

GHETTO GAL

By Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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GHETTO GAL

By Cheryl Lynn

CHAPTER ONE: NEW BOY

It was a very scary reality being left home alone; especially for a little kid, much less one my age. I was too big to let a silly old thing like being left on my own actually scare me. Yeah! Right! I guess that was one of the key elements in the movie by the same name that created such a megahit.

I did not like it, but Mom had to work and I just had to go to school. She was an L.P.N. and worked two shifts at the hospital in order to meet our economic needs. I was the man of the family and was willing to get a job to help support her, but no, my education was all important.

Mom did not understand my fears. She did not know about the bad guys who hassled me from the time I went to school until well after the bell. I wanted no part of their drug culture or gang turf wars. I was entirely too smart to get involved or participate in their macho bullshit.

Yeah! Right!

All my travails and problems that yet dog my heels started when Mom divorced my father. Like so many child supporting ex—fathers mine was no exception, he skipped.

To this day I don't know to where, or how far.

But I never heard or saw him again.

With no job, no money, and the boat, motor, and trailer disappearing along with Dad, Mom had no other choice. We moved into low rent public housing.

It was in this atmosphere of upheaval and stress that my story really begins.

Actually, most of what I am about to relate is true. Some of it is, well at best, described as slightly stretching a point or two. Yes, I am well aware of the dangers of drugs and bullets, but the real reason for my avoiding the worst of public school and housing was due to my cowardliness and to a lesser extent Amy. She lived in the apartment next door and was several years older than me. She wasn't all that pretty, but she was tough and street smart. I am just the opposite.

Amy is almost five foot eight while I'm only five five. She is at least one fifteen and I'm only eighty three pounds soaking wet. She likes to order people around and has a temper that won't quit. Me, I'm the type who has learned the hard way that I am no John Wayne. I do as I am told. Amy has taught me that. Oh yes! She has made very sure that I am very obedient.

In return for my absolute obedience, she kept me out of the most virulent types of trouble. No turf wars, gun fights, mind altering drugs, that type of shit, you know. As

long as I and the rest of the girls in her gang do as we are told, when we are told to do it, everything is just dandy.

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How did all this start and why I am even writing this little expose, I don't really know. Just call it getting it off my chest. As if that were possible today. HA! Maybe I should just start at the beginning. So with a deep breath let's get the story started.

It was one of those steamy moisture laden evenings that we got so often at the end of that summer, before the fall of my senior year.

I was carrying the last of the boxes into our new public housing apartment. My T—shirt clung to my skinny body and even I could smell the musk scented aroma coming from my underarm. Getting a cold shower was going to be the only highlight of my day. I was really looking forward to it, as I struggled with the awkward box.

I reached out tentatively with my right foot to feel for the door sill, just trying to find my way. The last thing that I needed was to drop Mom's precious lamp. It was about the only thing left from her wedding that she hadn't thrown at my father. Well the lamp was here and Dad was nowhere.

Zip, Zero nowhere, not even a good—by or single card or letter in over a year and a half. It was, like, he just vanished. Oh, I got his phone number, once several years later, but he hung up on me. Well, that's another story anyway, but you get the picture.

“Here, let me help you get that,” a girl's voice said from nearby.

I felt the door open and I began pushing through the doorway with the package. “Ah, thanks,” I managed to reply.

“Think noth'n of it, new boy! I'll figure out somethin' ya can do for me sometime. I live next door. See ya around,” the mysterious voice said and was gone.

I didn't give it another thought, at least for a while anyway.

“Mom! That's the last of it,” I shouted as I let the box down on an end table. Wiping the back of my hand across my brow to try and move the sweat from my eyes only succeeded in making my vision blurred.

“Damn, it was sticky. Why hadn't Mom turned on the air? Geez,” I mumbled to myself. “Hey, where's the air?” I said much louder. “It's hot as hell in here? Mom, oh there you are. What's with the heat?”

It did not take her long to explain that there was no air and that I had better learn to make the best of it or else. Until I started contributing to the household expenses, I would just have to learn to live with it. That's when she started in on her lecture.

“Education! If you do not get a good education, you won't amount to a hill a beans. You'd be worthless ta yerself and yer family. Look what have'n no education did for you father and me. I have to slave night and day just to get us fed and clothed. Not to tell of housing and all that other stuff you take for granted,” she paused to catch her second wind before starting back on my case.

“I don't care what you have to put up with or what we have to do to get ya a proper education. As long as it don't require any of us to go to jail, then young man, you'd bet-

ter plan on studying and a learn'n. The sooner ya outta there, the sooner ya can get good honest work. Understand? Then you can soar like an eagle and get away from these ghetto rats."

She was a bit long winded, but she was as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar in her determination that I finish my education. No and's, if's, or but's. It was this strong determination of hers that more or less affirmed my future.

"Now, come on and help me finish unpackin' what little stuff we got left. First thing ta'marra I'd gotta be back at workin' my two shifts." She reached out and scuffed the top of my head with her hand, smiled and walked toward the kitchen. "Once you get a good job, I'll be able to relax a little and maybe then I'll get the chance to spend some time with my baby. Don't ever get no chance to spend time with ya baby, but in time. Well, we'll see."

