

Mama's Independent Daughter



Philippa Peters



A "Her Tv" Novel



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MAMA'S INDEPENDENT DAUGHTER

by **Philippa Peters**

Continuation of Mama's Innocent
Daughter

XII. OUTING

Carol and I, dressed so prettily and girlishly, though only one of us was a real girl, danced down the hallways, me shivering as my lovely dress caressed my pantyhose. I had to follow Carol's lead. She smiled at me, girl to girl, amazed at how pretty I was in her blonde wig and bur-

gundy dress. If we'd met anyone, I'd have to be girlie and excited, just like Carol, about going out dancing. I wouldn't be anything but a von Hitte, as my mother had told me to be. If a servant recognized me as Erich, not Erika, I steeled myself to ignore knowing smiles and smirks.

But Carol and I met no one, as we flounced so femininely down the main staircase, out the main doors and into the waiting Mercedes. Franz, the chauffeur for the evening, stepped from the passenger's side to open the door for two young ladies clicking down the steps in their high heels. Carol thanked him brightly and pushed me ahead. The look on his face as he recognized me was priceless.

As a schoolgirl, being recognized as male would have made me cringe or, at the very least, flush a bright red in embarrassment. But the Countess' advice about servants was spot on. My mother must have met awkward situations in the past and known just how to react, with all her wealth and power behind her. As her son, I would not be embarrassed to be the real me, to be Erika, at last, no matter what someone like Franz, a servant, thought. Nevertheless I was quaking inside, even though I tried to appear so controlled and girlie on the outside.

With Carol beside me, our dresses and stockings touching, our perfume filling the air, the only sour note was Franz's rigidity as he came round to drive the huge Mercedes off the estate and up into the mountains to wherever it was that Carol went almost every night.

I should have listened to her conversation more intently but I could only see that our coats and dresses were similar and our legs and feet were as shapely in our dark pantyhose. Ooh, I felt so wonderfully female in a dress, a wig and makeup. It had only been a week and I'd missed my dresses, my panties, and stockings so much! I giggled with Carol as she said that I must dance with both of the

men she'd invited to meet us at the Alpine Club, before I chose the one I wanted to be my date and bring me home.

Franz's shock, his disapproval, and his anger at what we girls were doing, were almost palpable but he managed to keep it in. He helped Carol out of the car as if she was precious china and, masterfully, did the same for me. I rustled as I moved so femininely, deliberately, past Franz, loving being a girl and actually teasing a man.

My fragrance was strong enough that Franz must have sensed me as every bit as much a woman as Carol. My heels clicked on the stone walk as I left the car. Franz stared at me in shock as I minced forward on his hand, rustling the skirts of my dress, before letting him go, smilingly taking Carol's hand.

"An hour after midnight," Carol said when Franz gulped audibly and asked when he should return. He could look her steadily in the eye but he could only swallow hard and give furtive glances to me.

Carol giggled when Franz walked back to the car. She put her arm through mine and guided me up the steps of a very old Bavarian mountain inn. Our high heels clicked in unison as a cool wind played about our stockinged legs. It was a delicious feeling. I loved it, knowing I was now in a pretty dress, not awful men's clothing.

"He'll have to get used to us girls, won't he?" said Carol, an impish smile on her face as she propelled me into the light and warmth of the inn. Us girls? Oh, I loved that appellation. I was a girl and Carol had acknowledged me as that. Surely now she would see why we could never be married, never be husband and wife.

We left our coats at the cloakroom and almost immediately two tall men came from the noisy, crowded 'Alpine Club' and took us by the hand to pull us into the dark interior.

When I say 'men', I do mean men. Each was in their thirties, I was sure. Gerhard, who had taken my hand, was three inches taller than me in my heels. He was tanned with an arrogant face, I first thought, handsome in a mature, manly way, his dark hair brushed straight back, his suit very expensive. He was like the men Mama used to meet who scared us little girls to the basement and later, in Berlin, to the attic. It was quite scary to have a rich, handsome man like that that looking at me with such intensity, ordering an alcoholic drink for me.

When Carol had said, "Go out," I'd thought that she meant with boys of our own age or slightly older on a date like Trudi had already been allowed. I should've known that Carol would move in much more mature circles than Trudi and me. She was probably going out with older guys long before I'd even dreamed of such.

I thought with a cold chill that Carol was most likely not a virgin like me. Since my schoolgirl friend, Gitte, had called me that, it had often been on my mind when I was in the company of men at Mama's hotel. Of course, they'd always flirt with me. They had since I was a little girl. Yes, I was a little girl, wasn't I, the way that Mama had raised me.

I wasn't sophisticated at all. I might look as pretty as Carol and the mirrors around us seemed to suggest that I was, but looks weren't everything. I might be as femme as the girl I was supposed to marry but I hadn't really done anything more than kiss a couple of boys on the grass in the park or in the back seats of the cinema theatre. I wasn't ready for Gerhard and Dieter, worldly, cultured men. I looked at them, smiling, trying to make us girls comfortable, and my heart sank. I felt cold and shaky all over.

