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# LA BOUTIQUE BOHEME

& Who I Found There

**By Mardee Louise Prynne**

## Prologue

It can be pretty tough when you're trying to date two girls at the same time. There are always surprises, things you couldn't possibly anticipate. It wasn't any easier back in the fifties when all this happened to a nice ordinary guy named Eddie. Like most nice, ordinary high school seniors, he was naive. Think of how difficult this must have been for him when one of his loves was a girl from his neighborhood, a girl whose grandparents had come over from Italy. She was a

curvy, olive skinned brunette with hair as black midnight. She had been baptized Giovanna but she was rarely called by that wonderfully Italian named. Definitely all girl and definitely sexy she went by the nickname Joanie.

The other girl had just moved from the suburbs to Brooklyn, New York after her parents' breakup. This new kid and Joanie were polar opposites in the looks department. Connie was petite, slender, with a fair complexion and sandy blonde hair. In a word, she was WASPY. Eddie wondered what a girl like that saw in a Jewish guy with no family connections, little money and no noticeable prospects on the horizon. That wasn't the only thing he wondered about. The important question Eddie kept pondering was something like this: "Is Connie short for Constance or for Conrad and how do I find out?"

### **Eddie's Narrative**

Although it was still mid-August, we were noticing the days were not quite as long as they were a few weeks ago when the summer holidays began. We sat with our backs against the wall of the grammar school from which we had graduated three years earlier. It wasn't sentiment that brought us back there most evenings after supper. The schoolyard was just a good place to gather to play stickball, handball and other street games. Oh, yes; and to socialize, however awkwardly, with girls.

Had I, I wondered, missed anything that afternoon when I was away from the guys delivering the Brooklyn Eagle to my customers, something which I had been doing six days a week since eighth grade. I kept

promising myself that I was going to give up the route as being "kid stuff" but the money was steady year round. That plus the money I picked from occasional dance band gigs meant I didn't have to find a full time job over the summer or a part time job after school during the school year.

We paused in our conversation to study the legs of three passing girls whose short shorts did nothing to hide their limbs or suppress our fantasies. Our attempts to seem indifferent were ineffective especially when certain girls paused to say hi and to allow favored guys a chance for a quick glimpse of their panty hems under her shorts.

Joanie walked over and stood over my extended legs knowing full well, given my unusual perspective, she was allowing me a generously prolonged glimpse of her panty hem; white cotton with a shiny elastic leg band.

"Mind if I join you?" she asked.

"Not at all," I responded. "Have a seat." I patted the concrete surface next to me. She sat right up against me. Considering we had a crush on each other, this made me feel awkward, not to mention horny.

"I got some information you can use. But what's in it for me?"

"How about I take you for an ice cream soda and if the information is really good, we do something on Sunday." I was pretty sure she was joking but I wasn't sure. I'd be heading off to the military as soon as I graduated that coming June and I wanted to get up the nerve to tell Joanie how much I really cared about her. She answered in a firm voice.

“I better be worth more than just an ice cream soda.”

Joanie took my hand and rested it on her lap. The smooth skin of her thigh was warm and cool at the same time, a strong reminder of some of the feelings I had for Joanie.

“No big deal, Ed, but you know I’m doing typing and steno at that insurance and real estate office on the avenue. Anyhow I’m not supposed to tell this to anybody but the people who are buying that house on 8th Street are moving in Thursday.

“You can get a jump on your competition and get them to subscribe to the Brooklyn Eagle.”

Joanie was right when she said it was no big deal but it showed she wanted to impress me with how much she was willing to do to please me. Her head was resting on my shoulder now and when I turned to thank her our lips brushed. A moist kiss followed. No one said a word as I helped her to her feet. After all, we weren’t kids anymore. Besides that, either one of us would have slugged any guy who was wise-ass enough to comment.

I got to my feet, extended my hand to the still seated Joanie and pulled her to her up. She didn’t let go of my hand but gave it flirtatious and surprisingly firm squeeze. It was understood that I would walk her home, perhaps linger with her in her backyard.

At her suggestion, we stopped to pick up some cigarettes. First thing Joanie did was browse the magazine racks in the front of the store. I looked over her shoulder while she thumbed through fashion magazines aimed at older teens. I swallowed hard as she paused to study ads for the latest fashions in brassieres and

girdles while I looked over her shoulder. This stuff never failed to catch my eye, to stir a kind of longing in my groin. I don't think this was terribly unusual for that era but in my mind it would be better to have sex with a girl dressed in these restrictive underthings than a girl who was nude or nearly nude.

