

Paradise For Fools



Susan Strange

A "Her Tv" Novel

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PARADISE FOR FOOLS

By Susan Strange

I suppose you could call it a paradise for fools. It was the wife who started things going. It all started one Saturday morning. There I was, my head buried in the racing column of the newspaper looking for a winner. I do like a flutter on the nags on Saturday. I've won a few pounds at times but then so has the bookie, otherwise he wouldn't have that Jag and his manor house. I studied the form guide for the three o'clock at Newmarket. Prince of the Palace looked a good thing in that race good jockey and I always fancied Guy Harwood, the trainer stable. The price was good, giving odds at 16:1. *I'll put £20 on that, easy money*, I was thinking. What else was I going to spend the money on?

Then I heard the words "my dress." It was the wife addressing me. My Dress? What race is that in, I

thought. I looked at all the horses listed in alphabetical order for all the meetings that day but there was no My Dress.

“What race is that in, pet? I don’t see it here.” Pearl—that’s the wife—sometimes backs a horse, usually because she likes the name. With her luck, it’s usually a winner.

“You weren’t listening you old fool, were you? I asked if you would like to wear my dress.”

I looked at her. Pearl could be a bit of a joker at times. “Very good, pet, that’s a good one. For a minute I thought you were serious.”

“Oh but I am, Alex!”

Pearl and I had been married about thirty years. She was the girl next door and we were sweethearts at school. I never looked at another woman, she was the one for me. We had a couple of kids, a boy and a girl. She was a good mother, the children loved her. Sally and Bill have grown up, married, and had kids of their own. Pearl and I live on our own. She still retained her good looks at 49.

Pearl just lately had been acting funny I couldn’t put my finger on it till one of the lads at work said the same about his wife. “It’s the menopause, Alex.”

“Menopause? What’s that got to do with it, Harry?”

“Some women do strange things. Take Tessa for instance, all she wants is sex unusual sex. I’m not complaining, mind you as for sex many years ago between us. But now it has started up again.”

“Unusual sex, Harry? What’s that?”

“I can’t tell you now, Alex. It’s not for innocent ears,” he laughed.

To humour Pearl, I said, “But your dress would never fit me anyway.”

This was true for Pearl always kept herself in trim took. She took keep fit classes while I had rather let myself go. I should have kept my big mouth shut for Pearl had gained a victory.

“I wouldn’t let that worry you, Alex, we can always get a dress to fit you.” What had I let myself in for?

“There’s no time like the present to go shopping for a dress. I know what I’m looking for.” Once Pearl gets her teeth into something, she never lets go.

So there I am sitting in the car like a fool with Pearl giving me directions to go to some shop or other to get a dress for ME. “Here we are, Alex, that’s the shop over there.”

I had expected to be at some department store but what I was looking at was a fancy dress shop. I followed Pearl into the shop where there were all sorts of fancy clothes for men and women. Pearl approached the woman at the counter and had a conversation with her. I kept hearing words like “is he?” “will he?” coming from the woman behind the counter and every so often she would look at me, then carry on the conversation. What the hell were they talking about?.

Eventually Pearl motioned me to come with her and took my hand. “This way for your dress fitting, Alex.”

What was I doing? I must have been nuts, meekly walking behind my wife to have a dress fitted on ME!

“There we are, madam,” said the shop assistant, putting me and Pearl into a cubicle. “Don’t worry, we have all sizes. We will have him in a dress in no time.” That conversation didn’t exactly fill me with hope. Then the assistant added, “I’ll hand you a pair of knickers to hide his modesty while we fit the dress.”

Pearl then put her piece in. “You know they have to be long white frilly ones, yes?”

“Yes of course, that’s what the other men obtained.”

What was going on? What other men with long frilly knickers? I was having a bad dream. I was going to wake up in a minute.

“Right, Alex, get stripped. What you waiting for? I’ve seen you many naked many times.”

“Yes but that woman...”

“I think she has seen many a man naked before. Besides, these knickers will hide your penis so get on with it.”

What do you do when your wife is telling you to put a pair of knickers on? Well I did it because Pearl and I never had a cross word in our life. I felt stupid standing there in just a pair of women’s knickers.

“Here we are!” said the assistant coming into the cubicle with a long dress over her arm. MY DRESS. I mean, to me one woman’s dress looks like any other woman’s dress.

“Alex doesn’t have all the knickknacks yet but we’ll get them in time.”

“Oh yes, I can help you there. I know someone that will give him breasts.”

Christ, I wasn’t in a skirt yet and they were talking about me having breasts. Just what had come over Pearl? While my mind was cogitating, a dress was flung over my head.

“Not much of a woman,” commented the assistant.

“I know. There is a lot of work to put in before he really becomes one like the other men but I’ll show her the way,” said my Pearl.

“Do you think he’ll be one in three months’ time?”

“Oh yes, that’s plenty of time. He’ll have the breasts by then.”

“It’s a good fit and we can sort out the hips and backside same as we are going to do with the tits. Once that is accomplished, her whole body will fit this like any woman,” said Pearl.

“I’ll throw in the stockings petticoats and shoes and bra and such like so they can be tried at home. He’ll soon get used to wearing women’s clothes like the other men have. It’s great that you woman are doing so much to get your husbands into skirts and dresses,” said the assistant.

Other men? Husbands? What was going on? Was Russell Estate (where Pearl and I live) being turned into a lot of poufs wearing frocks by their wives? By the sound and look of things, I was being numbered

among them! We made our way back to the front of the shop. I had taken off the dress.

“I’ll mark you down, Mrs. Dolan. as one of them that has come with her husband for a fitting. There are still a few wives to bring their husbands in.”

“It’s so kind of you, Beryl, to give us these dresses for free. It will save some money.”

“When you ladies in the Women’s Guild said you were going to do something unusual to raise money for charity, I felt I couldn’t charge you for the hire of these dresses. It’s only fair that I help out too.”

“It was our President Mildred who came up with this idea of doing the can-can dance with a chorus line of men. They will be well drilled. Liz, who used to be a chorus girl herself at one time, is going to teach them. Liz is a hard taskmaster, she won’t stand any nonsense. The people coming to the concert won’t believe they are watching men and not women. Their makeup will be par excellence. Wilma will attend to that,” finished my beloved wife.

On the way back home, I said to Pearl, “You never asked me to be one of these chorus can-can girls.”

“I couldn’t let the other girl’s think I wasn’t doing my bit for the Guild so I put your name down and that’s it.”

“You might have consulted me first, pet.”

“Alex, I just knew you would do it for me, won’t you?” Pearl had that look I’ve seen before. It’s a look that has me doing all she wants like a lap dog. I’m a sucker and I always fall for it. For the rest of that day

Pearl was all sugar and spice to me, buttering me up. Like a fool, I fell for it. Dinner came and I was looking forward to a hearty meal. Pearl served up lettuce and carrots nothing else.

“What’s this, pet?” I questioned.

“Your dinner, Alex,”

“Where’s the steak and kidney pie and the mashed potatoes we usually have on a Saturday night?”

“They’re out from now.”

“Out, Pearl? Why?”

“You have a bit of a tummy, Alex and you’ll need to lose weight for that can-can chorus line. You need to be fit for it is strenuous work doing the high kicking and all that. I’ve signed you in on the keep fit classes I go to every week.” Pearl had apparently planned this all out before she sprung it on me.

“I’m going to look a right nana, the only man among you women.”

“No you’re not. Sadie will be there as well.”

“Who is she?”

“It’s not a she, it is Larisa’s husband. They come every week to the classes. Nice couple. Sadie keeps his body fit and he course insisted to be one of the can-can girls. Larisa gives Sadie great support in that and helps in every way she can with her dressing.”

“Sadie is a funny name for a man, pet. What is his real male name?”

“You know Alex, I don’t know. Larisa keeps calling her Sadie. Sadie this Sadie that. Sadie comes dressed in women’s clothes to the classes. Larisa says it gets her into the feel of the part she has to play as a can-can dancer. Sadie gets on well with the other women.” Pearl kept giving me an up and down look as if she was thinking about me going in a skirt to this keep fit class.

“Oh no you don’t, Pearl! Get out of that. I’m not coming dressed as some sort of pouf.” She just gave a sigh.

“We’ve got an invite to have tea with Larisa and Sadie tomorrow afternoon. I said we will go.”

“Who are this Larisa and Sadie, pet? I’ve never heard of them before around here.”

“They moved here about three months ago. Bought their own house. Nice house and it’s all done-up fancy.”

“I take it you’ve seen the house and this Sadie in his male clothes, pet?”

“Larisa has invited me a few times but Sadie has always been in a frock. Larisa says she likes that. Keeps him in mind of being a woman for the can-can dance. She buys him skirts and things like that.” Pearl gave me the once-over again.

“You can forget about that. I’m not going there tomorrow dressed in a skirt.” Pearl sighed again and I was beginning to think this Larisa was a bad influence on her.

Later that night in our bedroom Pearl became all funny again and put on one of her most beautiful night dresses. “Don’t you think this is a pretty nightie?” she said coyly.

“You would look pretty in anything, pet.”

“Do you really think so, Alex? I do love you, you know.” Pearl snuggled up to me, something she hadn’t done in a while. She got my defences down and I was vulnerable. We made love. There I was resting in the afterglow of our union when she whispered seductively, “Let’s do it again with my nightie on you.”

I had made the excuse earlier that her dress wouldn’t fit me. I couldn’t use that this time for the nightie was easy fitting and would not restrain me in any way. Besides the offer was too tempting and what did it matter? Pearl can be a bit of a *femme fatale* at times and twist me round her little finger. Well, as you probably guessed, I did put the nightie on. Pearl had a smile in her eyes as we made more love.

So there I was in the morning still with the nightie on in bed beside Pearl. “I’ll just take this off, Pearl.”

She put a hand on mine. “Don’t worry, darling, keep it on for now. I’ve plenty more. You just lie there and I’ll bring your breakfast in bed.” I watched Pearl get out of bed in the nude. She has a fine figure, my wife. I’ve seen other men give her the once over but they can’t have her, she’s mine. I watched her slip another night dress on and admire her curves as she leaves the bedroom. What a wonderful night of love we had. I hadn’t had Pearl’s body like that for a long time. I was lying there thinking of all the wonderful love of the night not realising Pearl had just won another victory as I still had her nightie on.

So there we were standing outside this house nice garden and garage built on to the house. The name-plate on the door said Preston. I knocked on the lion head brass knocker. A pleasant looking woman answered.

“Oh it’s you, Pearl. Do come in. This must be your husband we’ve talked so much about.”

They’d talked about me? What had they to talk about me? It was a very nice living room living room and I was being led around, seeing all sorts of modern furniture. We sat on the fancy chairs.

“Sadie will not be long. She just adores visitors. Gives her an excuse to beautify herself and slip into a nice frock. I can’t keep her away from the mirror at times,” Larisa, his wife, said in a matter-of-fact way as if this was a common everyday occurrence. “I’ll show you some pictures I took of Sadie in her can-can dress the other day.”

Larisa handed Pearl some photos and she seemed to be looking at them with admiration. She handed them to me. “Isn’t she absolutely beautiful, Alex?”

I looked at them. The person in the photos didn’t look like a man.

“Here she comes!” said Larisa. I looked up from the photo. A right stunner was gracefully gliding into the room. Then it hit me. This was a man!

“This is Alex, Sadie,” his wife introduced me.



“Oh hello there. I’ve heard so much about you. It’s nice to meet you in the flesh.” This Sadie held out a well-manicured hand with pink nail polish on the fingernails and a ring on her finger. I rose and shook her hand. She smiled pleasantly, her shapely body filling the pencil slim dress perfectly. Sadie didn’t take the hand, she kissed me on the cheek.

I turned red as I’d never been kissed by a man before. She sat down beside me and crossed her legs and what shapely legs they were in her honey-coloured nylon stockings. I wanted to run my hands up and down them. I kept reminding myself that this was a man, THIS WAS A MAN?

“I do believe you are going to be one of us, Alex.” The voice didn’t sound even remotely like a man’s.