Carol, however, was enjoying the male attention, her smile vivacious as she flirted with Dieter and Gerhard. I felt like the country mouse, despite my short, dancing

dress, borrowed earrings and hair, and my shoes were hurting me. I didn't know how I could leave the table at the end of the lounge with any kind of grace.



"Can't hear yourself think down there," Gerhard said to me, leaning over with a smile, his eyes straying to my constricted cleavage. I wished I hadn't worn such a revealing dress. Surely, I could have gotten Carol to find me something more conservative. When I sat down and smoothed the dress against my stockings, I realized how short it was and caught Gerhard's approving look at my stockinged legs. Now I blushed in my nervousness and followed his eyes to the sunken dance floor that he was indicating to me.

"You're Carol's cousin, are you?" Gerhard asked as I sat with my legs crossed girlishly and thought about a reply to his first remark.

"Erika Buren," Carol shouted across the hubbub.
"From Berlin."

"Ah," said Gerhard, giving me an arrogant smile that made me tremble inside, my bare shoulders twitching for sure.

"Erika loves to dance," Carol added, smiling brightly as I denied it with a blush right away.

Carol's suggestion, of course, put Gerhard and me on the dance floor right away. He took my hand and helped me to my high heels, his long arm around me. He lightly guided a shivering me to a space on the dance floor. It was too crowded to dance properly, thank goodness, for I could barely stand the tightness of my lovely high heels.

The rock music was loud and heavy. Most people were doing their version of the Shake which I could do easily; it meant I didn't have to touch Gerhard. It was heavenly to swirl Carol's dress about my legs, my hair and earrings flicking over my sensitive skin, the aroma of Chanel about me. I was in a dream for a while, reveling in being Erika again dancing beside her boyfriend.

Yes, I danced with lots of boys and I did love it. The boys at school loved to dance with me as well. I was never off the floor at the 'hops' the teachers organized to help us socialize as young men and women. I was a young woman, well, as far as anyone in the Fasching Institute knew. The only people who knew that I was a boy were Mama and Trudi, or so I thought, not knowing about my real mother. Ooh, I loved swirling my short dresses about my stockings. I knew that the boys twirled me, as they did other girls, to make my dress fly up and show off my garter belt and stocking tops to other boys. I always wore colorful, pretty panties as well when I danced; sometimes I showed them to boys I liked, purely by accident, of course.

After several full blast offerings, all with English words, the live rock band switched to a slow waltz. It had been delightful to be flung about as if I was a girl by a tall, handsome man. At the sound of the slow music, I half-turned to go but Gerhard put his hand around my back and took my right hand properly and elegantly. He did a few waltz steps. I matched him as a woman should as Mama, Trudi, and the Academy dance mistresses had taught me. I'd been the girl and Mama played the man as I'd learned how to dance like a proper girl. But at Fasching, there weren't really any slow dances. The teachers didn't like us girls clinging to and being caressed by our boyfriends.

"You can dance real dances?" Gerhard asked with a surprised smile, squeezing my thin waist as he whirled me about the floor.

"I-I'm still learning," I said, nervous under the intensity of his gaze. We had to switch to a swaying dance like everyone else as the floor filled up. All we could do was to hold each other tightly. I couldn't look up at him but I could feel his head on my soft, girlish hair. I couldn't put

my head on his shoulder as I had with Kurt at the last Christmas dance. I looked down nervously, away from the intense, brown eyes that were boring into me, trying to see right through me. I felt the male strength in his arms about me and shivered a little at how I was behaving with a real man, not a boy like Frank or Kurt.

“How old are you, Cousin Erika?” Gerhard asked suddenly, his white teeth gleaming in a smile at me. “Sixteen? Seventeen?”

“I was eighteen last month,” I said, a little indignantly.

Gerhard Bruckner smiled thoughtfully. “And you’re from Berlin,” he added cryptically.

I nodded, wondering what that meant. I felt the pressure of Gerhard’s hand on my back, on my bra strap actually, sending lovely, tingling sensations through me. I loved it when boys and men took a little advantage of me as a girl. I went into a spin turn, my little dress whipping out beautifully about me, filling me with more, marvelous, girlish feelings.

My male partner and I did a quick-step variation into a clearer space on the dance floor. I noticed others looking at the pair of us, man and woman, I thought with a delightful shudder. I loved how Gerhard led me so easily and expertly in my high heels. Then, at the end of the dance, he hugged me to him, my little breasts pressed right into him, bouncing a little. Oh, you can do that to me again, any time you like, I thought, smiling in pleasure at the man holding me.

“You dance very well, Erika Buren from Berlin,” Gerhard said. I blushed while he smiled down at me and the obvious cleavage I was revealing to him. “But I’m getting too old for crowds like this. Let’s get a fresh drink, nothing too alcoholic for you, of course.”

Gerhard held my hand in his to our table, as I wiggled prettily and daintily in Carol's lovely short dress. Many people looked up as we passed. The women all seemed to be smiling at him as their eyes slid off to look at me, looking me over, wondering how I got to be his partner, I guess. I should have been used to it. I'd been a girl for a very long time. But I hadn't really become used to intense female scrutiny of my dress and makeup by older women. It was quite unnerving.

