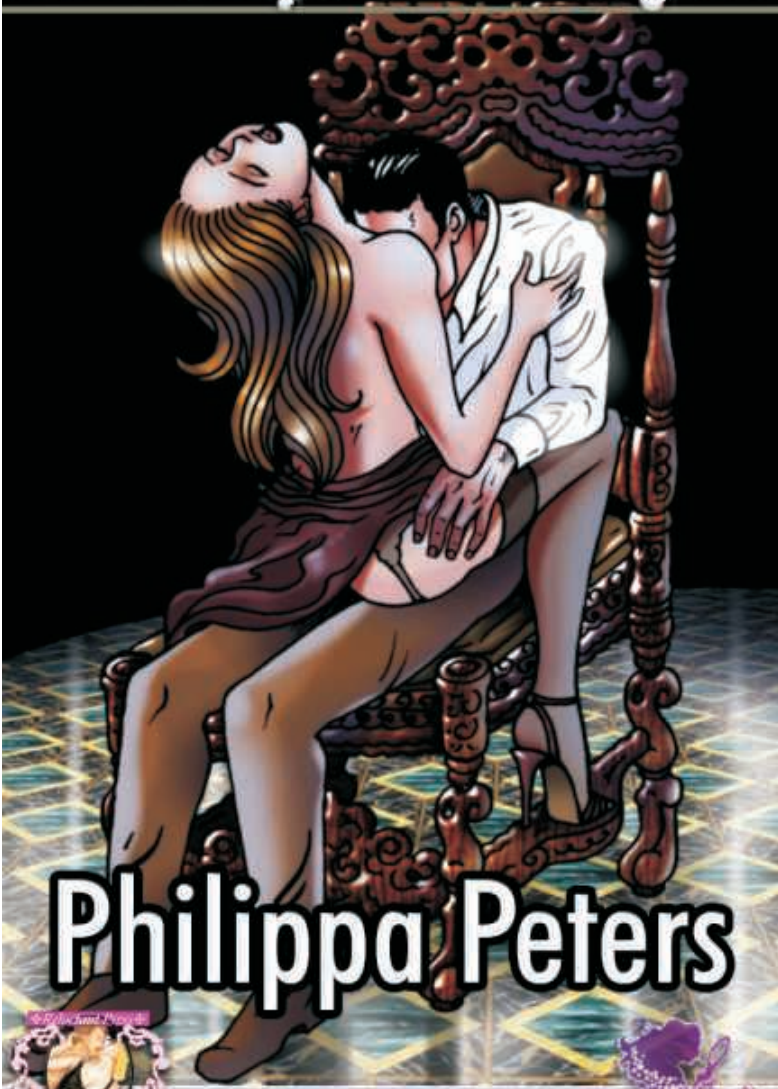


Mama's Experienced Daughter



Philippa Peters

A "Her Tv" Novel



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Mama's Experienced Daughter

by Philippa Peters

The conclusion of *Mama's Innocent Daughter* and
Mama's Independent Daughter

XXI. BRUNI'S PARTY

“So what does a school girl do on weekends for fun?” asked Carol after we had played cards with Mama, teaching Carol all the weird games we played while Trudi was out with Georg. Their on-again, off-again romance, was now on again, “but not for long” Mama sagely warned us.

“We could go to a movie,” I said, flustered as Carol unpacked several gorgeous dresses from a new suitcase that made me think she was preparing for the opera or a philharmonic concert or something.

Carol laughed. “You live right off the Kurfursterdam, Erika,” she chided me, “and that’s the best thing you can do for entertainment on a Saturday night?”

“I don’t go out to night clubs,” I told my wife primly. “Mama doesn’t let a girl like me go out on the town where I might get into trouble.”

“Good job I’m here then, isn’t it?” said Carol wickedly. “I am not going to stay in on a weekend and your mother will trust you with me, won’t she? We need to get a couple of wild boys and go clubbing. Do you want to find some dates for us or do you want me to?”

“Carol,” I told her frostily. “Mama will not let me go out on a Saturday night while I still have exams to pass.”

So Carol whisked me down to confront Mama right away. Mama said that it was perfectly all right for me to go out with Carol and her friends. Mama even said that it was time for me to get out and enjoy myself more on the weekends and not always have my nose stuck in a book.