One of them? What was the game here? Was she, I mean he, one of *them*? What kind of man wears women’s clothes. What was I thinking about? Pearl already had me signed up for this can-can thing so I was going in a frock whether I like it or not. I guessed I was going to be one of them. Next thing I knew, this Sadie was rubbing a leg against me. Good thing Pearl couldn’t see it. I’d have kneed him in the balls if there hadn’t been women present. Then I thought that maybe he didn’t have any balls based on the way he/she was dressed. I was confused again.

Just then Larisa said tea was served. Thank goodness I could get out of this embarrassing situation. Sadie sitting opposite me was acting all prim and proper as if her leg never touched mine. She was having a conversation about ladies fashions. It was way above my head but she seemed very knowledgeable. Pearl and her wife thought so for she had their attention.

“Your new dress arrived, Sadie. I’ve put it in your room. Maybe you could try it on while I have a chat with Pearl. Then you can show it to us.”

Sadie was all smiles “Oh yes, I’ll just do that and Alexis will give me a hand.” I was looking around for another woman when this Sadie took my hand.

Pearl piped up with, “Sadie has a nice collection of beautiful dresses. You’ll like them, Alexis.”

So all of a sudden my name gets changed to Alexis just like that and Pearl seems to approve? What was going on here?? So there I was hand-in-hand with this pouf. He/she had a nice wife who wasn’t a bit worried about him in a skirt by the looks of it. If anything, she encouraged him. I could only guess what kind of relationship went on between them in bed, or elsewhere for that matter.

“Isn’t it lovely?” said Sadie as she ripped the paper off the parcel containing the dress. “I simply must try it on. Alexis, you’ll give me a hand of course.” I will?

“Zip me down the back.” Sadie turned her back to me to do that. Like an idiot I was doing it and suddenly there she stood in just her bra knickers and stockings. “I’ve some nice underwear. I’ll show you them after, Alexis. We girlies can share our frocks and undies and things, can’t we? I’ll see yours when Larisa and I visit your house.”

What’s her game? I was thinking. I hadn’t any frocks or undies yet, only the dress and petticoat and such that was given to me at the fancy dress shop yesterday. And as for showing me her underwear, she certainly was doing plenty of that at the moment. While my slow acting brain was thinking this over,

Sadie interrupted my thoughts. “Be a sweetie and zip me up, Alexis.”

I was looking at Sadie’s back and could see her bra which appeared to contain real breasts! What the hell was happening between Sadie and this wife of hers? Without even realising it consciously, she had me zipping the back of the dress up. There she stood in a slinky low-cut black evening dress, admiring herself in the dressing room mirror. She looked gorgeous and if I wanted to make love to her, this would be the time to do it for there was no one here to see. I very much doubted that Sadie would object for she was giving me obvious encouragement with the footie game. I would never do that to Pearl, though. I had never cheated on her, I love her too much. Besides, this was a man. It was, wasn’t it?

She took my hand again. “Come on, Alexis. I have to show the ladies this dress.”

So there we were back in the living room. Sadie was giving a fashion show to ohs and ahs from his wife and mine. Sadie loved all this and swayed round the room in her new dress. “Give us a twirl, sweetheart,” said his wife. Sadie was only too happy to oblige; her dress swirled out to reveal her shapely legs and lovely white knickers. There was no doubt that Larisa was excited by this display of her husband’s finery and femininity.

“Come here, my darling, and get your reward.” Big sloppy kisses transpired between the couple.

Pearl looked at me. I knew what she was thinking. She wanted to put me into a dress like Sadie had on. *Oh no, you’re not,* I said to myself. *I’m a man, damn it!* This Larisa was leading her astray. Just what was

said between the two wives when I was away with Sadie?

“You’ve still to see my undies,” said Sadie. I thought I’d seen plenty of them with her twirls. She took my hand again and lead me back to her room. She opened a drawer and there were all her frilly undies. “Larisa likes to see me in these.” Sadie was holding up a pair of filly white knickers. “I’ll give you a loan of them. I’m sure Pearl will be delighted to see you in them. It’s so nice having wives who appreciate us girlies in our dainty undies, isn’t it, Alexis?”

I was sure his wife did from the way she was acting with him. I just hoped she was not contaminating my Pearl. She was putting the undies into a bag with some other things. They were going in the bin when I got home. Pearl was *not* going to see me prancing about in woman’s knickers. Things were bad enough as they were without me giving any encouragement to Pearl.

Sadie and I were back in the living room, her hand in mine. “Pearl, I’ve given Alexis a loan of my undies. He is going to put them on for you back in your house.”

I never said any such thing but Pearl got a smile as wide as the English Channel. “I’ll be delighted to see them,” she said, holding the bag containing the frilly undies. There was no way I was going to get at them now.

Time to go and Sadie was kissing me on the cheek again like I was a woman. Larisa was watching and smiling at her pretty husband approvingly. “It’s our house next time, Larisa,” said my Pearl.

“Okay and Alexis can show off her frocks like Sadie did today. I just know she is dying to do so. These girls are *such* show-offs, Pearl.” Larisa was all sort of giggly and her hand went round Sadie’s waist. Just what had this Larisa been up to with my Pearl?

It was a short drive back to the house. “Pearl, what’s Larisa talking about? My frocks? I only have that fancy dress you hired yesterday.”

“That’s all taken care of, Alexis; Larisa has given me some dresses she had for Sadie before they did the keep fit classes. Now Sadie is too slim for them so you’ve got them. Beautiful dresses they are, I must say.”

“Where?”

“In the trunk. We put them in when you and Sadie were putting that frock on her. Larisa is so helpful and they are such a nice couple. Here we are, Alexis. Now give me a hand to get your dresses out the trunk.”

What scheme have my wife and this Larisa hatched up between them to get me in a dress? Larisa was the ring leader, I was certain and Pearl just fell in with her. Then it entered my mind that this must have been planned in advance for we could have easily walked from our house to theirs. Pearl needed the car to take these dresses home. There were a couple of big cases and I lifted them out the trunk.

“We’ll put them in the spare room. I’ve plans for that,” says my beloved. Larisa was behind this, I thought. I was sure the room was going to be turned into a ladies room like Sadie’s. That was another

thing. Didn't Larisa and Sadie sleep in the same bed? Why did they have separate rooms? But I wasn't interested in that at the present. I was more worried what their plans were for me.

"Alexis dear, clear the spare room out. During the week I'll get the painters and decorators in."

I ignored the fact that she was calling me Alexis. It was Sadie who started that and it was sticking. "Pearl, why are the painters and decorators coming here?"

"Because it's time that room was sorted out. It's a pig sty, Alexis."

With that, she took my hand and up to our bedroom we went. There on the bed she had laid out various items of ladies wear. She smiled for she knew that she had won a victory again. "Okay Alexis, take all your clothes off."

Well, she is my wife and I'm not shy at undressing. So there I was standing in the nude before her. "Right, Alexis, we will start with this."

Pearl lifted a lace-in corset that looked like an item of torture. She wrapped it round me and clipped the front. Then at the back she took the end of the loose laces and pulled them as tight as she could.

"Take it easy, Pearl. I can hardly breathe."

"If you would lose some weight, this wouldn't be necessary." Then she gave an extra yank to prove her point. She patted my bum. "It is sticking out nicely. That's good."

“Is it?” I thought I’ve seen some women with big bums and men running after them for a feel. I hoped no one was going to do that to me. Pearl was fitting a black bra on me, clipping it at the back and adjusting the straps. She popped in a couple of fake breasts which filled it to capacity.

“Maybe in the future these won’t be needed,” my Pearl said.

Whatever could that mean? She soon had a suspender belt on me now, stockings attached and a pair of knickers up my legs. I told Pearl that I must look like a fairy.

“No you don’t, Alexis. I like you and if your wife likes it must be alright.” That to me sounded like something out of Larisa’s hymn book. I had a petticoat now on and a big floppy frock over it. “Sit on the stool before my dressing table, Alexis.”

“Why”

“Because I’m going to paint your face so you’ll really look pretty, darling.”

I couldn’t believe myself. I was letting my wife put makeup on my face. I was becoming one of them poufs I keep talking about. What could be next?

“There we are, dear. You only need one thing and here it is.” Pearl stuck a blonde wig on my head. I looked in the mirror. Oh my God, I was a pouf! I had on lipstick, powder, blusher, eye shadow, mascara, and even lip gloss. “Now your hands, dear.”

“What are you going to do now, Pearl?”

“What do you think, darling? I’m going to put your nail polish on.” That Larisa dame was behind it all and had a lot to answer for.

Pearl was pleased with herself when it is all finished. “Now don’t you think that looks better, sweetheart?” Pearl looked excited the same way that Larisa was when Sadie did her fashion show. Pearl kissed me like she had never kissed me before. For just a moment, I forgot how I looked.

“You’re getting excited, aren’t you?”

“Of course I am, Pearl. What did you expect?”

“We will have to put a stop to that same way Larisa did with Sadie. You never see her with any unsightly bulges, do you?”

Just what the hell did that mean? Her wife done something about that bulge, something drastic perhaps and planted a seed in Pearl’s mind? Things were becoming scary. Why was I going along with all this?

Everything was moving at a fast pace. Larisa turned up one night on her own. Pearl had already done one of her makeup sessions on me as we greeted Larisa at the door. “Oh, doesn’t she look so much better in a dress?” said Larisa with a look of approval to Pearl. Then she gave me a big sloppy kiss on the cheek. I had never kissed any woman before except my beloved Pearl. “Where is Sadie?” I ask.

“You’re missing her, aren’t you, Alexis? One of her girlfriends dropped in. Well, you know how it is with girlies, they seemed to get on so well. I couldn’t take her away, they were having so much fun. But you were missing it, Alexis. I’ll give Sadie a good talking to

and make sure you can have fun with them next time. I'm sure Sadie will be delighted for you to join in their girlie fun." I was sure she would and what was this 'girlfriend' stuff and all that nonsense. By this time, Pearl was in earnest conversation with Larisa.

"I'll show you it, Larisa, then you can give me your advice. Alexis dear, put the polka dot dress on while I take Larisa to see the spare room." Pearl had me eating out her hand. The spare room had been cleared out by me and Pearl has the painters and decorators in. It did look nice and seemed more womanly. Although at the present there was just a blue fitted carpet, the walls were done in a "heavenly pale pink," as Pearls called it.

They seemed to be taking a long time in the spare room, long enough for me to get that dress on. Since that first makeup Pearl did on me, every night when I came home she plastered makeup on me. She'd get me in some dress or other and at weekends I was never out of them the whole day from dawn till dusk. Then into bed in a nightie I'd go. Just what was my beloved Pearl doing to me and what was that devious Larisa planning in the spare room with my wife. *You're an old fool*, I said to myself, *letting these women trample all over you. Look at you with this blue and white polka dot dress, admiring yourself in the mirror, hoping Pearl is going to approve of it. You're nothing but one of them Nancy boys the lads in work keeps talking about.* They showed me one in the papers that had a sex change. I Wouldn't have been the least surprised if Sadie had had one, the way she was acting. Maybe that's why she had a room of her own.

Now I was sitting on the couch, adjusting the dress nicely round me and looking at the flat pumps Pearl

put on my feet. Christ, I was even getting excited for I wanted to display this dress to the ladies.

“What’s coming over you, Alexis?” I thought. Alexis? I used to be called Alex and now I was thinking in terms of being Alexis. After I’d finished my self-admiration, Pearl and Larisa appeared in the living room.

“That is a pretty dress you have on, Alexis,” beamed Larisa.

“Yes,” said my Pearl. “Tell you what, Larisa. We’ll make a cup of tea, then Alexis can do a fashion show for us while we sit watch and admire her.”

“How delightful!” said Larisa. “I do like to see a man in a dress.”

She’d probably seen plenty in her time, I thought. Who was I to be critical, though? There I was, sitting like a Nancy boy getting excited for the. Truth be told, I couldn’t wait to show my pretty dress to the ladies!

They were back, sitting leisurely on the couch, sipping their cups of tea. “Alexis looks so excited, Pearl dear. She just can’t wait to show off that dress! You know how it is with these girls. Sadie is the same.”

“Now darling, let Larisa see how I taught you to show off the beautiful dress,” Pearl beamed to Larisa. I was so excited as I rose and started to walk across the living room like some high class model.

