

# My American COUSIN



# BEA

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# MY AMERICAN COUSIN

**By Bea**

I can't fault my mother, or anyone else for my childhood. Can't blame my father, he was dead. As far as I can tell, I was spoiled more than anything else. Things just seemed to happen of their own volition. Human nature just taking over I guess – although Sandra may have been the catalyst that set everything in motion.

To say that I grew up as the “Lord of the Manor” is an absolute lie – I wasn't the lord of anything.

We were quite well off though and to the best of my recollection I wanted for nothing. Lived in a rather large house in a in Scotland, where I ruled the roost

over my mother, Melanie her maid/companion, and Elsie the cook. I was a fairly studious boy so at times we had various lady tutors during the school sessions – our house was too far from anything for me to attend the local schools. Also, my mother believed that they were probably too ‘rough’ for me. So I led a fairly lonely existence, broken in the summer now and then by summer visitors who lived in other parts of the United Kingdom, but would reside close by for a month or two.

As my mother also felt that having an adult male about the house might look improper – plus as she never really cared too much for the male sex, she would have some local male contractors come in and do some heavy work around our gardens and suchlike only when it was absolutely needed. Otherwise, I was the sole representative of that gender around the house except when some nasty work needed doing. I remember watching the local artisans at work though – and shuddering. In Scotland, the weather can be inclement on a regular basis and I can still see myself peering from behind curtains in the dry warmth of our house as men toiled mightily in the dirt and rain to unclog a major sewer or something else equally nasty. It makes sense, therefore, to think that doing male work did NOT appeal to me. Maybe THAT was an example of why I grew up the way I did.

Looking back, I see that I said that I ruled the roost. This is probably a lie of sorts. I was *tolerated* is probably more of the truth. Certainly, I was the only male except for the occasional workers I just mentioned, but apart from Elsie? The rest of the household seemed to believe that the male sex was an unfortunate appendage to the human race. Every so often I’d probably do something wrong or stupid – just as the child of either sex will do

- but all the women would invariably sigh, look at each other, then exclaim. "Ah men! What can you do?" I therefore had an imbued feeling that I suffered from some sort of unfortunate malady! (Not to be trusted perhaps?)

Yes, there were a few indications that I didn't fit exactly into that particular mold. Elsie was broad and bustling and proud of the fact that she had a 'Good Scot's tongue in her heid!' Once or twice she'd tell me to hold my wrists firmer or to watch how I held my arms when I ran or threw things, but I never quite understood what she was getting at. Mother didn't like television at all and liked to knit in the evenings. I sensed from the way the Elsie sniffed – and Melanie grinned quietly – that there was something a little 'off' with me learning to knit as well, but I found it an excellent break from reading or working on my stamps and a pleasant way of passing a warm night in the study with the wind and rain beating on the windows. I distinctly remember one rather attractive tutor I had for a short time. I heard her jokingly refer to me – to my mother of all people – as *his* ladyship! She was gone very quickly. I had actually liked her quite a lot and asked mummy where my tutor had gone, but she just looked at me stonily and I didn't press the issue.

So, my childhood passed quietly and I wandered into my teens. If sexuality played a part? I honestly have no remembrance of it. Of course I masturbated, but from veiled inferences that mummy made, I felt it to be shameful some how. It didn't *stop* me, but I don't think that I was normal in that regard also. Another thing makes me think now. Makes me wonder.

For the life of me, I don't remember what I fantasized about – if anything. All I can remember is a sort

of pleasurable rubbing for a while then, after a few humiliations, grabbing myself to stop from making a mess, running for the bathroom and cleaning myself up later – with my eyes feeling awfully heavy.

So sexually, I was an immature nitwit, when Dorothy arrived at a neighboring farm. She was somewhat larger than me, a sultry, blonde with bored eyes who seemed to feel that I should be captivated by her. I wasn't. I think she felt that I should fall over myself when she'd hint at giving me a kiss – or strangely? Talk about playing 'doctor' or some such rubbish.

But we tolerated each other I suppose – boredom being a major component that drew us together. She had TV at her place and I saw it now and then, but the reception on the Scottish moors leaves a lot to be desired. On top of that, all she wanted to do was watch sappy reruns of what passes for soap operas and get all dreamy eyed and talk about so and so being SUCH a dreamboat. That kind of stuff. Drove me absolutely out of my mind!

It was probably the third time that Dorothy had visited us. She hadn't come in successive years by as she being slightly older than me - but I remember one night being told that she and her mother were back. I was glad in some ways, stupefied in others. Wondered what I'd find to do with her THIS year. The first day that we got together didn't do anything to dispel my thoughts of boredom and if her obvious displeasure and rolling of the eyes didn't indicate what she thought of me, I don't know. But we went walking anyway – about the only relaxation that the surrounding countryside offered. So any dreams I'd had about that summer being different disappeared quickly.

But then, that very night, mummy blinked at me over her knitting.

“Oh Alan dear? I may have done something unforgivable. To be honest, I’ve absolutely no idea why I did. Though I must admit that I thought you’d get the benefit. Now? I’ve no idea of what I was thinking of.” She shook her head. “Honestly! I must be getting old or something.”

I may have only been a teen and an idiot in the sexual way of the world, but that didn’t make me an idiot altogether. I put my own knitting in my lap for a moment.

“Old? Don’t be silly mummy! Now *what* have you been up to?”

She giggled a little at my reassurance and took a sip of her tea. “I don’t have ANY idea of what got into me – but I’ve offered this place to Sandra as a place to live for a while – she’s an American cousin of yours *and* her companion – Alicia I think her name is. I’m really sorry. Maybe I should have asked you, but I was thinking that you’d enjoy the company.”

I was shocked, though somewhat excited. Naturally, I didn’t want to show this so had to put on a little of an act. I laughed. “Good GRIEF mummy! Don’t you think I have enough women to contend with around here as it is?” Then a new thought struck me. “Age, mommy?”

She shrugged. “Oh grief! I never thought to ask! But my feeling is that Sandra and her friend are only coming here because they’ve spent most of their money. From that? Not much I agree, but I have the strongest feeling that they’re both quite young. Early twenties perhaps?”

“Well?” I ruminated. “At least they’re not some old fuddy-duddy’s. Looked at her pointedly. “Like SOME people seem to think they are!”

She knew I was kidding and was flattered enough that she preened a little. “No. Now that I think on it, I spoke to Sandra. Had the feeling that she was very aggressive. Reminded me more of my mother – a REAL tartar - than of her own mother who was rather sweet.”

“That your cousin that run off with the American soldier?”

“The very same. A nice girl – but it was a long time ago and I’m afraid we haven’t been in contact much. Never did see eye to eye.”

“How come I’ve never heard of her before? Some scandal that I’ve never heard about?”

“None of your business!” She added tartly, but with a smile. “Just one of those silly family squabbles. High time it was mended – so I want you to show your cousin complete hospitality!” She smiled gently. “Not that you wouldn’t of course. You’re turning into the perfect gentleman, Alan.”

“But if she’s the daughter of your cousin? What does that make the relationship between her and I?”

“Oh, I don’t KNOW!” Mother said, sounding a little cross. “I was never into this genealogy muck – so let’s just call her your cousin. Okay?”

I shrugged. It was no skin off my back.

Sandra and Alicia arrived about two days later in the afternoon without any further warning – not something that my mummy would normally suffer, though it dawned on me later that I never heard a complaint cross her lips. Sandra won her heart immediately and

completely - as my first exposure to her should have warned me.

I had just returned from unsuccessfully hunting for bird eggs when a venerable Rolls Royce drove into the broad driveway and parked in front of the house. From one or two encounters, I knew it to be the only taxi within miles, operating from the only village where the train stopped. Angus, was the driver – a cantankerous old Scot, humorless beyond question. Tolerated simply because he was the only one with a taxi – a monopoly of sorts.

I wasn't expecting a passenger to exit from beside the driver, but a red haired girl did so – with what seemed excessive energy – smiling as she looked around her with a sort of awed acceptance and making some sort of humorous remark into Angus as she did so.

Then, simultaneously, a girl let herself out of the passenger side and Angus slowly got out from the driver position. She looked quite nice, I thought. Tired, but nice. The thing that took my attention immediately was the fact that Angus was SMILING! Then he actually laughed at something the red haired girl said.

Then she bounded to the back of the car and without waiting for Angus, opened it up and started hauling a prodigious amount of battered suitcases onto the ground. Quickly unloaded the car before either of her companions did a thing. Then she stunned me even more! I heard her low voice with the strange accent ask Angus. "How much?"

"Ach weel?" he said, suddenly sober. "I think that Thirty five pound should cover it!"

She straightened up and I got my first experience of her glare. "Angus! Do you think I'm MADE of money? You're being RIDICULOUS – and you know it! If I paid you that much you'd lose all respect for me. Now stop joking around and tell me how much!"

To my amazement he tried to look astounded, but suddenly grinned. "Well lass? Seeing it's you. How's about thirty?"

She cocked her head. "Twenty five?"

"Ach then. Alright!" He actually GIGGLED! Then took the money from Alicia! Then he got into the car and took off – actually waving goodbye – and never saying a word to me or Alicia the whole time.

I moved towards them, just as mother and Melanie came out from the front door and down the steps. "Yo!" Sandra yowled and bounded up the stairs to meet mummy. "Hi auntie!" she yowled – and *embraced* my mummy! I think that Melanie and I actually gaped as this happened, but when mummy was released she actually seemed pleased! This was NOT her usual behavior.

Then the three of them worked their way back down the stairs as introductions were made all around. Finally, it was my turn. A pair of hazel searchlights turned towards me. "Aha! You must be Alan!" Sandra approached me with her hand outstretched.

I smiled and in the deepest possible voice I could manage, said, as I held my own hand out. "Hi there Sandra! What a pleasure!"

Nearly fainted as my grip crumpled beneath hers. My goodness – she was strong! I think that she was just as surprised as I – expected a much more masculine grip from me – possibly from that deep voice? But she

was nice enough to immediately cut back on the force of her grip without any change of facial expression.

She gave off such vitality that I was surprised to see that we were extremely close in size. Inwardly, I knew that where she was fit and rangy, I was soft and somewhat flabby. I pulled in my stomach muscles as well as I could but can't say that I felt any better. Then I had to meet Alicia, and it wasn't so bad.

Again, she was sizes with me, but more to my build, certainly not muscular in any way. Blonde, round faced, with pale blue eyes. A MUCH softer grip as we met. A sweet smile. "Sandra's a little pushy." She whispered, "but don't let it put you off her, she's a real sweetheart - honestly!" I believe you." I whispered back.

"Alan? Be a dear and help those young things in with their luggage, will you?" Mummy spoke to me then addressed the newcomers. Melanie will show you to your rooms - I hope that you'll forgive me. I have a phone call I need to make." Then she paused. "You *look* very fresh, both of you. We're having a lady and her daughter over for dinner tonight. She and Alan are great pals." (I wondered for a second who she could have been talking about, then realized with a grin that it was Dorothy and her mother that she had to be referring to.) "Anyway?" She continued. "You can join us for dinner if you wish - or I can have a tray sent up to your rooms if you'd rather go to bed early?"

Sandra grinned. "Aunt? It sounds like a FREE meal and though Alicia here is too nicely mannered to say it? I'm starving! You don't need to make any fuss over us. If you don't mind? We'll be at dinner with bells on. What time is best?"

“Seven for a drop of wine?” Mummy asked. Then. “You ARE old enough?”

“Of COURSE!” Sandra laughed, then added. “Well – we’re not REALLY – but I promise that we’ll both behave! Shy and ladylike!”

“Wonderful!” Mummy said. “I have my doubts as to how shy you are Sandra – but love convivial company – and you have no intention of driving anywhere tonight – correct?”

“Absolutely not!” Sandra laughed.

“Right then.” Mummy said and disappeared back into the house. Just from her back and walk, I could tell that she was delighted by our new guest.

“Right then!” Sandra said, taking charge immediately. “Let’s get this stuff up immediately then, shall we? I’m BURSTING for a shower! If you’ll take one of those big cases Alan? Alicia can take that small one.”

Melanie and I started for the group of cases together, but Sandra smiled at her. “No offense dear – but we’re all younger than you and can manage. If you’ll lead the way?”

“Melanie smiled and headed up the stairs. I took the handle of one case, Alicia took a smaller one – and Sandra took two big ones. I was going to protest this – then I felt the weight of the one I had picked. Knew I was in trouble with just this one. Red faced with embarrassment – and exertion – I followed the women into the house, then up the inside stairs. With dismay, I saw them all disappear ahead of me. Puffing and panting, rested the bottom of the case on the stairs for a short rest.

The thought of Sandra coming back and taking the case was bad enough – but what happened was even

WORSE! *Alicia* came from around a bend and appeared at the top of the stairs. "Heavy buggers, aren't they?" She asked, coming down the stairs towards me.

"Whew! That's heavy!" I said, agreeing – but to my horror, she simply bumped me aside and took the handle of the case in her own hands, and started up the stairs. "You're just not used to them!" She made excuse for me, seeing my face. "We've hauled those cases all over Europe. Don't be upset!"

"Oh!" Was all I managed in protest, my masculine pride hurt, but I was too late to do anything. By the time I'd recovered, she was on the hallway at the top of the stairs, leaving me no choice but to trail behind her into the rooms that had been assigned to them, where *Melanie* and *Sandra* were standing awaiting us – I was SO embarrassed entering the room empty handed! This wasn't helped in the slightest when *Sandra* came to me and put an arm around my shoulder. "Don't be embarrassed *Alan*. *Alicia's* a lot stronger than she looks. I should have known better than ask you to carry a big heavy case like that."

I was speechless, but then she continued. "Actually *Alan*. I've a BIG favor to ask you. Do you mind?"

"Of course not! Anything!" I managed gallantly.

"Like I said? I'm starving and . . ."

"Want me to get you and *Alicia* something? I'd be only to glad to ask *Elsie*." I broke in.

"That'd be lovely." She answered, but if you wouldn't mind? *Melanie* has offered to show me a bit more of the house and I'd really like to meet *Elsie* and see if I can bum something to eat from her."

"Oh. That's fine." I said, but what's this favor you want?"

"She smiled kindly at me. "Would you be a real dear and help Alicia unpack the cases? It's not my favorite thing to do and I'd dodge it if I can – yet at the same time, I'd really like to give my clothes a chance to get hung up as soon as I can. Get the creases out – you know?"

It was rather deflating to be asked to do the kind of thing that Melanie would do for mummy, but I couldn't see a way out of it now. I tried to escape it though. "I'm kind of clumsy." I said. "Not sure I could . . ."

"I don't believe that!" She laughed. "And anyway? Alice will help you out if you have any questions."

"Okay then." I said, trying not to appear too unwilling.

"Perfect!" She beamed. "Come on Melanie before he changes his mind!"

With that, the two of them left the room, leaving Alicia and I staring at each other.

"She's rotten!" Alicia laughed. "*Absolutely* hates to pack or unpack and will do just about anything to get out of it." She smiled sympathetically. "I think you just got conned Alan." She shrugged. "Always trying to get me to do hers. I've learned to tell her NO! Dislike packing or unpacking myself, but I suppose that we may as well get on with it – right?"

"I guess so." I said unwillingly.

I could NOT believe the filmy, feminine, garments that were in Sandra's suitcase. I mean, it was embarrassing to take out, then shake, then refold and pack intimate ladies undergarments in a chest of drawers, but that's what Alicia swore was required. Finally I just had to speak.

“Those don’t really look like they belong to Sandra. Are you sure that they’re hers?”

“Oh, *that* stuff?” Alicia laughed. “They’re hers alright. It’s just her mum. Bound and determined that Sandra’s gonna be a proper girl – all dainty and pretty.”

“She’s certainly not! Even I can see that!” I laughed.

