a blouse across his shoulders. He turned to ask Jodi her opinion and saw, for the first time, Jodi standing only in her panties. He was shocked into confusion, struck by how beautiful she was. His libido was working full throttle but at the same time he felt inadequate in the presence of the striking girl.

Jodi noted his dismay with peals of laughter. She moved against him, pressed her breasts so the rubbery nipples poked his torso. "Glad you like me, boy/girlfriend," she said hardly able to keep from rollicking with giggles.

"You are lovely," he answered swallowing. He had convinced himself she saw him as a nervous friend. "I said before; maybe you don't remember. One day I would like to be as comely as you are."

She moved both hands onto his shoulders and they shared a gentle, tender kiss. As they embraced he could feel his erection struggling to gain some space.

"Later, lover," she said teasing. "Do you think the dining room crowd will be stirred up? Let's go."

Robyn could not hide his excitement as he walked next to Jodi to their assigned seating. He wore mid-heels, black silk stockings and a mini-skirt that flapped on his thighs when

he walked. The off-the-shoulder peasant blouse had a violet lace trim. Realizing he was totally self-conscious, he looked around the room to see what affect they were having.

There were a few snickers, cat calls and rumbling of feet but that was all. Their cross-dressing behavior was acceptable; not as bizarre as he expected.

#

They arrived at the lounge early to get a seat close to the small stage. Jodi accepted the male role and ordered beer and a bowl of pretzels.

"I have to tell you, Robyn," Jodi whispered. "You look absolutely elegant in those clothes. Are you angry because I rubbed against you? The kiss was sweet; surprising."

"It gave me ideas. Does that bother you?"

She grinned. "Not at all. What did you and Jemi talk about when I left you two all alone?"

"She told me about how she came to be here. She also asked a lot of questions about my life so far. She is very astute, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is. What deep secret are you harboring in that pretty head? I found out in my room just now that you are not 'gay'; one kiss and you were standing at attention. Do you want me?"

Robyn was nervous again. "Yes but, please Jodi,



I've never done that before even though I think about it. I'm afraid I will not please you with my clumsy hands and all."

"When are you going to tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

"Why you are here; why so drastic a change in your life? What happened that you are so upset about? I want to know so I can help you adjust to the 'new' life. I like you, Robyn; I believe you will be a beautiful girl as well as a good friend."

"I promised to tell Jemi Creech about it. I can tell you want to help me; it gives me a good feeling."

Jodi ran her hand along Robyn's thigh and pressed the flesh there. "I think, by adding up all the complex reasons you are dealing with, you will be more comfortable with me. If I get lucky, we might sleep together tonight. I promise to be a sensitive partner and answer your questions."

Robyn hesitated. "I want to try. I'll do whatever you tell me; I know I'm awkward."

"You worry too much. Oh, here she comes, our resident hippie throwback."

Jemi Creech acknowledged a polite round of applause. She stepped up onto the dais, tested the microphone and clicked on the sound system. A Mozart quintet, slightly muted, was her background selection.

"She looks great," Robyn whispered.

"Hush; this doesn't happen very often."

Jemi Creech wore a farmer's costume, bib overalls complete with creased cap to hold her hair in place. The denim straps that fell loosely on her naked shoulders hung precariously ready to reveal her breasts.

She took up the guitar and checked the plug-ins. She sat on a low stool, tucked the guitar between her knees and began a spirited 'warm up' solo. The balanced strings faded into the background as Jemi concentrated, an intense look on her face. While she strummed a thematic off-beat rhythm, the practiced fingers carried the pick along the fret and she presented a simple high-C playful melody. The strong statement moved into a crescendo and faded silently to a natural end.

She nodded her head and bowed to the enthusiastic crowd. Next, she stood up. "I have a favorite song that was published by a family friend many moons ago. It goes like this." She adjusted the mike stand and caught the audience by surprise with a smooth, little-girl like voice, reminiscent of Shirley Temple.

"Worn weary to the edge of sorrow,

Now a breath away from tomorrow;

Tomorrow, tomorrow; a need to be free

Worn weary to the edge of sorrow,

Love me tomorrow;

Cover me in the shade of the old hickory tree."

She hummed herself into a reverie and repeated *"Love me tomorrow"* several times knowing that many in her audience were intensely concerned about their own private destiny.

She bowed gingerly and turned off the background music. "I have an amusing set of lyrics that might reach each of you to lighten your burden tonight."

