



Reluctant Press presents:

Daddy's Shoes



Louise Paynter

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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DADDY'S SHOES

By Louise Paynter

CHAPTER 1

Tracy and I have been happily married for seven years; we have a daughter, Lucy who is four years old, who we adore completely and who has made us very happy. Nearly a year ago I joined a new company for a more senior job and we moved to Sandsbury Underhill where we found a nice detached house on a newish estate. It was just perfect as it was easy access to shops and schools for Tracy and Lucy and not too far for me to commute to work each day.

We missed our old friends of course but we felt sure that we would make new friends easily. Our im-

mediate neighbours on both sides were about the same age as us, very friendly and helpful. We got on especially well with Ron and Christine who lived on our right hand side as they also had a daughter called Rosie who was about the same age as Lucy, and in the same class at school. The two girls were always in each other's houses playing together at weekends. Tracy and Christine helped each other out with babysitting during the week and taking the kids to school so they had plenty of time to get to know each other and talk about our families.

Christine didn't like babysitting at the weekends; she made it clear that Saturday night was a non-negotiable time as she and Ron liked to spend the evening together. Fair enough, everyone needs time to themselves and we had thought nothing of it. Ron and I went to the local pub for a beer occasionally and talked about the usual things that men talk about, and were comfortable in other's company.

I've enjoyed dressing in women's clothes ever since I was a young teenager. It's the sensual feel of smooth silky clothes on my skin and the light clingy feel of some types of fabric swirling around that really turns me on, coupled with the feeling of fresh air around my legs when wearing stockings and a pair of sexy stiletto-heeled shoes. I'd always been close to my mother and I think I was jealous of my sister who was two years older than me being able to stay indoors and help my mother with the cooking or sewing. I invariably had to go outside with my father and help him by holding bits of wood for him to saw up or to fetch tools for him.

When we were small, Mother always bought our clothes for us and didn't take us shopping with her. We

all know that there's not much choice for boys; I used to reckon that Mother spent 90% of the time looking for clothes for my sister and 10% looking for clothes for me. Obviously she was more in tune with what my sister would like whereas the clothes she bought for me were designed to withstand the rough-and-tumble all boys were thought to subject their clothes to. In consequence, they tended to be all shades of grey or green or beige so as not to show the dirt, and thick and heavy so that they didn't get torn.

When my sister got new clothes, she'd immediately dress up in them and show them off to Mother and Father who'd tell her how pretty she looked and how they suited her. She positively beamed in their praise. When I was dressed up to go out somewhere, all they said was how smart I looked. I just looked like a miniature version of my father. I wanted to be good-looking and beautiful. That doesn't mean I wanted to be a girl; I was happy being a boy but I was so jealous of all the lovely things that girls could wear. I thought it unfair that I was stuck with the boring clothes that I had, and wished I could have some more colourful and interesting clothes instead.

When my sister was about twelve years old, she had her first bra. It was supposed to be a secret between Mother and her but I knew something was happening as there were whispered conversations between them. One day I saw it in the laundry basket in the bathroom and picked it up to see what it was like. It was plain cotton with a pink rosebud pattern printed all over. I remember being very excited as I examined it and held it up against my chest to see what it would look like. Something told me that it would be wrong to put it on so I reluctantly placed it back in the basket and tried not to think about it again.

That summer my sister had a new summer dress and there were the usual admiring comments when she tried it on. I thought she looked very pretty; the dress was beautiful with a knee-length full skirt, a square neckline and wide shoulder straps in white broderie anglaise. I fell in love with that dress. My prayers were answered a couple of days later when I saw it in the laundry basket. Before I had my bath that evening, I put on my sister's bra that was also there, padded it out with a pair of socks, then put on the dress. I thought I looked beautiful too. I loved the shoulder straps and the fullness of the skirt swishing around my legs. I was hooked and thereafter I would try on any of my sister's clothes that I found in the basket and also some of my mother's. Obviously they were too big for me but they smelt of her perfume. They made me feel very close to her and I could pretend that I was her daughter.

As a teenager I continued to wear my sister's clothes when I was at home alone. I was also able to wear my mother's clothes as I got bigger, although I had to use more socks to fill her bra than my sister's. I wore Mother's shoes until my feet outgrew her shoes. I had to buy a pair of heels of my own and also some makeup and a cheap fancy dress wig. I thought I looked superb, although in reality I probably looked a fright. When I moved away from home to go to college, I had more opportunity to dress up and got a few clothes of my own. I only dressed up for myself and didn't go out anywhere or meet other transvestites.

I told Tracy about my cross-dressing before we were married. I think we both thought that it would go away when we settled down together, but the desire to dress up has never gone away. Nowadays she is not happy with me dressing up, so I normally do so only when she is out during the day or in the evening. Now

that we have Lucy, the number of occasions has become a bit limited. Tracy has never wanted to talk to me about crossdressing or to listen to what it means to me, but she doesn't try to stop me, as she says that she reluctantly recognises that I need to dress up occasionally for my own peace of mind. I keep a small suitcase of the few clothes I've got, some of which I've had for a long time, in the bottom of my wardrobe, along with a wig, a couple of pairs of shoes and some makeup.

One Sunday morning we were a bit boggle-eyed as we had been out the night before with some friends and hadn't got back until late.

Four year olds don't seem to understand the word 'lie-in' and Lucy had crawled into our bed at seven o'clock ready to start playing for the day. Fortunately, after breakfast, Rosie came round to our house to play with Lucy. They were able to amuse themselves, and we could sit down for a cup of strong coffee. The two girls had come into the kitchen for some juice and a biscuit and were chattering together as little girls do. I noticed that they were looking at Tracy's shoes that she had kicked off when we had come home last night. Rosie said something to Lucy that I didn't think I'd heard right so I asked her what she had said.

"My Daddy's got a pair of shoes just like those," she innocently repeated.

"Don't you mean Mummy?" asked Tracy, looking at her pair of red three-inch stilettos on the floor.

"Oh, no. Mummy's got lots of colours of shoes but I don't think she's got any red ones. And besides, Daddy's feet are much bigger than Mummy's." And with that bombshell of information, the two girls disappeared off to the sitting room to continue their tea party game.

Tracy and I looked at each other in amazement. I was amazed as I had never thought of Ron as being a crossdresser. Tracy didn't think that any other men did that sort of thing, certainly not someone living on our estate, and especially not someone living next door to us. "Well, I wouldn't have believed it. What should we do?" I mumbled at last.

"We keep quiet and ignore what Rosie said. There must be a simple explanation. What Rosie said doesn't mean he's odd, or that he dresses up like you," said Tracy, trying to make the incident disappear from her mind. I was quite glad to change the subject as Tracy can get a bit upset if we talk about cross-dressing; she is in a frosty mood for a couple of days after the issue has been discussed.

We might have left it at that and carried on as normal but having heard that single comment from Rosie, we both started observing Ron and Christine more closely over the next few weeks, although we didn't tell each other at the time. In the pub, I had steered our conversations over a pint towards female impersonators or transgender issues a couple of times but Ron had always cleverly and quickly steered us onto another topic. But I had a good chance to observe him closely at short range in the pub, even though the lighting wasn't brilliant. He didn't have a strong beard growth so his skin looked a good colour with no five o'clock shadow, his hair was always neat and fairly short and his fingernails were always well-kept. Perhaps a little long for a man, but nothing extreme. In short, he looked like any regular, normal guy. He did have a small gold stud in one ear, but there was nothing unusual in that, although on further inspection I noticed that he also had his other ear pierced. But I knew his secret. Or, at least, I thought I did, and noth-

ing in his appearance would say that it wasn't impossible.

Tracy had been thinking about Ron and crossdressing ever since Rosie had told us about the shoes. He looked so normal and seemed to be a model father and husband, not someone who would indulge in perverted practices like dressing up in his wife's clothes. She knew about my dressing-up but saw that as a deep flaw in my character. She thought that I was in a very small minority of men who did that sort of thing. We found it impossible to have a meaningful discussion about the subject, so that I could tell her what I really felt about crossdressing and how important it was to me.

So she had been very confused to find out about Ron's shoes and our suspicion of his crossdressing, and she was intrigued by the revelation. Perhaps I wasn't quite so odd after all, perhaps other men, perfectly normal men, did this sort of thing as well. She also wanted to share her feelings and worries with Christine and find out how she coped with this enormous problem, if she could find a suitable way to do so. She resolved to keep her eyes and ears open to learn more about our neighbours, although she didn't say anything to me about it.

One day, maybe a month after Rosie told us about the shoes, Tracy said to me, "I've been thinking about Ron. You know that they never go out on a Saturday night. Perhaps that's when Ron dresses up. What do you think?"

"Hmmm, I suppose he could," I said, wondering what this was leading to.

"Well, I've been checking out Christine's washing. She seems to have a lot of very nice lingerie on the line

sometimes, and I could swear there were two sets of things. And there were definitely two dresses on the line the other day that I've never seen her wear."

"Yes but like you said, there might be a simple explanation and we have no evidence that he dresses up like me. Anyway, I thought you weren't interested in talking about me crossdressing."

"I know, but it's intriguing. I thought that normal men didn't do that sort of thing and that crossdressers were such a tiny proportion of the population that you were a rarity. I never thought that I'd hear of, or meet, another crossdresser. I'm just curious to find out if it is true."

I wasn't sure about this line of discussion. I managed to change the conversation to talk about where we would take Lucy at the weekend, but Tracy's comments stuck with me and gnawed away at me. A few days later, I said, "Well how about confronting Ron and telling him we know all about him?"

"You're joking, that's much too confrontational. He'd be embarrassed and really angry and we'll make enemies of them both. We need a much more friendly approach."

"How about if I tell him I'm a tranny first, then ask him if he is as well?"

"I don't think that's a good idea either. He could just deny it and then what do you do? No, it would be good if we were all together so it's friendlier. I'll try and think of a plan. Perhaps you could be dressed up when we get together."

"I'll think about it," I said. Which meant I'd think about it, and then say no. That idea seemed a bit risky. I wasn't at all sure that I suddenly wanted to appear in

front of the neighbours in a dress, even though I thought Ron was also a tranny.

CHAPTER 2

The next day, Tracy was talking to Christine at the school gate while waiting for the girls to come out of school. It's now or never, thought Tracy, "I think our two husbands share the same hobby," she said.

"Oh, what's that?"

"I think they both like dressing up."

"You mean fancy dress?" questioned Tracy, looking a bit defensive. "Is that what you mean?"

"No, I mean dressing up in women's clothing," replied Tracy in a quiet voice, making sure that none of the other mothers could hear her.

"Do you mean to say you think Ron is a crossdresser? What on earth makes you think that?" whispered Christine. "Do you mean Jim is as well? I mean, does Jim do that?" At this point, Christine was looking very confused, but fortunately the girls appeared from the classroom clutching their school bags and a painting that they had done in class. The conversation came to a halt whilst the paintings were admired. The walk home was taken up by general chatter from the girls about what they had done that day, so it was impossible to continue the previous discussion. Tracy thought that she had completely blown it and had revealed Jim's secret and had got nothing back from Christine, but when they got home Christine said, "Why don't you come in for a cup of tea. I think we've got lots to talk about whilst the girls play together."

A few minutes later, they were sat at the kitchen table with cups of tea in front of them. "The walk home was useful to help me clear my mind after the bomb-shell you dropped at the school gate," said Christine. "I'm not going to deny that Ron crossdresses, but how did you know?"

And so Tracy related the story of the shoes. Christine was horror-struck and made a strong mental note to talk to Rosie and make sure she didn't say such things in public again.

"I really didn't know that there were many men who dressed up. I thought that Jim was the only one, or at least a rarity. I never thought that I'd find myself living next door to another."

"Where have you been? There are many men out there who crossdress. The percentage of men in the general population is much higher than you'd imagine. I've met quite a few when I've been with Ron and they've all been very nice, their wives as well."

"You've met their wives as well? Do you mean their wives go out with them?"

"Not all wives of course, but those that are comfortable with their husbands crossdressing have a good time going out with them. Shopping, parties, restaurants, theatre or weekends away. It's all good fun. So, are you one of those wives who support their husband or are you a kill-joy like lots of others?"

"Well I'm a bit neutral really. I don't know much about it, and I find it difficult to talk to him about crossdressing. I thought that Jim and I were all on our own with what I see as his big problem, and I worry about our long-term relationship."

“Hmm, I don’t really see it as a problem, but it would be much better if the two of you tackled it together rather than leaving Jim to sort it out on his own, whilst you wrestle with your own attitude in silence and isolation. You’re never going to be totally happy, are you? He’ll be frustrated and you’ll not know what he is doing and will imagine the worst. Whereas you could help him to liberate his true inner self. The rewards for you would be very positive.”

“Do you think so?”

“I *know* so. I’m sure that most wives wouldn’t have chosen to have their husband to be a crossdresser but if that’s the situation, then the best thing is to come to an agreement you are both comfortable with and enjoy it. There can be positive advantages for your wardrobe and your sex life as well.”