“She walks so elegantly, Pearl dear,” commented Larisa.

“Yes and it is all thanks to you, Larisa dear.”

What was with all the ‘dears’? Pearl never used to talk like that. At the same time I was very conscious of my deportment as I walked. Deportment, now there is a word that was never in my vocabulary till Pearl harped on about it.

“Oh, isn’t she a little show off? Just like Sadie. Our girls just adore their dresses. They want us to see them in the skirts and things and they just can’t get enough praise.”

“I encourage her as much as I can, Larisa. Come here, darling Alexis.” Pearl gave me a big sloppy kiss as I saw Larisa give Sadie. Then Larisa joined in. Suddenly I got an erection. Well, wouldn’t you? Pearl sorted that problem out.

Larisa ran a hand down my body and smiled. “You did as I told you, Pearl. That’s so much better, isn’t it? All smooth and no unsightly bumps. Alexis will be alright with the other girls for the charity do. Of course some of them don’t need the gaff now that was taken care of,” Larisa said with a wink. I wasn’t sure if I heard that correctly. No, I must have misunderstood. They couldn’t possibly have meant what I thought they might have meant, right?

I don’t know what was said between Pearl and Larisa but that spare room has filled with a dressing table and fitted wardrobes and a single bed. Pearl has taken all my dresses and put them in the fitted wardrobes and the lingerie in the drawers in the dressing table. I have to say here that apart from the dresses that Larisa gave her, every so often Pearl would spring a surprise on me with some sort of dress or other. Not expensive, she went round charity shops and usually came back with a bargain. And it wasn’t just dresses; she bought makeup too but that wasn’t

from a charity shop a beautician. They were all transferred into that spare room. Everyone of my womanly things had been transferred.

Pearl said to me one day, “Alexis darling, it would be better if you moved into your room for good.”

“What about our bedroom, pet?”

“Oh, that will become my room,” Pearl said matter-of-factly.

“But we have always slept together ever since we married, pet.”

“But you’re becoming a woman, sweetie. It wouldn’t be right for two women to sleep in the same bed, now would it?”

“But we are married, Pearl.”

“That can easily be changed. I wouldn’t worry about that, dear.”

Just what the hell was going on? It was that Larisa, I was sure she was behind this somehow. Like an old fool I moved in to my new room. The only times I saw Pearl was at meals and the keep fit classes. By the way, the classes were working. Between the keep fit classes and the diet Pearl had me on, I was losing weight. I must admit I felt the better for it. Pearl approved, Larisa approved, and Sadie put her oar in as well.

The rehearsals for the charity do started. Pearl and I go two nights a week as do Larisa and Sadie. Pearl and Larisa were usually together chatting away. What they were saying, I have no idea. Liz was work-

ing us like dogs doing the high kicks and all that for the can-can. Sadie seemed friendly with some of the other girls in the chorus line. Girls, I say; I was getting into the lingo, classing myself as one of the girls.

Pearl slyly said, "It's time you came in your dress, darling. See, the others are doing it." I couldn't argue for she was right. I was beginning to think this was a club for poufs and they were making me one! Sadie was all kissy kissy with one of the girls. It was the same when they departed, kissy, kissy and such nonsense.

At a break at one of the rehearsals, Sadie came to me and put a hand round my shoulder. "Alexis sweetie, Cleo and I are having a party at her house with some of the girls. There will be no wives there and we can have some girlie fun. We are inviting you."

Cleo put her arm round my other shoulder and they were both looking at me for an answer. I was being pressurised so I submissively gave in and said yes.

"Oh great," said Cleo and she gave me a kiss on the cheek, followed by Sadie with a pinch on the bum.

"Put your fancy knickers on," said Cleo. What did that mean?

I told Pearl about getting cold feet. "Oh you must go, Alexis, you can't let the girls down. Besides I 'm meeting Larisa that night. You'll only get in our way." Pearl had given me the brush off so all I could do was go, she didn't want me around there. Pearl already had me going to the rehearsals in a skirt. I was beginning to think Larisa was talking to some of their

wives and, like Pearl, they were dressing up their husbands in skirts. Where was all this going to end? I was thinking Russell Estate is a hive of poufs and Nancy boys and I was starting to count myself among them!

Pearl told me that there was no use her coming to the rehearsals any longer. She and Larisa were only getting in the way of Liz and we girls but she insisted I still go dressed in a skirt. By this time I was not afraid to be seen in a dress on my own anymore. That had everything to do with the encouragement Pearl is giving.

Pearl was holding out a coat for me to slip on. "It's cold, dear. I got this nice warm coat for you. Larisa helped me pick it." Did she? This Larisa was determined to get me fully womanised. Pearl had the coat on me and I had to admit it was warm but the coat was definitely feminine. Pearl gushed as she tells me, all feminine-like, about the coat.

"It is a black full-length winter coat, she said. I could see that. She added that it had a full-length flowing silhouette with a classic fly front and attached hood for added protection. It apparently also had striated faux fur trim on the hoods and cuffs, lending an extra touch of glamour. It was fully lined in the inside, she added. "I don't want my woman to get cold."

Anyway, whatever. There we were in the car park outside the hall for rehearsal. Just as I got out of the car, Sadie pulled in with Cleo beside her in the car. "Isn't that a gorgeous coat, Sadie," commented Cleo, looking the coat up and down.

“Yes, Larisa got me one just like that in brown. I’d have been furious if it was in black like Alexis’ for we girlies don’t like to wear the same clothes, do we, Alexis?”

I never answered. Sadie and Cleo had linked arms with me as we enter the hall. At the end of rehearsal we changed out of our can-can dresses back into the dresses we came in with. Cleo kept looking at me in my knickers as I changed. “Don’t forget the party on Saturday night, Alexis. Oh, and bring your nightie with you.”

She was gone with Sadie before I can ask why. I was last leaving the hall. It was dark in the car park and there were only two cars left; one was mine, the other Sadie’s. Two figures were silhouetted in it and it wasn’t hard to tell they were Sadie and Cleo. I stopped in my tracks and made for a nearby hedge in the dark and watched what happened in Sadie’s car. They were already kissing. Sadie’s hand was inside Cleo’s skirt and she was loving it from the little giggles I heard. From my position I couldn’t actually see all but the hand was inside that skirt a long time and she was kissing Sadie passionately. Then it finished and Cleo was adjusting her skirt. Sadie put the inside light on and both opened their handbags and taking compacts out, powdering their face and applying fresh lipstick. Then Sadie drove off.

On the way home I was thinking all this over and Cleo telling me to bring a nightie. I couldn’t think of any way out of going to this party. Maybe Sadie and Cleo wanted to make a trio with me in this kissy kissy!

I had to be honest with Pearl and tell her about the nightie and knickers stuff. “Pearl, Cleo told me to

bring my nightie and to wear fancy knickers at this party on Saturday night.”

“Oh dear, oh no,” she said with a worried look on her face.

This is it. Pearl is going to put her foot down and I'm saved, I thought.

“Oh dear,” she said again, “you can't go.”

Hurray! Pearl was not going to allow it.

Then she continued on. “You can't go in your present nightie that's really mine. Don't worry, though, you'll have a nice flouncy one before then. You'll have all the others jealous. I can't have my woman looking like a ragamuffin. As for the knickers, I saw some nice sexy ones the other day. You'll have the other girls all excited.”

Well that thought got shot down in flames. I then thought to tell Pearl about Sadie and Cleo in the car park. She dismisses it. “They were just being friendly with each other. Isn't that nice? You're lucky, Alexis, to have met such commendable and friendly girls.”

“The lot of them are poufs and Nancy boys, Pearl.”

“I don't want to hear that kind of language around this house, Alexis. I want an apology from you; remember you're going to be one of the girls now. You wouldn't like to be called a pouf, would you?”

I had to apologies to make to my wife. For what would I apologise, for being a pouf like the rest of them? What was becoming of me? What was becoming of Pearl?

Pearl got me all dolled up for this party. She put me in a gorgeous ivory sleeveless silhouette A-line floor-length brush train evening prom dress. It had a sweetheart neckline, zip-up back, built in bra and the dress was made of chiffon with a split front. Pearl zipped me up and started on my makeup.

“I’m getting the hang of this makeup thing,” I told Pearl.

“I know dear and it is so good that you are. Tonight is special so I thought it would be better I do you up just for tonight. There will be plenty other parties where you can show off with your makeup,” came the wise words of my wife.

All done, a matching purse was put in my hand and the black coat I had at the rehearsals was slipped on me by Pearl. She handed me a small case. “What is this, Pearl?”

“Your overnight case with your nightie and a few other girlie things. Sadie will be here shortly to pick you up. Isn’t that sweet of her?” I had suspicions about that for I was thinking Pearl mentioned my conversation to Larisa. She told Sadie to pick me up so that I don’t back out. Sadie arrives and it was all kissy kissy with her. I try not to respond.

Pearl said, “Go on, kiss Sadie back. You girls have to be friendly with each other.” Pearl smiled as I reluctantly gave Sadie a kiss. Pearl had won another victory.

So there I was, sitting in Sadie’s car. “You’re simply divine in that dress, Alexis,” she said. “I could eat

you,” whatever that may mean. ”Some of the girls will take you in hand tonight, I’m sure.” Was there a hidden meaning in these words?

I was expecting some funny business from Sadie like the other night with Cleo however the journey passed peacefully. Sadie made conversation about the forthcoming can-can in which she was most interested. “Here we are, Alexis. This is Cleo’s home.” We have travelled well out the city limits and a nice looking bungalow is in front of us. Cleo greets us at the door and it’s all kissy kissy again. This time I was free with the kissy kissy stuff. My beloved had given the stamp of approval.

“I’ll take your coat, Alexis,” said our host and in a flash she had it off my back. “Oh, isn’t that such a lovely dress, Alexis. You must let the girls see it.”

Cleo had my hand and was leading me into her drawing room. A number of ‘girls’ were gathered there, some sitting on couches, some on chairs. Some I knew from the rehearsals, others were new to me.

“Look everybody, this is Alexis, a new girl. Doesn’t she wear such pretty dresses!” Cleo announced my introduction and a number of heads turned to see me.

“Oh, she is pretty! You must come and sit beside me, darling,” said one of the girls patting a place beside her.

“Oh yes, Joanna will take you in hand. She is good at that with new girls.” This time it was Cleo saying someone would take me in hand. Cleo gave me a

push in the back and I landed right beside this Joanna girl.

Joanna was touching my dress. “Nice material. Chiffon if I’m not wrong.”

“Yes, that’s right. My wife bought it for me, Joanna.”

“You must have a good wife for chiffon is rare nowadays. Feel mine.” Joanna was taking my hand and putting it on the hem of her dress. It was all glossy and shiny. “Do you know what that is?”

“No.” How would I know anything about materials that are used in women’s dresses. I only knew what mine was for Pearl had told me.

Cleo was coming round with glasses of wine, handing them out to her guests. “Buffet is in the other room. Help yourself,” said our genial host.

“Satin.”

“What is?” My mind was elsewhere as I watched two girls rise from a couch hand-in-hand. Giggling, they disappeared out the room. They seemed very friendly.

”The dress is made of satin.”

“Oh that. Yes, let’s get something to eat,” I suggested.

Joanna had her hand round my waist as we made for the buffet. We filled our plates with canapés, sandwiches, and such like, Cleo came round with a bottle of wine and was topping up our glasses. “Have

you given Alexis a hand yet, Joanna?” asked our jovial host.

“Not yet. Cleo will do shortly.”

There’s was that hand stuff again. Joanna and I were sitting at a table enjoying the buffet. Joanna took my hand. “I want to show you something.”

“And what’s that?” I asked.

“You’ll see,” said she mysteriously.

We were in a passageway with a number of rooms leading off it. She opened the door of one. The two girls I watched go hand-in-hand out of the drawing room were standing in the middle of the room with lips locked together. “Sorry girls,” said Joanna and we made a quick exit. “They are just practising,” Joanna commented.

They seemed pretty proficient at it to me. Then we were in a room not occupied by anyone, Joanna said, “Show me yours and I’ll show you mine. We all do that at Cleo’s parties.”

“Oh,” I said to myself, “it is going to be that kind of party.”

