

# DANCING PARTNERS

*By Catherine Bell*



*ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAUX*

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A 'SPECTRUM' COLLECTION

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## DANCING PARTNERS

By Catherine Bell

Kincaid Country Club had recently built several new tennis courts and had lost several members. The finance committee suggested, and the members approved, a membership sale. They cut the initiation fee from ten thousand dollars to five thousand. Dues would remain \$175 per month.

John and Karen Johnson played bridge every Tuesday night with Steven and Louise Mitchell. John told them about the offer over the cards. Steve and Louise talked it over when they arrived home that night. He said, "I wish we could join. The club has a lot more facilities than my gym downtown, and they have dances every Friday night. That could be a lot of fun!"

"Yeah, I'd like that, too," said Louise. She thought for a moment. "Your monthly spa fees are seventy five dollars and mine are ninety. The club would be only ten dollars more a month. The initiation fee is a real bargain, but we don't have it."

"Well, Lou, you know those old jazz records of mine? The catalog gives them a list value of nearly twelve thousand dollars. If I sold them, I could probably get three thousand."

Louise was an accountant. "We could use the thousand we keep in the checking account," She offered. "It only gets us three dollars a month, and I could borrow the last thousand from the credit union. The minimum payment would be only thirty dollars or so. If we joined, we would have to come up with forty three dollars more a month."

"That's not much. If we ate out once a week, instead of twice, we'd save twenty five or thirty dollars every week. Twice a month would do it, wouldn't it?" Steve asked.

"Sure it would!" Exclaimed Louise. "Let's do it."

"Done!"

It took almost two month because the members had to vote on the Mitchells. Steve and Louise found the athletic facilities of the club to be just what they wanted. They loved the dances, where the little band alternated between slow and fast pieces. They enjoyed both.

Steve was more friendly with the women at work than with the men, and Ellen and Sheila, programmers and system analysts like him, were particularly good friends. Ellen was a 'take charge' type, kindly but domineering, and generous with advice. Because it was generally good advice, and she checked to make sure it was followed, Steve usually went along with her. She wore her long red hair like a mane, intimidating anyone who tried to cross her. When he told her about the club membership and how they had financed it, Ellen told him to get a savings account at the credit union and to put something in it regularly. He told Louise and commented that he had noth-

ing to put in it. Louise told him to wait until he got a cost-of-living adjustment, or a raise, or a promotion, and then to start with that. Whenever he got another to add it to the account, too. She said she would do the same. The first of the year, he got a bonus and a cost-of-living raise and put both in the account.

A few months later, the account had over a thousand dollars in it and was burning a hole in his pocket. He saw a jewelry store ad for engagement rings. It had a one caret diamond for \$999. He had never given Louise an engagement ring and asked her if she wanted one. She thought it was all nonsense and contrary to all of her principles of simplicity and equality, but she had a sentimental streak, too. She said, "Yes."

He went to the store and bought it for her. She followed him and bought an identical one, but in his size. When he gave it to her, she cooed over it and then gave him his. He did not know what to do, reject it, or not wear it, or what? He was such a people pleaser that he could not reject it or not wear it, so he hemmed and hawed and finally put it on. Louise sighed with relief.

Steve had been raised by his mother. He had two older sisters and an older brother, all fifteen to nineteen years older than he. The older children had been brought up according to his father's directions, but his mother had insisted on bringing Steve up her way. The truth of the matter was that he was his oldest sister's illegitimate child, and his mother was really his grandmother. They did not tell him this until he was grown, but it did not change his feelings towards them. She spoiled him some and talked to him a lot. His father and his siblings, until they married, were always around the house. But, because they were so much older, there was not much contact between Steve and them. His mom was his role model and socializer. When she saw Louise's engagement ring, she exclaimed her pleasure; and when she saw his, she asked him about it, and told him that she really liked it. She cautioned the rest of the family either to like it or keep their mouths shut.