Joanie looked up and smiled at me, smiled as if she knew what I was thinking. I turned my attention to the comic books. 'Mary Marvel' drew my attention at once. It didn't go unnoticed by Joanie.

"She's really neat," observed Joanie. "The way she beats up all the bad guys, the bad girls, too. Say, how come some guys like that. I would've guessed most guys would think a girl like that is scary, even a comic book girl. I guess that's why I like you so much; on account of you're not like all those other creeps around here."

I felt my face grow warm which meant I was blushing, something that rarely happened since I entered my teen years. It could have been because Joanie announced "...I like you so much..." Or it might have been her comment about Mary Marvel beating up the bad guys.

Joanie paid for her magazines and I bought a pack of Lucky Strike for me and treated Joanie to a pack of which ever brand she was into that day. .

"Say, Ed, you mind if I make that a pack of Parliament?"

Parliament was the only filtered cigarette not limited to expensive specialty stores. In those years no guy would smoke a filtered cigarette for fear of being thought a sissy. The Marlboro Man ad campaign

changed that image but that was years in the future. Joanie felt the need to explain her choice of cigarettes.

“Thanks, Ed. I know these cost more but I don’t end up with tobacco on my tongue like with all the other kinds. And they’re long which makes me feel sexy when I smoke them. You really ought to try them sometime.”

*Yeah and I might as well carry a pocketbook or wear lipstick.*

“Maybe in private.”

By the time we got to Joanie’s house the sun had just about set leaving her evergreen bordered backyard in shadows. We sat on the steps of the back porch as Joanie opened the cellophane wrapper on her Parliaments. She deftly pulled a cigarette halfway out, brought the pack toward lips and closed her teeth over the filter. She then extended the pack to me. “Oh, go ahead and take one. What are you afraid of? No one’s going to see you smoking a ladies’ brand.”

My hand shook as I took the next cigarette from the pack. Joanie smiled as she struck a match. Our faces were close together as we shared the match. She leaned back, inhaled deeply and then blew a perfect smoke ring. In the dim light she looked like a femme fatale movie starlet.

Joanie ran her finger tips over my face, through my hair. I gently kissed her finger tips.

“Your hair is so great; the color, the texture. Not really wasted on a boy but some girls might say that.” She crushed out her cigarette, took hold of my hand, spread my fingers and guided it to her breast so that her nipple was between my fingers. To my dismay, her fingers wrapped around my wrist, pushed my hand



away. Getting to her feet, she crossed her arms, grasped the bottom of her vee neck tee and pulled it up over her head before dropping it. I held my breath as I looked up at her in a mixture surprise, adoration and awe. Taken by surprise by Joanie's sudden lack of inhibition both overwhelmed me and dominated my thoughts. This was a sexual fantasy come true. But what happens now?

I had rarely caught even the briefest glimpse of a girl or woman in a bra and never from the strange perspective of looking up at her as if I were at her feet.

"Think about it, Ed. This must be what the bad guys see when Mary Marvel gets through kicking their butts or maybe it's really their balls she kicks." That part about balls somehow got to me.

I reached up and put my hands on Joanie's waist. Her skin was cool to my touch. She guided my finger tips to her tummy where they remained while she undid the side zipper of her short shorts which fell to her feet. Perhaps it was my imagination running wild but the shadow of her pubic hair showed through the light fabric of her panties. Joanie wordlessly put her hands on either side of my face as I looked up at her and then guided my mouth to the waistband of her panties. By now my cock was straining against my jeans, my arousal so intense I would have done anything to gain relief.

"Stand up, you big dope," she ordered. "Gee whiz, do I have to do all the work around here."

We stood face to face on the edge of the porch. She undid my fly as we kissed. The sound of a car in the driveway sent her scrambling to get dressed and left me limp.

“Shit, they’re home early.” She gave my balls a very hard squeeze as she admonished “Next time don’t take so long.” Then she wrapped her arms around my neck as I cupped her tush in my hands. The kiss was along and deep but left us both unsatisfied. As we broke our hug, my hand caressed her back. There were a couple of spots that seemed scraped. She jerked away as my fingers accidentally came in contact with those scraped spots.

