

Four Play by Mardee Louise

FOUR - PLAY



**Four Stories Of Transformation
By Mardee Louise**

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FOUR STORIES OF TRANSFORMATION

By Mardee Louise

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The Stories

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CHAPTER ONE

My family was not without means; they were without imagination and without culture. New York City offered many opportunities to overcome these deficits. Museums and concerts abounded. I was drawn to them despite the family's admonition that "it's just for faggots." My grammar schoolteachers' found I had some talent for writing poetry and short stories. My family allowed some piano lessons to show they could afford such luxuries. My high school offered many chances to learn music. Despite my late start, I learned to play the cello quite adequately. Theory and harmony were my *métier*.

In my senior year of high school, I was given a letter of introduction to a well-known piano teacher who had studied with Nadia Boulanger, an icon of classical music. This teacher agreed to work with me on my limited piano skills but chiefly to teach me advanced and creative theory and harmony. She explained she would charge me very little until I could begin to work as an arranger's assistant which would not take long. Doing piano improvisations in lounges was also in the near future, she advised.

I was thrilled. Unfortunately, only a few months later the teacher retired and spent most of her time away from New York

Each Saturday morning, I took the subway to the Village. (It was wonderful despite it being pre-Stonewall.) I enjoyed the acceptance of creativity, of differentness that pervaded the more non-commercial areas. After my time with my teacher, I stayed in the Village or went uptown to the

many museums.

My family was not happy with the direction my life was taking. They resented my independent path to the arts. I was determined to move out as soon as I finished high school. Contacts through my teacher had gotten me several part-time jobs teaching music appreciation and elements or principles of music in several private schools. The money was good. I also performed with small chamber groups that provided background music for restaurants on weekends.

Graduation came. In the fall I would attend a municipal college on twenty-third street. If I split my classes between day and evening, I would be able to support myself in my own apartment! I wanted the Village. Rents were still reasonable, and it would be near everything I loved.

July found me sitting on a bench in Sheridan Square studying the rentals in the daily papers and in the Village Voice. It wouldn't be as easy as I thought. Fortunately, an acquaintance came by and stopped to chat. He was a bit older than I and often looked at me like he hadn't a good meal in days. In my naivete I had no idea he was attracted to me. Don't get me wrong. I was never put off by approaches of gay men. (The term gay wasn't used as it is now, but you get my meaning.) I just didn't respond. I was just too young and dopey to appreciate the opportunities.

Ricki told me of a very small apartment in a building recently taken over by a photographer from Philadelphia, an exotically attractive woman named Greer. He agreed to call her and let her know I would be there to see the apartment.

The townhouse was not the typical West Village brownstone, rather a federal period home. It was quite

attractive. Red brick front, white window frames and door. A bronze plaque announced, "PHOTOS BY GREER."

I entered. A stairway led up to no place I could see in the dimness. A corridor led to the rear. Immediately to the right were a pair of double doors slightly ajar. I looked in and a young woman dressed in Village style greeted me.

"Louis?" I nodded.

"Greer is expecting you. The portrait session is running late. I'm Joy. Not a terribly artsy name but my parents lacked imagination."

"I can relate to that." I smiled at her.

I took the chair she gestured at. As I scanned the photos on the walls I was quickly impressed. Mostly portraits of obviously comfortable young matrons. Some of children. They were all interestingly different. The portraits of the woman were suggestive of characters in nineteenth and even eighteenth-century stories or novels. There was an erotic quality to the poses! A shoulder bared in an otherwise demurely draped figure. None wore contemporary styles. The effect was powerful, arresting. Greer would go far as a society photographer despite the Village address.

Joy excused herself and left. I watched the undulations of her lithe body under the white gauze of her flowing summer dress. Her muscular legs stated "dancer" in unequivocal terms. Her long brown hair worn in Alice in Wonderland style invited touch. I smugly anticipated entering her world, the world of creativity and originality.

A door opened down the corridor, then the front door opened and closed. A moment later the door connecting the

small reception room opened and a woman came out of the studio. She was magnificently attractive in a sophisticated, worldly way. Perhaps twenty-five, twenty-seven at the most. About five nine, slender with a regal carriage. Her strawberry blonde hair fell across one eye. Her hair fell to just below her collar which was turned up in the style popular then. Small emerald earrings in pierced ears. Almond shaped green eyes. A slightly flared tan chino skirt. Strappy flat sandals. Her tanned legs needed no stockings; the tapered slim ankles were superb. She spoke.