“My wardrobe and my sex life. What do you mean?”

“Well, we have a rule in our house. I can wear anything of Ron’s when I like, but he has got to ask me if he wants to wear any of my things. That means I’ve got nearly twice as many clothes as I need, although I wouldn’t dare some of the things he has. Also he appreciates how much pleasure I get from new clothes, and can hardly complain when I get anything new.”

“I can see some advantages there. And what about...”

“Ah, sex. Well I’m not going to go into any details but take it from me, I really enjoy going to bed with Ron as either a man or as a woman. Don’t misunderstand me, I’m not interested in a relationship with another female, but I can enjoy sex with another woman

when that woman is Ron. You look confused, but believe me, you can only understand it if you've done it."

"I'm am getting confused but what is clear is that you two don't see it as a problem at all, and you've made it work for you both."

"That's right. With the right attitude, you can make anything work. What you need is to be able to talk to Jim about how you can fit Jim's needs into those of the whole family, whilst respecting everyone else's needs. Also talk to other people who understand the situation and can tell you how they cope and what they do. There are some very helpful people around, including me."

"How did you find out about Ron crossdressing?"

"Ron and I were thinking of moving in and living together for some time, but I knew that he was a bit reluctant for some reason. Later, he told me that he realised that he had to come out of the closet as it were before we got serious so one morning when we were lying in bed having just woken up, he confessed."

"That sounds like a shock."

"It was, as it was completely unexpected, but I didn't want to lose him. My initial reaction was that he could continue to do it in private but I didn't want to be present at the time. He asked me if he could email me some photos so that I could see what he looked like. I guess I must have been curious as I said yes. We kept talking about it; eventually I consented to see him dressed. When I saw him dressed, I thought he looked OK, although I was a bit jealous of his legs and figure. I thought about it for some time; eventually I decided that I would accept him crossdressing because once I

saw that it was still Ron under the clothes, I realised I had nothing to worry about.”

“But why do they do it? I can’t understand why men should want to dress up in women’s clothes.”

“Why do crossdressers do it? I don’t think anyone really knows, least of all the guys themselves. Some people reckon it’s that the parents fault and has nothing to do with the guys themselves.”

“How do you mean?”

“Well, if the parents had always wanted a girl, and brought him up like that or if they kept him in dresses and curls for longer than they should have done. Maybe they used to dress him in girl’s clothes as a punishment, or his father wasn’t a good male role model, or his father was too masculine for a sensitive or artistic child.”

“I don’t think any of those apply to Jim.”

“Or maybe he was jealous of a sister who seemed to get more attention than he did.”

“I don’t think so.”

“I don’t think we can blame the parents for everything. I think there are other reasons to do with our society at large.”

“Like what?”

“Well, we all idealise womanhood as the basis of all that is good and true and desirable. Some men want to be like that as well, but it doesn’t fit in with the male persona. So they dress as a woman to experience beauty and the satisfaction that it brings, and therefore identify with their love object. Being a woman.”

“Hmm, I see. He is very close to his mother, so that could be a factor.”

“Maybe, another good reason is that the human male is one of the few animal species that is not prettier than the female. This used to be the case in previous times and still is in some other cultures, but is severely limited in our modern culture. Men’s clothing is heavy, plain, coarse and dark compared to women’s clothes and very limited in style and colour. So it could be that a man needs to enter the wonderful world of women’s clothes to fulfill his desire to dress up more colourfully.”

“I think I would put Jim in that category, as he is always moaning about the lack of choice or colour in his clothes.”

“It could also be that living up to the ‘normal’ male personality of being aggressive, dominant or forceful is too much for some men and they need to relax and just be true to their inner feelings once in a while. True relaxation can come when you put your own identity to one side and adopt the personality of another person, especially one of the opposite gender who is passive, accepting and non-demanding. We all have to live up to the image that other people have of us due to our background or job or position in society. Sometimes we all want to be someone else with a completely different set of expectations.”

“I know exactly what you mean. I sometimes day-dream what it would be like to be someone different with a different lifestyle.”

“Exactly. So a crossdresser can instantly become another person just by putting on a dress and some makeup. It’s like a safety relief valve on all their emotions and problems. I know that Ron’s job as a section

head means that he has to have a dominant, commanding role all the time at work. When he comes home, he just wants to switch off and relax. He wants to just be his true, gentler self."

"Wow, I never thought of it like that. I didn't realise that Jim might be responding to those sorts of stress or pressure."

"Be warned. If you inhibit all his actions and emotions, he'll become depressed and irritable and he'll blame you for not being able to do what he wants, and your relationship will suffer."

"You'll only find out by talking to him about it. Tell me, what does Jim look like?"

"You mean dressed up?"

"Of course. I know what he looks like in a pair of trousers. What does he look like in a skirt?"

"OK, I suppose. He doesn't dress up when I'm around, and I don't think he's very good at putting on makeup, but the times that I have seen him, he just looks like a man in a dress to me."

"Have you tried to help him? A little advice on clothes or makeup?"

"Oh no, Jim doesn't ask for help. He knows that it upsets me so he keeps himself very much in the closet. I don't know how we can be more open with each other about him dressing up."

"That's a pity. I'm sure he would welcome all the help you can give him. Why don't you try to help?"

"It's always upset me to think about it but it's like the gorilla in the corner of the room. We both try to ig-

nore the subject, but it won't go away. But after listening to you, I think I could make an effort to talk to him about it. But what about Ron? Does he look good as a woman?"

"He doesn't just look good, he looks gorgeous. If I was a bloke, I'd really fancy him. He gets some very admiring looks when we go out, which isn't very often nowadays."

"Oh, gosh. That sounds very intriguing. I'd love to meet him..."

"Her," corrected Christine. "Why don't we all get together so that the boys could share their secrets with each other? I could cook dinner for the four of us one evening so that we could all talk. I know that Ron would be more than happy to talk to you and Jim."

"Sounds interesting. I'll check it out with Jim. If he's OK, then we can do that."

"Wait a minute. I've got a better idea. How about it being a surprise? It'll be even better if we have dinner at your house. Jim thinks that he knows about Ron crossdressing but isn't sure, so you can persuade him to be dressed up ready to spring a surprise on us two, and hope that Ron will admit that he also crossdresses. If Ron likes, he can nip back home, put his female clothes on and join us again."

"I'd be more than happy to cook dinner for us. And I think it'll be fun to be a complete surprise for the boys. We might as well have some fun at their expense. The thing is, we've got to act normally and not tell the boys that we've had this conversation at all. Do you think that Ron will be OK with that? It'll be a big shock for him."

"I think he's had bigger shocks than that before now. It can be quite rocky being a tranny but this sounds like it could be fun. I think we'd better make it a Saturday evening rather than midweek. I'm sure I can persuade Ron to come."

"That's brilliant. Just one more thing. If you can influence him on what he is going to wear can you get him to wear his, I mean her, red stilettos? Let's make it Saturday week if that's OK. I'm looking forward to meeting Ron, and also winding Jim up about the evening."

As she walked back to her house, Tracy's mind was in turmoil; she was thinking that she might have got more than she had bargained for. There was a real danger that Jim might be embarrassed if Ron was as well-dressed and good-looking as Christine had said. *I need to do some major planning*, said Tracy to herself.

CHAPTER 3

When I'd got home from work that evening, I could tell that Tracy was excited and had something to tell me. At last we got Lucy to bed and she told me that she had asked Christine and Ron to come to dinner one evening. She had even persuaded them to come on Saturday week.

"I've asked them to dinner, so that you can come dressed up. Then he'll see that you've showed him your secret and he can come clean as well."

"I'll think about it," I said. Which, as usual, meant I'd think about it and then say no.

“Jim, if I had to wait for you to make a decision, we would never do anything. I think it’s a great idea and I’m sure you’ll be OK.”

“It’s alright for you to say that. I’ll be the one wearing the dress in front of the neighbours. Crikey, it’s only ten days’ time.”

“Don’t panic. You’ll be fine. But I think we’ve got a bit of sorting out to do before the event. First off, we’ll need to look at your clothes,” said Tracy. “Now go and get that suitcase of yours out so that we can look at it.”

I’ve only got a limited number of clothes but I laid them out on the spare bed so that Tracy could check them over and suggest what I should wear. She looked them over with a critical eye, shaking her head a bit. “My goodness, have you got that old blue dress of mine? I thought that I’d thrown it out a couple of years ago. It had gone out of fashion even then. You can’t wear that. And that green dress is a bit too old for you as well. I’ll put them all in the laundry basket and wash and iron them for you later this week.”

The next week and a bit flew by swiftly. Tracy said that I had to look perfect so I had my hair cut so that my wig would fit comfortably and I washed my wig. Midweek I shaved my legs to make them look a bit more attractive. Tracy suggested that I should shave my arms and the rest of my body to complete the look. I wasn’t sure that that was necessary but it didn’t matter, so I did it. I really felt different after that and couldn’t stop looking at myself in the mirror when I was undressing at night. Although I’d not been very hairy, I was now looking slimmer and definitely more attractive to myself. It was such a lovely feeling running my hands over my smooth legs and it was so much easier

to dry myself after a shower that I wished I could be like this at all times.

Tracy manicured and filed my nails to a more even profile. I had to admit that I liked them looking well-kept rather than the more usual rough edges that they normally had. I was surprised that Tracy was being so helpful in improving my appearance as she had never shown so much interest before. I wasn't going to argue and I was very grateful. It was also nice to be able to talk openly with her about dressing-up rather than it being the gorilla in the room it usually was.

I was on tenterhooks all week and only just stopped myself saying something to give the game away when Ron and I went to the pub on Wednesday evening. He asked me if there was a special reason for the invitation. "We normally stay in on a Saturday but Christine said that Tracy had impressed on her that there was something special going to happen. Sounds intriguing. Give me a clue."

"You'll have to wait and see," I replied. I certainly hoped that there would be something special about the evening, but I was still terrified about the outcome.

On Saturday morning of the dinner party, I was panic stricken. What if we had misread the situation? I would look like a fool and even worse, everyone on the estate would know about me. "I can't go ahead with this," I said to Tracy at coffee time. "It'll be a disaster. I'll just wear my ordinary clothes tonight."

"Nonsense, everything will be fine. Now come upstairs with me. I've got something to show you." And with that, she led me up to the spare bedroom.

Instead of my old clothes on the spare bed, there was an array of new clothes spread out like sweeties in

a sweet shop. There were two sparkly tops and a short skirt to go with them, and two dresses. One was short, green and sparkly, but the second one was red with a low V-neckline and a short skirt. It looked fantastic. I was dumbfounded and couldn't wait to try it on. "Is all of that for me?" I stammered.

"Absolutely, my darling. We need you to look good tonight, so you can take the pick of what you'd like to wear. Now you're going to have to wait till later until you can put them on. Let's close the door so that Lucy doesn't barge in, and let's hear no more excuses or reasons for not going ahead as planned."

"Cool," and I kissed her, "you're fantastic."

"I know."

"By the way, what are we eating?"

"I thought I ought to theme it for you boys so we'll start with queen scallops on a salad with a warm lemon vinaigrette dressing, then the main course will be hen au vin, and..."

"Hen au vin, what's that?"

"It's like coq au vin, but this is a girls night, so no cock allowed."

"Queens and hens. I can definitely see a theme developing here. What's for pudding?"

"I've made something which I've called breasts of passion. It's a surprise so you'll just have to wait until later to see what that is."

"Sounds interesting. I'm looking forward to it already."

In contrast to the previous few days, Saturday passed slowly. I played with Lucy, then took her over

to her grandparents as she was having a sleep over with them for the evening. I did a few jobs whilst Tracy was busy in the kitchen. Time passed slowly as I couldn't wait to come inside and get showered and dressed in my new clothes for the evening. Eventually I couldn't wait any longer and got into a refreshing hot shower. As I rubbed the shower gel over my smooth skin, I felt terrific. It was so sensuous and sexy. And I felt just the same as I dried myself with a towel. In fact it was much easier to dry my smooth legs rather than the previously hairy ones. *There are a lot of advantages to being a woman*, I thought.

Tracy had already had a shower and was half-dressed, waiting for me in the bedroom, "Right, let's get you ready," she said with a smile. "Here, these are for you," and she gave me a new bra with delicate lace over the cups and a matching pair of knickers. "I thought you ought to have something special to wear with your new dress, and your old undies looked a bit tired. Here let me help you put the bra on," and she stepped behind me to fasten up the hook and adjust the straps. Then she reached forward and slipped a bra insert into each cup. "Every flat-chested girl's secret," she giggled. Every time I put a bra on, I love the feeling of the slight tightness around my chest and seeing two protuberances in front of me as I look down.

"You haven't got time to keep looking at yourself, you know. Now you need some tights," and she gave me a pair of sparkly tights to put on.

"It's makeup time," she said, when I had put them on, "and I'd better do it for you, as the last time I saw you made-up, you looked like an old tart on a rough evening."

Thanks a lot, I thought, I know I'm not very good but I get confused with all the differing advice you read in women's magazines. "I'd be very grateful if you would," is what I actually said.