In no time at all, I was in my bedroom, being dressed by Carol for a night on the town. She insisted the clothes she had brought weren’t entirely for her. She had me change right down to my skin, insisting on black lingerie, from bra and panties to the strapless corset I wore along with black garters and black stockings. She insisted on me wearing a

strapless, backless short dress with stiff petticoats and frills about the neckline which matched the ribbons in my bewigged hair.

Carol did my makeup. I have never worn so much as I did then. I let her attach two pairs of false eyelashes to me and make my eyes so vivid that I was shivering in delight each time I looked at myself, unable to believe that the pretty girl in the mirrors was me. I wore huge earrings and a wide necklace that moved as I did. My dress flounced and ruffled as I moved, my hair swayed and bunched at my neck.

I couldn't look down because each time I breathed, my chest seemed to move up or down. It was eye-catching for me as it was for Dieter and his friend, Paul Laubmann, who came for us in a taxi at eleven o'clock.

Mama told me how beautiful I was and made me promise to have a good time. I swayed on my high heels and promised her I would. I was amazed she was letting me go out of the hotel at the time at which I was normally supposed to be coming home.

"Where are we going?" Dieter asked, staring at me again in the same nervous way he had when he went out with Carol, Gerhard and me, as Erika, in Bavaria. I wonder if he had had the chance to warn Paul all about me. I hoped that he hadn't because I knew Paul Laubmann even if he didn't recognize me.

Paul was at Fasching when I started there. He'd been in the upper classes even then, a head boy the following year. I could remember him asking me my name when I was standing in the main doorway, looking very lost as people ran off to buses and cars. I'd lingered there, waiting for Trudi. She, of course,

was making time with some boy, though I didn't know it.

"Oh, you're Trudi Buren's sister," Paul had said. "You're even prettier than your sister."

I'd blushed and felt so wonderful that an older boy at the Institute had spoken to me and said such a nice thing to me.

I told Trudi when we walked back home. She teased me for the longest time about my boyfriend, Paul, and she was right about it in one way. I did have a tremendous crush on Paul, a crush I told no-one about. When Mama talked about me marrying some man, it wasn't an older Frank or Kurt I thought about, it was Paul Laubmann. All my teen-aged girl's dreams had Paul or one of the older boys, his friends, in it. I don't think they ever saw us girls at Fasching as anything other than a nuisance. We were always in groups, giggling with joy whenever they talked to us.

"Where are we going?" asked Dieter again as he held the cab door for me. I slid in beside Carol with Paul on the far side.

"Well, this is Berlin," said Carol with a grin. "We should go and see the boys who want to be girls, shouldn't we? We have to start with the *Chez Nous*. Isn't Ricky Rene appearing there? He's supposed to be a fantastic female impersonator."

I felt my blood run cold as Carol went on like that and Paul laughed at her. Dieter looked as shocked and embarrassed as me. Well, he was embarrassed for me, I'm sure, as Carol went on that female impersonators were what Berlin was noted for and so we had to go and see them.

We did but not at the *Chez Nous*, which was sold out for its cabaret. Dieter knew another place where we could see men in dresses, he said with a laugh and so we went there, into a district Mama had told me never to go. Carol jumped out of the cab, her arm under Paul's, the two of them laughing and talking volubly as they led us into *Le Carrousel de Berlin*, which was off the brightly-lit streets of the entertainment section of Ku'damm.

I'd never met other men in dresses before. Oh, it was such a shock! The older woman at the door wasn't a woman as her deep voice let us know. I'd thought that I was wearing a lot of makeup but it was nothing compared to the gravel-voiced 'woman', her breasts enormous, who let us into the darkened club, the rose-coloured lights softening all of the decorations.

Dieter was holding onto my arm as hard as I was holding onto his. We had to wait in the bar area while a table was made ready for us. A man and an older woman were talking about a police scandal in Berlin. Only when the woman turned and carried on talking did I realize that the male voice doing all the complaining was hers.

Carol leaned over to me and grinned. "All the women at the bar are men," she whispered to me. "Don't you think it's really fun to be the only girl in the house?"