“Hey, easy. I’m sore there.”

“What happened?”

“Just a scrape. Okay! If you must know I slipped on the stairs.”

Her response was too belligerent to be really believable but I let it go at that.

The next morning I rode my bike past the house Joanie had told me about. A car with Connecticut license plates was parked in the driveway. It was odd that people from Connecticut would be moving into our neighborhood since the trend was to get out of the city and into the suburbs or the country. A moving van turned onto the street as I paused to check out who might be moving in. A woman in her forties came out to greet the moving men. I decided to stop by after everything had been unloaded to make my pitch for a newspaper subscription.

My kid sister greeted me with urgency in her voice as soon as I walked into the house. “Joanie called about something important. She wants you to call back as soon as you can.”

Joanie must have been waiting at the phone because she picked up on the second ring. "Ed, thanks for calling back so soon. I know you don't kiss and tell but swear to me last night never happened."

"I swear, Joanie. What's up with this?"

Her voice dropped to a whisper that sounded like she was in a bank vault. She must have cupped her hand over the mouthpiece. "My mom is grilling me on what went on between us last night. She says my clothes were messed up when I came in. My panties were wet, soaked; I think she noticed them like that in the hamper. My stepfather's been threatening for a long time to send me away to live with my aunt and make me go to an all girl private school. Not that I would mind getting away from that creep but I want to be the one in charge of arranging it. Now my Mom's starting to go along with it. She says shit like 'so if you don't like it here, we can send you someplace where they'll make you miserable while you get straightened out.' I'm scared now, Eddie. Gotta hang up."

I felt really bad for Joanie and worse for myself considering that we might have had some great times during senior year but that wasn't to be. No complaints on my part when I considered that she had awakened me to how much intrigued I was by girl's underthings and how turned on I was at the thought of fighting with a girl and being beaten!

I used my sister's portable typewriter to type out a note to the new neighbors introducing myself as the newspaper boy. The door opened just as I was about to slip the note under the side door. The teenager who opened the door was medium height, slender and as flat as most boys. She wore white Bermuda shorts,

crew socks, tennis sneakers and a dark green vee neck tee. Her sandy blond hair was cropped into a fashionable style made popular by a French movie actress named Leslie Caron. This new girl neither used nor needed any makeup. Looking her over once more I found myself wondering if this was a girl or a boy.

I handed her the typed note and introduced myself.

“Hi, I’m Connie,” she said as she extended her hand to me. Her voice was smooth, mellow and sexy. Almond shaped hazel eyes added an exotic touch to her all-American girl image. For some reason I noticed that her shorts had a fly front, something rare in girls’ Bermudas or slacks. Again I wondered if this was a girl or a vey effeminate albeit vey pretty boy but I was unable to see whether the fly front was left over right or tight over left. Ordinarily the question would have been one of curiosity except that Connie’s simple hand shake had made my heart beat faster.

“Oops. My shoe is undone.” Connie suddenly turned, rested her foot on the stairs and proceeded to retie her sneaker lace. Her shorts pulled taut over her bottom as I stared at what was definitely the outline of panties. No guy’s underpants ever clearly showed the curved line of the reinforced crotch like that. Then her tee hiked up to reveal an inch or so of pink cotton above the waist of her Bermuda shorts. Nice girls in those days didn’t ever let a boy see the color of their panties, if you get my drift. But I really figured this was a nice, really nice girl. And that did nothing to make her les interesting to me.

Connie must have been aware of this happening because she immediately stood up straight and tugged the lower hem of her tee to a more modest level. The awkward smile did nothing to lessen her attractiveness

as she turned to face me. "That was so embarrassing. I hope you don't think I do things like that all the time."

I was starting to feel all funny inside. One thing had to be that glimpse of what I pictured as very sedate panties. Another thing had to be that I was now sure Connie was a girl but somehow she was more interesting when I wasn't sure if she was a boy or a girl! It wasn't easy for me to face up to it but Connie would have been just a cute even if she was a boy. But I was convinced Connie was a girl and that was that. *So she's a girl. No big deal one way or the other. Couldn't be more than twelve or thirteen. Fourteen tops. Much too young for a guy going into senior year to date. Maybe not a big difference if she were maybe twenty and me twenty-four. Oh, who gives a shit? She's cute and that's all there is to it. I can be nice to her if I want to.* Then Connie's voice brought me back to the present moment.