“Her mom worked hard at putting both of us on this trip and bought Sandra a whole mess of wardrobe. Sandy just didn’t have the heart to say she didn’t want it, so we’ve lugged it all over the world. I know that Sandy’s a bit worried about taking a bunch of stuff that’s never been used back home – but she’ll think of something. I’m *sure* of that.”

“Sure of *what*?” A mumbled voice came from the door. I turned around, and it was Sandra with a plate of cold chicken and a half glass of milk in her hands, and a mouthful of chicken that made her mumble.

“FOOD!” Alicia gushed. “Can I have some?”

“Course! Brought you some – though you’ll have to share the milk. Elsie offered me a tray, but I didn’t want to put her to any trouble.” She smiled at me. “That Elsie! A real character – and a doll to boot!”

“A *doll*?” I laughed. “Elsie?”

“Had no problem looking something for us to eat after I explained how we were two starved children! A lovely woman.” She took another munch of her chicken and held the plate out to Alicia, who promptly grabbed a piece.

Sandra sat on the edge of the bed and surveyed what I was doing. “Not BAD Alan! You do nice work.”

“Glad you like it Sandra.” I said, laying down a dress that I’d been in the process of hanging up.

“Hey! Don’t quit now! My hands are all greasy with this chicken. Don’t be a spoilsport!” She was laughing at me.

“I TOLD him how you hate packing and unpacking.” Alicia mumbled as she ate chicken,

“Some friend SHE is!” Sandra said, though contentedly. “But c’mon Alan. Please don’t quit now.”

“Alright.” I said and picked up the dress again.

“Say Alan?” Sandra said. “I was asking Elsie what you guys wore to dinner at night.”

I shrugged. “Nothing special, but with company coming tonight, a wee bit more formal than usual. I would guess . . .”

“That’s right! Elsie said you’d probably wear a skirt. That right?”

“A WHAT? What on earth are you . . .” Then it dawned on me. I laughed. “Not a *skirt* Sandra – a KILT! Us Scots wear them all the time.”

She shrugged. “Skirt – kilt. I don’t see any difference. Kilt? Looks like a skirt to me. I don’t see any need to get embarrassed about it all. I wear pants – like lots of women. You want to wear a skirt? I think you’d look good in one.”

I blushed. “Sandra . . .”

“Matter of fact Alan? I’m out of decent pants and shirts and was going to see if I could borrow some from you for tonight. We’re both the same size and it would only be until I did my laundry. Just dawned on me. If you wanted? You could borrow that dress. Bet

you'd look stunning in it! That way it would be a fair swap. What do you think?"

I looked at the silvery, sequined dress in my hands, then at her. "I don't think . . ."

"Sandy dear? Stop embarrassing the poor boy!" Alicia giggled beside her. "Look at how red he is!"

Sandra was looking at me, all humor gone from her face now. "Alan? I don't CARE what you want to call them – but I think that you're a sissy boy that wears skirts. Now, I happen to enjoy sissy boys – that do as I tell them – very much. But when they get disobedient? I can get quite angry at them. I really hate disciplining them, but I will if I have to. Now HOLD that dress up against yourself Alan!"

"But I . . ."

"ALAN?"

I licked my lips and held the dress up against me, the way I'd seen mummy do when buying a dress.

Sandra smiled at Alicia. "See? Alan may not have really known that he enjoys doing as he's told, but I have the feeling that he'll be a NICE little boy before we leave." Then she smiled a sweet smile at me. "You won't be naughty now, will you?"

"No Sandra," I said through dry lips and started to put the dress down.

"I wasn't finished yet. Pull your dress back up please. Stick your leg out."

I did as she said and she grinned at Alicia. "Think the dress would fit him?"

"Oh Sandy!" Alicia laughed. "You are terrible! I don't know how you do it. I thought Alan was just a

nice boy, but now you have him practically trying a dress on. Here, let me look." With that, she came over to where I stood and looked at me and the dress closely. "You'd have to pad him about the bust a little, but otherwise? I think that the dress would fit like a glove." She smiled at me and shook her head slightly. "Sandy's nice. But if I were you? I'd stay on her good side. She can get mean with sissies – honest."

I HAD to lick my lips. "Sandra? Let me explain. I think there's been a misunderstanding. I'm not . . ." She held up a hand to stop me,

"Alan dear? I'm sorry if I read you wrong." She looked at me with calm eyes. "You can hang the dress up now dear – and maybe go on with the rest of the unpacking?"

I sighed with a kind of relief. Knew that I wasn't going to argue.

"Alan dear?" Now it was Alicia. She shook her head. "I seem to have got my fingers all greasy from that chicken as well. I'm nearly finished with my unpacking. Think you could finish mine up for me?"

The two women were looking at me, their eyes wide open and innocent – and amused. I knew that I was being tested, but also felt that I wasn't going to fight in any way. My jaws felt funny, but I managed to say. "Makes perfect sense to me! both of you ladies look as if you need a rest! Lie back and enjoy your chicken."

Alicia and Sandra shot looks of pure confident enjoyment at each other. Sandra even raised her eyebrows and she grinned even wider as they laid back on the bed and fluffed pillows under their heads as they watched me, purely contented, as I become a maid for

them. They breathed loudly through their noses in satisfaction as I became even more and more conscious of their interest as I performed the feminine duties.

“Ever help Melanie?” Sandra drawled as I was finishing up.

“Help Melanie?” What on earth *for*?” I asked in honest bewilderment.

The girls looked at each other. “So modest!” Alicia stated.

“I honestly think he doesn’t realize how big a help he’s been! Anyone that good must enjoy it!” Sandra laughed.

“Maybe he just comes by it naturally?” Alicia said, as if thinking out loud.

“Think we should reward him?” Alicia said.

I wasn’t sure what she meant, but could feel a sort of fright course through my bones. “No reward necessary ladies! Glad to do it!” I said, trying hard to project bonhomie.

I don’t think that it worked. “Alan? I’m the boss here, but if Alicia says something? I really think you should listen to her.” Sandra smiled gently at me and sidled over on the bed so that there was a gap between her and Alicia. “Now I happen to agree with her that you deserve a reward, so come over here and lie down between us – would you please?”

Now I was truly scared. “But you two are GUESTS! I’m supposed to make you feel at home! Honest!”

“Alan?”

“Okay. Okay. Okay.” I gave in and went over to the bed. Both girls smiled invitingly, so I had no other

choice. Sat on the gap between their feet, worked my way up the bed a bit, then lay back down. Some adjustment, and I was lying there between two girls, both of whom had raised themselves onto their sides.

“Tell me Alan. Do any of the ladies here know of your sissy tendencies?”

“But Sandra? I’m not . . .”

“Hush.” She was quite firm as she patted my cheek. “Does your mother know? Melanie? Elsie?” She looked at Alicia. “Can you believe that he’s hid that from them for any length of time?”

Alicia shook her head. “Not really. Maybe his mom turns a blind eye? Bias and all that? Melanie may not spend any time. But Elsie? I’d almost bet on it.”

“I think Alicia is saying exactly what I think. Elsie never spank you? Anything like that?”

“No Sandra. Nothing.” Then a thought struck me. “She does ‘suggest’; that I walk – or throw things differently now and then.”

“And what do you do about that?”

“Nothing. I’ve no idea what she’s been talking about.”

Sandra laughed. “My goodness. Probably throws like a girl – we’ll have to check that out Alicia.”

“I don’t see how the way I throw has anything to do with anything.” I said huffily.

“Don’t be throwing any little hissy fits now!” Sandra said soothingly. “You’ve given me some clue as to what’s been going on. Now lets you and us get down to business.” She patted my cheek again.

“Get down to business? I don’t understand.” I said.

“That’s all right. All you have to understand is this. We WILL be nice to you – most times anyway. But when we ask you to do something? We’ll expect it done. No arguments at all. Just be a sweet little obedient boy? Okay?”

I was lying on my back staring up at two girls who were looking down at me with kind – if grinning faces. They were bending over towards me now, their eyes staring deep into mine – and suddenly, both laid a hand on my erection!

“Hey! Oh! I say! What are you girls doing . . .” I yelped, but they were stroking me.

“Please stop. . . please?” I whimpered, but my own flesh was betraying me.

“I think he likes this!” Alicia giggled.

“Told him we were going to reward him – didn’t we?” Sandra added. “But I don’t think that he’s . . .”

I never knew what she was going to say as I started pumping semen into my underpants, letting out a small scream as I did so. I tried to put a hand down to grab a hold of my penis and stop the pumping, but Sandra read my mind. “Never mind dear!” she said, taking my hand in hers and stopping me as I made a mess of myself.

Then, as I blearily looked into the two pairs of amused eyes, Sandra leaned over and kissed me. “That nice?” She asked me when she finished. “I think you’d better go and freshen up before dinner. That reminds me. Are you going to wear a skirt?”

“It’s a KILT!” I said weakly.

“Dear? To ME it’s a skirt! Now I won’t call it that normally amongst other people. But when we’re to-

gether? It's a SKIRT! Now darling. Are you wearing a skirt tonight?"

"Yes."

"How many skirts do you have?"

"Four – in different tartans."

"That's better!" She looked at Alicia dreamily. "I really enjoy thinking of my sweet little boys wearing skirts for me." She chucked me under the chin. "You going to be my very own, sweet little boy in a skirt tonight?"

"Yes." I mumbled. "Can I go and get cleaned up now Sandra?"

She backed away from me on the bed. "Of COURSE you can darling. Now run along and make yourself pretty for me tonight!" She spoke to Alicia. "See? Nice and docile already!" Then she spoke to me again – "Off you go then."

I heard both girls giggle as I hobbled out of the room, my penis sore – but trying to walk normally and not display the mess my front was in was extremely difficult. Somehow or another though, I made it.

It was early enough in the day that I had time for a much-needed nap after I skulked to my room then got rid of my messed up clothes. Some sort of local girl came by twice a week to do the laundry and I wondered what she might think. To be honest I was too tired to care very much, but I rinsed my shorts and underwear in my bathroom sink and hoped they'd dry before one of her days. Fell onto my bed and fell asleep.

I woke up in plenty of time. Found myself thinking about Sandra. The events earlier on made me think.

Was I *really* effeminate? She seemed to think so and I didn't seem to have the strength of character to disprove her thinking. All of a sudden I saw the lack of hair on my face as a potential sign. Lots of males that I'd heard of seemed to have started shaving LONG ago, but living in a house of women I'd never thought much of it – had this affected my thinking? In any way, I found myself taking more care in my appearance than normally was the case. It wasn't a formal dinner by any means, but I took a lot of care in picking out my shirt and long socks. Found myself somewhat embarrassed when picking out what kilt I'd wear that evening. I had the curious feeling that I was getting ready for *her*. Rather enjoyable to tell the truth – but that didn't stop me from feeling strange.

\* \* \*

Mother was in the sitting room when I arrived, very elegant in a polka dress sheath with a pale pink coral necklace and matching earrings and bracelet. She had a good size drink of her favorite single malt whisky in her hand.

"My! Aren't we formal tonight?" I asked with a laugh.

She looked a little embarrassed, but laughed. "I could make the case that I'm dressed for Emily (Dorothy's mother) and Dorothy – but you and I both know that I want to put on the dog a wee bit for our American relatives." She gave me an arch look. "You look pretty respectable yourself young man. One of your better kilts if I'm not mistaken. Do I detect a little interest in Sandra? She's quite a person, isn't she?"

“Mother? She’s my cousin!” I retorted. “Quite a smasher, I will admit – but she’s my COUSIN!”

“Oh THAT?” she said airily. “Wouldn’t let that get in the way. To be honest? I think she’s actually a step child of my sister – not a blood relative at all. On top of that? It’s not that I mind – but I’m not altogether sure how she feels about males. A wee bit of a tomboy if I’m not mistaken.”

“Oh.” Was all I could say, but she obviously had something else on her mind.

“I want you tending bar tonight. You know how to mix drinks, don’t you?”

“Sure. But why not Melanie?”

“She’s okay, but I always have this feeling that she’s looking down her nose if I ask her to serve somebody younger than legal.”

I looked at her in astonishment. “You mean you won’t object to ME having a drink mother?”

“Not really. But I don’t think I could refuse you or Dorothy to be honest – but Sandra or Alicia? I don’t KNOW that they’re much older than you two – no offense darling – they just seem much more mature and there’s no way that I wouldn’t let them have a drink if they want one. But with you dear? If you DO have a drink? Water it down a wee bit. You’re not offended that I ask, are you?”

“No mother. Not at all. But should I water the girls drinks down?”

She pondered for second. “No. I’m not so sure about Dorothy – but I’ll give you the eye if I feel that anybody is having too much. Okay?”

“I get your meaning mother. Perfectly clear!” I said with a smile.

I had just checked the bar for ice and mix (I’d had a few wee drinks when there was nobody around to catch me and prided myself on my bartender skills) and what booze there was available, when Alicia and Sandra came in.

I almost gasped. Alicia was wearing a demure navy blue dress that showed surprisingly good legs in dark high heels, her blonde hair held up with some sort of tortoiseshell combs. Not much make up, but there was no doubt of her being attractive.

Sandra, on the other hand, was gorgeous in some sort of silvery concoction – also in some heels – but her blazing red hair fell to her shoulders – and that seemed to set off her blazing eyes. She walked, and looked fantastic.

“My goodness you two! You’re splendid!” Mother gasped. “I DID say that it wasn’t to be formal. My goodness! You’ll make all of us other women jealous!”

“Well?” Alicia laughed. “Thank you ma’am. It’s SO nice to get a compliment when I’m with her. For someone who doesn’t ever like to dress up, she puts me in the shade constantly! I can’t remember the LAST time she wore a dress. But now just look at her!”

“Aw shut UP Alicia!” Sandra said, actually blushing. Then she spoke to mother. “She’s right in one thing though. I DO hate dresses! But once I found out that everyone tonight would be in skirts or dresses, I didn’t want to be the only oddball in the crowd.”

“Eh?” Mother was surprised. “I think you’ve forgotten Alan? He’s not wearing a skirt.” She laughed. “Nor a dress. At least not the last time I looked.”

Sandra smiled. “Forgive your dumb American relative auntie – but he sure looks like he’s wearing a skirt to me!”

Mother paused, astounded for a moment then laughed! “You colonials!” She joked. “Trying to embarrass my poor son. Is that it?”

“Embarrassment? What have I been missing?”

It was Emily, Dorothy’s mother, and Dorothy as they came into the room behind Melanie. We hadn’t heard them at the door I guess, so it was a surprise. Emily is a rather large, brassy blonde. A boisterous woman with an outrageous Yorkshire accent. She is pleasant though and can be fun. She wore a mid length brown skirt with a multi-colored blouse. A wee bit on the flamboyant side for a woman of her size, but she carried it well. Dorothy looked rather nice in a red sheath dress I’d never seen before. We all made introductions and kissed our hellos and by the time I’d made a round of the various drinks and served them up, everyone seemed to have gotten together and were yakking like a house in fire. It didn’t take me long to see that Dorothy was practically swooning over Sandra. I mean to say! But who was I to complain? I just think I was out of sorts because Sandra was obviously complimented by this outrageous behavior – and certainly made no attempt to curtail it.

I think I was alone in only having one drink. I didn’t water it the way that mother had suggested, but could feel the effect of the straight alcohol. Knew already (from earlier experiments) that I really didn’t have much of a head for booze and though I felt like it originally – didn’t fancy making a fool of myself in front of a bunch of women so left it alone after that.

The dinner was successful, with everybody nattering away like old friends. Everybody but me, that is. Suddenly it dawned on me. I was the only male at the table. I was the only male in the house. I was probably the only male within some square miles! Why then did I feel so powerless? I saw Sandra look at me occasionally – she even arched her eyebrows suggestively a few times, but though I had no idea what she was getting at, I was nervous to say the least. I had this terrible feeling of doom hanging over my head but, as dinner progressed and nothing happened, started to return to normal again – chiding myself mentally for my worrying.

Do men have feminine intuition? Maybe not – but I had felt ‘something’. Was stupid enough to think I was going to escape. Didn’t.