Well, she was brilliant. I just sat there on the edge of the bed whilst Tracy sat on a chair in front of me and got creams and powders and whatever else from a selection of tubes and bottles and jars and applied them to my face. The most difficult bit, for me, was keeping still whilst she put mascara on my eyelashes. I was under a dire warning if I moved so much as a muscle whilst she was doing that. Eventually she was finished to her satisfaction and reached over to get my wig. She wouldn't let me see what I looked like until she had fitted the wig and styled it to perfection.

I had chosen to wear the red dress so the last thing was some lipstick in a bright red colour to match the dress. Then she allowed me to stand up and look at myself in the full-length wardrobe mirror. I didn't believe my eyes. Whenever I put makeup on, I always felt it was not quite right, but I didn't know what I was doing wrong. I always overdid it or didn't put the colours together correctly. Although I was usually happy enough with my efforts, I knew in my heart of hearts that the overall effect was not as good as it could be. But with the experienced effort from Tracy, the effect was unbelievable. I really looked like a woman. She had somehow made my eyes look wider and brighter, she had made my cheekbones stand out more and she had made my jawline look less prominent. I couldn't believe it was me, but I thought I looked absolutely fabulous. "Not bad what a bit of paint can do is it?" she smiled.

“Thank you, thank you, I couldn’t have done that myself.”

“I know, I think you can face anything tonight now. Now where is your dress?” She handed me the red dress, and helped me put it on. It fitted me perfectly with a tight waist and flared nicely around my hips. The effect was electrifying. I was getting very aroused but I knew that I needed to keep cool, so I tried to steer my mind away from what I looked like and to think about what else we needed to do before our guests arrived.

“Here’s some nail polish. Can you do your nails while I finish getting dressed? Make sure they dry fully before you touch anything.”

“OK, Miss. I can manage that.”

When Tracy had finished dressing, she inspected my nails and pronounced them perfect. “Now for the finishing bits,” she said. “First, you’ll need some nice perfume,” and she gave me the bottle. “Don’t overdo it, you don’t want to smell like a brothel. And now for some jewelry.” I had some clip-on earrings of my own and Tracy gave me a rather nice beaded necklace that toned with the dress. I also had some thin silver bangles and a chunky bracelet so I put those on as well. I was going to get a pair of my black heeled shoes but Tracy stopped me. “One last surprise for you,” she said and produced a brand new pair of red stilettos. “You’ll have to have a bit of a practice walking in these before we go downstairs, but you’ll be OK.”

What could I say? It felt like Christmas and my birthday had come at once. I had been dressing up for years but I had never, ever, looked as good as this before. I was in Seventh Heaven and the evening hadn’t even begun. All I managed to say was, “Oops,” as I

wobbled across the floor in my new heels. "How did you get all these things? It must have taken you ages and cost a fortune." Not that I was grumbling, mind you.

"It was much easier than I thought. In order to keep the costs down, I looked in the charity shops first. I was going to get you a skirt and top but couldn't find any at first, but then I came across those two dresses that are practically brand new. In the next shop, I found those tops. And then I had some vouchers from M&S so I bought the bra and pants there. The shoes were in the sale in New Look so weren't too pricey either. So it didn't cost too much at all. I have to admit that I did see this gorgeous top for myself on my way round and I was sure you wouldn't mind me getting it. Would you?"

How could I not agree? It was a lovely top and suited her beautifully. But I did notice the label in the wastepaper basket looked a bit designer-posh. *Ah well, it's worth it*, I thought.

When I got downstairs, clinging onto the banister rail as I descended in my high heels, it suddenly hit me like a ton of bricks. I'm having this wonderful experience wearing these fabulous clothes and looking and feeling great, but the purpose of the evening is to show myself off to Ron and Christine who will be arriving in ten minutes time. This was the time to panic. Again. I might have got it all wrong. Ron might be just an ordinary bloke who will run a mile if he sees his neighbour parading around in a dress. He might laugh at me. How would I ever look him in the face again? What if they both storm out and never speak to us again?

I was beginning to wish that I had never got into this situation when the doorbell rang. Tracy answered

the door and I could hear her saying that I was in the sitting room and to go right in. There was nowhere to hide. The door opened and Christine came in first. Her eyes nearly popped out of their sockets and she said, "Well, hello, I was expecting Jim to be in here. I don't think we've met, have we?"

Before I could think of replying, Ron had come into the room and was just staring at me as if he'd never seen a bloke in a dress before. *Oh no*, I thought. *What is he going to say?* But then his face broke out into a broad smile and he said, "So this is the big surprise you wanted to show us this evening. We've been trying to guess all day, but I would never have guessed that it would be this. I must say you look pretty good."

"I think we'll leave you two to talk a bit while we check on things in the kitchen," said Tracy as she ushered Christine out of the room, leaving me alone with Ron. "Would you fix us two gin and tonics when you're ready, please?"

"I wanted to let you know about my dressing-up as I thought you would understand. So this seemed to be the best way. I hope you're not offended," I said nervously.

"Offended. Not in the least. But why do you think I should understand?" replied Ron cagily.

So I told him about the red shoes comment by his daughter. At first he was speechless but then broke in into laughter. "Grassed up by my own daughter, what a fate to befall a man. I seem to remember some efforts by you to talk about transsexuals in the pub on a couple of occasions. Were you trying to sound me out? Was Christine in on this because I normally dress up on a Saturday night? But for tonight she suggested that

I put out my clothes in case we leave early, or I could wear them tomorrow."

"No, I don't think Christine knows anything about this at all." But before I could finish my sentence, Ron had left me and gone into the kitchen.

"How long will it be before dinner's ready on the table?" he asked Tracy.

"As soon as you like, I've just got to put on the vegetables to cook."

"Can you give me 45 minutes, I just need to get changed. I can't stand being the only man in a gathering of you three lovely ladies." And with that he flew out of the house.

So we three girls (I thought I merited being classed as a girl for the evening) sat round the kitchen table with our drinks. I realised I hadn't answered Christine's question when she had arrived. What was my name as this new woman? We ran through a lot of names and finally decided on Sheila, as I thought it sounded friendly and not too fussy.

The doorbell rang and Ron had returned. Except that the very attractive blonde coming into the kitchen could not possibly be Ron. It was impossible. The woman who stood in front of us in our kitchen was wearing a dark grey, almost black dress with a halter neck and a low back and a shortish skirt that showed off her legs in nearly black tights to perfection. She was wearing the red stilettos of course and they had heels at least three inches high, which made her legs look even longer. With her long strawberry blonde hair, long dangly earrings and flawless makeup, she looked as if she had stepped out of a fashion magazine. This beautiful creature could not be a man. She obviously

must be a woman and Ron was playing some kind of joke.



“Don’t look at me with your mouth open,” she said in a husky voice, “you’ll swallow a fly. When I’m dressed like this, I’m not Ron, my name is Amanda. Now have you got my gin and tonic ready?”

Before we sat down, Amanda and I had to parade up and down to show ourselves off to the girls, who were delighted with our appearances. Tracy was especially knocked out as she had never seen me looking as good as I did. She had never seen another crossdresser before, especially one as good-looking as Amanda.

Dinner was fabulous as Tracy is a brilliant cook, the queen scallops were succulent and the hen au vin was delicious. The breasts of passion turned out to be tiny panacottas flavoured with passion fruit; they had been moulded in large eggcups to make a breast shape, then two were turned out onto each plate with a small red currant on top for a nipple. Very sexy and also very delicious.

Amanda and Christine were superb company and talked to us a lot about the world of crossdressing, which I knew very little about. Amanda offered to take me to meetings of crossdressers in our area. Christine told Tracy all about meetings or support groups for wives. We learnt so much from them. We agreed that Saturday nights in the future would be a bit different. Ron and I would have a lot of different things to talk about in the pub from now on.

The evening came to end and we reluctantly bid them goodnight. As we closed the front door, Tracy put her arms around my neck and kissed me full on the lips. “Let’s leave the clearing up until tomorrow. I want to get you upstairs and into the bedroom.”

Once we were in our bedroom, she pulled herself against me and wriggled her hips against mine as she

kissed me again passionately. I could feel myself getting very aroused, although I was severely restrained by the tight pants and tights that I was wearing. I responded by running my hands around her tight little backside. "I don't understand why but ever since I saw you dressed earlier this evening, I've been desperate to have you. It's not that I want to make love to a woman, but I want to make love to you *as* a woman," she said as she started to slowly unzip my dress and ease it off my shoulders so that it fell in a heap around our ankles.

Now it was my turn and I unzipped her dress and soon we stood together in our underwear. We kicked off our shoes and I knelt down to roll her tights down her legs and remove them. Then we reversed our roles to take off my tights and finally we moved towards the bed. Lying on the bed in each other's arms I reached round Tracy to undo her bra, but she said, "No, lets be just the same. You'll have to keep your bra on to keep those lovely boobs, so I'll keep mine on as well." With that, I could feel her stroking and massaging my boobs. Well, not exactly my boobs, but I could feel her hand pressure on my chest and nipples even through the silicone bra inserts. It was very arousing, as I had never felt anything like that before in that area.

We played with each other's bodies for some time. I could tell that Tracy was very aroused by all this activity, so I let my hand slide down her stomach and slide into her pants so that I could massage her G spot. I knew exactly where to find it and exactly how to bring her to a climax so I continued and eventually she started breathing fast and making small moaning noises until she had her orgasm. All this time I was bursting to break free of the tight pants that I still had on, so I decided it was time to ease one side of the

pants aside so that I could be erect and ready for more action. Tracy was ready for me and let me pull her pants down her legs and throw them onto the floor, but when I started to roll over on top of her she stopped me.

“All good girls ought to lie on their backs whilst they enjoy themselves,” she said and pushed me back and rolled over on top of me. Now she was able to massage both my breasts and all over my body as well whilst she pulled herself into a kneeling position on top of me. I was enjoying this as I felt that I was in the more passive mode and was being made love to rather than taking the lead role. Was this more appropriate to my feminine role at the moment? Who cares? It was nice. Tracy eased herself up and pushed herself down gently onto my eagerly waiting penis. She was already well-lubricated from a few minutes ago and I slid easily into her. She sat there, not moving up or down but grinding her clitoris into my pubic bone so that quickly she had another orgasm, which was nearly as strong as the first. Only after that had subsided did she allow herself to move up and down in a rhythm that would maximize the pleasure for both of us. Soon we both reached our climaxes almost together.

When I had subsided, Tracy slowly lifted herself off me and we lay side by side. After a few minutes more cuddling and kissing and whispering tender things to each other, we had to break apart as I was still wearing my bra and pants and had on my full makeup. It all needed to come off before I went back to bed, so, reluctantly, I stripped off my clothes and wiped off my makeup and washed my face. Tracy also cleaned herself up and came back into the bedroom where I was lying on the bed. She was wearing her most alluring black see-through nightie that only comes out on spe-

cial occasions or when I have been very good. With a wicked grin on her face, she whispered, "I think you've deserved to see me wearing this."

That nightie always has a powerful effect on me every time I see her wear it and look at the beautiful shape of her breasts and body half-glimpsed through the semi-transparent material. I started to get a most powerful erection and pulled her into bed alongside me. This time there was no opposition to me rolling on top of her. Once there, I wriggled down the bed to rub my face between her legs and work my tongue into her beautiful opening. She was still moist from before and she smelt and tasted of my semen and her own juices which I licked and swallowed, whilst bringing her to yet another climax with my tongue. During all this, I was desperately trying to keep myself under control as I was getting very close to climax myself. I managed to stay cool so that I could wriggle back on top of her and kiss her full lips and rub my body against her breasts again. I entered her again and proceeded to slowly bring both of us back to the final climax of the night when we both exploded together as if the whole universe was coming to an end. That had to be one of the best experiences of our sex lives together and we held each other tight for what seemed like ages.

As we pulled apart and settled down to sleep, I whispered, "Tracy, I love you."

And she replied to me, "I love you too. I'm so glad that I met Sheila tonight, and I hope we can continue to all be together. In fact, I love both of you."

ALL IN A GOOD CAUSE

Gillian and Gwyneth were slowly making their way around the men in the office with a box full of bits of folded paper. It looked a bit like a raffle, and there were a few cries of despair or relief as individuals looked at the words on their selection. All the women in the office were excited and clustered around the box to see what tickets had been drawn by the men.

Steve stared at the piece of paper in his hand. Why couldn't he have picked a fisherman like Andy or a cowboy like Steve, or even a gorilla like James? He looked up to see if anyone was looking at him and saw Nicola giggling at the other side of the room. At that moment he knew it was a setup. He didn't know how, but he knew those four scheming girls, who called themselves his friends, were behind this.

It was the middle of Friday afternoon and most of the people in the office had stopped work for a cup of tea and to witness the draw for characters or costumes in the firm's tri-monthly charity Friday. On these days Malcolm, the MD, allowed those staff who wanted to participate to come to work in any clothes they wished, in exchange for a donation to charity.