"Hello Louis. I'm Greer."

I'm not sure that I expected Greer to be a man but I surely wasn't expecting a beautiful woman and certainly not a beautiful woman so close to me in age.

CHAPTER TWO

Greer sat in a wicker chair facing me. She slowly crossed her legs and leaned forward in a single movement that fixed my attention on her.

"Ricki has been telling me a lot about you. You're a promising young man. Multi-talented. I do the portraits to live. I would much rather just do my own kinds of pictures."

"Your work is different. Uniquely beautiful portraits."

"To quote Al Jolson, 'You ain't seen nothing yet.' But that's for some other time. Ricki tells me you need a place to live. Let me show you around. This floor is devoted to my business and to my art. I live on the next two floors. Joy has

some rooms above mine. Keep your imagination in check. There's nothing between us."

Smilingly warmly Greer continued. "I had some fortunate opportunities and so established this career early. I want to give some breaks to people with potential. I understand you play piano well enough now to provide background at cocktail parties. Well, you could play for my soirees, and I would only ask ..."

I could hardly believe the low amount she asked for rent. Greer reached toward the ceiling in a seductive stretch. She uncoiled her legs affording me a glimpse of shiny white panties. I felt slightly uncomfortable, as if I had done something wrong.

Greer smiled as she rose. She placed her fingers on my wrist and beckoned me to follow her. "The house is not really set up for multiple occupancy. There are five floors not including the basement. You already know that the first floor is my studio and all that goes with it. I might ask you do a little reception work when I need someone, and Joy isn't available. You can have part of the floor above mine. There is a kitchen there that you and Joy can share.

"I put up a mirror and a barre for Joy in the basement. There is a piano down there that you can use when you want to work. An upright Steinway. I'll get a tuner in.

"This is the piano I bought when I took over this house. I don't play very well so I'm not sure why I bought it." We were on the second floor and Greer waved at a rosewood piano, a parlor grand Baldwin. Not bad for someone who didn't really play. Greer continued the tour. I would have been mad to refuse her offer.

"Here's a set of keys. You can start moving in at your convenience." She eyed me peculiarly.

This might be a time to describe myself or how I looked then. I was five ten and very slender. I wore my black hair long for that time. The back was long enough to curl up at the ends. The front fell over my eyes as I played. I affected a mannerism of tossing my head to get my hair to fall back. I have high Slavic cheekbones and deep dark slightly oriental eyes. My mouth was almost too delicate for a boy's. Rather sensuous with my upper lip a perfect cupid bow.

Soon after this I realized why gay men were drawn to me. When I was a child people often told my mother that I would make a beautiful girl or they would say "Oh, he's too pretty to be a boy."

"I think I will photograph you when I know you a little longer. Yes, I can do so many interesting series with you."

I didn't know whether to be flattered or intimidated. Within a week I was fully ensconced in Greer's house

CHAPTER THREE

There was a small kitchen on the fourth floor that Joy and I used. A larger, fully equipped kitchen on the second floor served Greer's needs. She had a cleaning woman almost every day and a cook several days each week.

One stormy Sunday morning I awoke to see Greer standing at the foot of my bed. She wore a green shirt waist dress with a loose skirt. The last few buttons were left undone to reveal the white lace edge of her bra.

"I'll photograph you today."

I nodded. Greer vanished as I swung my legs over the side of the bed. I showered and shaved closely. The smell of coffee led me to the second-floor kitchen. Greer watched as I downed two buttered rolls and two cups of coffee.

She rose and I followed her to the studio. Greer unbuttoned my shirt. "Great that you have no body hair."

I slipped the shirt off and stepped out of my trousers as she indicated. I sat on a stool in front of a makeup table while Greer fussed with my eyes. She turned me to the mirror. I recognized myself but this was different; I could have been my sister. Eye makeup, not much at that, and lipstick had given an eerie, very seductive androgynous look! It was incredibly sexy!

Greer led me to a darkened area of the room. She clicked on some lights to reveal a sparse set of furniture. I was still wearing only my bikini briefs which were still unusual for guys. I was beginning to stiffen at being with a beautiful fully clad woman in my current state of dress. The makeup made the situation bizarrely erotic.

Posing me in front of a chair, Greer draped some articles of clothing on the chair, a slip carelessly across the seat while panties fell across the seat back. The strobe lights flashed repeatedly as Greer photographed my awed expressions.