We were finished with the meal and having some cheese along with coffee and in some instances, port wine. Suddenly, I saw that Sandra and my mother were in a deep conversation.

“... but you obviously like Scotch Marian?” Sandra was saying to mother, but you say that you’ve never tasted a Rusty Nail?”

“Good heavens – NO!” Mother laughed. “Sounds like an American torture!”

Sandra drew herself back in her chair, aching as if she’d been mortally offended. “Huh! I will have you know ma’am, that it was my mother – a woman of SCOT’S ancestry I believe? Who introduced it to our house!”

“Heavens!” Mother giggled. Your mother?”

Sandra nodded. "Indeed! And if you will allow me? I'll go and make one for you. If you do not wish to finish it? I will be glad to finish it for you!"

"What's in it?" mother giggled again (She'd had a few, I thought).

"Family secret!" Sandra said, mock huffily. "Perhaps if Alan will show me the bar? I will be glad to make you one if the ingredients are on hand?" She stood.

"Sounds like fun! I'll have one!" Emily called out.

"Me too!" Said Dorothy.

"I'll pass." Alicia said. "They're lovely – but a little potent for me right now."

Sandra beckoned to me. "Come Alan. Let us hie to the bar!" Then she laughed, showing her gleaming white teeth. "Lay ON MacDuff!"

All the other ladies laughed as she and I exited the dining room, her taking my arm.

"Having a good time Alan?" She asked me coyly once we were out of the room. "I must say, I really love that skirt – though I have the feeling that you'd look much prettier in some sort of floral arrangement! You seemed SO happy sitting there with all the other girls! SO contented!"

"Please shush Sandra!" I pleaded in a whisper. "I'd hate to have Melanie or Elsie hear that kind of thing."

"But you've spent all evening in nothing but the company of ladies? Wearing that pretty skirt. Why should you care?" She looked at me calmly.

“Shall we make those drinks now?” I pleaded as we were almost at the bar. “What was it you called them? Rusty Nails?”

“First thins first dear!” She stopped and stared at me. “What do you have on under that skirt?”



"A gentleman never tells!" I said weakly, trying to smile. "And again? It's a kilt dear girl. A KILT!"

She didn't appreciate my sense of humor. "Told you before Alan. The LAST possible thing you are is any kind of gentleman. Now stop fussing around and tell me. *What* are you wearing under your skirt?"

"Jockey shorts." I admitted wryly.

"Thought so!" she said, then to my amazement reached under her skirts and with seemingly effortless ease, pulled down a wealth of peach covered lingerie!

"What ARE you *doing*?" I asked.

"What I want you to do!" She answered shortly. "Now just put your hands up under your skirt and pull your underpants down."

I started to ask 'what for'? But she was staring at me so confidently, that I knew that I didn't have the guts to fight with her. So I sighed, and pulled my Jockey shorts down. Stepped out of them, in exactly the same way that she'd stepped out of hers.

"Gimme!" She said cursorily, holding out a few silky things to me at the same time and saying. "Hurry. Get these on!"

"These?" I asked. "I knew damn well what they were but had no idea whatsoever what to do to stop her. Maybe I was hoping that lightning would come and strike me dead. Get me out of this awful predicament.

"Yes. These." She said. "This?" She held one of the garments up. "Is a pair of panties. This other thing? It's called a half slip. Now, just in case you don't know? Ladies wear panties and half slips under their skirts ALL the time. Knowing that you're a little sissy –

which is almost exactly the same as being a girl? I figured that you should get to know the delights of wearing some nice lingerie. Now, are you going to stand there and ask questions until somebody comes looking for us – and I explain my problem with them. Or do you want to put your panties and slip on under your skirt?”

I took the silky, satiny, items from her and handed over my jockeys which she put on under her dress immediately, looking at me with a humorous expression in her eyes.

“But Sandra!” I wailed. “I’m NOT a sissy! Honest! You’re making an awful mistake! I can see why you’re thinking this way. But I’m not a sissy. HONEST!”

For the very first time, I saw doubt in her eyes. Then she held up a hand. “Get them on – quick. While you do? I want to think about what I’ve been thinking.”

Blushing furiously, I kicked off my shoes, then pulled the panties up under my kilt. Arranged them around myself. They fitted quite well. Felt strange, but nice enough, that I had to swallow – but she was obviously thinking and didn’t notice. Emboldened by this, I slid the slip up under my kilt as well. Dry mouthed, was perfectly aware of the silky material now rubbing up against my thighs. Let the kilt fall into place, then fitted my shoes back on. Looked at her.

“Okay Alan.” She started. “I don’t KNOW why you’re creating all of this fuss!” She shook her head. “I *love* little sissy boys – and I’m very good to them! Make them do as they’re told of course – but they LIKE that! Then I make them pretty.” She looked thoughtful for a moment, she continued. “That is something that some of them fight me on but?” She shrugged. “They

come to like being nice and soft for me down the line. So I'm a little confused by all this noise you keep making about not being a sissy – when I'm almost POSITIVE that you ARE one!"

"You said '*almost*' Sandra! That means that you're not positive. So can't I take those girl clothes off?" I said forcibly – well as forcibly as I could.

"No! Don't be silly! But I'll meet you half way. I'll give you a few days – and if I don't see you being a sissy? I'll think about the fact that maybe you are a boy after all. How's that? But in the meantime, two things!"

"Two things?" I asked suspiciously. "What exactly?"

"One. I want you to offer Melanie and Elsie a hand to tidy up tonight. Don't want you taking 'no' for an answer!"

"Jesus Sandra!" I yelped. "I've never done anything like that before! That's what a girl would do!"

"Yes. That's true. But if you do that? And don't get all dreamy eyed and girlish? I'll think that maybe I wasn't on the right track after all."

"Oh." I said, not altogether convinced. "And the second?"

"That's an easy one. I want you to come and tell me all about it when you finish."

I shook my head. "I'm not so sure about . . ."

"ENOUGH!" she interrupted firmly. "If we have a deal *okay*. If not *okay*. But either way, I think we'd better get going on the Rusty Nails. They're really simple to make – but we can explain our absence by saying they are complicated. Now hurry UP! A deal or not?" She put her hands on her hips and stared at me

commandingly as she tapped her foot. She was SO adorable!

“A deal.” I whispered.

“Good! Let’s get a move on!” She laughed.

It was just as well we got going because we just got finished making the drinks when Dorothy came with a suspicious look to find out what was keeping us. The making of the Rusty nail was deceptively simple. About 50 percent Scotch, and the other 50 percent Drambuie. (A well known Scots Liqueur).

“It’s easy to make.” Sandra said. “If it’s for a drinker that likes his Scotch, go a wee bit light on the Drambuie. If it’s for a lady, or a light drinker? Go a bit heavy on the liqueur. For your mother? She likes her Scotch. For all the others we’ll go a bit lighter on that.”

We had just got the drinks all set up on a tray, when Dorothy appeared. “I was wondering what was keeping you two. Thought you might be necking or something like that!”

“Oh Alan doesn’t DO things like *that!*” Sandra joked, then to my amazement, went and gave Dorothy a short kiss!

Dorothy was as taken aback as I was, but suddenly her eyes dropped shyly – and my thoughts that she was attracted to Sandra proved correct.

“Come along then dear!” Sandra said, linking arms with her, while a sort of triumph gleamed in her eyes. “Let’s go! Alan can bring up the rear. Right Alan?” Then without waiting for anything from me, they led the way, chattering quietly as I, jealous as hell, followed them.

The drinks were a great success. Mother even begged for the recipe, but Sandra said that Alan had mixed them according to her very own secret recipe – and that I wanted to keep the mix a secret. Even I enjoyed my own, although my stomach was churning at what I was having to do at the end of the meal. To be honest? I HAD helped Melanie tidy up a few times when Elsie was sick (How I was praying that Sandra didn't find out) but I'd never offered to help when there was a lot of company. What on earth was mother going to say?

But the problem wasn't with her. She, Alicia, and Emily were involved in some discussion about handicrafts or some such thing. Dorothy was so entranced with Sandra, that she seemed to have forgotten everyone else. Sandra just looked at me with cool eyes as I said to mother as she went to rise from the table. "Mother? I think I'll give Melanie and Elsie a hand to tidy up tonight."

"That's very nice Alan." She said, her mind obviously somewhere else. "But you don't have to, you know."

"Well – it's getting awfully late mother, and poor Melanie and Elsie have been working like dogs." Here I attempted a smile. "And I feel like a fifth wheel anyway."

Emily looked at me fondly. "I think that's lovely of you Alan. SO considerate of you! I'll just say my good-night now then – Dorothy and I have to be leaving shortly."

"Yeah. Goodnight Alan." Dorothy said disinterestedly.

I said my farewells and went down to where Elsie and Melanie were sitting having a cup of tea at the kitchen table.

“We’re just letting your mother and all the guests say goodnight.” Melanie said defensively. “Will tidy up when the coast is clear. Was there something that you needed, sir?”

Suddenly, I was extremely conscious of the womanly clothes I wore under my kilt – and the humiliation of what I was about to do.

“Ach! The women are just about finished with all their blethering!” I said in my best imitation of a broad (manly) Scots accent. “I’m no tired, so thought I’d come and give you ladies a hand.”

“A WHUT?” Elsie gaped at me.

I found myself gulping and blushing, my false confidence utterly gone. “Help you ladies tidy up?” I couldn’t keep the question out of my voice.

“That sounds terribly nice.” Melanie said, but there was an air oh sly humor about her now. A gleam in her eye. “Doesn’t it Elsie?”

“How can ye say that?” Elsie growled. “It’s wumman’s work! Nae fit for a man!” She glowered at me. “Whut are ye thinking aboot? Away tae ye’r bed!”

“Now, now Elsie!” Melanie said. “I think it’s a *lovely* gesture! And as you’re in charge of the kitchen, that’s *your* business – but tidying upstairs is MINE – so I’m going to take advantage of Alan’s wonderful offer. Come along to my room Alan.”

“Your room? Whatever for?” I said, but was starting to follow her. She was mumbling something that I

didn't quite hear. So seconds later I was pausing by her open door as she was inside.

"Come IN dear! I won't bite!" She said then turned around as she foraged in a drawer and grinned salaciously. "Come IN!"

"Ha ha!" I said nervously as I saw what she had pulled out of the drawer. "That's not necessary Melanie."

She waved out the folds of the long white apron. "Don't be silly Alan!" She said severely. "Your mother would kill me if I let you soil your nice kilt cleaning up those dirty dishes. Come and let me get your nice apron on."

"But Melanie I can't .. ." I started.

"Alan! Now you HAVE offered after all – and how do you think I would feel if you got your nice clothes all soiled. Come along now!"

Gone was her maidenly subordinate demeanor. If she wasn't my boss now, she surely felt that she was calling the shots. Red faced and blushing I went to her meekly and stood in front of her as she put the loops of the apron over my head. Turned speechlessly when she indicated that I do so, and felt her tie the sashes of the apron fussing a little until she had a large white bow.

"Don't you think that's MUCH better? You look so nice! Maybe I should talk to your mummy and have you help me more often?" She was so coy it was sickening. I wanted to tell her off, but just smiled weakly instead.

"What have ye DONE?" Elsie asked Melanie as the two of us went back into the kitchen. "OCH! I knew his father. Not a big man by any means, but he was all

man! He'd DIE if he saw the little pantywaist you've made him into! Just DIE!"

I stood there, the subject of her scorn, knowing well that the full apron covered my kilt, and wrapped around me enough that it had to look as if I was wearing a long white dress.

"I think you're exaggerating Elsie!" Melanie giggled. "Anyway? It's *me* that he's volunteered to help. When we're finished, you can let him go if you want – but there's an awful lot of dishes – and he's dressed properly now to do them. So if you change your mind . . .?" She left the rest unsaid.

Melanie and I worked diligently for about an hour, tidying up and hauling the dirty dishes to the kitchen where we found Elsie up to her elbows in soapy water (we didn't have a dishwasher) when Melanie suggested we finish with a cup of tea. I wanted to refuse, but by that time it had become extremely obvious that she consider herself to be my boss – and I didn't see any way of dissuading her. Accordingly, we both went.

"Want a cup of tea Elsie? Melanie asked as we went in. "I'm making it if you want a cup."

"Och aye!" Elsie said, and picked up a dishtowel to dry her hands with. "Never refuse a cup o' tea. You finished wi' him?"

"Yes. He did a great jjob!" Melanie laughed.

"Dinnae doubt it!" Elsie said sardonically, then addressed me. "Seems that you don't mind dressin' like a lassie – and da'en wummin's work – so you may as we'el finish da'en these dishes. I feel like some tea!"

"Can he have some tea Elsie? I promised him that." Melanie asked.

“Och aye! Nae harm in that. He may as we’el sit with us wimmin and hae a girlie cup o’tea.” Elsie said sardonically.

So once again, I sat with a group of women, though now there was no way that I could be distinguished from them by my dress, all of us in long, maidenly uniforms. Drank my tea quietly, while the other two gossiped about one thing or the other. Then Elsie turned. “I know that your mum doesn’t like men much after your father died, but didn’t you *argue* with her when she told you to come and help us serving girls? I mean – what you’ve done to help us is all very nice. But? It’s not the sort of thing that chaps do. It’s making you look like a pansy! Do you follow me?”

At that point I made a major goof as I tried to defend myself. Tried to laugh, then blurted out. “It wasn’t mother, Elsie. It was . . .” Then I halted in consternation as both women were now looking at me with confusion. But I thought I was saved,

The intercom buzzed loudly and Elsie answered. “Hello?” She then paused for a second. “I’ll tell him Miss Sandra. He’s sitting right here if you want. . . You don’t want to talk to him? Okay.” She hung up and talked to me. “That was Miss Sandra wondering if you’d have time to drop by her suite when you were finished here. Take her a soda and a biscuit or two. She didn’t seem to want to talk with you.”

Melanie and she looked at each other – then grinned. “She’s a royal tartar that Sandra!” Elsie laughed enthusiastically. “A *real* tomboy if ever I seen one!”

“Oh yessss!” Melanie grinned. Then she stopped suddenly and thought for a little. “How did she *know*

you'd be here?" she asked me. "Did you tell her you were coming down to help us?"

"No!" I said definitely and shrugged as if Sandra's actions were beyond me. After all I rationalized, it wasn't ME that had told Sandra. It was HER that told me!

Melanie gave me a look that said that she wasn't entirely convinced, but she left it alone.

I started getting a little nervous as the minutes passed. Sandra hadn't put any time limit on me and Elsie didn't seem to think I should hurry, but that didn't stop a curious feeling that I was getting in my tummy. Finally Melanie looked at her watch. "Well? Bedtime I suppose. Want a hand to fix up a tray for Sandra, Alan?"

"That would be great!" I thanked her honestly. She smiled in a peculiar way, but said nothing. Some minutes later, burdened with a tray, I was knocking on Sandra and Alicia's door.

"That you Alan? Come on in!" Sandra's voice came through the door, so I went in.

"Wheee! Would you have a look at THAT!" Alicia said in amused surprise.

"Oh? Didn't I tell you that Alan dear was nice enough to volunteer to help Melanie and Elsie?" Sandra said, coming over to me. "Have a nice time Alan? *Lovely* apron!"

I put the tray down and said to Sandra in the most dignified way I knew how. "This isn't FAIR Sandra! You said . . ."

"What's he going ON about?" Alicia laughed.

“Oh. He’s right enough. He was maintaining that he wasn’t a sissy after I got him to wear some things of mine.”

“Things?”

“That’s right! I didn’t tell you about them either. Alan, just lift your apron and kilt up a little bit. Go ON now!”

“This isn’t fair!” I wailed.

“Stuff and nonsense! You had that stuff on BEFORE I agreed to think about whether you were a sissy or not. Now would you *please* do as I ask?”