The event was very popular amongst the girls and some amazing costumes had appeared over the years; everyone still talked about the day when they all wore Spice Girls outfits (some more successfully than others), or the Snow White and the Seven Dwarves Day. Even Malcolm usually entered into the spirit of things when he didn't have customers or an important meeting, and would wear a DJ or an Army uniform, but most of the men rarely did more than just put on a silly

tie or perhaps a Hawaiian shirt. The lack of imagination or enthusiasm from the guys had been a source of continuous grumbling from the girls, especially when they put some effort into the day. This month they had come up with the suggestion that ideas for costumes for the men would be put into a hat and they should all pick one and come in as that character. Everyone was there to see who was going to be dressed up, and in what costumes.

Steve stared at his ticket again. No, he hadn't misread it, his first look was right. It wasn't a dream. More like a nightmare. "Marilyn Monroe," he read to himself.

"What does your ticket say?" asked Vanessa.

"What are you going to be?" asked Melanie. As if she didn't know already.

"A girl," mumbled Steve. "More specifically Marilyn Monroe. I can't do that"

"Of course you can, I can help you," said Melanie, "I'm sure Vanessa and Nicola and Gwyneth will help as well"

"Oh yes," they all agreed, as if they had carefully rehearsed the whole thing. Which he was sure they had. "It's all in a good cause. We want to raise as much as we can for charity. Shall we come round to your flat tonight and sort out what needs to be done?"

"Sorry, got another commitment tonight," he said, "and over the whole weekend as well." There was no way he was going to rush into this thing. There was lots of huffing and puffing, but they saw that he was not going to be moved and fixed a date for Monday night. The last thing they said was that he should make sure to shave his legs and arms before Monday night.

Monday in the office was mad. Lots of the other girls and older ladies kept asking him what he was going to wear and he got a lot of ribbing from the other guys. Five o'clock arrived and he made his way home wondering what on earth was going to happen that evening, but certainly not looking forward to it.

Steve thought that he'd better shave his face when he got home. He had barely finished that and had something to eat when Melanie, Vanessa, Gwyneth and Nicola arrived at seven like a whirlwind with a suitcase of clothes, plus other bits and pieces.

"We've been doing some thinking and we've all decided to dress as Marilyn Monroe to give you some moral support. Will that help you?" asked Gwyneth.

"Fine, thanks. I really think this is a crazy idea and I'm not looking forward to it one little bit."

"It's all in a good cause. You'll be fine. If you relax a bit, I'm sure you're going to enjoy it. Now, we can't get hold of the Marilyn dresses from the costume hire shop until Thursday, but we brought some ordinary clothes over for you to try on so that we can check your size and you can get used to wearing them."

They had obviously been planning, and had put together three outfits for him to try on. "But first we need to start with the underwear," said Nicola, and produced a matching set of bra and knickers. "Go into the bedroom and put these on." When he came back he was feeling a bit embarrassed and sheepish. "Why haven't you shaved your legs? I told you to do so before this evening."

"I thought I could wear thick tights."

“Don’t be silly. Did you ever see Marilyn wearing thick tights? You’ll need to do it tonight when you have a shower”

“But...”

“No buts, you must do it or it will spoil the whole effect. And you’ll need to shave all over because the dress has got short sleeves.”

“Let’s put a bit of padding in your bra, get a bit of makeup on and then try on some clothes,” said Vanessa. She put a light foundation on him, a bit of eyeshadow and some lipstick and then produced a wig with dark brown hair cut in a short and curly style. After that, she helped him to put on the first set of clothes. They all decided on the best outfit for Steve. He still felt ridiculous, but had to admit when he looked in the mirror that he didn’t look too bad. It felt a bit wobbly standing in shoes with heels even though they were only two inches high and he was convinced that he wouldn’t be able to walk anywhere in them.

The girls looked quite pleased with their efforts, and they all spent the rest of the evening chatting with Steve still dressed up. The plan was that they would come over again on Thursday evening to do a final check. They warned him that he must shave his legs or else. Although the girls seemed happy, Steve was not at all comfortable and spent a sleepless night worrying about next Friday.

“I’m coming down with a cold,” he said next morning, “I’ll think I’m going to be really ill by Friday.”

“Don’t you dare after all the effort that we’ve put in.”

“But it’s me who’s going to look silly”

“Think of how much money you’ll get for charity,” said Nicola. “The HR girls have promised £20, and Malcolm has promised £10 if you turn up as a girl.”

“£20 if you give him a kiss,” said Gwyneth, “and I’m sure all the other guys in our office will give generously, as they’ll be so glad it’s not them.”

Wednesday evening, he was wondering how he could get out of Friday’s event but couldn’t think of any reasonable excuse. Then he came to a major decision – he had two options, either do it half-heartedly and let everyone laugh at him quietly as a figure of fun, or he could enter into the spirit of the whole thing, treat it as a fantastic adventure and do it to the best of his ability. That meant looking not just good enough, but looking fantastic and being able to carry it off with confidence. He decided on the second option and immediately went and had a shower and shaved all over.

When he was finished, he had to admit that it was a lovely experience to be able to feel his body smooth all over rather than being hairy. He thought he could begin to enjoy himself after all. Then it was an hour’s practice in walking in heels; at the end of the time, he was perfectly balanced and was walking quite naturally and comfortably.

Thursday evening, the four scheming witches arrived and were pleased to see that he had got prepared, had put his underclothes on and was ready for them to do his makeup. Whilst Melanie did his makeup, Nicola gave him a manicure, stuck on some long artificial nails and painted them and his toenails with a bright red nail polish. Then they produced the dress. It was white with a low V neckline, a tight waist and a flared skirt over a nylon mesh petticoat.

There was also a blonde curly wig. As he looked in the mirror, he could see how flattering the dress was and how good he looked. The girls were surprised when Steve asked if they had any shoes with a slightly higher heel but they produced a pair, which he tried out and found that he could walk in easily.

Steve felt really pleased with his appearance, "I think I'm going to enjoy tomorrow after all. I'm definitely going to try and have fun, if you lot can help me out."

Eventually they all said goodnight and he took off his makeup for an early night, as Vanessa was coming the next morning to help him get ready.

Half past six arrived too soon; he had just enough time to wash, shave and get dressed before Vanessa was at the front door, ready for another makeup session. She was dressed in a similar style of dress to him, but in a light blue colour. "You look great," he said.

"And so do you, and you'll look even better after I finished with you." Eventually she was happy with his appearance and Steve could see that she had done a good job. He really did look like a girl.

"Great, thanks, Vanessa."

"You're welcome. I said you'd look good. Now we'd better get going to work."

"Crikey, I'd forgotten all about that," he said, suddenly realizing that this was not just a dressing-up game at home. He'd have to go outside of his flat and go into work where there would be lots of other people to see him. "Hold on for a minute whilst I have a panic attack or a mini-nervous breakdown," he croaked.

"Don't be silly. Here, have a glass of water. Let's get going or we'll be late, and that would never do."

Vanessa drove him to work in her car, and they walked through the car park to the office block. The receptionist looked at Steve twice before realizing it was him, then said, "fantastic." As soon as they left her to go to their office, she telephoned everyone she knew to tell them about Steve.

It seemed that all the guys and girls in their office were there to greet them, in a sea of varied costumes. He could see Steve dressed as a cowboy and James in a gorilla suit and several policemen or women. But he knew they were all there to see him, and he loved the attention that he was getting. When he got to his desk, it had been strung around with pink ribbons and bows, and a big name plate put on the front: "Marilyn's desk."

It was going to be difficult to settle down but he had several important jobs to complete that day so he tried to work as normal. This was a bit difficult as there seemed to be a never-ending procession of people coming to the office to see someone, although Steve knew that they were really only coming in to see what he looked like. He was relieved that none of them laughed at him. Several of the older ladies even complimented him on his appearance.

When lunchtime came, he was going to ask someone to get him a sandwich from the sandwich bar, but several of his colleagues insisted that they go to the local café instead. As this meant a walk in public, Steve wasn't sure but was finally persuaded and it was fine. Of course the whole group got a lot of attention from the other customers, but he didn't seem to be singled out for people staring at him and he eventually relaxed.

After lunch, Malcolm came round to see the staff as he regularly did on Fridays. He was wearing the uni-

form of an Admiral of the Fleet and looked very imposing. He made a beeline for Steve's desk and got him to stand up for a full inspection. "Give me a twirl." Steve came round in front of his desk and turned slowly round so that Malcolm could see him.

Then remembering what Gwyneth had said, he put his arms around Malcolm's neck and gave him a big kiss on the lips. "That'll be £20, sailor," he said. Only then did he wonder if what Gwyneth had said was in fact true, but it was too late now.

Malcolm loved it. "My dear, you sell yourself too cheap. I'll put at least £50 in the charity box right now. I'm so glad that all of the men have finally made an effort to support the charity event with such enthusiasm."

Steve did manage to get most of his work done, surprising as he had lots of interruptions and chats with people and the day seemed to flash by. Eventually it was time to pack up and go home. Steve was a bit sad that the day was going to end and he was going to have to stop playing at being Marilyn. He had enjoyed it after all. "You're going the wrong way, you should have turned left at those traffic lights," he said to Vanessa as she was driving home.

"We're not going home to your flat yet."

"Where are we going then?"

"Wait and see."

They stopped outside Gwyneth's flat and went inside. "What are we doing here?"

"We thought you might like to freshen up a little before you come out with us for a night on the town."

"You're joking, I can't go out like this."

“Of course you can. We could change but it’ll be so much more fun for us all to go out dressed the same. You know you look great and after we’ve sparkled up your makeup, you’ll look even better”

When he got inside Gwyneth’s flat, he lost any resistance that he had to the idea as the girls all looked so good and he really didn’t want to take of this lovely dress just yet. “Well alright then,” he mumbled.

Nicola redid his makeup in a more dramatic fashion that would be suitable for the evening. He was amazed at how attractive he looked and how sexy he felt. *I’d better not admit it, he thought, but I’m looking forward to this.*

A bottle of white wine had appeared and they all had a glass to start off the evening. Then it was into town to a bistro for a meal and a few more glasses of wine. Steve decided that he had better drink in moderation as he didn’t fancy getting into trouble dressed up as he was. The other girls recognized this and made sure they all kept out of trouble.

Halfway through the evening, he felt the call of nature and whispered to Melanie who was next to him that he needed to visit the bathroom.

“I’ll come with you,” she said, “we girls always go in twos or threes.”

After they came out of the toilet, Melanie led him away from the dining area and down a small dark corridor. Turning round, she flung her arms round him and kissed him on the mouth.

“You’ve been driving me crazy all evening,” she said. “I can’t take my eyes off you and I’m desperate to have you.” With that, she kissed him again and he felt her tongue exploring his mouth as her hands slid up

inside his skirt and gently pulled his knickers down so that his penis was not restrained by the tight elastic. Needless to say, it responded immediately to this situation so that it soon stood out in front like a flagpole.

“No one comes down this corridor so I don’t think we’ll be disturbed, but we shouldn’t take too long. My goodness that’s enormous,” she said as she looked down and grasped it in both hands. She had taken off her knickers in the toilets; he saw that she had nothing on as she lifted up the front of her dress and leant back against the wall to allow him to lift her up and to enter her. He had never done this before standing up but they soon both found a rhythm and a few minutes later, they both came almost simultaneously.

Laughing and smiling and kissing again, they gently uncoupled from each other and adjusted their dresses. “I think we’ll have to visit the bathroom again to sort ourselves out,” Steve said.

“Yes, we wouldn’t want the others to guess what we’ve been doing, would we?” she giggled.

Eventually the end of the evening came, they all kissed each other goodnight and left the bistro. Vanessa drove him home and on an impulse, Steve invited her in for a coffee. They sat side-by-side on the sofa but neither of them finished their drink as one thing led to another. Soon Vanessa was climbing all over him kissing him and fondling his breasts. He was amazed at her enthusiasm as, although they had all been friends for a long time, they had never indulged in any sexual activities before. There was no mistaking that she was intent on getting him to make love with her.

“Let’s go somewhere more comfortable,” he said, leading her into the bedroom, thanking his lucky stars that he had tidied it up earlier that week.

She followed him and moved around very sexily until she was behind him, gently pulling the back zip of his dress down. Then she eased his arms out of the dress so that it fell to the floor around his ankles, leaving him standing in his bra and pants, stocking and suspender belt, and heels. He turned, then turned her around so that he could unzip her dress in the same way. Then he undid the hooks on her bra so that her full breasts were exposed. It was her turn now and she undid his bra and licked his nipples as she took it off. It was a strange sensation that he’d never experienced before and it made his spine tingle slightly.

She undid his suspenders and after he had kicked off his shoes, she slid his stockings down his legs, around his heels and off his feet. Once he was free of his stockings, she slid her hands down the insides of his knickers and slid them down his legs as well. Her hands were cool and gentle as she ran them down his legs. He was quivering with excitement and could barely wait to take his turn to remove the rest of her clothes. Perhaps not as gently and sexily as she had removed his, but he didn’t want to wait anymore.