"I see you have a pretty neat bike. Mommy said there's a nice bike path near here that goes through the park."

"There's more than one. Be careful though. Some are quiet, out of the way in places. People say that it's not really safe for girls to ride alone."

"I'm not too worried."

I looked at her quizzically and thought maybe her self assurance about not being afraid of being jumped by some greasers had to do with her being so skinny and flat that she figured most guys would take her for a kid. Then she continued on.

"I know you're seeing me as a very young girl. That doesn't bother me in the least. Maybe that's why I better be concerned. If some thugs jump me and find

out I'm not what I appear to be it may go worse for me."

"I don't get what you're driving at."

"Ed, you think I'm a girl about fourteen, maybe even younger, right?"

"Aren't you?"

"I'm eighteen years old and Connie is short for Conrad!"

"Come on, Connie. Don't kid like that."

"I'm not kidding! Let me explain, okay? Just don't run away until I'm done saying what I need to say and please don't talk about me to your friends. Promise?"

I nodded and then answered. "Connie, I swear I would never do anything to cause trouble for a doll like you. It'll be pretty hard to convince me that you're anything but the really cute girl I see in front of me."

"Thanks, Ed. But hear me out first. I was always what my father called a sissy, a fairy. That was so hurtful. He tried to beat it out of me so Mommy left him. We moved here thinking I might not be so different living in a big city where nobody knows the truth about me.

"Being forced to live as a boy made me terribly sad. After a scene with my father, I tried to ....I slit my wrists." She paused to show me the barely faded scars.

"That's when Mommy took me to all kinds of shrinks. We finally found one who said that my personality, my inner being doesn't match my sex organs, helped me accept myself as I am emotionally, as I'm meant to be. Fortunately my size, my facial features, my not having so-called secondary male traits like whiskers and big muscles might enable me to pass my

self off as a girl and live a female life. To put it crudely, I'm a girl with a dick and to most guys that makes me a freak; and a freak they have to beat up just to prove something to themselves and their disgusting friends. Even though I'm learning to be comfortable in girls clothing and underthings, I'm still a freak."

She was biting her lower lip and fighting back the tears.

I reached out and took her hand. "Connie, you're no freak. You're a beautiful and special girl; special because you'll never take for granted being attractive and wearing all the pretty things that are reserved for girls."

"Eddie, thanks for being kind but I'd rather you were honest. You don't have to say things you don't believe. I didn't confess what I really am to gain sympathy but to avoid any misunderstandings later. You probably would have hit me in my face if you found out while we were making out. I mean why on earth would a good-looking guy like you want to spend time with a weirdo sissy?"

"Because you're not a weirdo and not a sissy."

We were standing face to face and I had taken both her hands in mine. She looked up at me and closed her eyes. The kiss was moist and light but full of hope and promise.

"What happens now?" she asked. "How far do we go before you wake up to how really impossible going steady with me will be?"

"Maybe I'll never wake up to that but I promise no matter what happens I'll never hurt you."

"Thank you for believing that. You may feel differently when you've been a way from me for a few

hours. Oh, and I'll ask Mother to call you to start the paper subscription."

I left feeling like some sort of really bad joke was being played on me. Connie had to be having some sort of sick laugh at my expense. That doll might have been as old as she claimed to be but there was no way in hell that I was going to believe she was really a boy.

My mind kept wandering back to Connie and her weird tale of woe about being a girl with a dick. I began by thinking that she had to be having a laugh at my expense. No way could someone that pretty, that slim and who was walking around in panties could be a boy. I had to admit to myself that I the night before I was wondering what it would feel like to wear all those pretty underthings Joanie was looking at in fashion magazine. Suppose someone liked that feeling; what then?

## **Connie and Mommy**

Connie had already set the table for their dinner by the time Mommy came home. The salad was in the fridge where the Chardonnay was chilling.

"Mommy, let me make you a Manhattan and you can chat while I warm the baguette in the oven and make the omelets."

"Thanks, darling but I'll just have wine....Well done. You opened that bottle perfectly."

"The paper boy was by to get us to subscribe. He really is so simple but a sweetie, too. He was enthralled when I allowed him to glimpse the waistband of my panties. I told him I'm really a boy. Poor dear was so confused. He'll be back to find out the truth.