She was right on that point, I don't believe that we spent more than a few minutes each night together. Even those few times were usually when she was sleeping or I was and we were totally unaware of each other's presence.

She left at six A.M. every day, came home at three to change uniforms; then, back to her other shift. She would not get home until sometime after eleven P.M. By that time I would usually be in bed asleep. Weekends were just as bad except she worked one straight twelve hour shift starting at three P.M. ending at three A.M. So you see, we never really saw one another. Even when she was home, she was too exhausted to stay awake very long.

The cold shower helped, but did not refresh. I was trying to get some relief from the heat out on the back patio. Amid the soft humming and buzzing of the insects in the surrounding darkness, the voices of the other tenants rose and fell in a jerking harmony. I was nearly asleep, leaning back in the lawn chair, when all of a sudden I found myself flat on my back staring up into the shadowy faces of several boys.

"Hey, hey, What have we here? Looks like a little faggotty shit head to me, don't it boys?" a giant of a shadow said from above me. "Come on pansy, get up and let's have a look at yah? From what I can see ya don't look like much."

"I'm no faggot and what do you think you are doing?" I replied as I jumped up with fists clinched.

"Ooooooh! Tough guy, huh? Ya got me creamin' in my pants," a voice said off to my right side.

"This is my place! Get out of here and leave me the fuck alone!" I warned as strongly as I could. I knew that if I flinched or looked the least bit weak that I would be a goner. No matter how brave a front I tried to convey, I soon found myself right back on my ass.

The big guy thumped me right on my breast bone by flicking his finger and then pushing out with his hand. Unless you have ever been socked in the breast bone, you can't imagine just how much that smarts. As I fell back away from his push, someone else's foot tripped me flat on my back. I tried to get back up, but this time somebody's palm smacked me right between the eyes. My nose started bleeding and tears filled my eyes.

“Look at the little baby, it's crying! Want ya mudder, ya little twat?”

“Yeah, look, the creep looks just like my snot nosed baby sister. Hahahahaha.”

“Come on ya little dip, get your ass up?”

The voices pounded in my ears as tears rolled down my cheeks. I was having a hard time just catching my breath. The poke in the chest combined with being slammed back down so hard started my lower lip to tremble and a tear to start down my cheek. I was gasping with my mouth working like a beached fish's when I felt someone's foot kicking me just below the ribs. That's what started the water works really flowing.

By now there was no doubt in any of the gang's minds that I was a cry baby and a sissy. If I had been worthy of their gang, I would not have cried that's for sure. I should have taken my initiation beating in stride and in a more manly fashion. I should have jumped right up and started pounding with my fists on the first person I could reach. Knowing full well that it would be a totally useless effort. At least I would have gained their respect by standing up for myself instead of becoming the gang's whipping boy.

Yeah, shoulda's and coulda's combined with ifs and but's change history, but alas not for me.

So even knowing better, what do I do. Stupid me, just start crying all the more while I lay curled up on the grass. Tall shadows and an occasional glimpse of reflected light were all that my tear filled eyes could see.

“Hear, hear, what's goin' on over there! Hey! What you kids adoin' over there?” I heard my mother call out from the back door. “Kevin is dat you out there? You get in here right now and, and you boys get on a home with youselves. Go on now, scat! You hear me?”

Relieved and pensive all at the same time, I managed to wipe my eyes clear and brushing off my trousers started back to the house.

“House, I mean apartment, its going to take me awhile to adjust,” I thought. “Damn it! Why did I just lie there and cry. Of all the stupid, idiotic things I could have done, SHIT! SHIT! They aren't going to leave me alone now. They are going to pick on me, I just know it!”

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When I walked into the kitchen, Mother was finishing up the last of the unpacking. A pile of empty carry out Chinese cartons still filled the table top, so I began sweeping them into the nearby trash bag. I finally managed to look up at her.

She just smiled, said good night, gave me a light peck on the cheek, and went off to her room. I wasn't tired and besides I was too distraught to go to bed yet, so I grabbed the trash bag and headed towards the dumpster.

I don't know if you've ever been close to a dumpster in a public housing project, but you don't ever get too close. I don't think that they are ever emptied. Using both hands, I twirled the bag several time in the air to get some momentum going; then, with a quick flick of my wrists sent it flying towards the pile.

Winded by the exertion, I stood with my hands on my hips deep breathing when from behind me a voice said, "Hey New Boy!"

Let me tell you I almost jumped right out of my skin then and there. I was taken completely unawares, and after what I'd already been through almost peed on myself.

"You're mighty skittery aren't ya, New Boy. What's the matter the gang got ya scared? Or are you naturally jumpy like that? You ought ta know better than let'm see ya yellow streak. You sure got a lot to learn."

It was the same voice that I had heard when I was carrying Mom's lamp. I could just make out a shadowy figure standing back about ten yards. I could tell that it was a girl, but I couldn't see her features.