His oldest sister, Maureen, had married a man, Eddie, who could not control his mouth, and when he saw Steve wearing an engagement ring, he made unmerciful fun of Steve, calling him a sissy and pussy-whipped. Steve had been fearful of such a scene and was quite tense. His mother found him a few moments later. She saw that something was upsetting him and extracted the story. By this time he was sobbing, and she let him weep on her shoulder and calmed him down. She persuaded him to keep on wearing the ring. She went to Maureen and told her to get Eddie out of the house, and not to come back until he could sincerely apologize to Steve. He stayed away for two weekends but sorely missed her cooking and the conversations with his brothers-in-law and father-in-law. They were a lot more fun than his family. Eddie said he was sorry, and that what he had said was because he, Eddie, had mental problems, and that Steve was a perfectly normal man. Steve told him to forget it and things returned to normal.

Louise called Ellen at home Sunday night and told her what had happened. Ellen and Shelia showed a lot of pleasure and approval when Steve came in to work and they saw the ring.

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One Friday night, Megan Dixon, a very tall, lithe basketball player, came to the dance with her parents. She was home for the weekend from her freshman year at college. She had developed a crush on a member of the men's baseball team who loved to dance, and before they broke up, she had come to like dancing.

Megan had been quite the tomboy before she went to college. She still was, but not so obviously. For the dance, she wore a simple black pantsuit, but she had on stockings and mid-heel pumps. Nobody but her father asked her to dance, so, on the fourth song, she cut in on the Mitchells.

Louise smiled and asked, "Steve or me?"

"Well, Steve first, anyhow," replied Megan.

Steve blushed: "Do you want to lead, or shall I?"

"Hmm, let me lead for a while," said Megan.

Steve stumbled a couple of times, but caught on. Later, she danced with him during a slow dance, and held him close. Steve was amazed at how much he enjoyed being lead in the dance. When Megan wanted to turn the two of them in a certain direction, she would lean her long, thin body into his. Steve got the hang of taking her nonverbal directions quickly.

When the Mitchells got home, he told Louise how much he had liked dancing with Megan. Louise was hurt and began to weep.

"It wasn't what you think, honey. I liked her leading and holding me close. Megan's just like another man. She taller than me! I guess I'm just not the macho type."

"No, you're not, thank goodness. But what's this about her being another man, are you gay? One gay person in the family is enough." Louise had lead an 'experimental lifestyle' during her college years.

"No, no. But dancing with her felt like what I imagine dancing with a man would be like. That's all. I only want sex with women, and, even then, only with you! I love you, and you only."

"Yeah, I know that's true. We're two of a kind: feminine and submissive. You even more than me. I guess that's what attracted you to me..."

Steve and Louise had been in the same Systems Analysis class at college, and one of the young women in the class had formed a study group that met in the cafeteria every Monday night. She wanted six or seven in the group and separately asked Steve and Louise to join. As the first meeting was breaking up, he and she had continued to talk about the subject for a few minutes until most of the others were gone. He asked her if she wanted him to walk her to her dorm. She started to say, "Hell, no! I can take care of myself: I'm a lesbian," but it came out, "Sure, thanks."

When they got there, they stood on the steps and chatted for a few moments. Then they fell silent. Out of her mouth popped, "Are you going to kiss me or not?" She did not know where it had come from and started to turn towards the door. He put both arms up and started to put them around her neck. She turned back and put one arm

around his neck and the other under his arm and he had to do the same. He gave her a kiss on the lips. They broke apart and she went to her room, thinking how lucky it was that she had broken up with her lover, Grace, a couple of weeks earlier. Steve was sweet, like the women she had dated; not like the men, all jerks and domineering bastards.

They eased into a sexual relationship. He performed oral sex until she was orgasmed out and then she sucked him off in a moment. He had never used his tongue on a woman before, and enjoyed it immensely. Using his fingers and tongue and eyes, he became aware of every part of her vulva, inside and out, and the underlying parts, too. He was so absorbed in her pussy that he was unaware of his own erection. It was thrilling to make her come! They never had gotten around to having real sex but once, early in the relationship. They both wanted to be on the bottom but Louise had given in. They avoided it after that because neither one wanted to argue over it. Actually, they cuddled more often than they had sex. To this day she only wore a dress to dances, wearing a pants suit to work and dressy events, and men's work clothes the rest of the time.

"I never thought it through until now. You do as much housework as me and seem to do it gladly. We both maneuver to be on the bottom when we have conventional sex, and you smile a lot more when you're on the bottom. You're just a woman with a prick! We're just a couple of women in a lesbian relationship, a femme, femme relationship with no butch. That's the reason I'm so happy all the time! Gee, I'm so lucky to have you."