“I just can’t wait to show you mine. I’ll go first.” Joanna was lifting the hem of her dress up high. “There, what do you think of these? I bought them the other day.” Joanna was displaying her knickers white frilly ones. “Go on, feel them, don’t be shy.”

Well, Pearl had said that I was going to be one of the girls now. I supposed if it was all just girlie fun, I’d join in. “What delightful knickers they are, Joanna.

They look so expensive and you wear them well.” I touched them and they did feel nice.

“Silk,” I was informed by the knowledgeable Joanna “I like silky knickers. What about you, Alexis?”

I hadn’t thought about it till she mentioned it. “I’m not an expert in ladies knickers, Joanna, but I like yours.”

“You’ve seen mine, now show me yours.”

Oh hell, if that was all she wanted to see, what was the harm? It could be worse. I didn’t have to raise my skirts like Joanna for Pearl had put me in a split-skirt front Prom dress. I held the split aside to reveal my knickers.

“Oh, you saucy thing! They’re so sexy, your knickers, the lacy shorts made of mesh. I bet they feel soft against your skin.”

By now Joanna’s hand was travelling up the black stockings towards the lacy knickers. She felt all around. I have to say I was somewhat aroused but she didn’t go any further.

“You’ve had the snip, haven’t you?”

That rather surprised me but I realised that if Larisa had her way, that could well be on the agenda. “No, Joanna darling. Why do you think so?”

“You have no bulge. I think I would have felt your penis.”

“Oh,” I laughed, “the wife sorted that out.” I told her what Pearl did.

“Yes, wives can be helpful at times. See these tits? I got them in thanks to Doreen my wife. She did all the arranging and now she is sorting the full op out.”

We were lowering our dresses when the door opened and Sadie popped her head in “I take it you two girls have been showing your knickers to each other. That’s the spirit, Alexis. You’ll have plenty of time to display yours. Sort yourself out for the kissing contest is starting soon.” With that, off she went. Kissing contest? What was that all about?

“We must see the kissing contest. I’m so excited!” chimed in Joanna.

We were back in the drawing room which was packed. Some new faces had arrived since Joanna and I showed each other our knickers. Cleo made an appearance and everyone was waiting for her to say something. She didn’t disappoint.

“Listen everybody. I have had many requests to have a kissing contest again. You all seemed to like that.” *I bet they did*, I thought.

“As you know, Miranda and Mindy won the last time. So to start off with they will give you some idea what is wanted. No kind of kissing is barred. Please step forward, Miranda and Mindy.”

The same two girls I had seen in that room ‘practising’ were now in the centre of the room. I thought they would have had enough of that already but not so. They wrapped their arms around each other and

locked their lips together to cheers from the watching throng.

“That’s a right sloppy one,” exclaimed someone.

“Oh, they’re smudging each other with lipstick,” someone else said. The two participants were in a world of their own and heard not a word.

“Is anyone timing this?” asked Sadie.

“Who cares? I’m enjoying this, can’t wait for my turn,” said a voice from somewhere.

Finally the clinch ended, then it was back to the kissing game. “How about giving the rest of us a chance?” came in another voice.

“Shush, I’m watching. Don’t interrupt,” uttered Cleo. “You’ll get your chance soon enough, Hannah, don’t be impatient.”

Miranda and Mindy eventually finished and disappeared probably to the spare room to practice for the next time, I thought. Another couple had replaced the amorous Miranda and Mindy. “Oh look, they’re French kissing,” said my knickers partner.

And making a good job of it, I thought. Well, we are all girlies together. I guess it’s not so bad when your wife tells you that. I wondered who’d be next to join the kissing game as I was now very interested.

Up stepped this girl. “I would like you to partner me in kissing. I’m Loren,” said she, pointing at me.

“Why?” I asked, not as shocked as I thought I might be.

“Your lips look so kissable. I want to try them to prove myself right.”

That sounds like as good an excuse as any. “Alright then, let’s have a go right now.” On reflection it could have been the wine Cleo kept topping my glass up with talking but I don’t know. Whatever it was, there I was in the middle of the room with this Loren. Her first move nearly had her tongue down my throat. “Easy on,” I said to her, “you’re so passionate.”

“I can’t help it, you’re so kissable,” replied she.

“Well, in that case!” I grabbed Loren and stuck my tongue down her throat. I wished Pearl could see me, then she would know I was just being one of the girls and not the pouf I said I was becoming. I think Pearl would have been so proud of me!

“She’s enjoying this. I’ll bet she is glad she came. I must tell Larisa.”

I was too involved with Loren to bother answering Sadie. It was exhausting work kissing one of the girls but I thought I could get used to it. While I was kissing Loren I spotted a girl whose knickers I would love to see. “Hey, they’re all doing it round here. Why be a spoil sport? I’ll corner her after I’m finished with Loren,” I thought.

I scolded myself for having thought I was a pouf. What’s the harm in showing your knickers to the girls and kissing them? At the end of my session with Loren, I go over to the girl I had spotted. “What’s your name, darling?”

“Gilda.”

“Can I see your knickers?”

“I thought you would never ask. I rather fancy seeing yours too. Can we go somewhere quiet and not be disturbed?”

I took her hand and lead her to the room that Joanna and I were in. “The grapevine tells me you have real sexy knickers, Alexis”

That Sadie just couldn't keep her mouth shut but it didn't worry me, I'd see hers and Cleo before the weekend was out. My dress was quickly pulled aside to reveal my sexy knickers.

“I'm going to get a pair just like that and have fun with the girls,” Gilda grins.

“You've had your fun. Let me see yours.”

“Okay, fair's fair. They're French knickers. My wife bought them.”

Not another one, I think. Was there some conspiracy among the wives round here to get their men into skirts? But I forget about that as Gilda lifts her skirt to expose her French Knickers.

“Feel them, everybody else has.” I see long black silk ones trimmed with black lace at the legs.

“They're delicious, Gilda. You must be proud of them. I'll keep them in mind to buy a pair for myself.” So now I've decided to buy my own women's clothes? I didn't think of it then but it was another victory for Pearl. I was beginning to lose count of the number of girls I wanted to kiss and see their knickers. It's all

innocent girlie fun, wasn't it? You could never call me a pouf, could you? I'm a married man, for God's sake.

By the time Gilda and I have finished showing our knickers to each other, the sound of music was heard. "They've started the disco. Come on, Alexis, we can't miss that."

Was it to be music to kissing and showing knickers I wondered and why not? The disco was going full blast when we came in the drawing room. The floor had been cleared and the girls were enjoying themselves disco dancing.

"Come on, Alexis." Cleo took my hand and before I knew it, she had me on the floor dancing like mad. I was glad I came here. What fun I was having. To think just a few days earlier I was calling them all poufs and Nancy boys. I was finding plenty of partners more than willing to dance with me, I even get the occasional kiss as we danced, just friendly kissed mind you, nothing serious like the kissing contest. You don't mind that and a promise that I can see the knickers of some of the girls who dance with me.

The night was wearing on and Sadie came over to me. "You brought your nightie with you, Alexis?" I nodded. "Right, get it and come with me. You're sleeping with Cleo and me tonight."

Wasn't that kind of Cleo to let me sleep in her bedroom with Sadie, so kind hearted and generous. By this time I saw other girls hand-in-hand in their night dresses disappear into other rooms. We were all such affectionate sociable girls. Wasn't that charming and well-mannered? Cleo's room was the last word in luxury, even more of a lady's room than mine. Pearl, God

bless her, was trying her best to feminize it. Maybe I could give her some tips from what I saw here.

“Well girls, let’s get ready for bed.” Cleo was taking her dress off as I started to take mine. I looked at her bed that was more than able to accommodate the three of us with ease. I put my night dress on

“I like the look of that, Alexis. What do you think, Sadie?” Sadie agrees.

I turned my head towards Cleo and Sadie “You both have breasts!” I exclaimed.

“Of course we have. Aren’t they pretty?” The only other breasts I could compare them with were Pearls and hers were different from theirs.

“Yes, yours are both so pretty.”

“You can feel them if you like, Alexis,” Sadie and Cleo said in enthusiastic unison.

They didn’t force me but I thought it would be rude if I didn’t take their kind offer. They seemed to appreciate my handling of their assets by the many kisses that were bestowed to me. One must do their best for one’s friends, mustn’t one? I felt it right that I should tell them what I saw the other night.

“Sadie was just being amiable to me like you have been with the other girls tonight by showing your knickers. I wanted her to feel the soft material of my knickers. One can’t be selfish; you must share your love of knickers with your bosom friend.” They were bosom friends alright; very big bosomed friends by the look of it.

“You must forgive me. I misunderstood but it all becomes clear to me now that you have explained it. It was silly of me.”

Anyway it was time to get some shut eye. I mean with all the kissing and showing knickers, it's exhausting work being one of the girls. I woke in the morning to behold Sadie licking Cleo's breasts and Cleo returning the favour. I expected they were just cleaning themselves.

“These girls are so helpful, aren't they?” Cleo puts an arm round my shoulder. “We would have done the same for you but you don't any breasts.”

“Oh yes I have,” I protest.

“They're not real breasts like ours,” Cleo said. “Once you have the real things, they become alive. What joy it is once you have them.” Cleo was getting carried away with her emotions. She had a point there for Pearl got me those stick on-ones and I was becoming jealous of the girls with the real thing.

Sadie looked at me. “There is no need to worry, Larisa can help you.” I somehow thought she could. “It would be so hygienic to have the three of us licking our breasts, wouldn't it?” says Cleo as she continues cleaning Sadie's breasts.

We were all beginning to get dressed and Sadie and Cleo were popping pills into their mouths. “Here,” said Cleo and she threw a pill over to me.

“What is it?” I asked.

“Our hormones pills. They’re nice.” Now wasn’t that most considerate of them to share their hormone pills? One couldn’t ask for a better bunch of girls.

“Larisa can provide pills also,” piped in Sadie helpfully. *Is there anything Larisa can’t get us girls?* I wondered. The weekend was coming to an end and girls were departing. It was kissy kissy time again as we departed. This time I was participating with the girls. I was becoming accustomed to this entire girly thing. I was becoming one of them.

On the way home Sadie informed me that at the next party there was going to be a fancy knickers contest. *Oh goody goody* I said to myself, *I’ll help Pearl pick me a few nice pairs. I rather fancied that French pair I saw Gilda in.* I was losing track of the names of all the nice and friendly girls I was meeting.

“Did you have a good time at the party pet?” asked Pearl. I told her all about it. “You girls just enjoy kissing and showing your knickers to each other. You’re becoming one of them.” Was I?

“Did you know that Sadie has real breasts?” I asked Pearl.

“Yes. Larisa was so pleased about them she simply had to show them to me. Sadie was more than willing to exhibit them. You’re not jealous, are you, Alexis? I would like nothing better than to help you get a pair like Sadie’s. Larisa could help you and arrange it all. By the way, Larisa and I have been discussing it and we have come up with a job for you.”

“I already have a job, pet.”

“I know but it is not really a job for a woman, it is such heavy work. Just look at your hands! You’ll chip your nail varnish and you don’t want that. We want you in a more suitable job as a woman. Then you can dress in female clothes full-time like Sadie. It is for your own good, Alexis. We are only thinking about our women.”

I supposed Pearl was right. I was beginning to want to dress in female clothes all the time. You can’t really walk into work in a skirt, can you? The lads would shout ‘He’s one of them!’” They were calling people like I now was poufs and Nancy boys. But I knew better now. It’s nice kissing the girls and showing your knickers. The boys at work just don’t understand do they?

Pearl added, “Seeing there are two women in the house now, it is time you learned how to cook and clean. I can’t do it all.” Pearl is going to teach me how to cook. Then a little light came on in my brain.

“Pearl, I’ll be working all day and you’re here at home, where am I going to find time to cook?”

“Same place as I am going to find time for I have a job now too.” Pearl had never worked since we were married. What with the kids and all that she was a full-time mother.

“What’s your job?” I asked.

Pearl went all secret on me. “You’ll see.”

I put my resignation in at work and the following Monday Pearl inspected me before I went to this job Larisa and Pearl had sprung on me.