They were both naked and he stepped back to look at this vision of loveliness in front of him who obviously wanted him as much as he wanted her. He had completely forgotten that he was still wearing his wig and had full makeup on, but he didn’t care what he looked like. He just wanted to make love with this beautiful girl.

As they lay on the bed, she proceeded to play with his body, finding all the bits that excited him and made

him tingle, whilst showing him where she liked to be fondled and excited. He realised that she liked playing with his breasts and actually found it sexually exciting as she squeezed and pressed his nipples. She was even more excited when he did the same to her and he made a mental note that this was an important part of fore-play. He could see that she was getting very responsive and that she was ready for him so he gently pushed her onto her back and lifted himself on top so that he could enter her.

She was wet with anticipation and they slowly moved together for some time so that they could bring themselves to a climax. Steve held himself back as long as he could and Vanessa reached hers first. Steve did not rush things; as he hoped, she was able to reach another just as he felt a surge of feelings around his groin. He had the most massive orgasm he'd had for a long time. After some kisses, they fell off each other, exhausted. It had been a long day.

"Can I stay here tonight? I don't fancy driving home now."

"Sure, I'd love that. I don't think I've got a lot of stuff for breakfast, though."

"I'm not bothered. I just want to sleep here with you tonight. Forget about breakfast."

As they lay in bed the next morning, Vanessa asked him, "What are you going to do today, then?"

"I'd not got any plans really. I need to get some food for next week, but beyond that I hadn't really thought. Guess I'll go for a walk and catch up with some reading."

"Ooh, boring. I need to do some shopping as well but it will be for clothes. D'you fancy spending the day

with me? This evening, the girls and I are going out. You could join us if you'd like."

"Oh, I'm sure I'd cramp your style and I'd be outnumbered. One bloke with four girls. The other lads would be very jealous."

"Whoever said anything about one bloke? You'd come as Marilyn."

"What, wear that dress again?"

"Not that dress. We've got some other clothes for you at Nicola's flat to choose from. What do you think?"

"Well, it's intriguing. We could think about it," he said, secretly excited by the idea but not sure that he should show too much enthusiasm.

"Think about it? We haven't got time for that. I'll need to contact the others and let them know we're on for tonight, so that they can be prepared. Is it a yes?"

"OK then, it's a yes for tonight."

"Great, now what about today? Are you going to come shopping with me as well?"

"OK, sounds alright."

"Don't sound too enthusiastic. As Marilyn."

"As Marilyn?"

"Yes, as Marilyn. I've got a suitcase full of spare clothes in the boot of the car in case I could persuade you to come out."

"You mean you've planned all this?" he said, feeling somewhat bewildered by the prospect of going out shopping, then going out with the girls for the evening.

“Well not completely, but I did think it possible that we might end up like this, this morning.”

“Well, far be it for me to disappoint a lady. It looks like I need to get a shower and a shave, whilst you get your suitcase.”

After his shower, he wandered into the bedroom to see three dresses and a collection of underwear, tights and shoes laid out on the bed for him. He picked up them and held them against himself to see what they looked like. He thought to himself that the brown wrap-over dress would suit him best. “Wait until you’ve got some underwear on to give you some shape, then you’ll be able to make a choice,” said Vanessa. “Now just put some clothes on whilst I have my shower and we can get dressed.”

When Vanessa was out of the room, he picked up the bra and pants and looked at them carefully. They were lovely delicate things in a light cream colour with lace and small ribbons on them. Very feminine and very lovely, and he felt a little shiver of excitement that he could wear these things. He was getting aroused just handling them; he felt an erection starting, so he had to concentrate hard on something else to make the offending member calm down and subside. *How can one get in that state just by handling these things?* he thought. *Does that mean that I am excited by dressing up as a girl? I think I have to admit that I do,* he admitted to himself.

Vanessa came in to find him dressed in bra and pants and admiring himself in the wardrobe mirror. “Oh, do you like them? They are lovely, aren’t they? But you can’t spend all day looking at yourself. We’ve got things to do. Have you chosen which dress to wear yet?”

“Ah, not yet. Let me try them all on.”

He liked them all but he finally chose the brown dress he had picked out first. “What do I need for tights and shoes to go with this then?”

Vanessa gave him what he needed whilst she got herself dressed. “Let’s do your makeup after breakfast, then it won’t get messed up.”

He enjoyed the whole process of dressing and getting makeup put on. Instead of the blond curly wig he had yesterday Vanessa produced a short dark blonde wig in a more modern style. Steve was just as amazed at the transformation as he was yesterday. “I really feel like a girl this morning,” he said. “I’m going to enjoy today.”

“That’s the whole idea. Let’s go”

The town was packed with Saturday shoppers and they had no problem blending in with the crowds. “Are we going anywhere particular?” asked Steve as they walked from the carpark to the shopping centre.

“Not really, I thought you’d like to visit a few clothes shops and try on a few things. We’ll have lunch somewhere and I guess we need to do some supermarket shopping on the way home. Does that sound alright for you?”

“I don’t think I want to buy any clothes,” Steve said. “I don’t have a need for lots of skirts and tops.”

“Of course not, we’ll just try some things on for fun and to give you an idea of what suits you. Come on, let’s go into this one,” and she steered him into a large store full of loud music and racks full of the latest fashion clothing. “Let’s look at tops first. Just enjoy looking. You don’t have to like them all or even want to buy them. Tell me what you like best.”

And so the morning progressed. They discussed what clothes he liked, what clothes suited him best and tried on a few outfits. They had lunch in a small café, which was a bit scary for Steve as he had to order his meal from the waitress. She didn't seem to notice anything unusual and he breathed a sigh of relief when his food arrived. The afternoon passed quickly with another round of shopping and looking at clothes and accessories. At the end his brain was spinning but he had a better understanding of the way girls felt about dressing up. He was impressed by the way they could put things together to make an outfit.

"I need to drop you off at Nicola and Gwyneth's flat by five o'clock. They've got a selection of clothes you can choose from for this evening and you can get changed there. I shall pop home to get dressed. Melanie and I will join you as we're going to have a meal together before we go out. Does that sound OK?"

"Sounds like a good plan," he said, with a feeling that everything had been pre-planned down to the last detail and all he had to do was go along with the flow.

Nicola and Gwyneth greeted them with open arms and hugs and kisses all around. They asked about the shopping trip and what they had done and where they had been. Steve found himself describing the clothes and shoes that they had looked at and tried on. He was amazed and realised how much he had enjoyed himself that day.

"We've got some more exciting clothes for you to choose from for tonight," they chorused. "Let's go and have a look."

They had laid out a selection of skirts and tops on the bed for him to choose from. There were so many that he was spoilt for choice and couldn't wait to try

them on. Finally he was down to a choice of two skirts and three tops. The two girls and Steve liked them all equally well but finally they persuaded him to wear the silver top with the black checked skirt. The glittery top was fairly skimpy but worn over a push-up bra with some built-in inserts, it made the most of what little spare flesh he had on his chest and showed a reasonable amount of decent cleavage. The skirt was about as short as decency allowed, and teamed with platform shoes with a vertiginous stiletto heel, it showed off his legs to perfection.

“Do you really think I can go out like this? I mean, is it a bit too sexy?”

“Don’t you like them?” asked Gwyneth.

“I have to admit that I do. I feel really girly wearing them. I’m quite enjoying it, if only I can learn to walk in these shoes without falling over.”

“You’ll soon get the hang of them, just walk up and down for a bit. So what’s the problem?”

“Well, if I saw a girl wearing these clothes, I’d be really interested and would want to talk with her or get a dance.”

“That’s the idea, silly,” said Nicola. She thought about it a bit more. “Ah, I see the problem. You’re afraid that a boy will take an interest in you and you’ll have to dance with him.”

“Dancing’s OK. It’s anything else that I’m afraid of. I think perhaps I ought to wear something less noticeable?”

“Nonsense, you look good. Certainly good enough to attract a few admiring looks and perhaps some chat, but we’ll be there all the time so we can intervene if the situation looks like you’re getting out of your depth.

You'll just have to give us a nod to say you've had enough and you need rescuing. Now don't worry. You'll be fine."

"I suppose so, if you're sure it'll be alright."

"Of course. Now, you need to get some practice walking in those shoes so that you look like a girl, not like a tranny, and you don't break an ankle. Nicola and I need to get dressed as well, then we can have a real go at your makeup so you really look glammed up and ready for the clubs."

Fifteen minutes later, he had walked up and down the length of their sitting room and in and out of the bedroom. He had got the knack of walking in those stilt-like shoes. In fact, he felt like he'd worn shoes like that all his life. The girls eventually reappeared in outfits just as sexy and attention-grabbing as his, and he felt more comfortable to look similar to them.

"Time for some war-paint," said Nicola. She cleaned up his daytime makeup and applied a completely new look, with lots of emphasis on his eyes with some dramatic eye shadow and false eyelashes. She finished with a scarlet red lipstick that made his lips look fuller and then a little sparkly bronzer on his neck and shoulders.

When he looked in the mirror, he was bowled over. The skirt and top were gorgeous, the shoes were incredibly sexy, and his makeup was out of this world. He thought that he looked as if he'd stepped off a fashion catwalk.

"I'm speechless," was all that he could say.

"I reckon Nicola's done a pretty good job," said Gwyneth. "Just wait until the other girls see you,"

And she was right. Vanessa and Melanie were delighted and very impressed when they arrived a few minutes later.



“Let’s have a toast to our new friend, Marilyn,” said Melanie as she opened a bottle of white wine. “I suggest we eat. I’m hungry, and I can smell something very nice cooking in the kitchen.”

“And I can’t wait to get going and get to the club,” said Vanessa.

Even though he enjoyed the lovely meal that Nicola had prepared, the thought kept going through Steve’s mind that this was just the start of the evening. Very soon they would be leaving the safety of this flat and going out. He was terrified and kept imagining all sorts of things that could happen that would expose him as a bloke in a dress instead of a girl.

“You’ve gone a bit quiet,” said Nicola as she had guessed what he was thinking about, “You’ll be OK. We’ll look after you and you won’t get into any trouble.”

“Promise?”

“Promise. We’ll all keep the boys at bay,” and she laughed.

Their taxi arrived and they piled in, giggling and laughing. It was going to be a great night. And so it turned out to be. They all danced together or in pairs and on several occasions they danced with boys, but retreated back to the group after a dance or two. *There’s safety in numbers*, thought Steve, and made sure that he didn’t get left on his own. This strategy worked well until later on when Steve was dancing with one lad. The DJ put on a slow number that gave everyone the excuse to get closer to their partners and embrace. Steve was terrified at first but the lad didn’t seem to notice anything amiss, even though his hands seemed to be exploring every inch of Steve’s bottom and back.

Eventually, Steve started to relax and had to admit that he was enjoying it, so much so that he allowed his head to tilt back a little so that his partner could kiss him. *This is wrong*, thought Steve, *I shouldn't be enjoying this but it's very exciting* and he snuggled in closer and kissed the boy again but this time longer and deeper.

The slow dance ended and was replaced by one with a faster beat so they drew apart and continued dancing, but not so closely. Steve was confused and worried about what else might happen if the music slowed down again and so, at the end of that number, he mumbled something and left the dance floor to re-join the girls again.

"You seemed to be getting into the swing of things," commented Vanessa. "Why did you stop?"

"Well, er," muttered Steve, realizing that he was blushing.

The evening finally drew to an end and they left the club. Vanessa and Melanie shared a taxi home and Steve shared one with Nicola and Gwyneth. The idea had been to drop Nicola and Gwyneth off first and to carry on to Steve's flat afterward, but when they got to Nicola and Gwyneth's, they insisted that he came in for a drink before he got another taxi home. He couldn't really refuse and was soon in their lounge with a glass of wine in his hand.

"Ah, that's better," he said as he sat down, unbuckled his shoes and kicked them off. "I don't envy you girls wearing them all the time."

"I thought you would have realised why we wear them," said Nicola. "Didn't you feel glamorous and sexy this evening? You certainly looked like it. If I'd

been that lad, I wouldn't have let you off the dance floor to rejoin us girls. Did you like him kissing you?"

"I shouldn't admit it but it felt right at the time."

"That's good, but you still fancy girls more, do you?"

"Of course."

"Mmm, good," she said as she edged closer to him on the sofa and leaned forward to kiss him on his lips. "Do you fancy this girl then?"

"Yes, but..."

"What about *this* girl?" asked Gwyneth as she leant over the back of the sofa. Pulling his head back, she kissed him.

"Yes, but... I thought you two were an item and not interested in boys"

"But you're not a boy. At least not tonight, so that's OK," said Nicola as she stood in front of him and pulled him up from the seat. "We're just three girls together, so do you want some fun?"

How could I refuse? he thought. *Everything else has been strange this weekend, so sex with two lesbians is nothing out of the ordinary.* He allowed them to lead him into the bedroom. Each took it in turns to kiss him and start to remove his top and skirt whilst the other stripped off her clothes. Soon the two girls were naked and he was left just wearing his bra and pants.