"Um, thanks?"

"Maybe that's why we so often just drift," said Louise. "Neither one of us wants to take charge. In the end, I usually make a suggestion and you fall in with it. But it sure is great not having arguments. Let's go screw, and you can be on the bottom tonight!"

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One of their problems was that the stubble on Steve's face at night irritated the inside of Louise's pudenda. It did not hurt when they were having sex, but it would feel irritated the next day or two. She reluctantly suggested that they have real sex more often. Steve extracted the reason from her after some discussion and asked her what he could do about the stubble. She said that the only thing she knew was electrolysis.

One of her customers, Trudy, ran a hair salon. Trudy had a lot of medical expenses and wanted Louise to take payment in hair care. A discount of a third had been offered and Louise now had her hair done there, but the amount owed to Louise continued to rise. Trudy also did nails and hair removal. Steve could get his beard permanently removed and pay only two thirds the usual price. Then Louise said that she would absorb one half of their cost and Steve would pay only a third; but this was still a lot of money, a thousand dollars or more. Over the next few months Trudy first removed his mustache and the hair on his chin, then his sideburns, and finally the hair in his nose and the few hairs on and in his ears. Steve did not object to the obliteration of his goatee, but balked at the loss of his mustache. That night he ran his fingers over his face, and his chin was as smooth as Louise's. But his upper lip felt like sandpaper. The

next day he let Trudy start work on his upper lip. He did not see the need for removing his sideburns, but did not want to be a whiner. He let Trudy clear his entire face without complaint. He was glad to see his nose and ear hair go away. Trudy explained that he would want to come in occasionally for touch up work as the dormant hair cells became active. Louise loved it.

Eagle-eyed Ellen noticed when his mustache disappeared and dragged the story out of him. He was willing to tell her about the electrolysis, but not why it was necessary.

Ellen worked on him and he beat around the bush until Ellen exclaimed, "You've been eating out Louise and her inner lips are tender! You're such a sweetheart for being willing to sacrifice your beard to her good feeling. Congratulations! You're wonderful."

She only told Shelia, but Shelia told the rest of the women in the office. She was as chatty as every other bleached blonde that Steve had ever met. Several felt Steve's face, kissed him, and told him that they liked it. He enjoyed the compliments but hated that everyone knew. He complained to Ellen and Ellen chewed Shelia out, telling her to get some counseling about her need to gossip.

Steve's mom was the only other person to notice his beardless face. When he kissed her on the cheek and it felt like a woman kissing her, she knew that something had changed. She asked him about it. He explained the how, and she extracted the why more easily than Ellen had. She laughed and told him that she had tried to raise him so that he would do the loving thing, and this was the proof that she had succeeded. He glowed.

That Friday night Steve and Louise went dancing at the country club. Megan was there again, her long blond hair shining against the black dress she wore. As the night was drawing to a close, she approached Steve. He couldn't say no, and they walked out to the dance floor together. Steve looked over Megan's shoulder at Louise. She was smiling.

"Steve, thanks for letting me lead again," Megan whispered in his ear.

"No problem."

"My, you have shaved so closely! I like it better than that scratchy old facial hair you used to have," she said, and pressed her cheek to his.

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Monday the three coworkers were in Ellen's office gabbing. Sheila asked Steve about his weekend. He had planned to say nothing about Megan but, at this point, told them about dancing with her. They got the full story out of him in a minute. They both told him that it was very generous of him to let her lead, and that they still thought him very masculine.

Sheila couldn't keep even this little story to herself, and Mike, a macho type, sought Steve out and reprimanded him. He called Steve a wimp, saying he was giving men a bad name. Though Mike was partly joking, Steve was crestfallen and near to tears.

Ellen overheard it all and gave Mike hell. Then she took Steve to her office, hugged him, and let him cry on her shoulder. She told him that Mike had been so mean because of a bad childhood, and the problem was not Steve's. He felt better but promised himself that he would be more circumspect with Sheila next time.

Louise thought about Steve's enjoyment of being led on the dance floor and, Tuesday night at the card game, told the others about how Megan had led Steve on the dance floor and how much he had enjoyed it. Steve blushed and stammered, nearly dying of shame. She asked John if he would dance with him this coming Friday. Steve couldn't believe what a running joke it had become. Steve looked much relieved when declined the invitation.