There was male inspection as well. Several of the men in the bar actually winked at me even though I had my hand in Gerhard's. One guy even got up and tried to cut in on Gerhard and me but my dancing partner stared him down. "This girl is with me," Gerhard said to another man who leaned over and put his hand out to me.

My nerves were tingling all through me when we finally reached our table and sat down again. "I can see that you are going to be very popular in this club if I leave you for a moment," said Gerhard, casually putting his arm about my shoulders. I crossed my legs and tried to sit gracefully, like a woman, as I knew that I could. My breasts seemed to want to push out against the growing constriction of my bra and the tight neckline of my flirty little dress as Gerhard gently stroked my shoulder.

Dieter and Carol went off as we arrived but Gerhard couldn't have been nicer, despite his arm about me. He asked about Berlin and about what I was going to do after school. It was so easy to talk as Erika and of my plans that had all been cut short by Kluge's and the Countess' blackmail.

"I'm in Berlin very often," Gerhard Bruckner revealed after moving closer to me so that he could make himself heard in my jeweled ear. "I'd love to look you up there if you would give me your home address," he assured me seriously, while I found my heart fluttering. I know I

blushed at the attention he gave me, the compliments he paid me on my makeup, my hair, my pretty dress and the way I'd danced so beautifully.

"You are such a lovely girl," said Gerhard with a charming smile that really made me shiver. "I didn't know Carol had such a beautiful cousin or I would have called her to set us up before now."

I couldn't look at him as he complimented me. I had to force my eyes to look away demurely. "Oh yes, beautiful Erika, I'm in Berlin at least twice a month," Gerhard whispered to me. "I have to be as I am an investment banker."

I didn't connect the dots as I should have. I should have recalled that Carol had said that she was in different positions with a number of banks for my mother. "What bank is it that you work for?" I asked innocently, pouting a little as this man stroked my arm, taking advantage of me, I guessed. Such a naïve girl he must think I was. And he was entirely correct.

"You wouldn't have heard of it," laughed Gerhard. "Actually, I'm the Vice-President of the Badener Credit Bank," he confided, looking at me to see how impressed I was. I was chilled with fright and indignation. "Oh, you have heard of it! Yes, Carol was to be my superior there this month but the old Countess who owns the place is going to parachute her son into position over us all. One good thing about that is that I can take out Carol and her friend now, the prettiest girls in Bavaria!"

I was numb. All my feminine clothing seemed to be too light and too clingy. I had a definite 'man attack' as when my boyfriends said something and reminded me that I wasn't the girl that I really thought that I was. For a few seconds, looking at myself in my blonde wig, in my flirty dress, with a man stroking my arm, me so obviously

a woman, all I could think of was that I would be working in an office with this man.

Gerhard Bruckner would be my subordinate, my second-in-command most likely, at the Badener Bank. Carol knew that from the Countess, my mother. Carol had set me up, I thought with nervous chills. How could I possibly now do what the Countess wanted and order the business and financial affairs of such an institution? When Gerhard met me as 'Erich' and he would very soon, he would know me right away as Erika, his pretty blonde date at the Alpine Club. He would wonder if I was a boy or a girl, or something in-between, I thought in a cold shiver. He couldn't, wouldn't, respect me, even if I brazened it out, as I had with Franz.

Despite his arrogant looks, however, Gerhard surprised me all night long by trying at least to be nice and considerate of me as a woman. Well, I was a woman, I had to keep telling myself, smiling as I should up at this tall man who treated me as if I was the prettiest woman in the room. He couldn't know what was running through my head or the machinations that Carol Schauenberg was putting me through.

Gerhard tried to put me at ease, to make me feel desirable as a woman. He danced with me, swirling and twirling me, telling me how he loved girls who dressed as prettily as I had. He loved the new fashions that only girls with such pretty figures could do justice to, girls like me. I had to thank him prettily and let him hold me as he escorted me to our table for a drink and a rest. He switched with a smile to safer topics to talk about, asking me all about being a little girl in Berlin. I didn't have to lie to him. I told him a lot about Trudi and me and how we drove Mama crazy with our highjinks as little girls when we were locked into the hotel by bad weather.

“Mmm,” Gerhard said with a grin. “I’d love to be snowbound in a hotel with you, Erika. I think that would be a most enjoyable experience.”

I loved him for flirting a little with me. It sent such lovely thrills and female emotions through me to have such an older man look at me and find me so delectable, to think me a woman after the awful days I’d had as Erich. I don’t know what had happened to Carol. Eventually, Gerhard took me back to the dance floor, his arm possessively about my shoulders and I loved it. I loved it while he held me tightly, my breasts pressed against his chest, on an even more tightly packed dance floor.

Gerhard directed my arms about his neck, his caressing my back, my bra lightly. I quivered as he flattered me some more about my beauty and feminine grace. He was really charming and interested in my opinions, making me forget my wariness for a while and enjoy being a pretty girl. Yes, I could do that and talk to Carol about what she thought she was doing to me, afterwards.