“Yes, you’re all neat and tidy like my woman should be but that will not matter too much for they will give you a uniform. I’ll show you where you’re going. Just drive there.”

So I was driving my car and went into this parking lot. I followed Pearl and found myself in front of a shop with the sign above proclaiming ‘Nancy Boys.’ Underneath that it said, “Ladies, this is the place to bring your man to get him to dress as you always wanted him to dress.”

We went in and the store was filled with women’s dress and skirts and lingerie. Pearl seemed to know the woman in charge and was talking to her.

“Oh yes,” this woman gushed, “she will make a good Nancy boy assistant. Come here, Alexis, we will soon have you in one of our uniforms.”

Pearl left me with this woman and she lead me to a changing room. “This is your uniform while you are working here with the other girls. I’ll introduce you after you changed.”

She left me and I looked at the uniform: black skirt, white blouse, black stockings, black flat pump shoes. I quickly changed and I looked smart if I say so myself. The last item to put on was my black matching jacket. There on the top pocket was emblazoned the words in bold letters: “Nancy Boys”. So I was now a Nancy Boy. I left the changing room and sought the plump woman.

“Girls, gather round. We have a new Nancy Boy today. This is Alexis, I want you to make her welcome.”

“Yes, Miss Jacqueline, they said in unison and curtsied. There were four other Nancy Boys and it was kissy kissy time again like at Cleo’s. I was going to like working with these girls for they were all like me.

“Linda, you take Alexis in hand for now and show her what is required.” She looked like a nice girl. I was soon at her counter and she was very chatty

“Just observe all I do today. You’ll soon get to know the ropes and pick it up easy. Here comes a customer. Just watch.” This man was browsing round her counter.

“Can I help you? I see you’re looking at some knickers. We have all types; French, thongs, briefs, see-through if that is your fancy in all colours, even Directoire Knickers.” This man feasted his eyes over the tempting display before him.

“Can I try them on, Miss?”

“But of course. We’ll take a few pairs into the cubicle and I’ll give you a hand.”

“I would appreciate your hand.”

“No problem, all part of the service. We like happy customers.”

So off Linda and this man disappeared into a cubicle. After some time they emerged, all happy smiles.

“Another satisfied customer and a good sale which is what Miss Jacqueline wants from her sales assistants, Alexis. That’s the Nancy Boys way.”

I was beginning to see what was wanted around there to make one a good Nancy Boys worker. And I wanted to be a good Nancy Boy.

I had now been a Nancy Boys for some weeks and Miss Jacqueline was pleased with my work.

“Today we have a new customer, Mrs Eugenia Herington-Smyth, coming here with her husband. They are well-off and could spend a lot of money in the shop so I expect you, Alexis, to give them your fullest attention.”

“Yes, Miss Jacqueline,” I said and gave a little curtsy which she expected from all the Nancy Boys. Mrs Herington-Smyth duly arrived with her husband in tow. He was a small man who looked henpecked. She was big in stature compared to her husband and was definitely the boss in the partnership. “Can I help you, Madam?” I enquired.

“Yes I’m looking for skirts for Henrietta, my husband.”

He then squeaked up, “But Eugenia, I don’t need skirts, my one and only beloved.”

She quickly turned to him. “Shut up or it’s over my knee you go. I’ll give another spanking; you’re going in a skirt and that’s that.” She turned back to me and pleasantly smiled. “If you would show me your range in frocks please.”

“No problem, madam. If you and Henrietta would kindly step into the cubicle, I shall be only too delighted to show you our vast range of skirts, dresses, and frocks.”

I duly came back with a number of dresses. "If Henrietta would care to undress, we will start our fitting."

"But Eugenia, I can't possibly take my clothes off here," squeaked this man called Henrietta.

"I'm not standing any of this nonsense, come here." Mrs Herington-Smyth promptly grabbed her husband and without hesitation had him across her knee. She pulled his trousers down and laid into him with her large hands. "You'll do as I tell you and into a skirt you are going. Do you hear me?"

Poor Henrietta was sobbing. "Yes, Eugenia my beloved, anything you say." Henrietta now stood without a stitch of clothing before me.

"She will need lingerie, Madam. We have some of the daintiest and finest you could ever wish for, a delight to grace one's body with. I wear them myself. If Madam would like to see my knickers, I shall be only too delighted to show you."

Mrs Herington-Smyth would be the first woman apart from Pearl to see them. I raised my skirt to expose my white cotton knickers Mrs Herington-Smyth gazed intently and stretched a hand to feel them. "Show me your stock for Henrietta will have a few pairs, also bras, petticoats, stockings and shoes."

"Yes ma'am, I am your servant."

"That reminds me, I will see the maids outfit caps and all the paraphernalia that goes with being a Ladies Maid." A naked and frightened Henrietta didn't seem too happy with what his beloved wife had spoken.

I soon had Henrietta in a skirt. "What do you think, ma'am?"

"Very nice. I'll take that."

"Would madam like to see some of our cocktail outfits and evening gowns?"

"No, it would give Henrietta ideas above her station in life. Her duty will be to clean the house, cook, wash dishes iron clothes and do all that a house maid duties entail and act as my personal maid. She will of course be on duty at my afternoon tea parties I give for the ladies club once a week. She will be inspected by them and woe betide her should they find any fault in her appearance for she will be spanked by me before them. I cannot have my personal maid with a slovenly appearance. She will sleep below stairs with my other servants for that is all Henrietta deserves," so finished Mrs Herington-Smyth's tirade. Henrietta looked very cowed by all this from his wife and a life in servitude seemed to be ahead for poor Henrietta.

"Your wife is a lucky woman, she has a man in a dress running after her, and obeying her every command," Mrs. Herington-Smyth said to me before leaving the shop, her feminized and cowed husband in tow. When I thought about it, she had a point there. Pearl had me round her little finger, hanging on her every word.

Pearl had not as yet told me about her job. I was becoming curious, whatever could it be. The rehearsals for the can-can were coming along fine we were working as a team with the high kicks and all that and showing all our knickers. I was still sleeping alone in my room while Pearl had our bedroom all to herself. As for any kind of sex, it ceased after that

passionate night when Pearl tricked me into her nightie.

Pearl said to me one day after I had made the dinner for both of us, “We have decided that it is time you had breasts.”

“But sweetheart,” I said, “I already have these,” pointing to my stick-on breasts.

“Not them, you fool. We mean the real things, real breasts!”

“Who are WE?” I asked, thinking I already knew what the answer was going to be. “We are Larisa and I and Larisa has already made arrangements with the doctors where she and I work.”

“You work in a clinic with Larisa?”

“Of course I do. Larisa found a job for me there. I work with her on the reception desk checking all the men who come for breast implants and sex change operations.”

“Sadie didn’t by any chance have her implants done there?” I asked.

“Of course she did. Larisa made the arrangements as she did for Cleo and now the doctors have them on a course of hormones. At the clinic they say Larisa has been a godsend for since she came they never had so much work.”

Larisa seemed to be a recruiting agent for them round Russell Estate. I was seeing so many men here in frocks it all seemed part of the scenery and taken for granted.

Then Pearl added, "You needn't worry. Larisa doesn't think you are ready for the operation yet. We have booked you in two weeks time for your implants, that is all taken care of. Miss Jacqueline was more than willing that you will be paid for any time off. That was good of her, don't you think?"

Everybody seemed to want me to have breasts including my wife, Miss Jacqueline, and of course Larisa wants every man she sees to be in a skirt as quick as she can get them. I decided there was no use worrying about it for Pearl and Larisa seem to be taking care of things so I should just lay back and let it all happen. *Enjoy your skirt and knickers and work as hard as you can to be a good Nancy Boy*, I told myself.

"I hear your getting the implants. Larisa told me," said my girlfriend Sadie.

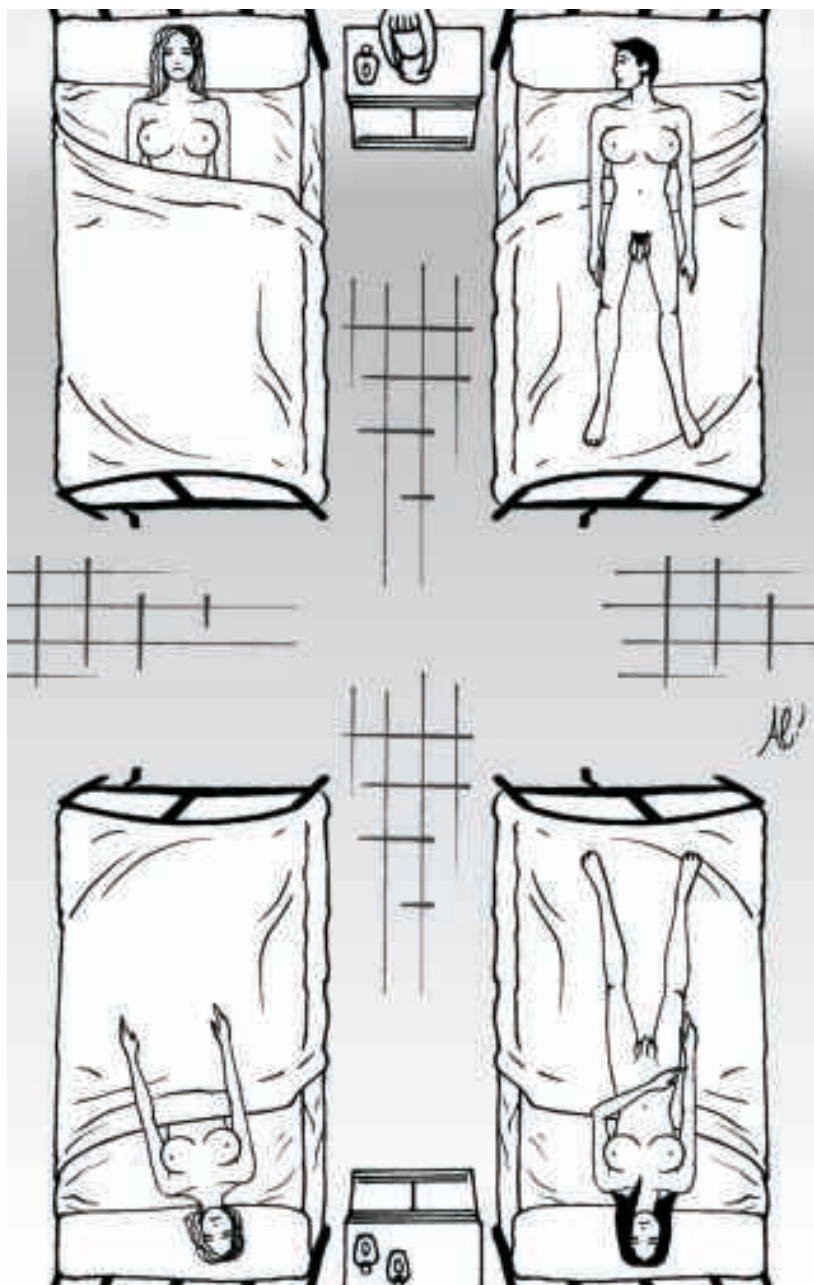
"Yes," I said rather enthusiastically. It seemed I was the odd one out. All the other girls had breasts. I couldn't let the other Nancy Boys down, could I?

"I and the girls will visit you at the clinic, then you can show us your breasts. As a matter of interest, Cleo has come up with a new competition as to who has the best looking bosoms," Sadie told me.

"What about the kissy kissy and the knickers competition?" I enquire?

"Don't worry about the knickers, you'll see plenty of them," my girlie friend told me.

"That is a relief. It wouldn't be a party at Cleo's without seeing the knickers, would it?"



I had my implants in and was in bed at the clinic in a ward full of persons who were once men who have had implants like me. Pearl and Larisa visited me. I am sure they were present during the time I was unconscious having the implants inserted, not doing anything, just watching. I was lying in bed one day in a night dress over my bra which all in the ward have been measured for and fitted.

Pearl walked in with another woman. "Sit up, Alexis," she says. Then she took the night dress off me so there I was sitting up in bed with only my bra on. Pearl without a by-your-leave was behind my back unclipping the bra to expose my breasts. "There you are, Vera, what do you think of these?"

I look up. It is Vera, our next door neighbour.