He was just about to reach behind him and take off his bra, but Gwyneth said, "No, don't do that. You'll spoil the illusion. You look like a girl and we want you to have the shape of a girl for a while longer."

Raising an eyebrow slightly, he wondered what he was letting himself into. He soon found out as they gently pushed him onto the large double bed and climbed on top of him, kissing him all over, fondling his breasts, and massaging selective bits of his body. They didn't ignore each other either and little cries of excitement kept coming from them. Rather than just be a static partner in all this, he soon started exploring the girls' bodies himself, just using his lips and hands because his manhood was still severely restricted by the tight pants he was still wearing. When he tried to slip them down his legs to free himself, Nicola stopped him. "We don't want non-girly things like that in our bed. You'll have to keep it in control, at least for a while."

That's easier said than done, he said to himself, as he was positively throbbing with anticipation, but he concentrated on the current situation and soon found himself licking and sucking on Nicola's lovely pussy which was running with juices. She moaned with delight as she reached her climax and was swiftly pushed aside by Gwyneth who wanted the same treatment. Steve was happy to oblige and buried his face in her pubic hair, as he worked his tongue into every area he could find. He knew when he found her most sensitive spot as she shuddered with excitement. He could feel her clitoris throbbing as she also came to a huge climax.

"Again, again," said Nicola as she sat on top of him.

"What about my turn? I think you two girls are neglecting me," he said as he lay on his back, with his penis absolutely bursting to try to get out of his tight pants.

"Shall we?" Nicola asked Gwyneth.

"I think we ought to let this poor thing join in the fun," relied Gwyneth, gently easing his pants down his legs. Like a jack-in-a-box, his penis stood up to attention, looking like a soldier on parade, clearly wanting to join in the games.

"Ooh, that's big one," said Gwyneth as she opened her mouth and let it slide into her mouth. She had hardly started moving up and down when Nicola gently pulled her away.

"Let me see. What it's like?" and she started to lick him from top to bottom, gently biting him as she reached the tip, before she took him totally into her mouth and proceeded to suck and massage, moving her lips up and down the shaft.

The two girls continued like this for some time, swapping over after a brief interlude. Steve tried his hardest to suppress any urges to climax as he wanted this to continue as long as possible. Finally it became too much and he exploded in a shower of juice. The girls were ecstatic and licked up all the juice that had spurted over them and over him, and they all rolled over the bed, hugging and kissing each other.

"It's far too late for you to go home tonight," said Gwyneth. "Why not stay the night with us, and you can go home tomorrow?"

So it was that the next morning he woke up when two beautiful girls came into his room to tell him that breakfast would be ready in twenty minutes and did he want a shower first? As he sat at the table wearing a borrowed pink dressing gown and nothing else, he realised that he didn't have a stitch of male clothing to wear.

“Don’t worry about that,” said Nicola. “The weekend’s not over yet. You can wear the things you had on yesterday to go to the shops. Then you can walk back home after we’ve had lunch with the other girls.”

“Lunch? Other girls? What have you bunch of schemers got planned now?”

“No plans. We’d thought that it might be fun to get together again and compare notes about the weekend and check on what you’d thought of it.”

“Well, OK. Does that mean I’ve got to get dressed up again.”

“Of course. You don’t mind, do you?”

“Actually, no. I guess I’d better get going then, although I’d prefer you to do my makeup. I’ll never get the hang of that.”

Very soon he was dressed and ready for Nicola to complete the transformation and turn him once again into a lovely young lady ready to meet the world again, or at least to meet the other girls. They walked through the park in the sunshine and eventually ended up at a small café where they had a light lunch.

“Have you enjoyed the weekend, Marilyn?” asked Vanessa.

“What’s been the best bit?” asked Melanie. And so it went on with lots of questions.

“But how about all of you?” he asked. “Did you find it fun, as well? Was it worth all the planning and organising?”

There were some smiles and giggles among the four girls. Obviously they had been comparing notes about the weekend already, and it didn’t just cover the trips to the shops or the club, he thought.

Far from being the most awful day that could have happened as he had once dreaded, Steve realized that last Friday and the whole weekend had been some of the most exciting days of his life. "In fact, I wouldn't mind doing it again sometime," he said.

"Meals out and shopping and clubbing and ...?"

"Yes, everything," he interrupted quickly. "Especially everything else."

They looked at each other with a grin. "Let's see what happens," said Gwyneth.

Steve had been thinking about the scheming the girls had done to set him up in this mad adventure. Even though he had enjoyed it tremendously, he thought that he ought to get just a little bit even with them. "There is one thing you've forgotten though," he said with a smile on his lips.

"What's that?" asked Melanie

"Well, last Friday at work was all in aid of raising money for charity, not just about dressing up in fancy clothes."

"Yes, we know that," said Gwyneth

"Well you've had me dressed up for the whole weekend, not just Friday so I think you need to donate a bit more. Come on, empty your purses. I'm collecting your contributions right now. After all, it's all in a good cause."

GRANNY'S CLOTHES BOX

"So, what are you going to do this weekend?" William's wife asked him at breakfast one Saturday morning.

"Well, I think I need to do some jobs in the vegetable garden, then I'll tidy up the shed, as I can't find a thing in there. Maybe I'll watch a bit of rugby on the television in the afternoon."

"Nothing too strenuous then. You could think about sorting out that leaking tap in the downstairs bathroom," she said. "Remember, I've left enough things in the fridge for you to cook your dinner tonight, so you won't starve."

"Don't fuss. I can manage to look after myself, anyway you'll be home tomorrow."

Carol was leaving after breakfast to stay with her sister for the weekend. They had planned to go to the theatre on Saturday evening as her birthday present. She would be back home on Sunday in time for dinner at seven o'clock in the evening. William had the weekend to himself; he had already made his plans which didn't include gardening or tidying sheds or fixing taps.

William had always been a crossdresser, but had stayed firmly in the closet. Nobody knew about it or even had a clue what his little secret was, and he was happy to keep it that way. He looked forward to those rare opportunities when his wife was going to be away or out all day and he could dress up for a few hours and live his fantasy life.

William remembered that when he was a young teenager, he would try on his mother's clothes that she had put in the laundry basket in the bathroom. Fortunately he never got caught, and his parents never found out about his interests, although it had been a close call on several occasions. As he got older, he bought a few things of his own and kept them in a box under his bed where they wouldn't be found. When he moved away from home to go to college, he was able to keep his clothes in a suitcase in his flat. All this time he was still interested in the opposite sex and met Carol, a wonderful girl with whom he fell deeply in love.

Of course, like many crossdressers, he threw out all his girly clothes and settled down to a conventional married life. But the old urge was still there; eventually he gave in to the need to dress up again and bought a few new clothes. The demands of a busy family life meant that he couldn't dress up very often, but he enjoyed it when he could do so safely.

As he carried Carol's case out to her car, he could barely contain his excitement at the forthcoming weekend. "Have a lovely time and give my love to your sister."

"You have a restful weekend too," she smiled. "Be good and I'll be back for dinner tomorrow evening. Bye."

He waved his wife goodbye and casually strolled back inside but once the door was closed, he raced upstairs to get these things ready for the day. He laid out several dresses on the spare bed including the long floral skirt in a peach colour, with a creamy pink blouse that he planned to wear with ivory-coloured shoes.

He had undressed and put on a silky set of cream bra and pants and was putting in the bra inserts when

the phone rang. It was his mother who lived in the granny annex adjoining the house. William and Carol's house had a purpose-built granny flat that had been built by a previous owner. It had been well used when the children were growing up, but they had left home to go to college. William and Carol agreed that William's mother should come and live with them in the annex as she had been recently widowed and was a bit lonely. She was very fit for her age and looked after herself well, so she was no problem to them at all.

She had to get rid of lots of furniture and other stuff, but eventually she moved in and was very settled and had made several new friends in the area. Amongst the things that she had been adamant about not getting rid of there were two large, locked trunks that she insisted on bringing, even though she wouldn't say what was inside or let anyone see.

"Good morning, William," said his mother on the phone. "I know you said you were going to be busy this weekend and wouldn't have time to call round to see me, but I would like to ask you to pop in for a couple of minutes to move something heavy for me so that I can get on. It won't take very long."

"Hello mother," said William trying to sound polite whilst mentally cursing at the interruption. He knew that seemingly little jobs for his mother often escalated into lengthy projects. "Can't it wait until tomorrow evening or Monday?"

"Oh no, I've got to do it now, dear. While I'm in the mood. And it won't take long. I'd be ever so grateful."

"OK, OK, I'll be round in a couple of minutes." Cursing and swearing under his breath, he took off his bra and boobs and got dressed as William again. *Luckily*, he thought, *I haven't put on any makeup or that would*

have had to come off as well. I hope this isn't going to take long, as it's cutting into my precious girly time, he muttered to himself.

He unlocked the communicating door into his mother's flat and walked through to her living room, where she greeted him with a smile on her face. "I'm sorry I had to bother you. Thanks for coming."

"We could have organized this earlier," he said, but realised that sounded a bit rude. "Sorry, I wasn't expecting to get a call today. Anyway, here I am at your service, what would you like me to do?"

"I know I should have thought about it earlier, but I'm a bit forgetful these days, and it would be such a help to me to do it now. I want to move those two old trunks out of the spare room and into here so that I can open them up and look at the things inside. Can you shift them for me, please?"

They were pretty heavy for him to manage on his own, but eventually he got them both side-by-side in the living room. It hadn't taken too long and he was hopeful that his mother didn't have a long list of more jobs so that he would find an opportunity to disappear back to the main house as soon as possible.

"I think I'd like to start with the black one first. Would you undo the locks so that we can open it up? Can you guess what I've got inside?"

"Well, not really, I've always assumed they would be full of old photos or something." How long was this guessing game going on for? he wondered. "Do you want me to get rid of them or something?" Surely this could have waited until next week. But he decided to humour her and perhaps then he could get back to his own house.

“Well, why don’t you open it and see what’s inside”

He opened the lid and saw that it was full of old clothes – probably from the 1920s or thereabouts – there were dresses, interleaved with sheets of tissue paper, shoes and hats and scarves. *Wow, how exciting*, he thought, but he tried to look cool and not too interested. “Gosh that’s interesting.” He tried not to sound too excited.

“I thought you’d like to see them and maybe you’d like to try a few on to see if they fit you.”

“What do you mean, me liking to try them on?”

“I’m sure that you would, after all you’ve been wearing my clothes and women’s clothes since you were very little. I’m sure you won’t have stopped.”

“How do you know?” he stuttered in shock. How on earth did his mother know about his dressing-up?

“Don’t believe that you can get away with that sort of activity without leaving some clues behind. You would always take a long time in the bathroom, especially when there was some nice lingerie in the laundry basket, and you always seemed very secretive about the suitcase under your bed. Then there was that single earring that we found in the lounge one day that you couldn’t explain.”

He’d forgotten about that. He had hunted high and low for the darned thing and was acutely embarrassed when it was found under the sofa a week later.

“Since I’ve been here, I’ve noticed that you don’t appear out of the house when Carol is away, and I can’t contact you for a little chat. Now, come along, I’m sure you don’t want to waste time just looking at these clothes. What would you like to try on first?”

He was flabbergasted and didn't know what to say. His mother had known all about his secret for years and had said nothing. Now she was encouraging him to try on these beautiful clothes. He didn't know what to say, and sat down with a bump on the sofa staring at the open trunk full of clothes. It was obviously no use trying to deny anything. He decided to seize the opportunity and really enjoy himself.

"You're absolutely right, I didn't think you knew anything about my crossdressing, but as you do, I'd love to try on these beautiful clothes. But I need some makeup first. Just hang on for half an hour and I'll get myself ready."

"OK, don't be long. I'll put the kettle on."

It didn't take him long to do his makeup and put on a floral shirtwaist dress that he knew would be easy to take off without disturbing his hair. Then he was back in mother's sitting room.

"Oh, very nice, dear. I've never seen you dressed before. I must say you look very nice."

He blushed, and was secretly delighted. "Thanks, can I start with the 1920's dresses, please?"

"Oh you are in a hurry. Have some tea first, then I just need to adjust your makeup to match the 1920's. More of a rosebud mouth and more defined rouge or blusher on the cheeks will do it, I think."

She had taken several beaded flapper dresses out of the trunk and laid them on her bed, but she reached into the trunk again, "How about this evening dress to start with? I remember my mother wearing this to a very posh dinner in London once." She was holding a full-length evening dress in cream crepe backed with cream satin. It was sleeveless with a high scooped

neckline with three twisted ropes in cream silk running round the neckline, armholes and down the back of dress to finish in a twisted knot at the bottom of a low backline. "It's called a sheath dress because it's made with long bias-cut panels which make it cling to the body and show every curve."



William put on the fabulous dress. "It's stunning," he said. He couldn't stop smoothing his hands over the dress and running them over his body. Even though he didn't really have enough curves to make the dress come alive, he felt that he looked absolutely fabulous.