I could have been at home with Mama in the Grunewald on a weekend when one of Mama’s gentleman callers had come to visit her. They were always so thoughtful, just as Gerhard was being, in what they said to Trudi and me. The nicer they were to us, Mama’s daughters, the more Mama said that she liked them as well. I could make this man, Gerhard, into a desirable partner for her, I knew.

Carol only came for me an hour after midnight and steered me to the Ladies Room where all her concern was for my hair. I had to take it off to fix it for the ride home, she said, ignoring all my attempts to raise questions about Gerhard and the Bank he worked for. I touched up my lipstick as Carol combed out my wig. I was so nervous, waiting for some other woman to come barging in on us but no one did.

Carol directed me to adjust my pantyhose, my dress and the bra straps on my shoulders where they were lightly cutting into me. She'd brought some kind of glue for my wig which she said was normally for false eye-lashes. She poured the stuff over the webbing of my wig while I stood there looking bizarre with my painted eyes and face, my earrings long and swinging freely, and my hair so short and unruly.

When we got the wig back on, Carol repinned me tightly, taking more pins from her purse, combing my hair girlishly over and around my ears. She fussed with a fringe of curls over my forehead.

"We're going back to the Chalet, aren't we?" I asked her, a tremble passing through me at the way she kept primping me, making me as pretty as I could be. The only thing that made her end was the arrival of another group of girls.

"You and Gerhard go back with Franz," Carol said, ignoring what I wanted to ask about. I shivered, thinking of how that would be, how a girl ended an evening with a handsome man.

"I, I can't," I protested femininely, my voice girlish.

Carol smiled at me. "Haven't you enjoyed your evening as a lovely girl?" she asked me, a sly smile on her painted lips. I'd done mine as she had before we left the powder room, our perfume and lipstick replenished, my dress rustling all about me so nicely, my hair long and blonde.

"Now you have to pay for it, as we girls always do," Carol said, sending thrills and chills through me. I knew exactly what she meant.

"What!" I gasped, stopping my usual feminine, swaying walk in my high heels. Gerhard and Dieter came forward with our coats.

"Your hair looks great that way, too," murmured Gerhard Bruckner, touching me affectionately about the bra and dress straps across my shoulders as he helped me into Carol's red coat. My hands were shaking as I flicked my blonde hair over the collar in a very feminine gesture. Now my earrings were dancing madly, free of curling hair about my face.

"You go back with Franz, Gerhard," Carol said as I clutched her hand, trying to get her to stay with me. But Carol only turned away from me and put her arm possessively through Dieter's. She looked so smart, so chic, smiling at Gerhard and me, an attractive couple, man and woman, just like she and her boyfriend. I was quivering with fright as Gerhard Bruckner swished me against him. If only, I wished longingly as I had a few other times in my life. If only it was that I could be just like Carol, the woman I was expected to marry.

"Dieter's car will follow and pick you up, Gerhard, at von Hitte's," Carol said over her shoulder as she departed, leaving me with a smiling, intent Gerhard who squeezed me. I felt thrills all over. It was just the way I'd felt when Frank or another of my boyfriends had come onto me in the park as I'd lain down with them on blankets for a wonderful session of necking and caressing.

"I hope you don't mind me taking you home," Gerhard said with a smile, putting his arm through mine. "Your cousin Carol, darling Erika, jumps to conclusions all the time."

"Yes," I admitted nervously, clattering over the marble flooring to the outer doors, his arm moving about my waist. Strange feelings were rising inside me as I thought of him taking me home, saying goodnight to me. Would it be like Frank or Kurt at the side door of the hotel? We sometimes spent nearly an hour saying goodnight, I thought with a blush.

Doors were held open for us, knowing smiles given to me, the pretty girl, as Gerhard escorted me to the von Hitte Mercedes sedan. A stone-faced Franz opened the door for me. I slid in, my flirty dress rustling when I crossed my legs. Gerhard followed me, still holding my hand, settling in beside me where Carol had pressed against me before.

Gerhard shifted his arm about my shoulder and neck most deliberately. Trembling, I knew what was going to come as he took hold of my hands with his other. I could see no way to avoid it and didn't see why I, Erika, should. It was just like when Kurt or some other boy brought me home. I would enjoy it just as much.

Gerhard leaned over and kissed me on my re-freshened lipstick, his hand pressing my head and hair lightly against him. Thank goodness it was pinned and glued! Carol knew this was going to happen to me. Heck, she'd manipulated us so that Gerhard had little choice.

It wasn't like kissing Frank or Kurt at all, though I'd enjoyed that so much. This was quite different. Gerhard was rougher, his beard rousing my soft feminized skin, for one thing. He was forceful, strong, and masculine, for another. And I, Erika, did so love to be kissed by strong handsome men. I loved it so much, I'd let my strong boy-friends get away with so much more when they wanted to caress me as a woman, as I made sure, by my feminine wiles, that they would want to.