"Magnificent!" she gushes, "that is all that I want for Georgina."

"You still have a long way to go before then but keep these implants in mind. You only had him in a skirt for the first time the other day. Alexis will introduce her to other nice girls when she is released from the clinic."

Pearl was very enthusiastic in what she was telling this Vera. It was infectious as Vera was carried away with all this "Larisa was most helpful and gave me many tips. Pearl, you must bring Larisa with you and visit our house. Georgina will display some of the dresses I have bought her."

Well well well, I thought, "they got old George Forsyth roped in now. I never imagined him in a skirt.

He was my partner at the bowls. I expected we'd be discussing dresses and skirts now instead of bowls.

Larisa had a word with the doctor before I left the clinic and she started me on a course of hormones. Doctors at the clinic all seemed to be female, funny that, and were more than willing to put men on female hormones, give them breast implants and arrange the full sex change operation. As for men, I seemed to see less and less of them. If it was not a real woman, it was one of the 'girls' and one is never sure whether she has had the sex change operation or not. If not, would happen soon.

I was back at work with the rest of the Nancy Boys. Miss Jacqueline called me into her office. "Let me see your breasts, Alexis," she said. *Why not?* I said to myself, *everyone else has*. I unbutton my blouse, then the brassiere, and exposed my breasts.

"Oh, they are beautiful!" Then before I knew it, she took me by the hand into the shop. "Look everybody, aren't Alexis' breasts the best you have ever seen?"

Then from somewhere, Bertha, one of the Nancy Boys, piped up. "No they're not, Miss Jacqueline. You said mine were the best you have ever seen."

Bertha started to unbutton her blouse and bra, then came a chorus from the other Nancy Boys: "You said mine were the best, Miss Jacqueline." All one could hear was the unbuttoning of blouses and unclipping of bras. There was a line of girls exposing their busts for the inspection of Miss Jacqueline.

"I'm so lucky to have some of the best breasted Nancy Boys, aren't I?" Miss Jacqueline's eyes seemed to be popping out her head. Miss Jacqueline in-

spected each and every girl, having a good feel of each of our breasts. She seemed to be enjoying herself but never gave any indication as to who had the best breasts. By the time her hands-on inspection was finished, I don't think any of us girls were worrying.

Pearl had us knitting baby clothes at our new knitting classes. "Pearl," I said, "why the baby clothes? None of us can give birth."

She replied with a twinkle in her eyes, "Well you never know, Alexis."

Surely Larisa couldn't arrange that as well, could she? I mean who was going to impregnate me and give me a baby? I'd be watching my back from now on but maybe someday I'd find myself back in the clinic's maternity ward. Yes, they do have one but it's all kept hush hush and secretive. Nobody will tell you what happens there.

Our next door neighbours Vera and Georgina became regular visitors. Pearl and Vera would leave Georgina and I on our own while they discussed other matters like which kind of dresses were best suited for Georgina and myself.

"That is a nice dress you have on, Georgina."

"I am so glad you like it, Alexis. I want to be good friends with you." She held her hand out to clasp mine.

"Georgina, we partnered each other at the bowls. We were pals then, weren't we?"

“Yes but it is different now, Alexis. We are just in skirts, we are altered. We’re not the same as Alex and George.”

“Okay then, Georgina, come here.” I grabbed her and gave her a sloppy kiss. “Is that better, Georgina?”

“You don’t know how happy you have made me, Alexis, to be your girlfriend.” Georgina returned the favour and kissed me.

“You are not my only girlfriend, Georgina, there are others.”

“Oh?” she said, somewhat disappointed and jealous.

“Don’t be downhearted for there are plenty of other girls who want to kiss you and be your girlfriend. Would you like that, Georgina?”

“Oh yes, I want to meet other girls and kiss them,” said she.

“That’s a good start. So you want to show your knickers too?” Georgina wasn’t too sure about that. “You would show them to me. You said I was your girlfriend.”

“I suppose so,” she said hesitantly. She summoned the courage to take the hem of her skirt and lift it up to expose her scarlet satin knickers.

“They are pretty ones, Georgina.”

“Do you really think so? Vera picked them for me.” Just then Pearl and Vera entered the room as Georgina held her skirt up.

“I see you two girls are getting along just fine, showing your knickers to each other. That is what we want to see, isn’t it, Vera?”

“Yes, I told Georgina she has to get on with the other girls, Pearl.”

“Vera, Alexis is taking me to one of those girly girly parties” said Vera’s spouse.

“Is she really?” replied her wife.

Pearl put her two cents worth in. “There’ll be plenty of kissing and showing of knickers. You know how these girls are, Vera.”

I added with excitement, “And comparing breasts too, Pearl.”

“Whatever will these girls think of next? What fun they are having. Pity poor Georgina can’t join in that contest. She may get jealous.”

“Don’t worry, my pet. We’ll soon get you some boobs like the rest of the girls. You’ll like that,” promised her wife. Georgina was definitely getting boobs, happy about it or not.

There was something different in the clothes Pearl was beginning to wear. Women’s pant and trouser suits. They were nice but Pearl never wore that kind of women’s clothes before. She was not the only one; other wives in Russell Estate were wearing woman’s trousers and pant suits while the men all seemed to be in skirts and frocks. Of course Larisa has to go one better than the rest; she started wearing culottes. The men seem to have prettier and wearing more

dainty dresses than they ever had before and the wives made sure we did.

The local supermarket is full of us girlies doing the weekly shopping and we gossip like our wives once did. “I wouldn’t be seen dead in that frock Thomasina has on, would you, Alexis?” said Sadie.

“Oh no, it’s the wrong colour for her, dear,” I replied. Thomasina—she used to be Tommy Hepburn before his wife got her claws into him—runs after her like a lap dog. She does the cooking and cleaning. But why should I run her down? I’m just as bad, cooking and cleaning for Pearl.

Russell Estate was becoming a sort of Stepford Wives in reverse. Larisa was the one leading all the other wives to turn their men into frock-wearing women. Not only that, we were cooking, cleaning the house, working for them, and looking after the children. Toni started a Young Mothers Association. Toni used to be Tony Rattigan, the plumber. His wife runs the business now and is getting more work than Toni ever did. So she is the bread winner and Toni keeps herself pretty for her darling wife. I do have to say Toni dresses smarter than Thomasina; she is a younger woman than Thomasina and wears all the latest fashions. Her wife gives her a good allowance for she likes to see a pretty Toni when she comes home from a hard day’s work and a hot meal on the table.

Toni washes and cleans the kids, reads them stories before they go to bed, and tucks them in. Then she sits in her pretty dress attentively, waiting for the commands of her wife. Sharon (her wife) admires her skirts and says if she is a good girl she will buy her the ball gown she always wanted. Toni is so excited she will do anything her wife wants just to get that

ball gown. That is just one example. All the men, now in dresses, are at their wives' beck and call. I can't recall the last time I saw a man in trousers in the Russell Estate. Plenty of women in women's suits but no similarly-attired men.

There is to be a wedding soon in Russell Estate. Young Francisca is to marry her girlfriend Bernice. Francisca was once called Frank Thornton till his mother, sister and aunt got to him. Now Francisca wears the prettiest of dresses. Her mother is helping her to find a wedding dress. Francesca is so happy to be Bernice's bride. We all in Russell Estate have invites to the wedding. The talk among us girls is about what we are going to wear on Francesca's happy day.

Bernice has spent a fair amount of time with Larisa who no doubt has told her she is the one who will be wearing the pants in the marriage and Francisca the skirts. I don't think Larisa need bother for Francesca's mother, sister, and aunt have already done that. They have domesticated her and she is so docile. Francisca is going to be the perfect little housewife for Bernice as long as she gives her enough money to buy pretty dresses. For that Francisca will obey every wish of Bernice.

Bernice has already started on the right foot for she is wearing culottes and gives orders to Francesca who complies without question. Francesca's girlfriends Denise and Heather are to be the bridesmaids. They used to be best buds when Frank, Dennis, and Hugh played for the rugby club but that all stopped when the dresses went on. Francesca's mother put her foot down. "You're not playing these rough sports. It's not right now that you are in skirts."

Denise and Heather mothers said something similar so now the girls just sit and admire their frocks and read women's magazines. It keeps them out of trouble, say their mothers. They're becoming proper young ladies, a good example to the other young men in the Estate who have not as yet been put in a skirt.

There is great excitement one day as an ambulance pulls up at Francesca house. She was on a stretcher being taken into the ambulance. Francesca's mother Alana and her sister Daphne accompanied her...but to where? Word got out she was being taken to the clinic for a rush operation. It leaked out that she was getting the lot: breast implants and the full sex change operation. That was a rush job, I thought. She wasn't even married yet. Not only was Francesca there but her bridesmaids Denise and Heather as well. Seems it is a dangerous thing to be picked as someone's bridesmaid among us girls in the Russell Estate. I suspected Larisa was once more behind all this.

Francesca beat me to the sex change operation, I only have breast implants. *Lucky her*, I said to myself. The clinic had plenty of visitors to see Francesca and her two bridesmaids, including myself. I brought her some flowers and Sadie brought a bowl of fruit. It was like Cleo's party again as nearly all the local girls gathered round Francesca's bed.

"Well, aren't you going to let the girls see your breasts?" Francesca's girlfriend Bernice, about to be her wife, addressed her. Bernice was soon behind Francesca, unclipping her bra and exposing her boobs for everyone in the room to see.

"Aren't they magnificent!"

“I remember when they put mine in.”

“You must be so proud, Francesca. You too, Bernice.”

The mothers of Denise and Heather, not to be outdone, had to proudly show off their sons' new breasts to one and all. Bridget and Patricia, the girlfriends of Denise and Heather, seemed rather happy about their boyfriends having breasts. Bridget and Patricia were the ones wearing the trouser suits and Denise and Heather the ones wearing the skirts. Here in Russell Estate, take nothing for granted when you see a woman. She could be one of your old co-workers or drinking buddies.

It occurred to me that if Francesca had had the full sex change operation, Francesca and Bernice would not have any family and would be living together as two women. I also thought if Larisa has anything to say about this, do not count anything out.

When Francesca was released from the clinic she announced she would be having a shower to which we could all bring our wedding presents for her. But even before the shower there occurred an event that was to remind all males in the Russell Estate what their destiny was. You may think every male in the Russell Estate was put in a skirt with the greatest of ease by the women folk. Not quite. There happen to be one person who did not comply.

A notice was put up in Russell Estate:

TO ALL LIVING IN RUSSELL ESTATE. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU MEET AT THE ESTATE CENTRE ON SATURDAY AT 1PM.

There was a big crowd at the Estate Centre on Saturday. Nearly everyone in the Estate was there. Women in pant suits and men in their women's finery all arrived for the meeting. At one o'clock the door of the hall opened and there was Mrs Mary O'Reilly walking down the passage towards the stage, a cane in her hand. Behind Mary were her sisters Deirdre and Kathleen, two big strong women. It was not the women that most people were focused on but what they were holding between them. Between Deirdre and Kathleen was a boy of twelve struggling to get free of their strong hold, a useless task for the two women held firm. The boy was dragged on to the stage by his aunts. Mary O'Reilly held her hand up for silence. All eyes were focused on her, then she spoke.

"The good family name of O'Reilly has been disgraced by my daughter Maureen. She disobeyed her mother's orders to wear a skirt. Oh, the shame of it! It was reported to me by her school teacher that she was the only one in her class in trousers! I could not let our good family name be besmirched so I called a meeting of her aunts. It was decided that Maureen must be caned in public and made an example of should any other child in Russell Estate decide to disobey their mother's or aunt's wishes for them to wear a skirt.

"I am a weak woman but my sisters Deidre and Kathleen kindly offered to take over when I was tired of caning Maureen. That was most kind of them. This punishment is only for Maureen's own well-being. I want an obedient, dutiful daughter to love her mother and restore our good family name."

As Mary O'Reilly's speech ended, I looked at the boy, a lad who was the captain of his school football

team. Such rough sports are no longer permitted in the Russell Estate. Boys are now put in frocks as soon as their mothers can do it. Their time is spent on learning makeup and dress sense as directed by their mothers. Whatever you may think of this, it did have a positive side. The crime rate in Russell Estate is one of the lowest in the land. I've forgotten what Mary O'Reilly's daughter was called as a boy. All I now remember is her as Maureen. Everybody had sympathy for poor Mary O'Reilly, such a naughty and disrespectful daughter she had. It was only right Maureen be taught a lesson.