With Alicia looking on, I lifted the skirts of my apron and kilt. When I’d put the slip on, I’d deliberately not looked at it. Now, there was a full length mirror in a position where I could hardly avoid seeing the shimmering, ivory colored, heavily embroidered edges of the satin slip I was wearing under my kilt – revealing it to Alicia’s amusement.

“And he’s maintaining that he’s NOT effeminate?” She laughed. “Doesn’t look very masculine to me.”

“Well he doesn’t seem to appreciate them – or the matching panties either. Not the way a real sissy would. He doesn’t seem too happy about his nice apron either – so he may have a point.” Sandra said evenly.

“Matching panties TOO? Whooo- eee!” Alicia whistled. She shook her head kindly at me. “Come ON Alan. Stop with all of this nonsense – okay?”

“Oh Alicia. Leave the poor boy alone! I made a deal and I intend to stick with it until I decide one way or the other.” Sandra laughed. Then she turned to me. “So

doing a maid's work didn't turn you on? Not even a little?"

"Not a bit!" I answered. "Didn't enjoy it one bit!"

"Okay. That's one thing taken care of. The second? There's a few slips and a half dozen panties lying on the bed there. I'd like you to wear them under your kilt – and I expect to see you wearing a kilt regularly."

"But Sandra? You *promised!*" I insisted, almost in tears.

"Not about THIS!" she answered in some surprise. "I already had you in a slip and panties before I agreed to think about you some more – so don't be starting any arguments with me – not now! I'll still be watching you – just like I promised – but you'll be wearing these nice things until I tell you different."

I tried another tack. "Sandra? A local girl comes here to do our laundry. If I start wearing panties all the time, she'll see it immediately. I'm the only person in this whole house that wears jockey shorts!"

"That's easily taken care of." She answered. Tomorrow morning? Bring me your underwear. I'll wear it. Matter of fact, I prefer male underwear to women's panties. That way, everything works out perfectly." She walked over to the tray that I'd brought. "Thank you, sweet boy. I think Alicia and I are going to have a little chat now. So pick up your undies – and don't forget to bring me mine in the morning. Good night."

As soon as I got to my room I undid the hated bow at my back and took the apron off. I didn't want to look at the pastel colored, satiny underclothes that Sandra had made me take, but put them away in a drawer I normally didn't use. Then I folded the apron up fairly neatly and took it to Melanie's room. A light under the

door told me that she was still up. She came to the door at my light knock.

“Thank you Melanie.” I mumbled as I handed the apron over.

“Oh NO! Thank YOU! You were wonderful!” She gushed. “So good! Such a help!” She smiled at me nicely, but there was a glint of malicious humor in her eyes as she added. “I’ll wash this apron out and iron it, so it will always be fresh for you if you decide that you want to use it again.”

I stared at her in horror. What had I got myself into? But I mumbled some negative comment and sped away, though I thought I heard some faint, tinkling, laughter come from behind her closed door.

I twisted and turned for quite a while that night. Fought a strange desire to masturbate, but held onto my pride and didn’t. I had showered and changed the following morning – putting on a dreaded slap and panties under a change of kilt, when a knock came to my door. Sandra and Alicia stood there, grinning and wishing me ‘good morning’. They looked so clean and fresh that I had to return their wishes in the same way. Then to my dismay, I saw that Sandra had some more filmy material in her hand.

“Not that I didn’t trust you darling? But I thought I’d better come and make sure that I got ALL of your underpants! Didn’t want to leave temptation in your path – you know?”

Actually, the idea hadn’t occurred to me so I cursed to myself as I opened up the drawer that contained my jockey shorts. Managed not to grimace as she took them all out. “These extra that I gave you? Alicia reminded me of some pretty ones that my mum gave to

me. Ones that I've never worn – kinda effeminate for my taste." She waved my shorts in her hand. "I'll just take those to my room. Alicia can escort you down for breakfast if you're ready."

Mother was just selecting breakfast from the buffet in the dining room. "Good morning sleepyheads! Time you got out of bed. Where's Sandra? Sleeping in late?"

We wished her good morning and Alicia said that Sandra would be down shortly – as she came in as Alicia explained. We all chose a plate and made ourselves some breakfast, then settled down at the table, chatting lightly. I didn't see any humiliation on the horizon. Naturally, this was not to be.

Melanie came bustling in, and was normal for her after checking that everything was okay by Elsie, came in, made up a breakfast, then joined us, wishing us all a good morning. We all replied. Then she *killed* me. Metaphorically of course, but I was almost as good as dead. Pout the lid on my coffin and started measuring it for size.

She simpered. "I must say Marian (My mother didn't stand on ceremony with Melanie at most times) I can only compliment you on Alan!"

"Huh?" Mother was caught off guard. "He's done something special?"

Melanie blinked. "Don't you remember? He offered to help Elsie and I last night!"

"Oh. That's right. I'd completely forgotten that." Mother said vaguely. "He was a *help*?" Her voice showed a sort of amazement.

"More than a help! A decided asset! Neither Elsie nor I could hardly believe our eyes. Helped me with the tidy up – I hardly had to do a thing! Then, to cap

that all off – finished washing AND drying the dishes! Not very many men you'll see like that!"

Sandra had a look in her eyes that I didn't care for, and Alicia looked as if she were trying to hide a grin. All I could do was blush and protest that I'd hardly done a thing. Sandra was a bit quiet afterwards though.

We had just finished breakfast, when Dorothy arrived. Her clothes were an informal pair of jeans and a shirt top, but to my eyes she'd spent an awful lot of care on her makeup. We all welcomed her and she turned down an offer of breakfast saying that she'd eaten already. "Just came over to see if you guys had anything in mind." She said innocently.

"It's a lovely day just now." Mother said to Sandra and Alicia, "But it could change at any minute – Scottish weather being what it is." She smiled at me. "Why don't you give the girls a tour of the place?" Then she smiled sardonically. "Unless you'd rather stay and give Melanie and Elsie a hand again?"

I was too stupefied to answer, but Melanie (naturally) made things worse. "Oh NO Marian! We'd *never* ask him to leave his friends. Just occasionally – when he *feels* like it?"

The women all smiled at each other, though Dorothy simply looked mystified – as she'd missed out on everything.

Naturally, Sandra didn't take long to explain what had been going on – missing out her own involvement of course – once the four of us young folk were outside, wandering about.

Sandra just about went crazy when she found an old Daimler automobile resting under the covers that had lain for years in a part of our huge garage. Nothing

would do, but for her to get the covers off – then before I knew it, she had the bonnet up and was trying as best she could to clamber into the guts of the engine.

“Alan?” she asked breathlessly. “D’you think your mother would mind if I had a look at this thing?”

“Not at all. Hasn’t run in years.”

“Know what’s wrong with it?”

“Not really. It ran okay I think, then mother fired old Hamish who’d been her chauffeur for years. It was after he left that it wouldn’t work. She just started ordering Angus and his taxi to come and get us if she wanted to go anywhere. But it’s a nice day. No sense in mucking with that dirty old thing. C’mon and I’ll show you around.”

She gave me a look of utter disdain. “Dirty old thing INDEED! Why don’t you three just buzz off and leave me be?”

“Yes Alan!” Alicia urged. “She can get screwy around old cars. Come on and leave her. You too Dorothy.” She tugged my arm.

“No. I’ll stay and keep Sandra company.” Dorothy said, fighting hard to make it look like she didn’t care.

“I think she fancies Sandra.” Alicia said when we were away from the other two a bit.

“But they’re both girls!” I said, mystified.

“Oh ALAN!” Alicia said, but good naturedly. “Let’s climb that hill there. It looks lovely.”

The morning went rapidly and Alicia was really nice company. She smiled when I tried to quiz her about Sandra. Knew of my subterfuges very well, but humored them.

“She’s a wonderful person. People from every walk of life are just drawn to her. I KNOW that you won’t care for this Alan, but she *likes* girls and, yes, I’ve been her girl.” She continued. “When she’s desperate enough. But mainly she prefers girls or sissy males. She likes macho men well enough, but not romantically – if you know what I mean?”

I swallowed and sounded desperate, even to myself. “Both you and she seem to have some idea that . . .”

She held up her hand to stop me. “Alan? What happens between you and Sandra is none of my business. Frankly? I don’t know why you’re raising such a fuss! You obviously like her a lot but instead of appreciating WHY she likes you – looks like you want to fight it instead. Now why don’t we talk about something else? That old bridge down there look fascinating. Why don’t we have a look at it?”

Alicia, mother, Melanie and myself all had lunch. Melanie informed us all with a grin that Sandra sent her apologies, but she was all ‘mucked up’ from working on the car and had asked Elsie for just a sandwich instead of a sit down lunch. Dorothy had wanted to join her. I thought I hid my jealousy very well.

I was a little embarrassed as mother unveiled a few of the things that she especially liked as the four of us ate lunch – the historical romances – she laughed as she called them ‘Bodice Rippers’ that she loved to read – and her passion for live theatre which she’d indulge in when we visited cities or towns – and her collection of one act plays that she’d read on a regular basis. My embarrassment came from the fact that on some dreary afternoons, she and I would read the books or the plays together. It certainly wasn’t a terrible thing I suppose, but it did tie mother and myself a little more closely

than I wanted to admit openly, especially when my masculinity was being questioned so to speak. Alicia DID smile at some of mother's comments, but though her looks at me seemed guileless, I started to feel nervous again.

That afternoon was something of a loss for me. It had started to shower, Alicia and mother were off doing something or other and I'd absolutely no intention of showing off my total lack of knowledge of engines by visiting Sandra and Dorothy – and I most CERTAINLY wanted to stay out of Melanie's path, so I busied myself with my stamp collection quite comfortably and worried how Dorothy would get home as I heard the rain starting to lash against the windows with ever increasing frequency.

But I needn't have worried after all. At dinner I found out that Dorothy had called her mother and received permission to eat with us – stay late or overnight if the weather got worse. So, it was a larger group than I was used to at the dinner table and, once again, I noticed that I was the only male at the table was myself. For some reason, I was becoming increasingly nervous about this type of thing – as if I was supposed to *prove* something. But thankfully, there were no allusions whatsoever to my singular status and I gradually relaxed. We ended up with cheese and coffee, with the wind and rain battering against the windows.

"Wow! Nice to be indoors on a night like this!" Sandra said, grinning.

"Yessss!" Dorothy laughed. "And now you can't get away. You PROMISED to teach me how to play gin rummy."

"Well maybe I did – but that wouldn't be fair to Alan." Sandra said. "Alicia and his mother are getting

together to knit tonight – if I heard correctly?” She pointed her question at Alicia - who in turn nodded her head agreeably. “Got THAT right, honeybun! Perfect night to knit – and ONE night where you don’t have just *me* to bug!”

“See?” Sandra told Dorothy. “Now that wouldn’t be fair to Alan, would it? Gin rummy is strictly a two man game.”

“I guess not!” Dorothy said, obviously sulking.

“Absolutely no problem!” Mother declared grandly. “Alan can do what he often does on nights like this.” She paused as I prayed fervently that she wasn’t going to say – but she did, despite my prayers – “KNIT!”

There wasn’t any explosion of laughter or anything like that. As a matter of fact everything seemed quiet and on an even keel.

“Oh? He knits?” Sandra asked in a disinterested fashion.

“Of COURSE. Not just a beginner either. Knitted me a lovely angora sweater just last year!”

“Well!” Melanie laughed. “I guess I’ll just have to get started with the dishes. All of you people have so much to do! Why don’t you all go and leave a working girl to her job?”

Alicia stood up. “I’ll go and get my knitting bag then. Just be a minute.”

I sighed, the cat was out of the bag now. “I’ll join you. Get my own stuff.”

“No worry Alicia!” Sandra stood. “I have to get a sweater – getting a bit chilly. It’s that red bag – right?”

"Thanks Sandra. I'm feeling lazy." Alicia smiled.  
"It's the red one."

"Come on then Alan." Sandra said, and we both left  
the dining room and climbed the stairs.



The minute we had turned a corner and weren't visible, I felt myself being pushed into a dark area.

"You're my little sissy girl – and your name is Helen. Repeat that after me!" Sandra's voice was calm and conversational as my back hit a wall, but voice was hissing and her hand was under my kilt, just pausing to caress my slip a little before fastening itself in a fairly tight manner around my erection. "Come along Helen. Don't delay!"

"I could see where you're getting . . ." I tried to say, but she tightened her grip and interrupted me.

"You're messing me about Helen! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

"Helen."

"And you are a *what?*"

"A sissy."

"Say them both together!"

"I'm a sissy. And my name is Helen." I said.

"You're not going to argue with me any more, huh?"

"No."

"Good. Let's hurry to my room then, shall we?"

I didn't know what she had in mind, but HAD to get her hand off my privates before she hurt me – or I embarrassed myself by ejaculating. "Yes." I said.

She let go and I meekly followed her to her room. There she dug around in a drawer, then came out holding a long yellow nightdress. "You're a virgin. Aren't you?"

"Yes."

“Sorry then that it’s not white. But wear it tonight in bed.” She picked up a red bag that was sitting on a chair. “Any questions Helen?”

“No.”

“Good! I’m going to head downstairs to the rest. You can put this nightgown in your room, get your knitting, then join the rest of the girls. And NO macho bullshit from you tonight. Got it?”

“Got it. Sorry Sandra.”

“Don’t be. Later.” With that she left me in the room by myself.

In a sort of daze I went back to my room. Stowed the nightgown under my pillows beside my normal pajamas, picked up my knitting, and went downstairs. Joined my mother and Alicia on a long sofa in front of the fire – along with the girls – I noted sarcastically to myself, while Sandra and Dorothy lay on the carpet, seemingly engrossed in their cards. A very domestic scene.

About two the following morning – I’m not sure – I was awakened by someone slipping into bed beside me. A cold hand felt my nightgown.

“Sorry dear. It’s goddamn COLD in the hallways!” Sandra’s voice whispered in my ear. “But you feel SO nice! Warm and toasty.” She kissed me softly and wound a possessive hand around my neck. “Not that I’ve forgotten. But what’s your name again?”

“Helen.”

“And you’re my little sissy?”

“Yes. Oh yes!”

“Sorry about all that fuss you created?”

“Yes. But it’s going to be awfully difficult explaining things.” I admitted.

“Fair enough. But we’ll cross that bridge when we come to it. Gimme a kiss!”

With that, she proceeded to teach me in the art of love, taking me slowly through how I could pleasure her – and how to restrain myself from surrendering to the tremendous desire to jet everything out of my erection (THAT was difficult!). She was understanding though as I writhed in delicious anticipation and didn’t take too long before she mounted her body and slid down my erection, whispering sweet words of love as she did so.

I’ve heard that males tend to fall asleep after sex. If that’s true, then my masculinity came to the fore immediately. To this day, I have no memory of what happened after we’d made love. I just know that I woke up to birds singing and the sun shining through my curtains the following morning. Knew that I was deeply in love.

Regardless of my feelings though, I was deeply embarrassed when I had to put my nightgown away where it wouldn’t possibly be found, even though I had to make my own bed and tidy up. I honestly still felt strange putting on fresh panties and a slip under my kilt, but there was this feeling. “*This is what Sandra WANTS you to do!*” and a huge thrill coursed through my body at the thought. A sort of sensuous wriggle as I thought about her – and I had to stop one of my hands from imitating her, and stroking my penis. At the same time, I couldn’t stop worrying about what was going to happen. Sexually, I seemed to be getting in deeper and deeper with her – but I still had enough

common sense to realize that the situation was intolerable. Finally, I went down to breakfast.

I'd thought that there might be some change, but everything seemed the same – except for Sandra perhaps. I started to sense that there was something she was bursting to say – and my heart started to lurch. Surely she wasn't going to reveal what she had done to me? Surely not? But my feelings weren't wrong altogether.

It was a fairly dull morning, but there was no immediate indication of rain. I wondered at her constant looking and checking of the outside – I mean, after all, if she was going to divulge what we'd been up to – what did the weather have to do with it? Finally she dinged her coffee cup with her teaspoon and got our attention.