Fun for who? I wanted to ask her as a 'hostess,' thin and in a pink evening dress that was white in the light came and led us to a table in the middle of the bar where we would have a perfect view of the cabaret.

“Dieter’s been begging me to line up a date with you, Erika,” Carol said loudly as I smoothed my swishy dress beneath me. Dieter moved my chair politely for me. “So don’t let him sit there like a stick, Erika. He has plenty enough to say about you when you’re not around. Make him tell you all his many compliments to your face.”

Dieter looked at me in embarrassment. “Sorry,” I murmured to him while Carol turned away and was ordering our ‘waitress’ to bring us a magnum of champagne.

Dieter started. “You, you don’t have to be sorry for anything,” he said, making a move as if he would hold my hand, then thought better of it. “It, it wasn’t your idea to come here. I’ve never been here, either.”

“I should have told Carol that I didn’t want to come,” I told Dieter. “She wouldn’t have come if I’d refused her.”

“She would do what you asked her to?” asked Dieter in surprise. “I didn’t think that Frau von Hitte listened to anyone but herself. It’s driving my boss crazy!”

“Gerhard?” I asked him. Dieter nodded warily. I could see him thinking that he might have told me too much about Gerhard.

“Couldn’t have happened to a nicer fellow,” I said lightly.

“Right,” agreed Dieter which told me a lot again about the man who had been so nice to me in Bavaria.

We were in the Berlin *Carrousel* just in time for the start of the cabaret. It featured a lot of lip-synching; it was superb. I couldn’t believe how

regular men, or so they seemed in their photographs, could make themselves appear to be such beautiful women. Marie-Antoinette was a gorgeous blonde in a silver lame evening dress who danced with or sang to, mimed with, men in the audience who didn't refuse her holding them at all.

In fact, it seemed that that was they had come to the club for, to be petted by another man, to have 'her' sit in their lap, as other 'girls' beside Marie-Antoinette were doing. One brunette, whom I'd thought was a girl until Carol turned and laughed at me and asked me what I thought of 'him, kissed and fondled one guy, who seemed to think he was in heaven with 'her'.

I loved the impersonator who made dresses out of scarves, twirling them all about him until he disappeared and became 'she,' gorgeously gowned. I was still waiting for the boy and girl dance act to be joined by some transvestite like me when I realized that the slim, shapely dancing girl wasn't a girl. Her breasts wobbled just like mine.

I must be easily fooled because I thought that the chorus line of girls was exactly that. I was apparently wrong as the emcee, an older, fatter man in a dress, made jokes about them all and their boy friends. The jokes would only have made sense if all of them were men like me.

As soon as the cabaret ended, Carol wanted to move on. I was most glad. Dieter helped me into the cab and got in beside me, with Carol on my other side. Paul was forced to go around the front to sit with the driver.

"Look," said Carol, pointing to the stage door where flowers were being delivered as they might be

to real female performers on stage. A couple of men in top hats—really—were waiting there, lifting their hats as a blonde-haired woman, it could have been Marie-Antoinette, came out of the club and got into the limousine, smiling at whoever was waiting for her.

The limo turned off as we stayed near the Ku'damm and went to a dancing club that Carol also wanted to see. I couldn't believe the relief that I felt, the way the tension ebbed out of me as we got away from the *Carrousel* and went into a 'normal' club. We were only in there a few seconds when Dieter asked me to dance. I was really glad to go with him.

"Erika!" exclaimed a brunette girl dancing with a young man right beside us on the dance floor.

It was Gitte and she wanted to know who my friends were. Of course, she recognized Paul Laubmann right away.

"You wouldn't remember Erika and me," Gitte said breezily to Paul when I introduced Carol as my cousin to her. A shiver went through me as I swirled in my lovely dress and was all giddy and schoolgirly with Gitte. I couldn't introduce Carol to her as my wife, could I? All the extra feminine giggling and pouting, helped a little in getting me not to think of the situation I was in. "We had such huge crushes on you, Paul, when you were at Fasching and we were in first form."

"Oh, I recognized Erika right away," said Paul with a smile. "I never forget a pretty face. She and her sister, I recall, made many of us in the upper classes wish that we dared to speak to the younger girls. There was such a pressure on us older boys

not to be cradle-robbing. But we did notice you all. I think we had crushes on you girls as well, as much as you might have had on us.”

