

# STUDENT BODIES



TWO TV TALES OF SEDUCTION  
By Mardee Louise Prynne

Student Bodies by Mardee Louise Prynne

# Student Bodies

## Two Tales of TV Seduction

By Mardee Louise Prynne

Copyright © 1999 By Mardee Louise Prynne

Illustrations Copyright © 1999 By "Zizzle"

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the author.

All persons and incidents depicted in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is coincidental and unintentional or intended purely for parody purposes.

Printed in the USA

Student Bodies by Mardee Louise Prynne

# Student Bodies

Two Erotic Cross-Dressing Adventures

The Janus Academy

The Candidate

# The Janus Academy

## Chapter One

I started teaching in the Janus Academy in that small town at the start of the fall semester. It was referred to as a junior college; it was really one of those places for bright, well-off girls to atone for having wasted high school. Here they could show they had matured and could do serious academic work and so qualify for their mothers' alma maters. The school was intended to remake or mold these frivolous girls into well rounded, sophisticated and desirable women. This meant only that they would be in line for a "better " marriage. That's what I thought the school was all about.

I remember reflecting on the letter I received a week or so after answering the blind ad. The name Janus Academy struck me as both odd and apt. Janus, the two-faced Roman god watched over doorways. One could leave one place and enter another under Janus's guardianship. I was trying to leave what I had been and enter a new existence. Janus might suit me quite well.

Mine was to be an odd arrangement; teach music history and dance history, edit and upgrade an arts magazine and act as mentor and advisor to the girls interested in culture and the arts.

The rural environment suited me. I hoped to develop relationships with women in the academic community or in the adjacent town. I wasn't quite ready for the relationships that so suddenly developed; they were odder still than my assignments yet wonderful for their uniqueness.

You must understand that I was a misfit. I felt out of place in most social circles. My sense of worth hinged on my ability to understand and to explain music and dance. Performance was not my thing. Nor was social activity my thing. There were very few women that I successfully related to as a man. Don't get me wrong; I felt no attraction for other men. I was hoping to find a place in this small academic world. Hopefully it would be a place where I could develop a life for myself, a

life integrated in a community yet on my own terms.

I was graceful but very unathletic as a child. Being well below average size and strength did nothing to impress others nor to enhance my almost non-existent sense of competitiveness. Having always been tiny and unathletic I was bullied by boys and teased by girls. The girls bullied me too; they usually did it by teasing but even they got physical in their harassment of me. And so I became a solitary, independent, self-contained person. I was content but wanted some relationships with others to make myself a whole person.

There had been one woman who saw past my loneliness and with whom I lived for too brief a span. Even as she used me and my creative skills as a steppingstone, this woman had opened a window to wholeness and total being. She became restless and left me emptier than she had found me.

I arrived in this new place hopeful of reentering the world I so briefly glimpsed through my love affair with Brenda. Yet I was so terrified of opening up and experiencing the pain of loss once more.

My belongings were put away in the small house I had rented. Faculty teas would begin the next week. The thought excited me yet filled me with fear of facing more rejection, to again be the misfit, the oddball.

Around noon that day I strolled into town. The main street was attractive but for the most part the shops were predictable for a small town where affluent people had summer homes. A few Bed & Breakfast Inns brought weekend visitors through the autumn. There were the usual "tea room" sorts of places, a couple of "pubs," a coffee house and some very tasteful clothing shops for men and women. One ladies clothing shop had an adjacent "annex" that carried a rather classy line of lingerie and foundations. A white chemise with matching panties and kimono caught my eye. I was suddenly fantasizing how truly sexy, for its very innocence, white could be.

A new age herbal shop drew me inside. I bought a few preparations that I used from time to time to ease the intensity of a cold. I browsed over the book racks and the notice board. A prominent notice for a Native American healer announced counseling, planning, and

training for physical and spiritual health. "Telephone T. White." A judo club met in the local school gym Perhaps I could start training. I had always fantasized about punishing the bullies who had embarrassed me and teased me throughout my life but at five feet five inches and with a slender body that was not likely to happen. Growing up with my mother in a house of women and girls didn't bring out the macho in me either.