“A small announcement.” She said primly, but with a smile, although I did suffer the tortures of the damned for a second. Then, seeing that she had our attention.

“I'm proud to announce that I got the Daimler running last night! Didn't want to tell you then as I thought we all might go out for a spin this morning – but wanted to make sure that the weather would be nice. It isn't *great* – but will do, I think. What say you all?”

“What in earth did you DO?” Mother asked, astonished.

“Actually? I wasn't sure, but thought that when you fired your chauffeur he might have got some impurities into the fuel – not too much in case you hired him back and he had to fix it. So I simply pulled out your

fuel filters and cleaned them. Wasn't much." She added proudly. "But it worked like a charm!"

"You are a *genius!*" Mother laughed. "But as far as taking a triumphal tour this morning? I simply have far too much to do with Melanie and Elsie. Why don't you take Alan, Alicia, and Dorothy out instead?"

After some genuine disappointment, Sandra asked mother to put the drive off until another time, me and the girls got ready quickly then settled into the huge car that Sandra had moved around to the front, Alicia and I in the back, Sandra driving with Dorothy beside her. Mother, Melanie, and Elsie all grinned at us from the front steps as we took off, the engine purring like a satisfied cat. Sandra grinning as we all waved to each other as we drove away..

It was great to ride in style, even though the car took up most of the available road – though there weren't many other cars on those tiny rural roads to worry about. Alicia and I had a great time, staring out the windows and joking about the 'other half' and how they lived. They seemed very quiet up front, I noted with some jealousy..

Suddenly, for no reason that I could see. Sandra pulled off to one side of the road. She said something to Dorothy, who looked mystified, but they both came out from the driver area and into the back with me and Alicia. Then, Sandra pulled down little jump seats facing Alicia and me.

"Okay girls! Time for a little chat. Get the air all cleared up. Alicia, move over here. Dorothy? You sit beside Helen."

"Helen?" Dorothy laughed. "You mean *Alan*, surely? Must admit it though – the names DO sound

alike!" As Alicia and moved across and was now facing me, Dorothy simply climbed in beside me. Horror struck, I gazed at Sandra. I had absolutely no idea what she had in her mind but had a very good idea that I wouldn't enjoy it. She climbed in to sit beside Alicia, closing the door behind us.

"No Dorothy. I didn't make a mistake." Sandra answered. "Now I'd like you girls – you and Helen to put arms around each others' shoulders. Please?"

As Dorothy and myself looked at her in some confusion, we still did as we were told, and Alicia suddenly laughed. "It was him *knitting* last night. Wasn't it, Sandra? I wondered how you'd react. When you didn't make any comment, I thought you HAD to be up to something!" Obviously, she had just figured out Sandra's actions.

"That, amongst other things." Sandra admitted to her, grinning a little, then turned her attention to Dorothy and myself.

"Dorothy? I know that you like me. I also know that I like you. You are my girl. I *like* girls. Understand?"

Dorothy seemed nonplussed by Sandra's directness, but blushed and answered. "Yes. I *think* so."

"Good. Now here is something that you **must** understand. I like sissy-boys as well. Very similar to the way that I like girls. Alan doesn't really want to agree yet – but he's a sweet little sissy boy. One that I intend to like – just as I like you. Understand?"

Dorothy thought for a second. "I'm not sure. But is that why you've started calling him Helen?"

Sandra nodded. "I think that you're getting the idea. Now here is something I'd like you and Helen to do."

“Right now?”

“Yes. I want you two to be friends. . .”

“But we ARE friends already!” Dorothy interrupted.

“Not like this. Listen to me! Put your arms around each other, then kiss. Right now please!”

I knew better than to argue – and lets face it, Dorothy may not be any Sandra, but she’s certainly not ugly. With our arms entwined, she and I kissed each other, then pulled back.

“Not bad girls! Not bad at all. Now, Helen?”

“Yes Sandra?” I answered meekly.

“Tell Dorothy that your name is Helen and you want to be her girlfriend. Got it? Smile nicely now! Make sure that you two kiss nice and softly – like girlfriends.”

“This is SILLY!” Dorothy giggled as I started to do as Sandra had told me, but then a sort of strange look came in her eyes and after we kissed, she murmured – quite shyly. “Yes. You can be my girlfriend Helen.” Then she grinned, and to my surprise, kissed me back!

“That’s *really* nice Dorothy!” Sandra said. “I thought you might be mad.”

Dorothy smiled back at her. “I was a bit jealous, but I have the feeling that all this might not be Alan – I mean Helen’s – idea, altogether.”

“I wasn’t either . . .” Sandra said agreeably, “. . .but I am now. Tell me. You seemed to have taken quite a lot of care with your makeup last night – and today?”

Dorothy actually blushed. “You noticed?” Then she grinned. “Like it?”

“Of course! Don’t ask silly questions!” Sandra laughed. “But you seem good with cosmetics?”

“I think I am.” Dorothy said quite proudly. “After all, stuck here on these Scottish moors every year? A girl has to do *something!*”

“Would Helen make a nice looking girl?” Sandra asked softly.

Dorothy studied my face. “Never thought of him as being a girl, but now you mention it? A little work and he’d maybe look quite pretty.”

“Think you could maybe do something right now?”

Dorothy drew herself back a little, before saying. “I don’t know. Maybe?”

“What would you do?”

“Pluck a few eyebrows? A little foundation? Rouge. A little lipstick? A touch of eye shadow and mascara? Wouldn’t amount to much.”

“Do you have that stuff with you? Would you mind?”

“Yes – and no – in that order. But wouldn’t Alan object?”

Sandra’s eyes fixed on mine. “I’d really like that – Helen.”

“Would you want me to wear it back to the house?” I asked, a tremor of fear running through me.

“No. I’d just like you to look pretty – for me – for a little while.”

I felt myself go all red as I nodded acquiescence.

Sandra smiled gently. "Thank you Helen. Now Alicia and I are going to take a little walk." She looked at her wristwatch. "Twenty minutes okay Dorothy?"

Dorothy shrugged. "Don't see why not." She said.

"Well? This is a fine kettle of fish!" Dorothy said once Sandra and Alicia had left the car. She laughed. "Have you *any* idea of what I'm supposed to do now?"

"I. I. I thought that you knew." I stammered.

"Put makeup on you? Make you look like a girl?"

I shrugged helplessly. "I guess so."

"You're not gonna give me a bad time?"

"No."

"Well then? Let's get to it!" She said and started rummaging in her handbag.

"Goodness!" Sandra exclaimed when she climbed back into the car a little while later. "Turn your face a little Helen, so that I can get a good kook at you."

I could feel the blush under the makeup that Dorothy had so carefully applied, but I did as she asked.

"Helen give you any problem?" She asked Dorothy as she examined me.

"Hated having his – her – eyebrows plucked." Dorothy laughed. "But otherwise, as good as gold!"

"My goodness!" Alicia said, half laughing, half in admiration. "Dorothy? Would you mind doing MY makeup the next time?"

"Oh STOP it!" Dorothy said, coloring. "I'd do a MUCH better job on Helen if I'd had some time!"

"Wow!" Sandra said. Then she added impulsively. "Alicia. You're a better driver than me. Would you

mind driving for a while?" She grinned. "I would like to talk to Dorothy for a little while. Privately, you know?"

"Love to!" Alicia said.

"Helen? You sit up front with Alicia. I want to sit in back here with Dorothy. Say 'thanks' in the only way I know how." Sandra said. "And I'd thank both of you girls to keep your eyes *on* the road. Get what I mean?"

It felt so strange! Sitting beside Alicia as she drove through the countryside, extremely conscious of how I felt – both physically and mentally, especially when Alicia would shoot me half amused, half sympathetic glances as I found it extremely difficult to hide my jealousy. With the car being one of the old fashioned automobiles built for chauffeurs, it had a glass screen that could be raised between the driver compartment and the passengers in back. This was in place and with Sandra's wishes having been made clear, I couldn't look backwards – making my imagination come into play a lot more than was necessary – and the lack of any noise was far worse than any realistic sounds that were actually there.

It probably only lasted about ten minutes, but it felt like hours before there was a rapping on the glass panel. When I looked around, Sandra was indicating that she wanted the panel lowered. Once Alicia had done this, Sandra told her to pull over and let Dorothy and I change places. I couldn't help but notice Dorothy's mussed makeup as we changed places and could actually feel surges of jealousy as I got into the back, Sandra raised the partition again and the car started rolling.

"Hello Helen." She said calmly. "Now come and give Sandra a kiss."

I sniffed haughtily. “Amn’t I supposed to say that I don’t want you to muss my makeup?”

She roared with laughter and pulled me back into her arms, then looked at me with an understanding look on her face.

“You do seem to have picked up some feminine traits along with your makeup but I was just saying my thanks to a pretty girl. You’re my *real* sissy. Aren’t you?” She didn’t wait for my answer, just kissed me masterfully and I felt myself melt back into her body, then return her kiss.

We necked for a while then, remembering Dorothy’s lipstick being spread over her face I suddenly asked Sandra. “What am I going to do with my makeup dear? I’d thought we’d stop at a roadside stream and I could wash it off – but it’s absolutely pouring now and has the look of being that way for quite a while and I don’t fancy getting soaked.”

“Mmmm.” She thought for a minute before speaking again. “Dorothy asked if we could drop her off at her home. If I’m not mistaken it’s just a converted farmhouse. Not nearly as big as your place. No permanent servants there like Melanie or Elsie, huh?”

“No. What do you have in mind?”

“Well? Alicia could run interference. Say that she has some knitting question for Emily if they meet, I’ll go along, then Dorothy can smuggle you into her room – and you can do a proper job of removing your makeup then. How does that sound?”

“You mean that I’m supposed to run through Dorothy’s house – where her MOTHER is – while I’m wearing lipstick and stuff?”

She grinned. "Don't be such a scaredy cat. You might even enjoy it! Either that or get soaked doing it outside!"

It was probably the adrenaline flowing through my body, but it WAS exciting. Dorothy led me straight to her room while Sandra and Alicia ran interference, actually meeting Emily, but saying that Dorothy had squired me to her bathroom because she had something she wanted to show me – and I needed to pee.

Once Dorothy got me into her room and started showing me how to cream makeup off my face we had a chance to talk.

"I can see that you're a bit scared of Sandra, but is she *really* making you do this stuff?"

"In a way." I admitted, "But I suppose that I must be some kind of a sissy. Never thought of it that way to be honest."

She shrugged. "In some ways it's a real surprise. In other ways it isn't. I know that I'm a decent looking girl – but you never seemed to make a play for me. To be perfectly honest? I wondered of you were gay a few times, but then it just didn't seem to fit you – and seeing you done up a little like a girl? It looks so *right* on you!"

"You're not going to tell my mother – or anybody else at our house, are you?" I asked her hesitantly.

"Not on your life!" She responded vehemently. "I like Sandra – a lot. She told me in no uncertain terms not to divulge anything about this – to anyone – and I promised."

"Whew!" I sighed with relief. "But Dorothy? Will you be upset if I say that I never figured that you like girls?"

She blushed. "I really don't. It's just that Sandra is so . . . so . . . so . . ."

"Wonderful?" I added quietly.

"Perfect!" She laughed. Then she surprised us both I think, by giving me a kiss. "Know something Helen? I think you'll make a GREAT girlfriend."

It was my turn to blush.

Then she smiled. "Want to please Sandra?"

"I think so."

"Good!" She handed me a small can. "Put this in your pocket. When you shower tonight, use it to take off all your body hair. Trust me – she'll like that!"

Of course I blushed again as I took the can and hid it in my pocket.

Dorothy's mother looked at me strangely when she and I went to her afterwards. I'm pretty sure that she was reacting a little to my own facial expression. I mean, after removing the cosmetics by the creams and lotions? My face felt CLEANER than it had for years! I had the distinct impression that my face was actually glowing and I'm sure that this was shown on my expression.

But after a short while, Sandra, Alicia and I departed – Dorothy feeling that she'd better provide her mother with some company at least. It was still pouring of rain and Alicia drove with Sandra and I squeezed in beside her at the front. There was fair amount of laughter as we squelched our way from the detached garage to the house, but we went in the back way to avoid making a mess of the entryway.

We all headed for our rooms to change for lunch then at the table, recounted our adventures of the

morning to mother and Melanie who were literally agog to hear that we'd actually driven –using our old Daimler – over the countryside.

"It's a real shame!" Mother said grimly. "If it had been a nice day, Melanie and I would have loved to be driven down to the nearest town." She sighed. "There's a tea room there that serves the most scrumptious cakes you have ever eaten, and a dress shop that I've missed going to for a long time."

Alicia shrugged. "So? What's stopping you? I love driving and you can always carry umbrellas – rain-coats. The car may be old, but it doesn't leak – and it drives like a dream, There's nothing stopping you from going that I can see."

"Let's all go then!" Melanie said, her eyes bright with anticipation. "I'd love a wee break from everyday life! It'd be such a change!"

"Would you mind if I took a rain check?" Sandra said quietly. "For some reason a day at home, with the rain pounding down sounds SO nice! I just don't feel up to going out any more today."

"Of course dear!" Mother said. "Perhaps we could all go out some other time?" But it was easy to see that her heart wasn't in it.

Sandra got all indignant. "You trying to make me feel bad? It will really hurt me now if you keep on this way. Matter of fact? I think I'll just *come!*"

"This is getting ridiculous!" I burst in. "You three go – and take Elsie with you. I've no problem – none whatsoever – in staying at home with Miss Grumpy here. All four of you can stay and have dinner in town."

“No. Elsie would never hear of that!” Mother said after considering what I said. “But she’ll come, I think if we tell her we’ll all have a meal of left-overs when we get back? Something that doesn’t need a whole lot of work?”

Then with a great deal of excitement – especially from Elsie and Melanie – it was agreed that mother, Alicia, Melanie, and Elsie were to go on a grand adventure – with Alicia given exact instructions from Sandra to make sure the car was gassed up when they were in town/ Sandra even waved off their efforts to stay and do clean up and dishes.

“Don’t WORRY about small points like that!” She said bravely. “Alan and I will take care of details like that!”

Naturally, once they were gone, she smiled at me. “Okay Helen! Clean up to do!”

“Aw, come ON Sandra!” I pretended to wail – though to be honest, I’d expected her reaction. “You said *‘Alan and I will take care of details like that!’*”

She pretended to look around her. “I don’t see any *Alan* here. Do YOU Helen?”

I had to grin myself as I answered with a sort of pretended meekness. “No Sandra. I guess not.”

“Good! And cleaning up tables and doing dishes is for women and sissies, is it not?”

“I guess that you’re right, Sandra.” I admitted, not quite able to hide my smile.

“That’s better! Now why don’t you find Melanie’s apron? I thought you looked so cute in it the other night.”

Giggling together, we went to the kitchen. There, sure enough, was an apron of Melanie's hanging up so clean and pristine we weren't sure if it had been worn at all. This gave me some pause. "I might get it dirty Sandra." I complained. But she overrode me, even found a type of flounced maid hat that I'd only seen Melanie wear once, for a special occasion of mother's. I found it very hard to grin as Sandra demanded that I wear it along with the uniform and pinned it in place, but although it seemed strange, as I really could feel it perched on top of my head the way it was, it wasn't long before I realized how perfectly natural it was.

Alicia's lipstick that Sandra went and got was a different story altogether.

"Now be a good girl, and wear a little for me." Sandra said. "It's a sort of psychological thing – no biggie. Come on."

I blushed, but pouted my lips so that she could apply it.

"Don't be silly!" She laughed, standing in place. "You need the practice. There's a mirror over there. Go put your lipstick on like a good girl."

Believe it or not, that was SO difficult to do, especially as she stood close and peered inquisitively at me as I stood and carefully applied the cosmetic to my lips.

"Now? Carry your lipstick with you in your apron pocket. Refresh it now and then." She made an obvious wriggle of her pelvis. "I enjoy seeing you do that. Sends goosebumps up and down my spine."