“You mean on Erika,” shouted Gitte over the noise. Paul grinned more widely and shrugged his shoulders as if he actually agreed with Gitte. “We could tell that all the upper form boys liked her. Half of you used to stare at her whenever she walked past you and you never teased her like you did the rest of us. We were all jealous of her for so long. You must all come to Bruni’s party tomorrow night! All the former Fasching guys at Uni will be there! You’ll see how the guys will swarm all over her.”

I flushed. I think I was the only one to hear Carol mutter, “This, I gotta see.”

“You’re going to Bruni’s party tomorrow night?” Paul shouted, leaning across to me.

“No!” I yelled back, shaking my blonde hair violently, feeling the ribbon slide across my bare shoulders.

“Yes!” yelled Carol at the same time. “We’ll both be there! I know I’m going to love meeting all of Erika’s friends and admirers.”

I shook my head again to indicate that I wouldn’t. I flounced and wiggle, getting Dieter to dance with me. Of course, the music immediately slowed down. I spent the next few minutes in a clinch with Dieter, my dress rustling against us both, my breasts moving and bouncing every time I breathed. Ooh, I felt so girly as Dieter caressed my bare arms; I wanted them around his neck and me tight against him, feeling his maleness through all the dance. Oh, yes, Dieter might know that I was not a real girl, but

that didn't stop him from treating me as if I was. I wondered if Carol had primed him to be like that.

Watching Gitte and Carol plotting what was going to happen the next night at Bruni's made me shiver and breathe even more heavily, my breasts shimmying against Dieter with all the nervous breaths I took.

That seemed to please Dieter a lot. He held me even more tightly and began to whisper in my ear how lovely I was, how pretty my dress was, and how jealous he'd been of Gerhard who'd monopolized me so at the Alpine Club. I tried to be nice to Dieter. I smiled up into his face. Of course he wanted to kiss me and so I let him. He seemed to be shivering as he kissed me but I felt nothing at all. I might have been kissing a block of wood, a nice block of wood, of course, but wood all the same.

Funnily enough, though, when we came off the dance floor to get a drink, with Dieter's arm tightly about my waist, I saw the look that Paul gave us. I'm sure Gitte did as well. Carol claimed Paul for a dance while Dieter fought his way to the bar to get us soft drinks.

"Wow," said Gitte, putting her mouth against my ear. "Did you see Paul Laubmann's face at you kissing that other man? I didn't know he still had a thing for you. Your cousin had better watch all her boyfriends around you, hadn't she? Look, I'd better find Ernst again before he hooks up with someone else. See you at Bruni's tomorrow. Your cousin knows where it is!"

"Mama won't let us come, not with exams next week," I told an astonished Birgitte.

“Don’t count on us, please. Mama knows all about Bruni and how wild she can be from Trudi.”

“But Carol said...” Gitte began, turning to point after her.

“Forget what Carol said,” I snapped at Gitte. “Really, anyone would think that I was married to her the way that she bosses me around. But Mama won’t let me go to Bruni’s, I tell you.”

Why would I choose to use those words in what I said? It immediately made me recall wearing the wedding dress Carol should have worn. And then there were all the sessions where we’d been hot and heavy in bed, me learning how to be a lesbian. Ooh, I didn’t want to think about making it with another woman. No, the only way out of that, of course, was to get Dieter to hold me again and take me out on the dance floor where I could flirt with him, kiss him and think myself into being all girlie with Dieter.

It did sort of work as I began to feel a little aroused by Dieter. I had to tell him that I liked that last kiss so he did it to me, with his tongue, again. I deliberately let Dieter keep me dancing long after the time I’d ever stayed out before. That would get Mama’s attention, I knew, and make her even less likely to let me go out the next night.

I made Dieter get me a separate cab back to the Hotel Grunwald and had the driver take us the long way around, pretending that Dieter just had to see across the Wall into East Germany and the site of the old Reichstag. Not that we could see anything at night anyway.