Gerhard's arm slipped about my back as we eased together happily on the back seat of the sedan. His tongue demanded entrance between my painted lips. I anxiously parted mine for him, enjoying the touch of a strong handsome man as any girl like me should. Gerhard's tongue penetrated my mouth and he grunted in satisfaction while I lay back in the soft pillows of the limousine and let a man's kiss thrill me to my girlish core.

Gerhard raised his other hand about my back, my coat open, crushing my body, my thrusting breasts, to him. I put a hand up to his chest, timidly, to hold him off. He just lifted my arm about his neck and pulled me even closer. I drank him into me, loving every touch of his lips on mine as the woman, whom I should be, who I was, loved so to be kissed.

I felt myself shaking even more with the pleasure I felt engulfing me as I clung to the handsome older man beside me on the back seat of the car. Gerhard gently kissed my face, my neck, my chin, and my ears before returning to my wanting, quivering mouth. I giggled and tried to resist his tongue but that only made him more urgent. He broke through my weak girlish defenses and explored my mouth completely as a man should. I groaned and cooperated with his explorations as best I could, incredible, delightful, romantic notions overwhelming me.

I didn't notice the car start, hear the partition between driver and the rear seat close, nor see any of our passage down the mountain, past the spectacular views Carol had told me to watch for. Gerhard leaned back for momentary relief, as if to relax, but really to open my coat all the way and slide his hand inside and more closely about my nervous body and thin dress.

Gerhard touched my right breast and cupped it familiarly in his hand, stroking the nipple to hardness. I tensed and didn't know if I should refuse his touch as he looked at the pleasure written on my face. I felt incredibly sexy, so womanly, as this man stroked me in new and different ways, my arms now around him. I gave this man, no boy at all, no resistance. I couldn't. I wanted him to arouse me like this, to the womanhood to which I knew I belonged. I wanted to be his woman.

His active mouth came crushing down on my numbed lips again. He squeezed me to him as best as the car seat

would allow. I wanted to caress his hair, his neck and his back while his hands seemed to be everywhere. Gerhard aroused me even more when he began to caress my legs and my pantyhose, my flirty dress no obstacle to his desires. No, my dress was no impediment to his caresses; neither was my feminine desire for him to touch me. I hesitate to think even now what we might have done - what I would have let him do - if we hadn't been in the back seat of an automobile.

As it was, Franz's curt, "Here we are, fraulein, mein herr," brought us back a little to our senses. Gerhard groaned as I untangled myself from him. He kissed my face as I moved his hand from my aroused breasts that still longed for his touch to the top of my legs. Gerhard stroked my legs above my knees as I refastened my woman's coat. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I recorded the amazing fact that Franz had referred to me as 'fraulein'.

"Well," Gerhard whispered as I shuddered even more and tried to remove his enervating hand. "That was the most unexpected pleasure I've had in a long time. For you, too?"

Gerhard looked into my eyes, bringing his hands back to my waist. I couldn't look at him. He could read my desire and the hunger there with ease. I was ashamed of myself. How long had I known him? Hours? Surely, it couldn't be this way with every man I kissed.

I trembled and leaned my head against his jacket. It was silky, expensive. My date kissed my forehead. "So you felt like a very desirable woman," Gerhard Bruckner said softly, seeming to understand that I wasn't like Carol. I wasn't a sophisticated woman like the woman I was supposedly engaged to. Gerhard smiled and waited until I made an ashamed, little nod in agreement. "You are a very desirable woman, beautiful Erika," he went on, send-

ing thrills again soaring through me. "And I think I am the first to really excite you. I could take advantage of you if I so desired, could I not? But I doubt I'll be the last man to arouse you to womanly ways, my beautiful Erika."

Gerhard freed himself from my arms about his neck, clinging to him, and got out of the car with a smile, waving Franz away so that he could help me out. I frantically uncrossed my legs, rearranged my pretty dress, my feminine hair and Carol's lovely coat, trying to be ladylike as I stood. I wanted to fling myself into Gerhard's arms and have him kiss me as forcefully as he had in the back seat of the car. He put his arms about me and guided me into the dark area beside the door. His hard male body pressed against me as I raised my face for a last goodnight kiss.

I was already trembling enough with unrequited passion before Gerhard pressed me to him, his leg entering between my trembling thighs, caressing my body as I squeezed him in return. I ached all over as he pressed his lips to mine as I returned his embrace with all the force I could. Again, I let him slide a hand inside my coat to inflame my aroused, enlarged nipples.

Gerhard held me away after a little while and raised my shivering chin with a strong hand so that I was forced to look at him. He must have seen the feminine desire in my face as I leaned into him, my face so soft against his. "Little Erika, the cousin from Berlin," he said softly. A sudden chill invaded me. "Don't worry," he whispered, smiling. "Your secret is very safe with me. But I insist that we must do this again soon and without any chaperone next time."