She set the guitar flat on her lap and began. *"Welcome to the world of dreams where everyone laughs and nobody screams. The Mad Hatter is here seemingly sane looking through the window pane to the looking glass world taking me to places never yet seen."* There was more applause and she promised one more.

"Some people come here filled with hope and get bedeviled by doubt. In the ambivalent mind, they wonder that just maybe they've entered the *'Land of Lies.'*" She took up the guitar again and strummed several beginning chords.

"This land of lies is not all it seems.

Forgotten hopes and forgotten dreams

Lie twisted around the oaken beams

That supports the house that hides the screams

Of broken men and broken dreams."

At first the audience was silent because of the stark, even brutal truth of her lyrics. The applause started with very few but grew to Jemi's pleasure. She felt she had made a statement well received.

Max hustled to the small stage and set the stereo system for dance music. Several couples were quickly on the parquet floor. The nagging ideas the musician had presented were put away for another time.

Jodi tugged Robyn onto the floor and they held one another for the romantic strains of *'No Other Love'*, a favorite of Jodi as it reminded her of hopeful times to come.

They danced several numbers until Robyn was finally able to relax with her. He accepted her arms around him.

As the tango started, Jemi Creech boldly broke in and started Robyn on a whirlwind of dance. Jodi laughed and watched from their table. After the dance, Jemi joined them and graciously accepted several tankards of beer donated by those in the audience moved by her musical presentation.

Later, they appeared as two girls and a guy sipping beer while they soaked up the slim moonlight causing shadows along the porch. Jemi leaned close to Jodi and poked her in the ribs playfully.

"Hey, take it easy," Jodi said with mock indignation. "I'm the guy here; show some respect."

Jemi reached and took Robyn's hand. "You now have two friends who are interested in you. Tell us what happened. No excuses; you promised."

Robyn wet his lips and refreshed his dry mouth by swirling some beer. 'Why not?' he asked his silent brain committee. 'What's the worst that can happen?' He knew they were both waiting as they stared at him expectantly.

"I was the associate counselor at camp last summer. This interest in gender identity is not new; I've felt for a long time that I was just not right. At first I thought it was all in my head and tried to ignore it."

"I can dig that" Jodi interrupted. "Continue; we want to hear it."

"Well, it was the last night and a lot of the campers had been picked up by their parents. The camp was more quiet than usual. I finished my duties in the pool area to get all the equipment taken care of properly. After a stop at the shower, I tugged on my short pajamas bottoms and slid between the sheets. Before long I was sound asleep."

"I feel a seduction coming on," Jemi whispered to Jodi.

"That's it precisely. Without too much detail, the head camp counselor was naked and in bed with me."

"Oh, no you don't," Jodi cried out. "Was this totally unexpected?"

"Uh, yes and no. I knew I was attracted to him; very few guys wouldn't be in one way or another. He was in great shape and very much in tune with camp life. I have to admit I admired him not only as my superior but as a guy easy to look at and get along with."

Jemi broke in with her thought. "Superior, was he? Well, a lot of guys and gals find anyone that has a degree of control over their activities is attractive sexually. I expect that, no surprise."

Robyn hesitated then continued. "He had an erection; it was really big, even sort of frightening. He was quickly on me, covered my mouth with his hand, and shoved me onto my tummy. He leaned close and said something about being quiet and he would take his hand away. I nodded. He ordered me onto my hands and knees so he could access inside my pajama bottoms. He worked me and, fearful or not, I soon had a stiff one in his hand."

"You really had nothing to fear if the camp gig was over. Why not tell him to cool it?"

"You are correct, of course. I know that now. I also know I wanted him to do what he was doing. I told him to stop being so rough and I would do whatever. He stretched me out on my back and soon was working my cock into his mouth. In-and-out; it was marvelous. He sensed I was about to ejaculate so he stopped and sat up on his knees. He caught my head by the back of the neck and worked to position my mouth where he wanted it. I concentrated until the rhythm was natural."

"Did you swallow?" Jodi asked.

"Didn't have the chance. He put me up again and punched his cock into my anus. I knew then as he pumped into my rectum that a very important change had taken place in my life. The sodomy was, oh, a bit uncomfortable but new ideas were finally coming into focus. I should be a girl so I can have a real life. I was willing then to explore all the avenues and now I'm here with you two."