It gave me time to reward Dieter for the evening out. I think I had him completely aroused, even discovering that I quite liked being kissed by him. Oh,

but we girls do have to civilize our men, don't we, so that they can please us as we want. Not that I felt any spark towards him, not even when he found the courage to kiss my scented chest and the tops of my heaving breasts. I wanted his hands on my legs and stockings and had to put them there and move them to start him arousing me, his date for the night. That stirred him a little. I put his hand between my legs and wiggled so he caressed my stockings against him. I thanked him in a whisper for doing that and his kissing became a lot more ardent.

All that I did encouraged him so I was mussed up very prettily when Dieter dropped me off at the hotel, escorting me right up to the glass door of our private apartments. His outline, giving me a passionate good night kiss, and me responding with girlish excitement and regret at turning him away at last, could be seen by anyone waiting for me in our living room. I said a gentle goodbye, moving his hand at last from my wobbly tush, making Dieter sigh as I left him. I clicked on the stairs as I swished up to the living room to face the music. But there was no one there. Mama wasn't waiting for me in her usual place, in the strategically placed armchair, Nor was Carol.

I wasn't quiet about going to bed, taking off my makeup and jewellery, shimmying out of my noisy dress and hanging it up. I wasn't trying to be silent and not wake anyone as I took off my high heels, undid my corset and loosened my hair for bed. I wasn't noisy taking off my stockings and panties and putting on my nightie. I actually bounced as I got into bed. All Carol did was put an arm about me and not even cuddle up to me at all.

“Good night, beautiful Erika,” Carol yawned at me, not even opening her eyes. “You had fun with Dieter? He’s a really good lay, isn’t he? So considerate of us as women.” She yawned again as I shook beside her.

Surely Carol couldn’t think that I would really go with a man and let him treat me all the way like a woman. But then I thought about how far I’d finally let Dieter go, the way he’d stroked my dress against my legs as he kissed my breasts. Oh yes, I could go out with nice, safe Dieter again, I thought. Carol must know the way that he was. That was why she was so unconcerned.

Mama was unconcerned as well when I finally rose the next day and came down to lunch in my nightie and dressing gown. “The Sleeping Beauty is here,” laughed Trudi, laying an extra place for lunch while Mama turned and smiled at me.

Carol was dressed as elegantly as she had been on her arrival. “You promised me shopping,” she laughed at me. “But we can hardly go with you dressed like that. How long will it take you get ready?”

“Hours,” I snapped at her. “Days. Bloody weeks.”

“Well,” said Mama in mock amusement. “Do you really think you want to go out again, Frau von Hitte, with a grumbly puss like Erika? You see what one late night has done to her temperament.”

I took a croissant, some honey and an apple juice. “I’m not going out again tonight,” I said sourly, pulling my robe about me, feeling pouty and out of sorts with the way the others were smiling at me.

“Bruni’s asked me to come to her party as well,” Trudi said. I looked at her in surprise at her treachery. We always backed each other up about going and not going to parties. “She wants to get all of the Fasching crowd together again. The university geeks are on break but all of them who’re in town are going to be there, Ronnie Pfeister, Ernst Cappell, Silke’s elder brother, Jurgen, you’ll really like him, Erika, Paul Laubmann. Do you remember him, or was he too high in the school for you to notice him? Bruni says she’s invited everyone who’s graduating this year as well and staying here to study, so Kurt and Frank should be there.”