I was in shock. I felt like I'd been hit on the back of my head by a bolt of lightning. He knew! Gerhard Bruckner knew about me! I could tell by looking at the cool, knowing smile on his face. I wanted the earth to open up and

swallow me in that instant. I looked for a way to escape, a place to run in my high heels and rustly, swishing dress but he forestalled me, holding me with his strong hands.

“Put your arms back about my neck,” Gerhard whispered. I trembled in fright at his command. His hands squeezed my narrow waist and he leaned heavily into me. “Do it,” he said urgently.

I put my hands about his neck, trembling even more. Gerhard rocked me against him, my breasts betraying me. I felt them squash against him as he moved me so sensually against him.

“Now, you kiss me,” Gerhard said, smiling, nuzzling my face with his. I tried to do so lightly, his words about my secret frightening and embarrassing me. He would have no kiss like that, soft and light as a butterfly, against him. His arms at my back pressed me to him. His lips locked again with mine in an ardent, long, lingering kiss in which I lost the last of my lipstick for sure.

With his holding me so tight, my stockinged legs parted. I didn’t want him to let go. I knew he was aroused as a man. I felt him. I wriggled at first to avoid his manhood but, as pleasure increased in my aching breasts, I moved against him. Our kissing went on; he sighed and moved as much as I did, as my hips swayed, the silk of my slip and my dress caressing the hurting in my panties.

And I didn’t care at all that he knew about me. Oh, Carol, why did you tell Gerhard Bruckner all about me? I asked the heavens. I didn’t want to know the answer, not when Gerhard seemed not to care about my secret, hugging me into him and kissing me so lovingly. How could I help it? I kissed him back as enthusiastically as I have ever kissed a man in all my life, not wanting the passionate and wonderful moment ever to end. But it did.

The other car's door opened and Carol got out, her makeup and hair as messed as mine. I knew how I must look to her. I must look just like she did to me. In more than a little frustration, I pushed Gerhard's caressing hands away from me, which, I was glad to feel, he was in no hurry to do.

"Go back to your hotel, Gerhard," Carol said thickly as she came level with us, Gerhard's arm still hugging me to him, my dress swishing wonderfully against him. "She's still a virgin, for goodness' sake."

Gerhard smiled as I shivered in apprehension at Carol's vindictive stare at me. She had meant this to happen, hadn't she? I thought in surprise. She had wanted to see how much of a woman I was. She had dressed me and helped me with my hair and so she must have expected this, shouldn't she?

"So you said before," Gerhard murmured.

Carol gave him a sudden, quick glance before looking at me quizzically. I knew that Gerhard knew that I was Erich as well as Erika but he didn't seem to care. He hugged me, Erika, and kissed me gently, affectionately, on the lips while Carol waited for me at the main door.

"One day very soon, Erika," Gerhard Bruckner whispered, as he kissed my ear. "One day, just you and I will be together. There will be no chaperones and we shall be free to do whatever we want."

Free to do whatever I wanted! I loved the idea of that. I wanted to go on being Gerhard's womanly date, loving the way my breasts rebounded from his hard chest. I loved him loving me. But then, far too soon, Gerhard let my tingling, emotionally wracked body go. With a wave of his hand and a smile to me, he went off to join Dieter in his car. I didn't realize I'd watched them all the way out

of the driveway until I turned with a sigh and found Carol still in the doorway looking at me most oddly.

XIII. GIRL FRIENDS

My high heels reverberated on the steps as I went up the stairwell, my dress swishing about me. With a tremble, I caught up with Carol and we entered the Chalet together. It was a relief to take off my high heels and walk in stockings up the dark, silent, carpeted stairs to Carol's hallway and her bedroom, my earrings dancing at my neck, my hair so thick on my shoulders, my dress swishing wonderfully about my agitated legs.

"Well," Carol said, still with that odd smile on her face, closing her door behind us. "You certainly had a good time."

Numb inside, my mouth still feeling the imprint of a man's lips so firmly on my own, I nodded. "Yes," I agreed with her shakily, smiling as one girl to another. "I did."

Carol seemed annoyed at my reply as if she wanted me to contradict her. We undid our coats, her coats, since all my clothing was in fact hers, and hung them up in her closet, exchanging other little comments as women do as we undressed from our pretty dresses to our female lingerie, then creamed off our makeup.

"No, keep the hair," Carol said as I began to try to find and remove the holding pins of my blonde wig. Sitting at her dressing table in high-cut panties and underwired, push-up bra, I wasn't unlike her, I thought with a fantastic surge of feminine thrills. Both of us looked so feminine, no, so female, in black silk. Now she must know that she could never marry me, not a girl like me.

"Here," Carol said abruptly, opening a drawer and pulling out a short nightie with very thin spaghetti straps.

She tossed it to me, clearly expecting me to wear it that night in bed.

"I-I can't take that to my room," I began, thinking of the maids waking me in the morning, seeing me dressed in women's pretty clothing or finding such when they cleaned my room. The closed door of my bedroom had never kept anyone out who had chores to do or wanted to speak to me.

"You sleep here tonight," Carol ordered me imperiously. I was just thinking what my mother, the Countess, would say when Carol's face broke into a mischievous smile as my face betrayed the fearful emotions that ran through me.