At least she kept me company, grinning, as I swished around effeminately joining me as I moved from dining room to kitchen. She even breathed a phony sigh of relief as I finished doing the dishes.

“Wow!” She laughed. “I’m *exhausted* by all of that work!”

Then, she asked me to keep the apron on.... “It looks so nice on you, and I like you in it.” She said pleasantly, and it didn’t seem like a big deal. Accordingly, I then gave her a proper tour of the house and she held my hand in hers as we meandered along with me making up ridiculous stories about some of my ancestors who had their oil paintings hung on the wall. She did notice one thing though.

“Some of those ladies were really pretty, Helen. But where are the *men*?”

“You know?” I admitted. “Never thought about it to tell you the truth, but I seem to remember male paintings being hung on the walls as well. But I was just a kid. Have the feeling that mother took them down after dad died.”

“He wasn’t the nicest man? She asked.

“He was okay I guess.” I said, remembering. “Used to criticize me a lot for hanging around mother too much. Called me a ‘Mammie’s boy’ a lot.”

“Boy! If he could only see you now!” she laughed, fondling the lace on my apron.

I blushed, but she tugged on my arm and the conversation was soon forgotten as we continued our tour, but now she was curious about the contents of rooms, searching for the missing oils.

It didn’t take us long to find the paintings in one of the unused storerooms, but Sandra started exclaiming at some of the antiques under dust covers and wanting to go into other rooms. Then she blinked as we found one rather large room with a lot of old fashioned trunks. I answered her unsaid question.

“Oh. They’re all mother’s stuff. A lot of her old clothes and costume jewelry.”

“Seems an awful LOT.” Sandra grunted. “All those big trunks?”

“Oh that? She was very active in a theatre group before she got married to dad. Kept an awful lot of the costumes for other girls for plays that she and her friends would put on. I think she misses that dreadfully. Not much call for that sort of thing when she moved up here.”

“Mmmm.” She said thoughtfully.

We left that room and wandered some more. Again she stopped at mother’s collections of plays in read format. A legacy of her days in the play group I told her. She seemed interested, leafed through a few plays. “How many of each play does she have?” She asked me.

“Don’t know for sure. Probably one for each character in the play, but I wouldn’t bet on it.” I looked at a nearby clock as I said this, then added. “If you don’t mind, Sandra? I’d like to get out of this apron and cleaned up before they get back. They’ve been gone more than three hours now.”

“Good idea.” She said. “As far as I’m concerned, I think you look nice and proper. But I guess that your mother, Melanie, and Elsie might look at things differently?”

“You’re right there Sandra.” I said. “Can we go now?”

“Sure!” she said, then patted me on the backside.

As it turned out, we had plenty of time to read before the rest got back. Sandra suggested that I start making up 'something' for us all to eat.

"Honestly Sandra? Elsie would not only be hurt? She'd be mad as well. Please don't make me do this."

"Okay!" She held up her hands. "Just a suggestion."

Which was just as well because, while the mother, Alicia and Melanie had been in the dress store, Elsie had gone off somewhere and got some fresh trout for our dinner. It was amazing how quickly she put a great meal together for all of us while we had a drink and the travelers regaled us with their adventures that day. It seemed that their prime adventure had been when Alicia had gone off the narrow road on the way home and one of her front tires had gone off the extremely narrow road and stuck in soft mud.

"Honestly! We weren't sure what to do." Mother said. "Out on the lonely moors, with Alicia trying to move the car to get us out of the muck, when out of the mist came this backpacker – just a young chap. Saw our problem right away. Just grabbed the front bumper of that heavy old car and heaved! We were out of there in seconds. A REAL man!"

Melanie's eyes were shining. "Not pretty, kind of rough and hairy looking. Wouldn't accept any payment. I sort of wished he had been going our way?" Her eyelashes blinked seductively.

"You'd have probably ravished the young man!" Mother laughed.

"But it would have been SO nice to have a man about the place." Melanie sighed wistfully.

And the thing that bothered me? Nobody argued with her!

With Sandra not having Dorothy for company, I was going to keep her company, but she turned me down and asked mother if she could read some of her plays. Mother agreed without thinking too much – she had her knitting on her mind – and called on Alicia and me to join her.

It was quiet and restful around the fire. Mother, myself, and Alicia all together on a sofa. Sandra off on an easy chair, with just a soft reading lamp on. It was comfortable, but not brightly lit – which probably saved my blushes from being too obvious when Melanie came in, wearing her apron.

“I believe this is yours Sandra?” She said, holding something out.

“Huh? What are you talking about? That’s not mine.” Sandra said, puzzled.

“You must REALLY be lost in that book, Sandra!” Melanie laughed. “I’m assuming that you had my apron on to help clear up the dishes this afternoon. Left your lipstick in the pocket?”

The words “OH SHIT!” Immediately branded themselves in my brain. I could only thank god that Sandra recovered quickly.

“Oh *THAT!*” She said. “I just borrowed it from Alicia’s dresser. Forgot I had. Thanks Melanie.”

Alicia had looked up from her knitting at the mention of her name. “*You?* Borrowed lipstick? Are you . . .”. Then her native intelligence cut in. “Oh. That’s *right*. You did say you liked that color!” But her voice was as weak as the explanation.

Melanie was now looking directly at me, but her words were addressed to Sandra. “Well! Isn’t that nice! Though I’d have sworn that that color wasn’t your cup

of tea at all!" She then proceeded to blink vacantly at me – and I knew that she *knew*. Felt as if I were melting. Just felt thankful that the dim light hid my red face.

That night I wore my nightgown to bed again, but Sandra only showed up to put something in what she laughingly referred to as my 'lingerie drawer.'

"Aren't you coming to bed? I wailed quietly.



“No. Not tonight sweetie. I just came to see if you behaved and dressed properly for bed. Wanted to bring you something as well.”

“What was that?”

“A nice, long, slip. You’ll love it. Trust me!”

“What are you *doing* Sandra? You know that a long slip will show under my shirt.”

“You’re just imagining things sweetie. Your shirts are heavy duty. Nobody will be able to see a thing! Anyway? I like the idea of you wearing nice things like that – so just humor me tomorrow morning, huh? The little buckles on the straps will help you make adjustments for comfort, though Alicia is pretty sure that the size should be about right for you.” With that she came over and gave me a long passionate kiss, then was gone before I knew it.

I was cranky in the morning. Knew that I was going to do it, but didn’t feel altogether right. Used Dorothy’s can of hair depilatory on my thighs and legs. Didn’t really think I needed it, but was surprised by the amount of hair at the bottom of the shower when I’d finished. Then I shaved under my arms. Again it wasn’t an awful lot and I didn’t really *feel* that much until I put on my panties - then the long slip. At that point I could hardly believe the sensory overload. Hurried into my kilt and heavy shirt and paraded around in front of a full mirror, sweating in fear that my underwear could be seen. (It didn’t show as far as I could tell) but the lace front – enlarged to take a bra and breasts – seemed to take up an awful lot of room.

Regardless of all of my tremors, I then went to breakfast. Blushed a lot for no apparent reason and felt strange, but no one seemed to see my awkwardness,

except Sandra who must have recognized the 'why' of my discomfort and rewarded me with a lovely smile. I won't say that the smile made my discomfort worthwhile, but it helped.

Looking back though? That day was the start of my real descent into effeminacy.

Again, it was pouring of rain and so there seemed very little to do. Mother had something or other to do in her own room, and then Alicia and Sandra acted all mysterious and said that they had something in mind – and would it be okay if they had lunch taken to them by Elsie? This request was okayed by mother of course. I was a little put out by them not having filled me in on what they intended, but got even huffier when they made it clear that I was to stay away completely. Went and got my stamp collection and headed for the library. Was NOT in the best of humors when Melanie, came in a short while afterwards.

"You don't seem very busy, Master Alan." She said.

"Huh?" I said, waving some stamps at her snottily. "What do you call this?"

She smiled. "Boredom? I notice that you only have time for your stamps when you're bored and have nothing better to do."

I had to smile a little at that. "You're probably right Melanie. I'd do something with Alicia or Sandra, but they have something mysterious on – so I'm not allowed to join in with them. Mother's busy. Maybe I'll call Dorothy in a little while and see if she has any plans."

"That's what I came about sir. Your friend Dorothy just called to say that you shouldn't expect her today –

she's gone off for a trip to Glasgow. Shouldn't be home until late tomorrow."

"Mmmm." I said thoughtfully. "Looks like all that's left is either stamps, reading – or my knitting!" I was only joking of course. But she seemed to take me seriously and came over to the table where I was working.

"Well Alan? Isn't there one other option for you? One that I'm *sure* you enjoy?" She beamed at me.

"Huh?"

"Well, it may be a quiet day here, but Elsie and me have a lot to do – a LOT!"

I was starting to get a sinking feeling in my stomach. Surely not! But again, I heard myself say "Huh?"

She wagged a finger at me! Laughed. "Please stop fooling around! You know perfectly well what I'm talking about! I have a nice clean apron just waiting for you." She blinked at me seductively. "Even a nice lipstick if you want?"

"Oh Melanie! That's being daft! I can't do that. Come on!"

Her face took on a firm expression. "Alan? I know that you really want to! I'll admit that I thought that Marian wanted you to help Elsie and I out the first time, and I could've been wrong there. But there's NO way I can see that she had you put the apron on while we were all gone. And I know full well that that lipstick doesn't belong to Sandra! She hardly wears any at all! You had to have borrowed it from Alicia! Now don't start telling a bunch of lies – please! Just come with me, and I'll have you in a pretty apron in no time!"

"Melanie? You're making a mistake. Honest! I don't want to . . ."

"Listen!" She growled. "I don't mind little sissies putting on their mother's clothes and makeup. Whatever turns them on. But I HATE it when they LIE to me! Now come along. Elsie and I have work for you to do, and I'm wasting far too much time as it is!"

My subjugation to firm minded women came into play. "Just for an hour or so Melanie?"

She sniffed. "If you do as Elsie or I tell you, it shouldn't be longer than that. As long as you don't argue! Coming?" She turned and headed for the door.

"Yes, Melanie." I said meekly and got up, then trailed behind her down to the kitchen.

"Well. I must say Melanie!" Elsie was facing us as we entered the kitchen, her hands on her hips. "I would never have thought it!" She shook her head at me and sneered. "Come down for your pretty apron?"

I gave her a sickly grin. "It's not really . . ."

"Alan!" Melanie said sternly. "Enough of this nonsense! Get your apron on!"

All I could do was lick my lips and stand still as she came and put the apron over my head. Then as she adjusted my collar and fastened me in at the back, she suddenly paused. "What's this?" She asked, and I felt her finger probe at my back.

"What's what?" Elsie asked.

"That makes me feel better." Melanie said. "I'd actually started to believe our little man!"

"In what way?" Elsie asked.

“Kept insisting that he wasn’t a sissy. Now, unless I’m mistaken? I think our little darling is wearing a slip.” She leered at me. “Is that *right* darling?”

I gave up, sighed deeply and nodded. I mean, what else could I do?

“Oh my Gawd!” Elsie suddenly laughed. “When I think of all the years he’s been taking us both in!”

“Well? I often questioned him. I mean, how many boys do you see sitting with their mummy – and knitting?” Melanie said, half sniggering. “Always thought that him being a sissy was what his mother really wanted – just could never put my finger on it.”

“Ach well!” Elsie said resignedly. “He was always nice to me. I can understand him becoming a pansy, with the mother he had – and damned little faither.” She turned to me. “But I may as well put you to some use. There’s a cupboard needs cleaning out over here. C’mon then.”

Melanie went to do her own work and though I think that Elsie felt uncomfortable in my new role, she figured that it was what I internally wanted – and she wanted me to be happy. So I gradually became at ease in her company, cleaning cupboards, doing the odd dish, washing the larder floor. She seemed to have accepted me now. I certainly didn’t feel that she wanted me to be any more masculine. In her eyes I was now a soft little pansy – and should be treated as such.

Some hours went by and I thought I was finished when Elsie showed satisfaction. “But you’d better go and check with Melanie. She’s been nice enough to split some work wi’ me – so she might have something for you to do.”

Melanie was only too happy to see me though. She didn't want to show her authority, but I could sense the gleam in her eye. "Yes? Of *course* I have something for you to do dear – but you could NOT have been happy with Elsie, could you?"

It was one of those questions that can NOT be answered correctly. If I said I was unhappy – would she complain to Elsie? Yet, if I said I *was* happy? Did that indicate I enjoyed working as a maid? I prevaricated.

"Wasn't *that* bad!" I stated weakly.

"Poor thing! I should have thought!" She beamed.

"Thought? About what?" I asked. Shouldn't have.

A little while later, almost in tears, I polished the brass in the hallway closet. I now wore the flounced maid cap that I had worn once before – but to add to my maidenly appearance, I now had a 'ladylike' coating of lipstick on my lips. This, I could have managed, but now I had a 'smidgin' of rouge on my cheeks and a definite coat of mascara on my eyelashes. ("Have to give you some *reward*." Melanie had gloated as she'd made me stand still complacently, while she'd made me 'pretty'.)

"Good GOD!" Elsie had exclaimed. (I'd presented myself to her at Melanie's request. "If she has something for you? Go ahead and do it. If not, then you can strip off the apron and go and wash your face. You've done very well. Will make a nice maid, with the proper training.")

I hoped I was finished. Was just about lunchtime and I was starved.

Elsie shook her head when I asked if she were done with me. "Must admit it dear. I'd never have guessed what a sissy you are. But seeing you're here?" She nod-

ded at a tray. "May as well take this lunch up to your friends. Save me the trip. At my age, going up stairs with a tray is getting to be really hard on me! After that, you can have something to eat with Melanie and me. Then you can quit for the day."

I found myself swallowing at the very thought of doing as she was telling me. "Honestly Elsie? Do I have to? It's VERY embarrassing for me to do this." I was decidedly pleading and I saw the indecision appear on her face, but then Melanie's voice came from behind me.

"Tell you what, little sissy boy. If you'll *swear* right now that your friends have never seen you in an apron, or wearing any lipstick? You won't have to and I'll take it up. But if I don't believe you, I'll ask them – and trust me, you WILL be in trouble if they don't back you."

I sighed, and went to pick up the tray.

"Oh dear!" Elsie said with a little giggle as she saw the implications in my answer, and Melanie then added. "Can you curtsy dear? No time like the present, is there? After all, they're your friends most of the time - but right now?" She left the rest unsaid.

The tray was awkward so she knocked on Sandra and Alicia's door. "It's Melanie with your lunches girls. May I come in?"

"Of course!" came the chorused response. "Just in TIME!" Sandra laughed. "I'm starving . ." She paused in some consternation as I entered with the tray, Melanie sweeping behind me.

"Oh dear." Alicia said. "Helen? What are . ." Then her hand flew to her mouth as she realized her mistake.

“Wait a minute – Helen.” Melanie said quietly. “I’ll clear off this small table here so that you may put the girl’s meals there.”

“Thank you Miss Melanie.” I said, raising the eyebrows of the two girls as I proceeded to lay out the luncheons after Melanie cleared off the table. Then as I finished, I gave them more surprise. I may have been blushing, but I was well aware of what I HAD to do without incurring Melanie’s wrath. I curtsied.

“Will that be all?” I asked.

“As far as I’m concerned.” She sniffed – and I knew she wasn’t happy with my curtsy. “But why don’t you ask the girls?”

“Oh – HELL!” I thought, but kept my face blank as I curtsied them and asked if they needed anything else. I think that both girls were a little abashed as they thanked me but indicated that there was nothing else needed.

“Very well!” Melanie said, happier now that I’d humiliated myself with a perfect curtsy. “Elsie or myself will be up in a little while to clear off the dishes. “Come along girl!” She said to me.

Back in the kitchen I wanted nothing so much but hide myself somewhere, get rid of my feminine apron and silly hat. Wash my face clean, but it was not to be. Elsie demanded that I eat ‘something’ and then that I clean away our table and wash the dishes.