"Very nice, it's a very sexy dress, isn't it? Now how about this one? I can remember your grandmother wearing this on several occasions." She was standing there with another evening dress, looking like a fairy godmother giving presents to her goddaughter.

"It's lovely material. What is it?"

"It's made of apricot silk tulle embroidered in a swirling design over the skirt and bodice up to low neckline in silk floss and gold thread. But first you need to put on this underslip of apricot crepe de chine because the tulle is semi-transparent."

He put on the underslip, then took the dress from his mother and put it on. The dress had a high neckline and short cap sleeves. It was mid-calf length at the front and lower at back with a dropped waist bodice. The skirt was made up of 4 half-circles of material to give fullness. The effect was dazzling with much skill and work in the embroidery, which glistened in the lights. He just stood there and loved every bit of it. He walked around the room as if in a dream, whilst Mother beamed and smiled at him, enjoying looking at the dress as much as he was enjoying wearing it.

"There's just one more evening dress, then we can look at the day dresses," she said.

This last dress was just as fabulous as the others. Like the second one, it was worn over a pale pink underdress in silk satin with a halter neck and low back. The dress was ankle-length with a full skirt that

was stiffened at the hem, and it had full-length wide sleeves. It was made of black Chantilly lace with black appliqué velvet bows all over it and had black velvet ribbon trim at neck, wrists and a black velvet ribbon for a belt with a long bow at back. As with the others, he was entranced and couldn't stop waltzing slowly round the room to feel how the dress flowed with him as he moved.

"I can remember our Nanny taking us down to see my mother when she was dressing to go out to dinner, before we went to bed. It was my special job to give her a little spray of perfume from her bottle. I used to love holding the bottle with the tube attached to the top and squeezing the bulb so that a fine spray of perfume would come out. I would wipe my hand over the end of the spray so that some perfume would stick to my fingers. I would be able to smell it in bed until I went to sleep. Seeing these dresses being worn brings back so many happy memories," the old lady sighed.

William didn't want to take that dress off, but there were so many other things to try on that he eventually laid it carefully on the bed. Mother produced some lovely straw hats with wide brims and ribbon bands, some little cloches, and a whole range of beaded flapper dresses, which were great fun to try on.

"Shall we have a break, and have some lunch? Then I wonder if you could take me to the shops as I need to get something."

He must have looked miserable, as she said, "I don't mean you have to change back into William. I'm sure that you must have something of your own that would be suitable to come to the shops with me."

"Do you mean go out dressed up? In the daytime? I'm not sure about that."

"You'll be alright. A lady walking with her elderly mother won't attract any unwanted attention. And you look quite ladylike, so you won't be noticed. Now have you got some suitable clothes?"

I'm not really sure. You can have a look after lunch and advise me, if that's OK."

After lunch, his mother inspected William's clothes. There were a few shakes of the head and a few muttered comments about 'too short,' 'not very fashionable,' or 'too summery' but finally she chose a modest length black skirt, a light brown blouse and a brown wrap-over cardigan. "That will do, I suppose," she said as she inspected him when he had put them on. She then adjusted his makeup and tidied up his hair. "You've forgotten one thing. Have you any perfume?"

"No, I don't use it as the smell might linger and Carol would notice."

"Every girl needs some nice perfume, especially when she's going out. Carol's not here to notice. Here, have a spray of this," she said as she handed him a bottle of Carol's favourite perfume. "You're not as experienced as I thought you would be after all these years of cross-dressing, are you?"

"Well, I don't get much opportunity really."

"Would you like more opportunities then?"

"Yes. It would be nice to have some better clothes, and not have to steal away a couple of hours every now and then to dress up in secret."

"It must be a bit frustrating for you. I think we're nearly ready. Have you got a handbag?"

"Err, no."

“Huh. Well, I’m sure that Carol won’t mind if you borrow one of hers. I like that big black one she has with the gold rings on the front flap. Can you find it?”

When he gave it to her, she put a few bits of makeup inside, then demanded his credit cards and wallet. “Just in case,” she said.

Getting to the car was easy as the driveway in front of the house is sheltered by trees from the neighbours, but William suddenly panicked as he realised that he had to drive out onto the roadway and he might be seen. “Don’t worry. It’s most unlikely that the neighbours are looking out of their windows. And if they do see you, they will just see a woman, they won’t see that it is you,” said his mother encouragingly. “Let’s go.”

They got to the end of the road with no one seeing them at all. William was breathing a sigh of relief as he made to turn right to get to the ring road, which would take them to the supermarket. “Not that way,” said his mother, “we need to turn left to go to the town centre. I don’t want to go to the supermarket for frozen peas. We’re going real shopping.”

“But...”

“No buts. We’re going to have a lovely afternoon looking in the shops and having fun. I’m looking forward to our outing already.”

And so they drove into town, parked the car with no problems and his mother steered him towards Robinson’s, the biggest and best department store in town. William had never been out in the daytime before; he would never have gone out crossdressed on his own in such a busy place. He was initially terrified that he would be spotted and stared at, but his mother kept encouraging him and correcting him when he wasn’t

walking properly and was slouching along. "Stand up straight and keep those hips moving like I showed you. And most of all, smile. You're supposed to be enjoying yourself."

"Oh, I am. I was worried at first, but this is absolutely fabulous. I feel so free and comfortable with what I'm doing, that it seems the most natural thing in the world."

They had arrived in the dress department of Robinson's. Mother looked through several racks of dresses. "Do you like this one?" she would ask occasionally, until she ended up with five dresses over her arm. "How about you trying them on?"

"What, me try them on?"

"Of course, they won't fit me. The changing room is over there. This young lady will help you find a cubicle," she said, beckoning to an assistant who was hovering nearby. "Come out and show me each dress when you've changed."

William felt he had no option, although he was excited at trying on more new clothes. Once installed in his tiny cubicle. William slipped off his own clothes and tried on the first dress. It was nice, but he didn't feel comfortable in it. He went out to be inspected by his mother who agreed that it wasn't really right for him. He continued and worked his way through all the five dresses.

"I think I liked the third one the best," William said as he paraded the final dress.

"So did I. Try it on again," said his mother. The dress was a fine wool material in a subtle pattern of brown and black and was medium length with a cowl neck. "Yes, that's very nice," she said as he reappeared.

The shop assistant, who had appeared from nowhere, also agreed. "But I don't think those shoes are right. Can we just go along to the shoe department and see what you've got?" she asked the assistant.

"Of course, Madam, just bring them back here and pay for everything in one go."

They looked through all the styles ranging from delicate strappy, sparkly evening shoes to more rugged flat lace-up shoes, but he fell in love with a pair of black ankle boots with a small two-inch heel. They should be comfortable, he thought. His mother agreed that they were suited to his dress. She insisted on paying for the dress and shoes and got the assistant to cut off all the labels from the dress so that he could wear it immediately.

"If you're coming out shopping with me, you need to look smart. You have to admit that those old clothes are a bit tired. Are you feeling more relaxed and comfortable?"

"Thanks Mum, I really enjoyed myself trying on all those old dresses this morning but this is even more incredible."

"My pleasure, dear, but we still have one more purchase. We can't have you borrowing your wife's handbag every time you want to go out. Every girl needs at least one handbag," she said as she sailed into the handbag department, with William in tow.

Clutching his new bag, William stood in the open air outside the shop, breathed in a lungful of fresh air and felt on top of the world. He would never have believed that this could happen to him, or that he would feel so relaxed.

"Is that it? Do you want to go home now?" he asked

“Go home now? Oh no, I’ve got to get a couple of things in the chemists and then we’ll have some tea.”

“Tea?”

“You don’t think we’ve dressed ourselves up as smart as this and we’re just going to go home. We’re going to have afternoon tea and cakes in Florence’s tea shop”

Florence’s was the smartest teashop in town. William started to feel conspicuous again as they walked through the door, but no one seemed to pay him any attention. He relaxed again as the waitress showed them to their table and they settled themselves down and looked at the menu. Mother ordered tea and some small cakes; William sat back and just enjoyed being there, being a woman and being himself. The cakes were delicious, and he remembered to take small bites and to eat and drink in a ladylike manner. He loved every minute of the experience, and it was reluctantly that he left there to walk back to the car and drive home.

“I’ve just got two more dresses in my trunk to let you try on if you’d like to,” said his mother once they were safely back home. “I know you’ll like them.”

She had saved the two most outstanding outfits until the end. First, there was a black chiffon dress with a cowl neck and short sleeves over a black slip. The length was slightly below knee level and it had a border of large pink, lavender and lilac flowers. There was an appliquéd spray of pink and lilac flowers over the left shoulder like a scarf. The dress was packed up with a matching lavender cloche hat, black stockings and court shoes with two and a half inch heels.

Then she produced the most wonderful 1920's dress he had ever seen. It was a gunmetal grey V-neck dress with a wide collar, and came down to just below knee level. The collar, cuffs and hem with trimmed with a broad band in a black and brown leopard spot print. The sleeves were three-quarter length and were split to quarter-length and lined with bright fuchsia pink.

There was a pair of grey T-bar shoes with two and a half inch heels. The matching hat was black, a cloche-style crown but with wide and deep brim, like an upturned basin. It was lined in the same bright fuchsia pink. Just to complete the ensemble, there was a matching fuchsia pink parasol. William felt just like he had stepped out of the pages of Vogue. He knew he looked something special by the expression of delight on his mother's face.

Wow, it had been an exciting day, full of lovely surprises and wonderful clothes; William was overwhelmed and tired out. It was time to call it a day and leave Mother to get her meal and settle down for the evening. "Thanks a lot, you don't know how fabulous today has been," he said.

"I do, I could see it in your face every time you tried on a new dress. I can't choose which one was my favourite on you out of all those we looked at."

"It has to be this dress. I felt so relaxed and sexy in it I could wear it all day. It really is something special. I can't bear to take it off."

"Well go on then, you don't need to take it off now to go back to your half of the house. Wear it all evening, but don't cook in it, otherwise you'll get cooking smells on it."

“Thanks for a wonderful day, and thanks for my new outfit.”

“I’ve enjoyed every minute just as much as you, dear. What time do you want to come around tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow?”

“We’ve got another trunk to open up and look at.”

William had completely forgotten about the second trunk. “More 1920’s dresses?”

“Oh no, completely different. I’m sure you’ll enjoy it. I’ll see you in the morning, would ten o’clock be suitable?”

He wore that lovely dress all evening, and couldn’t bear to take it off until he went to bed that night.

The next morning he was up early, showered, shaved, put on his makeup and got dressed, as he could hardly wait until it was time to go through to Mother’s flat to see what was in the second trunk.

“Morning, dear. Did you sleep well?” his mother asked him when he entered her living room. “I do hope you’re looking forward to today as much as I am. I’m sure we’ll have a few surprises in store. Let’s open up this trunk.”

It was completely packed to the top with clothes. *It’s like Christmas all over again*, thought William to himself. On top of the dresses there was a whole selection of stiff nylon petticoats, nylon stockings and some stiletto heeled shoes with two- or three-inch heels. He couldn’t wait to try something on. “What can I try first?” he asked.

“These dresses are all 1950’s vintage,” said his mother, pointing to a large selection of dresses by

Horrocks, Polly Peck and by Susan Small. The style was inspired by Dior's 'New Look' and most of them had a fitted bodice which cinched in the waist and emphasized the hips and bust, and a full circle skirt which responded to every movement. There were some lovely floral prints and bold stripes and colours.

"First of all we need to make sure that you can fit into these narrow-waisted dresses," she said. "Girls of that era had very small waists, but they still needed some help to achieve the perfect shape. Try this on," and she handed him a waspie waist cincher that was a nine-inch wide belt of embroidered fabric with elastic panels at each side and eight whalebones at regular intervals around the cincher. William breathed in, and fastened the hooks and eyes at the back, creating an instant hourglass look just from this one garment.

"Uhh, that's a bit tight, but it gives me a fantastic waist. I think I can still breathe. Let's see if I can bend over to put on these stockings," he said as he clipped the four wide suspenders onto the nylon stockings.

"I think you should wear one of these bouffant nylon petticoats with the first few dresses," said his mother as she chose one from the trunk. "It'll make your skirts stand out even more. I bought some makeup yesterday that will be more appropriate for these clothes. Let's try this," she said as she produced a lipstick in a bright baby pink colour. "That's almost exactly like the colour I remember we all wore."

He was beginning to feel very feminine and part of the 1950's. He pulled out a dress with a flared paneled skirt with a seamed fitted waist in a pretty print of sprigged branches in dark brown and pale cream with a matching brown grosgrain ribbon belt.

"I used to love that dress," said his mother. "I loved the short cuffed dolman sleeves and lovely rounded shawl collar. But most of all, I loved the twinkly rhinestones in the five dark brown buttons that fastened down the front."

"I can see why," said William, as he twirled around to make the skirt fly out around him. "It's lovely."

"If you like that one, wait until you try this one on."