My mother once enrolled me in a ballet school. I loved it and was good at it. Of course, I didn't have the strength to "partner" the girls. My dancing was more than adequate. I envied the girls' pretty costumes at recitals. My drab black tights and white tee shirt were so plain compared to the colorful leotards and tights the girls wore to class. Perhaps I could start dancing again and try to teach a class.

Life would be good in this new place with a new job and a chance to be myself and to heal, to fill the void left by being abandoned by my lover.

A hand on my arm caused me to turn.

"Excuse me for being so forward. I'm Dr. Laurent. We haven't met but I see you're new faculty."

"No, please no need to apologize. I'm so glad you introduced yourself. I really didn't want to wait until the faculty teas and so on to meet colleagues."

She was tall, athletically slender but had all the curves in the right places. Her auburn hair was in a rather severe style; pulled back from her face into a ponytail and then pinned up in a bun. Her green shirtwaist dress was the right color for her deep claret colored hair. She had the look of a librarian in a romantic comedy. The one in the scene where she takes off her glasses, shakes her hair loose and wins the hero away from the bitchy villainess on the spot. Of course, the hero had to be pretty nearsighted not to see she was attractive at the start.

"Let me take you to lunch to welcome you."

I agreed expecting a tearoom sort of thing but was pleasantly surprised when she took me by the hand and led me into a tavern

"Great draught ale," she said conspiratorially as she leaned her

weight against me.

She ordered two pints and a cheese and onion platter. "We'll have a chance to chat. Do call me Gwenn. My name's Gwendolyn but I never was the type to be called Wendy." She laughed musically.

She pushed her chair away from the table and leaned back crossing her legs as she did so. She showed a lot of knee for the nineteen-fifties.

"Oh Jordan, I pushed my pocketbook out of reach. Be a dear and hand it to me."

I leaned forward to rescue her purse. She rewarded me by recrossing her legs and affording me a rather generous glimpse of her white midleg panty girdle. Either this woman is totally naive and innocent or she's a temptress of unreal skill!

Gwen had wanted the pocketbook to freshen her lipstick. This guileless yet charming lady made the mundane act of touching up her lipstick into a seductively fascinating art. I was enthralled.

"Psychology is what I teach best. My avocation is Celtic spirituality."

"Sounds quite Jungian...the psychology and the spirituality. How did Dr. Laurent get to the Celtic stuff?"

"Don't let the surname fool you. The Laurent is from my ex-husband," she smiled as if she knew I was inwardly pleased to learn she might not be married. "Never again," Gwen shuddered as she said that.

"Pardon?"

"Marriage...unless we're totally suited. But how does one know? Once bitten, twice shy to use the adage."

"Must have been quite a turbulent relationship." I amazed myself at my willingness to react openly to what this magnificent woman so openly shared with me.

"Abusive bastard! But let's not dwell on that. Although I did pay him back." Gwen reached across the table and rested her fingertips on

the back of my hand. She motioned for another round of ale.

Gwen groped in her pocketbook and found a pack of Gauloise! I don't know why, but I was surprised. She tamped the tobacco down by tapping the cigarette on the table. A sterling silver lighter was used in a way that said Gwen did this regularly. A deep French inhale and the cigarette was passed to me as she lit a second.

"I smoke only one or two a day but they matter."

"You smoke with your whole being it seems. Really quite sensual." Damn! I was afraid I had gone too far.

"Quite so. And that's only for openers," she laughed lightly, sensually, provocatively.

A few moments of silent contemplation as I watched her stare into the blue smoke.

"Jordan, you certainly are refreshing. You really care when you ask, and you listen when I talk about myself and my role in the school. You're special. But bear in mind that this is a most unusual school. Some of us have some very progressive applications of very old ideas. The families of a few of our best pupils are aware of this and are most supportive. Actually sought us out. As for much of the faculty, the less said to them the better."

Gwen draped her left arm over the back of her chair. Her head tilted as a wry smile passed across her face.