I hadn't noticed it before but in the centre of the stage was a low padded stool. Her aunts held Maureen down on it. Maureen's bottom was facing the seated assembly so all had a good view. Her mother pulled her trousers down to expose that bottom. Mary O'Reilly lifted the cane high above her daughter's exposed rear and brought it smartly down on the fleshy cheeks.

SWISH SMACK SWISH SMACK went her mother with the cane. Maureen could not move, so tightly did her aunts hold her down. She may well have cried out but no one paid any attention to the naughty child. She deserved all that was coming to her. Her crying eventually ceased as tears trickled down her cheeks. Mary stopped. If Maureen thought she had had a reprieve, she was very much mistaken for all her mother did was hand the cane over to Maureen's Aunt Deirdre who continued the chastisement with more ferocity than her mother. Then it was Maureen's Aunt Kathleen's turn.

THWACK WOLLOP THWACK SWACK

Aunt Kathleen was a great believer in ‘spare the rod and spoil the child’ and she certainly wasn’t going to spoil Maureen! Mary’s daughter was sobbing like a little child, silently promising to be a good girl. Her resistance was being broken bit by bit.

Eventually the caning ceased. Mary O’Reilly stood above her daughter. “I hope you have learned your lesson, Maureen.”

The child hung her head in shame, hardly able to say, “Yes, mother.”

“Then we will take you home and dress you in the finery you should have been in a long time ago.”

Bernice, soon to be the wife of Francesca, stood up in the centre. “Mary, I am willing to redeem Maureen and give her a chance. She may be Francesca’s flower girl at our wedding. I must see her in girl’s finery first before that is confirmed.”

“Do you hear that, Maureen? This is your chance to restore our good family name. We will accept the kind offer and make arrangement for you to come to our house and see for yourself a changed Maureen, Bernice. She will be dressed in the daintiest of frocks that day.”

It was two months later that Bernice received her invitation to visit Mary O’Reilly’s home. Pearl also received an invite for she and Mary were great friends, therefore I witnessed all that transpired that day. We were greeted by Mary and a very shy and subdued Maureen at her side. Maureen gave a deep curtsy to Pearl, something I think she had learned from her

mother. “Oh, isn’t that so sweet!” commented my Pearl. “What a changed girl she is since the last time I saw her, Mary.”

“My sisters and I try our best to install good manners and discipline into her. She knows that she has to be a good girl.” Mary smiled down at her offspring. Maureen was completely silent as little girls should be seen and not heard. We were now in Mary’s living room with Maureen’s Aunts Deirdre and Kathleen.

It was only then I realised how completely Maureen had been feminized and domesticated. What I had seen as a twelve-year-old boy that day in the Estate centre was completely gone. No trace of what was once a boy was there. It wasn’t just her silence as she stood demure waiting for her mother to give an order but also the way she was dressed and her feminine appearance. She had on slight makeup, barely detectible but it was there; red lipstick and a little trace of face powder. Her ears had been pierced, something I am sure Maureen had no say in as her mother and aunts controlled her life.

The earrings were delightful, made from silver with a 22ct gold plated centre. Round her neck was the cutest little necklace any twelve-year-old girl could ever wish for. She also had on a silver and gold chubby-winged heart necklace. Within the gold heart was engraved “MOTHER.” A white satin Alice band tied in a bow was on top of her hair nicely above Maureen’s brows. Maureen wore what was called in polite matronly circles a “Little Girl Dress.” The bodice and flouncy bubble hem skirt were adorned with intricately patterned rosettes. A pretty satin waist sash all in ivory added even more glamour to this twelve-year-old girl.

The skirt itself was held out with frothy white waves of alternating layers of stiff taffeta and crisp netting. She wore voluminous petticoats beneath which I saw I saw a glimpse of dainty panties. On her legs were white calf-length cable knit patterned socks. Her feet wore the prettiest girl's shoes in black and silver glitter and lace showing through the velvet trim on the midstrap and bow. She wore a training bra size AAA, I was told.

The final touch was the heavenly aroma of perfume drifting from Maureen which I am sure her mother and aunts sprayed generously on her. Whatever Maureen's male name had been, she now only answered to Maureen.

Bernice entered the room to be greeted by Mary. Kisses and hugs ensued between the two women. "It is so good to see you again, Bernice." Mary then addressed her daughter. "Maureen, have you anything to say to Auntie Bernice?"

Maureen gave another deep curtsy holding out the edges of her dress which revealed more of her lovely petticoats. "Aunt Bernice, I thank you with all my heart for making me a flower girl at your wedding." She bowed her head as she spoke.

"Does Maureen respect her mother?" asked Bernice.

Mary directed the question to her daughter. "Do you love me, Maureen?"

"Oh mother dear, I do love you so much!" Maureen then put her arm round her mother's neck to kiss her on the cheek.

“Is that all the love you have for your poor old mother, child?”

Maureen dropped to her knees, took the hem of her mother’s dress in her hands and kissed it. “I love you so much, my dearest mother. I have been a naughty girl but you are teaching me how to be a good girl.”

Mary smiled knowingly to her sisters as she stood over her prostrated daughter. Deirdre and Kathleen nodded their agreement to her smile.

Kathleen then spoke. “She still has a lot to learn to be a *very* dutiful daughter to her mother.” Kathleen sternly posed the question to Maureen. “Have you been a good girl since I last saw you?” Maureen looked a very worried young girl and a tear slowly ran down her powdered cheek. Her mother looked at her. “Young girls her age can get very emotional and weepy. I hope you haven’t wet your panties, Maureen. Now answer Aunt Kathleen’s question truthfully.”

“I...” Another tear fell down Maureen’s cheek.

“I’m waiting for your answer, young lady,” Aunt Kathleen haughtily demanded.

“I...” hesitated Maureen once more with a worried face “I’ve been a bad girl.” Maureen burst into a flood of tears.

“Have you indeed? Then I shall give you something to really cry for. Explain yourself, Maureen” finished her Aunt Kathleen.

“I pulled another girl’s hair but she pulled mine first, Aunt Kathleen.”

“That is no excuse. Hasn’t your poor mother had enough to suffer without this disgrace? Haven’t we tried our best to install discipline in you, Maureen? Well, haven’t we?”

“Yes, Aunt Kathleen, I’m a naughty girl.”

“Yes you are indeed, Maureen. I don’t have to tell you what we required to do, do I?” Aunt Kathleen pointed at the coffee table.

Maureen meekly pulled her skirt and petticoats up and rested face down on the coffee table, exposing her panties to all in that living room. This, I had a feeling ,was a regular occurrence in Maureen’s life since that day at the Estate Centre. The panties were a sight to behold; such dainty things they were, made of the softest white satin with row upon row of lace trimmings on the rear. Mary O’Reilly had spared no expense to feminize her new daughter.

Aunt Kathleen smiled in approval at Maureen’s obedience. She arose and lifted a paddle which just happened to be in the room. She approached the prostrate Maureen and pulled her pretty little panties down to around her ankles. I was not the only one who gasped for there between Maureen legs was a hairless vagina. Aunt Kathleen ignored the prostate Maureen’s shudder and set about her chastisement of her niece with zeal and vigour and seemed most happy in her work.

SWISH! SWACK! THWACK! SWACK and SMACK! went Aunt Kathleen with the paddle. Eventually she stopped, seeing that Maureen could no longer cry.

“Get up Maureen and replace your panties,” ordered her aunt.

The girl arose slowly to obey. She trembled in pain as the soft satin touched her tenderness. Aunt Kathleen gave her a hanky to wipe her tears. Maureen gave a deep curtsy to Aunt Kathleen. “Thank you, ma’am. I have been a very naughty girl indeed and I deserve the spanking.”

Aunt Kathleen looked very sternly at the young girl. “You know, Maureen, that you have to be spanked once a day to be a good girl. It is only right! This was an extra punishment but later tonight before you go to bed your mother will administer your daily spanking. You know your mother and I have your good at heart.”

“Yes, Aunt Kathleen,” answered a subdued and docile Maureen.

“Maureen!” commanded her mother.

“Yes mother?” said she weakly, her strength sapped from the spanking.

“You will go immediately to your room. No dinner will you get this night. At bedtime I shall give you the spanking you deserve for being a bad girl.”

“Yes mother.” Maureen curtsied to her mother and aunts and all the ladies present. Then she left in a cloud of lace petticoats.

“Mary, what have you done to your daughter” asked Bernice, a question that I was curious to hear answered.

“What do you mean, Bernice?”

“I saw a young girl’s vagina between her legs.”

“You are not mistaken.”

“Then she has already had the operation, Mary? I am sure that would be common knowledge by now.”

“What you see between Maureen’s legs is a fake vagina, Bernice.”

“It is a fake, Mary?”

“Yes, Larisa and I had a talk about my daughter. We decided that Maureen must be brought up as a girl and when the time was right, she would have the operation. Meantime to let her know how her life was going to be, a fake vagina was fitted on her. It is an intricate contraption which she will not be able to remove. The only person who can remove it is Dr. Amanda who fitted it. Maureen must urinate like any female would.

“As you may also have noticed, she has had a little training bra fitted. Maureen is already on hormones and as she is twelve, like any twelve-year-old girl she will develop breasts and fill the training bra. I expect as she goes into her teens her brassiere size will become larger. Maureen now realises her fate for being such a naughty girl. Soon she will be leaving to go to a special school. Miss Evelyn will supervise her training and discipline. She will be taught the gentle art of needlework and become a refined lady.”

“Such marvellous plans for Maureen, Mary. I do hope she appreciates her mother and loves her.”

“I think we are slowly getting there, Bernice. It takes time and a lot of discipline as you have witnessed tonight. But it must be done. Someday, Maureen is going to thank me for her daily spankings.”

“Oh, I think she understands, Mary as I saw tonight when she kissed the hem of your skirt. But you are right, you must discipline her all the time. Such young girls must obey their mothers.”

Mary O'Reilly had laid on a delicious tea for us all. Pity Maureen was not present to enjoy it. Bernice talked about the wedding and plans she had for Francesca. As we left, I saw Mary with a paddle in her hand going towards her daughter's room, accompanied by Kathleen.

It had been many months since I last saw Maureen which was when she became Francesca's flower girl at her wedding. Since then, Sadie and I had made a dress for Francesca which we presented at her shower. It was nothing spectacular, just an everyday house dress in flowered patterns for her to wear while she did the housework. Larisa was pleased when one girl made a turban and presented to Francesca. Larisa said this could be worn over her hair which would be in curlers as she did the housework so that her long hair would look nice for her wife.

Francesca was not the only one of us girls that had to look pretty for their wives; even I had to pretty myself up for Pearl. It made me feel so good about being a woman for Pearl. Pearl promised me it wouldn't be long till I had the sex change operation. That was so exciting, I couldn't wait. In the meantime there was

Francesca wedding to take my mind off that. And what a wedding it promised to be.

I changed into my outfit for the wedding in Larisa and Sadie's house. Sadie and I were helping each other with our frocks which had been specially bought for the occasion. We zipped and buttoned each other up in our striking dresses. It was so exciting getting into our delightful outfits and they rustled as we walked. It was then I noticed that Sadie's male mender was flaccid and limp. I mentioned this to her, we being such good girlfriends.

"I know, Alexis and the nearer I am coming to my operation, the smaller it becomes. Larisa is so enthusiastic about it and can't wait for the day it is gone. Here, have a hormone pill, they're nice."

"Thanks Sadie, you can have one of mine too." It was a common thing among us girls to hand our pills round like sweets. The strength and composition of our pills was different for each of us but who cares? We were all in this femininity together.

There we were in the church and there was not a pair of trousers to be seen, not even on the women. They, too, were all in frocks just for the wedding. It was really hard to tell the genetic women from those who had once been merely men in skirts. Some of us girls had gotten an operation to give them a more feminine sounding voice. Pearl said my operation for that would be the week after the wedding. Pity it wasn't before the wedding.