"We always do it," Carol went on with a smile, "my girl friends and me. We share every last detail of what went on with the men we've just dated. I want to hear everything that happened between you and Gerhard, where he put his hands and his mouth, and I'll tell you all the bizarre things I let Dieter try out on our way down."

I stood up, confused and embarrassed. I really wasn't Carol's girlfriend, I thought with a shiver, even though I would love to be. There was no way either, I thought wildly, that I was going to confess to what I'd just felt, what I still felt about being in Gerhard's arms in the car. I wasn't going to tell Carol anything about Gerhard's hands being on my legs, between my thighs, stroking me and how wonderful that had felt. I couldn't tell her either about my breasts which had betrayed my feminine emotions so much to Gerhard. I was sure he had clued into how aroused I was by the firmness of my nipples against him.

The nightie had landed on my bare shoulder.

"Take off your bra," Carol commanded, standing and removing hers. Her breasts jiggled as she pulled on a

nightie, purplish silk, the twin of the one she'd tossed to me. I could see her nipples, the aureoles so large and dark, much larger than mine. Oh, I wished that I had breasts like hers.

I froze with the nightie in my hands but Carol seemed unfazed. She bounced into her bed, shifting over to the far side. "Come on, girlfriend," she smiled, patting the bed beside her for me to get in. She emphasized the word 'girl'. "Turn out the light and let's swap dirty, female secrets."

Of course, what Carol really wanted to know was how I, a boy she was engaged to be married to, felt when Gerhard Bruckner, an older, stronger man, kissed me. I knew she wanted that even as I shuddered and got into the soft bed in the dark, the soft, frilly nightie gentle on my sensitive breasts and energized, hairless body. I felt as if I was home again. It was Trudi waiting for me in her bed to chatter on about all the boys I'd danced with that night. I shuddered as I removed the confining bra at last and kneaded my restricted breasts back to proper feeling. I could still feel Gerhard's hands on me which only aroused my breasts even more.

I tried at first to keep well away from Carol but she slid over and cuddled up to me, clearly wanting to talk. She stroked my hairless arm, her arms and hips and legs just as soft as my own. I quivered as I felt them all touch me. I was breaking out in goosebumps and shivering, strange, confusing hurts all over my feminine body as she touched me gently.

"You looked like you'd done it a lot before, the way you kissed Gerhard in the doorway," Carol murmured as I lay stiffly. I could smell Chanel and didn't know if it was her or my scent. I felt her long hair on my shoulder. "The way you were clinging to him was so, so girlish," she giggled. "If the Countess hadn't told me that you were my

fiancé and that I had to marry you, I'd have sworn that you and Gerhard would have hit it off together tonight. Am I right? Would you, Erika, have made it with another man here in my bed if I'd let you bring him up here?"

I knew Carol was making fun of me to belittle me. As the Countess had told me repeatedly, Carol Schauenberg would intend to dominate me in the marriage the Countess was going to force on me. I knew that Carol was seeking to establish who would be the boss in any marriage we had.

I trembled at the thought of that, being married to a ravishing girl like her. In my dreams, whenever I thought of being married, I was the ravishing, beautiful girl. It was funny how I could never see or conjure up what my husband looked like, however, even though I'd sometimes imagine myself with my babies or my children, being a perfect mother, just like Mama.

Carol caught my tremble and moved her leg against mine. "Poor Gerhard," she said, laughing a little. "He's in for such a disappointment, isn't he?" Carol stroked my nightie against my soft thigh and my pantyhose while I desperately tried to ignore her and retreat to a corner of the bed.

"Gerhard must like how you kiss like a girl," Carol went on. "I've never seen him so worked up about kissing any of his other dates. I should swap with you next time and see if the magic works for me. I should let you try Dieter next. He likes his women to lead, to be the creative ones."

Carol kissed my ear. I felt her moving closer as, panic-stricken, I nearly slid right out of her bed. Her arms went about my thin waist; I felt her press her body against me, her arms extending across me, pulling me against her. Her breasts pressed against mine as strange, wicked feel-

ings screamed through me. Even though I was quivering inside, I tried not to react, but it was so hard not to quiver as I felt her against me, nipple to nipple, a smooth, silky leg working between mine. Clearly, Carol was excited as she lightly fondled my thin waist through my soft nightie.

A light kiss landed on my mouth, a soft tongue slid over my lips. I shivered and felt her caress of my shoulders. I could almost feel her smile as she kissed me again.

"What did your boyfriend, Gerhard, do to get you so hot?" Carol asked archly, kissing my cheek. Her scent was marvelous in my nostrils as she pushed even more into me. Her hand brushed my breast. I couldn't stop myself from reacting. I squirmed and tried to pull back into non-existent space.

"Oh, that's what does it," Carol murmured, gloating as she brushed my nipples with her hand. They gave themselves away as they hardened immediately.