"I'm not yellow!" I said in my most menacing tone. "They just caught me off guard that was all. I coulda busted'm up real good if I'd a wanted."

"Yeah! Sure! Come here, New Boy, and let me get a good look at you," she said. "Come on, I'm not going to hurt you. I promise not to bite either."

I tried to make like I was cool and hoped that my walk over to where she stood resembled a self confident macho style. I didn't really feel either cool nor confident. It did not take me long to reach her side.

She gave me a quick once over and turned began walking over to a lighted doorway.

"You coming?" she tossed over her shoulder as she began walking.

We reached the lighted doorway and I got my first good look at her. She was taller than I, older too. Not bad to look at and wore tight fitting jeans with rolled up cuffs and expensive looking running shoes. Her blouse was almost transparent in a soft shade of tan with short sleeves and tied in a knot just below her jutting breasts. Her lacy red bra showed clearly through her blouse making it hard for me to look at her face.

If you were to ask me anything else that night about what she wore or looked like, I could not have answered under pain of death. All I clearly remember seeing I have already described as my young hormones focused solely upon her red clad breasts from that point forward.

"I'm Amy," she began as she leaned up against the door sill. She reached into her purse and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. Putting one to her bright red lips, she handed me the lighter.

"Light!" she said.

It was all I could do to keep my hand steady as I reached out with the blue flame. The flame danced and twisted as I tried to light her cigarette until she reached out and grabbed my hand, steadying it.

"You trying to burn my nose or something? You act like a frightened puppy. You know that New Boy?" Amy said as she blew a stream of smoke into my face. "If the felahs could only see you now, they'd beat the livin' tar outta you. You are going to have to do some serious changing real quick if you expect to survive in this place, New Boy."

What's your name anyway, I'm tired of calling you New Boy? Where you from anyway? Must be from outer space or somethin' from the way you act.”

I spent the next two hours telling everything there was to tell about me. Like a fool I even told her about all my fears and that I was usually always alone at home. I even told her that I could cook and clean, even iron if I had too. You know like when Mom had to have her uniform starched and pressed for work but had been too tired to do it. Mom did so much for me, it was the least that I could do, right.

Things like that, that I should have never, never told anyone much less someone that I did not even know. Hey, I was real stupid back then, what else can I say. Besides Amy was a girl, if anybody would understand it would be Amy. I didn't think anything less at the time.

The only information that I got out of Amy was that she was the leader of the girls in this section of the project and she lived next door to me. She had a hard time believing that I could, let alone actually do the laundry and ironing. This was just something that the men she knew never ever did. It was totally foreign to her way of thinking and it sealed my doom.

The whole time we stood there in the doorway, she smoked and listened to what I had to say. Infrequently she would ask a question or tell me to repeat myself. Seldom did she respond to any of my questions. She did tell me where the school was and how best to get there. What she didn't tell me was the gauntlet of pushers and punks that I would have to wade through, just to get to the school yard.

Finally, she said she'd see me at school and flipping her cigarette butt out into the night, pulled open the door and left me standing there.

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I awoke feeling more tired than when I went to bed. It was amazingly sticky and humid without air conditioning. I managed to get coffee made and my morning chores done before hitting the cold shower. At least the shower felt good and for awhile I had relief from the heat. Until my body adjusted to the climate, life in the projects was going to be difficult. At the time, I did not realize that the temperature was going to be one of the least of my worries. Dressed, I grabbed my brown bag and headed out the door to school.

I did not have to go very far before I was hit on by a corner pusher. I managed to evade his demands only to run headlong into a crowd of toughs who stole my lunch in nothing flat. I hadn't gone another two blocks before what little money I had was taken from me. At last the school came into sight and by that time I was not only sweating profusely, but panting for breath as well. I had run the last five blocks as fast as I could and now my sides were beginning to hurt.

“Hey Kevin,” I heard as I neared an alley. I slowed to a walk thinking it was someone I knew calling. The next thing happened real quick and before I knew it, I was in the alley surrounded by the same guys that had pounded on me the night before.

“Yeah! Kevin my man!” the tall kid who had accosted me the night before said into my face. “How ya doing, shit head! Bet you didn't expect to see us so soon after your mommie saved your stinkin' hide last night. We still have a lot of business to finish

yet. First, I could use a little help. You know financial help. You want to help out an old friend now don't ya? What ya got to help out an old friend now? Don't need much, just what ya got in your pants. You do wear pants, now don't ya, mommy's brat? I hear tell that ya likes to play house. You wear aprons and girlie stuff too?"

"Oh shit!" I thought, *"He's been talking to Amy. He'll never let up on me unless I can find a way to cut him down to size real quick."* I was getting ready to knee him where it would hurt the most when I was jerked back and my tee shirt pulled up over my head.

I felt a fist pound into my stomach and I doubled over or tried to. Whoever was holding my tee shirt above my head prevented me from doubling over. As I gasped for air, I felt hands pulling my pants down and then I was on my ass stretched out on the paving of the alley. I was partially lifted up by the feet, my shoes pulled off with my pants following.