What’s that old saying about things happening in threes? I’d been embarrassed in front of Melanie and Elsie, then Sandra and Alicia. That made twice. Nothing even came close to the third one.

Lunch with Melanie and Elsie hadn’t really been that bad. Sure, it was embarrassing when they’d drop

the occasional snide comment or grin at each other but that passed and it finally just became a leisurely chat over a bite to eat. My mother had said she'd be busy all morning. If she wanted anything from the kitchen, she'd just ring up on the intercom and rarely at all came down there. So there was absolutely NO chance of her appearance, was there?

I was standing finishing washing the dishes. I hadn't wanted any tea or coffee and just wanted to get back to my 'normal' life so thought I'd start washing the dishes while Melanie and Elsie chatted over their own teas. Was standing at the sink, up to my elbows in soapy water and half listening to the women chatting as I started to wash the dishes.

Suddenly, there was this complete silence.

"What's going on?" I asked, turning.

"Exactly MY question." Mother said, standing in the doorway. "What on *earth* are you doing Alan?" She paused. "Melanie? Elsie? I suppose there's *some* explanation for this?"

"Ooooh!" Was the only sound from Elsie who was sitting transfixed in a sort of fright.

Melanie recovered fairly quickly, but she had a shocked, puzzled, look on her face.

"You mean that you didn't *know*, Marian?"

"Know WHAT exactly?"

"That Hel – Alan has been coming down to help Elsie and myself? He's helped me clear up a few times, but just a few nights ago told you – I distinctly remember that he was going to help clear up the dishes after Dorothy and her mother left. You HAD to know!"

Mother blinked and shook her head. "Oh THAT? I remember something about it now. But he's wearing an apron! A serving girl's APRON! And one of those silly little caps that maids wear! Surely you didn't think that I knew of that?"

Melanie looked discomfited. "No. To be quite honest, I didn't know that, now that you mention it, but it seemed that it's . . . it's . . . it's . . ."

"What on earth is the matter with you Melanie? Spit it out!" Mother said.

Melanie sighed and then spat it out. "What HE wanted to do. Dress up like a maid. Do maid's work. Put on a little makeup."

"Yes!" Elsie said in high dudgeon. "I don't mean to be presumptuous ma'am, but are you trying to say that *you* didn't know anything about the slip?"

"The slip? Slip? What on earth are you talking about Elsie?" Mother said, puzzled more than anything else. Then her eyes widened and she came over to me. Lifted my kilt enough to see the scalloped, embroidered hem of my slip. Then she dropped my kilt back into place.

Then to everyone's surprise – even her own I think. Mother started to laugh. "This is utter madness, I think. Melanie? I wanted to ask you about getting cleaners in to do the house and wanted your opinion as to whether we need them in the west wing." She turned back to me. I was still frozen in place.

"Well? If you like doing dishes, I won't stop you. Finish what you're doing then get out of that ridiculous apron and if that's makeup you have on, get rid of it. I'll talk to you tonight or tomorrow." She turned to

Melanie. "Come along dear and look at the walls. Tell me what you think."

They both left, leaving Elsie and I in a vacuum, staring at each other. Elsie was the first to speak. "Must admit it. I thought the Mistress had wanted you to be a sissy. Had *liked* it, even. Looks as if I've been wrong all along."

"Elsie? How many times do I have to tell you? I'm NOT a . ." Then I found myself plucking at the frilled skirt of my apron. Felt the outrageous maid's cap on my head, flouncing as I talked. Shut my mouth UP – with an effort! I was going to protest at being called a sissy?

"Mind you?" Elsie ruminated. "She didn't seem *that* disturbed. I mean to say? You'd think a woman finding her son all prettied up like a girl? You'd think she'd . ." What she was saying got through to her and she stopped in some confusion and got red faced in the process. Then she said. "I'm sorry Alan. I didn't mean to shame you."

I turned around and went back to my dishes. "That's okay Elsie. I seem to be perfectly capable of shaming myself. Suppose I should get those finished."

To my amazement, dinner was perfectly okay! Mother smiled and kissed me hello when I came down – and we greeted Alicia and Sandra when they came down – both looking as pleased as Punch – and secretive into the bargain. Then it dawned on me that they had not been privy to the scene of my embarrassment in the kitchen and had no idea that anything of consequence had happened. We had some light drinks before dinner, then dinner itself.

Melanie was a little subdued at first, but seeing that nothing untoward was happening, relaxed – and we all had a very pleasant meal. Then.

“TA DUM!” Announced Alicia. “Sandra and I would like to be excused from the table for about ten minutes? Then, we’d appreciate your company in the sitting room. Please don’t come in there until we call you?” She smiled as we all assured her that we wouldn’t intrude on the secrecy and she and Sandra left.

At this point, Melanie excused herself, saying that she wanted to talk to Elsie about something, leaving mother and I alone with our coffees. Mother took a sip of her coffee, but kept her eyes fixed on me. “Well?” She said as she put the cup down.

I found myself blushing. “I don’t know what to say, mother.”

“You have that slip on – or another?” she asked calmly.

My blush was my only answer.

“I think I’d like you to call me ‘mummy’ from now on.” Was her only response after she ingested my response.

“Huh? Mummy?”

“Yes. Seems more appropriate somehow. Don’t you think?”

“I guess so.” I said hesitantly. “Whatever.”

“Good. Well?”

“I don’t know what you want me to say mo – mummy.”

“You don’t think that some explanations are in order? You think it perfectly normal that a mother should

come across her son – in the servant kitchen – wearing a maid’s apron and cap. With lipstick on? At LEAST lipstick? Women’s lingerie?”

I shrugged and stared at her. Then she surprised me.

“Do you feel that I pressured you into this?”

“Huh? Heavens no!”

“Mmmm. I wondered about that. Your father was a nasty little sod. After he died, I wondered if he used nastiness to hide the fact that he was kind of sissyish.” She stared at me. “I’ve often wondered since then if maybe my dislike of the male sex was too obvious?”

“I don’t think so, mother.”

“You’re a sissy now Alan – MUMMY!”

“I’m not sure . . .”

“Yes you ARE! Now call me by my *proper* name!” She was humorous, but positive.

“Yes mummy. Sorry.”

She looked at her watch. “I think our time is about up. But frankly Alan? I don’t know what to do! I’m lost!” She paused. “But lets agree to let sleeping dogs lie for a while. Okay?”

A sigh of relief broke from me. “Okay, mummy!”

She nodded agreeably.

It was just as well. A few seconds later, Alicia appeared in the room. “Okay audience! If you will make your way to the sitting room while I get Elsie and Melanie – with your permission of course?”

Mummy laughed. "Of course!" she said. "Still bloody raining – and they could use a break as much as us I guess!"

She crooked her arm and I took it. It wasn't long before I realized that there had been some subtle change. She was now leading me – rather than what I'd become accustomed to – but it felt appropriate as she swept me into the sitting room.

The furniture in the room had been moved around a little – with two couches forming a rough semi circle facing a sort of screen made from a white sheet and pinned up at just over eye level. A few seconds after mummy and I got in the room, Alicia led Elsie and Melanie in – with a lot of curious giggling going on. All in all, it was a very light hearted occasion.

"Ladies and gentleman!" Sandra announced with a smile. "Alicia and I worked together to create this little entertainment for you. I'd apologize for the amateur attempts, but actually I think you'll be impressed by the skills that Alicia has used – agree that she's very talented. If you'll bear with us a second, settle back in your chairs while we dim the lights and do a final set up." We all clapped as she went and dimmed the lights, and Alicia did something with a flashlight.

Then, I have to admit my surprise when a relatively high definition image showed on the screen. (Later, I discovered that Alicia was one of those camera nuts that had a very expensive movie-making attachment). What appeared on the screen, although a little on the grainy side was an introduction to a portion of that old English movie – "Perfect Strangers", starring Trevor Hoffman and Deborah Kerr. This time, the Hoffman role was played by Sandra – and the Kerr role by Alicia.

From mummy's old trunks, they'd got costumes. Not much for Sandra – a man's slouch hat, a shirt and a tie. But her mannerisms and behavior were that of a man. I could not believe how feminine and delicate Alicia managed to look. The scenery wasn't that great – the scene they picked was the one shot in a train cafeteria. Where they are trying to break away from each other. Very touching – and I say that without a word of a lie.

The performance only lasted about eight minutes, but it was so well done that our small audience sighed audibly when the screen went blank – then there was a decided pause before we all applauded wildly. The lights went on and I could see immediately that Sandra was touched by our enthusiasm – and not slow at giving Alicia most of the credit.

Finally, she got away from the immediate subject.

"I won't be the first to complain about the Scottish weather." She started and although Alicia and I can not make any complaints about your hospitality? We thought of doing something that would please everyone." She grinned. "As you know? We're broke financially and really searched for a way to thank you all. Here's what we'd love to suggest." She paused. "You can see that Alicia and myself made a short film. How would you all feel about making a permanent record of a play – especially while this bad weather seems to be on us for quite a while?"

Elsie and Melanie looked doubtful – although pleased – and shot looks at mummy to see her reaction. She ruminated for a minute but was smiling.

"That was SO good of you girls to do this. I must admit to being amazed at the quality you have produced in such a short time – and I surely wish that my

acting group could have had you two! You were both marvelous – and I mean do disrespect Alicia when I say how wonderful Sandra played the man. I know the difficulty in that kind of part. So thank you.” She held up a hand to indicate that she wasn’t finished.

“As far as doing another, with everyone taking a part? I’m all in favor of it – though do you have a play or any scripts in mind that will give us all something to do?”

Sandra grinned uncertainly. “I hope that you don’t mind, but we went through that collection of scripts that you keep? There’s a perfect play – I think it was written by one of your cohorts? A French type one act, bedroom, farce – that has parts for one man, then a bunch of female characters, his wife, mother in law, mistress, maid, housekeeper and cook. It only requires one bedroom, although we’d maybe have to rig up better lighting? But it looks eminently do-able.”

“The title?” Mummy asked.

“A Man’s Domain.” Sandra replied.

“Oh yes! I remember the playwright well.” Mummy said. “Nice young man. Killed shortly after he wrote this. It was never published. I had it printed and ran a few copies in an attempt to sell it to publishers, but it never caught on.”

“Well, I’m sorry to hear that.” Alicia said. “This play is funny. Excuse the expression – kinda old fashioned, but I think it would be fun to do. What’s also pretty good, that we could all pretty well be type cast within the parts. You wouldn’t have a lot to do Marian, but as you’re probably the person with most to do around here, it would probably be best.”

“What about Dorothy – or Emily?” Mummy asked. “They’d probably like something like that as well.”

“There’s a problem with that, Marian.” Sandra broke in. “Alicia can be a royal pain when it comes to doing this kind of thing. She and I discussed this very point and she feels that neither of them could give up the necessary time to rehearse all that would be needed.”

“Wonderful! I can see that you girls have already given this matter a lot of thought.” Mummy laughed. “Now all you have to do is talk Elsie into acting *her* part! I don’t think that you’ll hear too many objections from the rest!”

Mummy was wrong though. Elsie was obviously gratified out of her mind. She pretended otherwise of course, but didn’t take much arm twisting at all. The die was practically set so as we left the sitting room.

“As the girls will need some time to clear away?” Mummy said to me. “I think we’ll just start our knitting, just the two of us. Wait for Alicia, if she feels like joining us.”

“But mummy? I thought . . .”

“Alan darling?” she interrupted smoothly. “You and I need to talk, but the play can wait until tomorrow I think. To my mind, you’ve had enough excitement for one day. Sitting, calmly, with me may be the peace and quiet you need.”

“I’ll go and get my knitting then, shall I?” I said meekly.

“Yes,” was all she said.

The rest of that evening was the closest thing to psychological torture I could imagine. I kept waiting

for the axe to fall – for mummy to vent her displeasure at me. But she never did. Calmly and placidly she sat – and made sure that I followed her ladylike example – for all of that evening. Then at bedtime, she simply kissed me goodnight and we went to our respective bedrooms. I felt so sexually alive – practically trembling – that I got tremendously excited as I put my nightgown on and slid into bed.

Excited as I was, I nearly fell asleep before Sandra came and slid in beside me. Took me in her arms, and I finally relaxed.

“Had quite a day to yourself snookums – didn’t you?” she giggled. “Tell me about it!”

I have to admit. I thought I’d had a pretty bad day, but her ill repressed mirth as I detailed what had been going on was infectious. I finally found myself giggling as I described mummy coming upon Elsie, Melanie, and myself.

“Oh GOD? What did she say? What did she DO?” she asked, suddenly serious, but she was sliding over me at the time and all I could do was pant, so she gently fitted herself on me, and the subject was forgotten as we went into a sexual rhythm.

She was gone in the morning. I looked out of the curtains before I showered. Same, bloody miserable, weather. Rain, dark clouds, and a wind that whistled through every nook and cranny. By this time I was actually looking forward to wearing my new lingerie, so found myself sighing happily as I put it on under my kilt. Went down to breakfast.

We all gathered there finally having picked at the breakfast buffet. Mummy called Elsie and Melanie into the room as we finished up.

"I know there's really no good time for this for you two ladies, but I'd like us all to take copies of the play and look at it until nine-thirty – just to give you all an idea of what the play is about. I haven't spoken to Sandra or Alicia yet, but I think they mean this:

Alan is the man. Alicia is his wife. Sandra is his mistress. Melanie is the maid. Elsie is the housekeeper, and I am the man's mother in law." She looked at the girls. "Is that what you had in mind?"

Sandra and Alicia smiled and nodded their assent.

"Very well!" Mummy smiled. "Let's all go off by ourselves, then meet back here after lunch. All right? I checked and have enough copies of the script – there's one for everybody at the door there."

We all nodded. I headed out of the room along with everyone else but just as I go to the door, she said. "Alan dear? Do you have a moment?"

"Of course I do, mummy."

"Lovely. Just close the door then come back here if you will?"

Her tone was placid but I realized that this was the moment when she and I would have our little 'talk'. I shut the door quietly, then headed back to her.

"Alan dear? There's no need to be scared. I'm not going to bite your head off. I just have a few questions. Think you can answer them without a bunch of explanations?"

I swallowed. "I hope so mummy."

"Good. Come and stand here in front of me where I can see your eyes."

Feeling very much like proverbial deer in the headlights went and stood where she wanted.

"Lift your kilt dear." She asked kindly. "Just a few inches."

I know it sounds strange – but I had NEVER dreamed that she would ask this of me again. With an audible sigh, I did so.

"That looks like a different slip. Is it?"

"Yes mummy."

"Fine. Is it a half slip or a full slip."

"A full slip."

"Mmmm. You wearing any other lingerie? A bra, panties. That sort of thing?"

"Panties."

I started to say something but she held up an imperious finger to stop me. "I want you to answer my questions Alan. That's all. No explanations. Just answers!"

I nodded in agreement.

"Are you fond of Sandra?"

"Yes."

"Very fond of her? Maybe even in love?"

"I don't know. Yes."

She nodded and thought for a second or two. "When I was a girl at school, some of us all had a crush on Miss White, our gym teacher. Very strong. Very independent. We all thought she was wonderful." She looked at me searchingly. "This is a very important question. Would you say that you have a crush on Sandra?"

“Yes.”

“Does she like you?”

“I think so. Hope so.”

“You two kissed yet?”

I blushed furiously. “Yes.”

“You kiss her – or does she kiss you?”

It was obvious now what she was getting at, but she knew of my ways and weaknesses. To boot? I wasn't ashamed of what I felt for Sandra.

“She kisses me!” I said, with more than a touch of defiance in what I said.

Then my mother surprised the living daylights out of me! Got up from her chair quickly, took me in her arms – and kissed me fondly! “Wonderful!” She said. “I think Sandra is marvelous! Thank you dear – you can go now!”

To say that I left her while in total confusion is the understatement of the year! But relief flooded me all the way to my room. To console myself and quiet my thoughts, I read the play.