"He's so different from those snobs back home. Eddie is just so cute, unaffected, and naive really. He is kind of nice all the same. I'm looking forward to making out with him. Just for practice, though." The last sentence sounded like an afterthought.

Connie's obvious warm feelings toward Eddie made Mother react crossly.

"Constance, I didn't raise you to feel sorry for any hapless male who falls under your spell. You go ahead and make out with this blue collar clod. It will be good practice but you are to break his heart in the end. Drive him wild with desire, and then shock him by showing him what you have in your panties. If he strikes out at you, you know how to hurt him. Hurt him badly emotionally and, if you can, physically. There is to be no affection shown, no sympathy for those wretched males. Not now, not ever. Is that perfectly clear?"

"Yes of course, Mommy."

"Good. You'll phone him after dinner. Tell him I asked you to arrange for newspaper delivery. Flirt with him over the phone. See if you can get him so hot he'll play with himself."

"I'll phone him after dinner when he's sure to be out with his girlfriend, if he has one. He'll come home to a message from me but with no phone number to call, he'll lie awake wondering why I called and then I'll call and drive him wild.

All the better if he does have a girlfriend. I can take him from her, toy with him and then toss him aside. He'll go crawling back to her and she'll doubtlessly exact her revenge."

"Constance, you're getting ahead of yourself."

"Yes, Ma'am. Please tell Edward that Constance called....Thank you so much."

"Hello, Edward. This is Connie. Mother asked me to call and have you start newspaper delivery. I'm surprised you're still up. What are you doing?"

"Just reading some magazines and comic books."

"I'm so glad you're not reading those silly girly magazines. I like comic books sometimes especially those super heroines."

"That's funny. I like Mary Marvel."

"Me too! I would love to be like her; so pretty but tough enough to easily rough up the bad guys."

"You are pretty. Connie."

"Thanks, Eddie. This is kind of silly but don't you think it's funny how Mary Marvel's skirt never flips up so you can see her panties."

"Yeah, I guess it is."

"Say, I could take a class in unarmed self-defense and then we can pretend you're a bad guy and I could rough you up. I promise to wear my prettiest panties."

"You've got to be kidding."

"Maybe I was at first but now I'm getting kind of excited at the thought of wrestling a guy, our bodies rubbing together. And you wouldn't have to let me win. I'll bet I can beat you anyhow."

"Come on, Connie. This is..."

"Oh, I'll bet you're afraid of losing. Why don't we try it? I'll even let you choose what I wear."

"Connie, this is getting really weird."

"I know why you think it's weird. You're getting hot, aren't you? Well, it's late and I've got to hang up now. Think it over. Bye."

Eddie was sitting in the upstairs hall of his house when Constance hung up on him. She would have been pleased to know that despite being outside his sister's bedroom, he was rubbing himself through his jeans. Constance's "weird" proposal had appealed to his inner fantasies. His uncertainty over whether or not this girl, who was so different from Joanie and the other neighborhood girls, had a penis did not lessen the attraction she held for him.

Constance dutifully reported to Mother on what had transpired during the one-sided phone conversation, a conversation which Constance had controlled, even dominated.

"It went well, Mother. I thought I would be kittenish but I took a different approach. He likes comic books that show heroines beating the bad guys. I told him it would be fun for us to play at being heroine and bad guy, to fight, to wrestle. I think he as a real thing for seeing my panties. Perhaps, he'll want to wear my things."

"If you allow him to you're to see he feels humiliated, powerless."

Had Mother been sensitive to what Constance was becoming, she would have noticed he wry smile of defiance on her pretty face even as she said "Yes, Mother." But Constance's thoughts at that moment were anything but compliant.

*Mother, you did me no harm by nurturing my femme proclivities and in seeing I learned to walk and sound like a real girl. That doesn't mean I owe you my entire life. And it certainly doesn't mean you can exploit me for your own vengeful needs. There are men and women who will pay handsomely to have a lover like me and I fully intend to take advantage of that. Oh, I might help Eddie reach his femme potential but not in the way you think. He could easily become my aide and my employee in the service I plan to start. Men will pay to be humiliated by girls like me or by real girls. It will be fun and lucrative.. But you're not going to be with me when it happens.*

"Constance, invite him over in a week or two. Make sure you have some freshly laundered unmentionables waiting to be put away. Have them on your dresser."