My feet came crashing down on the pavement and I tried desperately to get up. I was shoved back down into the filth of the alley and became a punching and kicking bag for the punks surrounding me. I was hurting, scraped and bruised and worst of all half naked to boot by the time they left me alone.

The big kid tossed my wallet into the grime by my face and my jeans into a puddle of water and oil.

"I'm keeping the shoes but you have something better for me by tomorrow or your ass is mine. Understand, shit head!" was all he said and then they were gone.

I lay curled up in a fetal position for several moments after they departed. I was hurt but nothing as severe as the blow to my ego and personal pride. Here I was lying in an alley, half naked, and bleeding from several scrapes feeling sorry for myself when I became aware of a shadow falling across my tear stained face.

"Seems like I can't leave you alone fifteen minutes without you getting yourself into a heap of trouble, New Boy," I heard Amy say. "Come on, Kevin, get your sorry ass up and out of that dirt. Here give me your friggin hand. You're some kind of stupid shit, ya know."

Still sniffing and feeling even more sorry for myself than before, I reached up and let her pull me to my feet.

"I, er, I couldn't help it. They snuck up on me an, and, well, I didn't have a chance to do nothin'. They tricked me and played dirty."

"Yeah, Right! New Boy, you expect life to be fair. Well, I've got news for you. Life just ain't fair. It's more like a bowl of pits than of cherries. You're worse than the girls in my gang. You know that. They don't cry as much and they are more street smart than you'll ever be. Besides what kind of man does the laundry and ironing?"

"You told!" I screamed at her. Gone was my self—pity in its place rose an anger that overrode common sense. "If you hadn't told them that I did those things, they wouldn't have beat me up. Its all your damn fault. It was your friggin big assed mouth that got me in this fix. I thought we were friends!"

I was drawing in a deep breath to continue my tirade when she slapped me. Slapped me hard, right across the face, enough to make me stagger back a step.

She did not say anything, just stared into my eyes with a fury I hadn't seen before.

Seeing her like that brought me back to reality. Here I was standing in the middle of a filthy debris filled alley in just my undershorts and torn tee shirt. Covered in dirt and mud mixed with a little blood. Yelling almost at the top of my voice, drawing attention to myself that I both did not need nor want. Talk about being the perfect little idiot. Even if she did tell, it wasn't her fault that the gang beat me up.

"Amy, I'm sorry, but you did tell. Didn't you? Why else would they be calling me those names. I never did nothin' to them. I, er, I..." my voice trailed off as her expression became even more threatening and I became increasingly conscious of my appearance.

Finally when she did speak it was in a cold indifferent voice.

"Get your pants on. We have to get to school."

All too aware of my appearance, I tried to cover myself while reaching down to pick up my pants. They were covered in muck and smelled horrible enough to cause me to wrinkle my nose.

"God, I can't wear these," I said. "They smell like shit! And, and, and I, I don't have any shoes and, an..." I started to snifle once again. My emotions were now completely shot all to hell. I was losing it and right in front of Amy too.

"For crying out loud! Here wrap this around your butt and let's get over to Sue's place. It's just around the corner, then we'll see what we can do for the big macho New Boy! Come on we don't have that much time."

I took the sweater she had offered and tied the arms around my waist to cover most of my exposed butt. She handed me her scarf next and it covered my front. I wanted to object, but one look at her face told me that I had better keep my big mouth shut if I had any sense whatsoever.

I sure must have looked the fool though. Tee shirt ripped all across the lower half exposing my navel and lower stomach, a girl's blue knit sweater hanging down over my butt and a bright green, purple, red, and blue neon colored silken scarf covering my front. I really didn't want to picture myself looking like that. No sir not one bit, but what choice did I have. Meekly I followed her out the alley and around the corner into another ragged apartment building.

The shower felt good even if it stung the few cuts and bruises. Sue had been surprised when she saw me, but didn't say anything other than, "Hello."

Amy walked in like she owned the place and began barking out orders to both Sue, myself and the four other girls in the room.

I got into the shower like she ordered and did not think anything else of it, tossing the makeshift clothing into a pile along with my undershorts and tee shirt. It wasn't until I was fully lathered that I realized we did not bring my jeans with us when we left the alley. *Oh well! Couldn't be helped now.*

“Hurry it up in there, we're gonna be late,” I heard Amy call out. “I put some things for you to wear on the commode lid. It's the best that we could do considering the circumstances. So hurry up or we'll all catch holy heck from the principal.”

I got out, dried myself off and with the towel draped around my neck, walked over to the commode. Sitting on the lid was a pair of white nylon girl's panties. I picked them up carefully in one hand, I did not want to catch any girl cooties you know. I thought about putting them on and was getting ready to toss them aside when I noticed that none of my own clothing remained in the bathroom.

“*Shit!*” I said to myself, “*Don't guess that I need underwear anyway. Better check out this other stuff they left for me.*”

Putting the panties down on the commode top, I searched quickly through the rest of the pile. A pale blue, pink, green, and white tie—dyed tee shirt, light blue jeans, white sports socks, and a pair of pink trimmed jogging shoes sitting on the floor completed my wardrobe.