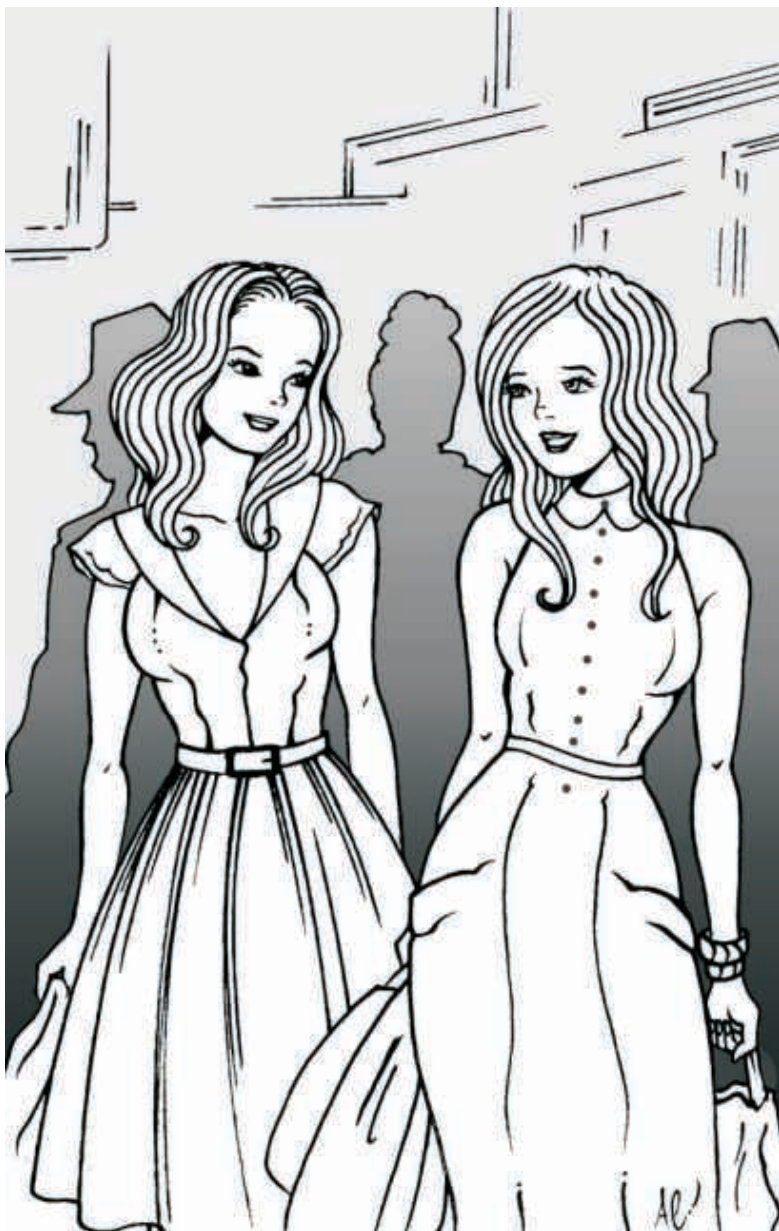
“I’m not going,” I told Trudi. “I have exams to pass.”

“Of course you’re going out with your sister and your cousin,” said Mama, smiling as she let me down completely. “Brunhilde von Freising is going to rule the social scene in this city for years to come with the fortune her family is making in new armaments. You must introduce Carol to her, Erika. I know Bruni’s family will be most eager to meet her and begin an acquaintance.”

Carol and Trudi became very excited about the dresses they were going to wear. I could see that it would do me no good to continue being grumpy. I took my time in my bath and preparing myself but Carol was patience itself. So I did go out with her in the late afternoon. We visited all the new popular places I’d never gone to before.

“You said that your mama kept you on a very tight rein,” said Carol with a smile. Her arm was under mine as we left *Quant’s*, each of us having tried on and purchased miniskirts I was sure that I’d never dare to wear in front of Mama. “You told me

that you didn't go to night clubs, you didn't go to parties, usually, and you didn't go to the trendiest stores."



“She’s letting me do all of those things now, mostly because you’re here,” I said, wanting to defend Mama. “She knows that I shall be leaving school soon and, over the summer holiday, I shall become a woman. But with you here, she knows that I have someone with me who can defend me if I need to be defended.”

Carol stopped right in the middle of Karlheinzstrasse and a Mercedes limousine nearly ran her down. “Does that bit in the middle mean,” she asked me, her sunglasses preventing me from seeing her eyes, “what I think that it means? You’re going to go ahead and have a sex change when you know the condition I’m in!”

“Yes,” I told her, lifting my chin. Cars hooted at us but Carol ignored them as she stood there staring at me. I had to pull her out of the road finally. “At least,” I admitted to her, “that was the plan Mama had for me until you showed up, pregnant. What did you say to her that got her to put your bed in my room and let you sleep with me?”

“There’s nothing illegal in what we’re doing,” Carol said, “as I pointed out to your mother. You are my husband. I am your wife. I should be sleeping in the same bed as you. Your mother agreed but she didn’t send us a double bed, did she?”