There were gaps in it – and errors that even a novice playgoer like me could see. At the same time, however, it was funny. A typical French, bedroom, farce where a husband's mistress comes to demand that he do 'right' by her – while the object of his current dalliance – his wife's maid – is flouncing around in front of him, his mistress – his wife, and his formidable mother in law. The play is built on double-entendre's and various alliances of two or more women as they try to bring him down.

I liked it. Can't say that I was too keen on the length of my part and wasn't too sure that I could carry off the suave, man about town, personality of the hero. But I assured myself that both Melanie and Elsie were just as amateurish as I and got ready for our discussion.

Lunch came and everyone was in a state of excitement, but mother wouldn't hear a word about anything until we were all finished eating and the table was cleaned off. Then she had Elsie and Melanie come and join us at the table. Smiled at us all. "This looks like a very popular idea, you two girls, but let me just get a few things tidied away. Does anyone have the slightest objection to the play itself? Any morals upset. Anything like that? For example, I notice there's a little profanity in a few places. Any problems?"

We all shook our heads.

"Good!" She said. "Now costumes. Melanie, did you check out the trunks and find everything that was needed?"

"Yes Marian." Melanie said. "I don't think that we'll have the slightest problem. A little smell of mothballs perhaps, but nothing of consequence."

"Well. I may have a little problem. But let me see." Mummy said. "Alan? You have your script with you. Would you read me that monolog on page 37? You can stand and make gestures if you want."

"I'm sorry mummy. I haven't rehearsed or anything!" I said reluctantly.

She waved her arms at me and smiled. No worries dear boy! Just something that I wanted to find out. Please suffer my idiosyncrasies!"

"Okay." I said, standing and going to my part on page 37. Read it.

I was pleased by the scattered applause I got from around the table, though mummy didn't clap. She looked at Sandra.

"Sandra? Would you mind reading that same monolog. Please?"

"But that's not my . ." Sandra started.

"Please?" Mummy asked.

Sandra shrugged and started to read.

Even I joined in the applause when she finished. She was fantastic!

"I thought so!" Mummy said, beaming. "You played the man so well in that thing you and Alicia just done. I thought you'd be *perfect* for the part of the male in this one!"

"But me? What about MY part?" I asked innocently.

Mummy looked at me calmly. "Somebody commented about type casting the other night. You've indicated – a number of times – and in more than one way – that being the maid in real life would be to your liking. Okay, the maid in this play is a saucy, sexy, little girl – but as far as I can tell, this part might be the very thing, even though it's not practical in reality. Though I'm sure that many parts of it would be excellent training for you.. Don't you see? Sandra plays a part that looks perfect for her – while I'm SURE that you'll learn this part *perfectly!*"

I looked around the table. There wasn't the shock amongst others that I personally felt – a shrug or two seemed to be the only reaction.

"Ha Ha. Mummy? I can't play . ."

“Melanie?” she ignored me and spoke over my protestations. “Think the uniform will fit?”

Melanie was trying to hide a grin, but not very successfully. “Almost *sure* of it Marian!”

Mummy then looked at me. “I think this is important enough because I don’t think we can mess around with clothes alterations – so why don’t you and I just come with Melanie and I just now? See how the uniform fits you?”

“But I - - but I - - but . . .” I stammered.

“Dear? Would you please come? And don’t fuss! Just do as Melanie tells you from here on in. She’ll be able to coach you like nobody else! Understand?”

I submitted. “But mummy? I’d much rather *not* go. Honestly!”

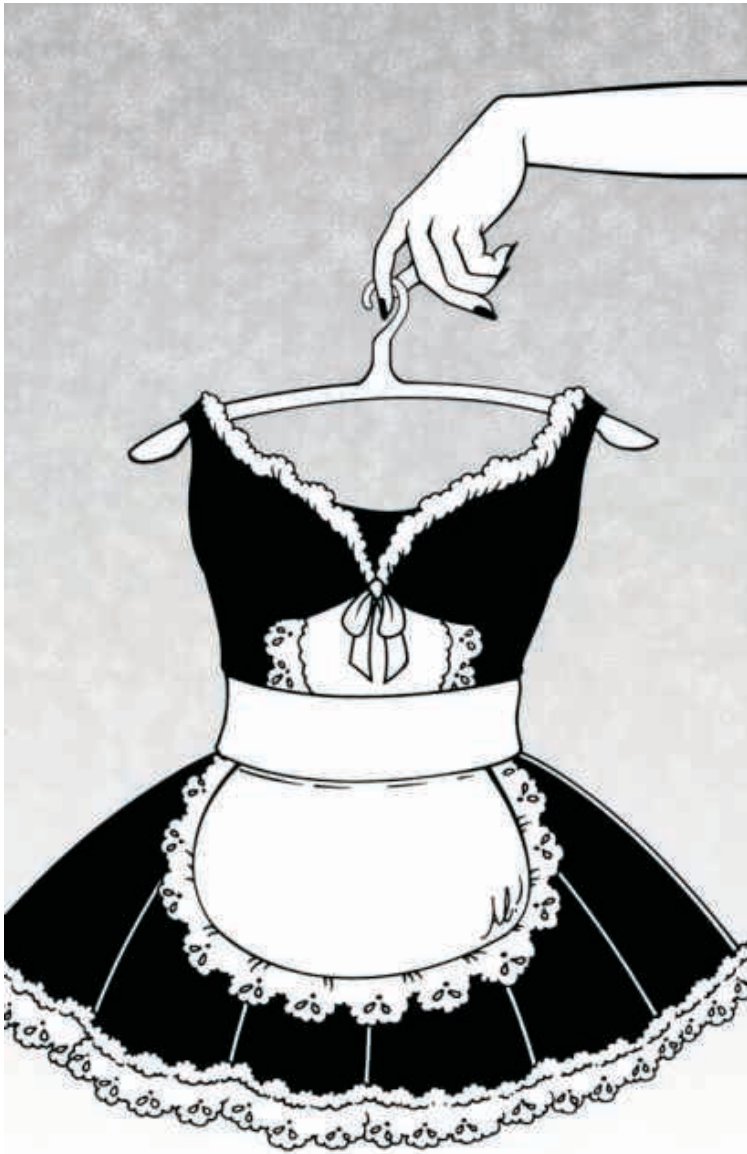
She sighed. “Melanie? It looks as if Alan is going through some male objections to appearing in a feminine role. It’s understandable in a way, but I’m afraid that I don’t want to listen to it. So, to make things easy for you, why don’t you just take over his training right now. You have a free hand.”

“A FREE hand Marian?” Melanie asked, her eyebrow raised.

“Exactly! For a few weeks anyway.”

“But the play won’t last that long mummy!” I objected looking to her then to Melanie, who was standing up now..

She shrugged. “Yes. But I think I’ll want some lessons that Melanie gives you to stick. Melanie? Shall we go?” She stood up. “You other ladies? Why don’t you discuss your parts while we attend to this. Shouldn’t take long.”



“Helen? You don’t want to give me any problem, do you?” Melanie had come around and stood close to me.

“But. I don’t . . .” Then I let out a squeal. Melanie had a hold of my ear lobe and was pulling – hard! “Come along girl!” She snapped.

I tried not to make any more noise as the three of us went along the hallway to her room, felt that my pride was under attack, but that didn’t last long. Before we had gone too far, I was weeping and wailing, pleading with her not to hurt me any more. The worst thing was that she and mummy just chatted as we all made our way, ignoring me and the noise I was making all the way into her room.

“Please excuse the untidiness Marian.” She said, pointing at the bed, on which lay a number of costumes. “I didn’t know you’d be coming.”

“Quite all right.” Mummy said, walking over to the bed. “This the maid costume?” She picked up an abbreviated black, satin dress. “Wheee!” She laughed as she held it up. “This is sure sexy!”

“Yes, the dress, that little stiff petticoat – and the apron and hat. That’s all I have so far.” Melanie said to her. Then to me. “You going to behave if I let go of your ear? Behave and do as I tell you?”

“Yes Melanie.” I said abjectly.

She let go. “Shoes, socks, shirt and kilt off.” She commanded, sorting out the maid uniform and accessories on the bed, her attention away from me completely now.

“But . . .” I started.

“Oh hurry UP for goodness sake!” Mummy said impatiently. “You’ve nothing I haven’t seen before. I’m your mother – remember?”

I swallowed and did as I was told. Mummy laughed slightly. "Though I must admit. Never seen you in a slip before." Then her tone changed. "Where'd you get it? Panties too?"

"Marian? I saw how you reacted to the slip. Thought you were trying to convince me that you had nothing to do with him dressing up - but are you really saying that you don't *really* know?" Melanie was asking, looking puzzled.

"Of course I don't - you silly bugger!" Mummy said, laughing. "Why do you think I was asking?"

Melanie looked truly puzzled now. But her expression changed as I explained.

"Sandra's" I said.

Mummy nodded. "I wasn't sure. Thought you might have bought them yourself." she said. "So she likes you wearing girl things?"

"Yes."

"She wear boy things?"

"No." I said immediately, then added. "Well, yes. She made me exchange my jockey shorts for panties, so I guess that she does."

The two women exchanged glances.

"That's enough chatting for now." Mummy said. "Let's get you dressed. You can keep your own panties on - but get that slip off and the maid's one on." She saw my look. "Oh Alan! Melanie and I will turn our backs for thirty seconds. After that, you'll have to do any changes in front of us!" With that, she faced away from me and Melanie did the same. Hurriedly, I pulled the slip over my head, then stepped into the new petticoat - at least it was new to me.

I saw the women attempt to hide smiles as mummy came and started to adjust the straps at the shoulders. Can't say that I blamed them much – the frilled layers of the petticoat stuck out almost horizontally from just above the knee. Not really feminine – more of a male idea of what full femininity looked like I guess. Anyhow, I felt ridiculous.

As a matter of fact, putting the abbreviated maid uniform on made me feel like less a figure of fun. There was a sort of corset lacing thing around the waist and by the time that Melanie had tightened the laces and pulled my waist into a more proper shape, I was starting to look better. (She did giggle a little as she tied the laces at my back).

"Quite nice. Don't you think?" Mummy asked Melanie as she made me turn around in front of them.

"Hair's long enough – but could use getting done properly." Melanie said.

"Oh, agreed – agreed! But we can get that done later." Mummy said. "Anything for the present?"

"There's a platinum wig – but it's kinda brassy looking." Melanie said thoughtfully.

"Should do for the present. Got it here?"

"Yeah have it here somewhere." Melanie said. Then. "Ah yes. Here it is."

I stood helplessly as Melanie set the wig in place. "Oooh MY!" She giggled. "A proper, saucy little tart we have here!"

She was right. The wig was a bright, blowsy, platinum hair that reached down to my shoulders. "Not quite what I want." Mummy said thoughtfully, "But we can maybe get his hair dyed when we get it set."

“Shame we don’t have a bra at the moment. He’s a little flat in the breastwork area.” Melanie said.

“Can’t be helped. I think that black fishnet stockings and high heels are a must – but that’s as good as we can do for now.” Mummy said. Then she looked at her watch. “Hasn’t been very long, but let’s get his apron and cap on – then back to where the other girls can see him.”

“Marian? Can I have a few minutes in with him – Helen I mean? Just by ourselves. There’s a few things I want to get across and if I’m to be his trainer . . .?”  
Melanie left the rest of the sentence unsaid.

Mummy shrugged and smiled. “Makes sense to me. I’ll expect you both back in the room in about five minutes.” With that, she left me to Melanie’s tender mercies.

She sat on the bed and pointed to a chair in front of her. “Sit there dear. Let’s have a talk.”

I was nervous but did as she said. Her eyes flashed. “That was TERRIBLE!” she said, taking in how I’d sat down. “I can understand that you haven’t been taught how to do things properly – but from here on I want you to THINK about what you’re doing! Got me?”

“Yes Melanie. I’m sorry. I’ll try and do justice to the part by the time we do it.” I said.

“Huh?” She looked perplexed for a minute. Then she smiled. “I think you have it wrong dear. I’m going to show you how to act in a ladylike manner first. The part of the maid just wants farcical behavior from you – and that should be easy enough. So when you are having anything to do with the part? You will flounce and sway – like a sexy young coquette. But at other times? You will start to act like a proper young lady.”

I had to laugh. "But Melanie? I'm not . . ."

"Helen? You are going to be what I SAY you are. Your idea of what you are is totally wrong. I am going to change everything about you – your looks, your mannerisms, your dress. Even the way you think!"

"But for a PART? I don't understand Melanie. Honest!"

"Do you think that I'm physically stronger than you?" She asked.

"I don't know. Probably." I admitted.

She sniffed. "You're a soft little sissy – Helen. If I couldn't put you over my knees and spank you within seconds – on your panties – I may add - I think I'd give up. Now would you like me to show you if I could do that right now?"

"No."

"So you think I could?"

"Yes."

"Absolutely sure?"

"Yes."

She smiled. "Didn't think you'd admit that readily – but that saves me some physical energy. Here's what I want you to understand. When I'm teaching you something – anything? You'd better show me that you're trying damn hard. Now for example? I want you to know how to flounce in your pretty dress – and curtsy sexily. Immediately! Now go over to that corner then flounce back to me. NOW!"

About five minutes later, Melanie preceded me into the room where the others were. I waited until I heard

her say. "Ladies? Allow me to present – PRISCILLA!" (The maid's name in the play).

Smiling, with my skirts flouncing as I walked in, I pirouetted in front of the table, then beamed another smile as I placed my feet 'just so' and curtsied to them all, then still flouncing, I went to my chair, gathered my skirts properly, then sat primly.

"My GAWD!" Elsie said loudly.

"Good Grief!" Alicia said.

Sandra's eyes got big, and she smiled, but said nothing.

"I think that Helen has shown how good he – or she – can be in this role." Melanie said proudly. "Can you imagine the impact she'll make when I have her in a bra – net stockings and super high heels? AND with more than just a few minutes of training?"

"Oh MY!" Sandra finally said, entranced.

"That must have been a very productive five minutes or so." Mother said. "But why do I have the feeling that you want to say more?"

Melanie looked around the room. "Helen here has indicated a desire to be a lady's maid. I think that rehearsing for the part of Priscilla in this play may be a godsend."

"How come?" Mummy asked.

"Let him be a maid – full time." Melanie said simply.

"Full time? Be a maid all of the time until the play ends?" Mummy asked. "But surely there isn't enough to keep him busy? And what about uniforms?" She

laughed. "What he IS wearing is very sexy, but he couldn't wear that for days on end, surely?"

"Uniforms are no problem Marian." Melanie said. "He's already worn my aprons and I'd bet that the uniforms I wore when I was a little younger and thinner will fit him perfectly. As to keeping him busy? He seems to want to be a maid – and if I'm not mistaken, Miss Sandra wouldn't mind him being a maid for her and Alicia?"

Mummy, myself, and Sandra all gaped at Melanie at the same time. "But she . . she . . couldn't use . . surely wouldn't WANT . . surely? Mummy gasped, but then she paused and looked at Sandra with a calculating look. "Would she?" and she was *asking* Sandra!

The look of mystification left Sandra's face to be replaced by an amused expression. "Looks like I've been found out. But to be honest? Neither Alicia nor myself have much reason to be having a maid. We're just not the type."

"Oh!" Melanie said.

"But if you Melanie, and Marian would like Alan here to become Helen? Who am I to stand in the way? You Melanie can train the poor dear – housework and all the stuff that a wife needs to know. Then when you feel that he should get a break? I've got a WHOLE wardrobe of stuff." She grinned at me. "That I know *fits* him." Then she asked me. "What do YOU think?"

I was speechless. Looked around the table and saw only amused looks on the faces of all the women as they waited for my answer.

"I think the cat's got Helen's tongue!" Mummy laughed. "Sounds like a plan to me!" She looked at

Sandra? "Did I hear right? You might want a wife someday?"

Sandra smiled beatifically.

*The end*