Holding the jeans up to my waist, I could tell that they would just fit. Tight, maybe too tight, but if I sucked in my gut they probably would fit. I just stood there trying to decide whether or not to put on the panties in order to protect my groin from the zipper. You ever get the skin of your penis caught in a zipper? Well if you ever have, you know my reasoning and why I put on the panties.

Amy's yelling for me to hurry it up had nothing to do with my decision.

I stepped into the white nylon thinking at the time how light and cool they felt. Almost like wearing nothing at all, totally unlike my boxers. So it was with a little embarrassment and some guilt that I donned the feminine underwear. Then, I pulled on the white sports socks which were a lot fuller and lighter in weight than the ones I usually wore. I tried the jeans next. They had been starched and stuffing myself into their tight fit wasn't easy. Finally, I had them up to my waist and was trying for all I was worth to get them buttoned.

I sucked in my stomach as far as I could, strained to force the ends together, and turning red in the face, just managed to fit the button into the hole. I let out my air in a big huff of relief and stood shaking my right hand in the air to get the blood to return to my finger tips. My lower body felt like it was in a very tight vise.

Looking down at myself, I could tell that I did not want to bend over in these jeans as they would probably cut me in half. Then seeing how tightly they fit between my legs, I was glad that I had put on the panties. The jeans clung to my thighs and legs as the material slimmed and tapered down just above my ankles.

Finally, I pulled the tee shirt over my head and stepped into the jogging shoes, just as the bathroom door opened and Amy walked in.

“What in the world is taking you so damn long, New Boy? Didn't you hear me tell you we're going to be late. What's the matter, you need me to help you get dressed? Well, at least you have your clothes on.”

“What the? Your zipper is open and your Volkswagen with the two flat tires is showin', hahahaha. Man! Gotta take'm by the hand, I swear!”

She sure knew how to embarrass me.

“Amy, stop it. I barely got the damn button done. These jeans are too friggin tight. You gotta have a larger pair.”

“Alright, alright, come into the bedroom and lie down on the bed!”

Lie down on the bed, well maybe things were going to improve, NOT! I laid down and she handed me a pair of pliers. Before I could ask her what she expected me to do with them she told me. Women weren't so stupid after all. Clamp the pliers on the zipper tongue and just zip. I don't think that I would have thought to use a pair of pliers in a million years and I'm a guy. So I quickly got the zipper zipped and stood.

“Now get a move on,” she ordered. “Oh, here, let me do something with your hair. It looks like you never took care of it. Thank goodness you didn't get it sopping wet.”

I stood still while she quickly brushed it back away from my face. I tried to tell her of the difficulty in putting on the jeans, but she didn't want to hear it.

She just told me to be quiet, as she wrapped a rubber band around the small pony tail she created at the back of my head. Finished, she patted my fanny and told me to get outta there.

It wasn't until I had passed the full length mirror in Sue's bedroom that the impact of my appearance hit me. With my hair pulled tight into a pony tail and the clothing, I looked more feminine than I would ever want.

The jeans clung to my body like a tight fitting glove and to make matters worse the fit was horrible. The rear seam pulled deep into the crack of my ass such that my buttocks were emphasized and appeared even larger than normal while my front, despite the small bulge, looked surprisingly flat.

The waist hung too low on my hips and the pant's legs just didn't look right either; especially, around the ankles. Here there was a split inverted “V” over each ankle, held together by criss—crossing straps. The back and front pockets were even fake. They were just decorative, having no function or purpose that I could tell. The sole exception being the watch pocket. I could just squeeze my index and second finger into it, for whatever good that did. The tee shirt was too short as well. It did not quiet reach down to my navel, leaving it bare for all to see.

All in all, I presented an image that was the worst possible under the circumstances, that of androgynous conspicuousness. I probably could have gotten away with this image in the suburban or private school system, but not here. Not in the urban or inner city system.

The last thing that I needed here was to stick out like a sore thumb and a sissified one at that. Here, you were what you appeared to be and to exist in this environment, you had to either be very macho or very feminine. There is no room for anything in between, and if you were a man you had better be very macho.

There is no comparison between the life in the suburbs and the tranquillity usually found there and where I was now. The freedom and openness, police protection and other safeguards in the suburban areas are totally foreign to this place and these kids. How do you explain the concept of families and neighbors that don't beat each other

up or steal their property. How do you explain the concept of colors to a blind man. Life was hard in the low rent district and I was soon going to find out just how hard it could be.

CHAPTER TWO: MISSY SISSIE PANTIES

I was apprehensive as we walked into the principal's office.

Amy said that she would show me into the office and get me registered while the other girls hurried off to class.

I was nervous going to a new school to begin with, but having to appear dressed like I was and tardy to boot did not help my constitution or composure.

We walked up to the counter that faced the doorway.

Seated behind a large metal desk, a young woman looked up at us; then smiling arose and came over to the counter. She appeared to be several years older than Amy. Maybe just graduated, I guessed, and was now working in the school.

Amy later let me know that my guess had been correct. Julie was a cousin as well.