She stepped forward and eased my bikini pants down to the top of my pubic hair. More flashes, more photographs. Greer motioned for me to hook my thumbs in the waist band of the bikini pants and to lower them slowly. Flashes, the

sound of the shutter.

"You're great. You do this instinctively, so unaffected," praised Greer.

I rose to full erection before the next sequence.

"Well, we can't have that, can we?"

Greer spoke in an admonishing tone that frightened me. She burst into laughter. She took my wrist and led me to a bed that was often used in her portrait shoots. She pushed me onto my back and straddled me.

"So good you deserve a reward!"

Her skirt was at her waist. Powder blue, skintight cotton panties clung to every curve, every crevice of her beautiful body. Her hands over mine, she guided my fingertips over her hips, over her bottom. For an instant I imagined she wore a very brief girdle under her panties.

Her fingertips glided over my cockhead. She caressed the base of my scrotum. I quivered and moaned.

"Relax, relax, Louis."

Her tongue flicked over my nipples. Kissing my navel, she worked her way lower. Her tongue circles the rim of my cockhead. It was ecstasy beyond endurance as she enveloped my cockhead. After lingering for a moment, she kissed the sensitive spot between the back of my scrotum and my hole.

I moaned and squealed.

Her mouth again enveloped my head. She kissed the base of my shaft and tongued her way to the head. She swallowed the shaft. My back arched violently as I came in a long intense orgasm which seemed to ease only to become

more intense.

Greer swallowed, looked at me breathlessly. She kissed me deeply allowing me the taste of the cum.

CHAPTER FOUR

No reference was ever made to that incident. We settled into comfortable relationships. Joy got a booking with a dance company about to go on tour. I knew I would miss her.

The basement floor puzzled me. There was a utility room that housed the furnace and the water heater. The dance studio with the piano was joined to a small but well-equipped home gym. Free weights, a weight bench, an incline board, an exercise bike, and a mat were reflected in a mirror that covered an entire wall. There was another room beyond that; the door was always locked. I reasoned it was not for storage because the storage areas were on the floor above mine.

Greer remarked with an enigmatic smile, "In case I have to resume my old job."

I was covering as receptionist when an unbelievably attractive woman emerged from a cab outside the window. I caught my breath as her expensively cut skirt rose to reveal the tops of her stockings.

The cabbie deposited two large suitcases in the entrance hall. This dark lady carried a small case.

"I'm Marcia. Greer is expecting me."

Greer came out of the studio and embraced Marcia, kissing her squarely on the Ups. I imagined I saw tongues flick across lips. No, I was sure I saw it!

"Louis, Marcia is a very close friend. I've known her since high school. We worked together on some very special projects."

Marcia was about five-five or six. She wore a conservative skirt with a cashmere blazer over a silk blouse that was open enough to reveal the round fullness of her breasts. Her dark brown hair was in tasteful page boy style. Deep scarlet polish accented her well-manicured hands.

I took the hand she extended. Marcia had an incredibly powerful grip! Awesomely attractive yet as powerful as any amazon. I hoped to get to know her.

"I have an inspiration for a series of photos using you two together. Now, Louis, you must excuse us."

I got up early the next morning although it was Saturday. I went out for a run and then went down to the exercise room to lift. Greer had been encouraging me to lose what little fat I had.

Marcia was already in the small exercise room. She smiled warmly. Dressed in dance trunks (much less abbreviated than today's) and a loose tee shirt, Marcia was a vision of amazon beauty. Exquisite yet intimidating. She lay on the exercise bench and went through a series of lat and deltoid exercise with heavy dumbbells. I was both awestruck and more than a little turned on.

As she stretched, Marcia asked if I ever wrestled. She smiled as I reddened when I caught a glimpse of her crotch as she lifted her leg straight up. Marcia had an arresting facial expression that was half smile, half frown. My explanation that I had only wrestled in the school yard, and I wasn't very good at it elicited this expression.

She rose. She pulled her tee shirt over her head to reveal perfectly formed breasts nestled in a black underwire

demi bra.

Marcia took my hand in a way that told me to stand. She put one hand on my elbow, the other behind my neck and began feeling me out as though we began a wrestling match. It was no match! Marcia worked me to my knees and rolled me over in a cradle hold that had me pinned in seconds. I was unable to move against her powerful grip. Marcia was not simply strong; lightning reflexes and great skill made her seem invincible.