"S-Stop," I stammered, feeling odd, uneasy. No woman had ever touched me as a man had before. But I was reacting as if she was a man touching me in the way that she did, I thought, in mortification with myself. I could sense the hysteria starting to rise in me as this girl, who was supposed to marry me very soon, played with me as if I was a girl, too. I wasn't a lesbo, I wailed inside me.

Carol pulled my inside arm under her body and nestled into me, her outer leg crossing mine, while I struggled a little to hold her off me. She kissed my hot, stiff face, raising fear and a little revulsion in me. It wasn't like my sister Trudi kissing me with affection. I could tell the difference and shuddered as Carol kissed me now in a predatory way as a boy might have. That I would have liked, I thought in distress, as she mauled my lips with hers and I had to pull away.

“Tell me about your boyfriends,” Carol whispered, her soft skin skimming over mine driving me crazy. “Tell me about Franz.”

“F-Frank,” I corrected her automatically, shaking as she touched her larger breast to mine. Each of our bare breasts, our nighties all there was between us, were so alike, each nipple a hard center in such sensitive softness. She ran her nipple over mine and I jerked as if given an electric shot. She grunted in surprise as she seemed to feel it as well as me.

Carol’s hand suddenly roamed about my bare-skinned body to stroke me again and again. I clutched at her hand as she touched my hips and my legs but she only used that to lever herself half across me.

Carol’s teeth gleamed out of the semi-darkness in the room. She nuzzled my neck as I squirmed and went rigid beneath her. “Did you do this with Frank?” she asked lightly. “Or this with Gerhard?”

Suddenly, Carol put her mouth on my breasts, nibbling them, fondling them, caressing them with her tongue and mouth, the nightie neckline pushed down to expose my female mounds in their entirety to her.

“Please,” I gasped, my body rigid with repressed feelings of delight and disgust, all at the same time. Carol slid on top of me, laughing as she gently kneaded my tingling breasts and her own together.

“Come on, Erika,” Carol said in a mock male accent, her arrogance mimicking Gerhard’s. “Your secret is safe with me.” My secret! That didn’t matter then to me. I struggled to push her off me. I had to stop her! It was wrong to have a woman’s breasts pressed on mine. *It was wrong!*

Carol kissed me with greater passion. She pressed her lips on mine in a hard, demanding kiss, her tongue open-

ing my mouth and entering me as Gerhard had done when he kissed me. In fact, it was the same as many of the boys I'd kissed. I found myself stupidly reacting to Carol as I had to Gerhard. I trembled passionately, I have to admit, as I leaned back into the many soft pillows on the bed as Carol forced me down.

She straddled me as if she was a man, her mouth rousing my previously bruised lips with guilty desire. Her lips were soft and clinging, just like mine were. I wanted to go on kissing her but I had to break it off. She was a girl! Like me! I must really be queer to like a girl kissing me like a man!

Carol began to make love to me. I gasped as I realized what she was doing, moving her body so sensually over mine, kissing my soft skin, from my shoulders to my navel, caressing my legs and body with hers. I tried to sit up, shuddering with strange sensations.

"So I'm your boyfriend now," Carol's voice came in a whispered giggle from the dark above me, her hair descending over my face. She was inside my legs, twisting and wriggling on me, her mouth demanding, my body betraying every protest my mouth made.

"Just pretend I'm Frank," Carol whispered, her hands stroking the length of my body and thighs. Her breath aroused me further, tingles went up and down my spine as she blew in my ear. "You've done this with him, with a man, before."

It was true. I recalled Frank and the blanket in the park, how he mounted me, pressing me into the ground, my arms about his neck, how great it had felt when I had separated my legs, his wonderful man's hands on my slim waist and girlish hips. I recalled what else I'd felt, so hard and extending from his body.

I had, however, kept my clothes on, though I'd been so sorely tempted to give way to him as other girls in my class had done. I'd fought his hands off my stockings and my pretty, garter belt, my pencil thin schoolgirl skirt pushed up so high, my dark panties revealed to his laughing eyes as he caressed my thighs so gently, urging me to surrender to him.

I hadn't cared what Frank had seen. I didn't care if he touched my panties, just so long as he let me trap his hands between my legs and didn't go any further. When he tried, I reacted, of course, and stopped the intense petting that we were getting into. But only after enough time had gone by so that we'd both got almost everything that we'd wanted from each other.

I'd known then what it would be like when I was a complete girl. Would I have stopped him if I'd had my operation? I doubted it. It had been dark and no one would have seen us. I'd let him open my blouse. He was the first man I'd let remove my bra and see my breasts. He was the first man that I'd let touch them and arouse us both with his mouth on them. No, I was not the sweet, innocent girl that Mama thought I was.

I thrashed and moaned as Carol treated me as my boy-friends had. I tried to think of Frank, of Kurt, of anybody but the woman caressing me and what she wanted me to do for her. But her hands were between my legs and in my panties. I fought with her to keep them about me, my nightie up about my waist.

"Why such a fuss," she laughed at me, "over such a little thing? We're engaged to be married, you and I, Erika, my love. No one is going to object to what you do with me here in my bed."

As Carol slid my panties away, *her* panties as she reminded me, she whispered something about wishing she