“Hey there girl! What'cha have to say for yourself, Amy? Y're late cha know. Need me to write ya up an x'cused chit?” she asked as she reached the counter smacking gum all the time.

“Naw, Julie, I just brought the new kid in to get registered, you know. We're running a little late cause he got lost on the way, you know how it is with the new ones. Can't even find the can without getting someone to hold their hand.”

“Yeah, just like little babies, huh girl? What's her name anyway? She gonna join up? Little flat in the chest, but gotta pretty face. Needs lipstick in a bad way though. Just like the car dealers say, 'just a little fixer upper' iz all she needs. Hahahahaha. Okay, new kid, you got your stuff from your other school? Gimme!”

“I'm not a girl,” I piped up. I blushed as my voice broke and finished in a higher note than my normal voice due to my surprise at Julie's accusation. As I started forward getting ready to say something more in defense of my mistaken gender, Amy put out a restraining hand and told me to hush.

“Julie this is Kevin. He and his Mom just moved into the complex. He lives next door to me now.”

“Well if you ask me, `she' looks more like a Kimmie than a Kevin. He's too small and skinny to be a boy and he ain't gonna make it in this school lookin' and built like that,” Julie announced. “You goin' to show `her' the ropes, so dat she'll fit in like the rest of us poor ghetto gals?”

“Yeah, now that you mention it we just may have to take her under our wing, but the “she” is a “he” Julie. Yeah, no kiddin'. He got in a spit with Eugene and the guys. So the girls and I decided to help him. Sue gave him some of her old stuff, you know. Yeah, like his shit was kinda ripped and dirty. Looks kinda cute though. Like you said, needs lipstick and some make—up though, yeah! Yeah, a little paddin' on the

dash board wouldn't hurt either, hahahaha. Just might have a point there Julie. If we don't take care of 'im who will?"

"Hey, hey! Hold on there just a darn blasted minute!" I tried to force my way between them. I had to stop their stupid talking and regain some measure of control. *Padded dash board, little fixer upper! Indeed!*

"Here, here is my stuff. Come on, get me registered so I can get to class. You're all talking nonsense and I don't have time for it. Come on Amy, quit being mean," I finished.

They looked at me for a second then broke out in laughter.

Julie took my permanent record files and put them down behind the counter. She thumbed through several pages, looked up at me; then, scanned several more pages. A serious look came across her face as she looked back up at me and said, "You taking some pretty tough courses here, ain't cha? Probably think you're Mister Smarty Pants too, don't cha? Or should I say Miss Kimmie the Smarty PANTIES, hahahaha."

Before I could respond, she told me not to say anything and looked back at my record.

I tried to tell her that my Mom insisted that I take college level courses, but Amy gave me a poke in the ribs and with a warning look said, "Shhhsh!"

While Julie began doing whatever it is that they do to permanent records to get you enrolled into a new school, Amy reached into her purse and pulled out a tube of bright red lipstick. In a typical feminine fashion, she grasped the tube and glancing into her pocket mirror before she quickly applied a coat to her lips.

Finished, she looked my way and noticed that I was watching her every move. With a smile on her face, she approached me with the lipstick held out before her.

"Oh no," I protested at her approach seeing the look in her eye. "No, you don't. Amy quit kidding around. Stop it, you hear!"

Needless to say she didn't stop, and while we grappled with each other, I was forced back against the counter with a bang.

"Come on you guys," Julie said, "settle down, damn! You don't want Principal Decon coming out here, do you now? OH! SHIT! You made me spill the White Out. Shit! Look what you've done!"

When I relaxed my grip on Amy's hand to look in the direction Julie's voice came from, Amy managed to streak some of her lipstick across my upper lip.

"Damn it Amy, Stop it, please!" I managed and pushed myself away from her only to see the pool of white covering the top of my permanent record file. As I unconsciously worked my lower lip over my upper one, I stood back and away from the counter.

Julie was blotting at the pool of white liquid with several tissues not making much headway. Cleaning up what she could, she turned to me and with a scowl on her face said, "See what you did. Now everything's a real mess. Here, I'm going to have to fix this later. So I'm going to fill out a temporary admit card for you to use to get into classes today. You go sit down, and Amy you come back here and help me, will you?"

Amy went behind the counter and spent several minutes with Julie working.

I did not hear what they were saying, but they giggled quite loudly every few minutes as they bent their heads over my class schedule.

When I tried to tell them that I had to have the right courses or my mother would really give me hell, I was told to keep quiet and sit down like a good little girl. Right now all they were concerned about was getting me into any class. They just did not understand what my mother would do if I did not get into classes that increased my chances of getting into college.

I had to have college level work, or she would go ballistic. Hell, as long as I had good grades in all the right courses, she did not care what happened, or what I did.

All they said in response to my requests for good classes was to sit back down and keep quiet.

Amy said that Julie was going to see to it that my mom would be more than happy. That she would make certain that I would fit in perfectly with my new school.

At last they were finished and she held out a packet of materials.