My girlfriend Sadie had Larisa see to her getting a new, higher, voice.

Sadie and I sat near the front of the church to have a good view of all that took place. At the back of the church I noticed Maureen enter hand-in-hand with her girlfriend Rosemarie. Twelve-year-old Rosemarie had once been a boy and a good pal of Maureen's. His mother Claire, a widow, had always wanted a girl. Rosemarie was brought up as a boy until the Russell Estate went female crazy. That was Claire's chance and she seized it with both hands, egged on by the women around her. Soon Rosemarie appeared on the scene. Whither Rosemarie put up any resistance to her transformation I do not know but I do know a lot of matronly women were in Claire's house nearly every day to see the girlish Rosemarie. Claire took great pride in showing her newly acquired daughter.

I heard snatches of conversation coming from the back of the church between Maureen and Rosemarie. "You look so pretty, Maureen, in that flower girl dress."

"Do you really think so, Rosemarie?"

"Oh yes, I am so jealous. I wish I could be a flower girl like you, Maureen."

"Do not worry, dear Rosemarie. Denise and Heather are still to marry after Francesca. One of them may pick you."

"I shall be so thrilled if they do. What a happy girl I would be!" finished a happy, smiling Rosemarie. The two pretty twelve-year-olds embraced each other. After Rosemarie left to join her smiling mother, Maureen was surrounded by her mother and aunts.

It wasn't the same smiling face she had on when her Aunt Kathleen sternly spoke. "You do this right

today as Francesca flower girl, Maureen otherwise I'll put you over my knee right here in church, pull your panties down, and smack you."

"Yes, Aunt Kathleen," answered a frightened Maureen. Her mother and Aunt Deirdre looked on approvingly.

Maureen's mother Mary had bought the most beautiful flower girl dress for her daughter. It was a white A-line/Princess scoop neck floor-length satin tulle flower girl dress with a black waist sash and a mock rose stitched on it. Maureen's hair had been swept up with white bows placed in it. On her feet were flat white Mary Jane shoes which I was told about as her dress hid them from view. She held a basket filled with rose petals which she would scatter on the church floor before the bride, or in this case brides, as there would be two: Francesca and Bernice.

We all sat prim and proper as the organ started to play the bridal march. The vicar was a woman as one would expect in the female dominated Russell Estate. She stood at the front of the church waiting on the bridal couple.

Maureen was already doing her job scattering rose petals in front of the bridal couple. Of the two brides, Francesca looked the prettiest. Francesca wore what Sadie described as a gorgeous white wedding dress made of taffeta and satin and lace. It had long lace sleeves and a lace bodice with a slight collar with intricate button detail on the sleeves. The back had peplum detail that fell elegantly into a long train. A full net underskirt added volume for a stunning and exquisite wedding gown. I commented to Sadie how

sophisticated Francesca was in that wedding gown and she agreed.

We girls were more interested how Francesca looked in her bridal gown than Bernice. Bernice had on a lovely dress but it was nothing compared to Francesca's. Francesca two bridesmaids, Demise and Heather, took one corner each of the long train behind the bride as she walked towards the vicar down the aisle.

When the wedding vows finished, Bernice lifted Francesca's veil and gave her a kiss. Francesca blushed for she was as virgin and would be bedded tonight. After the ceremony, the blushing brides were led to their wedding meal in the Russell Estate hotel. There were toasts to the happy brides, then the going away to their honeymoon as we girls threw confetti. Then came a mad scramble when Francesca threw her posy. It was young Jamilynn that caught it. Good that it went to a single girl. I remembered her as James Harlington, an apprentice for the company I once worked for back when we were both rough men. As a single girl, she must be the next one to marry having caught the bride's posy or so I was informed by Pearl. She has not as yet got a girlfriend, however with Larisa around, all things are possible.

The time had arrived for my sex change operation. I never thought such a thing was possible all those months ago but Pearl had. I was made a fuss over by not just Pearl but all the girls as my great day approached. I had the breasts; as someone said, I may as well go for the full house.

The operation was finally over and as Pearl commented, I have been domesticated. Now I was the one that made a fuss over Pearl. Larisa has arranged group meetings for us girls to discuss feminine things. At the first meeting Sadie gave a talk on embroidery and explained some of the more intricate stitches. Francesca talked on the topic of cookery and how to make exotic dishes for your wife. Bernice loved the ones she made. I did think Francesca was a bit plump since her wedding a few months ago, almost as if she were pregnant. Surely not. But thinking on it, Bernice had been friendly with Larisa. Recently she had gone to the clinic for a few days and seemed very satisfied when she came out. What sort of skulduggery had Larisa been up to?

The more I saw of Francesca, the more I was convinced she was pregnant. Then Bernice proudly announced that her wife was pregnant! Don't ask me how she could possibly have become pregnant but strange things have been happening here in Russell Estate ever since Larisa arrived. That was just the start. Remember Denise and Heather, Francesca's bridesmaids. They married not all that long after her and both are now pregnant as well. That could never happen to me, I'm too old for that sort of thing. Besides, Pearl and I are just womanly companions, nothing else.

But if you think I was left out of the baby boom in Russell Estate, think again. As an elderly woman, my services were sought as a baby sitter for the younger girls. I could change diapers for that had been taught in the group meetings as well as how to take care of babies. Some called me Granny Alexis when I wheeled a pram to take the baby for a walk. Any boy born would be brought up as a girl. What else would you expect in Russell Estate?

My natural curiosity having gotten the best of me, I asked Pearl how Francesca and her bridesmaids became pregnant. "Very easy. The woman scientists at the clinic were working on a liquid which when administered to the male would make them with child. They needed guinea pigs to try it out on. Larisa said she knew the very people to try it on and Bernice was informed. That is why she came to the clinic for a few days."

"Then I take it Francesca consented to all this?"

"No, she had no say at all in it. Remember it is Bernice who wears the pants in that house."

"Then how did Francesca get pregnant? Why did she take the concoction if she didn't know what it was."

"Bernice just slipped it into her tea. She never knew till she had morning sickness and Bernice told her she was expecting their baby. Boy, was she surprised. Larisa was pleased; she can now plan with the assistance of the women in the Estate who will have babies."

It looks as if the natural women here have control of the situation and none of us girls can do anything about it. One can never know what one is drinking in their tea or coffee. Pearl gives me a smile. I don't like that. "I'm too old to have a baby, Pearl," I say hopefully.

"Not really, Alexis. You see, with this liquid it doesn't matter what your age is. It can make you pregnant. Wouldn't it be nice to hear the patter of tiny feet round the house again, Alexis? Just think how nice it would be for you to be a mother."

“But Pearl, there would be no sex involved in making a baby. It’s not the same.”

“Alexis, you girls will too busy looking after the babies to have any time for that nonsense. Larisa had a meeting with the women and that was the first thing on the agenda. I heard some women say that it was a good thing. They don’t want to have sex with a man, even one who is now a woman.”

Oh well. Since my surgery I’m not really interested in sex so any ban would make no difference to me. Obviously though, from now on I shall have to watch very carefully what Pearl gives me to drink.

“Kitty Rowan is with child,” Pearl tells me.

“Who is she married to?” I ask.

“No one,” she replies.

“Then she is an unmarried mother, Pearl?”

“Correct. It was decided among us woman that she should be pregnant and know how it feels. I think you know why, don’t you?”

Yes, Kenny Rowan as he was known when he was a man, had gotten many a girl in trouble on a promise of marriage and left them holding the baby. Served him right for all the women he got in trouble in the past. Now she faces the same problem as they did. Kitty was getting what she deserved, a taste of her own medicine. I wasn’t sorry for her.

Sadie has decided to have a baby. Well, it’s all the rage among us girls. She tried to persuade me. “I’m too old for that, Sadie,” I said.

“You would make a good mother, Alexis. You are looking after a lot of babies anyway. One more of your own won’t make any difference.”

“No thanks, Sadie but I’ll act as a nanny for your little girl seeing we are such good woman companions”

Young Maureen O’Reilly is turning into a fine shapely young girl with curves in the right places and breasts that any young girl would be proud of. She has progressed into girlhood very quickly. That doesn’t surprise me as her mother Mary is pumping plenty of hormones into her. Pearl tells me Maureen has a girl companion of her own age which has been arranged by her mother and aunts. Shona was the one picked by her mother and aunts for Maureen to be her wife in future years. Maureen’s Aunt Kathleen said Maureen will have at least eight children. Of course they will all be raised as girls.

You may be wondering about that can-can dance thing. It is now long in the past. As it turns out, it was merely the excuse for Larisa to turn us all into women. By the night of the can-can, every one of us twelve chorus girls had had the operation so we really were physically women doing the high kicks and showing our drawers.

Harry, my mate back when I was a man, said to me, “That chorus line really all look like women. It would be hard to tell.” Obviously he doesn’t live in Russell Estate.

“Oh but we all are, Harry. Every girl has had the sex change operation.”

“No! You’re kidding me, Alex.”

“Not one bit of it, Harry and you can stop calling me Alex. I am Alexis to you from now on.”

“Right, Alexis. Well, if that is the case and they are women. I rather fancy that redhead Brenda. I’m glad I don’t live in the Russell Estate for I am quite content as a man.”

“I’m glad too for you wouldn’t be Harry any longer. We would be calling you Harriet. But you’re a married man, Harry. You shouldn’t be chasing after other women. What will the wife say?” I smiled prettily at him.

“Who said anything about telling Tessa? What she doesn’t know will do her no harm.”

Is that how it is, Harry? I say to myself. *Then maybe you are in for a surprise.* I tell Brenda that she has caught the eye of Harry, then I tell Larisa who is most shocked that any man would have sex on his mind in relation to any of the prim and proper girls of Russell Estate.

“Leave it to me, Alexis. We will deal with the situation in an appropriate manner.”

From the sound of that, it looked like maybe Harry would be Harriet sooner than I thought.

The devious Larisa and her team had a talk with Tessa, Harry’s wife. She was shocked that her husband should look at another woman and concurred with Larisa’s plan for Harry. The plan was to lure him to Brenda’s house, not a hard thing to do.

“I’ve cooked us some dinner Harry, I think we should eat it first before we get down to it, don’t you think?”

“Yes of course, Brenda but give me a kiss first.”

“Oh Harry, you are so forward. I am an innocent woman in these matters. I’m afraid you will have to show me.” This was perfectly true; even as a man, Brenda had never been with a woman. Harry could not believe his luck. A virgin! He was not long in giving Brenda a kiss and looking forward to more after dinner.

When Harry regained consciousness from the knockout drops put in his food by Brenda, he found himself in a skirt.

“What’s this!” he angrily shouted.

The horde of women surrounding him, including his wife, answered, “Your skirt, Harriet.”

“What do you mean?”

“So you were going to two-time me, were you? Since if you like women so much, you may as well become one, you rat!” hissed his wife.

“But...but Tessa, it’s not like that.”

“Isn’t it? You deserve all that is coming to you. Larisa, you may do as you wish with this miscreant. I no longer want anything to do with him.”

“If that is your wish, Tessa, it is my command. The ambulance awaits outside so off we go to the clinic.”



Harry was helpless when faced by a horde of angry women. What happened to him? Well, can't you guess? The chop and breast implants. Harriet, as my former male mate is now called, took a while to get over his/her resentment of her new situation. Once she did, however, aided by the copious level of hormones she has been taking, she has settled in nicely to femininity and domesticity. Many is the Sunday afternoon now when I see Harriet sitting on a bench in the local park, reading a romance novel and looking lovely in a flower print dress. She is as meticulous in her appearance and dress as any other lady in the estate and I smile to myself as I see my former rough-and-tumble pal smoothing out her skirt as she sits down.

What else is new here in Russell estate? Nothing much. Sadie and I look through the expectant mother's catalogue for dresses for her to wear during her time. Sadie, being fashion conscious, wants to look pretty during that period. Well, she would, wouldn't she? She and Larisa have discussed names for the child. They have come up with the name Di-ana so whether the baby is born male or female, Di-ana it is.

I am starting to get getting morning sickness. Pearl wouldn't have slipped that mysterious liquid in my food would she? Pearl wouldn't do that to me. Would she? *Am I with child?*

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