As I rose, I held my towel in front of me to conceal my erection. Marcia stood in front of me and put her lips to mine. As our lips touched, she whispered. "Really, it would be a shame to waste what you have there!" She pushed me to my knees. She lowered her trunks and kicked them aside. I buried my face in her moistening crotch. Marcia pushed me onto my back. She looked hungrily into my eyes as she lowered herself onto my waiting cock. She rose and fell slowly. Her vaginal muscles were as strong and as well trained as the rest of her lovely body. It was one of the first times I experienced mutual orgasm.

Later Greer would photograph us nude but for bikini bottoms, flexing against each other, hands locked in almost symmetrical push and pull between the sexes. My androgynous make up and Marcia's musculature gave the photos an erotic appeal beyond simple nudity.

Greer asked me to join them for lunch. I did so willingly. Greer told me the story of how she and Marcia met in high school through a mutual friend. This friend had encouraged Marcia to resist a bullying boyfriend. When the boy attempted to assault her, Marcia beat him up. The three

friends found this to be a great rum on.

She went on to explain that she and Janis had been invited by a wealthy man to his home in Swarthmore where he paid them, each, one hundred dollars to beat him up.

That had been their inspiration. Janis, the girl who had encouraged Marcia, Marcia's friend Corey and Greer, set up as dominatrixes. They made an incredible amount of money! They were careful to pay taxes and were quite imaginative in how they explained they earned it. Since they provided no direct sexual contact, they broke no laws.

An inheritance allowed Greer to move to New York and set up the photography business. The photography business could also be used to explain the large sums of money that she earned.

"Relax. I'm not active as a domme right now. But Marcia is in New York for a special client"

A thousand thoughts ran through my mind. "That's what the locked room is for?"

Greer laughed as she nodded. Leaning toward me she kissed me full on the lips and slowly worked her tongue into my mouth. Did this signify any hopes or was she playing with me?

On the walk home Greer suggested I start judo lessons in a small, private Dojo on Greenwich Avenue. I agreed knowing there were reasons beyond the obvious.

CHAPTER FIVE

Marcia stood in front of the mirror in the exercise room. She was beyond erotic! She wore a black Merry Widow, a foundation made by Warner that was quite popular in the fifties and sixties, it was a low backed open bottom girdle and torsolette combined. Her thighs were smooth above the black welting at the tops of dark full fashioned, seamed hose. Three-and-a-half-inch t-strap black patent heels completed the ensemble for the moment. She drew on a black circle skirt that covered her knees. Elbow length kid gloves followed.

Greer, demurely dressed in a way that made her look even younger, was to greet the client. I was asked to play some classical music on the second floor Baldwin; music that would filter down to the entrance hall and heighten the mood.

After the client arrived Greer came up to me. "Don't feel you're not part of us. You are very special to me. I find you very attractive."

We were in the studio. Greer photographed me sitting forlornly on the edge of the bed in black bikini briefs.

"Your expression of longing is wonderful! You're my best model ever."

She shot only a few photos. Greer stood up and tilted her head as she looked at me. "I know Marcia had you this morning. But I want you. I want you now and for all the nows I can think of..."

Greer unbuttoned her powder blue blouse as she spoke. She shrugged it off. Her navy skirt fell in a heap at her ankles. Her bra and panties were concealed by the shortest of white slips; it barely covered her stocking tops. Her hands

reached up, eased the straps of the slip off her shoulders. It fell to the floor in slow motion. Her breasts rose and fell over the edge of the smooth white bra. Her tailored white panties glistened in the dim light.

I was rock hard after her sensuous yet romantic stripping. She fell slowly on me, her tongue against mine, her hand cupping my balls. She rose to her knees as she massaged my breasts. She bent forward and slowly explored my mouth with her tongue. Somehow she reversed her position so that her back was to my face. She lowered her panties slowly and sat back toward my face. I kissed her cheeks, ran by mouth along the cleft until I teased her butt hole with my tongue. She quivered and moaned.

Greer turned her attention to my cock and balls. She was unreal. I hadn't known one could reach such heights of arousal and yet not come. She rose to her knees and eased her panties down revealing her own cock! Greer was not a genetic girl! I was wild with desire. I held her cock as I ran my tongue around the rim. My tongue drew her precum into my mouth. It was my first taste of cum; so exquisite!

I no longer thought of my own need to cum. My desire was only to pleasure Greer. She undid her bra; it fell freeing her exquisite breasts. Her small breasts were perfect half globes. I drew her down to me and sucked each nipple in turn. My mouth swallowed her shaft as her lips covered my cockhead. My first gay orgasm followed. It would not be my last.