“Here are your class admit envelopes. Give one to each of your teachers. See, they are marked first, second periods and so on. Just give one to your teacher when you first go into class. This big envelope is your class schedule, rules and locker assignment. The combination for your locker is in there as well. Don't lose it or you'll have to pay for getting the lock recalibrated. You have any questions, Miss Smartie Panties?”

I sputtered trying to respond to her growing antagonism, but didn't manage to say anything. I must have looked like a real dummy standing there with my hand held out and my mouth working like a fish out of water.

“Here, let me give it all to Amy, you'll only lose it before you get out the door. You really don't look to smart despite your past school records, Miss Smarty Panties. Now Amy has your tardy excuses as well and until I can get your permanent record straightened out you'll be in her classes. Now get out of here and don't come back until I personally call for you. Understand?”

We left and I followed behind Amy down the unfamiliar hallway wondering why I was going to her classes. At last we came to a room and entered, Amy still leading the way.

“Good morning Ms. Jones,” Amy greeted a very big black woman who stood towering over us. “I'm sorry that we are late, but I had to help the new kid get registered. Ms. Ames in the principal's office gave us passes and here's all the paperwork.”

“Herrump!” she cleared her throat as she reached for the packet of material Amy handed up to her. Ms. Jones had to be the biggest woman that I have ever seen. She simply towered over everything. She must have been over six foot and weighed in at over three hundred pounds.

The flesh just hung on her body and to say that she left an immediate impression is an understatement. Her hand simply swallowed the manila envelope that carried my admit records.

“You kids go sit down. Take any seat, but I only have one rule in this class, NO noise, No disturbances of any kind. You remember that and we'll get along just fine. Now go sit.”

I wasn't about to say anything about her rule actually being two rules, I kinda just giggled under my breath as I followed Amy to the back of the room and took a seat next to hers. I guess that the events of the day were really getting to me and to think that it was just starting. As I sat there feeling all the student's eyes focusing on me, I tried to look inconspicuous.

Wouldn't you know it, Eugene was sitting across the room from me. Damn the luck!

So I fidgeted and tried to keep my attention on class.

Ms. Jones dwarfed the desk that she stood in front of, holding a book in one large beefy hand she gazed out across the class daring anyone to disrupt her any further than our late arrival had. At last she began reading. She was reading from a children's book!

She paused, looked out over the class and announced, "Alright, you all following along OK? Michael, take it from where I just left off. Take your time and the rest of you had better keep up `cause your turn is coming. Now, Michael..."

I was in a remedial reading class! Me! In a remedial reading class?

Whoa right there big fella, there has to be a big mistake here. Hell, I was always reading above my fellow classmates and had an advanced vocabulary to boot. What the shit was I doing in this class? I must have looked crazy to Amy.

With an uncontrollable panic rising up, filling every cell of my being, I started to rise while grabbing for the envelopes Amy had on her desk.

She tried to get me to sit down and be quiet, but I wasn't going to stand for this outrage.

“What the Dicken's is going on back there?” I heard from Ms. Jones. “Maybe you don't hear so good, but I clearly said no NOISE! NO DISTURBANCES of any kind! Do I make myself clear! Or maybe you need you backside warmed up a bit!”

“But, but Ms. Jones, I, I don't belong in this juvenile class! There has been a serious mistake made here. You can't possibly think that I should be in this class of mental retards do you? No, no I don't belong here, Oh, no ma'am, not by a long shot,” I rambled.

I was lost. A ship awash by high seas. One moment I was standing in the back of the classroom, the next Ms. Jones' mighty frame was standing beside me.

Her hand firmly gripped my upper arm, pushed me forward with it so that I bent over, and then to my horror, swatted my backside firmly three times with bone shattering blows before I had a chance to even think.

It hurt and the humiliation that came with it brought tears to my eyes. The skin tight jeans offered no padding or relief. I felt each slap of her hand jar throughout my

body as if it hit upon bare flesh. The ribbing in the jeans crotch dug deeply into my groin and ass adding to my misery.

I did not even resist as she forced me back into my seat.

While standing over me wagging her finger right under my nose she lectured me about the school authorities knowing best. She finished her sermon with, “a sit still and behave or else warning.”

I did not even catch her use of the word, “Missy.”

In a swirl of rayon skirt she turned and left me to take her place in front of the class.

All this happened in less time than I thought possible. I could see and feel every students' eyes glaring at me with pure hate. It did not even register in my mind that I had totally humiliated them by my references to their mental ability. I was really going to pay for this minor oversight in future.

The rest of the class droned on for what seemed like an eternity before the bell rang.

So much for Remedial Reading 101.

“Boy, oh boy,” Amy observed as we walked down the hall. “You really, really know how to win friends and influence people. You even pissed me off Kevin! And, I am the one who promised to help you to fit in.”

She was mad alright, you could see fire in her eyes!

“If the guys thought or even had a hint that you were a guy too,” she continued, “They'd bust your ass but good. It was lucky for you that Ms. Jones called you Missy. I'd hate to think what Eugene and them guys would do to you, Kevin, or should I call you Kimmie for your own protection?”

I glanced over to her, but did not dare to say a word.

If her look indicated what she was feeling at the moment; then, my ass was grass.