"Oh, yes, Mommy! I would like that very much. It's a way to torture boys by showing them what they want to see." *Yes, Mother. I really will enjoy that. Maybe there is some hope for us to be a team.*

## **Eddie's Narrative**

I hung up the phone knowing I would have to jerk-off in order to fall asleep. Connie had really gotten to me with her talk about fighting with her. The worst part of it was that she was making me face up to what the real turn-ons were for me. It was as if she really read my mind, places in my mind that I avoided visiting.

Just then Leah came out of her room and looked down at me as I sat on the floor.

"My goodness little brother, you look so forlorn. Was that a "Dear John' phone call from Joanie?"

“No; a call from this weird new kid. She and her Mother just moved in and I stopped to see if they would take home delivery of the Eagle.”

I looked up at Leah who was wearing an oversized tee shirt over panties, her usual warm weather night wear. That wasn't the only way I looked up to her. She was a fiercely independent girl who worked a full time job and maintained a 4.0 average in a Hunter College degree program she was taking in the evenings. Now that she saved enough to furnish an apartment, she was ready to move out on her own. In our parent's eyes no respectable girl left home until she was married. “Then I'm not respectable,” was her clear response.

“Eddie, you have to tell me why this new kid is so weird. We're talking about a girl, right?”

“I'm not sure.”

“Oh, that could be a problem. Let me pee and then we'll have a nice long talk.”

Leah wasn't long at all. I followed her into her room. There were two chairs in her room. One was at her desk which was in little alcove. The one conveniently located chair was occupied by a petticoat.

“Be a dear and move that.”

Leah sat on her bed facing the open side and folded her legs under her in a half-lotus position. She smiled at me as I furtively eyed the expanse of white panty crotch that she so casually revealed.

“Eddie, you've been totally enthralled by every kind of intimate apparel forever. There are lots of boys like you.”

After I confessed the feelings aroused in me by my encounter with Connie and the phone conversation, Leah reminded me of one important consideration. "Connie may well be a biological boy. She's not unique, whatever she is. Just let it play out and see where it goes. My advice to you is to not break-off with Joanie no matter how cute and adorable you think Connie is. The problem isn't what she is but where she's from. She's from a world so different from ours that you would never fit in with her. It's not just the money but their attitudes. Her mother moved here because it's the last place in the world her ex would come looking for her and Connie. Get what you can from Connie but be careful she doesn't treat you like a new plaything and then throw you away when she gets bored. Stick with Joanie at least until after graduation. She may not have Connie's classy style but she's one of us."

"Thanks, Leah."

"Glad to help, Eddie. Let's talk more often. Oh, and take a couple of my fashion magazines with you."

"Huh?"

"Those bra and girdle ads will help you, er, relax so you can get to sleep."

"Leah, you're a real pal."

"You always blush like that when you call someone a real pal?"

I shook my head in a much exaggerated "No!"

"Eddie, you can be so cute when you want to be. Trouble is that for the last couple of years you never want to be. Wait a second."

Leah got out of the bed, went to her dresser and rummaged through a drawer. When she turned to face me

she held a pair of white nylon panties by the waistband using the thumb and forefinger of each of her hands. My heart leaped into my throat as soon as I saw the unadorned tailored white Van Raalte panties. *Oh my gosh! What is she going to do?*

“Here, take these. They’re my gift to you, to help you get off...Stop staring like you’re in shock. Use them to rub yourself. For all I care you can wear them if that gets you going. Just accept what you need and who you are.”

I grabbed the panties from her before she could change her mind even as I promised myself I would never try them on even once. The idea of making out with an effeminate guy dressed as a girl had really taken hold of me. I just didn’t want to be that boy/girl.

Back in my room I stripped down to my briefs and lay back on the bed. Thumbing through the fashion magazines was getting me hard. The women were so elegant even those in just their brassieres and girdles. It struck me that I was almost aroused by the images of those models fully clothed in everything from cocktails dressed to full skirts. They were slender but shapely; so unlike the horribly thin anorexic looking models of a couple of decades later. Their aloof poise seemed to dare any observer to even approach let alone to attempt to seduce them. In my head any hapless male who failed to please such a woman in every respect would experience pain and humiliation at the hands of these gorgeous women. In my fantasies the pain would be both emotional and physical.

My hand drifted to the panties which lay at my side. My cock began to feel unendurably hard as I thrilled to the unfamiliar smoothness of the sleek fabric. I raised my hips and wiggled my coarse briefs