Karen Johnson volunteered, "John thinks a lot of Steve, but he's so touchy about his manhood, he couldn't do it."

Steve breathed a sigh of relief.

"But you know," Karen suddenly blurted out, "he once told me that he had danced with a transvestite one time and didn't know it until he was told. He didn't seem repelled. John, what if Steve wore a dress, would you dance with him then?"

John laughed. "What the hell? But only if he looks somewhat like a woman, not a man in a dress."

Steve wanted to slide under the table and disappear.

The two wives were all for it, telling Steve how much he would like it and reassuring him that they would continue to think of him as a man. John agreed. It would put a little excitement into their lives and they looked forward to it. It would be a laugh.

When they got into the car, Steve protested to Louise. She tried to give him all the reasons why it would be fun, but he remained unconvinced. The next morning, she called Ellen at work and told her about the conversation. Louise knew she would be a good ally, because Steve thought so much of her. Now Louise had a job for Ellen. Ellen did not tell Steve that Louise had called but led him to reluctantly tell her about the conversation at the card game. She explained why he needed to go through with the cross dressing, but he refused. They discussed the type of clothes he should wear and what skills he needed to practice for the rest of the week. He still refused. She called him on it, saying that he could back out with no hard feelings. But in exchange he had to admit to her that he was looking forward to it.

He wanted to dance with the men but was scared of wearing a dress. This was exactly what she wanted to hear. Wednesday and Thursday, Ellen shopped for Steve, dragging him along like fussy child. She got him a little black dress that would expose his knees and his chest, but it was cut high enough not to show any skin of the bust. She got all the accessories, including mid-heel pumps, because she did not think he could learn to wear high heels in just a few hours.

Friday Ellen went home with Steve after work. She had to lay his clothes out. She told him to go take a shower and to use the stuff on the bathroom shelf, a depilatory, on all his hair except his head and around his privates. He wanted to argue, but she stamped her foot and said, "Do it!"



She joined him in the bathroom when he had spread the depilatory on. They waited, and when he complained of the burning, she told him to shower again. When he finished bathing and had dried himself, she told him to put on the clothes on the bed in the guest room.

“I can't wear these. Everybody would make fun of me, tease me to pieces!”

“Sure you can. Everybody already knows. They promised not to tease you. You know you'll love being led all over the dance floor. Hell! Pretend you're at a masquerade. Just do it!”

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Steve was a big hit. He received no teasing or laughing, but plenty of smiles. Those who did not smile kept their thoughts to themselves. Megan was the quickest one there and got the first dance. She told him how attractive and sweet he was, and she was not the only one. He thoroughly enjoyed being led and, during the slow numbers, being held tightly.

Steve thought that his medium heels would put him on equal ground with Megan, but she had worn unusually high heels that night. When they leaned against one another on the dance floor, her soft blonde hair brushed against his exposed upper chest.

The only problem arose when he needed to use the restroom. John Johnson saw him coming towards the men's room and would not let Steve in.

“Use the women's room, stupid,” he whispered.

Steve was embarrassed, so he barged in and rushed to the first empty stall. One woman glared at him but the other three in the room smiled and invited him to fix his face when he came out of the stall. It was all right.

Louise was being taken care of, too. Sometimes the wife of whomever was dancing with Steve, danced with Louise. She let the wives lead, and they seemed to find that fulfilling. She sat out only those times when Megan was on the floor with him, and not all those times. Several men, some married, some not, asked her to dance or cut in on her. She and Steve only shared the last dance together.

Megan cut in on Louise when she was dancing with John. While Megan and Louise were dancing, Megan propositioned Louise, asking her to go dining and dancing. Louise said she would have to talk to Steve first. Megan smiled.

When Steve and Louise got home, Steve was so exhilarated that he got on top for sex without being prompted. They had both stripped, but Louise asked Steve to keep on his bra and foam rubber falsies. He came on the third stroke, and brought Louise to orgasm with his fingers and tongue. She came quickly, too, again and again.

She told him about Megan's offer. He told her it was all right by him. She thought a second and said she would ask Megan to include Susan.

“Wait a second... Who's Susan?”