I expected her to say more, but she just clamped her lips tight and moved through the crowded hall.

A small, bald man sat behind the desk as we entered the classroom. He looked up at our approach, smiled at Amy in a funny very familiar way.

“Hello, Amy do you have something for me?” he asked.

“Mr. Dudley, Ms. Ames asked me to give you this. It's the new kid's stuff,” was her reply.

“New enrollee, huh?” he said as he reached out and took the offered papers. It looked to me like his hand lingered in a caressing way on hers, before he took the envelope and sat back in his chair. He stared at me, taking his own sweet time in examining me from head to foot, Mr. Dudley finally opened the envelope and removed the contents.

Looking back at me, letting his stare linger on my crotch, he dismissed us with a curt, "Go sit down Amy. You, new kid, go sit in the back over there." His slight head nod towards the back of the room sent me on my way.

"This was one strange teacher," I thought to myself as I found an empty desk in the very back far corner. *"I don't think that I want to stay in this class either. Weird! They are all weird."*

Sitting down I felt a sharp pain in my groin as the fabric of the jeans pulled tight between my legs and across the still tender rear. I let out a soft groan as I settled into the seat.

The bell rang bringing me back to the world around me.

Seeing almost the very same students that I had in my previous class did not help ease my concerns. I resolved to say nothing during this class whatever it was. Guess I'd find out soon enough.

Class turned out to be Basic Mathematics. You know adding and subtracting. Multiplication and Division would be discussed next semester. The really hard stuff, you know fractions, wouldn't be discussed at all. So all we had to do was concentrate on our third grade level workbooks during class.

Mr. Dudley wandered around the room pausing by each girl's desk, placed his hand on her shoulder before bending over closely placing his head beside her and looking over her work. Sometimes he would say something to a girl and I would see her fidget nervously in her seat. He even came over to stand behind me for some time before walking off.

I froze as stiff as a board when his hand touched my shoulder, but he did not do anything else.

It was going to be one of those days where nothing was going to go off right. So far everything had gone perfectly half assed wrong.

"Boy, What a day!" I whispered to myself as I tried to adjust the waist band of the jeans to try and relieve some of the pressure on my crotch. I felt like I was being cut in two.

The third period was better, History, but at a level I had studied three years ago. It was a boring long class as the teacher droned on and on and on. Her sing song voice did not change in pitch or tone throughout her reading of the text.

At least I would be able to sleep through this one which seemed to be the same for all the other students. Once again I found myself surrounded by pretty much the same kids as in first period.

Fourth period, Lunch. It's hard to beat this period. That is if you have lunch to eat.

Amy gave me a portion of her meal, but it was all too apparent that she was still mad at me.

We sat at a long table with about nine other girls. All members of her gang. Sue and the others that helped dress me and several new ones all chattering at once.

I was in the middle surrounded by their feminine aromas, voices, and bodies. I had two very firm lush breasts poking into my right side and two more pressing against my left. I even had two of them pressing into my back. Talk about being in heaven. *Wow, Oh boy!*

While I was enjoying the physical closeness, I was left out of the conversation and everything else. I withdrew into my shell like a turtle, saying nothing and just sitting in my own little world. The events of the day gave me pause to consider how I could ever explain any of this to my mother.

There was no way she would sit still for me doing anything in school that was not connected to entering college.

Getting beat up and my failure to fit in with the school kids wouldn't concern her. Even the way I was now dressed, or the reasons behind it, would not phase her. Perhaps she wouldn't even notice as we seldom ever saw one another. My social life and standing never meant anything to her anyway.

So is it surprising that I acted the fool, or failed to impress my classmates? Well maybe failed to impress is incorrect. I obviously impressed them very much, unfortunately the impression was totally and completely wrong.

Damn it though, Mother would simply have a cow when she saw my report card with these simpleton courses.

I was deep in my thoughts when I felt an elbow digging into my ribs.

"Come on Kimmie, it's time for study hall," Amy was saying.

"Huh? Oh, I was just day dreaming. What did you call me?"

"Don't matter what I called you cause whatever it is you will answer to it, understand New Kid? I have had it with you and your stuck up cry baby ways. If you want my help from now on you will do whatever I, or my girls say. Now get off your fat ass and let's get to class."

"Uh, I need to stop in the bathroom before we go anywhere else Amy."

"Yeah, alright so do we. Come on, let's shake a leg, it's almost time for the bell."

They all went straight to the door marked "GIRLS" and before I could do anything I was ushered inside with them. I soon found myself standing in front of a stall with Amy standing at my side.

"Alright Kimmie, act like a big girl and go by yourself. You don't need help do you, Kimmie?" she demanded loud enough for all the girls to hear.

I blushed to the roots of my hair as all the other girls giggled at me.

Without much choice, I went into the stall and with no small effort managed to unbutton my jeans and peel them down my thighs. The panties came down with the jeans and since the clothing held my upper legs tightly together, I figured it would be easier to sit and do my thing. The real fun came after I had finished and tried to redo my jeans. After a great deal of huffing and puffing, I had to call out to Amy for some help.