The second dress was a cotton day dress in sugar-sweet pink with big white polka dots. It was a shirtwaist dress with 3/4-length cuffed sleeves, collars and lapels, bust and waist darts for shape and four big white plastic buttons to fasten down the front of the dress. It had a fitted seamed waist and a gorgeous full skirt, gathered tightly under the waist seam with flat panel to the front of the waist. It looked fantastic with a pair of white stilettos.

"Oh yes. It's what I would describe as really pretty and very girly," said William, walking around the room and looking at himself in the mirror.

"It was probably my favourite dress. Seeing you wearing it brings back lots of happy memories. Now here's a wonderful wrap dress from the 1940's," said his mother. "Don't you just love the colours? They don't seem to have faded at all."

William looked at the brightly coloured paisley-patterned fabric with tones of deep red, yellow, emerald green and mid blue on a white background and agreed that they were still jewel-like in the depth of their colours. The dress had three-quarter length wide cuffed sleeves and small shoulder pads for shape and a gently curved narrow shawl collar. It had a seamed waist and a flared skirt with a large hip pocket to the

right, and ties, which fed through a slit, and belt loops to fasten around the back of the dress.

“That’s lovely, dear,” said William’s mother. “It has a classic look that hasn’t dated at all. You’ll have to take off that full petticoat and put on a normal one for the last two dresses,” she said and lifted up a very pretty day dress in stormy grey cotton with a romantic print of bright pink and red roses. It was a short-sleeved frock with neat little collars framing a square neckline with two covered buttons to trim below each corner.

“Oh, that’s nice,” said William as he took off the polka dot dress and changed his petticoat. When he had put the new dress on, he could see that it had a dropped waist with a sash detail around the hips, and was trimmed at the side with a square fabric covered buckle. The full skirt was box-pleated all the way around and there were bust and waist darts to give the dress a fitted shape.

“Yes, very nice. That was a posh frock in its day. I used to feel very grown-up wearing that. Now, how about this?” and she lifted out a dress and jacket set in soft cotton with mottled grey and white background and a print of abstract circles in soft apricot and light brown with black highlights. The dress was drop-waisted with neat inverted pleats at regular intervals all the way around under the waistband and had dolman cap sleeves, a square neckline to the front and a V-shaped back with a zip fastening. The matching jacket had bracelet-length dolman sleeves, neat collars and a v-neckline, and ten covered buttons to fasten down the front. Both the dress and the jacket had lots of waist darts at the front and back to enhance that lovely 1950’s hourglass silhouette.

Below the day dresses there were some evening dresses and his mother found him a long line strapless bra in a pretty pink embroidered fabric with whale-bones at front to give the bust some support to wear instead of his normal bra before he tried the dresses on.

Next out of the trunk was a cocktail dress in cream silk satin with wide shoulder straps, a square neckline and a narrow waist, which was located just below the bust with a large bow in the middle. The knee-length skirt was drawn together into the waist and flared over a central panel with a small detail bow at the hemline in the centre.

It was a lovely dress and William liked it very much but he had caught sight of the evening dress now on top of the pile.

It was made from a gauze material printed with small floral motif all over in light grey, light blue and green flowers. It had a square neckline with wide shoulder straps, and a multi-pleated skirt. The dress was completed by a purple silk sash that crossed at the front, looped through at the sides and ending in a bow very low at the back near the hemline. He caught his mother's eyes looking at him with a wistful smile on her face. "You must have looked lovely in this dress," he remarked.

"Thank you. You look pretty good yourself. It was my first evening dress and I thought it was heavenly. Those days were great fun. But if you can tear yourself out of that dress, I think you'll find that this is even more stunning. I wore it to my first real adult event. It was some big function hosted by my father who was chairman of something or other. I really felt grown-up when I wore it. Here it is. What do you think?"

As she lifted it out of the trunk, the sapphire blue acetate material rustled and caught the light. From the front, the dress had a stunning hourglass shape, with elegant thin double shoulder straps, a straight neckline trimmed with tightly ruffled matching lace, with a tapered-in waist and fabulous full skirt with a matching layer of nylon mesh. From the back, the skirt was trimmed down the centre panel with tiers of ruffled lace to match the neckline, which tapered out down to the hem. A lace-trimmed bow added a finishing touch. As William's mother fastened up the back zip, she sighed with delight. "You don't know how much pleasure it brings me to see that dress being worn again. I did love it so much."

"You don't know how much pleasure it brings me to actually wear it," he replied. "I think I've fallen in love with it as much as you did."

William thought that they had finished but realized that they had not reached the bottom. There was a layer of white cloth over some more clothes. "We've reached the 1960's," grinned Mother, and she lifted out the cloth cover to reveal a riot of colour beneath. "I think we need some adjustments to your makeup to fit in with the period. Let me help you."

On top of the pile was a sumptuous scarlet red velvet maxi dress. William realized that this was a Biba dress, as were most of the others, he found out subsequently. It had very simple lines with a rounded neckline and a gentle A-line flare from the fitted bust to the hemline. The long sleeves were gorgeously indulgent as they were puffed up at the shoulders and had ruched fitted panels around the upper arms.

"Oh, wow," said William, "this colour is fantastic, and the heavy material just hangs beautifully. I've al-

ways known about Biba but never realised their clothes were so wonderful to wear."

"I loved everything they made. I was always trying to visit their store in London as often as I could," his mother replied. "Their store was amazing, always full of people looking at the clothes and trying them on. Just wonderful."

Then there was a beautifully simple, pinafore shift in a luxury-weight jacquard weave abstract fabric in monochrome black, white and grey. It was fully lined in no-cling satin, sleeveless with high round neck, cut out and double satin-covered button fastening at the back, piped edge panels at the front, fitted to just under the bust and with a side zip fastening. He wore this as a pinafore style over a long-sleeve high neck top.

There were two lovely Biba maxi dresses. The first was made of luxuriously soft velvet with a generous long maxi-length and had a demure round neck that ran to a plunging back neckline that was very sexy. The elegant silhouette of the dress was enhanced with gathering details to the shoulders and around the start of the extra wide, buttoned cuffs, which made them more voluminous and made them feel very bohemian and romantic.

The second maxi dress was in a fine silk fabric with an abstract purple, green and blue design throughout. The fabric was ruched at the bust and the long halter neck tie fastenings hung sexily down the low backline. The soft silky fabric flowed effortlessly and instantly made him feel very sophisticated and very glamorous. With that dress, he wore a bolero cut marabou feather jacket. The luxurious black marabou feathers gave a soft, floating movement as he walked around and made him feel an instant film star.

Just as he was walking around posing in front of the mirror and admiring the dress, he heard a car coming up the drive and parking outside the house. It was Carol who had returned home much earlier than William had expected. He was surprised that she was home; he couldn't understand why she hadn't rung to say she was on her way home as she usually did. They heard her ring the doorbell of the main house and then let herself in with her key. A couple of minutes later there was a knock on the adjoining door from the main house into Mother's annex.

"Hello Mum," she called. "Is William in there with you?" and she came into the lounge. "Oh, I'm sorry he didn't realize that you had company. He..." she said as her voice trailed off in surprise.

William was frozen to the spot and couldn't say anything, but Mother broke the silence, "Come on in, dear. You must meet my new friend, although I think you know her very well already. We're just trying on some of my old things. Doesn't she look lovely in this dress?"

Carol didn't seem to hear what was being said, as she just stood there with her mouth slightly open in shock. William was still speechless, not knowing whether to run, to speak, or to try and pretend that nothing had happened. "I remember a photo of my mother in a Biba dress like that one," said Carol eventually. "I always thought she looked beautiful in it, and I always wished that I could have one just like it."

"Well, why don't you try on this one?" said Mother and she pulled out a cream muslin dress with an empire line bodice and a neckline trimmed in pale coffee lace. The dress had amazing double sleeves with frilled cuffs trimmed in lace, an empire waistline with a deep

tie belt and a floor-length skirt gathered from the waistline. The dress fastened with a zip at the back and was a classic example of that gorgeous and creative Biba style.

Carol slipped off her clothes and eased into the dress. As Mother helped to pull up the zip, William thought she looked wonderful, although he had a small tinge of regret that he hadn't had a chance to try on that particular dress. Never mind, he had worn so many others that day that he was very happy.

"You look lovely, dear," said Mother. "In fact, the two of you look like a pair of sisters dressed like that. Now I was just going to make a cup of tea. Will you have some?" And with that she quietly disappeared into the kitchen.

Thanks a lot, Mum.

Carol sat down on the sofa and studied William carefully, motioning him to turn round slowly so that she could see him from all angles. "Well you certainly look good. In fact I'd say you look rather attractive. Much better than I expected you would look dressed up."

"I didn't think you'd be home so early," was all he could manage to stutter.

"I rang as usual, but there was no reply." William hadn't heard a phone ringing that afternoon although he admitted to himself that he had been so enthralled by all these new clothes he was trying on that he might not have noticed. "I always ring to let you know when I'll be home, in case you're dressed up."

“What do you mean dressed up? And what do you mean I look much better than you expected I would look? Did you know about this weekend? Did you and Mother plan this?”

“Of course we did. You can’t keep a secret like this from two intelligent women. When we compared notes it was clear to us, especially given your mother’s work experience.”

“What’s that got to do with it?”

“As a psychiatrist, she dealt with a lot of patients with transgender issues and learnt a lot about them. She had always been interested ever since you were a small boy. Hadn’t you realised?”

And then he remembered, although he’d always tried to not let it be obvious that he was interested in her work. He especially didn’t want to show any interest to her in crossdressing.

“Ever since I’ve known you, you’ve always been interested in women’s clothes. I know you keep a small box of clothes in the cupboard in your office. Don’t kid yourself that you can dress up and behave as a woman without leaving some little clues behind. The odd little spot of makeup in the bathroom sink; once there was an odd bit of nail polish on one of your fingernails that you hadn’t cleaned off properly. These little things all get noticed, you know.”

“I, er, I thought I’d always been so careful to tidy up after me so that you wouldn’t find out,” he stut-tered.

“So I talked to your mother and asked her if you’d been like that as a little boy. She recalled that there had been some incident or other that made her think about

whether you were a crossdresser, but she hadn't any proof at all."

That's not what she told me, William thought, but perhaps Mother was playing it carefully and not giving away too many secrets.

"Anyway, Mother and I were able to put two and two together, therefore we know all about your little hobby, but we had never seen you dressed up, not even a photograph, so we devised this plan to find out what you looked like. And to get you out of the closet."

So it was a set-up, thought William. What a couple of little schemers. "Do you mean you've known for years?"

"Of course. I wish that you'd not be so secretive and talk to me about it so that I can share it with you."

"But I wasn't sure what you'd say and I didn't want to lose you. You're too important to me to upset you."

"I love you, you silly old fool. It doesn't matter if you wear trousers and a shirt, or a skirt and blouse. I'm a bit annoyed that you didn't trust me enough to listen to you and to try to understand about your crossdressing. And I must say you do look rather lovely in that outfit."

"I've been alone for so long with my dressing-up and not being able to talk to anyone about it that I couldn't risk telling you. I'm sorry; it's not that I didn't trust you. Now that you've got me out of the closet, it's going to be difficult to get me back in again."

"Who said anything about getting you back in? I think I could enjoy having an extra girlfriend. How about it?"

Mother must have listened outside the door, because she came in with the tea tray at that precise moment. "Let's sit down and have our tea and some of my home-made sponge cake." Looking at Carol, she said, "We two older ladies can tell our new friend how wonderful it is to be a woman and how we can enjoy all our lovely clothes, can't we?" Then she turned to William. "Aren't you glad that we both found out about you and that we're both happy?"

As they drank their tea, Mother told Carol all about the shopping trip to town and the clothes in the other trunk. She seemed to know about quite a few things that had happened; William realised that Carol and Mother must have talked about it already. "Have you discussed this on the phone already?" he asked.

"Of course we have. If you had been uncooperative or had looked a fright, we would have changed the plan. Carol would have come home at the agreed time instead of coming home to find such an attractive lady in her house. We're not daft, you know."

Eventually it was time to go, and they both stood up. "Please keep those dresses on, you both look so nice in them. Wear them this evening and you can bring them back tomorrow. Or better still, keep them and you can come and collect both of the trunks of clothes. I can't wear them now, and I'm sure you'll get more pleasure out of them than I will keeping them in a box."

"Now what am I going to do with you?" Carol asked when they had both got back to their own part of the house.

"What do you mean?"

“Well it’s intriguing having another woman in the house. I don’t know what to do.”

“I think I need to cook some dinner for us. Whilst that’s going, I’m going to open a bottle of wine. I think we both need a drink.”

“Not too much, I’ve other plans for you later,” she said with a smile.

“Oh?”

“Definitely,” she grinned and cuddled up to him. “I want to see how this new woman performs in bed. Is she as good as the old man who normally comes to bed with me, or will it be different?”

William didn’t know what to say, but nodded and muttered something unintelligible which his wife took to mean yes. “And next week we can make some plans to buy a new wardrobe for all those old clothes and some new clothes from this century as well. I can see lots of lovely shopping trips ahead for us. It’s going to be so much fun.” As she spoke, she reached down to take his hand and gave it a squeeze.