There was a hint there in the way that Carol used the phrase, ‘nothing illegal.’ I looked at her as people streamed past us two stylishly dressed girls, loaded with shipping bags from all of the most famous and trendy stores in Berlin.

“You’ve been investigating Mama and how we got out of the East and came here,” I said to her. I still

couldn't see her expression with her dark glasses but then, she couldn't see mine, either.

"Herr Kluge's report was most specific," said Carol flatly. "He blackmailed you for the Countess, to make you Erich again as she wanted. You know that your mother has harboured people passing back and forth between the East and the West in your hotel."

"You told Mama that you knew that," I said slowly. "That's why she's co-operating with you against me."

"Only for a short time," Carol said as we stared at one another, our feminine hair styles, blonde and auburn, blowing in the wind. "Look, Erika, I need a husband again for a little while after our baby is born. You have to be there as Erich—yes in male clothing—when she's christened. After that, well, you're her father. You should help me to raise her. I won't be telling you then how you should dress or who your boyfriends should be. You can have Dieter if you like even though Gerhard is by far the most amazing lover of all of our male acquaintances."

I turned and looked in distress at the traffic swirling by us. Amazingly, a cab pulled over right away. There is something to be said about being dressed as a pretty girl in a short skirt, I realized. We managed to get back to the Grunwald fairly quickly with all of our parcels and shopping bags.

"I'm not going to let you blackmail us," I told Carol when we were alone at last and getting ready for Bruni's party. "Mama's not a spy. She gives rooms to refugees who'd have no roofs over their head in their first few days in the west. She remembers where she came from and the help she re-

ceived. I won't let you blacken her name. I'll go to the press first and expose myself and all of your lying, blackmailing schemes if you try anything that would hurt Mama."

"You'll have the money to do it," said Carol shortly. "That's why I gave you back control of the von Hitte fortune. Oh, scheisse," she finally said in exasperation as she dropped one of the false lashes she'd been trying to affix to her eyelid. "Why is it so hard to convince you that I'll never do anything, ever, to hurt your real family, Erich? I don't have a real family. I have a bunch of people who share my name but that's all. I only ever had the Countess but she was never my mother. She didn't want any part of that."

"When I have our baby, our child will be my family. And you, pretty Erika, you will also be my family. Let me in to all of your family, please. Help me to do all the things that I'm good at, like making money. Let me do that for you all, for *us* all."

"And what do you want for that?" I asked her bitterly. "Mama isn't safe, is she?"

Carol turned to me and gave me a startled look. In the short time I'd been Count Erich von Hitte, I'd found the Countess's files in the safe in her office were marked 'Secret' and seemed to have come from someone in the government, someone like Kluge. I'd destroyed them but no one, I'd hoped, knew about them. I only wanted Mama and me to be safe.

"The only thing I ask you not to do," said Carol, standing over me and caressing my thin bra straps over my bare shoulders as I painted my eyes darkly with eye shadow, "is to jump into making a decision

that's irreversible in our future. I grew up as an only child and I don't want that for our daughter.

"I want her to grow up with people like Trudi and your Mama. I want her to have a sister, or a brother, and I want them to have the same father. I know I'm not saying this very well, but there it is. You have nothing to fear from me or Kluge's files. I've seen to that already. I've cleaned up those files with the Americans which you should have thought of when you ran away. You really can do what you want with your life, Erika. I only hope that there'll be room for us, your wife and family, in what you decide."

I didn't know whether I could believe Carol or not. I trembled from her touching me so gently. I didn't know if she was trying to manipulate me or for what reason. Could it be that she just loved me?

That was an earth-shattering thought. Did Carol really mean it when she said that she loved me as she had told me when we made love like lesbians? But not really like lesbians; I had to admit to myself that no, I wasn't yet really a girl.

Mama was waiting with her camera to take pictures of the three of us, dressed up in short-skirted, flouncy, low-cut and revealing dresses. Carol had pulled my hair back severely and pinned a long fall in the back of my hair so that it felt as long as it had once been and yet the top of my head was cool. The black ribbon in my hair set off my shimmering dress.

"You are a blonde bombshell," complained a sparkling Trudi, hugging me and wanting to know what the new scent was. I flushed and didn't want to tell her that it was *'Intimate'*.