"Sounds fascinating and more than a bit mysterious."

"Not really. I understand you know a bit of Asian stuff. Yin and yang sort of theories but a bit more European. There are those who try too hard to avoid facing the elements of both sexes that seethe within them. My theory is that by developing the hidden part, the part they resist, they become much more effective. I see it as recognizing the goddess within. This holds for boys even more so than for girls as they mature. Actually, it's the boys who have the greatest need for... a little more involvement for this moment. But I know you'll come to realize what can be done."

"Rather heavy for here and now. You'll have to tell me much



more. There must be some papers that I might read."

"You're quite correct. Another time. I don't mean to intrude but I know something about you and your sense of emptiness and lack of individuation. Sorry for the technical jargon. I'll be more real. I know you feel incomplete. Perhaps you might let me make you complete again."

There was a long pause. I reflected on my emptiness and how much I wanted to get past it.

"Do walk home with me. It's not out of your way."

We set off through the mid-afternoon sunshine. Our shadows seemed long as we walked silently together. Suddenly Gwen's arm was through mine. I wasn't ready for this so quickly, but it felt very right.

A few turnings off the main way brought us to a comfortable looking brick colonial. Two cars were visible in the open garage.

"Both mine. The MG is for fun. The other is my practical side." Her half laugh was infectious.

We stopped at the bottom of her walk. I felt like an eighth grader in my awkwardness and my ambivalence. This quietly attractive, brainy woman was arousing feelings in me that I wasn't quite ready for. Simple arousal would have been welcome and easy to work through. But I had no idea what Gwen had in mind.

"Give me an hour or two to get ready and come back for some cold supper."

## **Chapter Two**

The sun was dropping beneath the horizon, leaving its glow on the windows of the scattered houses. Gwen's door opened even before I knocked. She wasn't simply attractive; this woman was beautiful in ways beyond belief.

She wore a knee length slate blue dress. It had cuffed sleeves, a fitted torso and was loose, even flowing below the waist. Black opaque stockings and black patent opera pumps set off her exquisite legs. A silver brooch in a Celtic pattern was at her breast. A silver cross nestled

just above the cleavage of her lull round breasts made all the more alluring for the glimpse of black lace that set off the whiteness of her skin.

"Let's have cocktails in the study. " She took my hand and led me to a room off the hall.

It was almost out of a movie set. A fire was burning under a mantle covered with various award certificates. A large Hepplewhite desk was arranged with all the accouterments of a professor's desk. Paintings interspersed with bookshelves added to the effect. A table under the window was set with a tray of canapes. Scotch and bourbon as well as Drambuie were next to an ice bucket. What drew my eye more was the photo of young girl signed, "Gwen, with thanks for making me all I am. Love, D."

"Most people call her Deirdre.. An early and very successful pupil."

"She's very much like you... all your classic beauty."

"And none of my wrinkles? Thank you. I'm very proud of her. But that's for some other day's discussion."

Gwen had been fumbling with the front of her dress. I realized she had unbuttoned it. She took my hand in hers and put it inside her open dress. My fingers warmed as I thrilled to the delicate fabric of her bra. Gwen smiled at me as she kissed me. Our tongues met as her nipple hardened beneath my fingers.

We were in a deep, soul probing kiss. My arms were around her, my hands on the full firmness of her bottom. Gwen stepped back from our embrace long enough to let her dress fall to the floor. Her body was emphasized rather than concealed by the short black, lace edged chemise. Her full breasts were more beautiful as they rose with her breathing.

Gwen took my hand in hers and twisted so I fell to the floor! Her judo throw effectively surprised me yet heightened my arousal. Gwen straddled my chest in a schoolyard pin leaving the crotch of her white nylon panties within inches of my face. As she opened my trousers, she spoke.

Student Bodies by Mardee Louise Prynne

"I'm afraid you may not be ready for this, but I want you!"

I raised my hips to pull my trousers and briefs down. Gwen stood over me as she yanked them off my legs. As suddenly as she threw me, she was lying on top of me. My face was trapped between her breasts as Gwen took complete control.